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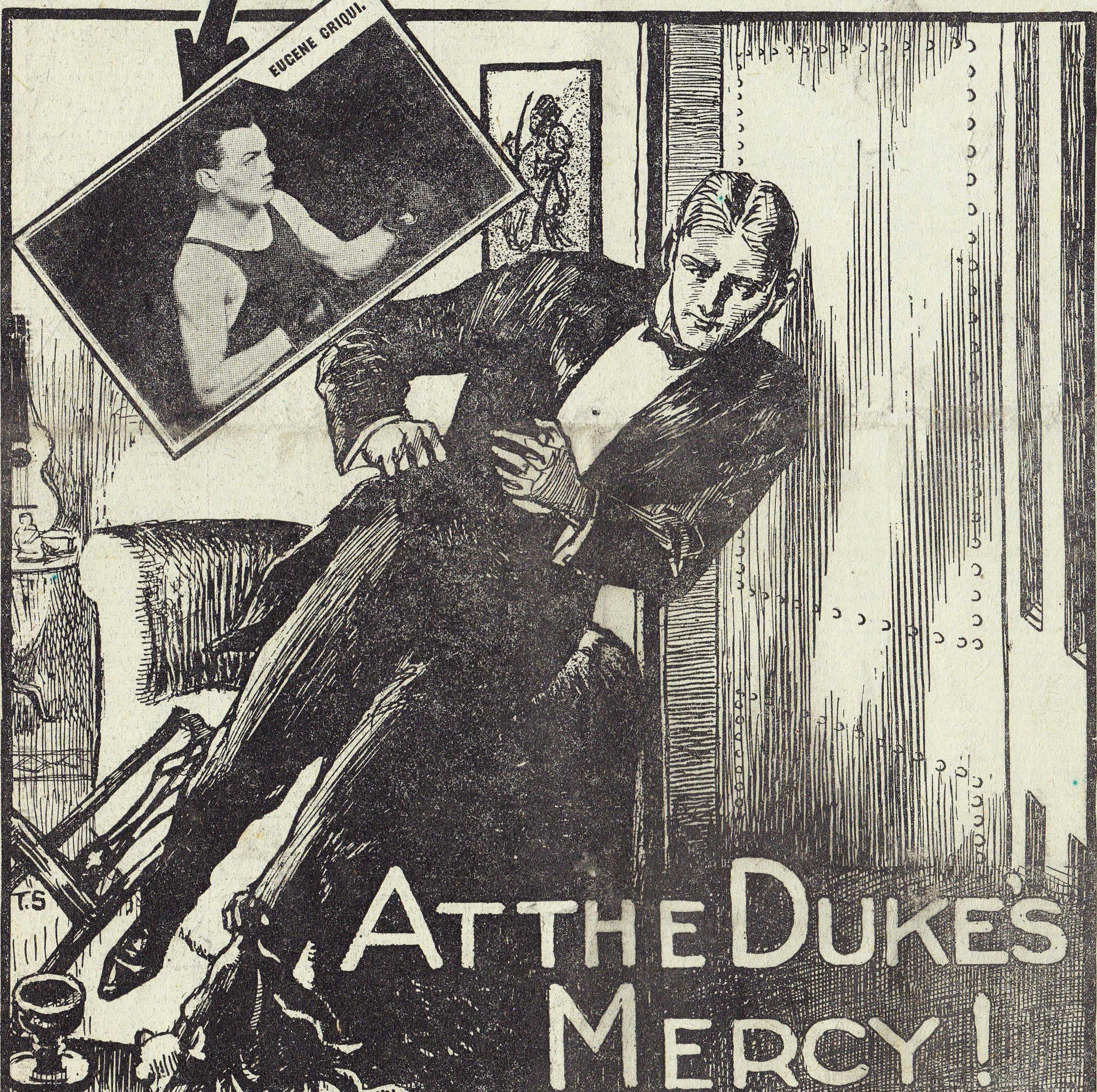
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No. 1,103. Vol. XXIII. New Series.]

THE BEST BOYS' PAPER IN THE WORLD!

[Week Ending July 29th, 1922.



TRAPPED!

Rollo Dayton thrust his sturdy shoulder against the steel plate that barred the door. But it was of no avail. He was at the mercy of the Duke! (A thrilling incident from this week's grand long complete story of "The Clean-Sport Crusaders"!)

ANOTHER SPLENDID ADVENTURE OF JIMMY SILVER & CO. ROOKWOOD SCHOOL.

Published

Every Monday



The 1st Chapter. Putty is Too Funny!

"If a chap had lots of money-" Jimmy Silver spoke in regretful tones.

Raby and Newcome and Arthur Edward Lovell all answered together:

The Fistical Four of the Rookwood Fourth were discussing the holidays. Exactly what they were going to do with the holidays, they were not sure, only that whatever they did, they were going to do it together.

That was a settled point. Also it was going to be something in the open air. That was another settled point.

"The open road, you know!" Arthur Edward Lovell had remarked, when the subject first came up; a rather vague remark which seemed, however, to express the views of the chums of the end study.

The thought of open roads, winding over rolling downs, and by sunny sands, was very attractive in a blazing July.

"If a chap had lots of money," continued Jimmy Silver thoughtfully, "what price a motor-caravan?"

"Topping!" said Newcome. "Shall we trot out this afternoon and see if we can pick one up for eighteenpence or so?"

"But suppose--" said Jimmy, apparently in a richly imaginative mood, "suppose a chap had lots of money-

"Well, what about an aeroplane, if we're going to suppose?" suggested Arthur Edward Lovell. "I've never had a really long holiday in an aeroplane.".

"My choice is a trip to the Rocky Mountains, and home by Japan," said Raby, with a grin.

"Come back to earth, old chap!" said Lovell. "The question is, Jimmy, not what we want, but what we can get."

"I suppose it is!" said Jimmy Silver: "And if we're going to make a trip of it, we want motor-caravans and yachts; but what we can get

"Shanks' pony!" said Raby.

"That's about it!" assented Jimmy. "After all, you can't beat a walking tour for really seeing the country!" argued Lovell.

"Some people are satisfied with seeing it from the window of a Rolls-Royce!" remarked Newcome. "But we'll have a better time than that." "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, there's the question of baggage," said Jimmy Silver. "We should have to have a tent-"

"And some cooking things," said Newcome. "And a change of collars, at least!"

remarked Raby. "Oh, we can manage," said Lovell. "Robert Louis Stevenson used to go

on travels with a donkey-" said

Jimmy. "Hallo! Talking over the holidays?" Putty Grace of the Fourth put his cheerful face into the doorway of the end study. "Just what I was going to speak to you about. I'm looking for recruits for a holiday

tramp. The Fistical Four eyed Putty Grace

rather doubtfully.

They liked Putty-everybody liked Putty more or less-but they were not at all sure that they would enjoy Putty's company on a holiday tramp. Putty of the Fourth was an excessively humorous youth, and his humour was sometimes misdirected.

"No end of a lark, you know!" said Putty.

"Might be too larky, with you in the crowd, old scout!" said Lovell. "There wouldn't be any room for

slaughter you on the spot!" "We're thinking of a tramp, Putty," said Jimmy Silver, "but it's a question of carrying props. What's your idea?"

down suddenly on our heads, or we

found glue in the tea-pot, we should

"Easy as winking!" said Putty cheerily. "Suppose you could get a little horse for nothing?"

"Eh! What? That would be ripping! But we couldn't."

"I know a way." "Oh, good!"

The Fistical Four were all interested at once. If Putty of the Fourth could solve the difficulty of baggage, Putty was the right man in the right place.

"Not pulling our leg?" asked Lovell suspiciously. "Mean to say you know somebody who would lend a horse for nothing?"

"Not exactly that," said Putty, "but I can tell you an easy way of getting a little horse without

"Gammon!" said Lovell. "Straight as a string!" said Putty. "Well, go ahead!" said Lovell, still unconvinced. "If you're trying to pull our leg there'll be ructions!

What's the way?" "Just trot down to the end of the passage-" said Putty.

"What for?" "There's a tap there--"

"What about the tap?" "Turn it on!" said Putty.

"Turn on the tap?" repeated Edward Lovell, almost Arthur dazedly. "What good would that

"Then put your head under it." "Put my head under the tap!" roared Lovell.

"Yes. Then leave it wet--" "Look here-"

"And in a couple of hours or so there you are!" said Putty, with a perfectly serious face.

"What-" "You see, you would catch a cold-" explained Putty.

"I know I should!" hooted Lovell, "and what-"

"That would make you a little hoarse!" said Putty. "Wh-a-at?"

"A little hoarse. And that's what you want."

It was some seconds before Arthur Edward Lovell realised that this was a pun. When he realised it, he made a sudden spring from his chair, and grasped the humorous junior in the doorway. Putty of the Fourth had probably been expecting a burst of laughter. Instead of which, he was suddenly seized and yanked headlong into the study.

Crash! "Ow!" roared Putty-struggling. "You silly ass! Leggo!"

"Bump him!" roared Lovell. "Ha, ha, ha!"

The Fistical Four collared the struggling Putty, and he smote the study carpet, in the grasp of four pairs of hands.

Bump! "Oh crumbs! Ow! You silly asses---'

"Give him another!" Bump!

"Whooop!" roared Putty. Then the humorist of the Fourth was tossed into the passage, where he landed with another bump. The door of the end study closed on him.

Jimmy Silver & Co. resumed their discussion, without the assistance of Putty of the Fourth.

> The 2nd Chapter. "Some" Bargain!

"The very thing!" Arthur Edward Lovell uttered that little turn-out. your little jokes. If the tent came exclamation aloud. It was the "very l

(Author of the Tales of Rookwood appearing in the "Popular.")

thing," there was no mistake about that, and Lovell locked at it with great admiration.

It was two or three days since the discussion in the end study, and plans were not settled yet. Arthur Edward Lovell was taking a walk down the lane to Coombe, when he came upon the object that so excited his admiration. It was a light twowheeled cart, nicely painted in dark green, drawn by a sturdy little pony. It struck Lovell at once that this was exactly what the Rookwood tramps wanted for their "walk," to carry the tent and the bags. It was the very thing; and Lovell, in his interest, stopped to look at it and survey it critically.

The pony was tethered to a tree by the wayside, and was cropping the grass in plump contentment. For a moment or two Lovell did not discern the owner. Then he spotted a pair of baggy knees that emerged from the long grass-all the sleepy gentleman. "The fact of asked Lovell, much flattered by this that could be seen of a gentleman | the matter is this: I'm fed up with | frank confidence on the part of a who was lying on his back there. the business. My friends have gone I stranger.

"Looks as if it was built to carry Nice little pony!"

"Eh? Oh, yes!" The man rubbed his eyes and needed a shave.

His manner was agreeable enough, was within the means of the Rookwooders, certainly it could not be said, the very thing.

"On a walking tour, I suppose?" asked Lovell.

"Sort of," assented the sleepy

gentleman. "I wonder if you'd mind telling I pay you a deposit on it?" me how much a turn-out like that would run to?" said Lovell. "You see, we-my friends and I-are think ing of a walking tour this vac, and we want something to carry the props. Something like that would suit us to a 't.'

"Like that, eh?" "The very thing!" said Lovell.

suppose it's pretty expensive?" The drowsy gentleman looked at him, and looked at the pony and cart. He glanced up and down the in silver. sunny road, and seemed to reflect.

that?" he asked. "That's it!"

"Like to buy one cheap?" Lovell's heart thumped.

"You bet!" he answered. you were selling yours-"

"Well, that depends," yawned

"I agree!" said Lovell. "My the baggage for a walking party. hat, don't I jolly well wish I had twenty pounds! Look here,"-he thought rapidly-"there's four of us -in fact, five-who are going on blinked at Lovell. There was the the tramp; among us we can dawn of a grin on his face, which raise the money-we can borrow some, as we shall be getting tips for the holidays. Will you trot along and Lovell was encouraged to pursue to Rookwood with me-that's our the topic. If such a turn-out as this school—and we'll see what can be done?"

"I'm goin' to the railway-station, improved upon for their purpose. It now I've had my rest," answered would carry the tent, the bags, the the man in the grass. "I'd rather cricket outfit, and a few more neces- not have the trouble of putting that sary things. It was, as Lovell had pony and trap on the railway; but I'm starting now, anyhow. Sorry we can't do business!"

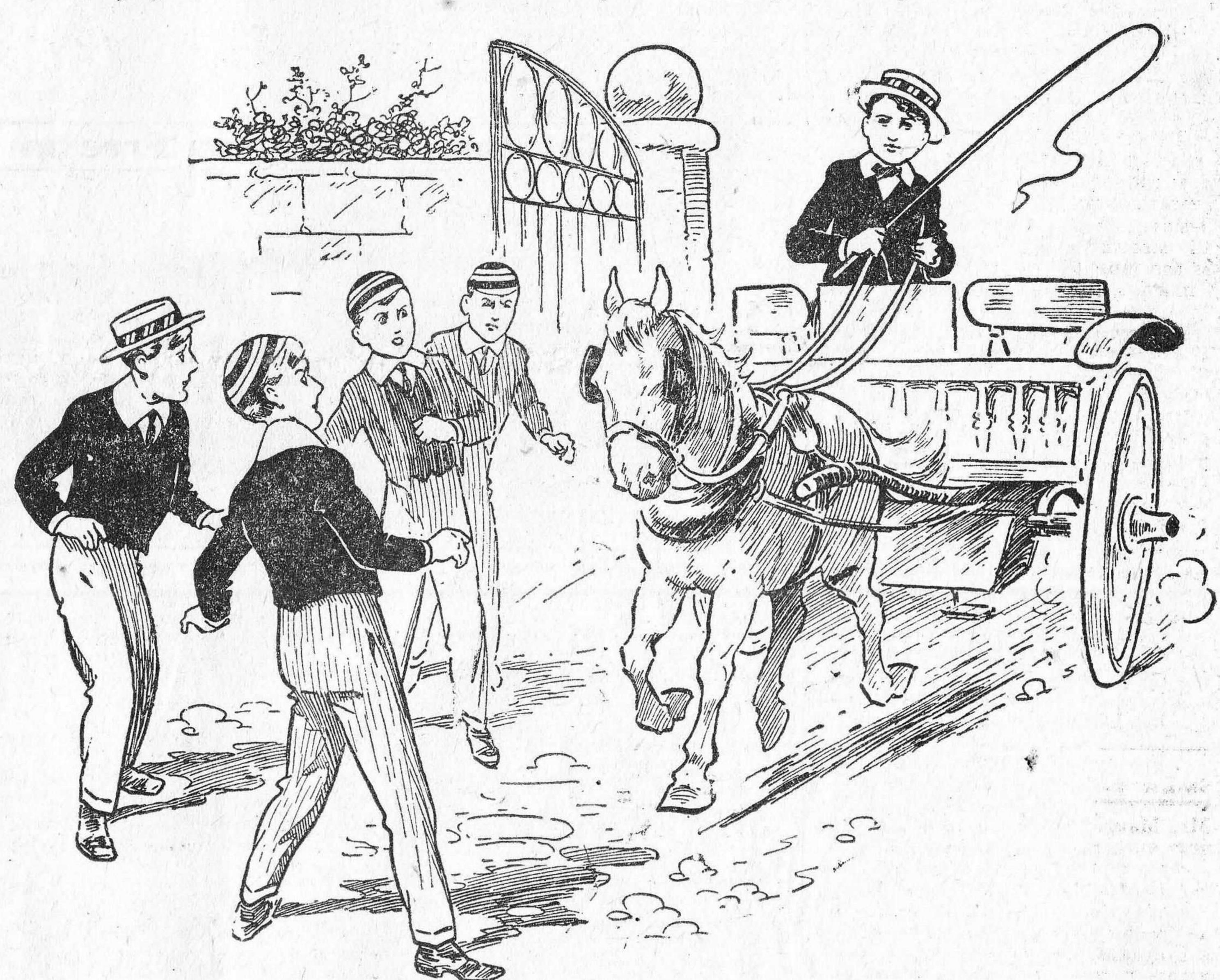
"Hold on, though!" said Lovell. "Look here, I know it's a bargain. I've got some tin about me-suppose

Lovell ran his hands through his pockets. Arthur Edward had received several handsome tips in anticipation of the holidays. His uncle Arthur Edward, after whom he had been named, always came out well on such occasions. There was a crisp five-pound note in Lovell's pocket, and he was also the happy possessor of three pound notes. He turned out his whole store-eight pounds in paper, and ten shillings

The gentleman in the grass "Lookin' for a turn-out like glanced at the money, and a glimmer came into his sleepy eyes.

"It's a go!" he said. "I can see you're a gentleman, and I can take your word. Hand over the "If deposit and send the balance to me

"You'll trust me to do that?"



"What the merry thump--" Jimmy Silver and his chums stared in surprise as Lovell dashed in at the gates driving a pony in a little green cart! "I've bought it!" he announced.

events.

"What a little beauty!" muron a walking tour with it. Lucky anything like reasonable--"

ing out, as Lovell supposed, he had blessed if I wouldn't!" obviously been roughing it. He was | "My only hat!" said Lovell, his dusty, and his clothes were exceed- eyes gleaming. ingly well worn.

politely. "Eh? Afternoon!" said the gen- very much more than twenty pounds.

tleman sleepily. "Warm-what?" was looking at your little cart." "My what?"

the pony while he was taking a care to carry on on my lonesome rest. So Lovell concluded, at all own. I'd just as soon sell that turnout as not."

"Give us a chance, then!" said mured Lovell, aloud. "Looks as if Lovell. "Of-of course, funds are we can raise it by clubbing together. it's built for the very purpose-per- limited-we're schoolboys. But we'd Will it do if I send a money-order haps it was. Perhaps that chap is club together, and if the price was

The man looked at him attentively. The man in the grass seemed to "Well, how I look at the matter become aware of Lovell's presence. I is this here," he said. "I'm gettin' He sat up. The baggy knees dis- back to London. Costs somethin' to appeared, and a round, red face, get that turn-out home, you see, and with a shabby cap over it, rose into I'm not walking it. Fed up with that. I'd like to get it off my hands. If this gentleman had been camp- I'd let it go for twenty pounds,

He did not know in the least what "Good-afternoon!" said Lovell | the pony and cart were worth; but he knew that they must be worth

"I mean it!" said the man, with "Yes, rather!" said Lovell. "I another yawn. "And mind, they're good stuff. The pony is a oner to go; Neddy, I call him. Neddy's a Lovell pointed to the handsome | real corker! The cart—well, see for yourself, sir! You couldn't get that "It's a little beauty!" he said. alone made for twenty pounds!"

Apparently the owner had tied up | home; that's how it is, and I don't | "Certainly! I know a gentleman when I see one."

"Thank you very much!" said Lovell gratefully. "Of course. I'll send you the money at once; I know to-morrow morning?" "First-rate!"

"Then it's a bargain!" exclaimed Lovell eagerly. "You give me a receipt for eight-ten on account, to show the fellows."

The tired gentleman felt in his pockets.

"Got a bit of paper," he asked, "and a pencil?" "Here is a fountain-pen," said

Lovell. "Make the receipt to A. E. Lovell."

"Good!"

Lovell tore a leaf from his pocketbook, spread it on the cover, and handed it to the gentleman, with the fountain-pen. The sleepy gentleman scribbled on the sheet, and looked up.

"Got a tuppeny stamp?" he asked. "This ain't legal without a stamp."

(Continued overleaf.)

somewhat methodical in business matters.

"Received from A. E. Lovell, Esq., £8 10s. on acct. of £20 for pony and cart.

"H. WALKER."

"Your address-for sending on the balance?" asked Lovell.

Mr. Walker had forgotten that im-

portant item. "Oh-ah-yes!" said Mr. Walker. "Better send it to my club-just address it to the Idlers, Piccadilly." "Right-ho!" said Lovell. "And I can drive away the pony and cart now?"

"Certainly! They're yours!" Mr. Walker detached himself from

the grass.

"Jolly glad I met you this afternoon, Mr. Lovell," he said. "You've saved me a lot of trouble. afternoon!"

"Good-bye, and many thanks!" said Lovell.

The baggy-kneed gentleman nodded, and walked away up the shady lane at quite a good pace, considering how tired he looked. Arthur Edward Lovell, fairly bubbling over with satisfaction, unfastened the pony, mounted into the little cart, and drove away to Rookwood in triumph.

The 3rd Chapter. Glory for Arthur Edward!

"Lovell-"

"What the merry thump-" Jimmy Silver & Co. fairly shouted in their surprise. The three chums had gone down to the school gates to look for Lovell, expecting | their holiday tour, on condition that | School House and went down to the | Bulkeley?" him in to tea Lovell arrived, driv- he was allowed to drive all the time. porter's lodge. He came back, after ing a pony, in a handsome little Gunner of the Fourth told them that speaking to old Mack, and looked captain. "Mack informed me that green cart. He came in at the gate- he would come along, and look after round, evidently in search of someone. the pony and cart had been driven in way with a flourish, the juniors jumping aside out of the way.

Lovell jumped down, and smiled at the astonishment of his comrades. "Like the look of it?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, jolly!" said Jimmy Silver. "But what -- Somebody lent it to you?"

"Not at all. I've bought it," said Lovell, with studied carelessness.

There was a yell from three juniors at once.

"Bought it!"

"Just that!" smiled Lovell. "Gammon!" said Raby. "You jolly well couldn't bag a thing like that for your uncle's fiver. It's worth fifty or sixty prunds at least."

"All that, I fancy," assented Lovell. "I happen to have got it at a bargain. Some fellows have an eye to a bargain. Some fellows know how to manage, you know, when they're given a chance."

Perhaps a little swank was excusable in Arthur Edward Lovell, at that proud moment.

Jimmy Silver eyed the pony, and the handsome cart, and then eyed his

"You've really bought it, Lovell?"

he asked. "Twenty pounds. I've paid Mr. Walker eight ten on account, and we've got to send the rest on."

"He trusted you with it?" "Looks like it!" said Lovell coolly. "Of course, we're all buying this together-it's going Co. Four of us whack out five pounds each-or five of us four pounds each. After the vac. we can easily get our money

back-that thing would sell for more than twenty pounds at any time, anywhere." "I'm jolly sure that it would,"

said Jimmy Silver. "Blessed if 1 can understand a man selling it so cheap."

"He was fed up with his walking tour, and his friends had left him," Lovell explained. "He was glad to get it off his hands. Of course, he knew he was selling cheap. Still, he saved the expense of getting it back to London by rail—and that's a conknew his own business."

still in wonder.

Edward. Much as he liked that | mood. That delightful little cart was cheery youth, Jimmy had never going to be packed with their imgiven him credit for unusual abilities. | pedimenta; that hefty little pony But a fellow who could bag a bargain | was going to pull it—they would walk like this was most certainly an able and wander wheresoever the spirit youth.

rounded the cart, and peered into it, | had been the right man in the right and patted the pony, and caressed place on this occasion-he said so him, in unbounded satisfaction. This | himself, and his chums assented handsome turn-out was their very

Lovell groped an old stamp out of to the Head about having it put up have another look at the new pur- "Come!" said Bulkeley. "The cheek to think that I know anything

the cart, I suppose?"

down when he heard that Lovell had I than that. bought the turn-out for the tour.

Raby proudly. "Lovell's bagged it the Fourth sauntered along.

for twenty pounds." "If you're going in with us, Putty, your whack will be four pounds," Silver. said Jimmy Silver. "Then we can

easily manage." "I'm on!" said Putty at once.

"Put me down for four quid. I-I face, in dusty Norfolks, had entered, suppose there's no mistake about it?"

could there be a mistake?" "Well, it's jolly odd to pick up a thing like that at a moment's notice, pression of the most portentous for a mere song," said Putty doubt-

"Some fellows can make bargains!" explained Lovell.

"I know. But you're not one of them, old chap." "Look here!" roared Lovell.

"Oh, cheese it, Putty!" said Newcome hotty. "Lovell's bagged a corking bargain this time. It will see us through. Lovell ought to have a vote of thanks."

gathering round the turn-out now. | good many fellows glancing after the | There was great admiration on all village policeman, and wondering sides...

And there was great amazement when the news spread that Arthur

gentleman signed over it. He handed | Jimmy. "My hat! What a beauty! | stinted praises of his comrades. He the paper to Lovell. The junior read This cart must have been made for was receiving his full meed of justice it carefully. Arthur Edward was the purpose! Look at it! Lockers at last-it was, indeed, like the King lin it! And there's a couple of coming into his own! What Arthur ground sheets there! They go with | Edward had always thought of himself, it now appeared that his chums Putty Grace came up, sighting the thought of him-and he could not prize from afar. Putty almost fell have been held in higher estimation

Jimmy Silver & Co. had strolled "Bought it cheap!" explained back into the quad, and Conroy of

"Something's up!" he remarked. "What's that?" asked Jimmy

Conroy gave a nod towards the

A young man with a sun-browned and by his side was the well-known "Mistake!" said Lovell. "How portly form of Mr. Boggs, the village constable of Coombe.

Mr. Boggs' fat face wore an exsolemnity. He marched ponderously towards the School House, the tall young man in Norfolks striding by his side.

"What on earth can the bobby want?" said Lovell.

"Something's up!" repeated Conroy. "Boggy looks as if he's come to arrest the whole school for highway robbery or petty larceny."

"Ha, ha, ha!" Mr. Boggs and his companion dis-Quite a number of juniors were appeared into the School House, a what might be his business at Rookwood School.

Jimmy Silver & Co. sauntered on Edward Lovell had secured that in the summer sunset, under the old handsome property at bargain prices. | beeches, discussing the holidays and Tubby Muffin immediately offered | the walking tour, in a happy mood. | stammered Lovell incoherently. to accompany the Fistical Four on Bulkeley of the Sixth came out of the

blinked after them, and blinked at | blurted out. one another.

"Stealing-" said Jimmy faintly. | curiously. "A pony-"murmured Newcome. "And cart-" breathed Raby. And then there fell a silence-a ! silence that could almost be felt!

The 4th Chapter. Awful for Arthur Edward!

Arthur Edward Lovell staggered rather than walked into the Head's study.

He was not quite sure whether he was on his head or on his heels, as he entered that august presence. Arthur Edward blinked dizzily

round the study. He seemed to see in a kind of mist the stern, awful face of Dr. Chisholm; still more mistily the fat, perspiring face of P.-c. Boggs. He hardly noticed the sunburnt young man in Norfolks, who was eyeing him very curiously.

Lovell tried to pull himself together. He did not understand-he couldn't understand! How could he possibly be charged with stealing a pony and cart? He had never had Boggs. any dealings with a pony and cart in his life-excepting the turn-out he had purchased from Mr. Walker for hard

What did it mean-what could it mean? The awful face of the Head seemed to expand before him, and grow larger and more terrifying. His voice, when he spoke, rumbled in Lovell's ears like thunder. "Lovell!"

"Oh! Yes, sir!" gasped Lovell. never--'

"What?" "I didn't-I-I never-wasn't-" "You inquired of the porter, Lane at the same time-one outfit

"Yes, sir," said the Rookwood

his pocket. He was glad to see the here for a day or two," said Lovell. chase. They were more than ever Head's waiting!"

about it!" Lovell gave Mr. Richards delighted with it; and Lovell fairly He led Lovell away—dazed. Jimmy a defiant look. "You've no right to affixed to the sheet, and the tired "No doubt about that," said purred with satisfaction under the un- | Silver and Raby and Newcome | suggest anything of the kind!" he

Mr. Richards eyed him very

"Listen to me. Lovell," said the Head, in a grim voice. "Mr. Richards has explained to me that he was on a walking tour in Sussex with a little pony and cart, which carried his baggage. He left the pony tied up in the lane-"

"There wasn't any baggage in the cart I bought, sir!" said Lovell.

"Let me explain," interposed Mr. Richards. "I have reached the end of my tour, and my baggage has been sent home by train. The pony and cart I intended to leave with a friend who lives near Coombe, to be taken care of for the present. I was on my way to his house with them when I went into the wood to take some photographs, leaving the pony tied up by the roadside on the grass. When I returned, about half an hour later, they were gone. I immediately called at the local police-station, and Mr. Boggs was kind enough to assist me---'

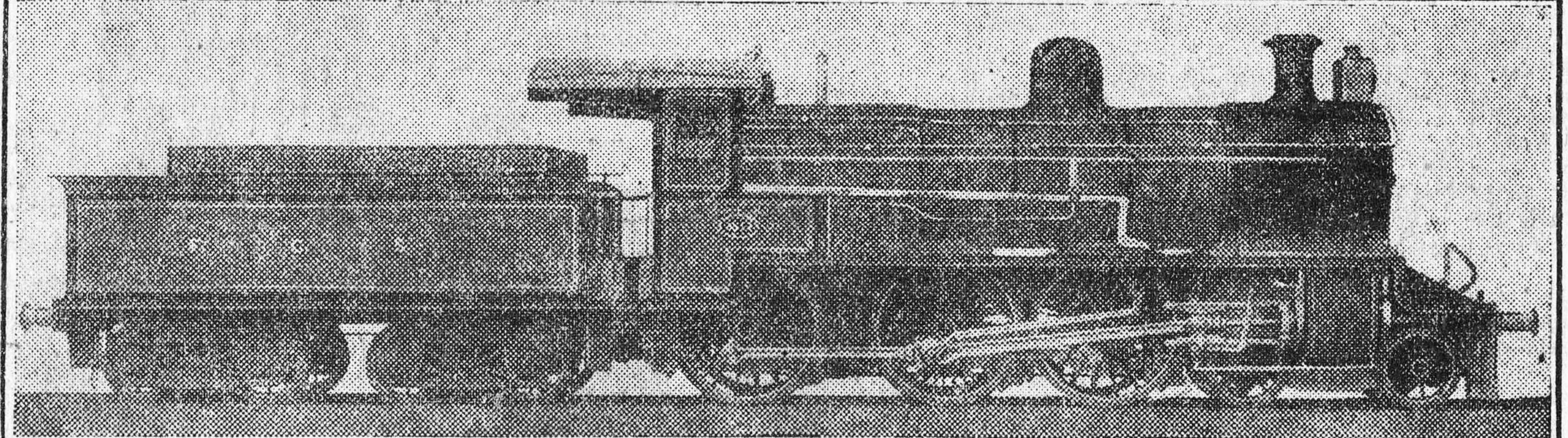
"Not at all, sir!" murmured Mr.

"We soon learned that more than one person had seen the cart driven away by a schoolboy, who wore the Rookwood colours on his straw hat," said Mr. Richards. "I therefore came on here at once with Mr. Boggs to claim my property. But I repeat I charge no one with theft. I'm inclined to believe that the whole thing is an exceedingly foolish practical joke."

Lovell felt his head spinning again. Was it possible that there had been two little green carts, with little fat brown ponies attached in Coombe belonging to Mr. Richards, and the other to Mr. Walker?

It seemed highly improbable. Then what did it all mean?

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if they were civil and kept their the beeches, and came over to them. with thanks.

Old Mack was routed out of his lodge at last, and requested to take temporary charge of the turn-out, once!" which half-a-crown, slipped into his horny hand, induced him to do with a good grace.

Then the Fistical Four went into the School House to tea, in great

spirits. There was a little more consequence than usual in Arthur Edward Lovell's manner as he walked with his chums.

Lovell had always had a secret opinion that the brains of the end know of," said Lovell. "If it's about study were, for the greater part, con- knocking off Smythe's topper this centrated in his own skull. This morning-" secret opinion sometimes transpired in Lovell's conversation. Jimmy and I that. Do you mean to say you don't Raby and Newcome, on the other know what you're charged with?" hand, had never been willing to exclaimed Bulkeley, eyeing the junior admit that Lovell had even a fourth | keenly. part—his fair share—of the brains of the study. Indeed, more than once it had been averred that, on the occasion when brains were handed out, Lovell had been entirely overlooked!

All that was changed now. Lovell, for the time, was a shining sideration in these days, when the light in the end study—a fellow railways stick you so steep for whose gift for bargain-hunting, at freights. Anyhow, I suppose he least, his chums were delighted to honour.

"I suppose so," assented Jimmy, The Fistical Four sat down to tea in the end study, and to a discussion He felt a new respect for Arthur of holiday prospects, in a merry moved them, enjoying the summer The chums of the Fourth sur- vacation to the fullest extent. Lovell heartily.

After tea the chums of the Fourth

them, and manage the whole thing, . He spotted the Fistical Four under places. Both kind offers were refused | "Come with me, Lovell!" he said brusquely. "You're wanted!"

"What's up?" asked Lovell. "The Head wants you. Come at

"Boggy is with the Head, isn' he?" asked Jimmy Silver. Bulkeley nodded, and signed to

Lovell to follow him. Arthur Edward looked restive. "Look here, is it a row, Bulkeley?"

he asked. "I'm afraid so, you young ass!" said the captain of Rookwood. "I hope you'll be able to explain to the Head, anyhow."

"I've not done anything that

"It's a more serious matter than

"Charged! What do you mean? Charged! My hat! And what am] charged with, then?"

"Stealing a pony and cart!" "Wha-a-at?"

"OMAR THE MAGNIFICENT."

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STARTS NEXT WEEK.

by Lovell of the Fourth. requested Mack to take charge of them, and they are in the stables now. A green-painted cart, and a little plump brown pony, such as Mr. Richards described."

Chisholm. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Richards, for-for having testified a very marked unbelief---' "Not at all, sir." said the young man in Norfolks politely. "I am sure

"Then there can be no mistake,

it must have been a great shock to "A very great shock, indeed!" said the Head. "Even now I can scarcely believe a Rookwood boy capable of so wicked a theft-and of such open and crass folly in commit-

ting it!" "I have not spoken of theft, sir," said Mr. Richards. "I brought the officer with me in case there should be need of his assistance. Also, he is aware that the pony and cart are my property. If the person who purloined my property should dispute the matter, of course, I must call upon the law. But I hope-I trustthat it may turn out to be nothing more serious than a foolish schoolboy

practical joke." Lovell heard, but without comprehending. His brain was in a whirl. "We shall see!" said the Head. "Lovell, do you admit having brought this gentleman's pony and cart into the school?"

Lovell gasped. "Certainly not, sir!"

"Have you brought any pony and cart into the school, as Mack has informed Bulkeley?" "Yes, sir; my own!"

"Your own!" exclaimed the Head.

"Yes; my pony and cart!" stuttered Lovell. "Certainly, sir! Bought and paid for with my own money, sir!" "Bless my soul!" said the Head.

"If this gentleman has lost a pony and cart I can't help it," said Lovell, recovering a little. 'It's like his i

"Well, Lovell!" The Head's voice was grinding. "What have you to say now? Mr. Richards is taking a lenient—a very lenient view—of the matter. To my mind it is undoubted that you took possession of his property, whether for a foolish joke

amazing as the matter is!" said Dr. or with a darker purpose." Lovell wiped his perspiring forehead. It was borne in upon him, in spite of himself, that there was only one pony and cart in the affair. But if that was Mr. Richards' property, where did Mr. Walker come

"You state," continued the Head, "that you bought a pony and cart-a sufficiently remarkable proceeding for a Fourth Form boy. I will give you a hearing, however. At what establishment did you make this extraordinary purchase?"

"I-I bought it of a man-" said Lovell weakly. "His name?"

"Walker," said Lovell. "Walker!" repeated Mr. Richards, with a faint smile. Only at that moment did the slangy

significance of the name strike Lovell. "And where was this man?" asked

the Head. "In-in Coombe Lane."

"What?" "The pony and cart were tied up. by the roadside," faltered Lovell. "The-the man Walker was snoozing-I mean, napping-that is, resting in the grass. He-he told me he was fed up with touring with the outfit, and—and offered to sell it to me. I-I've got his receipt for the money."

The Head adjusted his glasses, and gave Arthur Edward Lovell a very special scrutinising blink.

"Give me the receipt," he said. Loveil handed it over, without a word. His face was crimson now. The terrible truth was dawning on his

(Continued on page 22.)

STICKING IT OUT!

BY ERNEST SCOTT.

(Continued from previous page.)

Brigson, they strode over to where Len was dancing Boldened by the fact that he had plenty of friends with him, Bert forcibly stopped the dance.

"Now then, Len Lowden, this marks t' end!" he said. "You've no right here at all! It shows what a cad you are that you can force your way in like this! But to start dancing wi' a lass-my lass--"

"I'm not thy lass. Bert, and never shall be!" Hetty interrupted; and although he scowled, Brigson took no notice of her.

"She ought to be ashamed o' herself, anyway! She knows that her feyther and mother-both o' 'em-'a' strictly forbidden her to 'a' owt to do wi' thee. But we'll let that pass. Tha knows what th'art, and tha've got to get out of it!"

His hands clenched, Len faced them all.

"I have already told you that have as much right here as any of you!" he said. "And I've warned you, Brigson, as to what will happen if you say anything against my father."

"I don't want to mention his

"No!"

"That's final?" "Ay, that's final!" Len replied. "I've been invited to this dance as an employee of the mill, and I'm remaining to the end. Right to the end-mark that Brigson-and be hanged to all of you!"

Here was defiance, indeed! turned to the others.

"Coom on, lads!"

The next moment they had seized him. Bert put a hand on the lad first, and Len lunged out automatically. Bert went staggering, but he was on his feet again in a moment: and by that time several others had seized Lowden.

The music went on, but the dancing had all stopped. There was something approaching an uproar as

they gathered round. "What is it? What's happening?" out o' this!" Brigson replied "He's | as well as expecting you to work. But a dirty spy and a cad, and we've had I did not want the place turned into quite eno' of it! He ought never to a fighting booth. That was never

did force his way in, t' least he could | planation." 'a' done would 'a' been to keep himself to himself; instead o' which he starts to dance wi' Hetty Freeman, t' very lass he tried to send to prison! If there's anyone got a spice o' Lancashire grit in them they won't be standing that: Len Lowden's got to go!"

"Hear hear!"

"Ay, that's best!" "Chuck him out!"

Len was struggling violently. And Bert Brigson, seeing that he was held securety, did a dirty action then; an action worthy of him. He caught Lowden out of it; why they did not the lad a blow in the face that drew | consider him worthy to be amongs

collar had come undone, his coat was I a worthy father, the latter having

the field of play.

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torn already, and now, with the blood on his face, he did not make a very pretty spectacle.

But his courage was undiminished. "All right, Brigson, I'll remember that blow!" he said. "One thing is certain enough. You would never have dared to do it if my arms had | father has been sent to prison, yes; been free. You had to wait until but for a crime that he never comsomebody else was holding me secure before you did it, you cur! Let me go! Tell these others to let me go, and then try again, if you dare!" her hand.

That was the very last thing that | Bert wanted.

said. "Coom on, lads; chuck him What you are suggesting"-she

out o' it!" thrown out? And what is all this he has tried to get some of you the

rumpus about?" question. And then they saw what | precious poor opinion of me, all of |

mill, had come upon them quite you imagine that I would tolerate it. quietly, and it was she who spoke

Len Finds Friends!

She was not alone. Her daughter was with her. They had come down in the car, and it had been Ida's suggestion that they should just go in and see how the others were enjoying themselves.

For Len, at any rate, Mrs. Colville had come in the nick of time. Some name: but tha've got to get out of of the men drew hack a little, but here! Art going?" tained their grip, and Mrs. Colville noticed this.

> "Let him go!" she said briefly. "Excuse me, ma'am, but-"

"Let him go!" came the interruption again. And this time it was in the nature of a threat. "When give an order I expect it obeyed! don't think, somehow, that Lowden is a very dangerous sort of customer. I don't think that he will make any attack on me. Let him go-at once! You"-she snapped her fingers at Bert Brigson-"do you work at my

"Ay. ma'am," he said cringingly.

"Then you won't any longer if you don't do as I tell you! That's better." as Len was freed. "Now tell me what has happened! I arranged this dance so that you should all enjoy yourselves, so that you should, at least, give me credit for catering in "We're going to 'a' Len Lowden | some small way for your amusement 'a' coom here at all. But since he my intention. And I await an ex-

> "I should think," Ida chimed in, "that an explanation would be somewhat difficult to find. I was always given to understand that Lancashire folk believed in fair play."

"And they do, miss, an' all!" The girl shrugged her shoulders.

"It looks like it." she said. "when so many of you fellows are on to

"I am awaiting the explanation,"

Mrs. Colville said again. They gave it to her. They told her why it was that they wanted Len them; that he was a spy, a traitor to Len's hair was dishevelled, his his own workmates; a worthy son of

GLETE

robbed his own comrades, and having been sent to prison for it.

Mrs. Colville looked at Len. "What have you to say to that, Lowden?" she asked.

"I say that lies are being toldwicked lies!" the boy replied. "My mitted! And as for me being a spy---"

The mistress of the mill held up

"Ah, yes," she said. "there is that! And it becomes, I think, a question "Don't pay any heed to him!" he for me. I am brought into that. looked round at the others-"is that "What is this? Who is to be this boy has been spying on you, that sack, and gained financial benefit A cold, haughty voice asked the from it himself You must have a had happened. you, if you think for a moment that Mrs. Colville, the owner of the I would listen to any such story, if

"OMAR THE MAGNIFICENT!"

THIS is the title of our grand new adventure story of the Polruan Cousins and Captain Joe Tremorne in the Mysterious East.

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THE first instalment will appear next week in the "Boys' Friend!"

DON'T miss it on any account. Remember

"OMAR THE MAGNIFICENT!"

If anyone came to me in such a manner that person would be instantly dismissed: That is the way should treat it. With regard to Hetty Freeman--By the way, is her father here?"

"Ay, here I am, ma'am!" Mr. Freeman pushed his way for-

"The theft, or the attempted theft, had been reported to me." Mrs. Colville said, "and in accordance with the rules that had been laid down it was my intention to order a prosecution. Only someone came to me. Someone came and pleaded hard for the girl, Hetty Freeman. He said that he knew her, and that he knew her parents; that they were respectable; that the girl had just succumbed to a mad temptation, the sort of thing that might happen to my own daughter. I did not like that suggestion at all, but in the end I was compelled to listen to him, and he won me over. He saved that girl from being sent to prison.

"That 'someone'"-and she raised her voice-"was Len Lowden, the lad you are now all condemning as a

spy and a traitor!"

(On no account miss next Monday's long instalment of this splendid true-to-life story! The boxing photo given next week will be of Frank Goddard!)

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LOVELL'S BARGAIN!

By OWEN CONQUEST.

(Continued from page 20.)

laid it on his desk. The corners of his mouth twitched.

"You incredibly stupid boy!" he Lovell looked at him speechlessly. said. "Had you any reason to believe that this-this Walker was the owner of the pony and trap he sold you?"

"I-I-I suppose so!" groaned Lovell. "He-he-he was resting just near it-just as if he had just tied it up. Oh dear!"

"I accept your statement, Lovell," said the Head. "It it is clear to me that you have acted with crass stupidity in allowing yourself to be swindled in the most palpable manner by a worthless character. The man was probably some disreputable person, and it is clear that he had no right to sell the pony and cart at all." Lovell suppressed a groan. He

knew that now. "Mr. Richards. I trust you take the same view-that you recognise that this foolish lad had no dishonest intentions?"

"Most certainly, sir," said Mr. Richards. "I never dreamed of such an explanation of the incident; but I | pose, instead of doing so, I lend them believe every word the lad has uttered. It is clear that he has been cruelly taken in by an unscrupulous rascal. Certainly, he should not have been so-so confiding."

"So crassly stupid, you mean, no doubt," said the Head grimly.

"Ahem!" murmured Mr. Richards. "I-I've been done, sir," said Lovell miserably. "I-I'm sorry you've had this trouble, sir. It's rotten enough for me. My money's gone, and we sha'n't have the turnout for our holiday! Oh dear! Itit's in the stables now, sir; you can take it away with you."

Lovell's voice almost broke. The Head, with something of compassion in his severe face, signed to Lovell to leave the study. Arthur Edward almost tottered out.

He limped out into the quadrangle, where he found the Co. waiting for him, with scared faces. They surrounded him at once.

Lovell made a defensive gesture. "Don't pile it on me, you fellows!" he groaned. "It's bad enough. "! -I was diddled by some awful rotter -just a beast, you know, who took me in! He hadn't any right to sell the contraption at all; it belongs to Mr. Richards. Oh crikey!"

"Some fellows," said Raby, addressing space, "know how to make a bargain. Some fellows know how to manage."

Lovell only groaned by way of response. He was so utterly crushed by the awful outcome of his wonderful bargain that his chums took pity on him, and forbore to rub it in. They were only too glad that Arthur Edward was not, after all, to be charged with stealing that marvellous bargain.

The portly form of P.-c. Boggs came out of the House. There was a | the title of next week's grand story grin on his fat face as he passed of Jimmy Silver & Co. on their Richards came out, and he glanced photo will be of Frank Goddard!),

The Head glanced at the paper, and | about him, and came towards the Fistical Four. There was a smile on his handsome, sun-browned face.

"You've had bad luck, my young triend," said Mr. Richards genially. "Another time you must be a little more careful about placing so much faith in strangers. I am afraid you stand to lose eight pounds ten shillings over this unfortunate affair."

"I'm not likely to see it again!" mumbled Lovell.

"We'll whack it out old chap, anyhow," said Jimmy Silver. "It's all in the Co."

"You were saying something," went on Mr. Richards, "about having bought my pony and cart-I mean, the pony and cart—to use on a holi-

"That was the idea, sir," said Lovell. "I-I-"

"Well, perhaps your loss need not be so very serious, after all," said the sunburnt young man. "I mentioned that I had finished my trip, and was going to leave the pony and cart with a friend to be taken care of. Sup-

to you for your vacation?" "Wha-a-at?"

"When your holidays are over, you will return them to the address I will give you. You are very welcome," added Mr. Richards, with a smile. "I am sure you will use my little pony kindiy, and that is all I care

Jimmy Silver & Co. simply blinked at the young man. This was like the sun coming out after a very cloudy day. Lovell brightened up wonder-

"Oh, sir!" he gasped. "You-you mean it?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Richards, with a smile. "I have already mentioned my little idea to your headmaster, and if you care to use my little outfit for your holidays, it is at your service."

"You-you-you're a brick, sir!" gasped Lovell.

"Hurrah!" chortled the Co.

Jimmy Silver & Co. walked down to the gates with Mr. Richards, like a guard of honour round a very distinguished visitor. Never had they seen a young man whom they liked so well as this cheery sunburnt young gentleman. And after he had departed, overwhelmed with thanks, the Fistical Four gathered in the end study, and there, at last, now that the clouds had rolled by, Lovell's chums told him what they thought of him. But Arthur Edward did not mind; he was too happy for that. And, anyhow, the Co. had to admit that there had been, after all, a satisfactory outcome in the long run to Lovell's Bargain.

THE END.

("Rookwooders on the Road!" is Lovell. A few minutes later Mr. | holiday tramp. The free boxing

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