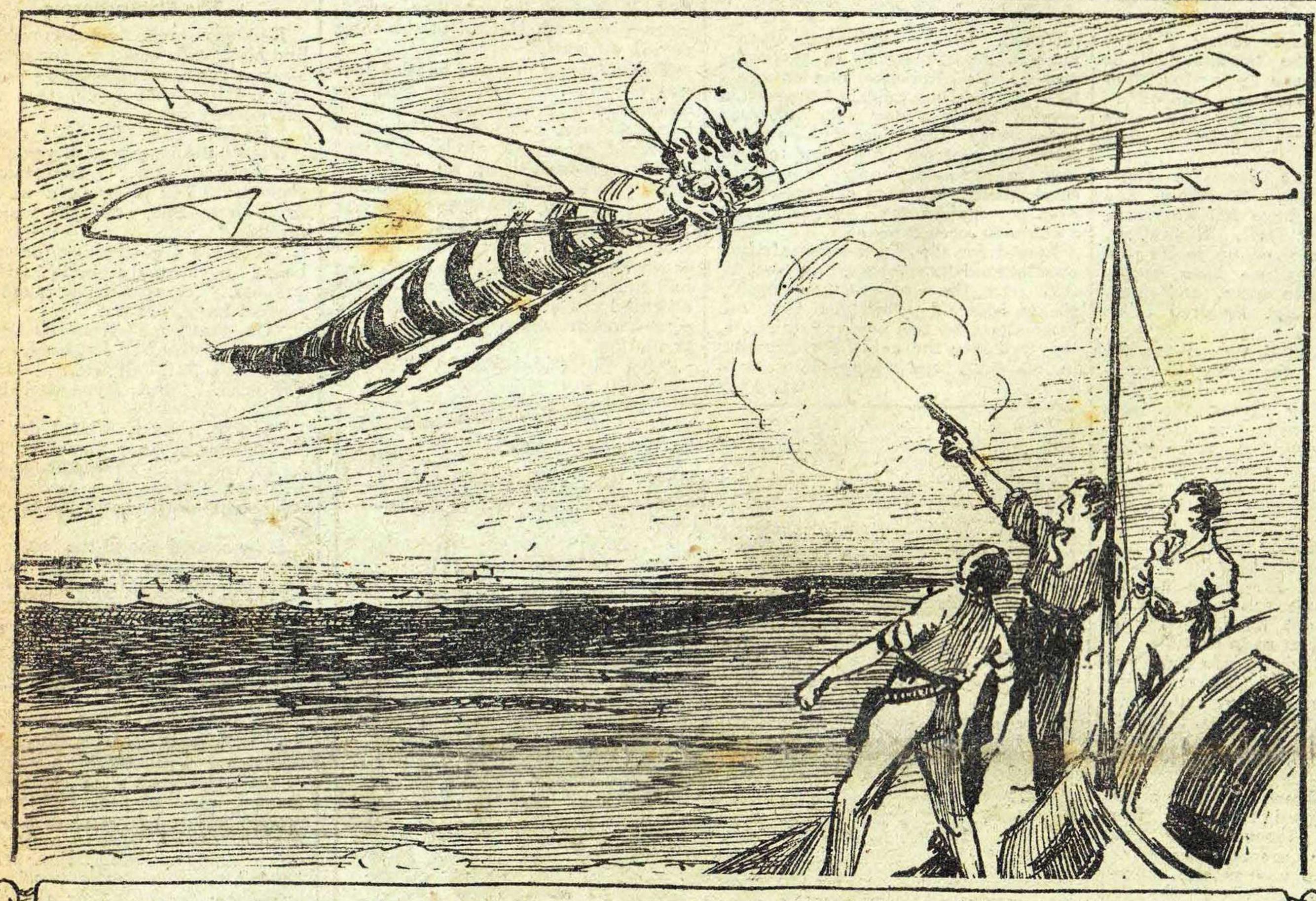
A BIG BUDGET OF READING-TOPPING COLOURED FREE REAL PHOTO!

R.E.PO.YNTER R.E.PO.YNTER SIXTEEN BIG PAGES!

No. 1,135. Vol. XXIII.—New Series.]

THE BEST BOYS' PAPER IN THE WORLD!

[Week Ending March 10th, 1923.



THE WINGED TERROR OF THE PLANET VENUS!

(See "Sound the Eternal!" the most amazing story of modern adventure ever written, in this issue!)

THIS HAND-COLOURED REAL GLOSSY PHOTO GIVEN FREE IN THIS NUMBER!



BERT MANDERSON (Glasgow Rangers).



FRANK POLRUAN'S GREAT SWIM TO INVESTIGATE THE MYSTERY SHIP!

(A thrilling incident from "The Phantom Pirate!" Maurice Everard's great new story!)

(Author of the Tales of Rookwood appearing in the " Popular.") Mr. Dalton and Valentine Mornington try to restore friendship between George Raby and the rest of the Co. They fail owing to the tactless Lovell!

The 1st Chapter. Morny Means Well.

"This won't do!" said Jimmy Silver; "but-"

"It won't!" said Newcome. Arthur Edward Lovell nodded assent. He agreed that it wouldn't concession for Arthur-Edward Lovell

to make. It was sometimes suspected, in the would wait for a fellow to express an

opinion, in order to follow it up with a contrary one. Undoubtedly Arthur Edward was a little given to argument, and he was blessed-or the reverse-with a complete and unwavering faith in his own

judgment. But on the present occasion Arthur Edward was in accord with his comrades, and he expressed the fullest agreement with Jimmy Silver and

Newcome that it wouldn't do. "It" was a rather serious matter.

The Classical Fourth had come out of their Form-room after lessons; and Jimmy, Newcome, and Lovell had made a move towards their old chum George Raby, now unhappily estranged. Raby, without even seeming to see them, had walked out into the quadrangle on his lonely

A good many of the Fourth had observed that incident, and remarked on it in their own ways. Tubby Mussin gave a fat chuckle; Peele and Gower grinned sarcastically; Erroll looked concerned. But Jimmy Silver & Co. did not heed the Fourth-Formers. They were not worrying about what the Fourth thought. They had enough to worry about in the disunion of the end study-the rift in the lute which had separated the hitherto inseparable "Fistical Four."

"It won't do!" repeated Jimmy Silver. "We've got to make it up with Raby somehow."

"The silly owl oughtn't to be keeping his back up like that," said Lovell. "We've told him we're sorry."

"Yes; but-" "A fellow can't say more than that," argued Lovell. "We've even | him to come back to the end study." admitted that we were in the wrong. Not that we were so jolly much in the he acquiesced. And before half-past wrong, either. It looked bad, and live the three guests presented themwe----

take," said Jimmy Silver quietly. "We played the goat, and hurt poor old Raby's feelings. He's not got | handsome spread was on the table, over it."

Lovell. "Fellow shouldn't have a lot | cheerily, and the five juniors waited of feelings in the Rookwood Fourth. | for the arrival of Raby, the sixth Suppose we give him plenty of rope, | member of the tea-party. and leave him to come round when | Promptly at five thirty footsteps he chooses."

"Cheese it, old chap!" said Jimmy Silver. "If you'd had a bit more tact, Lovell, we shouldn't have rowed with Raby at all, if you'd given him time to explain. It's time for you to

lie low, old fellow." "Hear, hear!" said Newcome

heartily. Snort from Lovell.

"We've got to manage Raby somehow," said Jimmy Silver. "He's got cause to feel sore; no getting over that. Hallo, Morny!"

Mornington strolled up to the perplexed trio with a smile on his face. Lovell looked grim. He did not want anybody butting into the private concerns and disputes of the end | sage.

study. But Mornington did not heed

Lovell's grim look. "I want you chaps to come to tea in my study," he said cheerily.

"Erroll and I are standin' a little | George Raby's footsteps retreated spread."

"Thanks, old scout," said Jimmy "Oh, do come!" said Mornington.

"I'm askin' another fellow you'd like to meet."

the end study. He's having tea in | had hopefully anticipated. end study at Rookwood, that Lovell | Hall now, you know, except when some fellow asks him."

"Keepin' his silly back up, you know," grunted Lovell. "Keeping it up all this time!"

Mornington smiled. "The fact is, Raby's the other chap who's comin' to tea," he explained. "Erroll's asked him."

"Oh!" exclaimed Lovell. Jimmy Silver smiled, and Newcome laughed. The three juniors understood now.

"You're a good chap, Morny," said Jimmy. "Nothing like getting chatty round a spread to make troubles blow

"Just what I thought," said Mornington. "It was my little idea; and Erroll thought it a good one. So we've been blowin' huge sums in tuck; and if Raby's heart isn't softened by a big cake and three kinds of jam, not to mention tarts-well-" "We'll come with pleasure.".

"Yes, rather!" said Newcome. "Half-past five, then!" said Mornington.

"Right-ho!" Valentine Mornington strolled away and rejoined Erroll Jimmy Silver's

face was brighter now. "Morny's a good fellow," he said. "I dare say it will work all right. Raby can't keep it up when we're all at tea together. He's bound to speak, anyhow, if a fellow asks him to pass

the cake." "Well, we'll try it on," said Lovell, with an air of a fellow making a concession. "We'll give him a chance."

"Mr. Dalton's noticed that there's something up," said Jimmy Silver. "It's time it ended. I hope Morny's stunt will be a success. - We've all got to be very civil to old Raby, and get

Arthur Edward Lovell grunted, but selves in Mornington's study, with "And we made a fatheaded mis- I their best manners on, so to speak.

Study No. 4 in the Fourth presented a festivo appearance. Quite a and a kettle sang cheerily on the fire. "Oh, blow his feelings!" said | Morny and Erroll greeted the trio

approached the door of Study No. 4. "Here's Raby!" said Erroll.

The door opened. George Raby stepped in.

He stopped in the doorway at the sight of Jimmy Silver & Co., and the cheery expression faded from his plump face.

"Trot in, old top!" said Erroll. "Tea's ready, old bean," said Mornington, with great heartiness. "Give Raby a chair, Silver." "Here you are, Raby!" smiled

Jimmy Silver. Raby did not move or speak. He stood staring into the study, and there was an uncomfortable moment.

Then he stepped back into the pas-"Sorry I can't stay to tea, Morny,"

he said politely. "Thanks all the

The door closed. "Oh!" murmured Mornington. down the passage. Jimmy Silver & Co. looked at one another. Their feelings were too deep for words.

little plot had failed. That was clear. his prep yet.

"Leave it to me!" repeated Lovell. He's in The fellow's an ass! Oswald's study now, doing his prep. He won't do it here. Look here, I'm jolly well going to deal with Raby!

"Don't make matters worse, old chap!" advised Newcome.

Rot! It's time Raby stopped playing the goat," insisted Lovell.

'I'm going to talk to him plainly." "For goodness' sake, Lovell, don't play the goat," said Jimmy. "You've | mop you away from that desk and caused most of the trouble already | wipe up the floor with you!" with your fatheadedness."

"Rubbish!"

"Lovell, you ass-" "Leave it to me!"

Arthur Edward Lovell rose from implied disdain. the table, and quitted the end study, with an air of determination. Jimmy whatever in the diplomatic powers of school." their chum Lovell. Still, Lovell had faith enough for three.

Arthur Edward explored the Fourth-Form passage from end to "I've been fed up with yours for end without finding Raby. Then he a long time," remarked Raby. went downstairs.

Raby had his prep to do, and as he was not in any of the studies, Lovell looked for him in the Fourth Form-room, the next likely place. There he found the missing junior.

Raby was at his desk in the Form- | interest. "You couldn't!" Morny and Erroll's benevolent room, at work. He had not finished

George Raby, his back still emphatic- There was no fire in the Form-"The fact is, I'm a bit bothered ally up, had refused to sit at the same | room in the evening, and the room do without demur, which was rather a | just now," said Jimmy frankly. "I | table with his old chums. And tea in | was cold enough. Lovell grunted was trying to think out some way of | Study No. 4 was not the happy feast | with annoyance as he observed it. getting old Raby to come to tea in of reconciliation that Jimmy Silver | There was the well-warmed end study, with a cheerful fire, where Raby

and restore the lost harmony of the en'd study. "Sulking like a baby."

Raby looked up. "Are you bound to come here to wag your chin, Lovell?" he asked.

"What?" "Can't you wag it in the Common-

room ?

Price

Twopence

"Or in the study?" "You cheeky rotter!" Lovell. "I've a jolly good mind to Raby shrugged his shoulders.

"Do you hear me?" roared Lovell, greatly incensed by that shrug of the shoulders, which only too clearly

"I should think you could be heard l over in Manders' House," answered Silver and Newcome exchanged a Raby coolly. "I dare say they'll hopeless look. They had no faith think a bull has got loose in the

"Why, you-you-" Lovell stuttored with wrath. "Look here, Raby, I'm fed up with your silly rot. See?"

"Oh, you have, have you?" snapped Lovell. "It would serve you jolly well right to give you a jolly good hiding. That's what you want."

"But who's going to do it?" inquired Raby, with an air of polite

"Not in your lifetime."

"Couldn't I?" roared Lovell. Lovell gasped.

"I'll jolly well show you!" Arthur Edward Lovell had come to the Form-room after Raby, with the intention of putting the trouble to an end, in his masterly way. This, seemingly, was how he was going to do it. He made a ferocious jump at his estranged chum, grabbed him by the collar, and fairly yanked him out in front of the desks.

"Now, you cheeky cad!" he gasped "I-yarooooh!"

Raby whirled round in Lovell's grasp rather breathlessly, and then he hit out. Lovell caught the punch with his chin, and staggered away, and went with a crash to the floor of the Form-room.

Raby leaned against a desk, breathing hard, and staring down at the sprawling Fourth-Former.

There was a shout in the passage. "They're going it-Lovell and Raby! This way!"

Before Arthur Edward Lovell was on his feet half a dozen interested faces were looking in at the Formroom doorway. Lovell staggered up, and rubbed his chin, and glared at

"Come on, you rotter!" he gasped. He rushed forward, and Raby put up his hands promptly enough. There were wrathful exclamations at the doorway, as two juniors drove recklessly through the crowd and ran into the Form-room. But Jimmy Silver and Newcome did not heed. They were in too great a hurry to be respecters of persons just then.

"Stop it!" roared Jimmy Silver. "Chuck it!" yelled Newcome. Lovell and Raby showed no sign

whatever of stopping it or chucking it. They were hammering away furiously. But Jimmy Silver and Newcome

did not waste time in words. They rushed at the two belligerents and seized them, and dragged them apart by main force. Jimmy grasped Lovell and whirled him away, and Newcome collared Raby and rushed him back towards the desks.

"Now, you silly asses--" gasped Jimmy Silver.

"Let go!" roared Lovell. He struggled with the captain of

"Let him go," said Raby coolly. "What are you holding the silly dummy for? He's asking for a

"You hear that?" spluttered Lovell. Raby glanced up for a moment, "Let go, Jimmy Silver, or I'll jolly

"Keep that other silly idiot back, Newcome," said Jimmy. "Come on, Lovell."

"I tell you— Oh, my hat!" Jimmy Silver fairly whirled Lovell

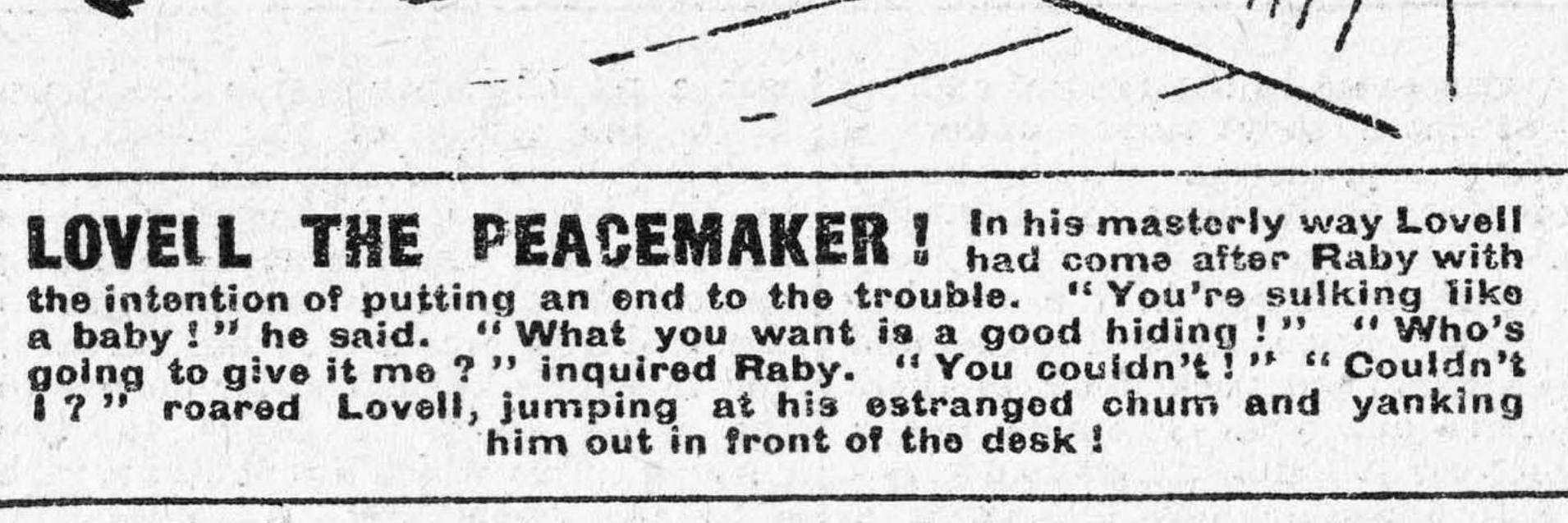
out of the Form-room. The juniors in the doorway parted to let them pass, and closed up in the doorway again, laughing loud and long. The domestic troubles of the end study seemed, somehow, to afford entertainment for the rest of the Classical

The 3rd Chanter. Peele Does Not Prosper.

"Raby, you silly ass--" "Newcome, you silly fathead--"

"Look here-" "Oh, go and eat coke!"

Arthur Newcome breathed hard. In the tussle to keep Raby away from



The 2nd Chapter. Lovell the Peacemaker!

"Leave it to me!" Arthur Edward Lovell made that suggestion, or rather, issued that command.

The three chums of the Classical Fourth were in the end study, after

prep. The end study was Raby's study. It had been shared by the Fistical Four. But at the time of that unhappy misapprehension, when Raby's chums had found him guilty of funk, on what had turned out to be deceptive appearances, they had testified a desire to be relieved of Raby's company. Raby had taken them at their word, and retired from the study, and not all the blandishments of his repentant chums could tempt him

What Raby felt personally about this estrangement his old friends had no means of guessing. But the three certainly felt it keenly enough, though in different ways. Jimmy Silver was distressed, Arthur New- | sulks?" demanded Lovell. come was also distressed, but a little impatient. Arthur Edward Lovell impatience outweighed his distress to ently under the impression that this In the tussle to keep Raby away from a very considerable extent. was the way to bring Raby round Lovell Newcome had had an elbow la very considerable extent.

might have been doing his work had he chosen. Lovell knew that the junior's feet must be cold as he sat at his desk in the chilly Form-room, the Fourth. and his concern for Raby's comfort, somehow, made him more angry with "Look here, you silly ass!" was licking. Let him have it."

Lovell's tactful greeting.

Raby had not come to the study. | and then looked down at his books | well punch you!" again, without answering. came up to his desk.

"Look here, Raby!" No answer. "Can't you speak to a fellow?"

roared Lovell. Raby looked up then. "I'm busy," he said briefly. "You ought to have finished by

this time." "Well, I haven't." "Rowing with Flynn, as well as with your old chums?" snorted

Lovell. "You seem to be fond of

Raby made no answer to that. "Look here, you silly owl. How long are you going to keep in the

"You're making yourself a ridicuwas undoubtedly distressed, but his lous ass!" went on Lovell, appar-

Are you collecting the real AUTOGRAPHED Action Photographs Given Away in the "Gem" Library?

jammed into his ribs hard! Doubtless it was accidental; nevertheless it was painful. So for the moment Newcome's temper was not at its best.

"I've a jolly good mind-" began Newcome, forgetting temporarily that he had rushed to the scene with Jimmy Silver to pour oil on the troubled waters.

"You haven't," said Raby coolly. "I don't believe you've got a mind at all. No brains, anyhow."

Newcome. "I dare say Lovell was quite right to punch your cheeky floor with a terrific bump. head. Sorry I stopped him, now." Raby glared at him.

"I jolly well will!"

Jimmy Silver had succeeded in getting Lovell along the passage. He was urging his chum to depart when he was interrupted by a delighted yell from Tubby Muffin.

"I say, Jimmy, they're going it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Jimmy spun round. "Eh! Who are?"

"Raby and Newcome!" "Oh, my hat!" gasped the unfortunate Uncle James of Rookwood. He rushed back to the Form-room.

"Look out, you kids! Uncle's coming!" shouted Peele. And there was a roar of laughter from the juniors.

"Stop that!" shrieked Jimmy Silver, rushing into the Form-room, where Raby and Newcome were scrapping away at a great rate. Uncle James had barely succeeded in getting Lovell off the scene when he was called back to deal with Newcome. He dealt with him unceremoniously. He grasped the back of Newcome's collar with both hands, and fairly yanked him backwards.

"Grocooogh!" gasped Newcome. "You silly ass!" roared Jimmy. "You're as bad as Lovell!"

"Ugh! Gug! You're chok-chokchoking me!" spluttered Newcome, wriggling wildly in the grasp of Uncle James.

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Gug-gug-ug!"

Jimmy Silver, without relaxing his grasp, whirled the hapless Newcome to the door, and spun him out of the Form-room. The crowd of juniors there jumped out of the way-excepting Tubby Muffin. Tubby was doubled up in an excess of merriment, and he had no time to escape. Newcome crashed into him, and Tubby went sprawling, with Newcome rolling over him. There was a fearful yell from Tubby Muffin, and a roar of laughter from the thickening crowd of juniors in the passage.

Jimmy turned back breathlessly into the Form-room. He was quite angry now-with his chums and with Raby. George Raby looked at him with a defiant grin.

"You-you-" gasped Jimmy. "Give us a rest!" suggested Raby. "You talk too much, Jimmy Silver. What are you chipping in for?"

Jimmy clenched his hands hard. The juniors looked on with delighted anticipation, fully expecting a fight, after all. But Uncle James of Rookwood restrained his wrath.

"I-I won't pitch into you, Raby-" he gasped.

"Oh, do!" said Raby. "You're a sulky ass--"

"And you're a cheeky rotter!"

Jimmy Silver choked back his wrath, and turned away. A taunting laugh from Raby followed him; and it almost made Jimmy turn back and rush upon his old chum with his hands up. But he controlled his temper and hurried out of the Formroom.

"The giddy circus is over, gentlemen!" murmured Mornington. "Happy family circle in the end study, isn't it?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jimmy Silver found Lovell and Newcome raging in the passage. Both of them wanted to return to the Form-room and finish matters with George Raby; and, apparently, they wanted it very much.

"Oh, cheese it, the pair of you!" growled Jimmy Silver. "Let's get

out of this!" And he almost dragged his chums away. The crowd of Classical Fourth-Formers broke up, most of them laughing. Cyril Peele strolled into the Form-room, where Raby was dabbing his nose with his handkerchief, preparatory to resuming his work. Peele gave Raby a very affable nod and smile. The cad of the Fourth, who was a ways up against the end study, was delighted by the unfortunate turn affairs had taken in that celebrated study, and anything that he could do to make the breach wider the amiable Peele was prepared to do with his whole heart.

admiringly.

"What?"

Grunt from Raby. rotter splendidly, old man," said

Raby left off dabbing his nose and room, and fled for his life. looked at Peele.

"That bullying brute Lovell--" The next moment Cyril Peele met with the surprise of his life. Raby "You cheeky rotter!" exclaimed hit out with his left. Peele caught it with his chin, and sat down on the

"Ooooooch!" Peele sat on the floor, holding his damaged chin in both hands, and blinking at Raby with almost idiotic

astonishment. "Groogh! Wharrer you up to? 1 was only saying-" he spluttered. "Do you want some more?" interrupted Raby. "If you don't, shut up and get out of this Form-room."

Peele staggered to his feet. "Look here-"

"Outside!" snapped Raby. "I can tell you-"

Peele did not finish. George Raby I just asked me, and told me to tell not act as Raby had done in Morny's

"Good for you, Raby!" said Peele | Lovell slung Peele half across the sport a spotless collar and to have a Common-room. He did not seem satisfied with that, but started after "You stood up to that bullying | him, with the obvious intention of taking a goal-kick.

THE BOYS' FRIEND

Peele dodged out of the Common-

In his study he rubbed his chin and rubbed his head alternately, and the observations he made on the subject of the Fistical Four were emphatic, and almost blood-curdling. There never was any telling how to take those rotters, he informed Gower and Lattrey; and Peele wisely made up ! his mind not to take a hand further game.

The 4th Chapter. Mr. Dalton's Tea-Party.

"Tea with Dicky!" said Arthur Edward Lovell with satisfaction.

Jimmy Silver looked pleased. Arthur Newcome looked up from the botanical specimens he was arranging in the study, and gave a

"Good!" he remarked.

tie tied tidily, and so forth. Details like that were not always carefully | good front line, I know, and their observed in the end study; but in a short time Jimmy Silver & Co. made themselves beautifully presentable, and they had a newly swept and garnished look when they arrived at Mr. Dalton's study door. Jimmy Silver

"Come in!" said Richard Dalton's deep, cheery voice.

The three juniors entered.

Mr. Dalton was not alone. He was standing on one side of the fireplace, chatting cheerily with a of the Classical Fourth.

Jimmy Silver & Co. stopped dead as they saw Raby. They were completely taken aback.

in his kind way he was trying to any difference to that."

"At five," said Lovell. "Dicky's | tainly the newly-arrived guests could | have been a little awkward, went on

"Topping, I believe, sir," said Jimmy Silver, "They've got a jolly goalkeeper is a fat chap, but in splendid form." "But you are going to beat them,"

said Mr. Dalton.

"We hope so, sir. We've got a good goal in Rawson-" "And the forwards-"

"Mornington, and Erroll, and, Cook, and Newcome, and Raby," said Jimmy Silver.

Raby gave a little start. "A very good front line," said Mr. Dalton approvingly. "I hope you "Well, you can begin, if you like." Get up and have some more!" he in the domestic politics of the end junior who was standing on the other are keeping up your practice. You've study. It really was not a paying side. That junior was George Raby been rather giving the football a miss, I think, Raby."

"Oh!" stammered Raby. "I-I didn't know you noticed, sir-"

Mr. Dalton smiled. In a flash they understood, and "I keep my eyes on the junior Raby understood. It was Morny's eleven," he said. "I want to see game over again, played this time by I you win matches this season. Practheir Form master. Mr. Dalton, as | tice together is the thing; and you they had suspected, had observed the must remember, my boys, not to let rift in the lute in the end study, and; any little personal differences make

bring the old Co. together again. | And Mr. Dalton, without giving the It was an awkward moment. Cer- juniors time to speak, which might talking football; but his word in season had fallen upon fertile soil, as it were. Under the influence of Mr. Dalton's genial kindness, and his good advice, and tea and cake, the estranged chums of the Fourth unbent; and Raby, rather to his surprise, found himself speaking quite cheerily to his old comrades, just as if there had never been any trouble in the end study at all.

> Mr. Dalton noticed it, with a glimmer of satisfaction in his eyes. He liked all four of the cheery juniors, and he was pleased with the success of his little plot. It was fairly clear that when the Fistical Four left their Form master's study after tea, they would leave it on friendly terms. But there is many a slip twixt cup and lip. In the midst of Mr. Dalton's cheery flow of talk there came a tap at the door, and Tupper put in his shock head.

> "If you please, sir, the Head would like you to step into his study for a few minutes." "Very good!" said Mr. Dalton.

The master of the Fourth rose from

"Continue your tea, my boys. I will rejoin you in a few minutes," he said, and he left the study.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were negotiating a cake. They continued to negotiate it, with satisfaction. It was a large cake, and a good cake, and there were plums in it-plenty of plums. Mr. Dalton knew youthful tastes well, as that cake demonstrated.

"Any more tea in the pot?" asked Jimmy Silver suddenly.

"Blow the tea!" growled Lovell. 'If Raby's going to sulk after this ripping spread-" "Who's sulking?" flared out Raby.

"You are!" exclaimed Lovell, "and I jolly well think-" "You don't! You can't!"

"I don't want any more of your cheek, Raby!" roared Lovell. "If you're going to sulk. I say-" "Shut up, Lovell!" implored

"Rats! Rubbish! If Raby's going to sulk-" "Cheese it!" said Raby. "Can't

"Now we're all here," said Mr. you behave yourself in a Form Dalton, with a smile, "perhaps you master's study?" "Who's not behaving himself?"

hooted Lovell. "Lovell, old man-"

"Rot! If Raby says--"

"Oh, go and eat coke!" said Raby angrily. "No good talking to you. You don't understand anything but a punch on your silly nose."

Lovell jumped up. "You cheeky cad-" "You ridiculous ass-

"Look here-" "Look here-"

"Stop it!" roared Jimmy Silver, as Lovell and Raby, utterly forgetful of has noticed that we're off with Raby. I talker, talked quite a great deal now, I the important circumstance that they in a very genial, chatty way. He were in a Form-master's study, closed

Crash! Tramp! Scuffle! Bump! You mad hat!

"Oh, my duffers---" "You silly asses-

Crash!

Lovell and Raby lurched against "Thanks," said Lovell with an the tea-table, and it rocked. There was a crash of crockery on the floor. Jimmy Silver and Newcome stood overcome with dismay. Lovell and Raby keeping it up like this. He Pour out another cup for Raby, Raby, lost to all things but their mutual wrath, punched and struggled with terrific vigour. They trampled on the fallen crockery right and leftthey trampled the fender out of place -they swept half a dozen articles (Continued on page 476.)



TROUBLE AMONGST THE GUESTS! Lovell and Raby, forgetful that they were in a Form master's study, closed in combat. Crash! The struggling Juniors lurched against the table and there was a crash of crockery on the floor!

was coming for him, with his hands | you chaps. I saw Tupper taking a | study. Invitations to tea from a Form | them. Peele backed to the door and dodged out, astonished and enraged. Such a reception of his sympathy and support was enough to surprise and enrage any mischief-maker.

and returned to his prep when he had

finished dabbing his nose. junior Common-room with a black brow. Jimmy Silver and Newcome and Lovell were there, engaged in a

"I tell you I don't want to make it | finish, and took a great interest in | up now; I'm never going to speak to junior matches. Tea with any other the cad any more. If he comes back to the end study now, I'll jolly well | honour, but rather a bore; tea with | boot him out. I'm done with him for Dicky Dalton was a pleasure as well good-the rotter."

"Hear, hear!" said Peele. Lovell stopped his wrathful tirade at once, and turned a far from amiable look on Peele.

"Eh?" he ejaculated. "Just what I'd do," said Peele. "The rotten cad-"

"What? Who?" "That rotten outsider, Raby--" For the second time that evening

Cyril Peele met with a surprise. Arthur Edward Lovell ought really to have been pleased to hear a fellow | now." endorsing his views like this. But he did not look pleased. He did not act as if he were pleased. He collared Peele before that youth had time to finish his remarks, and there was a sharp concussion as Peele's head came into violent contact with the wall.

Crack! "Yarooooooh!" Peele uttered a fiendish yell.

"Now, anything more to say about expect to see him with us, when I Raby!" demanded Lovell ferociously. | come to think of it." "Ow, wow. yow! No!" yelled

I "Then get out!"

up, and his eyes glittering behind parcel into his study after lessons; looks like a spread."

The three juniors were naturally pleased. Dicky was their pet name for Mr. Richard Dalton, the master of the Fourth. They liked Mr. Dalton Raby slammed the door after Peele, | -even Peele & Co. did not quite dislike him. Mr. Dalton was very popular in his Form. The Fistical Peele of the Fourth went into the Four had liked their old Form master, Mr. Bootles, but Mr. Dalton was a regular hero. He played football in great style; sometimes he would warm argument. Peele joined them. referee in a junior match, and he "Blow him!" Lovell was saying. | knew the great game from start to | master at Rookwood was a great as an honour. So the end study were all pleased.

> "I say, though, he'll expect four "He knows there were always four | sorted out chairs for the guests. of us. He'll wonder-"

He notices everything."

"No, don't," said Jimmy, with a leffort. never used to be sulky. Dicky won't Lovell."
expect to see him with us, when I "Oh, yes."

The three made some little preparations for tea in Mr. Dalton's study. On such occasions it was needful to I form," remarked Mr. Dalton.

master were requests that amounted to commands. Lovell frowned, Newcome coloured, and Jimmy Silver, after the first moment of surprise, looked pleased. Raby turned red, and set his lips. Mr. Dalton appeared to notice no-

He greeted the newcomers cheerily Jimmy Silver. and heartily, just as if there was no cloud on the horizon.

will brew the tea, Raby." "Oh, yes," gasped Raby. "Tupper has not opened the jam," said Mr. Dalton. "Perhaps you will perform, Lovell."

"Oh, yes.". "Who can cut bread and butter without cutting his fingers?" inquired Mr. Dalton genially.

It transpired that Jimmy Silver of us," said Jimmy Silver dubiously. | could, so he set to work. Newcome In a few minutes the tea-party sat

"Can't be helped," said Lovell. | down to the table, somewhat mute. | "Besides, I know jolly well that Dicky | But Mr. Dalton, not generally a great | "Yes, that's so," said Newcome. | asked Jimmy Silver about the junior | in combat. "Anyhow, we can't take Raby, as lootball, and the prospects for the we're on fighting terms with him St Jim's match, a topic that naturally interested the juniors and helped "I wish the ass would make it up," to break through the barrier of said Jimmy. Reserve. He interrupted himself to "Well, he won't," said Lovell, ask Raby to pass the cake to Lovell, "and I'm not going to ask him and Raby passed it silently.

faint smile. "It won't do much good, | "Raby's cup is empty," said Mr. the way you do it. I'm surprised at Dalton. "Another cup of tea, Raby?

> Lovell refilled Raby's cup. "Thanks," gasped Raby. "St. Jim's, I believe, are in great

"CHUMS REUNITED!"—That's the title of next Monday's great story of Jimmy Silver & Co. at Rookwood. See that you read it!

HAND OF FATE!

Published

Every Monday

BY EDMUND BURTON.

the intention of fastening the rope and every succeeding moment added to beneath Morgan's armpits.

Suddenly a pair of hands gripped his through the lower windows, igniting the throat, and he was thrown off his rope and burning it through before he balance, to fall against the wall with could make his own descent in safetya thud.

"Let go, Morgan, you mad ass! D'you want us both to be burnt to-" Thinking that terror must have turned Morgan's brain for the time being, Wilburr was obliged to resort to rather drastic methods. His fists commenced to pound his opponent's face, a curious cry-it seemed like one of disappointment.

But Dick was not to be caught napping this time. A crashing righthander sent Morgan reeling away, until menced his perilous descent, covering his head came against the wall with a the last fifteen feet or so at a terrific resounding whack, and he tumbled in

an inert heap. ing a black eddy of smoke whirling ground. round the room. Dick retreated a little, choking, but presently groped forward again towards the point where he had seen the other drop. Alf's night attire was alight when he reached him, and, snatching up a blanket from the bed, Wilburr smothered the smouldering blaze as well as he could, though Morgan's body had been severely burnt |

before he got to him. "It was his own fault!" muttered Dick Wilburr. the Fourth-Former, as he quickly readjusted it round the unconscious boy. "I had to knock him out, or the last chance would have gone-looks like having gone as it is, in fact!"

coiled over his arm, lay in a heap on the floor beside him, and he secured the free end to the iron bedstead. Then, dragging Morgan to the window, and pressing his feet against the wood- partially dressed, evidently having work beneath, he lowered his burden slipped his coat on over his sleepingcarefully, keeping the tail of his eye | suit at the first alarm. These initials, | on the creeping flames to rearward, too, are suspicious. They would fit his until a shout came up from below, tell- | father's name-Jasper Morgan-but the | from Dr. Brown-"and you, also, were

ing that all was well. By this time Dick could feel the floor- letter to me. It may be disguised, of by some chance, you weren't, and John Marshall, of Middlesbrough.)

(Continued from previous page.) breath to prevent the acrid smoke | boards becoming almost unbearably hot, from suffocating him. Dick climbed even through the soles of his shoes, across the sill, almost tripped over the showing that the room below must recumbent body, and stooped down with literally have been a raging inferno;

> for the light ladder was already blazing, and an impossible barrier to pass. The long rope, freed from its weight, swung slowly just out of reach of the darting tongues, but these were travelling towards it steadily with each

the danger of the flames, which leaped !

passing moment. And just as Dick gripped the hemp, until flesh and blood could stand it no | preparatory to swinging himself out longer. Alfred's hold loosened, and he over the sill, something white lying near staggered back, gasping, but returned where Morgan had fallen caught his to the attack almost immediately with eye, and he hurriedly picked it up, thinking it might be some important paper which had dropped from the Fifth-Former's pocket.

Gripping it between his teeth, he compace, which almost skinned his palms, for the flames were now licking the rope Then, with a crackle, the leaping above, which parted and fell in writhing flames burst through the flooring, send- | coils about him even as he reached the

The 6th Chapter. The Fateful Message!

"What are you doing? Has any accident happened to-you know whom? Remember what is at stake, and wake up!-J. M."

Dr. Brown laid the paper down on his study table, and gazed questioningly at

"A most extraordinary affair!" he moved the rope from his own waist and said. "You're certain it came out of Morgan's pocket last night-or, rather, early this morning?"

"I found it just beneath where he fell, sir," answered the boy, "and I The slack of the rope, which had been | didn't notice it before he attacked me. | Anyhow, I should scarcely have had

> "Curious-curious!" muttered the Head. "Yes, I remember that he was writing is different from that in his other | supposed to have been drowned. But, | splendid FREE hand-coloured photo c

course, but what can be the meaning? You say the lad attacked you immediately you entered the room?"

"Yes, sir. Although he seemed to be quite unconscious, he recovered thundering quickly."

"Did he appear as though he wasn't responsible for his actions, do you

"N-no. I thought he had gone off his rocker-I mean, sir, that I thought fright had crazed him-for the moment; yet I noticed afterwards that he seemed to be too deliberately bent upon

damaging me to be exactly panicky. In fact, sir, though it seems almost like sneaking, I feel that Morgan intended to let me stay behind." "This matter must be seen to—though

how to start, I do not know. Morgan was very seriously burnt indeed," said Dr. Brown. "In fact, it will be a long time before he is out and about againif ever. I was just going to wire for his father when you entered, and-" The Head turned sharply as the door opened. "Yes, Mr. Barton? What is

"It's about Morgan, sir. We thought he was still unconscious when the doctor was making his examination, but it seems he wasn't. He heard what was said, and plainly knows that his chance of recovery isn't too good, and-

"Yes, Barton? Go on, please!" "He's asking for you, and-er-Wilburr, sir!"

Dr. Brown rose immediately and accompanied the under-master to the west wing, where a temporary infirmary had been fitted up at short notice. Dick Wilburr followed silently.

The matron was endeavouring to soothe the sufferer, but vainly, when they entered the long room. Morgan, swathed in bandages, tossed on the bed, his face flushed and his eyes feverishly bright; but when his gaze fell on Dick he suddenly calmed down.

"That Wilburr?" he muttered weakly. "Come here-close-and you, too, sir, please! I want to tell you something, for I hear I haven't much hope of pulling through!"

"Don't think about that, lad," Dr. Brown's tone was kindly as he sat down by the bed. "Listen, Wilburr! I tried to get you out of the way," said Alf. "Do you know why?"

But as Dick remained silent, the injured Fifth-Former continued almost without a pause:

"Then I'll tell you. Your name is not Wilburr at all; it is Morgan-Frederick Morgan-and you are the rightful owner of Morgan's Mills, at Northburn. Your father and motherthat is, my Uncle Bob and Aunt Annie

He turned towards the headmaster. "I think that's about all I have to say, sir, so will you please look into the matter, in case—in case I——'

Price

Twoponce

"Yes, my lad, I shall have everything seen to," the doctor promised, "but you must lie still now and not excite yourself. Seemingly, a great mistake has been made-yes, let us say a mistake-but you have done your best to set things right, so you needn't worry further. Mrs. Millington, will you stay with the lad until you are relieved? Try to make him sleep; it will be best. Wilburr, come back to my study and let us go into this affair thoroughly; while you, Mr. Barton, kindly see that no noise is made near this wing."

The Head stepped quietly into the corridor, and Dick, after a last brief glance at the figure on the bed, silently followed.

But, thanks to careful nursing and a good constitution. Alf Morgan slowly recovered, though for many weeks he comingwas obliged to hobble on two sticks about the quad and playing-fields. He was, of course, bound to leave the Academy shortly; but, thanks to his cousin's clemency, and the wisdom of both the Head and Mr. Barton, the true facts concerning the affair were kept as dark as possible during the remainder of Morgan's stay.

And so eventually young Morgan cast aside his sticks, shuffled the dust of Brown's Academy from his feet for ever, and joined his unworthy sire at Northburn. Then began a long round of legal proceedings, proving Dick's identity, and so on and so forth, from which Dick Wilburr-or, rather, Fred Morgan claim established and the ownership of the huge mills proved to be his without the smallest shadow of doubt. When he came of age, he would be one of the richest men in the world.

Jasper Morgan, broken by the blow which had sent his air-castles tumbling down about his ears, gradually failed in health, and succumbed suddenly to a stroke of apoplexy very shortly after that eventful night of the fire at the Academy.

As for Alf, he left the country-probably for one of the Colonies, where it | master's study again. And the rift is to be hoped he made good. In any | in the lute was still unrepaired. case, neither his cousin ner any of the other fellows at Brown's ever heard of him again.

THE END.

(You must not miss "Saving the Sheriff!" next Monday's fine story of Arizona Jim, and Slim Danvers and -went down with the Lerontic, which Frank Liversedge, the two young outwas lost about ten years ago"-a start | laws, by your old favourite, Gordon Wallace. And see that you get the

ON FIGHTING TERMS.

BY OWEN CONQUEST. (Continued from page 471.)

FIRM THE THE PARTY OF THE PARTY

from the mantelpiece. Tubby Muffin's fat face blinked in, scared, at the doorway.

"Look out! Dalton's coming!" he gasped. "Oh crumbs!"

Lovell and Raby separated at that. Mr. Dalton was coming back to his tea-party. The study was almost a wreck. Lovell and Raby, with their collars rumpled, their ties torn out, their hair ruffled, looked considerably wrecked also. And Mr. Dalton was

With one accord the Fistical Four rushed from the study.

They vanished breathlessly in one direction, as Mr. Dalton approached from the other.

"Well, my boys-" Mr. Dalton stepped into the study with a genial smile on his face. Then he stopped

The study was vacant. His guests were gone. Fender and fire-irons and broken crocks were strewn on a crumpled rug amid overturned chairs. Mr. Dalton gazed at the startling -at length emerged triumphantly, his scene, and drew a deep, deep breath -what time Jimmy Silver & Co. were making themselves as scarce as they possibly could.

> What Mr. Dalton thought of the result of his tea-party he never confided to the Fistical Four. The matter was not mentioned at all. But it seemed probable that it would be a long, long time before Jimmy Silver & Co. were asked to tea in their Form-

(In "Chums Re-united!" peace is once more restored amongst the Fistical Four. Make sure of reading this ripping Rookwood story by ordering your Boys' FRIEND from your newsagent to-day, and don't forget there is a FREE Handcoloured Photo of John Marshall, Middlesbrough, presented with every copy!)



Fine Model Accordson, 10 x 10 x 5lins., Plano-Finished. 1-Fold Metal-Bound Bellows, 3 Sets Reeds, 3 Stops, Sweet Piccolo to Powerful Return Post, to approved orders, for 1/- Deposit and TUTOR. 1/3 Postage, and promise to send 2/- fortnightly till 25/- in all is paid. Cash. 21/-, Post Free (Elsewhere Double). Delight or Money Back.

New Illustrated Catalogue, Post Free. Big Bar-gains, 7d. to 77/6. Accordeons, 12/6 to 42/-. Gramophones, Clocks, Watches, Jewellery, Novelties. Toys, Etc.-PAIN'S PRESENTS HOUSE, (Established 34 years.) Dept. 9C, HASTINGS. DON'T BE BULLED I-Learn the Wonder-

of Self-Defence without Weapons. For small boys and men (also women). Send NOW Four Penny Stamps for Splendid TLLUSTRATED SAMPLE LESSOMS, or 3/6 for Large Portion of Course. - Dept. X, SCHOOL OF JUJITSU, 31, Golden Square, Regent Street, London, W.1. Personal Tuition also given.

£2,000 Worth of Cheap Job Photographic Material, Cameras, &c. Send at once for CATALOGUE AND SAMPLES. FREE. - HACKETTS WORKS, JULY ROAD, LIVERPOOL, E.

Cure yourself as I did. Particulars free. FRANK B. HUGHES, 7, Southampton Row, London, W. C. 1.

appro's, enc. post. Mention Gift 501. B. L. CORYN, 10, Wave Crest, Whitstable, Kent.

Life on a Canadian farm is the life for a lad who loves the country. good opportunities. Apply-SUPERINTENDENT OF EMIGRATION, 1, Regent St., London, S.W. I., or to any Canadian Government Emigration Agent, or licenced booking agent.



greatest HOAX yet. See your friends' eyes protrude and their ears wag while you, unconcerned, are apparently printing genuine £1 Treasury Notes like hot cakes! Only a limited supply of these machines for sale. Price 2/- P.O. Post Free. Simple instructions are included. -THE NIBSOL CO. (Dept. A.P.), 132, King Edward's Road, Birmingham.

50 WAR & ARMISTICE FREE for Blue Label |

PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Brooks' Appliance is a new scien-



tific discovery with automatic air cushions that draws the broken parts together and binds them as you would a broken limb. It absolutely holds firmly and comfortably and never slips. Always light and cool, and conforms to every movement of the body without chafing or hurting. We make it to your measure, and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. Remember, we make it to your order-send It to you-you wear it-and if it

doesn't satisfy you, you send it back to us, and we will refund your money. That is the way we do business-always absolutely on the square-and we have sold to thousands of people this way for the past ten years. Remember we use no salves, no harness, no lies, no fakes. We just give you a straight business deal at a reasonable price. Write at once for our Illustrated Booklet. BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD.

(1376 A), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. 2.

of meeting people, mixing in company, going to social gatherings, dances, etc? Do you lack Self-Confidence, suffer from Nervous Fears, Depression, Blushing, Timidity, or Sleeplessness? Become Self-Confident, Full of Courage. Bright and Happy by sending immediately 3 penny stamps for particulars of the Mente-Nerve Strengthening Treatment. GUARANTEED CURE CR MONEY REFUNDED. -GODFRY ELLIOTT-SMITH, Ltd., 543, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C. 4.



INSTANTLY HILLS PAIN

Rheumatism., Neuralgia, Sprains. or anything with an ache or pain it. Soothing and cooling, it rates immediately, healing giving instant and lasting relief. 3/- from Boots, Taylor's, Timothy White's, and all Chemists and Stores, or direct from

THE VIKWIK CO. (Desk 80), 27, Store St., W.C.1,

The Family Liniment for Neuralgia Gout Rheumatism

Merve Pains Backache Sciatioa Bruises Cramp Sore Throat Lumbago, etc. Chilblains Sprains

WHY BE SHORT?—If a few extra inches are what you need, commence the Girvan Scientific Treatment at once. Your friends will be astonished at the improvement in your appearance. Students report from 2 to 5 inches increase. You will work, cat, and sleep better. Results are quite permanent. Send F.C. for particulars and £100 guarantee to Enquiry Dept. A.M.P., 17, Stroud Green Road, London, N.4.

All you require-Boots, Suits, Costumes, Raincoats, Overcoats, Accordeons, Watches, Rings, Cutlery, Clocks, etc., from 4/- monthly. Catalogue free Home or Abroad from MASTERS, LTD., 6, Hope Stores, Rye, Sussek.





J. A. DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 88). 26. Tenmark Hill, Camberwell, London, E.E. J.

OURS FOR 1/- Handsome full-sized Gent's Lever Watch sent upon receipt of 1/-. After approval send 1/6 more the balance may then be paid by 5 monthly instalments of 2/- cach. Guarantecd 5 years. Chain offered Free with every watch. Wrist Watches, etc., on same terms. Cash returned in full if dis-CHAIN setisfied. Send 1/- now to Simpson's Ltd. (Dept. 90), 94. Queen's Rd., Brighton, Sussex.

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS. Simple 7-day Permanent Home Cure for either sex. No Autosuggestion, drill, etc. Write at once, mention "B.F." and get full particulars quite FREE privately. U.J.D., 12, All Saints Road St. Annes-on-Sea.

Printed and published every Monday by the Proprietors, the Amalgamated Press (1922), Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription Rates: Inland, 13s. per annum; 5s. 6d. for six months. Sole Agents for South Africa: The Central News

Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription Rates: Inland, 13s. per annum; 5s. 6d. for six months. Sole Agents for South Africa: The Central News

RN

Agency Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; and for Canada, The Imperial News Co., Ltd. (Canada). Schurder, March 10th, 1923.