GRAND EASTER HOLIDAY NUMBER!



Tubby Muffin Special Cricket Article
in Clover!

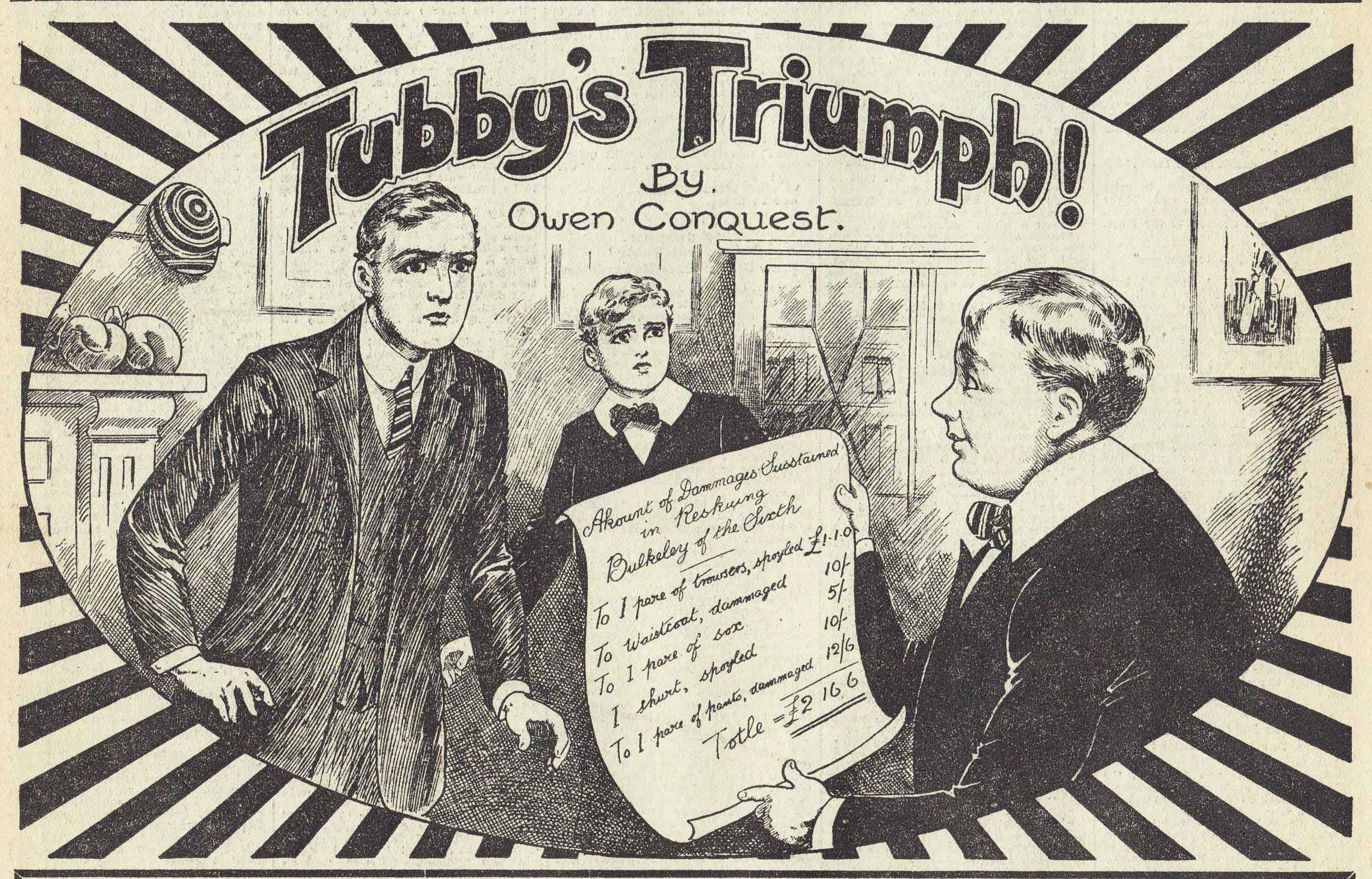
By H.W.T. Hardinge.

Rookwood Honours its Hero! The All England And Kent County Cricketer.

No. 933. Vol. XIX. New Series.]

THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending April 26th, 1919.



TUBBY MUFFIN'S LITTLE BILL!

"I hope you'll think it's all right," said Tubby, presenting his little bill to Bulkeley. "If there's any item you think isn't quite fair. you just tell me, George! I want to do the fair thing by an old pal."

The 1st Chapter,

Heroic!

"Muffin!" "Tubby Muffin!"

Jimmy Silver threw open the door of

the Fourth Form dormitory. The dusk of a spring afternoon was closing in on Rookwood School. The sunset glimmered in at the high windows of the dormitory, and shone upon Reginald Muffin of the Classical Fourth-more commonly known as Tubby Muffin, on account

of his circumference. Tubby Muffin had just changed his clothes, and he was now busily occupied in brushing his hair.

Upon his fat face there was a smile of smug satisfaction. Tubby Muffin was in high feather that

afternoon. "Hallo, you fellows!" he remarked.

Jimmy Silver marched in, with nearly all the Classical Fourth at his heels, and a good many of the Moderns.

All eyes were fixed upon Tubby Muffin, in astonishment and keen interest. For once the fat Classical was the cynosure of all eyes, and he basked in the limelight.

"Tubby, old scout-" "Tell us about it, Tubby!"

"Go it, fatty!"

"Oh, you've heard?" remarked Tubby, in a lofty manner. "I wasn't going to talk about what I've done, you know. It was really nothing to me! Anything really plucky is just in my line!"
"Oh!"

"The fact is, you fellows have never really known the kind of chap I am," said Tubby Muffin severely. "You know now, I hope. I'm not going to talk about it. True heroes are always modest. I read that in a book once."

"Oh, my hat!" "Tubby, my modest and unassuming hero-" began Jimmy Silver.

"That's it-that's me all over!" assented Tubby brightly. "Modest and unassuming. And the best of the bunch, all the time! That's me!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Modesty, thy name is Muffin!" mur-

mured Raby. "But we want to hear the thrilling yarn, Tubby," said Jimmy Silver laughing. "We couldn't swallow it at first. But we've asked Bulkeley of the Sixth, and he says you pulled him out of the water. It beats us-"

"Look here, Jimmy Silver---" "Ahem-I mean, it's very surprising! Nobody ever suspected you of being a

grddy hero before, Tubby!"

Tubby's unassuming modesty," remarked 1 Arthur Edward Lovell solemnly. Tubby dabbed at his unruly hair with

the brush. "I don't mind telling you fellows about it," he said.

"I thought not!" murmured Jimmy.

"Eh! What did you say?" "N-n-nothing! Get on with the wash-

"Well, it was like this," said Tubby. blinking at the interested crowd of juniors. "I'd gone up along the Croft Brook-you know the place, on old Sir Leicester Stuckey's land-"

"Out of bounds!" said Newcome. "Oh, I don't care about school bounds: I'm such a daring chap, you know!"

"Oh!" "I was after Teddy Grace-I mean, I thought he had a picnic, and he hadn't," said Tubby. "I-I was alone-quite alone-all alone, in fact-"

"Alone he did it!" murmured Lovell. there had been another fellow there, Bulkeley might have thought he did it. And I did it, you know.'

"We know," assented Jimmy Silver. "Get on!" "Well, being alone, you understand-"Though we might have guessed it from quite alone-I suddenly saw Bulkeley of l

the Sixth coming along on the other side ! of the brook. He was coming over by the plank bridge. I thought the beast was going to report me for being out of bounds when he saw me-I-I mean, he isn't exactly a beast, he's a splendid chap -that's what I mean-"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Well, on he came!" said Tubby impressively. "And the plank busted when he jumped on it. It was old, you know, and rotten, and it's been going to be repaired for dogs' ages, but it never has been. And Bulkeley was in a hurry. I believe the beast-I mean, I believe he was going to collar me, because I was on old Stuckey's ground. Old Stuckey is always complaining about fellows being on his ground-

"Never mind old Stuckey now. Get on with the yarn!" said Mornington.

"Keep to the point, Tubby!" "Well, the plank went, and Bulkeley went!" continued Tubby. "He banged his "I want it to be fully understood that I napper on the plank, and he went into I was alone," said Tubby cautiously. "If I the water like a-a-a-like anything, in

> Tubby gave his hair another dab, putting in a dramatic pause at the most thrilling moment of the stirring tale.

"And then?" "Well, what could I do?" said Tubby. "There was Bulkeley, whiffling along into I-

deep water, unable to help himself. I thought it out with marvellous swiftness. Without stopping to think a moment, I

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you fellows cackling at?" "Never mind; run on!"

"Without stopping to think a moment, I plunged into the raging flood—" "Into the which?" yelled Tommy Dodd.

"The raging flood!" replied Tubby warmly. "Into the brook, you know." "The Croft Brook isn't a raging flood. It's as smooth as a pond."

"If you're going to carp at everything I say, it's not much use my telling you about my heroic deed!" said Tubby Muffin loftily.

"Ha, ha! Shut up, Tommy! Let's get on to the heroic deed." "Go it, Tubby!" "I plunged into the raging flood," re-

peated Tubby Mussin, with a blink of defiance at Tommy Dodd. "The thundering billows nearly overwhelmed me-" "My hat!"

"But with heroic resolution I fought my way to Bulkeley-" "Phew!" "Seizing him by the hair, I bore him

ashore-(Continued on next page.)

TUBBY'S TRIUMPH!

(Continued from the previous page.)

marked Doyle.

"Shut up, Doyle! Stick to it, Tubby!" "I bore him ashore, amid the raging | billows," said Tubby, who had quite a poetical imagination when once it got promise not to mention that you'd been fairly started. "Exhausted by my fear- anywhere near the Croft Brook?" ful efforts, I staggered ashore with Bulkeley in my arms-"

"You carried the biggest chap in the Sixth in your arms!" shrieked Raby.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tubby Muffin started. "I-I-I mean, not exactly in my arms!" he stammered. "To be strictly accurate, I had him by the collar. I-I was speaking figuratively, of course."

"Stick to the facts, and let the figures alone, old trump," said Arthur Edward | by the Head if he was caught on Sir Lovell. "The facts are staggering | Leicester Stuckey's land again. Putty enough."

"I laid him on the grass and—and sank | exhausted to the earth," said Tubby Mussin. "I was wet-awfully wet! But. I never thought about myself. I never do---"

"Oh, crumbs!" brother," said Tubby. "He came to his fully out of unconsciousness. He had senses at last and sat up. He seemed | not had much time to think, and it had surprised, somehow, that it was I who I not even occurred to him that the had rescued him."

"No wonder!" "And he's not going to report me for breaking bounds," said Tubby. "It would | doubt about that. To expose Tubby's have been different if it had been Teddy Grace. Putty is going to have a flogging if he goes on old Stuckey's land again. That's why he-he-I mean, Teddy Grace hasn't anything to do with it, of course."

"Keep to the point," urged Lovell. "Never mind Teddy Grace now. Did you carry Bulkeley home to Rookwood in your arms?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Nunno; I-I couldn't, you know!"

"Go hon!" "We walked home-at least, Bulkeley walked and I trotted," said Tubby Mullin. "Bootles met us as we came in. He told me I was a credit to the Form. So I am!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "I'm not the fellow to brag-"

"Oh, crikey!" told you fellows about this at all, only | all." I think it may be for your good," explained Tubby. "You will be able to take me as an example, you see." Jimmy Silver & Co. chuckled.

But for the fact that Bulkeley, the captain of Rookwood, had already corroborated the story of the rescue, they certainly would not have believed a word of the egregious Tubby's yarn. Bulkeley's statement was unquestionable; and, amazing as it was, Tubby had to growled Putty.

be believed. Shorn of all exaggerations, there was no doubt that the fellow who had plunged into deep water to rescue George Bulkeley had done a very plucky thingand Tubby was given that much credit.

"Well, old chap, you're an awful fibber." said Jimmy Silver. "But you've got more pluck than we ever thought-" "Blessed if I understand it now," said Lovell.

"It's rather a corker, but there you are! Bulkeley says it's true, and I suphe knows," said Jimmy. "Tubby, old man, you're a giddy hero. Three

cheers for the giddy hero of Rookwood!" And the cheers rang through the dormitory, mingled with some laughterand Tubby Muffin smiled expansively. Like the gentleman of ancient times, at that moment the fat Classical came near to striking the stars with his sublime

The 2nd Chapter. In Borrowed Plumes!

"You fat rascal!" Teddy Grace, the new junior in the Fourth Form, made that uncomplimentary remark as Tubby Muffin entered

Study No. 2. Teddy Grace had the doubtful honour of sharing that study with Tubby. Higgs and Jones minor, who also shared No. 2, were downstairs in the Commonroom, where discussion was still going on concerning Tubby's heroic exploit. Grace stared grimly at the fat Classical

as he came in, and shook a clenched fist at the hero's fat little nose. "You fraud!" he exclaimed.

spoofing porpoise!" Tubby blinked at him.

"I say—" he began. "You fat spoofer! What do you mean by telling the fellows such thundering whoppers!" roared Teddy Grace.

"Look here, Putty---' "I've a jolly good mind to give you away on the spot!" growled Putty of the Fourth savagely.

Tubby Muffin grinned.

"You can't!" he answered. "I've a jolly good mind to. I'm not going to stand by and hear you spinning such thumping yarns!"

"If you're going to attempt to throw doubt on it, Grace, I can tell you it's no good. The fact is, I did rescue Bulkeley---"

"You did?" howled Teddy. "Yes-at least, I pulled him out of the water," said Tubby. "You can't deny that, Putty. I certainly pulled him but, and I got jolly wet."

"You fat rascal! You caught hold of his collar after I'd brought him ashore," said Putty. "That's what you did." "You can tell the fellows that if you

"Isn't it true, you fraud?"

"It may be true, and it may not," Bulkeley supports what I've said. He thinks-I mean he knows it was me."

"My hat!"

"Lucky he doesn't wear a wig!" re- | Tubby warmly. "It was all for your sake, too.'

"You've been telling these thumping lies for my sake?" howled Putty. "Certainly. Didn't you make me

"Yes; but-"

"Well, when Bulkeley came to he saw me-and what was he to think? I couldn't mention you'd been there, owing to my promise. Some fellows know how to keep a promise!" added Tubby loftily. Teddy Grace gave the fat Classical a

wrathful glare. He had cut off after pulling Bulkeley out of the water, to escape unseen, because he had been promised a flogging did not care two straws about getting the credit for the plucky action he had performed, but he cared a great deal about a flogging.

It was true that he had bribed Tubby with the promise of a feed not to mention that he had been on the spot, and "I looked after him like a long-lost he had escaped before Bulkeley came egregious Tubby would attempt to shine in the role of heroic rescuer.

But Tubby "had" him, there was no pretence meant giving away his own trespass on Sir Leicester's land, and that meant a flogging from Dr. Chisholm.

The alternative was to remain quiet and listen to Tubby's "swank," and let it pass, which was very exasperating, and, indeed, put him in the position of being accessory to a falsehood. That was not a pleasant position, but there seemed no help for it.

Tubby Muffin grinned again as the new junior remained silent. He felt that he was master of the situation.

"If I hadn't been such an honourable chap—" he went on. "Such a what?" gasped Putty.

"Honourable chap-I should have given you away. But my word is my bond," said the fat Classical, with dignity. "Some fellows are honourable and some "Not in the least. I shouldn't have aren't. I happen to be one that is, that's it.

"Oh, my hat!" said Putty. "Don't you be afraid," said Tubby encouragingly. "I'm going to keep your secret. I sha'n't give you away. Nobody's going to know from me that you went on old Stuckey's land to sketch after Bulkeley had warned you not to. I'm a fellow of my word. You just hold your tongue, and it's all right."

"And let you go on telling lies?" "Of course, I should disdain to tell

a lie," answered Tubby calmly. "What do you call it, then?" "I may have emphasised my part in the bizney, that's all. After all, I did

pull Bulkeley out-" "After I'd been in for him and got him to the shore, you fat fraud!"

"Never mind that: I did pull him out. and that's what I've said I did. If you think you're going to bag my glory, Putty-"

"Wha-at?" "All the fellows know now what a plucky chap I am. It's no good you trying to deny it. I call this simply mean jealousy," said Tubby. "You ought to be proud of me as your studymate. I'm surprised at you, Putty. am, really."

Teddy Grace stared at him. "You-you-you fat idiot!" he gasped. "I suppose you're a bigger fool than any-

"Not much of a fool to rescue Bulkeley from being drowned. I should think." "But you didn't do it!" shricked Putty. "If you're going to begin that again, I've got nothing more to say. I decline to discuss the matter with a fellow who's jealous of me. Now, what about that

"What feed?" "Look here, you know you promised to stand a study spread if I kept it dark about you sketching by the Croft Brook this afternoon-"

Putty of the Fourth breathed hard. "I never thought for a minute that you'd make it an excuse for telling all these lies," he said.

"I wish you wouldn't be so personal, Putty," said Tubby Muffin peevishly. "Anybody would think I was a regular fraud to hear you talk."

"What are you?" hooted Putty. "Look here, what about that spread? I'm jolly hungry. After what I've done, I'm fairly famished. I suppose you're going to keep your word, as I've kept.

"I suppose it's no good talking to you, you fat idiot!" growled Putty. "Well, I'd rather have tea, if you don't mind, old chap. We can talk after tea.' Teddy Grace gave it up.

He felt it incumbent upon him to stand the promised spread; for Tubby had, in fact, kept his side of the bargain, though he had enlarged upon it. And Reginald Muffin's fat face was soon beaming over a festive board. Jones minor and Higgs came in to tea, and the change in their manner towards Tubby Musin was quite striking. Hitherto, Tubby certainly had not been a person of much consequence in Study No. 2. Now he was treated with considerable respect by two of his

study-mates, at least. Putty's cheerful face was grown quite morose. It was irksome to him to hear Tubby Muffin rolling out "whoppers" that were growing larger and larger with every repetition, and to remain silent answered Tubby calmly. "You see, when he knew the facts. It was not the fact that the fat Classical had bagged | fellow to do it. Sure you didn't go to the glory that properly belonged to him | sleep by the brook and dream it?" that worried Teddy Grace; he did not "I think you're jolly ungrateful," said | care about that. It was the mountain I

of untruthfulness that was growing up under his eyes that worried him. But there seemed no help for it.

There was a tap at the door as the juniors finished tea, and Bulkeley of the Sixth looked in. George Bulkeley was a little pale, but otherwise looked none the worse for his adventure that afternoon.

He gave Tubby Muffin a nod and a cheery smile—a great honour from so important a personage as the captain of the school.

"Oh, having your tea?" he said. "I was going to ask you to tea in my study, Muffin, but another time-"

Tubby jumped up at once. "I'll come with pleasure, Bulkeley!" he exclaimed.

"But if you've had your tea--" "That's all right. I've finished here.

I'll come." Bulkeley laughed. Putty's spread in No. 2 had been quite plentiful, but the | "Looking for grub in the studies-what?" fat Classical was quite ready for another | "I've been to tea with my friend Bulke- | me." tea. Probably he would have been pre- ley!" answered Tubby Muffin, with pared to tackle a third, after that. "Come on then, kid," said the captain

of Rookwood. Tubby Muffin rolled out of the study and trotted along the passage with Bulkeley, followed by a good many glances from the Fourth Form fellows. Tubby held his fat little nose very high now; he was a great man at present. It wasn't every junior in the Fourth Form who was asked to tea, and called for personally, by the captain of Rookwood.

Reginald Mussin enjoyed his tea in Bulkeley's study. It was quite a good tea; and Tubby, in spite of his earlier exertions in his own quarters, seemed to be blessed with an excellent appetite.

"Thanks very much, Bulkeley!" he said, when it was finished, and he rose to depart. "I'll come to tea again to-mor-

row, if you like." "Oh!" said Bulkeley, rather taken

"I'll come with pleasure." "Oh!" repeated Bulkeley, with quite a curious expression on his face. "Certainly! Do!"

"I will!" promised Tubby. And he did.

The 3rd Chapter. Triumphant Tubby!

Jimmy Silver & Co. couldn't understand The Fistical Four were puzzled, and so

were all the other fellows. thing; and shown what good quality andexisted somewhere under his layers of fat, might have been expected to show some other good qualities, and at the least a glimmering of modesty.

But Tubby Muffin didn't. The day after the adventure at the Croft Brook, Tubby was still spinning the yarn. He had always been a hard worker with his chin, as Arthur Edward Lovell | expressed it, but his chin had more exertion than ever now. And the burden of his song, so to speak, was the uncommon heroism of Reginald Mussin of the Classical Fourth.

How a fellow who had ever done anything really decent could be such a hopeless braggart was a puzzle. It was really perplexing.

And though the juniors agreed that Tubby had done a really good thing, they began to get rather fed-up with the at Rookwood." story of the heroic rescue.

Moreover, it was only kudos that Tubby Mussin wanted. Being a fellow of such uncommon deserts, he felt that he was entitled to other rewards of merit. As a heroic rescuer, with his blushing honours thick upon him, he seemed to feel entitled to extract little loans from his admiring Form-fellows; and, indeed, he secured quite a little harvest of "bobs" from fellows who did not like to say "No" under the circumstances.

All Tubby's "bobs" went the same way -to the tuckshop; and that day, for the first time in his fat career, he really had | can tell you." what he considered enough to eat.

study, as he had promised. Bulkeley was very kind; he could not forget that the fat junior had pulled him out of deep water, and, so far as he could see, saved his life. Naturally, he felt friendly towards the junior; but between the Sixth and the Fourth there was a great gulf fixed, which was not to be passed even by the friendliest of feelings. Tubby Mussin appeared to have grown blind to

the existence of that gulf. Neville of the Sixth was at tea with Bulkeley when Tubby dropped in, and Tubby was quite friendly to Neville. The latter was very dry in his manner, but Tubby did not notice it. He chatted freely over tea, and Bulkeley and Neville became very silent, but Tubby was equal to doing enough talking for three at any

The two great men of the Sixth had I the privilege of hearing Tubby Muffin's | to call on Putty of the Fourth, when the opinion of the prospects of the first eleven, now that cricket was coming on I at Rookwood.

really not very valuable, but he pro- recognised it as Reginald Muffin. pounded it as if it were far above rubies. addressed Bulkeley as "George," a mode of address that made the captain of Rook-

wood jump. When Tubby was gone Bulkeley breathed deep and hard. He looked at Neville, and Neville looked at him. "Well!" said Neville.

"Well!" murmured Bulkeley. "I suppose that cheeky little beast did ! pull you out of the water yesterday?" "He certainly did."

"I suppose you can't very well thrash ! STUBERT OF STATE

"Well, under the circs-" "I can't understand it," said Neville. "That fat little swanking ass isn't the

Bulkeley laughed. "I've still got the bump on my napper !

where I knocked it on the plank," he

"Well, it beats me! Is that fag coming to tea with you every day?" "I-I don't know."

"Well!" said Neville again. And he let it go at that, not finding any way of expressing his feelings.

Tubby Muffin rolled away along the Sixth Form passage, quite contented with himself and things generally. He felt that he was getting on in the Sixth; it wasn't every fag at Rookwood who had pals in the top Form. In fact, nobody but Tubby had, which was another proof of Tubby's uncommon merits.

He ran into Carthew of the Sixth at the corner of the passage, and Carthew gave him a shove. Tubby bumped against the wall and yelled.

"Wow!"

"What are you doing here, you fat young sweep?" demanded Carthew. great deal of dignity.

"Your what?" yelled Carthew. "My friend George." "Your friend George!" repeated Carthew. "My hat! Is this what Rookwood

is coming to?" "And you'd better look out, Carthew!" said Tubby warningly. "If you bully me I'll tell George-"

"You-you'll tell George!" "Yes, rather! And I'll tell George to boot you!" said Tubby, growing bolder. "Now I'm friendly with George you can look out, Carthew, so I tell you! In fact, I want you to understand-Yarooh! Leggo! Wharrer you at, you

beast?" "I'm giving you something to tell George!" grinned Carthew.

Smack, smack, smack! "Ow! Yow! Yoop! Oh, my hat!" Tubby Muffin tore himself away and ran for it, without making any attempt

to interview George. He felt injured—in a double sense—as he rolled away to the Fourth Form quarters. This wasn't the way a hero ought to be treated. But Carthew always was a rotter.

Tubby Muffin had had tea-an ample tea-in Bulkeley's quarters, but the sound of crockery in the end study drew him thither. He blinked in on Jimmy Silver & Co.

"Hallo, my giddy hero! Any more heroic rescues to-day?" grinned Lovell. "I don't think you ought to joke about it, Lovell, considering that I plunged into Tubby Muffin having done a very plucky the roaring flood at the risk of my life

> "'Nuff said! Go and tell another chap about it!" implored Lovell. "Go and tell Putty, your merry study-

> mate!" chuckled Raby. "Putty doesn't seem to believe that you did it at all!" "He's jealous!" said Tubby Muffin calmly. "He knows jolly well that I pulled Bulkeley out of the water. He

saw me--" "He saw you?" ejaculated Newcome. "He saw me after I came in, I meanjolly wet! He doesn't seem to think anything of my reflecting credit on the study. I call it ungrateful!" said Tubby. "You fellows having tea?"

"Looks like it, doesn't it?" "I don't mind joining you. I've had tea with George, but-

"George!" repeated Jimmy Silver. "Which George? There's lots of Georges "Bulkeley, I mean." "So you call Bulkeley George, do you?"

asked Arthur Edward Lovell, with curious look at the fat Tubby. "Naturally, as he's a pal of mine." "Oh! Is he a pal of yours?" "Well, I saved his life, didn't I?" demanded Tubby. "Isn't that enough to"

make a fellow a fellow's pal?" "Does he like it?" asked Lovell, with a "Like me calling him George? Of course. We're so friendly, you know.

don't stand on ceremony with George, I The Fistical Four chuckled. They had He dropped in to tea at Bulkeley's a very strong opinion that Tubby Muffin would not take long to wear out George

Bulkeley's gratitude. The fat Classical sat down to tea, and the chums of the end study did not say him nay. When the table was clearedit was a sort of race between the Fistical Four and Tubby-the fat youth took his, leave, and rolled along the Fourth Form passage in search of other fellows who felt disposed to stand a free spread to a

Tubby Mussin was making the most of his heroism. He believed in making hay while the sun shone.

The 4th Chapter. Bulkeley's Pal!

Bump! The following day, after lessons, Jimmy Silver was coming along to Study No. 2 door of that apartment suddenly opened, and a fat figure whirled out.

It landed at Jimmy's feet with a loud Tubby's opinion on that subject was | concussion and a roar, and Jimmy Silver

A boot appeared for a moment in the He became so very friendly that he | doorway, which looked like Teddy Grace's, and was withdrawn.

Jimmy Silver stopped. "What the dickens-" he began. "Yaroooh!" "Tubby-

"Yow-ow-ow! The rotter!

because he's jealous of me!" wailed Tubby. "I've a good mind to tell ! George!" Jimmy Silver laughed as he picked up

That's

the fat junior and set him on his feet. Tubby Muffin gasped for breath. "I say, Jimmy-I say-groogh!" "Well?" said Jimmy.

"I believe you could lick Putty, couldn't you?" "I could lick you, you fat bounder, and [

I jolly well will if you don't cut off!" | Tubby's society with fortitude. His growled the captain of the Fourth. "But I say, Jimmy, look at me! I've but Muffin might have been expected to

been kicked out of my own study, you know-me, you know! Fancy that! I'll tell you what-you give Putty a jolly good hiding, and I'll take you to tea along with me in George's study. George will welcome any friend of mine."

"Fathead!" "He's an ungrateful beast, you know!" gasped Tubby. "After I've kept his secret-"

"Whose-George's?" grinned Jimmy. "Nunno-Putty's."

"What on earth secrets are you keeping for Putty, you duffer?" "Why, about - I-I mean - ahem! -

nothing! I don't know anything about Putty going on old Stuckey's land, of course." "So he's been going there again, has

he?" growled Jimmy. "Oh, no! Not at all! He hasn't, and I don't know anything about it," stammered Tubby Muffin. "I-I must get off

now, or George will be waiting tea for And Tubby Muffin rolled away to have

tea with George once more. Jimmy Silver entered Study No. 2. He found Putty of the Fourth looking flushed and angry.

"Is that the way you treat a giddy hero?" demanded Jimmy Silver. "Heroes oughtn't to be booted out of their studies. Putty."

Teddy Grace gave a snort. "It's all gammon! He's about as much a hero as the Kaiser is," he growled. "I believe the fat villain's going to squeeze money out of Bulkeley-he was mumbling something about it. I won't allow it!"

Jimmy's face became grave. "I hope he'll stop short of that," he said. "But I don't see how you can stop it, Grace, if he does. But I didn't come here to talk about Tubby. I've just seen

Mr. Bootles." "Well?" grunted Putty. "Don't say I'm in a row again. I haven't done any-

thing that I know of." "That's the question. Have you been on old Stuckey's ground again?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"Blow old Stuckey!" "Blow him as hard as you like; but that isn't an answer. The old hunks has been complaining again; he's rung up the Head on the telephone, Mr. Bootles says. Now, I know you went along the Croft Brook several times to paintthose queer things you call pictures-"

"Fathead!" "Sir Leicester Stuckey has told the Head that a Rookwood boy has been trespassing," said Jimmy Silver.

"Tubby Muffin was there on Wednesday," said Putty, with a grin. "So was Bulkeley, for that matter." "Bulkeley was only on the footpath, and it's not out of bounds for the Sixth. The brook is on old Stuckey's property,

body goes there; he thinks fellows go there to fish." "Well, I haven't been there to fish,

and he makes no end of a fuss if any-

anyway." "No, you go to sketch," said Jimmy. "Or else to play tricks on somebody. I know you! Anyway, sketching there is barred. According to what the old hunks has yarned to the Head on the telephone, a Rookwood kid was seen there sketching one day this week-and

that couldn't be Tubby." "Oh, my hat!" "Mr. Bootles has told me to speak to any fellow in the Form who thinks of defying old Stuckey, and give him a serious warning," continued the captain of the Fourth. "I'm fed up with the subject, and if I catch any chap trespassing there I shall punch his head! You can go and make your daubs some-

where else-see?" "I'm not going there again," growled Putty. "But I don't see how I was seen last time I was there. I certainly wasn't

aware of it." 'Then you have been there this week?" exclaimed Jimmy.

"Possibly." "Well, it looks to me as if you're booked for a row," said Jimmy Silver. "Old Stuckey must know it for certain, or he wouldn't ring up the Head on the subject. I must say you deserve to get licking, Putty. Bulkeley took the trouble to warn you specially."

"I don't believe I was seen. If I was, why hasn't the old hunks complained about it before?"

"Blessed if I know!" With that, Jimmy Silver quitted the study, leaving Teddy Grace in a thoughtful and worried mood. He had been on the Stuckey Croft land once that weekon Wednesday afternoon; the occasion when he had rescued Bulkeley. It was now Friday, and if he had been seen there, it was curious that the incident had not been mentioned to the Head before. And he had been very cautious indeed; so far as he was aware, no one had seen him there, excepting Tubby Muffin, and Tubby was certainly keeping

it dark for good reasons. And Putty had other worries, too, concerning that eventful Wednesday afternoon. Tubby Muffin was displaying more and more the charming inwardness of his

fascinating nature. So long as the fat Classical was content with egregious swanking, Putty felt that he could be silent, and give him his head, as it were. But Tubby had been thinking the matter out, and with results. He had let drop a hint in Putty's presence concerning a little loan he intended to raise from his friend

George. Teddy Grace remained some time in thought after Jimmy Silver had left him. When he quitted Study No. 2 at last he made his way to the Sixth Form quarters.

There he waited about till Tubby Muffin came out of Bulkeley's study. The fat Classical had invited himself to tea with Bulkeley again, and the captain of Rookwood was still enduring position was rather difficult. Any fellow

exhibit a little tact: but tact was not

one of Reginald Muffin's gifts. It really looked as if the fat junior intended to "hang on" till Bulkeley's patience was worn out; and it was a rather interesting question how long that would take.

Tubby came rolling down the corridor with a fat and contented face, and Teddy Grace caught him by the shoulder at the corner. There was a half-crown clutched

in Tubby's fat paw. "Hallo, Putty!" said the fat Classical genially, if a little uneasily. "Come along to the tuckshop, old chap. I'm

standing ginger-pop." "Where did you get that half-crown, you fat fraud?" muttered Putty.

"Look here—" "Where did you get it?" growled Putty, shaking him. "Have you squeezed it out of Bulkeley, you fat rotter?"

"Ow! Look here, Putty. What does it matter to you if my pal George makes me a loan?" demanded Tubby indignantly. "I'm going to settle up; I suppose you

know that?" "You've stuck Bulkeley for half-a-

crown---" "He's lent me half-a-crown!" answered Tubby Muffin, with dignity. "Why shouldn't he, after what I've done for him? There's such a thing as gratitude,

Teddy Grace -- Yarooh!" Tubby Muffin fled, with Putty's boot to help him. But he fled in the direction of the tuckshop.

Teddy Grace remained in painful thought for some minutes. The affair was taking a serious turn now.

He realised that Tubby was too thoroughly obtuse to understand that he was doing wrong or acting unscrupulously. But the fact remained that the captain of Rookwood had been swindled out of money-for that was what it amounted to, whether Tubby understood it or not.

It was a very unpleasant position for Putty of the Fourth. To reveal the facts was to ask for a flogging from the Head, but the alternative was scarcely less unpleasant.

He walked away at last to Bulkeley's study. He found the captain of Rookwood looking very thoughtful. How to deal with the clam-like Tubby was growing to be a problem for the head of the Sixth.

Putty laid a half-crown on the table. "From Muffin, Bulkeley," he said quickly. "He doesn't need it, after all, and he's much obliged!" "All right!" said Bulkeley, with a

smile. Putty left the study quickly. He had relieved his mind and his conscience by repaying Tubby Muffin's debt. But evidently that was a process that could not be continued indefinitely. Tubby Mussin could play at that game much longer than Teddy Grace could.

The 5th Chapter. Bulkeley Sees Light!

"Trousers—one guinea!" Jimmy Silver stopped as he came on Tubby Muffin in the Form-room passage after lessons on Saturday morning. Tubby was seated at a window there, with a stump of pencil in his hand, a soiled sheet of paper on his knee, and a thoughtful frown on his brow.

He was evidently making calculations. "Trousers—one guinea!" he was murmuring. "That's cheap. I'm letting Bulkeley off too lightly-but, after all, he's a pal. There's the waistcoat; but won't say anything about that now. That will keep!"

Jimmy Silver dropped his hand on the fat junior's shoulder, and Tubby looked up with a start.

"What are you up to?" asked Jimmy

Silver, very quietly. "Making up an account, old chap!" said Tubby affably. "I say, what do you think? Is a guinea enough for my bags? spoiled them, you know, rescuing Bulkeley from the water. I'm entitled to compensation, aren't I?"

"Compensation!" repeated Jimmy. "That's it! Considering that I saved Bulkeley's life, he can't grumble at paying for the trousers, can he?" "Oh!"

"It's up to him, I think," said Tubby Muffin. "What do you think, Jimmy?" Jimmy Silver breathed hard through his

nose. "I think you're a disgusting fat worm!" he answered. "Have you the neck to get money out of Bulkeley because you pulled him out of the Croft Brook?"

"That's a rotten way of putting ita very rotten way. It shows a low, suspicious mind, Jimmy!" "What?"

"I don't want to rub it in, but I've noticed before that you're not so highminded as I am, Jimmy. I never look at things in that low, suspicious way," said Tubby Muffin calmly. "Besides, this is simply a matter of business. My trousers---"

"You fat rotter-" "My trousers have been quite spoiledwell, very nearly spoiled. I think, if Bulkeley knew, he would be willing to pay for the damage. I feel bound to tell him. I don't mind doing brave and generous things-that's me all over-but I can't afford to stand Bulkeley the price of a pair of trousers, and that's what it; amounts to. Of course, I shall offer to let him have the trousers, if he pays for them!" added Tubby, with dignity. "I'm honest, I hope."

Jimmy Silver looked at him. There seemed to be no words in the English language equal to the occasion.

"Trousers -- one guinea!" repeated Tubby Muffin, returning to his calculation. "That's fair, and Bulkeley can't | grumble. I'm really letting him down lightly. Some fellows would make it thirty shillings; but I hope I'm not a profiteer. The waistcoat will keepanother time, perhaps-"

"What about the socks?" asked Jimmy Silver sarcastically.

Tubby nodded.

Published

Every Monday

"Yes, the socks were wet," he said. "Not exactly spoiled, but there was damage—there certainly was damage. But the socks will come in another time, Jimmy. I think a guinea for the trousers will do at present. What do you think?"

"I think you're a measly toad!" "It's rather ill-natured of you, Jimmy, to call me names, just because I've done a splendid act of courage, and put you in the shade. Look here, talk sensibly, and give me your opinion! Shall I make up a complete bill, with all the items, or shall I spring them on Bulkeley one at a time?"

Jimmy Silver did not answer that question.

He took Tubby Muffin by the collar and knocked his head on the wall, by way of expressing his opinion and his feelings, and went his way, leaving Muffin yelling. "Silver!"

out into the quad, at the sound of Mr. Bootles' voice.

"Yes, sir?"

"Kindly tell Bulkeley that the Head wishes to see him in his study." "Certainly, sir!"

Jimmy Silver hurried out and found the captain of Rookwood on the cricketground, and delivered his message.

Bulkeley frowned.

"Stuckey again, I suppose!" he muttered. And he strode away to the School House.

Putty of the Fourth was coming out as Bulkeley entered, and the Sixth-Former stopped him. "Don't go out of gates, Grace!" he

rapped out "Eh! Why not, Bulkeley?" demanded Putty.

"You may be wanted." "Oh, dear!" groaned Putty. "More trouble! What have I done this time, Bulkeley?"

Bulkeley went on to the Head's study, going there, Grace."

"I fancy you know. You can wait, any-

"Exactly. Sir Leicester states that the photograph was taken at about four o'clock on Wednesday afternoon.

Bulkeley. "I saw Muffin there, but certainly saw nothing of Grace. I will question him at once, sir."

had risen in Bulkeley's mind.

His rescue by Tubby Mussin was astonishing enough in itself-and was still more astonishing in the light of Tubby's subsequent vagaries. Another possible Jimmy Silver stopped, as he was going explanation now occurred in Bulkeley's mind.

"Grace!" he called out.

Tubby Muffin had kept his secret, he had a feeling that his disobedience of orders on that memorable occasion was destined to come to light. And Putty was thinking of the Head's birch with a feeling of great discomfort.

"Yes, Bulkeley?" he answered, quite

"All right. Any old thing!"

Bulkeley fixed his eyes upon him sternly. "Where were you at four o'clock on

"Were you on Sir Leicester Stuckey's estate?"

"I warned you that afternoon about

should like you to ascertain, Bulkeley, where Grace was at that time on that "It is very odd, sir. It was about a quarter-past four when I came back from Abbeywood, by the footpath," said

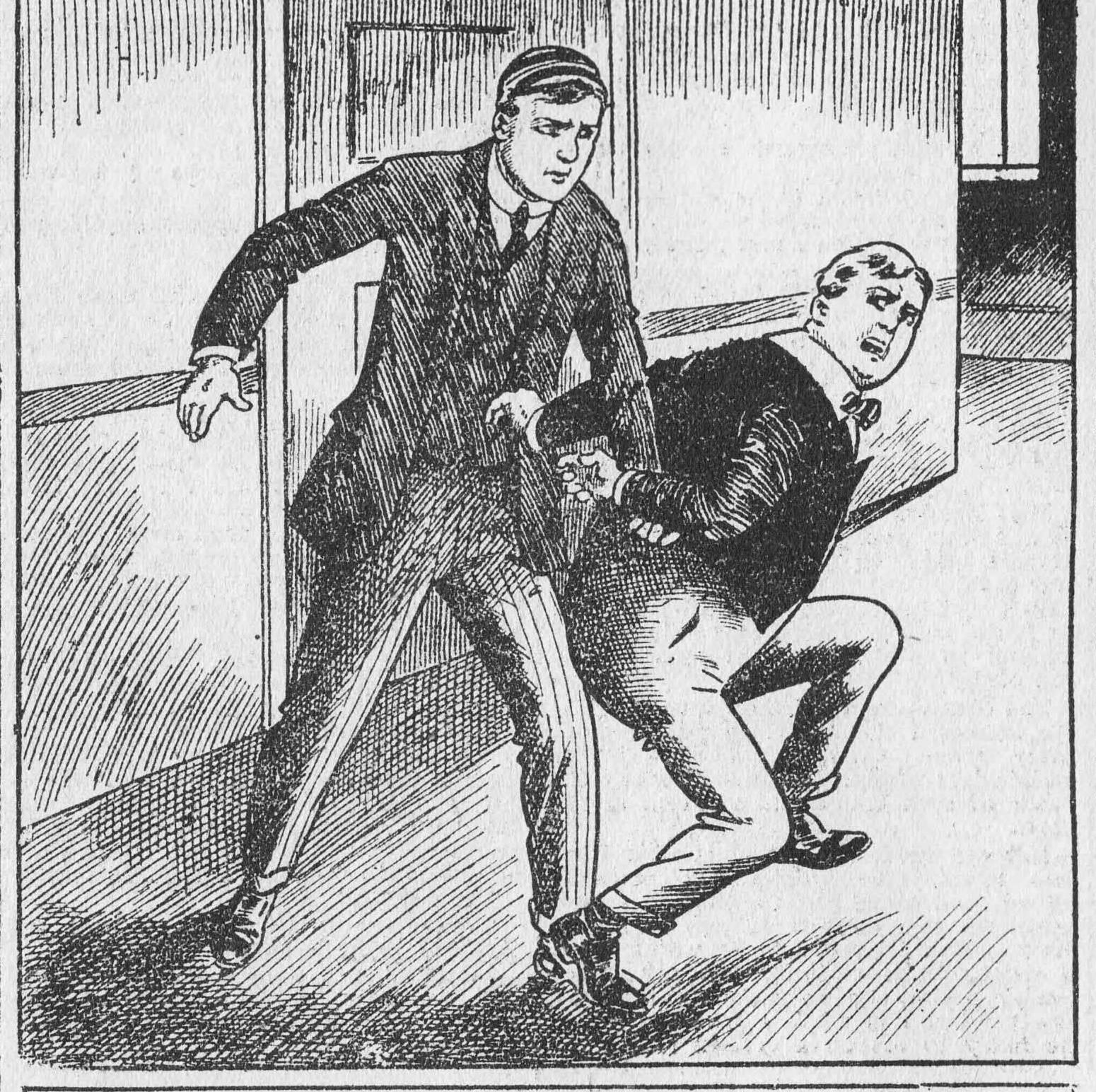
"Please do so, Bulkeley." Bulkeley quitted the Head's study with a thoughtful frown on his brow. The news that Teddy Grace had been by the Croft Brook almost at the time of his rescue was startling. A curious suspicion

dispiritedly.

"Come to my study." Teddy Grace obediently followed the captain of Rookwood into his study.

Wednesday afternoon?" he demanded. "At-at which-"

No answer.



TROUBLE FOR THE HERO! "You'd better look out, Car-"If you bully me I'll tell George-yarooh! Wharrer you at, you beast!" "Giving you something to tell George!" grinned Carthew.

and found Dr. Chisholm with a knitted

"Sir Leicester Stuckey has communicated with me again, Bulkeley," said the Head, in a rather acid voice. "It appears that his complaint is not without grounds, as I thought at first. It is certain that some Rookwood boy was trespassing upon

his grounds on Wednesday afternoon." "Mussin was there, near the footpath but, owing to what he did for me, thought he could be excused for break-

ing bounds, for once." The Head nodded.

"Quite so, Bulkeley; but this does not refer to Muffin. A Rookwood boy has been seen sketching there—taking unwarrantable liberties with Sir Leicester's property, is the way he describes it."

"On Wednesday afternoon!" repeated Bulkeley. "It was on Wednesday afternoon that I was pulled out of the brook by Muffin. At that time there was certainly no other Rookwood boy there." "It appears to be certain that some

boy was there during the afternoon. Sir Leicester informed me over the telephone yesterday that a guest of his was taking photographs in the ground, and one of the negatives, when developed, showed the figure of a schoolboy seated ! sketching by the brook. The photographer, apparently, had not seen him, but the figure came out in the photo-

"Oh!" said Bulkeley. "In order to place the guilt upon the right shoulders, as he chooses to express it," went on the Head drily, "Sir Leicester has had an enlargement made | Tubby's Little Bill-and the Payment of the photograph, and now tells me that he recognises the boy perfectly as the boy who was reported on a previous occasion for the same conduct."

"Grace of the Fourth Form, sir."

"I-I remember-" "And you went immediately afterwards, apparently-" "Ahem!"

"Did you pull me out of the water?"

"I asked you a question," said Bulkeley grimly. "I was unconscious in the water, owing to knocking my head. Someone pulled me out. I found only Muffin with me when I came to. You must have been there a few minutes earlier, at any rate. Tell me the truth.'

"The-the fact is-" "Was it you pulled me out, and have you been keeping it dark because of the

flogging to come?" "Ahem! You-you see-" stammered

the unfortunate Putty. "It is known that you were there about four, Grace. A photograph was taken, as it happens, and you show up in it."

"Oh, what rotten luck!" groaned rest for the wicked!"

"And now-" Tap!

There was a knock at the door, and it opened to admit Tubby Mussin. The fat Classical rolled in with the familiar ease that was now natural to him when he visited his friend George's study.

The 6th Chapter. Thereof.

"I say, Bulkeley---" "I'm glad to see you. Muffin," said the captain of Rookwood grimly.

"I thought you would be, George," he replied. "I've just dropped in, old chap,

was looking rather suspiciously at Teddy

Grace from the corner of his eye.

Tubby nodded and smiled, though he

to show you this little account." "That what?"

"I hope you'll think it's all right," said Tubby, presenting his little bill. "If there's any item you think isn't quite fair, you just tell me, George, and we'll discuss it. I want to do the fair thing by an old pal."

George Bulkeley's face assumed a quite extraordinary expression as he looked at the grubby sheet of crumpled paper presented by Tubby Muffin.

It was quite an interesting document. It ran:

AKOUNT OF DAMMAGES SUSSTAINED IN RESKUING BULKELEY OF THE SIXTH.

To 1 pare of trowsers, spoyled 1 1 Putty of the Fourth was waiting in To waistcoat, dammaged 10 the doorway of the School House, with To 1 pare of sox 5 0 a worried brow. In spite of the care | 1 shurt, spoyled 10 0 he had exercised, and of the fact that To 1 pare of pants, dammaged .. 12 6

Totle .. 2 16 6

Bulkeley read that precious document and read it again, and stared at it, and study with all the fortitude he could then stared at Tubby Muffin. The fat muster. Classical met his stare with a happy

"How does that strike you, George?" he asked.

"How-how-how does it strike me?"

babbled Bulkeley. "Yes, old infant. If there's anything that doesn't seem fair, don't mind telling

me. I'm a businesslike chap." "My-my hat!" gasped Bulkeley. Teddy Grace was looking on in silence, but with a gleam in his eye. He had

a suspicion of what was on the paper. Bulkeley turned to him. "Look at that, Grace!" he said.

"Oh, I say--" began Tubby Muffin uneasily. Teddy Grace looked at the paper, and

his face flushed with wrath. "You fat swindler!" he roared, forgetful of Bulkeley for the moment, and he made a stride towards Tubby Muffin. The fat junior jumped back in alarm.

But Bulkeley interposed. "Hold on, Grace! Muffin, this account appears to be for damages sustained in getting me out of the Croft Brook the

other day?". "Yes, Bulkeley," gasped Tubby Muffin. "If-if you think I've overcharged you

"Never mind that now. I was surprised at the time that you were able to get me out of deep water," said Bulkeley. "It was rather a hefty job for a junior."

had Bulkeley to be grateful for, when "I-I'm a splendid swimmer, you know," stammered Tubby, with a very uneasy blink at Putty of the Fourth.

"You must be, if you did it. Did you do it?"

"Oh, I say, Bulkeley! II-if Putty

"Never mind Putty! Did you do it?" thundered Bulkeley. Tubby Muffin cast a longing glance towards the door. This interview was

turning out unexpectedly painful. "If you doubt my word, Bulkeley-" he murmured feebly.

"I do." "Oh, I say! Fancy that!" gasped

Tubby. "After I plunged into the raging flood and rescued you at the risk of my life—now you begin making a fuss over a few items---

Muffin! Grace!"

"Yes, Bulkeley!" groaned the unfortunate Putty. "Go it! Don't mind me!" "Was it you got me out of the water? Tell me the truth, you young rascal!" Putty hesitated.

"You needn't be afraid of the flogging," growled Bulkeley. "I've a pretty clear idea how matters stand now, and if it was you who saved me, I'll do my best with the Head to let you off with

a caning." "Oh, good!"

"I-I say, it wasn't Putty!" exclaimed Tubby Muffin in great alarm. "He wasn't there at all! I never followed him to the brook because I thought he had a picnic there—"

"What?"

"And I never yelled to him when I saw you fall in, Bulkeley. I never did! And I didn't promise to keep it dark that he was there!" spluttered Tubby Muffin in a great hurry—rather too great a hurry, in fact. "Nothing of the sort occurred, Bulkeley. You can take my word for it. As for the feed he promised me, it never came off. Putty will bear me out in

"Well, my hat!" ejaculated Putty. "We had a bit of a feed in the study, Putty. "Who'd ever have thought of a | but it wasn't for that. I never agreed to thing like that? Oh, dear! There's no keep it dark that Putty was there. Besides, I did get wet, you know. He splashed me-"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "It's all very well for you to cackle, Putty---"

"Muffin, you lying little rogue!" thundered Bulkeley.

"Oh, dear! He's accusing me of lying now, just because I want him to pay for the trousers!" gasped Tubby Muffin. "It's ungrateful! It's sharper than a serpent's tooth, just like you read in Spokeshave—I mean, Shakespeare. I— I'm shocked at you, Bulkeley! A chap ought to be grateful when a chap's saved a chap's life at the risk of a chap's life --- Yarooooh!"

The heroic rescuer suddenly found him-

self caught by the collar, and a cane whacking upon his plump person with considerable energy. Tubby Muffin's indignant protestations changed to yells of anguish.

"Yow-ow-ow! Leggo! After I saved your-yarooh!-life! I wish I hadn't-Wow! Yooop! Oh, crikey! I-I'll let you off with ten-and-six for the trousers, Bulkeley-yaroooh! I say, old chap, I won't charge you anything-yah! Oh! Yoop! Whooop!"

Tubby Muffin was bundled out of the study, and he fled, roaring. It was the end of Tubby's triumphant career as a hero. He looked anything but heroic as he streaked down the Sixth Form passage yelling.

And now, Grace, you young rascal

Teddy Grace sighed.

"Lay it on lightly, Bulkeley," he murmured. "I did pull you out of the river, you know, and if I hadn't broken bounds £ s. d. I couldn't have done it, could I? Andand I'm not going to send in a bill for ! damages."

Bulkeley laughed.

"You're coming with me to the Head," he said. "I'll get you off as lightly as I

"You're a brick!" said Teddy grate-

And he followed Bulkeley to the Head's

Jimmy Silver & Co. heard the news later, and they were not very greatly surprised. True, they had not thought of Putty of the Fourth in connection with Bulkeley's rescue, but anything was less surprising than an heroic rescue by Tubby Mussin. The Fistical Four looked for Putty in his study, and found him rubbing his hands, while Tubby Muffin was groaning dismally in the armchair.

"So it was you?" exclaimed Jimmy Silver.

Putty grinned faintly.

"Little me!" he answered. "Ow! It's all right. I've been caned by the Head. But I don't mind. It was the flogging I objected to. As for the caning, shouldn't wonder if I didn't deserve it. These headmasters have to be given their head, anyway."

"They do," agreed Jimmy. "I think you've got off lightly."

"So do I," answered Putty. "If I'd known it before, I think I'd have chanced it; but floggings aren't to my taste. Bulkeley put in a word for me, and the Head was rather decent about it. Ow!" "And you—you fat rascal!" exclaimed Jimmy, turning to Tubby Muffin.

Tubby blinked at him dolorously. "Bulkeley licked me!" he gasped. "Me, you know! Jevver hear of ingratitude like that? I never did! Sharper than a serpent's tooth, you know. Ow!" "Ingratitude!" stuttered Lovell. "What

you never did anything but spoof him all the time?" "That's a rotten way of putting it, Lovell—ow! Mr. Bootles himself said I

was a credit to the Form-wow!" "That was before he knew you were

lying. "Look here, Lovell-ow-ow! I've been licked, you know!" gasped Tubby. "I'm suffering an awful lot! But the worst of it," said Tubby, with doleful indignation, "is that Bulkeley somehow seems to think that I've acted badly in the matter.

Fancy that!" "Oh, my hat!" gasped Jimmy Silver. "He does!" said Tubby. "You'd hardly believe it, but he does! Me, you know! Old Spokeshave—I mean, Shakespeare was right about the serpent's tooth, wasn't he? I'm not going to speak to Bulkeley again. I won't go to his study Hold your silly tongue a minute, to tea any more, if he asks me on his bended knees! If there's anything I can't stand, it's ingratitude-ow! used rather to like old Bulkeley, but I must say he's turned out an ungrateful brute—ow! What do you think, Jimmy?"

thought. He could only gasp.

THE END.

But Jimmy could not say what he

NEXT MONDAY. LOVELL'S GREAT-AUNT!

By OWEN CONQUEST. DON'T MISS IT!

PRAIRIE LIBRARY AND

First Two Numbers of each NOW ON SALE.

Thrilling Stories of Adventure in the Wild West, and of Robin Hood and his Merry Men.

Price 1½d. each. ORDER THEM

from your newsagent.



Published

A Splendid, Long, Complete Story of FRANK RICHARDS & CO., the Chums of the School in the Backwoods.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

www.www

The 1st Chapter. Latent Talent!

"Read it again, Frank!" Bob Lawless spoke quite excitedly. The chums of Cedar Creek School were clustered outside the schoolhouse of the school in the backwoods, reading the latest edition of the "Thompson Press." The news in that diminutive paper was

not usually of a very exciting order, and was very soon read. Mr. Penrose, the enterprising man who acted as editor, compositor, printer, and salesman of the "Thompson Press" usually had his work cut out to fill the few sheets which represented his week's labours.

But this week he had something there which certainly created an impression at Cedar Creek School.

"It's an advertisement from a chap who is looking for budding poets," said Frank Richards. "This is what the merchant says."

And he read the advertisement from the paper.

It was displayed in good, bold type which no one could miss, and ran:

> "WANTED! A POET! (You may be a poet, Altho' you don't know it!)

The proprietor of a new magazine of poetry which will shortly be published wants to find crisp, live poems with a punch-poems with the scent of the backwoods and real life in them.

He guesses that the scholars of the backwoods' schools have much latent talent among their number. They should be able to write the goods for him. He is, therefore, offering a prize to the best poet in each district, and Thompson has been nominated for one.

Lads, here is your chance for sure. Get right down to it now. Send along the stuff and you get a prize—a bully gift for

A prominent local man will present the prize when doled out. Mail your effort right now to Box 657,432, 'Chicago Daily Monitor.'"

"I guess that sounds the goods!" said Bob Lawless enthusiastically, as Frank finished reading. "I've always fancied

myself as a bit of a galoot for poetry." "Good thing someone has—if it's only yourself!" grinned Frank. "Still, I suppose it's up to us to do something!"

"Of course it is," said Chunky Todgers. "I guess that's a ten-strike stunt! They've come to the right shebang for the stuff here! I hope the prize is a hamper of tommy—it's mine already!"

The three chums of Cedar Creek laughed at the fat boy's smiling face. They knew that, with such an incentive. Chunky Todgers would write reams if necessary. The only question was whether his efforts would come up to the standard required by the live gentleman of Chicago who wanted poetry with a punch.

"I ought to do rather well at that," observed Vere Beauclerc, who completed the third of the famous trio at the little school. "You want to talk about soft carpets of pine-needles and warbling birds and niffy hemlocks--"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Frank Richards. "Well, you know what I mean!" growled Beauclerc. "I guess you want to harp on about a full-blooded canter in the invigorating air of a morning---"

"Cut it out, Cherub!" advised Bob, grinning. "That stuff looks all right on paper, but the way you say it makes me

"I tell you we've got to collar that prize!" the Cherub snapped. "You don't seem to have got that notion in your thick cabeza yet!"

"I guess I've got that all right," said Bob. "The Hillcrest fellows are sure to have a go at it, too, so we're bound to do our best. They'll crow no end if

they get the dollars!" "They will," said Frank Richards thoughtfully. "We must certainly try and turn out something good. "Let's show it to Miss Meadows, and ask her if we

can get on with it in school, shall we?" "That's the stunt!" said Bob ex itedly. "We'll get off a lesson, too."

The three made their way, into the schoolhouse and approached the mistress at her desk. Frank Richards pointed to the advertisement in the "Thompson Press."

"Please, miss," he said meekly, "we intend to go in for that."

Miss Meadows read the advertisement, and her eyes opened slightly. She read it through again, and then smiled.

"It seems a very generous offer, my boys," she said, "and I certainly think that you will do well to go in for it. There is only one other school in the district to compete, and," she added, with a touch of pride, "you ought to be able to beat them."

"Oh. easily!" said Bob Lawless. "Not easily," said Miss Meadows, with a smile. "But where there's a will there's a way. We will have a poetry

lesson this afternoon, and I will give you ting his feelings into elegant language a few hints."

"Thanks very much, miss!" said Frank. The news of the competition soon spread round the little school as the boys and girls who went home to their dinners rode or walked back to the school, and Miss Meadows' decision was hailed with delight.

During the afternoon everyone was all attention. The worthy schoolmistress was very fond of poetry and well versed in her subject. What she said about pentameters, dactyls, metres, and scanscion were more or less Greek to the pupils, although she explained very fully. But everyone listened attentively.

"Seems a bit of a mystery to me, this poetic stuff," said Bob Lawless later, as the three chums led their horses to the gate of the compound. "I don't quite know where to start."

"It's only using common-sense," explained Frank Richards. "Anyone with a mind for poetry at all naturally falls into iambic hexameters, or whatever they intend to write."

"Is it painful, Frank?" asked Bob.

"Is what painful?" asked the youngster, in surprise. "Falling into iambic gas-meters!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" The Cherub laughed, and Frank joined

in good-humouredly. "What I mean to say," he said, "is that if you understand what sort of poem you're going to write you naturally have to do it in one of the forms Miss Meadows spoke about, to make it read

decently." "That's good!" said Bob cheerfully. "I'll see what I can think out to-night," He sprang into his saddle, and the others followed suit. They cantered silently along the trail for a little, deep

in thought. Frank looked across at Bob and grinned. The hardy backwoods' youngster was rather out of his depth in attempting poetry, but he was evidently thinking

hard, for all that. "What's the matter, Bob?" asked

"Bit of a difficulty," said Bob shortly. "I can only get, Bumpety-bump went the cowboy's mustang, bumpety-bumpetybump--

"Ha, ha, ha!" "I guess there's nothing to laugh at in that!" howled Bob.

But the others only answered: "Ha, ha, ha!"

The 2nd Chapter. Divided Attention!

To say that Cedar Creek seethed with poetry on the day following the announcement of the competition would be putting

it mildly.

was about as serious as having to fell a forest of trees, walked about in a brown study, continually mumbling. Frank Richards and the Cherub had chaffed him without avail.

The first lesson was geography, and Miss . Meadows soon saw that the attention of her class was wandering. Chunky Todgers, for one, was furtively scribbling on a piece of paper. It was evident that the fat junior cherished the idea that the first prize would be something good to eat, and in that case Chunky intended to

Dick Dawson and Mayhew were sitting at the back whispering earnestly when they had the opportunity, and several others were almost as inattentive. But the most distracted of the lot was Bob Lawless.

Miss Meadows' eye rested on the junior with growing impatience. She had started off the morning in a very good humour, but her nerves were getting

rather tried. "Lawless," she said suddenly, "if you went to Bombay, what would you find there?"

Bob's mind was still running on poetry. He framed a couplet automatically. "The lovely smell of the morning air," he said innocently.

"Ha, ha, ha!" Miss Meadows frowned as the class roared with laughter.

"I don't wish you to be cheeky, Lawless!" she said, colouring slightly. "I-I guess I didn't mean that, miss!"

stammered Bob. The mistress did not reply. She gave the youngster a displeased look, and continued with the lesson.

Bob concentrated his attention on his work for the next few minutes, but the effort was not lasting. Bob's mind was fairly running on the poetic opportunity and the honour of Cedar Creek being at

Miss Meadows proceeded with the lesson slowly. She pounced on Frank Richards several times for quick answers, but he was usually ready. The matter of writing poetry did not weigh so heavily on him as it did on the others, and he was wise enough to see the danger-light in the schoolmistress' eyes.

The Cherub followed the lesson dumbly. He answered the questions put to him, after much thought. Miss Meadows watched carefully, but failed to see the cause of such unusual inattention in her

Her eye suddenly lighted on Bob Lawless again. He was gazing dreamily ahead and mumbling to himself. Miss Meadows was on the subject of ocean routes; Bob happened to be working out a dainty little-verse on the subject of prairie routes. So when the mistress sud-Bob Lawless, to whom the task of put- be likely to see on a certain route, the to myself."

youngster leapt to his feet and completed the verse that was in his mind before he knew what he was saying.

The verse went like this:

the class.

"You catch him a sneezer, Tpon the cabeeza,

And down goes the silly galoot!" There was a wild yell of laughter from

"Ha, ha, ha!" Miss Meadows went scarlet with anger. She held up her hand for silence, but for once the pupils of Cedar Creek had to have their laugh out.

"Ha, ha, ha!" Bob Lawless flushed scarlet. He realised what he had done, and he saw that Miss Meadows took it as an insult. "Pup-please, miss," he stammered, "wh-

what dud-did you sus-say?" The laughter was dying down, but one or two could still see the funny side. Chunky Todgers sat in his seat literally gasping, with the tears of laughter rolling down his fat cheeks.

"He, he, he!" he cackled. "Catch him a sneezer on the cabeeza-he, he, he!and the silly galoot goes-"

"Todgers!" snapped Miss Meadows. "Y-y-yes, miss!" gasped Chunky, coming to a sudden stop in his mirth.

"You will stay in for half an hour this evening for disrespect!" said Miss Meadows angrily.

"Jumping snakes!" groaned Chunky. "What was that?"

The fat boy flushed. "I-I didn't say anything, Miss

Meadows, really!" protested Chunky. The remainder of the class saw that the schoolmistress was in a dangerous mood, and they suppressed their sniggers. Bob Lawless silently wished that the ground would open for a few moments and swallow him up.

"I cannot understand you this morning, Lawless!" said Miss Meadows in her iciest

"I really, miss-that is, I-you see, I-

you-I-you-you see, I--" "I do not intend to stand barefaced impertinence like that!"

"I guess I didn't mean that, miss!" said Bob quickly.

"You see, I was not really listening just then, miss!" explained the youngster. "Why not?"

"I-I-that is, suppose you were "I do not wish to suppose anything of

the sort, Lawless!" Bob Lawless gasped. "No, I guess I don't quite mean that, miss!" said Bob, seeing that he was

plunging from bad to worse. "I was thinking of something else that I thought was awfully important." "And I was just doing a jolly good one

when you asked that question," proceeded Bob, "and I said it before I really knew what I was doing." "You were doing a good one?" repeated

the mistress. "What do you mean?" "A very good verse, miss."

"Verse?" repeated Miss Meadows, in greater mystification.

"For the competition," explained Bob Lawless, seeing no other way out of it. A light of understanding broke on Miss Meadows at last.

"So that is how you have been wasting your morning, Lawless?" she asked coldly. "If I had thought that that would happen I should not have encouraged it yesterday. As it was I gave up a whole afternoon to it-wasn't that sufficient?' "Ye-ye-yep!"

"Then how it is that you were still thinking about verses?"

"I thought of such a good one, miss," said Bob glibly, "and I was afraid I might denly asked him what a traveller would forget it, So I was just saying it over

関へくくくくくくくくくく

OUT

TO-MORROW

Contains a Mag-

nificent Long,

Complete School

Tale of St. Jim's

entitled

AND

BUNTER!

MARTIN CLIFFORD.

One of the Funniest

School Stories Ever

Written!

"Do you think you can remember it now, Lawless?" asked Miss Meadows.

"Yes, miss." "Well, it would be a pity to forget it," said Miss Meadows, with a faint smile. "You will stay behind this afternoon and write it out one hundred times to help you remember it!"

"Jee-Jerusalem crickets!" gasped Bob. "You may sit down, Lawless."

"Certainly, miss!" The schoolmistress picked up her book and resumed the lesson. This time she had more attention. The majority of the pupils of Cedar Creek knew Miss Meadows sufficiently well to realise that she would come down still more heavily on the next offender.

Bob Lawless did some more hard thinking during the dinner-hour, but he was wise enough to drop it when afternoon school started again.

In spite of his good behaviour, however, Miss Meadows did not relent. And when the other scholars left the schoolhouse and started for the homesteads Chunky Todgers and Bob Lawless remained.

Frank Richards and the Cherub waited with their horses for a quarter of an hour, and then softly approached the schoolhouse window. Miss Meadows was not in the room.

"How many have you done, Bob?" asked Frank softly.

"Beat it!" snapped the poet tersely. "Will you be long?" queried the Cherub, otherwise Vere Beauclerc.

"Mosey off!" The two chums grinned and watched. From Bob Lawless came the scratching of a pen, and the faint words of a doggerel he muttered as he wrote:

"You catch him a sneezer, On the cabeeza, And down goes the silly galoot!"

A faint chuckle came from the window. Bob Lawless sprang up angrily, with an inkpot in his hand.

But Frank Richards and Vere Beauclerc were in full flight.

The 3rd Chapter. Old Man Gunten is Kind!

"Frank!"

"Hallo?" Frank Richards turned in the saddle as he heard his name.

He was riding for Thompson after afternoon school on the following day with his pocket full of letters addressed in various schoolboy fists to Box 657,432. Chunky Todgers galloped breathlessly

"Are you going to Thompson?" asked the fat junior.

Frank nodded. "Do you mind mailing something to-

innocently. Frank grinned. "I thought you'd sent in your poem,

to Chicago for me?" asked the junior

Chunky," he said. The other looked at him in surprise. "How did you guess what it was?" he

"'Fluence!" said Frank mysteriously. "Well, it is a poem," said the fat boy confidentially. "It's a jolly good one, too. It's bound to collar the first prize —that hamper of tuck."

The British junior laughed. "I don't suppose it will be tuck," he said. "More likely to be some dry old books on stars, or monkeys, or some-

Chunky Todgers' face fell. "I guess that would be a rotten trick." he said. "I've done some jolly good stuff there, Frank. How does this

"I love a walk. I love a ride, I love to climb the mountain-side:

And there's one thing that you can't whack-A fine big feed when you get back!"

Chunky blinked indignantly. "What do you think of it?" he growled. "Rotten!" "I think it's jolly good!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The feed may be, Chunky, but the poem isn't." "It's true, I tell you." "Rather! But you don't put that sort

of thing into verses describing the country.' "Do poets live on fresh air, then?" asked the fat junior, in disgust. "I'm not a big eater myself, but that

wouldn't suit me." "Ha, ha! No!" Chunky grimaced. He was not usually conceited, but his hopes of a large

hamper of tuck had been rather high. "Of course you're a competitor, too," he said bluntly. "Perhaps you're afraid that I'm going to scoop up the first

"Not afraid!" laughed the British junior. "It's a cert. I'll ride off right away with it now, Chunky." He waved his hand, and set off down

the trail at a good pace. There was a quiet grin on Frank Richards' face as he His own effort was amongst those he

carried, and although he did not consider it good, he thought that it was certainly ahead of the mundane lines composed by Chunky. To be considered jealous was something of a joke.

Frank rode steadily on. He wanted to deliver his mails and get back to the ranch quickly. He was alone because Bob Lawless had managed to get detention again, and Vere Beauclerc had to be home early. But it was a beautiful evening, and Frank's thoughts were quite enough to keep him from feeling lonely.

The township of Thompson soon hove in sight, and Frank dismounted at Gunten's shop. The Swiss storekeeper



"Bunter is the most unpunctual boy in the Form!" said Mr. Lathom crossly, as he went to his desk. "Why!--What!-- Bless my soul!--BUNTER!"

was standing in the doorway, and he greeted the youngster with a smile. Frank nodded. Smiles from Old Man Gunten were rather rare, and were things

to be suspected. There had been a good many encounters between Old Man Gunten and the Cedar Creek boys in the past, and the latter had been victorious. Swiss storekeeper did not forget. But for all that he seemed quite friendly now.

"I want a purse if you have one," Frank said.

The purchase was soon made. The storekeeper talked affably, and almost before Frank realised it, had come to the subject of the poetry competition.

"The Hillcrest boys are in that, you know," he said confidentially, "so I suppose you boys at Cedar Creek are having a shot, too. You won't want to be cut out by them, and there's a prize for the district."

"We're going in all right," said Frank guardedly.

"I'm sending off the Hillcrest entries to-night for them," said Old Man Gunten, "and that's what made me think of it. I'm sending a special order to Chicago for some things, and they'll go quicker that way. I suppose you've sent yours?"

"Er-no." "That's a pity," said Old Man Gunten. "If I'd known I could have sent them

with the others." Frank Richards hesitated.

"As a matter of fact I've got our entries with me," he said.

"Have you? Well, I guess I don't mind sending them on for you-that is, if you want me to."

"Thanks, Mr. Gunten!" said Frank, producing the envelopes. "They'll certainly get there quicker. I'm much obliged."

He left the shop, undecided whether to be pleased that they would accompany the Hillcrest boys' efforts or not. Had it been anyone but Old Man Gunten he would not have thought anything

more about it. He soon forgot the Swiss storekeeper, however, as he rode back along the trail. Bob Lawless emerged from Cedar Creek School just as Frank reached there, and

joined him on the trail. Frank told him that he had entrusted the efforts to Old Man Gunten.

"I'm not sure that it was a very safe thing to do," he said. "I was doubtful at the time, but you see we've left it rather a long time, and if the Hillcrest fellows got theirs in first they might scoop the prize."

"Yep." Bob Lawless nodded. "Old Man Gunten might have been in

a decent mood," Frank suggested. "I guess that's as likely as snow in summer," grunted Bob. "More likely he intended to tear all our letters up."

"We'll rag him if he does!" growled Frank. "Of course, he'll be jolly keen on seeing Hillcrest win. He's got a good lot of money in that place."

Bob Lawless rode on in deep thought. "Guess you were a jay, Frank," he said suddenly. "That poem of mine was a ten-strike stunt. It was a sure winner."

"Well, it may win yet," said Frank. "I don't think Old Man Gunten would dare to tear the things up. Perhaps he knows that the newspaper johnny will wait until he gets our poems as well as Hillcrest's before awarding the district prize. He may want to hurry things

"Maybe you're right, Frank," said Bob.

"Hope so, anyway." After that the two rode on, busy with their own thoughts. Only time could prove whether Old Man Gunten had fulfilled his obligation.

A whole week passed without any further news. Then, with the publication of the next edition of the "Thompson Press" appeared a small advertisement from the Chicago firm, announcing that they had appointed Mr. Gunten as the prominent business man to present the prize for Thompson.

Bob Lawless grunted. "Gunten!" he growled. "I guess he's him. "Hillerest will have you beaten about the worst thing that that merchant in Chicago could have struck!"

"And if the Hillcrest fellows have won he'll make a pretty good song about it!" added Frank Richards.

"Pity you gave him our letters to post, Frank," said Vere Beauclerc with them, even if he did post them."

"Well, we'll have to wait and see about that," said Frank shortly. "He'll be presenting the prizes in a few days." "Prize!" corrected Chunky Todgers. "You don't expect that there's going to be a hamper of tuck for everyone, do you?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" The juniors laughed.

Chunky Todgers' hopes and fears about the food were getting almost pathetic. He was quite convinced that the lucky prize-winner would not be hungry for at least a fortnight after his good fortune. "Well, you wait until I get it!"

snapped Chunky. "Anything in reason," said the Cherub, I with a grin. "But life's too short for that."

The 4th Chapter.

Trouble for One.

"Put a spring into it, pard!" "Cut the palaver out!"

"Open out, boss!" Old Man Gunten received a volume of suggestions from the worthy people was observing," stuttered Gunten, "is of Thompson as he stood on the little | the finest---" platform outside his shop and fidgeted nervously with a pile of papers.

The Swiss storekeeper was about to announce the results of the poetic com- | Cedar Creek!" he snapped angrily. petition which had been open to the "Hooooray!" yelled Dicky Bird & Co.,

schoolboys of the district.

A small crowd of people had collected, "You jays!" growled Bob. "I'll scalp in addition to the majority of the pupils | you!" parents had made a special effort to I Crash! Bump!

attend, but a good many who were in Thompson at the time came to watch out of curiosity at something new. And, as the crowd had swelled, Boss Eye, the landlord of the Red Dog, together with Four Kings and a number of other barloungers, had sauntered up, under the impression that they might witness a

dog-fight in progress. Old Man Gunten flustered with his papers. It was evident that he was a little nervous of public speaking. "Get it off your chest, pard!" advised

Boss Eye. "I guess I thought it was somethin' better'n you spoutin'." Gunten coughed.

"Gentlemen," he began, "I--" "'Ow much?" asked Four Kings, with

a wink. "I have the honour of being selected," pursued the storekeeper, "by a wellknown Chicago editor to present a prize which he has awarded for the most promising poem received from the district."

Old Man Gunten paused. He was he wanted to make an impression. "Poetry, and the ability to write it," |

he said, "are developed by good schoolwill reflect considerable credit on the school at which the boy has been educated."

"Can't say as I ever needed much eddification to write poetry!" chuckled Four Kings, who had considerable difficulty in holding a pen at the best of times.

"As one keenly interested in the education," proceeded Old Man Gunten, warming to his work, "I guess that I shall be very interested to see the result when I open the sealed packet I have received." "Quit the cackle and open it!" growled

Bob Lawless. "I shall open it in a minute, Master Lawless," said Gunten, a strange glitter in his eye. "But, of course, all of you that was enough to break every bone in cannot be winners."

"Bound to be someone from Cedar Creek, if schooling has anything to do with it!" said Bob confidently.

The rival schools came together with a wild rush. Mr. Gunten had certainly lighted the firework, and it was fizzling merrily.

"Keep some order!" he raved. "Gentlemen, stop those boys!"

Biff! Bang! "Order!"

Bump! "Yarooogh! Gerroff my face!"

"Let up!" "Oeooooer!"

A furious mass of struggling boys crashed on to the temporary platform which Mr. Gunten had erected. There was a crash and a wild howl from the Swiss storekeeper.

"Look out! You'll have this over!" "I'll give you what-for!" panted Frank Richards, whose blood was red-hot by this time, as he dived at Blumpy.

Whoosh! The crowd gave way as the fight gained violence. Boss Eye looked on approvingly. He had come to see a dog-fight, and was coming to the critical point now, and willing to watch anything as a substitute. "Give 'em gip!" he encouraged both

"Help! Stoppit! I guess I'm falling!" ing. I think that the award of the prize | roared Old Man Gunten in great alarm, as he felt the planks sway beneath his feet. "Look out, you jays! Stop it, you blackguard Bird! Ooooooer!"

The temporary platform was not equal to the strain. After bearing up valiantly for a minute it suddenly collapsed. Mr. Gunten swayed and flew through the air.

Four Kings stood right in the line of fire. He was watching the scrap with an appreciative eye, and did not realise what had happened to the speaker until too

Mr. Gunten hit him fairly on the chest with a blow like a steam-hammer, and Four Kings collapsed. The Swiss storekeeper landed on top of him with a crash his body.

"Whoooosh!" roared Four Kings. "Yarooooogh!" echoed Old Man Gunten. He sat, bewildered for a moment, rub-

The 5th Chapter. Kern Gunten Says Too Much.

"Ha, ha, ha!" The schoolboys stood and roared with laughter at the discomfiture of the Swiss storekeeper.

Gunten was not a favourite with the Hillcrest fellows any more than he was with the boys from Cedar Creek, although he had considerable interests in the former school.

Four Kings looked hungrily into the store. But Mr. Gunten was entrenched in his own stronghold, and Four Kings did not want to offend the law by venturing inside.

He hurled a choice string of adjectives through the open doorway without drawing the Swiss to a further encounter. Mr. Gunten was sore, and in no fighting mood. Four Kings eyed his perspiring figure contemptuously.

"Kim out for some poetry!" he urged. Old Man Gunten did not budge, even

at that offer. Four Kings waited; and then, spitting contemptuously, turned on his heel and strode off, followed by Boss Eye and other inhabitants of the Spotted Dog, who felt that they had lasted long enough without a little refreshment. The space outside the shop was left to the boys, and to those who had really turned up to hear the awards in the poetic competition.

"Come on, Gunten!" called Bob Lawless presently.

Frank "We're waiting!" added Richards.

"I guess you can wait!" growled Old Man Gunten.

"Look hyer," said Mr. Penrose, stepping forward, "I reckon we turned up to see you present that there prize! You've been selected, and you must do your

Mr. Penrose had not come far to see the event—just across the road, in fact. But, as the editor of the "Thompson Press." he was looking for a little real

remained, and that was that he was going to win the prize—a hamper of tuck. Kern was morally sure of that. He

knew! Mr. Gunten flustered with the papers. He eyed his son and eyed the crowd. He knew that the people of Thompson thought little of his son, and that a victory for that degenerate youth would, at the least, not be popular.

Old Man Gunten abandoned his original scheme completely.

He saw the bright face of Dicky Bird in the crowd, and there and then decided on his winner. It had to be a Hillcrest boy, but it could not reasonably be Kern,

"This is the winning poem, gentlemen," said Gunten, starting to read.

He recited a dozen lines of a very passable verse in a trembling, stumbling fashion. The townspeople gaped open mouthed. It was not first-class stuff, but it was more than they could have

imagined. "Very good!" said Mr. Penrose, as the

greatest literary expert there. Mr. Gunten blinked round him nervously.

"The—er—winner," he said hesitatingly, "is-er-a Hillcrest boy, as I hoped. His

name is-is Richard Bird!" Kern Gunten went crimson. He had been waiting calmly for his own name, and his father's words gave him a tremendous shock.

Kern literally reeled. The disappointment was tremendous, and wild anger surged up in him.

Frank Richards, too, had flushed. "That's my poem!" he said shortly. "You've read the wrong name, Mr. Gunten."

"Bird, I said!" retorted Mr. Gunten, with an attempt at dignity. Kern Gunten's feelings overpowered

"That's mine!" he shouted defiantly. His father bestowed a withering look on him. But Kern had seen his father pack the big hamper which stood outside the store, and he was determined not to

"I guess you've made a mistake, pop!" growled Kern. "You know that I'm the winner!"

'You're nothing of the sort!" shouted Old Man Gunten.

'Jerusalem crickets!" shrilled Kern. "Why, you promised me that I should win!"

Kern Gunten blushed crimson. But it was too late. He had given the show away. He saw the bewildered faces of the onlookers suddenly change. "I guess it's all been a plant, Mr.

Gunten, and you've funked it at the last moment!" drawled Mr. Penrose. "Nun-nun-nothing of the sus-sort!" gasped Old Man Gunten. "I-that is,

Kern is tut-tut-talking out of his boots!" Kern Gunten edged nervously out of the crowd, and took to his heels in a sudden panic. That, if anything was needed, convinced the onlookers.

"Look hyer, Old Man Gunten," said Bob Lawless, "you'd better make a clean breast of things! What does your son mean by saying that you'd promised the prize to that galoot?".

"He-he's mistaken!" growled Gunten. "I don't think so," said Frank Richards quietly. "That poem which he read out was mine, only I can see that it has no name on it at all. It could be attributed to anyone."

"It looks to me as though the whole competition was a swindle done by Gunten to advertise Hillcrest," pursued Frank Richards evenly. "He intended to pinch the best verse sent in and say that Kern wrote it. The Box Number in Chicago was only a blind—they would have sent all the entries back to him if he hadn't managed to bag them before they went!"

"Jumping snakes! I guess you've rung the bell, young Richards!" exclaimed Mr. Penrose.

Old Man Gunten's face was changing colour rapidly. From a deep red it had faded to a mottled white. Frank Richards had exposed the plot so completely that it left him speechless for the moment.

"You're-you're wrong!" he gasped, at length. "I tell you I-I never- I

"Down the cad!" roared Bob Lawless. "Zip it into the galoot!" echoed Dicky Bird, of Hillerest.

Both parties of schoolboys had a grudge to settle with Old Man Gunten. The Cedar Creek boys saw what a low trick the Swiss had intended to serve them. The Hillcrest crowd were equally annoyed at the indignity they had suffered.

Old Man Gunten jumped from his chair, and made a wild dash for the store. But a dozen hands seized him and jerked him off his feet.

'Yaroooogh! Hellup!"

Crash! "Stoppit! You're hurting me! I-Yoooop!"

Bump, bump, bump! Old Man Gunten was solemnly bumped until he was breathless and aching all over, and only then was he allowed to

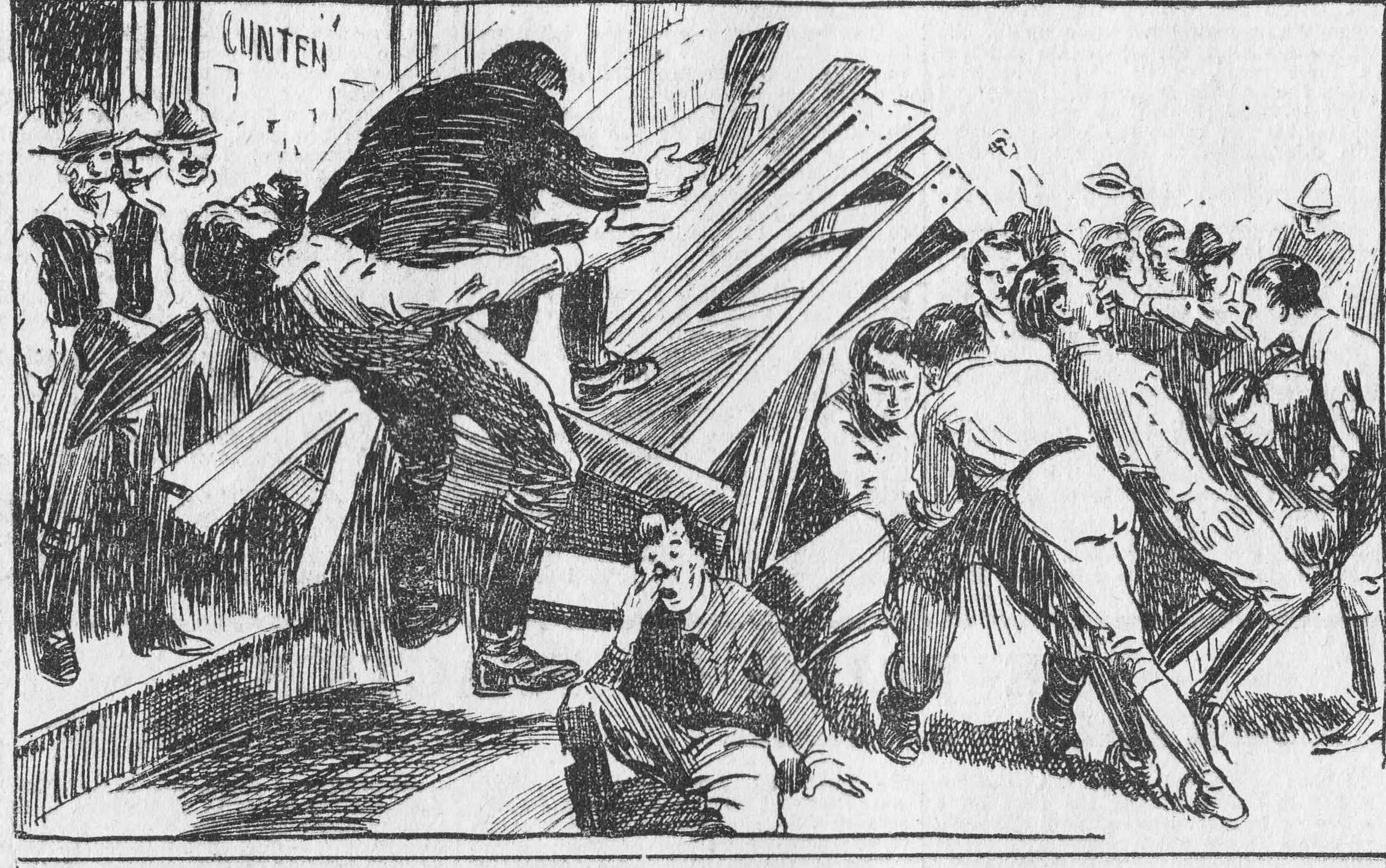
escape. Bob Lawless and Dicky Bird paused breathlessly and laughed. "What about the prize, Bob?" asked

Bob caught hold of the hamper, which was still standing outside the store, and with his jack-knife slashed through the

cords. "Honours are even!" he laughed. "We'll share it!" THE END.

NEXT MONDAY.

The New Boy at Cedar Creek. By MARTIN CLIFFORD. ORDER EARLY.



A SLIGHT MIX-UP!

air, alighting full on Four Kings' chest.

to a frazzle!" "Don't you believe it!" grinned Bob Lawless. "Why, I don't suppose they

who was standing in the front line beside

can teach you how to make a dot for an 'i' at Hillcrest!"

Fisher and Blumpy made a warlike movement towards Bob. The Hillcrest gloomily. "He might have tampered | fellows did not intend to allow the Cedar Creek boys to take a rise out of them in public. But Old Man Gunten was already fingering the envelope, and they allowed their vengeance to wait for a

"I am naturally hoping that a particular school will win this prize," said Gunten, as he tore the envelope open. "Of course, I know from intimate knowledge that Hillcrest provides an admirable all-round training. That is why I

send my own son there." "You mean, you send him there because he was kicked out of Cedar Creek!" snapped Bob Lawless.

Old Man Gunten glared. "Keep silence, Lawless!" he barked. "Eh?" said Bob. "You haven't got us here to a lecture, Old Man Gunten. We're here to see you present the prize!"

Bird of Hillcrest furiously. "We'll slay Mr. Gunten up bodily. you in a minute!" "As I was saying about Hillcrest-"

began Gunten. "Go and eat coke!" snapped Frank Richards.

"I guess that the teaching there, as I "Get on with the washing!"

"I know they don't teach manners at feeling that Hillcrest had scored.

Mr. Gunten breathed furiously.

at Cedar Creek and Hillcrest. Few Galoots!" added Eben Hacke furiously.

"You silly jay!" retorted Dicky Bird, , bing himself tenderly. He was not con- 1 copy, and did not wish to lose the opporscious of the fact that he was sitting on anyone. But Four Kings was painfully aware of the fact. "Beat it, you galoots!" he gasped fran-

"Help! Stoppit! I guess I'm falling!" roared Old Man Gunten, in great

alarm. The platform suddenly collapsed, and Mr. Qunten flew through the

tically. "I guess you're killing me!" "Killing you!" growled Old Man Gunten ungratefully. "I'm nearly dead myself!" Four Kings collected his remaining strength with a great effort, and pro-

jected Mr. Gunten violently against the remains of his platform. Mr. Gunten rebounded like a rubber ball and rolled in the road. "I'll learn you to attack me like that,

you galoot!" roared Four Kings, scrambling painfully to his feet. "Keep off, you jay!" screamed the storekeeper in considerable alarm. "I guess I'm nearly dead!"

"Then I'll finish it!" snapped Four Kings. "You overfed porpoises are dangerous. Stand up here, and I'll knock you right clean out of Thompson!" Mr. Gunten did not respond to the in-

to stay on the ground than to stand up and be bowled over like a skittle. But the bar-lounger was too excited by

vitation. He thought that it was simpler

cheap spirits and his own passion to let the matter drop there. "Shut up, Lawless!" growled Dicky He stepped into the road and caught

> "Yaroooogh!" roared Mr. Gunten. "Let me down! Oooooer!" Four Kings obeyed the order rather more literally than the storekeeper intended. He dropped him heavily in the

Whoooosh! "Whop it into him!" called Bob Lawless encouragingly.

"That's the style!" added Dicky Bird. The rival schoolboys had forgotten their fight in other events, and were now applauding the discomfiture of Mr. Gunten. But that worthy had had quite enough excitement.

He scrambled suddenly to his feet and made a wild dash for the door of his l store.

tunity. "I'm not going to be assaulted by a

pack of young hooligans!" gasped Mr. Gunten. "You haven't been," said Frank Richards calmly. "You made rotten remarks which you ought to have been ragged for. But it was quite an acci-

dent. Nothing would have happened if you had done the show decently." Mr. Gunten started to reply in all his bitterness, but he was interrupted by other onlookers. The worthy people of Thompson had no knowledge of poetry, and their souls were little stirred by catchy rhythms. But they had a great

objection to being done. Old Man Gunten saw that there was only one result to follow if he did not come out. The crowd was growing sufficiently hostile as it was.

"I guess I'll announce the prizewinner!" he said. He brought a chair from the store and mounted it ill-humouredly. The great plan which the Swiss had devised for advertising Hillcrest seemed likely to

turn out a gloomy failure. In Old Man Gunten's hand was a bunch of papers. Mr. Gunten had gone to great trouble to type them all out, so that the writing should not announce the real identity of anyone. He had intended to read, with much derision, the entries received from Cedar Creek, and then show the worthy townsfolk of Thompson what real brains-at Hillcrest-could accomplish.

As it was, he had no nerve left for that. He wanted to finish the situation and get it over.

Kern Gunten stood in the centre of the crowd. Kern had suffered severely in the fight. The storekeeper's son was too great a coward to take either side heartily, with the result that he had received well-delivered blows from both friends and foes. His face was red and swollen, and his body sore where he had been trampled on. Only one consolation I

THE BOYS WHO CAUGHT THE KAISER!

Published

Every Monday

A SPLENDID NEW ADVENTURE SERIAL

- - BY - -

DUNCAN STORM.

735

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 resolves 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 DORRING-TON, CHIP PRODGERS, 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-outang, HORACE, the goat, and GUS, the croco-

It has already been described how Captain Handyman discovered a large submarine base belonging to the Kaiser, and blew it up. The Kaiser, however, bad got away on a super-U-boat.

Later the boys captured Baron von Slyden, one of the Kaiser's agents. Captain Handyman told the boys to take Myden in hand, and they dressed him in Etons and forced him to do ordinary school work with them.

Leaving Santa Cruz, the South Star steers for the Cape de Verde Islands. Dick Dorrington, pacing the deck at night, discovers Von Slyden flashing an electric-torch over the side of the shipevidently signalling. Dick creeps up to him, and flops a bucketful of black grease and soft-soap over the treacherous Gerwan's head.

(Read on from here.)

Mangled and Ironad,

Baron von Slyden had caught the grease-bucket on his head; sure enough. Dick and Chip heard him roll over, and Leard the bucket tapping on the deck as the treacherous Hun spy, unable to ealise what had happened to him, rolled over and over.

The small electric-torch which he had been using to flash his signals over the dark sea rolled on the deck, its little bulb still glowing in a spot of light on l the planks.

The two boys gave the treacherous rascal no time to recover. They dropped down over the rail on to the deck, where they found Von Slyden with the bucket firmly fixed on his head, trying in vain to pull off his uncomfortable headgear.

He was holding the bucket in his hands, and the greasy mixture it contained was rolling in fine treacley gobs down his sleeves.

The boatswain of the South Star had a very patent mixture for greasing his blocks. He believed in having his running-gear for the boats well-oiled, more especially when there were submarines young reader in his efforts to become to witness the manner in which those in order to keep the body healthy. about, and he had mixed up a fine jorum ? fairly proficient in a game which I regard | cricketers went in and took sporting | Then why play cricket at all? Under of graphite, mineral lubricant, vaseline, and soft-soap—capital stuff, with lots of jossop in it, something that would stand for the cricket season during the Easter the weather and remain greasy.

The boys seized the baron and pulled the bucket off his head with no very gentle hands.

Indeed, the great flat head came out of the bucket with a sucking noise and a plop, just like pulling a cork out of a bottle.

Von Slyden could not speak, for the very good reason that his head was one the month of April has become a thing solid lump of black grease, which obliterated his ugly flat German face completely.

The boys pulled him into the alleyway pitch. I know full well that in the case and shoved him into a bath-room. Chip stood by to watch the prisoner, the quality of wickets is something over whilst Dick knocked up Porkis, Pongo,

and Mr. Lal Tata from their cabins. Mr. Lal Tata was not asleep. He was lying in his bunk devouring books of British school life, his favourite and his altogether incapable of providing a only literature.

'Please, sir!" said Dick, tapping at the door of the cabin.

Lal was lying in his bunk, with the the use of a good turf wicket in preferelectric light flaring down on the closely. ence to one covered with matting, yet printed page. He was chuckling.

"Ha, Dick! What you want?" he the "death-trap" pitches upon which one asked. "I am reading most laughable so often sees the junior cricketer trying episodes in this book. This fellow Bunter to get some kind of pleasure. has got his postal-orders, and—"

"Never mind about Bunter!" said Dick a same thing occurs, and young enthusiasts impatiently. "We have just caught that I take their hour or two's daily practice chap Von Slyden signalling with an elec- in serious mood on what one can call tric-torch! My torch, too! The brute ludicrous wickets, imagining they are pinched it out of my cabin!" I improving their cricket.

"Signalling!" exclaimed Lal, leaping One frequently notices players in a from his bunk and clapping his turban junior team, who certainly cannot imon his head. "To what does he make his press any onlooker with their prowess on

signals?" "Why." replied Dick, "if he's taking enjoyment out of a match than those the trouble to flash an electric-lamp over who are so-called first-class cricketers.

the side, when we are steaming without lights, and with everything covered up, they obtain if, instead of four balls out it is a pretty safe sign that there is a of six jumping up in the vicinity of their submarine cruising somewhere about in eyebrows, they could rely upon each these parts, and that Von Slyden knows delivery keeping sufficiently low for

"Ho! Crikeys!" exclaimed Lal. "What playing it with the bat?

have you done?"

"Dropped a bucket of grease on his believe, indulges in occasional games of kept "greens." had!" replied Dick. "Now we are going golf, told me only a few days ago that Of course, there must always be a



A SHAMPOO FOR THE SPY

The Baron kicked—so his feet were tied together. Then he was sat on the edge of the bath, while Pongo started to shampoo him with a mop of sand and soft-soap.

the bridge and tell Captain Handyman | length of stout cord. what the scoundrel has been up to. He must know that the submarine is about in these parts, or he would not have taken the trouble to flash the light!"

Lal scuttled through the passage-way, making his way up to the bridge to carry this information to the captain, whilst Dick ran off to the bath-room, where the spy.

when left alone with Chip. But a man, sand and soft-soap. no matter how powerful he may be, who grease, is no match for an athletic boy. Chip had settled the matter by tripping |

Porkis made their appearance. "Look here, Von Slyden!" said Porkis. "If you are going to be fractious we shall tie your hands behind you. You need not be frightened. We are only going to shampoo that stoker's brillian-

as one of the best in the wide world.

Most young players begin to get ready

holidays; in fact, by the time these lines

of mine appear in print there will be very

few lovers of cricket who have not

started practice. Those who have not

can take it from me that there is no

game which requires more practice than

cricket, although I know of many who

think there is no reason for it until the

There is, however, one essential to

proper practice, and that is a good level

of the open-space or open-park player /

which he has very little control, and he

limited financial resources, is not

remedy for the rough practice pitches

that are provided by public authorities,

for although I have always advocated

the latter is far and away better than

Nevertheless, season after season the

the field, apparently getting far more

Then how much more pleasure would

them to at least have an opportunity of

But even the junior club, with its

has my deepest sympathy.

season has really commenced, or until

of the past.

tine out of your head." as he rolled in the dry bath.

The hot-water tap of the bath was turned on, and a tub of hot fresh water was produced, with sand and deck-scrubs | cotton-waste. and piles of cotton-waste.

tied together. Then he was sat over the | can, sir!" pursued Pongo. "Rotten lot edge of the bath, whilst Pongo, who the Germans, sir! I am glad I was born fancied himself as a bit of a wag, pulled a Swiss myself. Were you ever in Gerpreparations were being made to shampoo on a big white apron, which he had many, sir?" stolen from the cook's galley, and started Von Slyden had started to struggle to shampoo his victim with a mop of

the mop. "Keep your head a little bit knocked the wind out of him. lower over the basin, sir. We don't the drains."

The unhappy baron gurgled. "Yes, sir," went on Pongo, ruthlessly by a torpedo in a few minutes!" thumping at the flat German head with his mop of sooji-mooji, "this is a very to make answer. good barber's shop. We don't employ you a bottle of brilliantine? Our hair carrying a couple of pairs of handcuffs.

THE VALUE OF PRACTICE.

to shampoo him. But you go forward to | and tied his hands behind him with a | the capstan-head yesterday, and it's growing whiskers to-day!"

"Mow-wow!" mumbled the baron, as Pongo wiped his face with a lump of

"I hear that the Germans are cutting The baron kicked, and his feet were one another's throats as hard as they

The baron was coming clean at last as Pongo barbered him with a deck-swab. He had ceased to struggle when the boys "Very nice day we've had to-day, sir, | seized him and held him down, whilst has his head covered, and his eyes and considerin' the time o' year!" said Pongo, Pongo finished him off with a gush from nose bunged up with an inch of black giving his victim's head a thump with the full force of the fire-hose, which

"Now, sir," said Pongo, as he scrubbed him into the bath when Pongo and charge anything extra for the smell of the baron's head with brilliantine or the spray, "you had better make up your mind quick, for we may be blown up

The baron had no breath left in him

There was a clinking of steel in the any Germans here. It is the real old passage outside the bath-room door, and The baron, mad with rage, struck out | Sweeny Todd establishment. Can I sell | Mr. Lal Tata made his appearance,

So Pongo and Porkis fell upon him, lelixir is very good. We rubbed some on l "The captain, he says that this mis-

creant fellow shall be well ironed!" announced Lal.

"Well, he's been pretty well mangled already!" laughed Dick.

"And he shall be locked in his cabin," continued Lal. "And if we are attacked no attempt shall be made to save him. He shall go down in rolling deeps with the ship he love—I do not think!"

The irons were clipped on the baron's wrists and about his ankles. The boys picked him up and carried him to his cabin, where they dumped him on his

But when they came to examine the lock of his cabin door they found that it had been tampered with, and that it would not lock.

"I'll fix him!" said Pongo. He darted off and returned, lugging Horace by his massive horns. He had found Horace sleeping tranquilly on a pile of sacks in the steerage. Horace had eaten half his bed for supper, and was dreaming uneasity, his stomach being full of tar twine.

"There you are Horace!" said Pongo, pointing to the recumbent figure of the unhappy German on the bunk. "If that merry Hun tries to get out of his bunk put him back into bed again!"

floor and commenced to eat the baron's straw hat.

Horace settled himself down on the

"Maw!" said he, as much as to say, 'Trust me to watch him!"

The boys scampered up on deck, having kicked the slumbering Skeleton out of his bunk, telling him to dress and get up on deck, as the ship might be torpedoed in the next half-hour.

Skeleton did not hurry himself. He got up slowly, and made a careful toilet, and, pulling his tuck-hampers out from under his bunk, carefully repacked them.

Skeleton was not going to starve in an open boat at sea if he could help it. He carefully packed sugared cakes, with lots of almond-icing on them, and a fine assortment of chocolate and sweet bis-

"Bride-cake and chocolate are very sustaining," said Skeleton to himself, as with lifebelt hanging round his chest he stooped at his work. "If the worst comes to the worst, we will divide the bridecake into those mingy little pieces that they send you after a wedding, and the strongest man in the boat shall eat the ornament."

In the meantime Horace, with a baleful green eye that glittered like an emerald, watched the baron.

The baron was very uneasy. He did not want to be down below if the submarine he had been calling up should attack the South Star.

The baron knew the Kaiser very well, and he knew that his illustrious master would not hesitate to slap in one of his largest size Wilhelmshaven torpedoes on the South Star, even if his pet spy was on board. As a matter of fact, Von Slyden realised that it might prove convenient to the Kaiser that he should go down with the South Star. Great men who use dirty instruments are not very particular what becomes of these when their purpose is accomplished.

A cold perspiration broke out on the baron. He hated to lie manacled hand and foot in the close, stuffy little cabin, whose porthole was tightly shuttered by its dead light.

He swung his legs over the edge of the bunk, and the irons clipped about his ankles clinked as his feet touched

the floor of the cabin. Horace did not take any notice of him beyond staring at him with a baleful

green eye, like a signal-lamp "Goot goat!" said the baron encourag-

Horace said nothing in reply to this. He merely kept his green eye steadily

on the baron. The baron was encouraged. He could not walk, as his ankles were

secured close together. But he made a little jump, with the intention of jumping past Horace and getting to the door of the cabin. Horace let him jump twice, like a hop-

ping sparrow. Then, without any warning, he rose and boosted the baron to the ceiling of the cabin, catching him again neatly on

his horns, and pitching him into his bunk like a truss of hay. Then he settled down again and finished eating the baron's straw hat,

riband and all. Meantime, all the boys were gathered on deck, peering out through the thick,

black night. There was no sign of a submarine in the neighbourhood of the South Star as she rolled through the oily, black swells. The night was a good night, for it was

as black as the inside of a cupboard. Captain Handyman was not the commander to disregard the warning that wickets there is no forgiveness. They I the German's treachery had given him. kill their cricket because they do not try If it was good enough for the spy to escape from his cabin and to signal out We hear of a certain batsman being a through the darkness with that tiny great stylist. It may be surprising to a hand-torch, it was good enough for him most people when I say that the stylist of to start zig-zagging on his course, so knows nothing about elegance, and that I that there should be less chance of

the ball, hitting with the middle of the So up on the bridge the little steering bat, and getting the maximum of power rengine was running rapidly as the helm in his shots by proper footwork. Careful was swung from side to side every two watching of the ball alone makes for minutes, sending the South Star swingthese essentials, and so "style" comes ing round off and off her course as a drunken man staggers up a street.

"I don't believe there's any submarine about!" said Porkis, after he had stared into the dark night till he could see red and green spots dancing in front of his eyes. "Old Fritz von Slyden was off his nut. that was all!"

"Don't you make any mistake about it!" replied Dick, as the steering-chains rattled to and fro and the clatter of the steam steering-gear was plainly audible from the bridge. "Captain Handyman would not be waltzing around

across the sea in this fashion if he thought the road was clear." The words were hardly out of Dick's mouth than there was a fizzing and bubbling alongside the ship.

A Special Article for Young Cricketers. - - By H. T. W. HARDINGE. I have been asked by the Editor of the, the finest and most sporting cricket, large number of people who speak of the Boys' Friend to write the first of a match he ever witnessed was played in a

of course, I am not a writer, yet I feel which there were some cart-ruts. sure it is possible for me to help the This gentleman said it was delightful chances. "That was the good old English game of cricket," was his remark.

series of cricket articles, and although, country village, and upon a wicket across

And now I am left wondering what H. T. W. HARDINGE,



the famous All-England and Kent Cricketer, who has written this Article specially for the BOYS' FRIEND.

A certain well-known journalist who, I golfers would do if they hadn't properly-

participation in games as a means to an end, meaning that one doesn't need to aim at any degree of proficiency so long as it is possible to get sufficient exercise

such conditions a man would be better employed with a skipping-rope, a pair of dumb-bells, and a punching-ball. No! Every man who plays cricket has a natural desire to improve; and real improvement can only be relied upon by constant practice on good wickets. At present there are some thousands

of young batsmen who regularly practise, but will never make much headway, and the reason is quite simple-they play almost entirely by guesswork. And, what is still more peculiar, if I were to tell one of the worst offenders that such was the case with him he would not believe

They do not absolutely watch the ball right on the face of the bat; and I put this mistake down to early neglect, and consequent formation of a bad habit.

In the case of the fellow who has to practise on wickets of the ploughed-field variety, there is an excuse; but for those who have good turf pitches or matting to do the right thing.

what is termed style is perfect timing of being hit by a German torpedo. naturally.

And as proficiency with the bat is the outcome of diligent practice, so does a bowler learn his tricks, but not on wickets that alter the course of the ball by the mere fact of the presence of lumps and holes, but on those on which the sphere travels straight through unless deviated by "breaks."

Practice makes perfect, and good wickets help to make the best cricketers.



Published

Every Monday

(Continued from the previous page.)

they saw a huge shape, illuminated by stokehold had been getting ready for a faint glow of phosphorescence, racing | the past half-hour to answer this call along the ship's side, only about four for speed. The boilers were quivering yards from her plates.

The South Star was swinging hard to her helm at the moment, so it seemed to | oily water and pouring out clouds of the boys watching from the deck that a huge fish had darted at the ship and had sheered off again.

"It was a tin porpoise!" replied Dick, | from the black cloud above the ship. does not leave a fizzle of compressed air | as though in a cloud. and foam behind it like that. And the enough. It was the captain who swung her stern at the right time to dodge it. Otherwise old Slyden would be going f sky-high on a pink flash!"

And Dick was right. A few minutes after the torpedo had passed them there was a rush and a roar in the water alongside the ship, and in the blackness of the dark sea they saw a huge shape rising from the sea outlined in the faint luminosity.

Here and there was a faint glimmer of lights under the water.

It looked for all the world as though a huge liner were rising from the depths, for the submarine that was coming to the surface, even as she travelled, was a craft much larger than the South Star herself.

The two hulls did not touch, but the boys gave a gasp as they realised that for a few seconds only a few feet of water lay between the keel of the South Star and the giant submarine that was the last U-boat of the German Empire.

To them it seemed as though the South Star heeled over. But this was probably their ship as the helm was put over.

They saw the submarine break water, her huge superstructure rising like a castle from the surface as she dropped astern.

rammed the brute!"

Star were ready.

dropped astern, and their shell burst | veils of falling water. conning-tower.

the vessels made the German invisible. | zenith to horizon, lit the night as clear | deck. Captain Handyman lessened the angle of | as day. for full-speed.

SERIAL.

SYNOPSIS.

not get on well with Jack, but promises

Jack begins badly at Redclyffe by

using his feet, contrary to all the laws

of fair-play, in a fight with a boy named

Drake. His Form-master allots Jack to

Study No. 5, which is shared by his

brother Dick, Bob Travers, and Jack

Jackson. This leads to trouble at first,

but Bob Travers smooths things over, and

Jack appears to be making an honest

(Read on from here.)

The Dandies' Discomfiture!

"Buck up, Jack, and change into your

It was Wednesday, a half-holiday, and

his father to do his best.

attempt to reform.

footer togs!"

and Jackson.

BY . . .

Looking down into the black water. The black squad down below in the under full pressure, and the South Star was now fairly roaring through the dark black smoke from her funnel.

The boys could not see the smoke, the night was too dark. But they could bed. But Nah Poo had kicked him out "That was a big porpoise!" said Porkis. I smell it as the cinders rained on deck

pointing to the luminous wake which I Then the smoke-boxes were started, the shape had left behind it. "When I fireworks which poured out huge volumes a porpoise runs through the water it of thick vapour which enveloped the ship

The little group of boys on the deck beastly thing was running straight | choked and coughed, and the tears ran from their eyes as the heavy, still air of the night was filled with a black

A red flash far astern and a shell whining through the air high overhead showed them that the enemy had dropped behind to get clear of their fire, so that he could bring his heavy guns to bear in safety.

The gunners of the South Star did not answer. They had no target, and they were not going to give away the position of the South Star by the flash of their

Another shell rattled through the dead air like the passing of a train, followed by the heavy boom of its firing.

It was plain that the super U-boat was armed with the heaviest gun that the Germans had ever sent to sea on a submarine. The huge gun platform afforded by the Kaiser's last hope allowed him to carry big guns.

Boom!

The next shot was a closer one. only the immense pull of the rudder of | submarine had gained a bit on her chase, | tains. and was coming up as near as she dared. so dark, could probably sight the loom of the South Star's smoke.

But Captain Handyman on the bridge "My hat!" exclaimed Dick. "We nearly | was looking ahead for his deliverance. | wide circle, dodging round behind their | old-fashioned style. He knew that rain was coming-not a The crew at the stern gun of the South | drizzle of rain, but a tropical downpour that would blot out everything within They fired as the giant submarine a few hundred yards in its tremendous and farther away as the two vessels at the playful Cecil viciously.

with a crash on the tip of the armoured | There was a swizzle and a fizz in the | Then Captain Handyman came down handcuffs hit him. Then the increasing distance between | ning, ripping the blackness from the | with water, leaving great pools on the

together, snap shooting by the lightning I dressed.

flash, which revealed both ships for a fraction of a second as plain as day. A huge fountain of water shot up from the sea close alongside the South Star, spattering the boys with foam.

That was the German shot. Luckily for the South Star the eyes of the German gunners had been dazzled by the lightning as they fired, whilst the South Star gunners had their backs to

Their shell crashed on the gun platform of the enemy, scattering death and disaster amongst the gun crew.

But the next flash of lightning showed the submarine still coming on. It was plain that she was heavily armoured, and probable that the gun had not been damaged by the shot.

Cecil made his appearance amongst the boys, trembling and frightened. At the first shot he had taken refuge with Nah Poo. the Chinese cook, in the galley. He had tried to get into Nah Poo's

of it. So Cecil, putting a saucepan on his head, by way of a shrapnel helmet, had come aft to join the boys as they watched this strange fight.

For a few minutes it was a fight by lightning flashes, but luckily the coming storm was yet ahead, and the tremendous flashes were playing up the eyes of the new gun crew who had stumbled up to the gun platform of the submarine to take the places of those who had been

knocked out. A shell howled close over the ship. It was getting a close thing now. Probably the next would hit them, and one shell from the great gun was about the South Star's dose.

But the luck of the sea had never failed Captain Handyman.

Before that fatal shot could be fired there came a roar and a fizzling over the face of the sea ahead.

The heavy, black clouds which had threatened so long seemed to open like a waterspout.

The rain roared and sizzled down, blotting out everything. It was the sort of rain that is seen only in the neighbourhood of the great belts of calm, north and south of the Equator, which are know to sailors as the "Doldrums."

It drowned even the tremendous flashes of lightning, which played behind the smoking veils of the rain like a glow of fireworks on the huge jets of many foun-

The Germans, with their usual stu-Her gunners, even though the night was | pidity, were banging away with their gun | again, which was just what Captain games from the boys, responded by Handyman wanted.

enemy, who still held on his course firing at the wide Atlantic.

parted in the smother.

said he, as the rain roared down on the shelter deck above and fell in great cascades over the ship's side as she rolled. I think he would have got us."

"Where do you think he is now, sir?" asked Dick.

"Goodness knows!" replied the captain. again till we run him to earth where I | goat. want to find him. On the open sea he narrow waters and I'll hit him like a pile-driver. Now, boys, I'm for a cup of coffee, and, if you take my tip, you shower-bath you have ever had in your

The boys were not slow to take the the sky.

All they had to do was to walk out into the well deck astern.

Then the rain, cool and refreshing, came roaring down on them as though it were poured down from a gigantic bucket.

Its force knocked the wind out of them, and made them gasp with its tremendous fall. It ran down their naked legs in streams. Though it was roaring out of the scuppers in great jets, it was ankle-deep on the deck.

It was full of electricity, and it seemed to bring new life with it as it sizzled down, bringing all hands out in a healthy

They pulled Cecil out into it with his saucepan on his head.

But Cecil, wet through in an instant, soon had enough of a tropic showerbath in the Doldrums. He leaped for shelter, and, streaming with water, raced for the baron's cabin, where the fine, goaty flavour of Horace filled the atmosphere.

Chattering and jibbering with the comparative cold of his ducking, Cecil leaped upon the unhappy Von Slyden as he lay manacled on his bunk, sitting on his chest and trying to dry himself on the sheets.

This was the last straw for the unhappy German.

hit at Cecil with his manacled hands, on the southern limit of the north-east sending him flying across the cabin.

Cecil, who had learned dormitory picking up a pillow and slugging the He sheered right off his course in a baron cheerfully over the head in good

But pillow-fighting is not understood as though the island must be entirely unby Germans. With a yell of rage, the populated and that it was entirely in-The boom of the guns drew farther | baron leaped from his bunk and smote

sky, and a huge, rippling flash of light- | from the bridge, his oilskins streaming | And that was enough for Horace. | With a tremendous boost he butted his | harbour, from which rose a narrow, fer-He laughed as he saw the boys stand- | content with this, he leaped on the bunk | cocoanuts, and indigo. zig-zagging and rang up the engine-room | The guns of chaser and chased crashed | ing there, some fully | himself, whacking at the Hun with his heavy head, tearing the pillows to pieces,

"This is a lucky little shower for us!" | and sending the feathers flying like a snow over the cabin.

Cecil, thoroughly frightened, seized Horace by the tail, whilst the baron "We've lost old Bill in the smother, but | yelled for help at the top of his voice. if he had come up five minutes sooner, The boys came rushing into the cabin, closely followed by the captain, who had heard the yells far away in the saloon. Horace was hauled off the bunk, and Von Slyden sat up, his eyes blackened "But I'll bet that we sha'n't see him by his butting contest with the angry

He started to splutter and to threaten, is our master. But let me get him in but Captain Handyman cut him short. "Look here, Fritz," said he, "we've had about enough of you for this evening. You called the submarine down on us, will take the chance of getting the best | your cabin looks more like a pigsty than a cabin, and now you are raising a kibobbery when everybody ought to be in bed and asleep. There's only one fit place for tip. They raced below for their towels, you, and that's the coalhole. So down and up they came again, stripped and you go. You can spend the rest of the ready for the shower-bath, straight from | night sitting in the No. 4 bunker, and if your pals find us out again, you will go down with the coals to Davy Jones' locker, same as you deserve. Take him away, quartermaster!"

The quartermaster, who had followed the captain, clapped his hand on Von Slyden and picked him up, swinging him over his shoulder like a feather bolster.

And so Baron von Slyden departed, to spend the rest of the night uneasily seated on the coals in the No. 4 bunker, where he could think over his sins at leisure, and wonder what would happen to him if his Imperial master picked up the South Star's trail again.

San Antonio.

But the South Star, in that tremendous downpour of rain, had given her enemy the slip.

The rain roared down all night in varying showers, and it tumbled down at intervals all the next day, filling the decks of the ship in roaring torrents. Not till the following morning did the

weather clear. Then the boys woke up to find the ship steaming in to the shore of a wild, volcanic-looking island, rugged, sun-baked, and sterile, from which rose a series of tall, jagged peaks, seven thousand feet

in height. This was the island of San Antonio, Jumping up in his bunk, he snarled and | Cape de Verde, which lies, hot and flaming, trade winds, and about two hundred miles

off the coast of Senegambia, on the West Coast of Africa. The surf was beating heavily on the coast, bursting in great surges at the foot of the tall lava cliffs; and it looked

populated and that it was entirely inaccessible. But Captain Handyman steered his Cecil yelled with pain as the steel course straight on to this savage-looking coast. The cliffs seemed to open, and the South Star steamed into a tiny, land-locked

prisoner back on to his bunk. But not | tile valley, with plantations of bananas, "You can have twelve hours' liberty, boys!" said Captain Handyman, as he entered the saloon at breakfast-time. 'You can go where you like, but you have

got to be back home at twelve o'clock to-night. There's nothing much to do ashore but to walk around and to look at the niggers; or you can take a stroll along the coast, and mind you don't tumble over the cliffs." The boys were not long in making up

their minds to go ashore.

Cecil knew that there was something doing. He was at the gangway before the boat was lowered, attired in his best Eton suit, natty socks, and a straw tile, nibbling the handle of his silver-mounted cane.

Soon, with a cheer, the boat was rushed, and they rowed ashore, where they were received by a crowd of laughing niggers, who were greatly excited at the sight of Cecil. They soon found their way into the gardens of rich tropical fruit, and Skeleton, settling himself in a nigger's garden, bought the whole crop of a large tree of blue figs, and declared his intention of staying to clear every fig off it.

But Dick, with Chip and Lal, made up their minds for a long walk. They set off over the ragged spurs of the mountain that jutted in a large cape into the sea, and walked steadily along the magnificent coast.

The going was rough, so they climbed down to the beach of a wide bay, which opened with a grand sweep in the bold outline of the coast.

Here the lava cliffs were full of caves, and Lal, hot and perspiring, led the way to one of these.

"Here we shall rest in the nice shades!" said he; and he marched into the great vaulted arch, which appeared to be the entrance to a huge series of caves, for here and there they could see the light falling through other openings in the cliff

The place was floored with soft sand, which deadened the sound of their footsteps. And a queer silence fell upon them as they made their way amongst the great jagged rocks of lava that stuck up from the sand, for they felt as though they had entered a cathedral.

The cave, indeed, with its huge pillars Lal was about to speak, and to point out the resemblance of a great jagged pile

But suddenly he went down on his "But Drake & Co. won't have anything | hands and knees behind a mass of rock, motioning to the boys to follow his

example. They did so, dropping on to the soft, berth in future. Whilst he's under our white sand. And from the hollow of the merry wings, there's no fear of him cave beyond them they heard, echoing

> The enemy were in the cave! (Another magnificent long instalment of this amazing adventure serial in next Monday's issue of the Boys' FRIEND.

ing, the deep gutturals of German voices.



A DUCKING FOR THE DANDIES! "You boundah!" exclaimed Drake. "Ow! Yow! Yoop!"
A DUCKING FOR THE DANDIES! A stream of black water from Dick's syringe caught the dandy full in the face.

the School House and the New House , in the direction of Little Side."

juniors. Jack Turner had been sitting in the easy-chair, reading a book, but he looked up in surprise at Bob Travers' remark. "I don't see that there's any need for me to change," he said. "I'll come down presently and watch the game." "I don't want you to watch it," said

"What?" "I want you to play, old son," said Bob. "Appleby has just sprained his ankle, and I want you to take his place."

Bob Travers, with a cheerful smile.

Jack Turner's face lighted up. "Right-ho!" he said at once. "I'll buzz along and get changed. Don't wait for

me; I'll follow on.". "Good!" the football season being nearly at an

Dicky Turner was looking

thoughtful as they strode across the quad. Bob Travers clapped his chum on the

shoulder. "Wherefore that worried brow?" he said cheerily.

"Oh-er-nothing!" faltered Dicky. "I -I was only thinking." "Well, don't," said Bob. "It makes you look too much like a boiled owl."

Dicky grinned. "I was thinking about my brother," he said. "I can't understand this sudden change in him."

"I can," said Bob. "But-"

"Jack's a weak-willed, easily-led sort of

"He is now," broke in Bob, smiling. "Somehow or other he's taken a liking of lava, was a cathedral of nature. to me, and he's allowing me to lead him on the straight path. If Drake & Co. had taken him up, they would have had of rock, which rose in the gloom, to some little difficulty in persuading him to vast altar. follow their shady ways."

to do with him," said Dicky.

"Exactly," agreed Bob. "And we must see that Jack gives them a wide going wrong. He's become jolly keen on like the talk of people in some vast buildfooter." "But, Bob, old son, he's hardly good

enough to be played in the House team," protested Dicky.

"He was, but--"

"Well, I suppose he isn't quite up to Appleby's form," said Bob. "But it's (Continued on next page.)

It was Bob Travers, the captain of the Fourth Form at Redclyffe, who spoke. Bob was attired in his footer shorts and jersey, as were his chums, Dicky Turner

Jack Turner ran off to the dormitory, f fellow," said Bob. end, a match had been arranged between I whilst Bob Travers & Co. strolled slowly I

THE SCAPEGRACE OF REDCLYFFE

(Continued from the previous page.)

the last match of the season, and if attached to Lane for not saving the Jack's at all weak it won't matter very | shot. much. But I think he'll play up for all he's worth. He's jolly keen at being included in the side, and-"

"Buck up, you School House duffers!" Jimmy Wren's voice rang out loud and clear.

The New House juniors were already on the footer-field, and were practising kicking at goal.

"All right, you New House asses!" retorted Bob Travers. "You needn't be in a hurry to be licked!"

"Sure you weren't hanging back because you were afraid of being whacked?" chuckled Jimmy Wren, the captain of the New House side.

"Oh, rats!" exclaimed Bob Travers, and he punted the ball in the direction of the opposite goal.

The rest of the School House team were soon on the scene. Jack Turner arrived, looking eager for

the fray. The rival captains tossed for the choice

of goals. Bob Travers won, and elected to play

with his back to the wind. The New House juniors kicked off, and raced the ball down to their rivals' goal.

But Hawkins nipped in at the moment for goal.

With a hefty kick he sent the ball sailing to the wing, where Jack Turner was standing unmarked.

Jack gathered the ball in his stride, and darted along the touchline at express speed. He cleverly dodged the New House

half who made a determined attempt to rob him of the ball. Then, just at the moment that the back came charging towards him, he

sent the ball into the centre. Travers, after breasting the ball, ran on, and, with a beautiful low shot, beat the New House goalkeeper all ends up.

There was a roar from the School House supporters. "Goal!"

"Well shot, Travers!"

"Hurrah!" But it was to Jack Turner to whom

chief credit for the goal was due. And no one was more aware of this fact than Bob Travers.

He tapped Jack on the shoulder as they walked back to the centre line.

"That was splendid, old son!" he said. "I've never received a better centre. Keep it up!"

"I'll try," said Jack, and he walked to his place on the wing.

During the rest of the first half the New House fellows strived their hardest to equalise, but without success. Warner, in the School House goal, beat

out shot after shot, and when half-time arrived the score was still one to nil. In the second half Jimmy Wren & Co. had the advantage of the wind at their

backs. They proceeded immediately to show that they were determined to emerge victorious from the fray were it at all

possible. For ten minutes or so the play was all

round the School House goal. Then a smart tackle by Hawkins relieved the pressure, and the ball was FOR

transferred to the other end. A neat piece of passing between Bob Travers and Jackson ended with the latter missing the goal by inches.

First the ball was in the vicinity of But neither side could score, and as for next week, written this time by no that in these new stories I have got "the one goal, then at the other.

the time wore on it seemed that there less a personality in the world of cricket goods!" would be no further score. "Only five minutes more!" sang out a

New House supporter. "Just time for the famous All-England and Somerset the equaliser!" Jimmy Wren hitched up his footer-

shorts; he meant to make the score equal if it were at all possible.

and he tore towards the School House may be sure of obtaining only the best

the ground. defenders, he was just preparing to a century for England in Test matches

shoot, when Hawkins raced up and against Australia; and in the year before robbed him of the ball. Hawkins cleared at once, and the ball worcestershire.

sailed towards the centre of the field. was about to race for goal, when he saw worth reading. a New House defender tearing towards

Bob did not hesitate for a moment. With a clever pass he sent the ball out to the wing, where Jack Turner was running, unmarked.

of lightning. Nearer and nearer he approached

the New House goal. Lucas, the left back, made a bold attempt to charge him off the ball, but A splendid complete story of the school

Jack dodged him and tore on. There was only the goalkeeper in front

of him now. Keeping the ball under perfect control, he gained slowly on the New House defenders, who were thudding along at his heels.

"Shoot, man—shoot!" School House supporters.

And Jack Turner shot. The ball sailed swiftly along the ground towards the far end of the goal. The New House goalie threw himself full length on the ground, in the hope and of saving the shot.

But the ball was travelling at a tremendous speed, and no blame could be

"Goal!" yelled the New House supporters.

"Well kicked, Turner!" "Jolly well played!"

At the same moment as Lane picked the ball out of the net the referee blew a shrill blast on his whistle.

The game was over, and the School House had won by two goals to nil. The School House supporters roared themselves hoarse.

Bob Travers walked over to Jack Turner and shook him by the hand.

"Well done, old son!" he said praisingly. "It's a pity the season's finishing, as there might have been a chance for you in the House side. Let's hope you show up as well at cricket." "I'll do my best," said Jack Turner;

and as he marched back to the school with the rest of the junior footballers there was no doubt that he meant what he said.

The manner in which Jack had improved since he had arrived at Redclyffe was remarkable.

Now he seemed to have no desire to gamble and smoke, or to indulge in the habits of such fellows as Drake & Co. He appeared to be as keen on sports

as Bob Travers and his followers. Whatever Jack might have been in the that Jimmy Wren was about to shoot | past, whether he was determined to run straight in future, he had proved that there was a deal of good in him.

More Punishment for the Dandies.

"I'll make them sit up!" It was Wilson, the cad of the Fourth,

who spoke. There was an angry, vindictive expres-

sion on the cad's face. Some days previously he had been caught listening at the keyhole of Study It was a splendid pass, and Bob No. 5, and had been kicked out into the passage by Dicky Turner in consequence. Wilson had not forgotten the treatment he had suffered, and had been on

the look-out ever since for an opportunity of obtaining his revenge on Jack Turner. Through listening at the keyhole the cad had learned a good deal of Jack Turner's past behaviour.

He had discovered that Jack had been a young rascal, that at present he was striving to run straight, and that Dicky had been given the task of looking after his twin brother.

The two brothers were getting on very well at the present moment, but the cad of the Fourth saw a chance of creating bad feeling between Jack and Dicky. He intended to make the most of that

In making a careful search of Study No. 1 he managed to find a fairly large box of cigarettes belonging to Drake. Slipping this box into his pocket, he

left the study and made his way to

Study No. 5 There he wasted no time.

He caught sight of a small tin trunk in the corner of the room, belonging to Jack Turner.

The trunk was unlocked. Wilson raised the lid and slipped the box of cigarettes inside.

Then, satisfied that his cunning scheme would meet with success, he took his

departure from Study No. 5. Ten minutes later Bob Travers & Co., having changed into their Etons, entered

the study for tea. The chums were in cheerful moods. Not only had they whacked the New House team, but they had ragged the

nuts of the Fourth. Which, as Dicky Turner remarked, was

a good afternoon's work. Directly tea was over Jack Turner left the study and went downstairs.

A letter was awaiting him in the rack. A frown came over his face as he recognised the handwriting.

But when he read the contents of the letter he uttered an ejaculation of annoyance.

"Confound the fellow!" he muttered. What the dickens does he want to come down here for?"

came along. Jack slipped the letter into his pocket

and strode on upstairs. He was just passing Study No. 1 when I tained. he saw that the door was ajar, and heard Drake & Co. bustling about within. "Those chaps in Study No. 5 have got far too much cheek," Drury was remark-

"I suppose they're up against us because we smoke occasionally-what!" said Spooner.

"Blessed sauce on their part," said Drake indignantly. "But don't wowwy, deah boys. We'll have a mewwy time to-night, a wipping smoke, and a jolly good game of cards! Twavers and his gang won't hear a word about it." But that was where the lordly Drake

made a mistake. Bob Travers & Co. were soon to learn his intentions.

and entered the study. "I suppose you chaps are determined to stop smoking in the studies?" he

"What-ho!" said Dicky Turner at once. "But---" "Well, I was just passing Study No. 1, when I heard those nuts discussing what

they're going to do this evening," exripping smoke and a jolly good game of cards, and-"

mently. "Let's go along and rag 'em!"

"Hold on!" exclaimed Bob Travers.

"But---" "I've got a better wheeze than that," said Bob Travers, and he proceeded to expound to his chums the scheme that had entered his mind.

To judge by the grins that hovered over the faces of the Co., they were highly pleased with Bob Travers' stunt. "First of all we'll bag a bucket," said Bob Travers.

And he darted out of the study, to return a few moments later with the required article.

"Now for the soot!" said Bob Travers cheerfully. "Dicky, old son, you might shove your hand up the chimney and-"

"I might not!" said Dicky promptly. "But you've got a longer reach than I have," protested Bob. Dicky grinned.

"But it's your wheeze, Bob, old bean," .] he said. "It's up to you to carry it out-at least, this part of it."

"Oh, all right," said Bob resignedly. his shirtsleeves.

Then he groped up the chimney and brought down several handsful of soot. Jackson proceeded to shovel it into one of the buckets, and, incidentally, succeeded in raising clouds of dust.

But a little dust at that moment did not worry the chums in the least. As Bob Travers remarked, they would At that moment Appleby and Hawkins | have plenty of time to clean up the study after they had ragged Drake &

At last sufficient soot had been ob-

Then Dicky and his brother departed from the study and made tracks for the porter's lodge.

Old Merks, Redclyffe's one and only porter, was a snappy, disagreeable old

All the same, there was always a means

of getting on the right side of Merks. Dicky proceeded to adopt this means. He slipped half-a-crown into the old porter's hand, and then made a request for a ladder, a garden syringe, and a bucket of water.

Old Merks frowned severely at Dicky. "What I ses is this 'ere," he grunted. "What game are you young rips up to

"Oh, it's a new game," said Dicky Jack Turner strode on quietly to No. 5 | promptly. "'Dishing the Dandies,' it's called. But you couldn't play it, Merks,

"I ain't aware as I wants to play any games," muttered the old porter. "But look 'ere, you'll have to be careful with my ladder. I know what you young rips are when-"

"We'll be as careful as-as-" "You'd better," said the old porter, plained Jack. "Drake talked about a and he wagged a warning forefinger at the brothers. "If you were to break it, I should 'ave to lodge a complaint "The cads!" cried Dicky Turner vehe- | with your 'eadmaster. You'd get a good wigging then, and-"

"We wouldn't run the risk of that, old sport," said Dicky, who was getting im-

26/4/19

patient. "Well, I've warned you," said Merks, and he ambled off to obtain the required articles.

He soon returned with the ladder, syringe, and bucket. Jack and Dicky thanked him most

profusely, and then started off towards

the School House. "Leave that to me," said Jackson. Dicky managed to pick out the window of Study No. 1. Then he placed the ladder carefully against the wall, so that the top reached to the sill of the dan-

dies' study. Jack filled the bucket with water, mixed in a little soot, and then Dicky, armed with the bucket and syringe, mounted

the ladder. Dicky was very careful in his movements; he knew what would happen were he to make sufficient noise to arouse

the dandies' suspicions. But he reached the sill at last. Then, after balancing the bucket of

And taking off his jacket, he turned up | water in front of him, he flung up the window of Study No. 1. Drake & Co. were engaged in a game

> of cards. They uttered startled exclamations, and jumped to their feet at the sight of Dicky's grinning face outside the window. "You boundah!" exclaimed Drake. "What do you mean-Ow! Yow!

Yoooop!" A stream of black water from Dicky's syringe caught the dandy full in the face,

causing him to fall back. Drury made a dart for the window, but he failed to get to grips with Dicky. "Ow! Yow-ow-ow-ow! Groooogh!" he spluttered, as the water from Dicky's syringe caught him fair and square in

the face. Spooner and Slade hung back; they could not make up their minds what to

Dicky made them up for them, how-

He proceeded to send streams of water into the room, and it was not long before the four nuts were drenched. "Ow! This is awful! Yow!" splut-

tered Drake. "By gad! I'll smash that cad!" roared Drury savagely. "I'll- Yarooooogh!

"Plenty more water here if you want it!" chuckled Dicky excitedly.

"Stoppit, you cad!" shrieked Spooner. "You're wrecking the beastly study! You --- Ow! Yoooooop!" "I say, you fellows, we'd better buzz

out of this," said Drury. "Open the door, then," said Spooner. "You've got the key in your pocket!" Drury opened the door, and next instant he had great cause to wish he had not done so.

The nuts were about to rush into the passage in a body, but Bob Travers was waiting outside in the passage. Bob was holding a bucketful of soot. At the moment the door was opened he

hurled the soot into the study, with disastrous results to the nuts. They were smothered from head to

They shrieked and spluttered frantically, but Bob Travers & Co. only roared. "Serves you right for behaving like low-down cads!" said Bob Travers. "Ow! Yow! Grooooogh!" mumbled

Drake & Co. "I told you what would happen if you attempted to smoke and play cards again," said Bob Travers severely. "You've only got yourselves to blame." "Ow! You rotters! Yow-ow-ow-ow!" spluttered Drury. "I'll smash you!

"Some other time!" chuckled Bob Travers, darting along the passage. "You're just a bit too dirty for me to wish to come to close-quarters with you. Ta-ta, old beans! Mind you have a good wash!"

And Bob Travers made a bee-line for Dicky and Jack soon returned, and for some time the only sound that could

be heard in Study No. 5 came in the Bob Travers & Co. were more than satisfied with their scheme for punishing the dandies.

Bob Travers and the others left the study, a clouded expression came over

He drew from his pocket the letter and his expression grew into one of deep annoyance. For the letter was from Bingham, the

fellow who had led him astray at Beechcroft, and this was how it ran: "My dear Jack,-Just heard you are at Redclyffe. Hope you are having as ripping a time as you did at Beech-

croft. Will come over and see you on Saturday, and chat over old times. "Yours to a cinder, "CYRIL BINGHAM. "P.S.—Backed any gee-gees lately?

"P.S.S.-Do you remember our merry card-parties?" Jack slipped the letter back into his

"Hang the rotter!" he answered. "Just up. But he sha'n't lead me astray like he did before. I've done with all that

rot for good and all!" But Jack little dreamed of the trouble trunk; neither could he be expected to guess the unfortunate results of Bingham's visit to Redclyffe!

(Another magnificent long instalment of this splendid serial in next Monday's issue of the Boys' FRIEND.)

Write to me whenever you are in doubt or difficulty. Tell me about yourself; let me know what you think of the BOYS' FRIEND. All readers who write to me, and enclose a stamped envelope or postcard, may be sure of receiving a prompt and kindly reply by post. All letters should be addressed: "The Editor, the BOYS' FRIEND, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, Lendon, E.C. 4."

My readers will be glad to bear that I

have managed to secure another SPLENDID CRICKET ARTICLE

LEONARD C. BRAUND,

entitled

chance.

County player. In giving my cricketing chums this series of helpful little articles I am calling in the aid of the finest professional The ball came to him from the wing, players in the country, so that my readers of advice from the cream of the world's With a hefty shoulder-to-shoulder cricketers. Thus Len Braund, who will charge he sent a School House half to give us tips about batting next week, is a batsman whose renown has spread all Then, after cleverly eluding two other over the world. He has twice scored over the war he made 257 not out against To all cricketersamateur and professional alike-what Bob Travers trapped it smartly, and Len Braund says about cricket is well

THE STORY PROGRAMME.

Our story programme for next week includes another particularly amusing Jack was off with the ball like a streak tale of Jimmy Silver & Co. at Rookwood,

> "LOVELL'S GREAT-AUNT!" By Owen Conquest.

in the backwoods, entitled "THE NEW BOY AT CEDAR CREEK!"

By Martin Clifford. Also rattling instalments of our two splendid adventure and school serials, viz.: "THE BOYS WHO CAUGHT

THE KAISER!"

By Duncan Storm; "THE SCAPEGRACE OF REDCLYFFE!" By Herbert Britton.

ANTICIPATION!

I mentioned last week that I have two delightful new serial stories up my sleeve, and since then I have received further instalments of each from the industrious

I am pretty well hardened to the

Easter Greetings from your

thrills of story-reading by now, but must honestly confess that I am myself on tenterhooks to learn the further developments of these particular stories, as they unfold themselves instalment by confidently look out for something extra their lives. good!

EASTER COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR!

There is no one, I should think, throughout the length and breadth of the world authors. And I can assure my readers | who is not right-down pleased to welcome Easter. I know all my readers feel that way about the first open-air holiday of Study No. 5, where Jackson was waiting the year. It is a treat to see the trees of for him. and hedgerows thickening and losing their bare winter look. It is good to trundle the bike out of its shed where it has form of loud and hilarious chuckles. hibernated since October, and polish it up for an opening spin. Everybody gets busy at Easter. If you have a garden & Jack Turner was, of course, as delighted you plant potatoes. If you have no as the rest; but when, a little later, room for the homely vegetable in your own home park you can go and give sound advice on the subject to the fellow who is in possession of an allotment. I he had received earlier in the evening, Easter is a time to look forward to, even if it snows! It does sometimes, as we all know, but if the snow lay deep all over the country, and old Mother Carey showed herself busier than ever she has been in her long life, I know we should be glad to have Easter all the same.

A NEW START.

This Easter is the beginning of a new time. It is the first after the war. Not for five long years have we been able to celebrate Easter as it should be cele- pocket. brated. It was no time for holidays while the fighting was in full swing. I when I'm getting on all right he turns Let's hope the season this year will fit the occasion and that those of us who can manage it will get away into the country and see what old Dame Nature is doing. It is a treat to see the dog that was to ensue from Wilson's act in sunning himself at the door of an old placing the box of cigarettes in his country cottage, and to hear the sheep on the rolling Downs chatting about the quality of the grass! I wish all my instalment! So when they start—as chums a real good Easter and the jolliest they will quite soon now-my chums can lossible holiday that ever they had in

YOUR EDITOR.