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THE BEST BOYS' PAPER IN THE WORLD!

[Week Ending August 8th, 1925.]



## KNIGHTS OF THE WHEEL!

By EDGAR SAYERS

The French Grand Prix! A Crash on the Terrible St. Jean Hairpin Bend!

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## ANOTHER GRAND STORY OF JIMMY SILVER &amp; CO. ON THEIR YACHTING

## CRUISE!



# The Rookwood Yachtsmen!

By OWEN CONQUEST.

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

Jimmy Silver & Co. have their first taste of a rough sea!

## The 1st Chapter.

### A Surprise for Adolphus!

"Here we are, anyhow!" said Arthur Edward Lovell.

Jimmy Silver & Co. grinned. Lovell spoke in an argumentative tone, the tone of a fellow who had been right all along, if only other fellows could see it.

"Here we are!" assented Jimmy Silver.

"We are—we is!" said Raby. "It isn't quite what we expected—but here we are!"

"Not exactly what we expected!" chuckled Newcome. "We came along to this giddy yacht as guests for a sea-cruise, and we find that we're paying guests in a giddy floating hotel! That's the way Lovell manages things! Always safe to leave it to Lovell!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Lovell frowned.

"Look here—" he began.

"Oh, can it, old man!" said Jimmy Silver. "This is where you lie low and take a back seat for once! You've been a silly ass, and we've overlooked it. Now don't explain that you were right all along! Cheese it!"

"Above all, cheese it!" said Mornington.

Arthur Edward Lovell snorted. But he "cheesed" it. Even Lovell realised that the Rookwood party were taking the thing very good-naturedly. He even had a dim perception of the fact that he had made an egregious ass of himself.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were strolling round the yacht Silver Cloud, lying in Southampton Water under a blazing summer sky.

Captain Montague Muffin, owner and skipper of the Silver Cloud, was very busy preparing for sea, and preparing for more guests who were to go to sea with him, but he had a cheery fat grin for the Rookwood juniors when he came across them.

Tubby Muffin of the Rookwood Fourth Form was also on deck, but he was hovering at a safe distance from Jimmy Silver & Co.

Already Tubby had been kicked emphatically, and the juniors were ready to kick him again if he came within kicking distance. So for the present Tubby hovered in the offing, out of kicking range.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were booked for a summer cruise on the Silver Cloud, which, according to Tubby's description given at Rookwood, was a magnificent steam-yacht. It was a rather roomy little steamer, and looked like being a comfortable craft to cruise in, but the magnificence was not much in evidence. Mornny declared that it looked more like a Thames steamer than a yacht, but Mornny was very critical. Anyhow, there they were, as Arthur Edward Lovell remarked, and they were prepared to enjoy their cruise, though they had made the startling discovery that all guests on the Silver Cloud were "paying guests"—a trifling circumstance which Tubby Muffin had forgotten to mention when he generously asked the chums of Rookwood for the vacation.

It was a business matter with Tubby's uncle, the skipper. He was not the wealthy and hospitable gentleman of Tubby's fertile imagination. No doubt he was hospitable enough; but he was running the Silver Cloud on business lines, and the iniquitous Tubby had breathed no word on that subject. Jimmy Silver & Co. had had their doubts, but their doubts had been overruled by Arthur Edward Lovell,

who knew best. It was Lovell's chief characteristic that he always knew best. Arthur Edward had been quite taken in. He had taken in his chums along with him, as it were, and Tubby Muffin, who received a commission from his uncle for every guest he could bring along from Rookwood, had captured a number of ten-shilling notes from Captain Muffin, and a still larger number of kicks from the Rookwooders. The transaction had resulted, for Reginald Muffin, in more kicks than ha'pence.

Still, the chums of Rookwood were not dissatisfied now that they had thought the matter over. They were paying guests, instead of honoured guests, but they were going on a summer cruise, anyhow.

Arthur Edward declared that he would rather pay his way than be under an obligation to that fat blighter Muffin—and his comrades were rather inclined to agree with him on that point.

The "fat blighter" eyed the juniors from a distance, and whenever their promenade brought them near him he dodged away. Tubby hoped that the trouble would blow over, but it had not quite blown over yet, and for the present his chief occupation was dodging boot-leather.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Raby suddenly. "Here comes the Smythe mob!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Jimmy Silver & Co. concentrated their attention upon a boat that was pulling to the Silver Cloud.

Three Shell fellows of Rookwood sat in it with their baggage.

Smythe, Howard, and Tracy of the Shell were gazing towards the yacht as they approached, but they did not yet see the Fourth-Formers.

Jimmy Silver & Co. chuckled.

There was a surprise in store for Smythe & Co. when they arrived on the yacht and found the Fourth-Formers there.

For weeks before breaking-up at Rookwood School, Adolphus Smythe had been swanking on the subject of the yachting cruise he had planned for the vacation.

Rookwood had been given to understand that some wealthy relation or connection of Smythe's, owner of a wonderful yacht, was taking Adolphus and his friends on a summer cruise. Many fellows had envied Adolphus, still more had been bored by his talk on the topic, but hardly anybody at Rookwood had been able to escape hearing about it. And—as Jimmy Silver & Co. knew now—Smythe's swank, when boiled down, came to this—that his father had paid for his summer holiday on the Silver Cloud, at four guineas a week. He was a paying guest!

Smythe had no knowledge that any other Rookwood fellows were on board, or that any Rookwooder knew anything about the Silver Cloud. After the vac. he was going to talk at Rookwood about his "yachting," carefully leaving out the paying guest detail. But that programme was likely to be considerably marred now. Howard and Tracy, as sharers in Adolphus' swank, would keep the little secret, but it was not likely to be kept by Jimmy Silver & Co.

The boat came alongside the Silver Cloud, and the fat and ruddy Captain Muffin rolled forward to receive his guests. Jimmy Silver & Co. backed away behind a stack of packing-cases.

"What a surprise for Smythe!" murmured Newcome. "I fancy he will jump when he sees us here."

And the Fistical Four chuckled

again. Undoubtedly it was going to be a surprise for Smythe, and not a happy one.

"Welcome to the Silver Cloud, young gentlemen."

Captain Muffin was bowing politely in his best boarding-house-proprietor manner. He had already received his cheque from Mr. Smythe for these three guests, so they were persons whom he delighted to honour.

Adolphus Smythe gave him a lofty nod.

Captain Muffin held out a fat and rather perspiring paw to shake



**TROUBLE ABOARD!** Lovell reached out and tipped Adolphus Smythe's handsome yachting cap over the back of his head. It splashed into the water. "You young villain!" roared Adolphus.

hands with Adolphus. Adolphus did not see it.

Adolphus was not going to shake hands with a gentleman whom he regarded as a dashed boarding-house keeper. Instead of that he used his right hand to jam an eyeglass into his eye. Then he took a survey of Captain Muffin and his surroundings.

"Oh gad! This is the yacht, is it?" said Adolphus.

"Yes, Mr. Smythe."

"This is the yacht, you fellows. Are you the captain?"

"I am the captain!" said Muffin's uncle rather stiffly. "I am captain and owner—Montague Muffin, at your service, sir."

"Muffin!" repeated Smythe. "I've heard that name before somewhere. There's a fag at Rookwood named Muffin, I believe."

"My nephew, sir."

"Eh?"

Smythe's eyeglass dropped from his eye in astonishment.

"Did you say your nephew?" he ejaculated.

"I did."

"You've got a nephew at Rook-

"I have," said Captain Muffin.

"Oh gad! What's Rookwood comin' to?" said Adolphus Smythe, with a lofty and total disregard of Montague Muffin's personal feelings. "Mean to say that Muffin of the Fourth is your relation?"

"Certainly."

"Good gad! I hope the kid isn't on this yacht," said Smythe, with a start. He glanced round anxiously.

Swank on the subject of his yachting cruise, after the vac., was obviously a hopeless proposition, if Tubby Muffin of the Fourth knew the facts.

"He is," said Captain Muffin coldly. "Reginald, here are some schoolfellows of yours."

Tubby Muffin rolled forward, grinning.

"Hallo, Smythe!"

Smythe stared at him.

"Oh gad!" he said.

That was all he could say.

Adolphus had not even known the name of the skipper of the yacht he was to cruise on. He had certainly never dreamed that that skipper was a relation of a Rookwood fellow; still less that that Rookwood fellow would be on board the yacht.

He stared helplessly at Reginald Muffin.

The ghost of Banquo did not startle the guests in Macbeth's hall more than the fat visage of Tubby Muffin startled the paying guests on board the Silver Cloud.

"My hat!" murmured Howard.

"That fat villain here!" muttered Tracy.

"Jolly glad to see you fellows," said Tubby Muffin, grinning. "There's some more Rookwood chaps here, Smythey."

"Oh gad! More!" said Adolphus faintly.

## The 2nd Chapter. Going to Sea!

"The jolly old Solent!" said Mornington.

"Ripping weather!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Topping!"

It was the next morning, and the Silver Cloud was at sea. The Isle of Wight loomed to port, Hurst Castle to starboard, as the yacht ran down the Solent with her engines throbbing. Jimmy Silver & Co. were on deck, but Tubby Muffin and the nuts of the Shell had not appeared yet. The chums of the Fourth were in a cheery mood. Captain Muffin's rubicund visage beamed with good-humour.

"We're not exactly racin'," remarked Mornington. "But I suppose there's no hurry to get anywhere. Notice a smell of oil?"

The juniors grinned.

There was a whiff from the engines that was more than perceptible all over the Silver Cloud. And it could not be denied that the vessel rolled a little. Indeed, Mornny likened her progress down the Solent to a game of pitch and toss. If rough weather came on she was likely to pitch and toss a good deal more; but for the present all was calm and bright.

"We'll get used to it," said Lovell.

Lovell did not always make the best of things, but on this occasion he was determined to do so. It was Arthur Edward Lovell who had landed his comrades in the trip, and for that reason it was going to be an eminently desirable trip, whether it actually was so or not. If the Silver Cloud had been a leaky old tub, and pitching like a see-saw, Lovell would have pooh-poohed criticism.

Fortunately, she was not so bad as that. But Captain Montague Muffin, of course, was not sailing a first-class expensive yacht on a business trip. She was roomy, she was broad in the beam, and she was undoubtedly a little tubby. Her engines were not new, to say the very least, and in a yacht race she would have emulated rather the tortoise than the hare. Still, she was a comfortable craft, and there was elbow-room, and the Rookwooders were not disposed to grouse.

And on one point, at least, they had found that they were getting their money's worth. The "grub" was good and plentiful. Captain Muffin was not starving his "guests." Doubtless a due regard for good grub, and plenty of it, ran in the Muffin family.

"Feeling at home—what?" asked the skipper, joining the cheery juniors as they watched the white sails dotting the Solent.

"Oh, quite!" said Jimmy Silver. "Didn't you tell us, captain, that some Highcliffe fellows were coming on board?"

Captain Muffin nodded.

"Yes; they're joining later," he said. "I had a telegram from Master Ponsonby that he couldn't get to Southampton in time."

Jimmy Silver & Co. were not sorry to hear it. They knew Ponsonby of Highcliffe School slightly, and did not want very much to know more of him.

"That will be three more, when they join up," said Captain Muffin; "and we pick up another guest next week—a young man named Lee. Then the outfit will be complete."

"Who's Lee?" asked Lovell. "A school chap?"

"No; a relation of the last owner of the Silver Cloud," said the captain. "Quite a respectable young man—oh, quite! The late owner of the yacht was only a very distant relation of his, I believe."

The juniors looked at Captain Muffin. They wondered whether his words implied that the late owner of the Silver Cloud hadn't been respectable.

"I dare say you have heard of Griffon Lee," said Captain Muffin.

"Griffon Lee?" repeated Jimmy Silver. "I believe I saw the name in a newspaper somewhere, some time."

"A bad hat—a very bad hat!" said the captain. "He is in prison now."

"Oh!"

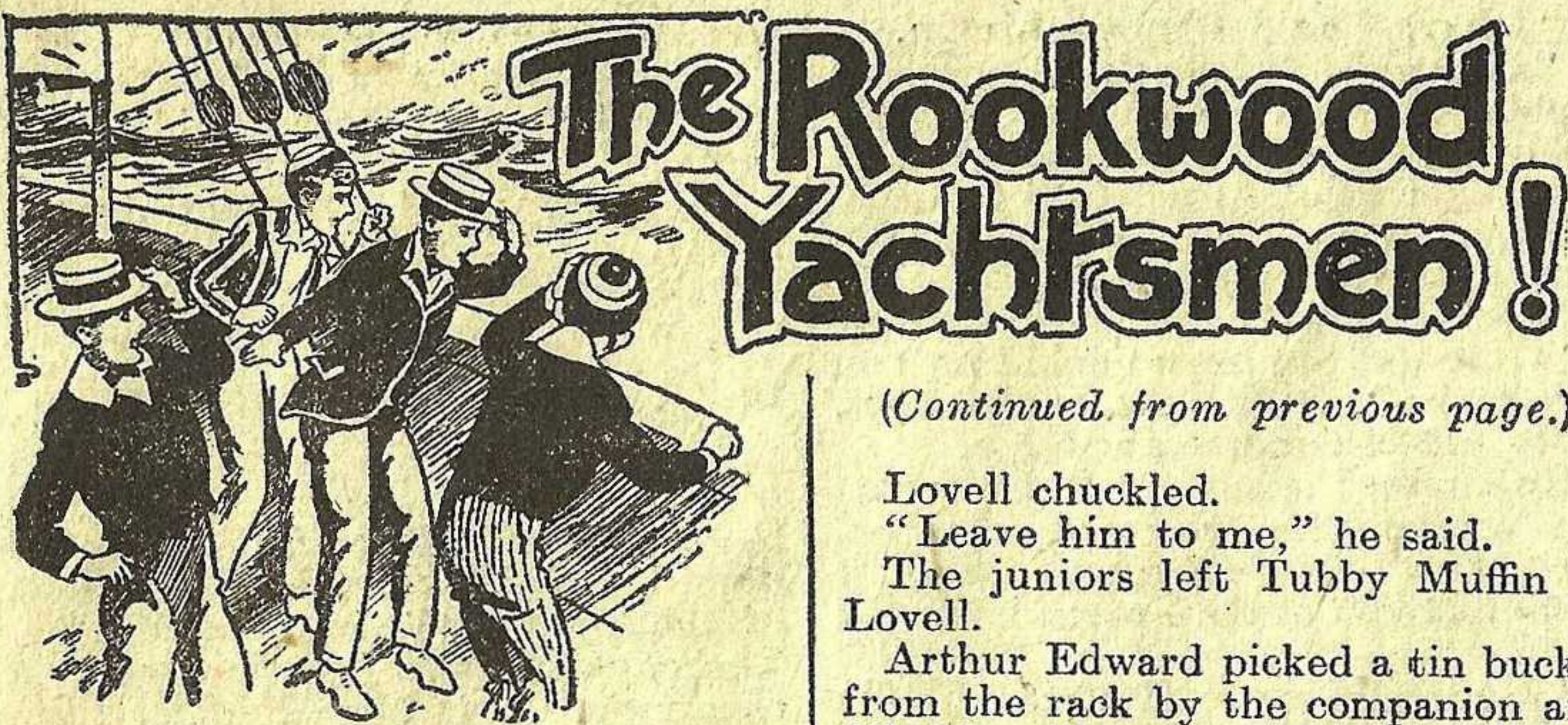
"He committed a robbery, and very nearly succeeded in escaping from the country in this steamer," said Captain Muffin. "He was caught in time, however, though the police never succeeded in recovering all the plunder. It appeared that he bought the steamer ready for that purpose, though it came out that he hadn't paid for her. A regular bad hat!"

Captain Muffin rolled away, leaving the Rookwood juniors looking at one another.

"So that's the giddy history of the Silver Cloud," said Mornington, with

(Continued overleaf.)





a laugh. "She belonged to a thief who hadn't paid for her, and I suppose old Muffin picked her up cheap, in the circumstances. And we're going to have a relation of the jolly old thief sailing with us. Better look after your half-crowns."

"I say, it's rather thick," said Raby uneasily. "I suppose old Muffin takes all the passengers who book with his agents; but, really, he ought to draw a line somewhere."

"Rot!" said Lovell.

"Eh?"

"I suppose Griffin Lee, whoever he is, could be a beastly thief, without his distant relations being any the worse," said Lovell. "I shall be jolly civil to the chap. I think it's hard cheese on him."

"That's all very well; but—"

"But—"

"Well, I think Lovell's right, for once," said Jimmy Silver, slowly and thoughtfully. "It's a bit hard on a chap if he has to suffer for what his distant relations may have done. I dare say the fellow's all right."

"Anyhow, we needn't worry till we begin missing our socks and shirts," grinned Mornington; "and, anyhow, the chap isn't on board yet, and we ain't compelled to stay on longer than we like. That's one advantage of bein' a giddy payin' guest, you can bunk when you choose. Hallo! Here's jolly old Smythe!"

Adolphus Smythe came up the companion, followed by Howard and Tracy.

"Good-mornin', Smythe!" called out Jimmy Silver cheerily.

Adolphus Smythe extracted an eyeglass from his pocket and screwed it into his eye, and gave Jimmy Silver a lofty glance.

"Mornin'!" he said distantly.

"Feeling queer yet?" asked Lovell with a grin.

Smythe eyed him.

"Look here, you fellows," he said.

"It seems that we're goin' to sail together—a fellow can't pick and choose on a show like this. But you fags have got to keep your distance. I know we're on vacation now, and all that, but at Rookwood you're only fags, and I don't speak to you. I don't intend to speak to you now, see?"

"You cheeky ass!" snorted Lovell.

"You're really not goin' to speak to us, Smythe?" asked Mornington.

"No," snapped Adolphus.

"Not goin' to give us any of your company?"

"No."

"Good! This looks like bein' an enjoyable cruise, after all, you fellows."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Adolphus Smythe frowned, and turned away with his nutty comrades. There was no doubt that he was exceedingly annoyed by the presence of Jimmy Silver & Co. on board the Silver Cloud, and he was hotly resolved to keep the Fourth-Formers at arm's length, or farther.

"Those grubby fags ain't jolly well goin' to stick on to us!" he confided to Howard and Tracy; and Howard and Tracy agreed that they weren't.

And the nuts of the Shell sedulously kept their distance, as well as they could, though there was not, as a matter of fact, much distance on the Silver Cloud, and the two parties were seldom out of hearing of one another's voices.

"That fat bounder, Muffin isn't up yet," Arthur Edward Lovell remarked, a little later. "Let's go and root him out!"

"Let's!" assented Jimmy Silver.

The Fistical Four went below. The state-rooms, each furnished with two bunks, opened on either side of a rather narrow alley-way; space was, naturally, rather confined on the Silver Cloud, though it was roomy for a yacht. From one of the state-rooms came the sound of a deep, unmusical snore, showing that Reginald Muffin was taking full advantage of the fact that there was no Rookwood rising-bell to be feared during the summer vacation.

(Continued from previous page.)

Lovell chuckled.

"Leave him to me," he said.

The juniors left Tubby Muffin to Lovell.

Arthur Edward picked a tin bucket from the rack by the companion and filled it with water. The sea air had an exhilarating effect on Arthur Edward, and he was in jolly good humour. He stepped softly into Tubby Muffin's room.

The fat Classical, of Rookwood, lay in the upper bunk, on his back, his capacious mouth open and his eyes closed. He was fast asleep.

"Muffin!" roared Lovell.

Tubby's eyes opened.

"Up with you!" roared Lovell.

"All hands on deck! She's sinking!"

"Eh, what?"

Splash!

The contents of the bucket drenched over Tubby Muffin's fat face. He started up with a howl and knocked his head with a terrific knock, and howled again frantically.

"Yaroo!"

"Sinking!" yelled Lovell. "Run for your life!"

"Ow! Wow! Yoop! Help!"

roared Muffin in dire alarm. He gouged streaming water from his eyes, terrified out of his fat wits, and not doubting in the least that the Silver Cloud was going down, and that he was drenched by the waves that were pouring in. "Help! Help! Don't leave me! Help!"

Tubby Muffin plunged headlong out of the bunk.

Before Lovell could back away—

there was not much room for backing—the terrified Tubby's arms were thrown round his neck, bearing him backwards, and all Tubby's terrific weight fell on Lovell. Samson or Goliath, at their best, would have staggered under such a load. As for Arthur Edward Lovell, he was neither a Samson nor a Goliath, and he fairly crumpled up under it.

Crash!

"Ow! Ooooooch!"

There was an agonised gasp from Lovell as he collapsed on the floor with Reginald Muffin sprawling wildly over him.

### The 3rd Chapter.

#### Trouble on the Ocean Wave!

"What the thump—"

"Oh my hat!"

"What—"

Tubby Muffin scrambled up wildly.

The Silver Cloud was rolling a good deal, and to the terrified Tubby every pitch of the little steamer seemed like the last plunge before she disappeared for ever to the bottom of the Solent.

At such a moment Tubby had no time to waste. There was no time for dressing; it was better to save himself in his pyjamas than to perish in his trousers.

He scrambled up, heedless of the fact that he jammed a fat elbow into Lovell's eye and trampled with both fat feet on Lovell's waistcoat.

Leaving Lovell for dead, as it were, Tubby Muffin bolted out of the little state-room.

Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome had run up to the doorway, and they were in time to receive Muffin as he charged out.

With a sinking ship under him, as he believed, Tubby put on a speed that would have won him distinction on the cinder-path at Rookwood School.

His charge was terrific. The charge of the Light Brigade was scarcely more emphatic.

He crashed into the three juniors and sent them spinning.

Jimmy Silver was hurled to the right, Raby to the left, Newcome sprawled just in front of Muffin, and was trampled over, and Tubby rushed blindly on.

Behind Muffin rose a chorus of infuriated yells. But he did not heed. Before him was the companion-ladder, and up the steps Muffin went at frantic speed.

There were only a few steps from the cabin of the Silver Cloud to the deck, and Tubby would have negotiated them in a few seconds had not his way been barred.

But as it happened Mornington had heard the uproar below, and was

coming down the steps to see what was happening.

He saw Tubby—but he felt him more than he saw him. Tubby rushed right into the Dandy of the Fourth, and Morny sprawled on the steps. He clutched at Tubby, and they rolled down together.

"Oh, gad!" gasped Mornington.

"Yaroo!"

"What the thunder—"

"Leggo! Help! We're sinking! Help! Yoop! Leggo!"

Tubby Muffin tore himself away from Morny and charged up the companion again.

This time he won through without let or hindrance.

He emerged on the deck in the blazing sunshine quite a striking figure in his purple-striped pyjamas. The four seamen who made up the crew of the Silver Cloud blinked at him; Captain Muffin stared at him blankly; Mr. Punter, the mate, almost fell down in his astonishment. Tubby Muffin stared round him, dazzled in the bright sunshine.

"Help!" he roared. "Lower the boats!"

"Oh, gad!" ejaculated Adolphus

coming on deck in your pyjamas, Reginald? Are you out of your mind?"

"Help! Lower a boat! Why ain't the boats lowered?" shrieked Muffin.

"Is he mad?" gasped Captain Muffin.

There was a trampling of feet on the companion steps. Arthur Edward Lovell emerged on deck, with homicide in his looks.

"Where's Muffin? Where's that fat idiot? I'm going to squash him! Muffin—"

"Yaroo!"

Tubby Muffin whirled away from his uncle's grasp, in Lovell's.

Lovell's right hand rose and fell.

Spank! Spank! Spank!

"Yoooop! Stoppit! Help!" roared Muffin.

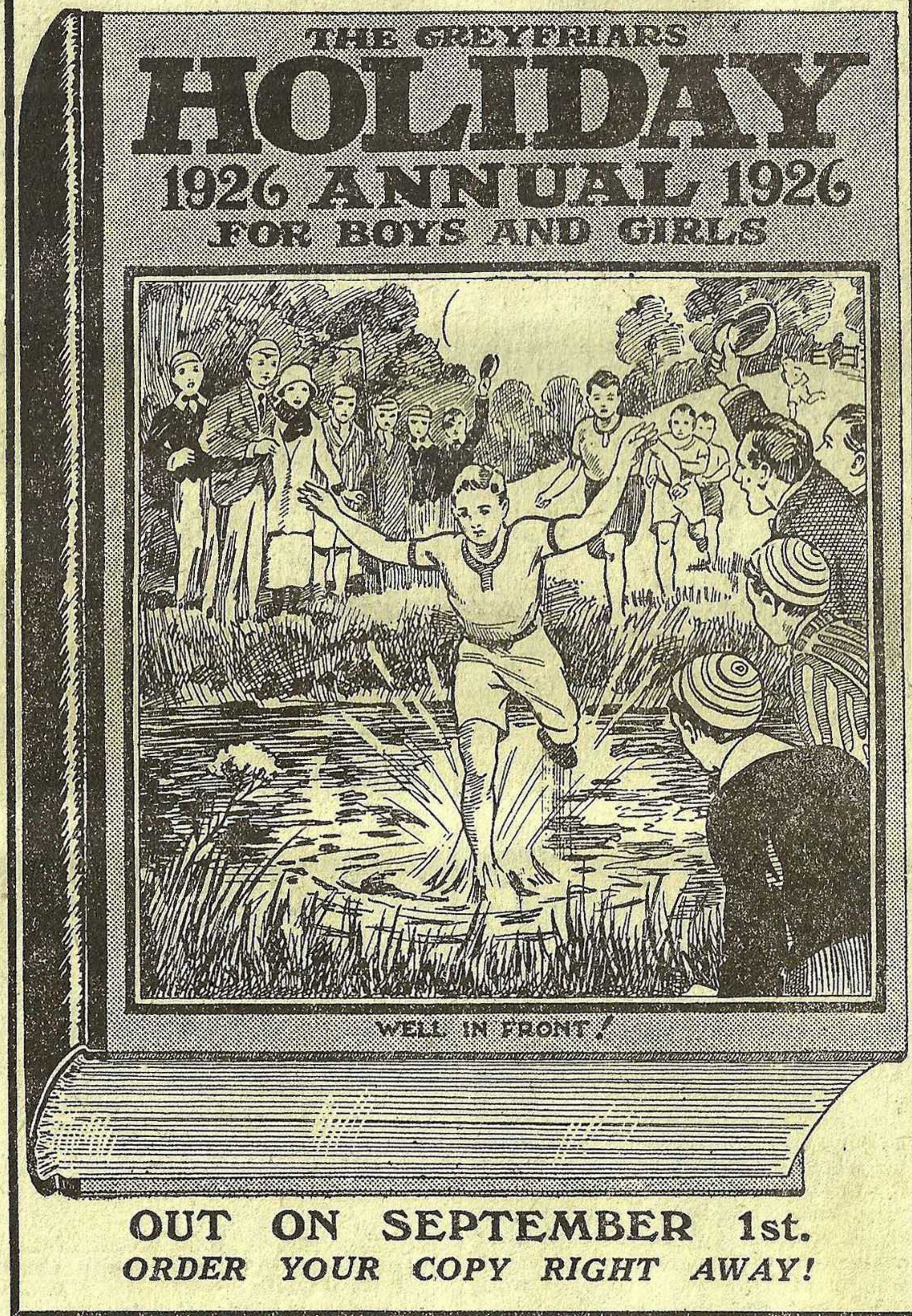
Spank! Spank! Spank!

Lovell seemed to think that he was beating a carpet.

Tubby's frantic yells rang through the Silver Cloud, and far over the shining sea.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Jimmy Silver, as he emerged on deck. He rushed up to Lovell and dragged him away.

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Smythe. "What's the matter with Muffin? Is he mad?"

"Help!"

"Mad as a hatter, I should think," said Tracy in wonder. "What's he yellin' for help for?"

"Sunstroke, perhaps," suggested Howard.

"Help! Lower the boats!" shrieked Tubby Muffin. He rushed up to Smythe of the Shell, who was nearest to him. "Help! Help me into a boat."

"Leggo, you fat idiot!" howled Smythe, as Tubby clutched him.

"Hands off, you potty duffer! You're draggin' out my collar, you dummy!"

Captain Muffin rushed up and grasped his hopeful nephew by the back of the neck with a large, podgy hand.

"Reginald!"

"Oow! Wow!"

"What do you mean?" roared Captain Muffin. "What do you mean by

"Chuck it, you ass!" he gasped. Lovell struggled.

"Let me get at him! He's bunged up my eye—he's—he's—"

"Chuck it!"

"What does this mean?" roared Captain Muffin. "If you schoolboys think that you are going to fight on my yacht, you are making a mistake. Do you think this is a bear-garden? Master Lovell, behave yourself at once."

"I—I—I—" spluttered Lovell.

Captain Muffin grasped his nephew again.

"Now get below, Reginald, and dress yourself!" he snapped. "If you come on deck in your pyjamas again I shall give you the rope's end!"

"I—I—I— Isn't the ship in danger!" gasped Muffin.

"In danger?"

"Isn't she sinking?" gasped Muffin.

"Sinking!" stuttered the captain.

"What do you mean? Have you had a nightmare, or what is the matter with you?"

"Oh dear!" gasped Muffin.

"Lovell said she was sinking—"

"What?"

"I—I felt the sea pouring in over me—you can see I'm all wet—"

"You young idiot! Get below!"

Captain Muffin slung his nephew down the companion, and there was a howl as Tubby landed below.

Lovell would have followed him, his vengeance being apparently still unsatisfied; but his comrades closed round him and marched him away.

"Enough's as good as a feast, old man," said Jimmy Silver, laughing.

"Look at my eye!"

"Oh, bother your eye! You shouldn't play practical jokes on a born idiot like Muffin."

Arthur Edward Lovell snorted. His effort at humour, at Tubby's expense, had turned out rather painfully for himself. He rubbed his eye tenderly. He was feeling very sore; and the voice of Adolphus Smythe, floating to his ears across the little deck, did not produce a soothing effect.

"It's a bit thick, sailin' with a mob of raggin' fags, isn't it, you fellows?"

"Horrid!" said Tracy.

"Disgustin'!" said Howard. "Why can't these fags remember that they're not in the Fourth Form passage at Rookwood now, and behave themselves?"

"Beastly little ruffians, you know!" said Smythe. "If the captain doesn't keep them in order, we shall have to lick them ourselves, by gad!"

Arthur Edward Lovell breathed deep and hard.

He strode across to Adolphus Smythe.

"I'm ready for the licking!" he said sulphurously.

Adolphus backed a pace.

"Don't you begin rowin' with me," he said loftily. "You can keep your fag raggin' for your own Form! Keep your distance."

Lovell followed him up.

Adolphus had talked airily about "lickin'" the fags; but that was only Adolphus' usual style of talking out of his hat, so to speak; Lovell's red and angry face did not tempt him to begin.

He backed away farther, and Lovell still followed him; till Adolphus' back was on the teak rail, and he could not retreat any more without tipping over into the Solent. So Adolphus had to stop.

"Look here, you young hooligan," he gasped. "Oh, you rotter!"

Lovell reached out and tipped Adolphus' handsome yachting cap over the back of his head.

It splashed into the water.

"You young villain!" roared Adolphus.

"Do you want to go after it?" demanded Lovell.

"I—I—"

"Chuck it, Lovell, you ass!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver, and he dragged his incensed chum away.

Adolphus stared over the rail at his cap. It was dancing away on the sunny waters.

"Captain!" shouted Smythe. Montague Muffin stared round.

"Stop the yacht."

"Eh?"

"My cap's overboard."

"Is it?" grunted Captain Muffin.

"Lower a boat and pick it up."

Captain Muffin stared at Adolphus and walked away. Apparently he did not intend to stop the Silver Cloud to pick up Adolphus' cap.

Smythe of the Shell stared after the cap, disappearing in the wake of the vessel. It vanished under the water and was gone.

"There goes thirty-seven-and-six!" said Adolphus savagely. And Adolphus went wrathfully below to sort out new headgear.

### The 4th Chapter.

#### Tubby—as Usual!

"Glorious Devon!" said Lovell.

The Silver Cloud was throbbing in the Channel, and far to the starboard the hills of Devon could be seen in a blue haze. Away to port, towards the distant Channel Islands, the sky was clouded, and a rising wind stirred the waves. The Silver Cloud, which had rolled a good deal in the Solent, was rolling still more in the open sea. So far the weather had been calm and sunny, but it looked as if a change were coming.

"We're going to have rough weather, I think," Jimmy Silver remarked.

"Oh, rot!" said Lovell.

"The wind's rising—"

"My dear chap, you don't know anything about the weather," said Arthur Edward reassuringly. "The giddy Channel's like a pond, and there's hardly going to be a breath of wind—"

A sudden gust lifted Lovell's straw hat from his head and sent it bowling along the deck.

"Oh!"

Lovell plunged after his hat.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

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"Nothing to cackle at, that I can see!" grunted Lovell, as he came back with his recaptured hat. "Blessed if I ever saw such a set of fellows for cackling about nothing! Look here, when are we going to have tiffin? It's jolly late."

"Something's happened in the cook's galley, I think," said Raby. "The steward and the skipper have been confabbing."

"That's all very well—"

Mornington joined the Fistical Four. He was grinning.

"You fellows been raiding the cook?" he asked.

"Eh! No! What's happened?"

"The pie's gone!"

"What pie?"

"It seems that there was a whacking steak-and-kidney pie for dinner, and it's gone! Vanished from the cook's galley like a beautiful dream."

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Jimmy Silver. "Tubby!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tubby Muffin had breakfasted late that morning. But a breakfast never made much difference to Tubby. Long before midday he was hungry again; and he sorely missed the Rookwood tuckshop. Tubby had money in his pockets now, but there was nowhere to spend it on tuck. Dinner on the Silver Cloud was at one, or should have been at one; but it looked as if there would be some delay now. The Rookwooders could guess where the steak-and-kidney pie had gone; they knew Tubby Muffin and his manners and customs of old. The sea air had given an additional edge to Tubby's unearthly appetite. On land he was voracious; at sea he was simply ravenous. Evidently he had watched his opportunity until the cook's back was turned; with the result that the pie was missing.

"The fat villain!" exclaimed Lovell indignantly. "Let's root him out. He can't be far away with it, anyhow."

There was only one place where Tubby could have found safe refuge with his plunder, and that was his state-room below the after-deck. Jimmy Silver & Co. went down to look for him.

Tubby's door was closed, and it did not open when Lovell shoved at it. The bolt had been shot inside.

Lovell rapped with his knuckles. "Tubby!" he shouted.

There was a sound in the room, plainly audible to the juniors outside, a sound somewhat like a turkey gobbling. It was plain that Reginald Muffin was busy with the missing pie.

It ceased as Lovell hammered at the door.

"Who's there?" called out Muffin.

"We are, you fat burglar! Where's that pie?"

"Eh? What pie?"

"The pie you've raided, you fat rascal! Open this door!"

"Can't!" said Tubby. "I-I haven't got any pie. If there's a pie missing, I don't know anything about it."

"Let us in!" shouted Raby.

"I can't!"

"Why not?" roared Lovell.

"I'm studying!"

"Studying!" howled the Rookwooders. Studying was the very last occupation they would have expected Tubby to be engaged in.

"Yes. I've brought my books with me, you know," explained Tubby through the door. "I'm mugging up Latin."

"Oh, my hat!"

"You see, we've got to turn up at Rookwood after the vac., and I'm not going to neglect my work while I'm on holiday," said Tubby. "I advise you fellows to do the same. Go away quietly and put in some hard study. See?"

Gobble, gobble, gobble!

Apparently Tubby was not aware that his gobbling could be heard outside the state-room. But really the Rookwooders were not likely to believe that Reginald Muffin was mugging up Latin on the Silver Cloud. Mr. Dalton, the master of the Fourth Form at Rookwood, had a difficult task in making Tubby work at school. Work was the very last thing that was likely to occupy his fat mind in vacation.

The juniors hammered at the door.

"Let us in!" bawled Lovell.

"You've got our dinner there, you fat villain!"

"Oh, go away!"

"We'll jolly well burst in the door!"

Tubby Muffin chuckled.

"You'll have a bill for damages if you do."

Gobble, gobble, gobble!

"Look here, Muffin—"

Gobble, gobble! "Oh, let him rip!" said Jimmy Silver, laughing. "If he's scoffing a pie intended for nearly a dozen fellows, he will have a pain afterwards. Leave him to his conscience—and his digestion."

Gobble, gobble!

Tubby Muffin wasted no more words on the juniors outside; time was too precious. Perhaps he feared that his uncle, or the cook, might guess what had become of the pie, and come in search of it. Reginald Muffin proceeded to dispose of it internally at a rapid rate.

Dinner was late for the guests of the Silver Cloud, and it did not consist of steak-and-kidney pie. Tubby Muffin did not come out of his room to dinner. By the time the Rookwood yachtsmen sat down to table Tubby had disposed of his plunder, and he was feeling extremely disinclined to move. The steward tapped at his door.

"Dinner is served, sir."

"Oh, go away!"

"What?"

"I sha'n't want any dinner to-day. I'm not hungry."

"Oh, my eye!" said the steward. The man had already seen enough of Master Muffin to be surprised at that young gentleman missing a meal.

"No wonder he doesn't want any dinner," growled Lovell. "I suppose he's eaten enough for a dozen."

"I—I—" Captain Muffin stared at a large empty dish.

"Have you eaten the whole pie, Reginald?"

"I—I—I was rather hungry!"

Captain Muffin blinked at his nephew. Reginald was breathing hard, and his face was very shiny. Where he had put that huge steak-and-kidney pie was rather a mystery. Even Reginald's ample circumference seemed hardly to afford room for it. But it was gone.

"You young rascal!"

"I—I—" murmured Tubby feebly.

"You will be sorry for this presently, Reginald," said the captain. "It will be a lesson to you, I think. The wind is rising, and when the Silver Cloud begins to roll—"

Captain Muffin did not finish, he left the rest to Reginald's imagination, and went back to his dinner.

Tubby Muffin crawled back into his bunk. Already he had a feeling that he had overdone it, and every roll of the vessel intensified that feeling. Captain Muffin had spoken of the yacht "beginning" to roll, but to the Rookwood juniors it seemed that she was rolling very considerably now, and to Tubby Muffin her motions appeared like those of a swing-boat.

While the Rookwooders disposed of a late dinner with good appetites,

ettes after tiffin had not really been judicious, in the circumstances. Unpleasant sounds came from their bunks, sounds of trouble and disturbance.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were on deck. So far, they had not experienced any trouble. They had been to sea before; and they were healthy and fit, which is the best safeguard against sea-sickness. But undoubtedly the Silver Cloud was rolling and pitching in a way that might have seemed very dangerous to a landsman. As a matter of fact, the yacht was not in any danger; but it was equally a matter of fact that she was likely to be an extremely uncomfortable dwelling-place so long as the blow lasted.

The sea swelled high, as the little vessel plunged on; the distant coast had disappeared in a mist of rain.

"Feeling fit, you fellows, what?" grinned Arthur Edward Lovell as he bent his head to the fierce wind. "She's rocking rather."

"She is!" grunted Raby. "I feel rather shaken up! It's the smell of the oil, I think."

"Better get to your bunk if you're going to be sea-sick, old chap."

"I'm not going to be sea-sick."

"My dear chap, don't be obstinate," said Lovell kindly. "Let me help you down below before you're really bad."

"Fathead!"

"Well, you're an obstinate mule,

ning to feel that he would rather take it lying down, so to speak.

"This dashed rocking is enough to shake up any chap's inside," said Raby. "But, for goodness' sake, Lovell, don't make out that you're the only fellow that is fit to go to sea!"

"Grooogh!"

"What are you mumbling about, Lovell?"

"Yurrgggghh!"

"My hat! I believe he's going to be sea-sick himself!" exclaimed Newcome.

Lovell gasped.

"I'm not! I'm never sea-sick! Don't be a cheeky ass, Newcome! I'll help you down to your bunk, if you like."

"You jolly well won't!" snapped Newcome. "If you want me to help you down, you can say so plainly."

"Look here—"

Lovell broke off suddenly, with a strange and ghastly change in his complexion.

"He's got it!" grinned Mornington.

"I—I haven't! I—I feel as right as rain!" gasped Lovell. "As—as—as fit as—as a f-f-fiddle! You fellows are looking green and yellow, but I'm as sound as a bell. I'm never sea-sick— I-grooooooogh!"

Lovell got no further. He doubled up in anguish.

The next few minutes were horrid for Lovell. Then his comrades helped him down below and put him in his bunk. Jimmy Silver made him as comfortable as he could, and brought him a glass of water. Lovell sipped the water, with a ghastly face.

"I'm not sea-sick!" he said huskily.

"Eh?"

"It was having dinner late—always upsets me to have irregular meals. This isn't sea-sickness."

"Oh, my hat!"

"If you think I'm sea-sick, Jimmy Silver—"

"Nunno! Of course not, old chap!" said Jimmy Silver soothingly. "Can I do anything more for you?"

"Of course you can't. I don't want anything done for me. It isn't as if I were sea-sick, is it?"

"Oh!"

Jimmy Silver judiciously retired, and left Arthur Edward to himself. For a fellow who was not sea-sick he seemed to be in a state of great inward disturbance, and his temper seemed to be suffering, too.

Groan!

Jimmy quite jumped as he heard a deep, agonised, hair-raising groan. It came from Tubby Muffin's room. The kind-hearted captain of the Fourth Form hurried in at once. It sounded as though Reginald Muffin wanted assistance. The missing pie was taking its vengeance on the hapless Reginald. That pie had not been seen since Tubby Muffin had raided it from the cook's galley. But it had turned up at last!

"Tubby, old man—"

Groan!

"Feeling bad, old chap?"

Groan!

Tubby Muffin was extended on his back in his bunk, and his fat face was like chalk. He glared at Jimmy Silver with lack-lustre eyes.

"Jimmy, old man," he said.

"Yes, Tubby. Anything I can do?"

"I'm dying, old fellow!" said Muffin faintly.

Jimmy grinned.

"You'll be all right presently, old man. You shouldn't have bolted that pie, you know. It was really too much, even for you."

Groan!

"Like a glass of water?"

Groan!

Valentine Mornington looked in, with a grin on his face.

"Muffin got it?" he asked.

"What did you expect, Muffin? But I know what you want. What do you say to a chunk of fat pork?"

"Oooocch!"

"A nice chunk of fat pork, in salad oil—"

"Grooogh!"

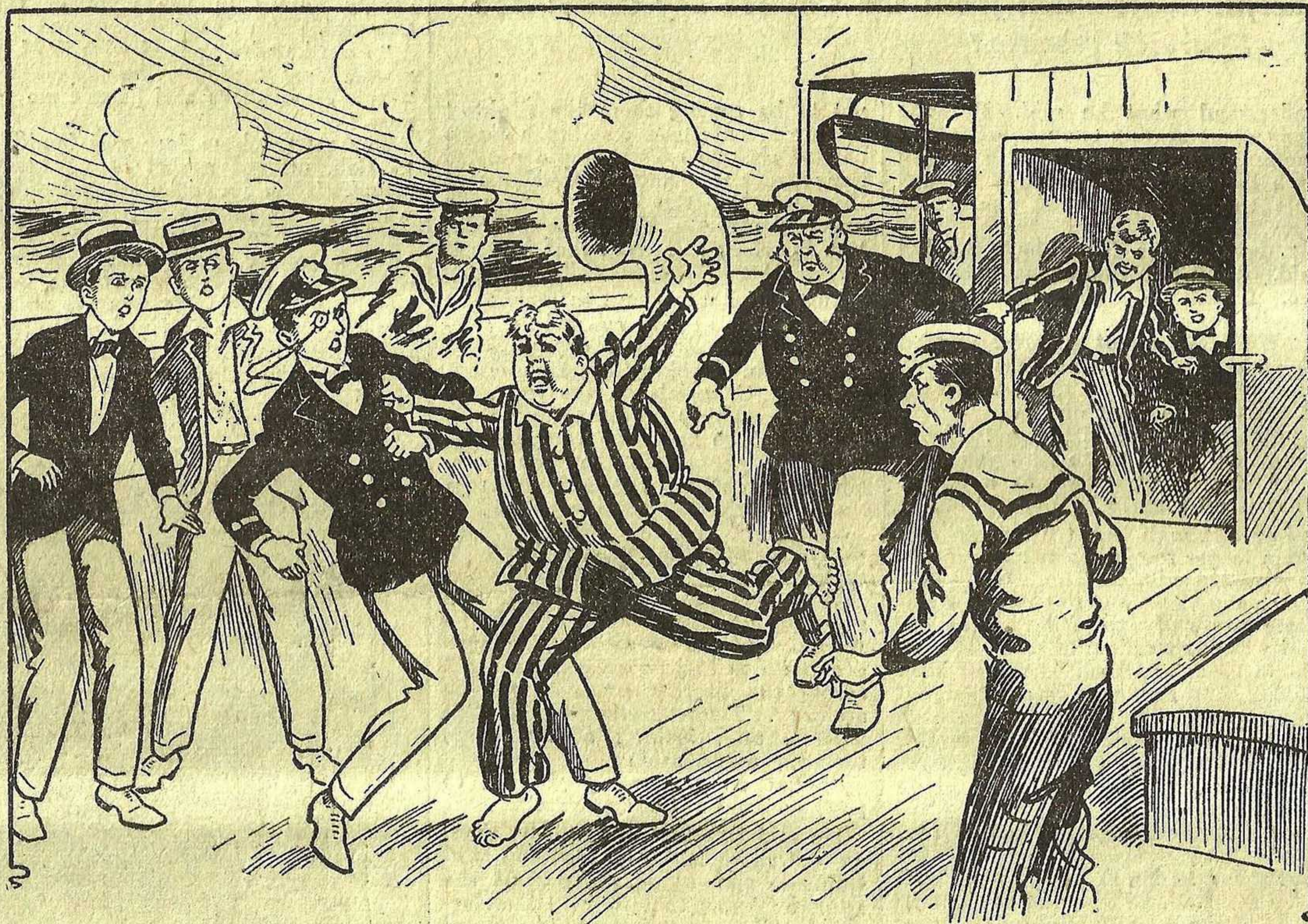
"Chuck it, you ass!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver, as Tubby Muffin collapsed in anguish, hanging helplessly over the side of the bunk. Morny chuckled and retired, to call on Lovell, and offer his specific for sea-sickness. A minute later Morny was heard to leave Lovell's room, with a crash, and a pillow flew out after him.

Jimmy Silver collected up the hapless Muffin, and rolled him back into his bunk. Really, Muffin was not very nice to handle, but Jimmy had a kind heart.

"I say, Jimmy—"

breathed Muffin.

(Continued on page 96.)



**TUBBY THINKS THE YACHT IS SINKING!** "Help! Lower the boats!" shrieked Tubby Muffin. He rushed up to Smythe of the Shell, who was nearest him. "Help! Help me into a boat." "Leggo, you fat idiot!" howled Smythe, as Tubby clutched him. "Hands off, you potty duffer!"

Captain Muffin came down to take his seat at the head of the table. He noted the absence of his nephew.

"Where is Reginald?" he asked.

"He doesn't want any dinner to-day," grinned Mornington. "He says he's not hungry."

Captain Muffin gave a jump.

"Reginald not hungry?" he ejaculated. Evidently he was astounded.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Captain Muffin strode across to Reginald's door and thumped on it.

"Oh, go away!" came a tired voice from within. "What do you keep on worrying a chap for, you silly idiot?"

"Reginald!" thundered the captain.

"Oh, is it you, uncle?" ejaculated Tubby in alarm. "I thought it was some other silly idiot!"

"What?"

"I—I mean—"

"Open this door at once!"

"I—I'm lying down, uncle. I'm tired. I-I sha'n't want any dinner. I haven't any appetite to-day."

"Open this door!"

"Oh dear!"

Reginald Muffin rolled wearily out of his bunk and unfastened the door. Captain Muffin wedged in.

"Did you take the cook's pie, Reginald?" Tubby Muffin's absence of appetite was so remarkable a circumstance that evidently it had led his avuncular relative to jump to conclusions.

"The—the pie, uncle?" stammered Tubby guiltily.

"Where is it?"

Tubby Muffin lay in his bunk in a state of dire apprehension.

Perhaps his fat conscience was troubling him. Something, undoubtedly, was troubling him as he lay and quaked. And the trouble grew.

**The 5th Chapter.**

**The Way of the Transgressor.**

Bump!

"Oh, gad! Ow!"

Smythe of the Shell missed his footing on the cabin steps and landed in a sitting posture at the bottom. The Silver Cloud had taken a sudden plunge as Smythe was going up to the deck, and he had gone down instead of up.

"Oh, my hat! Ow! Wow!" gasped Adolphus, as he picked himself up.

He gained his feet and plunged across to a bulkhead, where he brought up with a shock.

"Oh, gad!"

The Silver Cloud was "beginning" to roll with a vengeance.

Howard and Tracy came plunging down.

"I say, this is makin' me feel a bit queer!" gasped Howard. "I think I'll go and lie down while it lasts."

"Same here!" mumbled Tracy. "I jolly well wish I hadn't smoked that cigarette after tiffin! Oh dear!"

"Oh, gad!" mumbled Adolphus Smythe.

The three Shell fellows disappeared into their quarters. Cigar-

Raby. You'll be sorry for it soon."

"Ass!"

"You're looking a bit queer, Morny."

"Am I?" growled Mornington.

"Yes. Feeling bad?"

"No!" snorted Morny.

"Better own up if you are!" said Lovell.

"Oh, go and eat coke!"

"Shall I get you a glass of water, Jimmy?"

"Thanks, no."

"It will help to keep it off, you know."

"I'm all right, fathead!"

"What about you, Newcome?"

"Nothing about me, ass!"

Arthur Edward Lovell sniffed. So far, he was feeling well and fit; and he had a secret conviction that he was the only genuine sailor in the party. He was prepared to help his comrades through their troubles; and he really seemed rather annoyed that there were no troubles to help them through.

The Silver Cloud rocked and plunged, lifting almost like a cork on the choppy waves.

Every now and then the juniors had to hold on, to keep their footing; and the constant rocking and rolling had a rather dizzying effect. Arthur Edward Lovell's face became more thoughtful in expression.

"Hadn't you better get below, Jimmy?" he asked after a time.

"No; I'm all right here."

"I'll help you, if you like."

Jimmy Silver grinned. He knew his chum Arthur Edward well; and he guessed that Lovell was begin-



# IN YOUR EDITOR'S DEN.



Your Editor is always pleased to hear from his readers upon any subject. Address your letters to: Editor, "Boys' Friend," The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.

## NEXT WEEK'S PROGRAMME.

It's a topping list of attractions for our next issue. There will be a grand instalment of "The Three Gold Feathers!" by Hamilton Teed. This is a yarn of genius, with Chinese mystery and adventure galore. Then we have "Knights of the Wheel!" with its motor-racing thrills, and "Jimmy Silver & Co. at Sea!" a hilarious and exciting account of the Rookwooders afloat, and the quick rush of incident as the Silver Cloud cuts her way through the waves. Other treats are "The Rickshaw Man trap!" showing the Glory Hole Gang in a tight corner, and "Called to Account!" a ripping tale by Arthur S. Hardy, while a special bit of news welcome to everybody concerns No. 2 of the Scoutmaster's "Talks to My Troop." This article is full of tips of the most valuable kind.

## DON'T FORGET!

Nos. 9 and 10 of the "Schoolboys' Own Library" are out next Friday. No. 10 contains a rattling Jolly Roger yarn of the celebrated school, St. Katies. Make sure and get our Companion Paper, the "Magnet," out on August 10th. That number contains four grand cut-out, Real Action Photographs of Famous Cricketers. Book a copy of the "Holiday Annual" right away. It will appear on September 1st, and you cannot afford to miss it. Previous triumphs will all be eclipsed, for the new volume is an out-and-out stunner!

## DUE FROM DREW!

You will be afforded a glimpse of Gan Waga shortly, for Sidney Drew's new serial story of Prince Ching Lung, Ferrers Lord, and the rest of the gay company, including the worthy Eskimo, is shortly due. Future arrangements likewise comprise a startling series of footer stories by Arthur S. Hardy.

## A BORN ARITHMETICIAN.

Some of us hate arithmetic like poison. Those giddy little dots of decimals give many fellows a pain. Therefore sympathy will be felt for a reader at Bolton who tells me he is bored stiff by the hobby of his fellow-worker in a large warehouse. The latter is always thinking out arithmetical problems, and it never seems to occur to him that his pal hates being asked merry little conundrums such as, if you had a sister-in-law in Mesopotamia who wanted to know the exact price in Chinese cash of six and a quarter pounds of butter at twopence-halfpenny a pound, how would you proceed? Some people would just metaphorically jump on that relation, supposing they could not get near enough to do it actually, or, at least, send her a warning letter. But there are brainy chaps knocking round to whom problems in figures are so much egg and milk. Good luck to them! They will become mighty statisticians in due course. I can assure my Bolton chum that there is no sense in getting annoyed about such trifles.

## AUGUST IN THE COUNTRY.

A correspondent who is roaming about Essex sends me word of some of the choice specimens of plants and butterflies he has noted. I cannot quote his letter—it is too long—but, as he points out, this cheery month is noted for wild teazel, golden oat grass, ragwort, rock rose, purple loosestrife, while, if he is lucky, the wanderer in the country can spot the Bullrush Moth and the Silver-spotted Skipper Butterfly.

## "KNIGHTS OF THE WHEEL," Etc.

Apropos of my remarks last week concerning the new serial by Edgar Sayers, I have a letter from "J. B.," who lives at Exeter. J. B. should stand for John Bull. The writer, anyway, takes a thoroughly patriotic view of the progress this country has made in the motoring line. He wants to know something of the early history of the business. In answer to his queries I can tell him that the Motor Car Act was passed in 1896. The first motor-cycle driven by electricity was constructed in 1880. This machine was the invention of N. Trouve, Paris. Trouve, meaning "find," is a good name to conjure with. The first petrol cycle was brought out by that enterprising Frenchman, the Comte de Dion, but the same work was being rushed forward in England the same year, namely, the very eventful one of 1896.

## THE RAILWAY CENTENARY.

For the best of all reasons—namely, that readers are keen on railways—the BOYS' FRIEND has always paid attention to railway matters. No fellow can fail to twig the interest attaching to a train. It is something far more than just a means of getting down to the sea. There is the style of the engine, the description of rolling-stock. At some of the termini they keep as an exhibit a pattern coach of the early days in 1825, when the old stagers were saying "Pish! Absurd! Nothing will ever beat the stage-coach!" A Leeds reader asks me for the exact dates of the subject. Here are a few. The first locomotive puffed a short distance the year before Waterloo, namely 1814, and the Stockton and Darlington Railway was opened exactly a century ago, in 1825. Five years later Liverpool and Manchester were linked up by the iron road. The block system was inaugurated in 1853, the Pacific Line was opened in 1869, the Metropolitan started work in 1871 (the old Metropolitan was very sulphurous). Then the Canadian Pacific was completed in 1885; the City and South London Electric was busy in 1890, the Central London in 1900. The Great Western Company finally swept away the old broad gauge in 1892. We have heard little more of the daring notion brought forward in 1907, viz. a Mono-rail system, but the speed and safety of this method were not guaranteed.

## THE MERRY MUSKETEERS.

Almost as regularly as clockwork I get a long and interesting letter from a chum who is making a study of history. He now asks me about

those famous musketeers whose exploits Alexandre Dumas chose for his finest romance. Those Mousquetaires du Roi were first raised by King Louis XIII., as his personal guard, in the year 1622.

## A MAP OF ROOKWOOD!

An enthusiast sends me a very cheery letter about the BOYS' FRIEND programme of yarns. He considers them all excellent, with special mention for the bright and happy doings of the Glory Hole Gang, and an extra special compliment for Rookwood. In fact, he has been at the trouble of drawing a fine and very detailed map of Rookwood. Best thanks for this. It set me thinking. I wonder why map-drawing is not more taken up?

## A GREAT COMPETITION!

Everybody ought to know something more about the wonderful offer made by the "Magnet" in connection with the thoroughly interesting and quite easy "Famous Cricketers" Competition now appearing in that paper. The prizes are of the sort to appeal strongly to the imagination. The lucky winners find themselves in possession of small incomes, for the First Prize is Ten Shillings a week for a year, and the Second Prize Five Shillings a week for a year. In addition there are forty other prizes of a most attractive description. As we all know, according to the whistler saying, it is money that makes the mare to go. One may not have a mare, but there are many other things one would wish to show a clean pair of heels, such as dull care, and the worry of being short of small change. For these reasons, and for many another, the "Magnet" offer is a great one. It is really a prime stepping-stone to fortune, for a fellow with a steady little company of shillings coming in every Saturday finds himself in a far better position for facing the world. All my chums ought to take note of the topping chance. The luck may come their way.

## A RIPPING BAT!

A very jolly letter reaches me from Charles Goodloff, 99, Fishponds Road, Eastville, Bristol, about "that" bat. He says that the quality of the bat and the prompt manner in which it was sent simply delighted him. Well, as the old Romans might have said, "Bis bat qui cito bat." With the summer racing on, a bat in the hand is worth two in the bush, as it were. My correspondent and his brothers belong to a cricket club, and there are going to be some big happenings for the remainder of the season.

Your Editor.

# The Rookwood Yachtsmen!



(Continued from page 87.)

"Yes, old chap."  
"You can see I'm pegging out, can't you, old fellow?"  
"Nunno! Not quite!"  
"I shall be buried at sea," said Tubby Muffin tearfully. "I shall be done for in a few minutes, Jimmy. I say, I'm sorry I diddled you fellows into coming on this beastly yacht. You'll forgive me when you see me sewn up in a hammock and dropped overboard, won't you?"

And Tubby Muffin fairly wept at that pathetic picture conjured up in his fat mind.

Jimmy Silver tried hard not to chuckle. To Tubby, at least, it was no time for chuckling.

"Buck up, old chap!" he said. "I think the wind's going down already. You'll be all right presently."

Groan!  
"The jolly old tub does roll a bit," said Jimmy. "But you'll get used to it."

Groan!  
"Cheer up, old fellow!"

Groan!  
"I'll come back again—"  
Tubby Muffin howled.

"Ow! Don't leave me! Stay with me till I die, Jimmy."

"Oh, my hat!"  
"It won't be long now!" groaned Tubby Muffin.

"But—"  
Groan!

Jimmy Silver stayed. While the Silver Cloud rattled and shook, and plunged and rolled, he stayed by the hapless Tubby, doing all that he could for the suffering youth, too busy to think about being sea-sick himself.

It was not a happy episode in his yachting cruise; but Jimmy Silver stuck manfully to his task, and listened patiently to the incessant groans from the suffering Muffin. It was said of old that the way of the transgressor is hard; and undoubtedly Reginald Muffin was paying dearly for the steak-and-kidney pie. And Jimmy Silver found the way of the transgressor rather hard, too, though he was not the transgressor.

"All serene!" said Arthur Edward Lovell cheerily.  
The blow was over.

There was still a heavy swell on the sea, and the Silver Cloud rolled a good deal. But the summer sun was shining brightly in a blue sky, and the wind had dropped; far off the heights of Cornwall loomed against the blue.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were feeling fit and cheery; Smythe and Howard and Tracy had crawled on deck, looking rather green, but recovering. But when Adolphus Smythe, in a spirit of bravado, took out a cigarette-case, and offered it to his comrades, they gave him deadly looks. And Adolphus put away the case again without extracting anything therefrom.

Only Tubby Muffin was still on the sick list; and he was sleeping in his bunk. Rather to his surprise, he had not died after all; and there was no occasion for a burial at sea.

"All serene!" repeated Arthur Lovell, with a rather defiant look at his chums. "Rough while it lasted for a fellow who hadn't got on his sea-legs. You fellows felt a bit queer, what?"

"Just a bit!" said Raby. "But we weren't sick like you, old chap."

"If you think I was sea-sick, Raby—"

"I don't think you were old bean; I know."

"I'm never sea-sick!" roared Lovell. "Owing to dinner being late, I was a little—a little—a little—upset—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"That fat idiot Muffin was sea-sick," said Lovell. "I heard him from my room. Serve him jolly well right; a fellow shouldn't come to sea if he's going to be sick."

"Oh, my hat!"

And as there was evidently going to be a hot argument if anyone supposed that Arthur Edward Lovell had been sea-sick, the Rookwooders let it go at that. And Arthur Edward Lovell, whose mental processes were rather perplexing to less gifted fellows, remained with the happy conviction that he was the only genuine sailor among the Rookwood Yachtsmen.

THE END.

(More fun aboard the Silver Cloud! Don't miss reading "Jimmy Silver & Co. at Sea!" the grand story of the chums of Rookwood School on holiday in our next issue. Make sure of your copy of the BOYS' FRIEND by ordering it in advance from your newsagent!)

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