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“The Shanghaiers!” A Ripping Complete Story of Prince Ching Lung and Gan Waga & Co., by Sidney Drew, inside!

# The BOYS' FRIEND 2d

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THE BEST BOYS' PAPER IN THE WORLD!

[Week Ending May 3rd, 1924.]



THE CITY AND SUBURBAN CANDIDATE IN GRAVE PERIL!

(A dramatic incident from the great racing story in this issue.)

A LAUGHABLE STORY OF THE CHUMS OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL!

# Tubby's Great Sell!

By OWEN CONQUEST.

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

Tubby Muffin's dream of unlimited tuck fails to materialise!



## The 1st Chapter.

### Gunner Knows!

Reginald Muffin of the Classical Fourth was evidently "bucked."

Anybody could have seen at a glance that Tubby Muffin was bucked.

His fat face was irradiated with smiles. Had Muffin of the Fourth been asked to tea in the prefects' room, or given the free run of the school shop, he could not have looked more merry and bright.

Jimmy Silver & Co. noticed it when they came in to tea. Tubby Muffin met them in the Fourth-Form passage, and the Fistical Four could not help observing the happy satisfaction in his exceedingly plump countenance.

"Tubby's had a remittance!" remarked Arthur Edward Lovell.

"Or somebody else has!" suggested Jimmy Silver.

Tubby greeted the four with a happy grin.

"You fellows go in for numismatics?" he asked.

"Which?" ejaculated Jimmy.

"Numismatics."

"What on earth is numismatics?" asked Raby. "Is it a game?"

Tubby sniffed—the sniff of superior knowledge.

"It's the science of coins," he explained.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Lovell. "Do you mean numismatics?"

"I dare say that's it," admitted Tubby. "I know it's a jolly long word, and begins with 'numis,' anyhow. Gunner knows all about it, and he told me. You fellows go in for it?"

"Well, I prefer cricket, as a game," said Jimmy Silver. "But you're not looking so bucked over numismatics, Tubby, surely? Of course, I know you've always been keen on collecting coins—you owe a few to every fellow in the Fourth."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm not exactly taking up numismatics—I mean numismatics," said Tubby Muffin. "But Gunner goes in for it, you know, and he knows all about it—at least, he says so. He's told me about my guinea. Like to see it?"

"Your guinea?"

"Yes, my King George the First golden guinea!" said Tubby, beaming. "Gunner says that George guineas are worth a lot of money. He's got one in his collection at home that's worth three pounds, he says. If his guinea is worth three pounds, mine is worth three pounds, isn't it? Fancy that, you fellows!"

"Where on earth have you dug up a George the First guinea?" exclaimed Jimmy Silver, in amazement. "I bought it!"

"For three pounds?" ejaculated Lovell.

Tubby gave a fat, happy chuckle. "No—for threepence! You see, I've got a business head on me. You fellows mayn't have noticed that I've got the sharpest head in the Fourth—"

"I thought you had the fattest," said Lovell.

Sniff from Tubby.

"Well, you fellows may be jolly clever, but you've never picked up a George guinea at a second-hand stall for threepence, and found out that it was worth three pounds," he said. "And have you?" demanded Newcome.

"Just that!" grinned Tubby. "It was on a stall in Latcham market, you know, last term. Everything in the tray was threepence, and that guinea was among the lot. Of course, the man didn't know its value. He must have thought it was an imitation. It was rather old and dirty. I thought I'd polish it up, you know, and put it on my watch-chain, and fellows wouldn't know it wasn't real, would they? Well I was going to polish it, only—"

"Only you were too lazy!" suggested Raby.

"Well, it got left over," said Tubby. "But the other day I came across it and I polished it up, and then Gunner saw it. Gunner's great on numismatics—I mean numismatics. He spotted it at once, and told me it was a genuine guinea, just like his, and worth three pounds. Fancy that!"

"Chiefly fancy I should say!" grinned Lovell.

"Well, Gunner knows!"

"Gunner's the biggest ass at Rookwood, present company excepted," said Jimmy.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He's got one like it!" hooted Tubby. "Look here, if you fellows care to go in for numismatics I'll let you have it to start a collection. It's worth three pounds, but I'll let it go cheaper to an old pal. You can have it for two pounds nineteen and six, Jimmy."

"Not really?" asked Jimmy, with gentle sarcasm.

"Yes, really, old chap! I believe in being generous to an old pal," said Tubby. "Come into my study and see it."

"Well, we'd like to see it," said Lovell.

And the Fistical Four followed Reginald Muffin into Study No. 2.

Tubby Muffin sailed along as if he were walking on air.

The discovery that what he had taken for a cheap imitation was in reality a genuine golden guinea had bucked him immensely.

Three pounds was the value, according to Gunner of the Fourth—and three pounds was a huge sum to Tubby. The amount of tuck it represented fairly dazzled him.

Tubby's studymates were in the room—Putty Grace, Higgs, and Jones minor. They were passing a glimmering coin from hand to hand, and examining it. Tubby gave a whoop.

"Here, mind what you're up to with that guinea! It's jolly valuable."

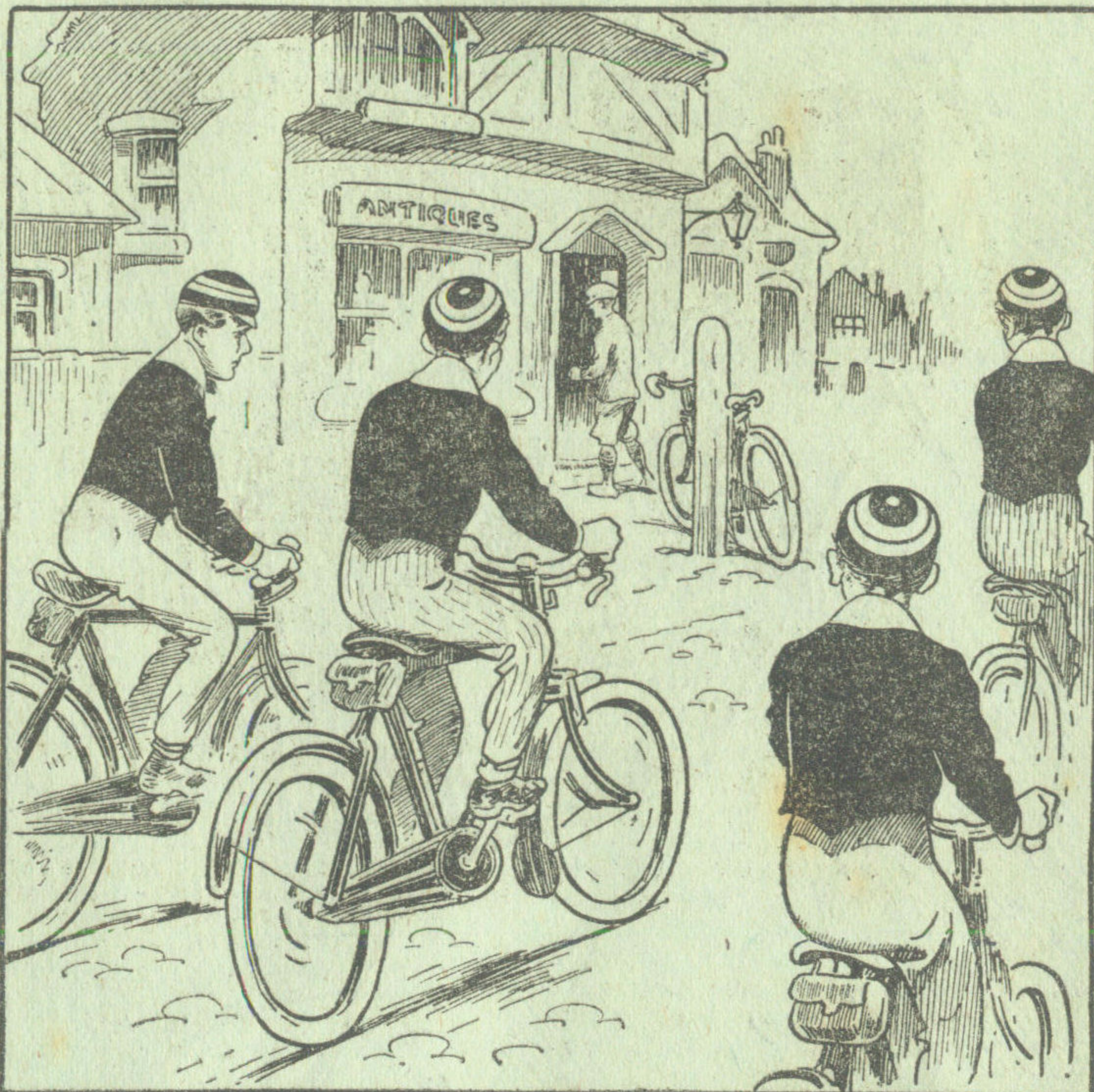
Tubby grabbed his guinea and handed it to Jimmy Silver.

"Look at that!" he said.

The Fistical Four looked at it with interest. If Tubby had had such a stroke of good fortune, they were glad of it. But they could not help having some doubts. Such things

happened, that was certain, but such happenings were rare. Rare old coins, priceless old editions of books were sometimes picked up on a second-hand stall for a mere song. But not often!

But the guinea—now brightly polished—certainly looked very imposing. If it was not gold it was a good imitation. Gunner of the Fourth looked into the study while



IN LATCHAM! As Jimmy Silver & Co. cycled into the market square in Latcham, they caught sight of Cyril Peele entering Sanderson's antique shop and wondered what he was doing there.

the juniors were examining Tubby's prize. Peter Cuthbert Gunner was looking very pleased with himself. It was seldom—very seldom—that Gunner's opinion on any subject was heard with respect. It was true that he regarded himself as an authority on most subjects, especially cricket and football. Other fellows regarded him as a first-class duffer on all subjects, especially cricket and football! Gunner, who had plenty of money, sometimes had expensive hobbies, which he took up and dropped as the spirit moved him. Among other things, he had given his attention to numismatics, and fellows who had been home with Gunner had seen his collection. So it had to be supposed that, on that subject at least, Gunner had some idea of what he was talking about. And it was so rarely that fellows acknowledged that Gunner knew what he was talking about that Peter Cuthbert was now feeling almost as bucked as the happy owner of the coin.

Jimmy Silver & Co. passed the George guinea from hand to hand, and then they passed it to Gunner and looked at him inquiringly.

"The goods—what?" asked Lovell, doubtfully.

Gunner nodded.

"Yes, look at it! I've got one just

like it—bust of George the First, with GEORGIUS D.G.M.BR.FR.ET.HIB. REX F.D. Then, on the other side, four crowned shields—one for England and Scotland, one for Ireland, one for France—you know our kings had the title of King of France in those days—and one for the Electorate of Hanover, where old George came from—Star of the Garter in the centre—Oh, quite genuine!"

Gunner spoke in an off-hand way, like a fellow to whom such knowledge was familiar.

"But imitations of these things are made sometimes, for chaps who can't afford the genuine article," remarked Jimmy Silver.

"I know that!" Gunner was disdainful. "This is genuine, though. Just the same as mine."

"It doesn't seem very heavy for gold."

"Same as mine," said Gunner.

"Well, if it's all right, good luck for you, Tubby!" said Jimmy Silver. "Congrats, old man!"

"Like to buy it?" beamed Tubby.

"Thanks, no," said Jimmy, laughing. "Three pounds would want a lot of looking for in the end study."

"I'll let you have it for two-seventeen-six if you're taking up numis-what-d'ye-call-it," said Jimmy.

"But I'm not!" grinned Tubby.

"I'd buy it myself, only I've got one like it," said Gunner. "You can take it to the dealer at Latcham, Tubby. Of course, he won't give you three quid—he has to make his profit. He might give you two, or thirty shillings."

Tubby's face fell.

"I'd rather sell it about the school for three pounds," he said. "I say,

departed. He was still greatly bucked by the discovery of his unexpected treasure; but evidently golden guineas were a drug in the market in the Rookwood Fourth. Reginald Muffin unwillingly made up his fat mind to leave the sale over till the following day, when he would be able to get across to Latcham, and bargain with a dealer.

In the meantime he remained hugely bucked by his good fortune, and that night he dreamed of golden guineas and of unlimited tuck, and a sweet and happy smile lingered on his fat features as he slumbered.

## The 2nd Chapter.

### Lost, Stolen, or Strayed!

"Help!"

"What?"

"Help! Thieves! Fire! Grooooooh!"

Reginald Muffin was a little incoherent.

He bounced out of Study No. 2 and ran into Jimmy Silver, sending that youth staggering against the passage wall. It was no joke to be run down by a fellow of Tubby Muffin's weight and circumference.

It was Wednesday afternoon, a sunny half-holiday. Rookwood fellows had various schemes for the afternoon, and Jimmy Silver & Co. intended to take a little run on their bicycles. Tubby Muffin's intention was to take the train from Coombe to Latcham with his precious George guinea in his pocket to drive a bargain with the antique dealer in the market town. The cause of Tubby's sudden excitement was a mystery.

Jimmy leaned on the passage wall and gasped for breath. Lovell grasped Tubby as the fat Classical staggered from the shock, and righted him.

"What's the matter, you fat duffer?" he exclaimed.

"Ow! Thieves! Wow!"

"What?" yelled Lovell.

"Help! Thieves! Murder! My gig-gig-gig!"

"Your what?" shrieked Raby.

"They've stolen my gig-gig—"

stammered Tubby.

"Your gig!" exclaimed Newcome.

"Gone potty? You never had any gig, you fat chump!"

"My gig-gig-gig-gig-gig-gig!"

"Oh, your guinea, you ass! Have you lost it?"

"I haven't lost it!" yelled Tubby. "It's been took—I mean taken! Taken away from my study! My guinea—three pounds! I'm going to Mr. Dalton! I'm gig-gig-going to the Head! I—I—I—"

Arthur Edward Lovell grasped Tubby by the shoulder and shook him vigorously.

"Shut up that rot!" he commanded.

"Yooop!"

"Your silly guinea may have been lost, but it hasn't been stolen!" snapped Lovell. "If you say it has again I'll bang your silly napper on the wall!"

"It's been stolen—Yaroooop!"

Bang!

Arthur Edward Lovell was as good as his word.

The concussion between Tubby Muffin's bullet head and the passage wall rang loudly. Still more loudly rang the fiendish yell uttered by Tubby.

"There!" said Lovell. "Now talk sense!"

"Yaroooop!"

"That isn't sense!"

"Whoooo!"

"Nor that," said Lovell, shaking the fat Classical. "You've lost your silly guinea!"

"Groogh! Ow! I haven't!" wailed Tubby. "I put it away safe last night. Now it's gone!"

"What rot!" broke in Valentine Mornington. "There's nobody would steal it even if it was genuine, which I don't believe!"

"It was genuine enough," said Gunner. "Whoever has bagged Tubby's guinea has bagged three quid!"

"I don't think!" said Morny, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"Look here!" roared Gunner. "If you think I don't know anything about numismatics, Mornington, I'm ready to punch your head!"

"Which would be proof?" remarked Putty of the Fourth.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, have you got it, Mornington?" yelled Tubby.

"What!"

"Well, somebody's got it, and you're making out that it's of no value!" howled Tubby. "Hand it over, or I'll go to the Head!"

"You silly owl!" roared Mornington, while the Classical juniors roared

with laughter. The passage was crowded with fellows now, called to the scene by Tubby's frantic uproar.

"Better keep that fat fool quiet!" remarked Peele of the Fourth. "We don't want the other Forms to begin chippin' us about havin' a thief in the Fourth!"

"Yes, rather!" said Lovell emphatically. "Smythe and his lot would be glad to get hold of it—and the Modern cads, too. If Muffin says another word about his silly guinea being stolen I'll bang his silly head again!"

"But it's gone!" howled Muffin. "Guineas can't walk, you ass!" "Silly chumps can lose them, though!" said Peele. "Have you got it, Peele?" "Eh?"

"You're making out that I've lost it. If you've got it you just hand it over, or I'll go to the Head!" "You silly owl!" exclaimed Lovell. "Will you shut up?" And Arthur Edward Lovell tapped Tubby's head on the wall again, by way of reminder.

"Yooop! I say, make him leggo!" howled Tubby. "He's got it!" "Who's got it?" hooted Lovell. "You have!" "I!" spluttered Arthur Edward. "Yes, you rotter! That's why you're banging my head!" howled Muffin. "You hand it over, or I'll go to Mr. Dalton!"

"Why, I—I—I—" gasped Lovell. "Are you going to accuse everybody in the Form, one after another, you fat duffer?" demanded Jimmy Silver. "Dry up!" "I won't dry up!" panted Tubby. "If you've got it, Jimmy Silver, you just hand it over!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Bump him!" shouted Lovell. "Oh, don't bully him," said Gower, who was Peele's chum, and always "up against" the Fistical Four. "Who's bullying him?" bawled Lovell. "Well, let him alone," said Gower. "If his guinea's been stolen, he's a right to say so."

"I say, have you got it, Gower?" panted Tubby Muffin. Gower jumped. "I—you fat dummy!" he exclaimed. "Well, you admit it's been stolen so—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors. Gower's face was a study. "Why, I—I—I'll burst him!" howled Gower. "Let me get at him and—Ow, you beast!" Gower staggered back from a hefty push on the chest delivered by Arthur Edward Lovell. "No, you won't!" said Arthur Edward coolly. "You won't bully him, old bean!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Order!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "We'd better see to this before that fat duffer starts a lot of talk in the school. Roll him into his study." "The fat duffer's dropped it somewhere," said Peele. "It will turn up again."

"I'm pretty certain of that," said Jimmy Silver. "Bring him in." Reginald Muffin was pushed into his study, and that room, and the doorway, and the passage outside swarmed with Classical Fourth-Formers. The various occupations planned for the afternoon were "off" now, while the mystery of the missing guinea was inquired into. All the fellows present agreed that Tubby should not be allowed to spread a yarn through the school that his guinea had been stolen—the honour of the Fourth was at stake; and even Cyril Peele, the blackest sheep in the Form, was as keen on that as any other fellow.

Tubby Muffin's desire was to rouse up the Head, and the police—indeed, he would have been willing to call out the military. But Tubby Muffin was not allowed to have his way. A swarm of the Classical Fourth hemmed him in his study—while Jimmy Silver, taking the lead as captain of the Fourth, proceeded to investigate.

The 3rd Chapter.

Serious for the Fourth!

Jimmy Silver & Co. did not believe for a moment that the golden guinea bearing the effigy of his defunct Majesty, King George the First, had been stolen. They were quite certain that it was only some of Tubby's "rot." But that opinion was shaken very soon.

Tubby frantically explained where he had left the guinea—in his study, in a cardboard-box once devoted to pen-nibs, in the drawer of the table. He had placed it there, after showing it round the junior Common-room the previous evening. As it happened, Jones minor had been in the study

when he did so, and had left the study with Muffin afterwards. After that, Muffin had not re-entered the study before bed-time.

That morning, as he excitedly as-severated, he had not been in the study at all. He had come up after dinner to fetch the guinea and take it over to Latcham. And he had found the cardboard-box empty—the golden guinea conspicuous by its absence.

In these circumstances it was really impossible to suppose that Tubby had dropped it anywhere. Tubby was a first-class duffer; but it had to be admitted that he must know whether he had gone to the table drawer and taken the guinea out of the box where Jones minor had seen him place it. And Tubby earnestly, passionately, and frantically asseverated that he hadn't.

"Uncle James" began to look worried. It was a horrid thought, that there was a fellow in the Form base enough to commit a theft. But the guinea was gone.

According to Gunner, the guinea was worth three pounds. Whether Gunner was right or wrong, certainly most of the fellows believed that he knew what he stated so positively. Most of the Fourth believed that that old coin would sell at Latcham for at least thirty shillings. A good many fellows in the Fourth were hard up—

Putty Grace turned crimson. "Of course, you're alluding to me, Peele," he exclaimed. "I shouldn't be fool enough to play practical jokes with money, I hope. Anyhow, I never touched the guinea—I didn't even know where Tubby had put it. I haven't seen it since yesterday afternoon."

"Same here," said Higgs. "And here," said Jones minor. "That settles that!" said Jimmy Silver. "Putty's a japing ass, but we all know we can take his word."

"And any fellow could have come into the study, in the evening after Tubby put it away," said Lovell. "Most of the fellows were downstairs, and nobody would notice. Any fellow might have come up to his study, and slipped in here. Why, you were in your own study yourself, Peele, till close on dawn."

Peele shrugged his shoulders. "Well, my belief is that it's a joke on Tubby, and I think it will be pretty rotten if there's a yarn spread about that there's a thief in the Fourth," he said.

And with that, Cyril Peele left the study and walked away with Gower. "That much is right enough, anyhow," said Jimmy Silver. "You ought to have locked it up, Tubby. Anyhow, you're not to talk about a theft unless we can make sure."

The 4th Chapter. Dark Suspicions!

"That's Peele!" remarked Arthur Edward Lovell.

The chums of the Fourth were pedalling into the market town of Latcham, which lay on their route that afternoon. Ahead of them, on the sunny road, they had a view of a cyclist's back.

The juniors had been out some time, and had not ridden direct to Latcham. They were quite near the market town when they turned into the main road from a leafy lane, and the cyclist was some little distance ahead of them then.

They did not see his face, as he did not look round; but they knew it was Peele. He was not in Etons, and he was not wearing a Rookwood cap, but the look of him was familiar. He was grinding rather hard at his pedals; the ride from Rookwood to Latcham was rather a long one for a slacker like Peele.

The Fistical Four had been round and about in the lanes, and covered a much greater distance, but they were as fresh as paint. They glided on behind Peele in a cheery bunch on the wide country road.

"Peele's bucking-up, getting out as far as Latcham on a bike," remarked Raby. "He looks nearly done, though."



COLLARED! Even as Gunner made a jump at Tubby Muffin three or four fellows made a jump at Gunner, and collared him. "Bump the silly ass," said Jimmy Silver. "It will teach him not to be so cocksure."

some of them in a perennial state of hard-upness. Was it possible that some miserable rascal had descended so low as to purloin the guinea, to sell it for what it would fetch?

It was a hideous thought; and yet there seemed no other explanation. Jimmy Silver looked round with a clouded brow when Tubby had finished spluttering out his statements.

"I say, this is pretty rotten, you fellows!" said Jimmy. "Looks rotten for Tubby's studymates," said Peele.

Putty of the Fourth turned on him. "How's that?" he demanded fiercely.

"You needn't jump down a fellow's throat!" said Peele coolly. "I only mean that Tubby's studymates would know where the guinea was, and would be able to bag it without being noticed."

"Look here—" roared Higgs. "I'm not accusing anybody," said Peele hastily. "I've already said that I don't believe it was stolen." "Where is it, then?" howled Tubby. Peele hesitated.

"If you've got anything to say, Peele, you'd better cough it up," said Jimmy Silver, with a glance of disfavour at the black sheep of the Fourth.

"Well," said Peele, "we all know that there's a practical jokin' ass in this study always playin' some trick or other. Looks to me as if Tubby's leg is bein' pulled—some ass has hidden his silly guinea for a jape."

Jimmy Silver drew a breath of relief. The suggestion was quite a plausible one, and it banished the horrid thought that a theft had been perpetrated.

All eyes turned on Putty of the Fourth. Putty's practical joking proclivities were well known.

"I want my guinea!" bawled Tubby. "I'm going to the Head—I'm going to the police—I'm going to—"

"You're going to shut up!" roared Lovell. "Look here—"

"Don't be an ass, Tubby!" said Mornington. "If any fellow has got hold of your guinea for a joke, he will chuck it away as soon as the Head gets going. He won't risk being accused of stealing it."

"Oh! Oh dear!" gasped Tubby Muffin, quite aghast at that dreadful possibility.

"It's almost unbelievable that the beastly thing has been stolen," said Jimmy Silver. "Anyhow, we'll put it down as a joke so far, and give the silly fool a chance to return it. I'll put up a notice at the end of the passage."

"Good idea," said Erroll. "But, I say—" howled Tubby.

"You've said enough! Shut up!" And, heedless of the wrathful ejaculations and lamentations of Reginald Muffin, the Classical juniors decided the matter according to Jimmy Silver's view. Tubby was warned with dire threats to say no word of a theft outside the Fourth; and Jimmy, before he went out, pinned up a notice at the head of the stairs for all the Classical Fourth to read. It ran:

"The silly owl who has hidden Tubby Muffin's silly guinea is hereby ordered to return it to Study No. 2 before call-over. Otherwise he will be found out, and will get a Form ragging."

(Signed) J. SILVER.

Then the Fistical Four went out to their bicycles, hoping that the missing guinea would have turned up by the time they came in for call-over.

"My hat!" ejaculated Arthur Edward Lovell suddenly.

Lovell looked startled. "It—it can't be possible!" he exclaimed.

"What's that?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"What the thump is Peele biking over to Latcham for?" said Lovell. "He's a dashed slacker. He never does five miles on a bike, and this is a jolly long ride. Muffin was going over to Latcham with his blessed guinea, if it hadn't been missing. He was going to call at Sanderson's, the antique place, to sell it if he could."

Jimmy gave Lovell a sharp look. "Old man, that sounds a bit suspicious," he said. "You can't suspect that Peele's got Tubby's guinea in his pocket?"

Lovell reddened. "Well, no," he said. "I admit it flashed into my mind. We know Peele's a shady card, and he goes in for betting on gee-gees, and he goes in for queering that he could come over to Latcham. But I suppose even Peele wouldn't be such a rotter!"

"I hope not," said Jimmy. "Sanderson's shop is in the market square," said Raby. "We pass the top of the square, getting through the town. If Peele stops at Sanderson's and— But we're jolly well not going to watch him."

"Of course not!" said Lovell hastily. The Fistical Four pedalled on in silence. They were entering the town now, a little behind Peele. Had they come on Peele farther back on the country road they would have passed him very quickly; but in the narrow old streets of the ancient Hampshire market town they could not put on speed. Once or twice now they

caught Peele's profile as he turned his head slightly, and there was no doubt that it was Cyril Peele of the Classical Fourth Form of Rookwood. Peele kept ahead, and pedalled into the market square, and a few minutes later he stopped, and the Fistical Four rode past him.

He had stopped at an old shop, outside which a wooden post stood, a relic of old days when horses had been tied there. Peele had leaned his bicycle against the post, and was going into the dusky old shop, down two steps from the square, as the four rode by. And the shop was Sanderson's. The little window contained cases of coins, sheets of foreign stamps, stuffed birds, and a stuffed monkey, and other such articles dealt in by old Mr. Sanderson. The Fistical Four had not the slightest desire to spy on Peele; but they simply could not help seeing that the cad of the Fourth entered the shop—that Tubby Muffin had intended to visit for the purpose of selling his George guinea.

They rode on in silence, feeling extremely uncomfortable.

It was a strange coincidence, at the least. Peele certainly might have had some business that afternoon at the antique dealer's. He might; but it was improbable. The coincidence was altogether too odd.

Even Jimmy Silver, much as he hated to be suspicious, could not help thinking it likely that, if they entered Sanderson's at that moment they would find Cyril Peele dealing with Mr. Sanderson on the subject of a George the First guinea.

Nothing would have induced the chums of the Fourth to follow Peele into the shop, to watch him, on bare suspicion. But they felt very uncomfortable as they pedalled on, unable to drive suspicion from their minds.

No member of the Fistical Four broke the silence till they were a long way out of Latcham, on the road to Rookham. Arthur Edward Lovell spoke at last.

"It looks queer, you fellows," he said. "Beastly queer!" agreed Jimmy Silver.

"What the thump was Peele doing at that shop?" Jimmy did not answer. "I—I suppose it's only a coincidence," said Raby hesitatingly. Grunt from Lovell.

"I—I hope Tubby's guinea will turn up," said Jimmy Silver. "Peele's a bad hat, and we all know it; but we can't find him guilty of an awful thing like that without jolly strong evidence. Better not think about it—anyway, till we're certain that Tubby's guinea is gone for good!"

"That's right," agreed Newcome. But it was a little difficult not to think about it. If Tubby's guinea remained missing Peele's visit to the antique shop at Latcham could only be considered very suspicious. They remembered, too, that Peele had not been wearing a Rookwood cap—but an ordinary cloth cap instead. Why had he not wanted Mr. Sanderson to know that he was a Rookwood fellow—for what other object could he have had?

The chums of the Fourth succeeded in dismissing the matter from their minds at last. They stopped at the inn at Rookham for tea, and after that, pedalled home to Rookwood School at a leisurely pace, timing themselves to get there for call-over.

One of the first fellows they noticed as they came in was Peele of the Fourth. He was talking to Gower, and he took no heed of the Fistical Four. They had been behind him all the time at Latcham, and he had not seen them there. The four looked at him; but if they were looking for signs of a guilty conscience they did not observe any. Peele's manner was quite normal.

"Just in time for call-over," said Mornington, coming in with Erroll. "Hallo, Tubby! Found your giddy guinea?" Tubby Muffin rolled in from the quad, fat and glum. He shook his head.

"No! It's been stolen!" he growled. "I say, Jimmy, that guinea hasn't turned up yet. I knew it wouldn't. And it's call-over now, and something's got to be done."

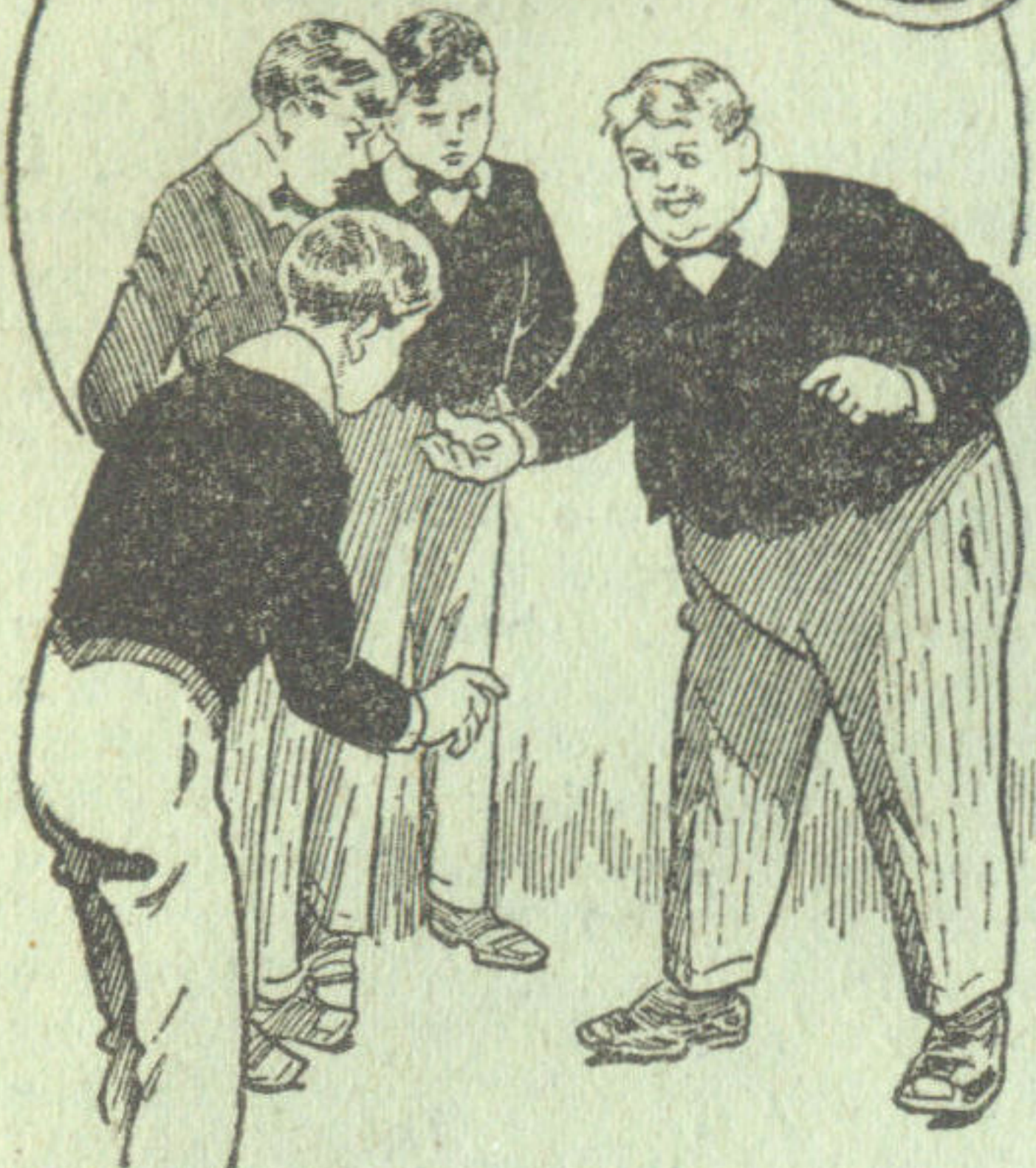
"After call-over," said Jimmy Silver. Cyril Peele glanced round.

"Better make sure before you talk about your bogus guinea bein' pinched, Muffin," he said. "It's not a bogus guinea, and I'm quite sure!" hooted Tubby.

"Peele seems rather keen that fellows shouldn't suppose that there'd

(Continued overleaf.)

# Tubby's Great Sell!



(Continued from previous page.)

George guinea had turned up, after all.

"So it was a giddy jest, and the practical joker has brought it back!" exclaimed Mornington.

Jimmy Silver & Co. looked at one another.

Their faces were red and they were feeling utterly sheepish and sick with themselves. For by that time they had grown convinced that Peele had stolen Tubby's guinea. Circumstantial evidence, and their knowledge of Peele's shady ways, had convinced them. Had the unknown jester kept the guinea back, they would not leave had the slightest doubt that Peele had taken it and sold it in Latcham that afternoon. They would have condemned him, in their own minds at least, and the condemnation would have been unjust!

That reflection was enough to make the Fistical Four feel very sick with themselves. They stood flushed and silent, scarcely daring to look at Peele.

## The 5th Chapter. Found!

Mr. Dalton was taking roll-call. Calling-over seemed a long process to some of the Fourth on this occasion. Tubby Muffin had agreed—reluctantly—to let the matter of the missing guinea stand over till after roll; he was eager for the theft to be proclaimed, and investigation commenced. Jimmy Silver & Co. were anxious now for the matter to come to a head. And most of the Classical Fourth were curious to know whether the notice, posted in the Fourth Form passage by the captain of the Form, had produced any effect. Certainly, if the guinea had been abstracted for a foolish practical joke, it was likely that the jester would have returned it by this time.

The juniors crowded out after roll, and most of the Classical Fourth headed for Study No. 2 at once.

That study and the passage outside were crowded. Jimmy Silver glanced over the room, hoping to see the guinea; but it was not to be seen there.

"It's not been brought back!" hooted Tubby Muffin. "I knew it wouldn't be! The thief's sold it by this time, Jimmy Silver, and you're jolly well responsible."

"Yes, Silver's responsible," said Gunner, in his positive way. "If the guinea doesn't turn up, Silver ought to compensate Muffin."

"What rot!" said Mornington. "If the guinea doesn't turn up," said Jimmy Silver quietly, "the matter will have to be reported to Mr. Dalton. It doesn't seem to have been brought back."

"I'm going to Mr. Dalton now!" exclaimed Tubby.

"I—I suppose you'd better!" admitted the captain of the Fourth.

"The sooner the better!" said Gunner. "That guinea was worth three pounds, as I've said before."

"Three farthings, more likely," said Peele.

"I tell you I know something about numismatics!" roared Gunner.

"About as much as you know about cricket, I fancy," sneered Peele. "But before you go to Dicky Dalton, Silver, hadn't you better look round the study? The jolly old joker may have brought it back, you know."

"It isn't here."

"You haven't looked yet," said Peele.

"Well, I can't see it," snapped Jimmy, his suspicions of Peele deepening every moment.

Peele jerked out the table drawer. "Might be there!" he said.

"That's where the fat duffer kept it, and that's where it might be put back."

"Oh, rot—My hat!" ejaculated Jimmy, as a golden glimmer caught his eye.

"My guinea!" yelled Tubby Muffin.

"Great Scott!"

Muffin pounced on the guinea. There it was, glimmering in the table drawer, among papers and pens, pencils and nibs, and old letters. The

"You put ink in my marmalade once."

"That's different from playing the goat with money, you ass!"

"Well, I know it is, and I take your word, of course; but you should be more careful, all the same."

"You silly chump—"

"Look here, Putty—"

"Look here, you dummy—"

"I'll jolly well—"

"Order!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver.

"Chuck it, Lovell! Putty never touched it, if he says he didn't! I'd like to find the silly ass who played the trick, though!"

"You wouldn't have to look outside this study for him, I fancy," sneered Peele.

Putty made a stride towards Peele, who promptly stepped out of Study No. 2 and walked away. The crowd of juniors broke up, all of them glad that the missing guinea had turned up, and that there was no longer the shadow of a suspected theft over the Classical Fourth. Most of them were disposed to think that Putty had been the practical joker, in spite of his angry denials. Putty's reputation as a jester was great in the Fourth, and it told against him now.

Tubby Muffin did not return the guinea to the table drawer. He was taking no more risks with it. He disposed of his valuable prize in an inner pocket, there to remain till he could dispose of it for cash.

In the end study Jimmy Silver & Co. looked at one another.

"You were wrong about Peele, after all, Jimmy!" said Lovell.

Muffin had been making a collection for his return ticket to Latcham. With a golden guinea in his possession, worth anything from thirty shillings to three pounds, Tubby was still in his usual impecunious state. He came up to Jimmy Silver & Co. and held out a fat hand.

"Just sixpence more," he said. "I'll settle it out of what I get for the guinea."

Jimmy Silver & Co. sorted out coppers, and the required sum was made up. Then Reginald Muffin, in high feather, trotted out of the school gates, on his way to Coombe to take the local train. The George guinea was safe in his pocket. Gunner of the Fourth called to him as he started.

"Don't take less than thirty bob, Muffin! It will go cheap at that."

"I won't!" agreed Tubby.

And he trotted away in great spirits.

Tubby was expected back to tea. In Study No. 2 there was some expectation. With ready cash in his possession, Tubby was going to stand a study spread—howsoever large the sum he received for his guinea, it was not likely to last Tubby very long. Higgs and Jones minor and Putty considered that it was, indeed, high time that Tubby stood a feed—he generally shared them, but seldom stood them. And Tubby had graciously invited the Fistical Four and several other fellows. With this chance at last of spreading himself, Tubby was going to do the thing in style.

So at tea-time Jimmy Silver & Co. came in, and instead of going on to

"Then what about the spread?" demanded Jones indignantly.

"Oh dear! There won't be any spread."

"Well, you fat chump—"

"Shut up, Jones!" said Gunner.

"Tubby's quite right not to sell it if he couldn't get the value. How much did old Sanderson offer you, Muffin?"

"Twopence!" groaned Muffin.

"What?"

Tubby groaned again deeply.

"Twopence!"

"Twopence!" said Gunner dazedly.

"It's worth three pounds—two at the very least! Is the man mad?"

Click! Tubby Muffin threw the golden guinea on the table. He did not seem to care where it fell.

"He says it's an imitation," mumbled Tubby. "He says it's a dummy coin, the kind they make to put in a showcase, or something. He says they're quite common—only yesterday a fellow came in to sell one to him, thinking it was a real guinea. Oh dear!"

Jimmy Silver gave a start.

"A fellow tried to sell one to him yesterday!" he exclaimed.

"Ow! Yes—and Mr. Sanderson told him it was bogus," said Tubby dismally. "He says it was exactly the same as mine! Oh dear!"

Jimmy Silver compressed his lips.

He had little doubt of the identity of the fellow who had tried to sell an imitation George guinea to Mr. Sanderson the previous day—thinking it was real. He understood, too, how it was that the missing guinea had been returned to Tubby's study. Even Peele had not cared to become a thief for the sake of a few pence.

"Mr. Sanderson's got a dozen of them," groaned Tubby. "He says I can have them at twopence each if I like. Ow!"

"Rot!" said Gunner.

"He said he didn't want any more, but he would give me twopence for this one, if I liked. I gave threepence for it, you know."

"Well, you ass!" said Lovell.

Tubby Muffin groaned.

"You footlin' ass!" said Townsend.

And he walked out of the study with Topham. Oswald and Dickinson minor grinned and followed them. Evidently the spread was "off"—very much off.

Tubby Muffin sank into a chair, with a woebegone face. He had counted his chickens rather too early, and now they were never to be hatched. It was a terrible blow for Tubby. Since Gunner had informed him of the value of his George guinea, Tubby had dreamed of tuck—he had lived, moved, and had his being in visions of tuck. And now there was to be no tuck!

"It's utter rot!" exclaimed Gunner. "I know something about numismatics—I can tell you all about coins and—"

"More than a dealer in them!" grinned Putty.

"Certainly. I tell you that George guinea is exactly like the one in my collection at home, that I gave three pounds for."

"Very likely," said Lovell. "You're the kind of footling chump that would give three pounds for a threepenny medal."

"Buck up, Muffin!" said Gunner encouragingly. "You can take my word for it that—"

"You silly ass!"

"What?"

"You thumping idiot!"

"Are you calling me names, Muffin?"

Tubby glared at him.

"You burbling jabberwock!" he howled. "You don't know what you're talking about! You never do! I might have known you were only gassing out of the back of your neck! Making me believe that bit of gilded tin was worth three pounds! Yah!"

"Why, I—I'll—"

"Fathead! Chump! Ass!" roared Tubby. "Now I've been all over to Latcham for nothing—you—you—silly owl! You ought to be put in a home for idiots! You know as much about numismatics as you know about cricket! Yah!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Gunner made a jump at Tubby.

At the same time, three or four fellows made a jump at Gunner, and collared him.

"Bump him!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Gunner's the cause of all the trouble, with his fatheaded cocksureness. He doesn't know enough to go in when it rains, and he sets up to teach us numismatics. Bump him!"

"Leggo! Yaroooh! I—oh, my hat!"

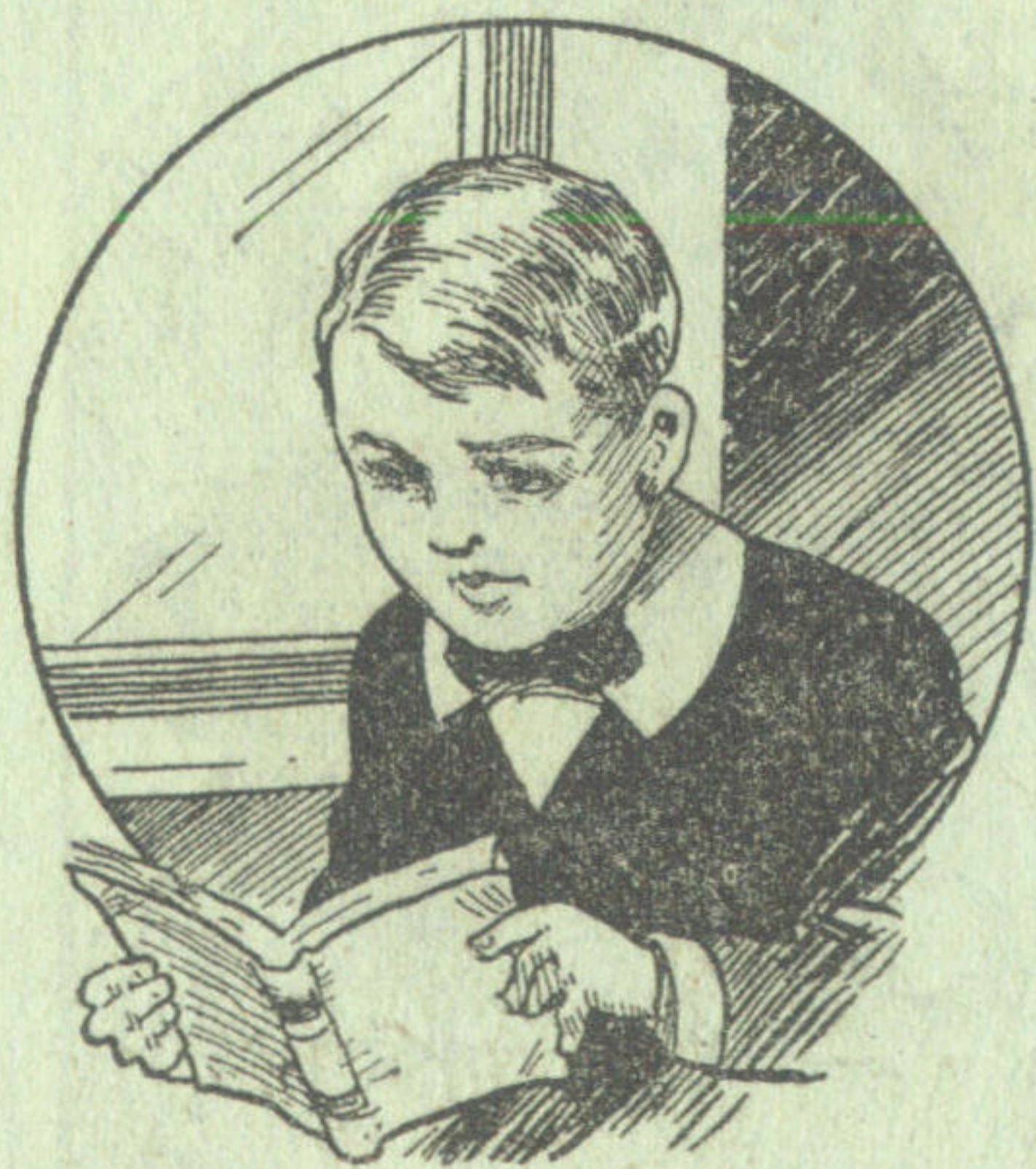
Bump! Bump! Bump!

The juniors felt that Gunner had asked for it, so they gave it to him. Peter Cuthbert Gunner smote the

(Continued on page 704.)

## BOYS' FRIEND FAVOURITES!

### George Raby of Rookwood School.



useful with his fists as are Jimmy Silver and Arthur Edward Lovell. Still, for all that, he has rendered great service to the Lower School at Rookwood in the many boxing tournaments which have been held from time to time between Rookwood and such other famous schools as Greyfriars and St. Jim's.

Raby indulges in every sport which Rookwood goes in for, but, with the exception of boxing, it cannot be said that he really excels at any one of them. There are many fellows in the Fourth who are streets above him at games, but for all that he commands his place in the football and cricket elevens of both his Form and the Lower School.

Defeat Raby will always take with a good heart as every other fellow should do. He is never a second late in congratulating a victorious opponent, and that in itself qualifies him to be termed a thorough good sportsman.

"You started the idea," said Jimmy tartly.

"Now look here, Jimmy—" said Arthur Edward, always ready to be argumentative.

"Oh, chuck it!"

"When a fellow's wrong he ought to be willing to admit that he's wrong," said Lovell.

"Ass!"

"Peele's a bad hat, but he's not a thief," said Lovell. "We know now that it was only a jape on Tubby. A fellow ought never to take any notice of circumstantial evidence."

"Oh, don't give us a sermon," said Raby testily.

Lovell frowned. Apparently, by this time, Arthur Edward was satisfied that he had been the champion of suspected innocence, and he felt called upon to speak a word in season to his erring chums.

"I'm only speaking to you for your own good," he said. "I think—"

"You don't," said Jimmy, "you can't! Dry up, fathead, before we bump you!"

Lovell snorted, but he dropped the subject. He shook his head seriously at his chums several times during tea. But they looked so restive that he did not speak to them for their own good any more.

## The 6th Chapter.

### Terrible for Tubby!

"Sixpence!" said Tubby Muffin.

It was the following day, after classes. During that day Tubby

the end study as usual, they stopped at No. 2. The table was set for tea—crockery and chairs had been borrowed along the passage. All was ready for the spread—with the exception of the spread itself. That had to wait till Tubby came back with his new supplies of cash.

"Not back yet?" asked Lovell.

"No. He won't be long now," said Putty of the Fourth. "Hallo, trot in, Gunner."

Gunner trotted in. The numismatist was on the list of invited guests. He brought his studymate, Dickinson minor, with him. Oswald and Topham and Townsend came in a little later. It was quite a gathering.

"Here he comes!" said Putty, who was looking from the study window. "I can see him. I suppose he'll stop at the tuckshop as he comes across—no, he's coming right on."

A few minutes later the heavy footsteps and stertorous breathing of Reginald Muffin were heard in the Fourth Form passage.

Tubby appeared in the doorway.

"Welcome home, old man!" said Higgs.

"All ready, Tubby!" said Jones minor.

Tubby did not answer. He blinked in at the assembled company, and they could not possibly fail to observe that the expression on his fat face was not happy. It was, indeed, glum, to the deepest depth of glumness. He came dismally into the study.

"Haven't you sold it?" exclaimed Jones minor in alarm.

"Ow! No."



# HEALTH AND SPORT

Conducted by **PERCY LONGHURST.**



If you are in need of any information concerning health, sport, or general fitness, write to Mr. Percy Longhurst, c/o The Editor, THE BOYS' FRIEND, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for a reply. All queries are a confidence between Mr. Longhurst and the sender, and are always answered by a personal letter and never in these columns. The information is entirely free, and is the best obtainable.

### Learning Boxing.

Numbers of books on boxing have been published, thousands of boxing articles written, and scores of boxing clubs exist, yet all the time there are hundreds of young lads to whom it occurs that they would like to learn boxing—to master the art of taking care of themselves in a row should they be unlucky enough to get into one. Many of these youngsters are at a loss as to how and by what means they can realise their ambition.

"I want to take up boxing. Can you tell me how to learn?" is a question that is asked again and again. And no doubt there are lots more fellows who would like to learn, but who, for some reason or other, fail to put the question. Well, it's an easy enough question to answer—after a fashion: "Join a boxing club, attend to what the instructor tells you, and practise all you can." Which is all right as far as it goes, and easy for those fellows who are so situated as to be able to carry the advice into effect. — But every chap who wants to learn boxing isn't so situated. There aren't boxing clubs and qualified instructors in every street. There are a number of good-sized towns where boxing clubs don't exist, and villages that have never seen a boxing-glove. Now, what is a chap wanting to learn boxing to do if he lives, as thousands of young fellows do live, in such circumstances?

Well, for such fellows who are readers of the BOYS' FRIEND we'll try to solve the problem. To do so is one of my privileges and pleasures. Each week, for some time, I hope to be able to devote a portion of my weekly notes to dealing with this problem. I want to do this for the benefit of the reader who is eager to learn, who has enthusiasm, but who, for obvious reasons, hasn't the opportunity of learning his boxing at a club or gym. We'll begin at the beginning.

To learn boxing at all successfully it is evident that a fellow must box, but as a commencement I want to say that the intention to learn, a set of gloves, an opponent to box with, and someone to explain what to do are not all the novice needs. Physical fitness is a requisite, and though I don't say a lad has to be in tip-top condition before he sets to work, I do say that he ought not to neglect this part of the business. He ought to be ready to give a short time every day towards improving his physique by suitable exercises; to toughen and develop his muscles; to make himself quick on his feet, improve his wind, develop his lungs, and so increase his powers of endurance. He can do this while he is learning the A B C of boxing, and, quickly realising the value of such practice, will keep it up.

The suitable exercises we'll deal with presently; the speed he will get by the daily "hundred up," frequent bouts of skipping, and short sprints—say 35 to 50 yards—at top speed; while the endurance comes of long

walks and occasional once a week or so slow runs of a couple of miles.

Gloves and someone to hit appear to be things that can't be done without; yet Tom M'Cormick, one of the youngest and cleverest boxers England has turned out during recent years, didn't have even these when he started to teach himself boxing. He had an illustrated book and a large looking-glass, in which he could see himself as he practised making the hits and guards described in the book. That was how M'Cormick started, and what he did others can do if so minded. But I hope my readers will be more fortunate than M'Cormick was.

### Running a Mile.

A correspondent has been telling me that my advice and hints on training for running races apply only to sprinters, with the result that those who go in for longer races are left out in the cold. That, however, I by no means intend shall happen.

And that reminds me of another reader, who wanted to know why some runners are sprinters and others distance racers. The only reply that can be made to this is that each kind of runner was "born so." Training will do a lot, but it can't convert a fellow who will run the 100 yards in 10 seconds into a champion miler. Nature has a say in the matter. Some are natural sprinters; others long-distance men. It's not a question of size or shape, height or weight, length of limb or physical strength, but of individuality. True, now and again there is a fellow who is capable of making a good time both as a distance and as a sprint runner; but he is an exception—one that proves the rule. And if that man is going to mix his distances freely, the result is that he soon deteriorates both as a sprinter and a distance runner.

There is this to be said, however, that often a fellow believes himself a sprinter, when actually Nature has cut him out to be a good distance runner. He isn't a tip-top sprinter, but he goes on trying, it never entering his head to try his luck at a long race. There are many runners who, even after years of running, haven't found the distance they would do best at. But a good trainer could tell them.

Generally speaking, the best build for a good miler is average height, or even below it, and not a heavy make, rather slim than otherwise, wiry rather than bulky. But this isn't always so. H. W. Workman, the Cambridge three-mile Blue, was a rather tall and heavily built man; A. N. S. Jackson, the hero of the wonderful 1,500 metres race at the Stockholm Olympic Games—1912—is a really tall athlete; while Jean Bouin, the wonderful Frenchman, who ran the most marvellous 5,000 metres race at any Olympic Games meeting, though short, was built like a middle-weight wrestler. The

wonderful Shrubbs, on the other hand, was a little runner.

But all of these men had strength. If they hadn't they wouldn't have been fine distance runners. The miler needs to be strong—which doesn't mean having enormous muscles—all over. Especially should he be tough and well developed about the middle body, with good abdominals and a strong back. So when a reader asks me about training for a mile run, I always advise him to build up his strength and staying power by the daily performance of suitable exercises.

The exercises are body bending, all ways; body turning at waist; knees raising to chest, and some of the ground exercises. All the training doesn't have to be done on the road or track.

Staying power is the first thing to build up; one should give it more thought and attention than actual speed. And as staying power depends a lot on the state of the lungs and heart, training for these organs is a necessity. The best training is slow running; to get out twice a week for a slow two-miles trot. Never mind if at first your wind won't last for the two miles. When it gives out, drop to a walk, go on moving, and begin running again when the wind allows. Before long the lungs get accustomed to what is wanted of them.

There is no danger in training on these lines, with slow and steady preparation. But there is likely to be a danger if a chap who has never run such a race before, who hasn't trained his heart and lungs, endeavours to win, without preparation, a hard mile race, driving himself to a finish by will power alone. That kind of thing weakens the heart.

Next week I hope to be able to tell you what is the proper way to set about serious training after the preliminary preparation is done.

### Colds.

If you are able to go to bed and stay there for the next twelve hours, one of the simplest means of getting rid of a cold, or even a bout of influenza, if you take it in time, is to sweat it out of the system. Spirits of nitre is usually used for this purpose, but there is a better, without risk of taking a chill afterwards. Boil a pint of milk, and add to it enough vinegar to make it clear and a lump of sugar. Drink this when you get into bed, having removed the sheet so that you can wrap up completely in the blanket. Over all have a covering that can be tucked in all round, so as to prevent chilling during the night.

*Ray Wellesley*

(Look out for another helpful article.)

### A SPLENDID TREAT!

## "No Sale!"

By **SIDNEY DREW.**

A screamingly funny story of Prince Ching Lung and Gan Waga & Co., appearing in next Monday's

### BOYS' FRIEND

Don't miss it whatever you do!

## TUBBY'S GREAT SELL

(Continued from page 692.)

study carpet with his burly person, and smote it again and again. Then half a dozen boots helped Gunner out of the study—and the foot that landed hardest was the fat foot of Reginald Muffin.

### The 7th Chapter. Rough Justice!

Jimmy Silver beckoned to his chums and walked along the Fourth Form passage to Peele's study. He threw open the door, and Peele, who was smoking a cigarette, gave him an impudent glance through the smoke. Lovell and Raby and Newcome followed the captain of the Fourth into the study.

"I don't remember askin' you fellows to call!" drawled Peele.

"We've come on business," said Jimmy Silver grimly. "Yesterday Muffin's guinea was taken from his study, Peele—"

"Has he lost it again?" yawned Peele.

"Nobody's likely to take it again, as it turns out to be a medal worth a few pence. But yesterday it was supposed to be worth some pounds," said Jimmy Silver. "That is why it was taken."

"Didn't it turn out to be a giddy practical joke?"

"So we thought. We don't think so now," said the captain of the Fourth.

"Yesterday Mr. Sanderson was offered a guinea just like Tubby's—by a fellow who thought it was real and wanted to sell it. That guinea was Tubby's guinea—and you were the fellow, Peele."

Peele sat up. His face was a little pale, but he was quite cool.

"Sanderson's at Latcham, isn't he?" he asked.

"You know he is."

"Well, I never went near Latcham yesterday."

"You—you didn't?" ejaculated Lovell.

"Not at all."

"May a fellow ask where you did

go, as you were out of gates?" said Jimmy Silver very quietly.

"No bizny of yours, but I don't mind mentionin' it. I had a spin on my bike Rookham way."

"And you didn't pass through Latcham?"

"No," yawned Peele.

"Yesterday," said Jimmy Silver grimly, "we rode through Latcham, Peele, behind you, and saw you get down and go into Sanderson's shop."

Peele sprang to his feet. The cigarette dropped unheeded on the floor.

"You—you—" he gasped. "You rotters—the guinea was put back—it wasn't stolen—it—" he panted helplessly.

"You put it back, after hearing from Sanderson that it was worthless," said Jimmy Silver. "We know it all now. And now—"

"You can't tell the Head—you can't prove—"

Cyril Peele's coolness was gone now, and he fairly panted with terror.

"We're not going to tell anybody," said Jimmy Silver. "We're going to give you a lesson, you horrid cad, to keep your dirty paws from stealing and disgracing your school! Bend him over."

The next five minutes were purgatory to Peele of the Fourth. He did not even dare to yell, lest he should attract a prefect to the study, to hear for what he was being punished.

Lovell had brought a fives bat, and Peele, bending over a chair, took a tremendous licking without a word.

A Head's flogging would have been a jest to that licking—Lovell's powerful arm was quite tired when he had finished.

Then, without a word to the cad of the Fourth, the Fistical Four quitted the study, leaving Cyril Peele groaning.

Tubby Muffin mourned long over his disappointment. Gunner recalled the episode with painful feelings. But it was Cyril Peele who retained the longest and more painful recollection of the episode of Tubby Muffin's golden guinea.

THE END.

(*"A Dead Secret!"* is the stunning story of the chums of Rookwood School for next Monday. Don't miss it! Order your BOYS' FRIEND in advance and thus make certain of obtaining it!)

## The Cruise of the Cormorant!

(Continued from previous page.)

our patron war god in the month of May, and all the people rejoiced at the prospect of sacrifices, religious songs, and dancing. The sacred ritual was to be held in the court of the Tocalli, whither the Spanish conquistadors had repaired. Of them permission to hold this feast was asked, as was also a request to look upon the person of the honoured Montezuma himself. The first request was assented to, the second declined. Six hundred Inca chiefs, many of the royal house, and all adorned in their mantles of feather work, sprinkled with precious gems, and their necks, legs, and arms ornamented with bracelets of gold, assembled. The General Alvarado and his soldiers attended as spectators, they being armed, while our people, engrossed in the dancing, were without weapons. Listen, O white men, to the tale of treachery and massacre. At a given signal, the soldiers of Alvarado rushed upon our noblest with drawn swords, and in their fiendish work showed no trace

of pity. Those who fled to the gates were caught on the pikes of the soldiers. Others who attempted to scale the Wall of the Serpents were likewise cut to pieces. The stones of Axayatacl ran with streams of blood like water in a heavy shower. At the going down of the sun not one of that noble gathering was left. The slaughter of Cholula was repeated. Even the dead were stripped of their precious things. Hearken, O my brothers, and answer. What shall be the fate of those white men who again set foot in our midst?"

Both Ray and Pete shivered at the dreadful recital of the demonic man. There was a moment's pause before he spoke again. Then, raising his voice to an appalling shriek, he cried out:

"The answer they have given seals your fate. You are to be thrust into darkness until the end of the second day. Then, at the rising of the morning sun, Maxyl himself, both chief and high priest, will offer you up on the Altar of Sacrifice."

(*Ray Wellesley and Pete Sankey are in a very tight corner indeed. What happens now? On no account must you miss next Monday's thrilling instalment of this magnificent story! Order your BOYS' FRIEND in advance and avoid disappointment!*)

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