

"A Talk to My Troop"—by The Scoutmaster SEE
INSIDE!

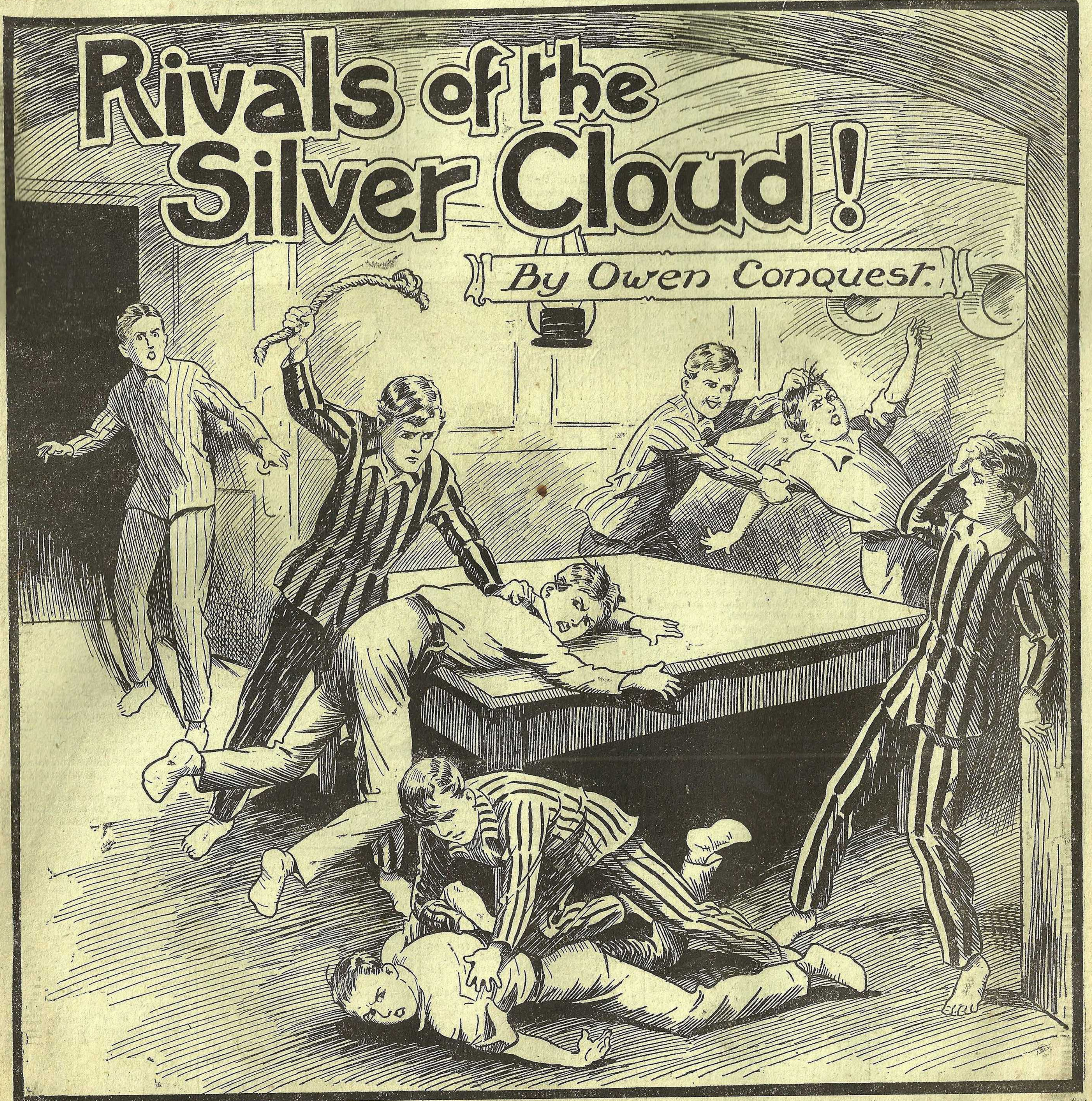
The BOYS' FRIEND 2d

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THE BEST BOYS' PAPER IN THE WORLD!

[Week Ending August 22nd, 1925.]



A TASTE OF THE ROPE'S END FOR PONSONBY THE NUT!

(A lively incident from the great holiday story of the chums of Rookwood School in this issue.)

THE LATEST ADVENTURE OF THE CHUMS OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL ON
THEIR YACHTING CRUISE!



Rivals of the Silver Cloud!

By OWEN CONQUEST.

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

Arthur Edward Lovell is soon at loggerheads with the Silver Cloud's new paying guests!

The 1st Chapter.

The Marble Eye.

"Lovell!"
No reply.
"Lovell, old man!"
"I say, Lovell!"
Grim silence.
Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome exchanged glances that were indicative of growing exasperation. A sense of humour often helped Arthur Edward Lovell's chums to bear with him patiently. Arthur Edward on his dignity had his entertaining side. He was quite unaware of it, but there it was.

But the sense of humour was now rather giving way to the sense of annoyance. It was altogether too thick, and Jimmy Silver & Co. felt it.

Shut up together within the somewhat narrow confines of the Silver Cloud yacht there was no room, as it were, for Lovell to spread himself in a state of lofty and offended dignity.

Lovell was offended. There was no doubt about that. When Lovell was offended there never was any room for doubt. Everybody on board the Silver Cloud knew it, from the captain to the cook. Nobody regarded it as a matter of the first consequence, however.

At Rookwood it wouldn't really have mattered. Had Lovell maintained an attitude of offended dignity in the end study, his chums could have retired to the Common-room. Had Lovell walked into the Common-room lofty and unapproachable, they could have strolled away into the passages, or into some other fellows' study. Had he given them the marble eye in Big Quad, they could have walked in Little Quad. There was room at Rookwood School for Arthur Edward Lovell to spread out his dignity like a peacock spreading out its tail, and nobody a penny the worse.

On the little yacht it was quite a different matter.

Captain Muffin's yacht was roomy for a yacht. Like its owner and skipper, it was broad in the beam. But any fellow on the Silver Cloud was bound to be coming into constant contact with any other fellow on board. Arthur Edward Lovell could not be left to himself until he recovered from what his comrades called the "sulks." There was nowhere he could be left. The great spaces of Rookwood were no longer available.

Jimmy Silver & Co. felt that there was already enough frowning and sniffing on the Silver Cloud, without Lovell joining in. They were on far from friendly terms with Smythe, Howard, and Tracy of the Shell, who were Captain Muffin's other "paying guests" on the Silver Cloud. They did not expect to be on very good terms with the Highcliffe fellows who were coming on board from Appledore that evening. It was, indeed, a time for the Fistical Four of Rookwood to stand together. And precisely at that time Arthur Edward Lovell developed a lofty and unapproachable dignity that was, in the circumstances, exceedingly trying to his pals.

Lovell, of course, had plenty of cause to be offended. Causes of offence can be found at any time, in any quantity, by a fellow who is

easily offended. They always lie ready to hand, as it were, to be picked up by anyone who has any use for them.

Had the question been put to Lovell, as to the ancient prophet, "Dost thou well to be angry?" undoubtedly Lovell would have replied, in the words of the prophet, "I do well to be angry!"

Hence the frozen silence with which Lovell met the almost appealing remarks of his comrades, who were anxious to extend the olive branch. Just then he had no use for olive branches.

Arthur Edward Lovell sat in a deck-chair on the deck of the Silver Cloud, anchored in Bideford Bay.

Moonlight glimmered on the bay and the wide Atlantic, and on the looming cliffs of the Devonshire coast. The lights of Appledore twinkled from the shore.

Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome leaned in a row on the teak rail, quite near Lovell. Valentine Mornington sat on the cabin skylight, yawning. Tubby Muffin sprawled on several cushions on the deck, and snored. Smythe and Howard and Tracy were on the other side of the deck, in chairs, smoking cigarettes. Safe from the eyes of masters and prefects, the nuts of the Shell were going in for "doggishness" in the shape of cigarettes, loftily disregarding the disapproval of Captain Montague Muffin. Captain Muffin did not feel called upon to interfere with the manners and customs of his "paying guests," and certainly Smythe & Co. would never have brooked interference from a fat man whom they disdainfully looked upon as a "dashed boarding-house keeper."

Lovell had given the Shell fellows a glare or two. His opinion was that they were letting down Rookwood by playing the goat like this. Lovell could see quite plainly that Smythe & Co. looked asses with their cigarettes. He was quite unaware that he looked almost as asinine with his offended dignity. That valuable gift which enables us to see ourselves as others see us had been denied to Lovell.

Had Lovell been on his usual cheery terms with his chums he would probably have suggested a gentle rag in Rookwood style—such as stuffing Smythe & Co.'s cigarettes down the backs of their necks. But he was now treating his old pals with an awful distance of manner, and raging in company was out of the question.

"Lovell, old man!" said Jimmy Silver, for the third or fourth time.

Lovell's eyes were fixed now on the twinkling lights of Appledore. He seemed stone deaf.

"Look here, fathead!" began Raby hotly. George Raby was beginning to lose patience.

No answer.

"If you knew what an idiot you look, Lovell, old man!" said Newcome.

That remark "drew" Lovell.

He turned his eyes on the Co.

"I'd rather you fellows didn't speak to me, if you don't mind?" he said.

"Fathead!"

"Ass!"

"Chump!"

The three juniors spoke in unison. Lovell knitted his brows.

"When fellows call me names I generally punch them!" he said.

"Oh, my hat!"

"Shut up, and leave a chap alone!" said Lovell.

"Fathead!" said the three together.

Lovell breathed hard.

He was offended, and his dignity was taking a really good innings. But he really had not reached the point of desiring to punch his old friends. Moreover, there were some difficulties in the way of the punching. One fellow could scarcely



LOVELL IS ANGRY! Lovell strode into his room and grabbed up Ponsonby's leather bag and hurled it out. Then he unhooked a raincoat from a peg and hurled it forth, following it up with two or three smaller articles. Then he dragged out the cabin trunk from underneath the berth, up-ended it, and sent it crashing out. "Oh, my eye!" said the alarmed steward.

administer corporal punishment, however richly deserved, to three.

So Arthur Edward retired into his shell of dignity, and fixed his eyes on the lights of Appledore again, freezing unconscious of the existence of the Co.

"How long are you going to keep this up, Lovell?" demanded Raby.

"Can't you speak, image?" inquired Newcome.

"Look here, Lovell, old man," said Jimmy Silver. "Chuck it! We had a little tiff this afternoon in Bideford. Well, forget it. What's the good of playing the giddy ox?"

Frozen silence.

"My dear men," yawned Mornington, "let him rip. I'm beginnin' to get bored with this yachtin' trip, and Lovell's started his funny game just in time to provide some amusement. I like watchin' him."

gentleman with very lofty connections and accustomed to being sought after by fellows like Smythe, who belonged to the ranks of the newly rich. He had found that the more he snubbed them the more they admired him; and he liked snubbing fellows. Smythe, who was going to give him a hearty handshake to demonstrate to all the Silver Cloud upon what chummy terms he was with a lord's nephew, found himself accorded two fingers, which touched his hand like a cold fish and were immediately withdrawn.

"Jolly glad to see you, old chap!" said Smythe, not discouraged. He was determined to be chummy.

"Good of you to say so," yawned Ponsonby. "So this is the Silver Cloud, is it?"

"Yes, old fellow."

Jimmy Silver & Co. grinned, and Smythe & Co., across the deck, contributed a chuckle. Lovell's face became crimson. Certainly he had no intention of providing general amusement by his present lofty attitude.

"Mornny, you cheeky ass—" he began.

"Any harm in watchin' you?" asked Mornny. "A cat may look at a king, you know. Keep it up, old bean. It's entertainin'—"

"If you want a thick ear!" roared Lovell.

"Thanks, I don't! Don't let off at me, old pippin," yawned the dandy of the Fourth. "Let off at Muffin, if you want to let off steam. Kick him and stop his snorin'."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Lovell breathed hard and deep. He half-rose from the deck-chair, and Mornington regarded him with a mocking smile. But just then there came an interruption.

"Hallo, there's the Highcliffe chaps!" exclaimed Adolphus Smythe; and he rushed to greet Ponsonby of Highcliffe. And the passengers of the Silver Cloud all glanced round at the newcomers.

The 2nd Chapter.

At Arm's Length!

Cecil Ponsonby gave a careless glance at the fellows on the deck of the Silver Cloud. His look and his manner were supercilious; and both were closely imitated by his friends Gadsby and Monson. The three lofty youths of Highcliffe School were accustomed to making themselves unpleasant whosoever their footsteps led them; evidently they derived some sort of satisfaction from it.

Smythe greeted them with warmth; he was very pleased and proud with his friend Ponsonby. For that reason alone Ponsonby returned his greeting in a very off-hand manner. Ponsonby was a young

"I understood that the thing was a yacht," said Ponsonby.

"Horrid old tub!" remarked Gadsby.

"Have we made a mistake and got on board a dashed coal-barge?" asked Monson.

Tubby Muffin woke up. He jumped up at the sight of the Highcliffe fellows, and rolled over to Ponsonby.

"Hallo, Pon! Remember me, old man?" asked Tubby effusively.

Pon stared at him.

"No," he answered. "Have I seen you before?"

"I say, Pon, old chap," protested Tubby. "Don't you remember—"

"Are you the cook?"

"The — the cook?" stammered Reginald Muffin.

"Well, I suppose you're not old enough to be the cook," said Ponsonby. "The cook's boy, I suppose?"

"Look here—"

"Awfully kind of you to greet me like this," said Ponsonby. "Who are those fellows yonder, Smythe? I've seen them before."

"Some Rookwood fags," said Smythe. "Not in our set, of course."

Ponsonby stared at Jimmy Silver & Co. He knew them quite well, and remembered them at once, but he had not expected to see them on the yacht.

"Aren't they the chaps we saw kickin' up a shindy with a tramp in Bideford this afternoon?" he said.

"That's it!" said Gadsby. "I remember them."

"What a crew!" murmured Monson.

Every word came clearly across to Jimmy Silver & Co., who assumed unconsciousness of the existence of the Highcliffians.

Ponsonby laughed lightly.

"Well, when a fellow butts into a dashed boardin'-house he takes his chance!" he said. "Might meet anybody. Still, I think that when a yachtin' cruise is run on boardin'-house lines there ought to be some sort of selection—what?"

"There ought!" agreed Gadsby.

Arthur Edward Lovell made a movement. Ponsonby & Co. were affecting to be unaware that their voices reached the Rookwooders, though undoubtedly their remarks were intended for the ears of Jimmy Silver & Co.

But Captain Muffin came along to show his "guests" below, and Ponsonby & Co. disappeared down the companion.

Adolphus Smythe went with them, still bubbling with effusive chumminess towards Ponsonby. The more Ponsonby kept him at arm's-length the more Adolphus seemed to bubble.

"Precious gang!" growled Lovell, forgetting for the moment that he was not on speaking terms with his comrades.

"Silly asses!" said Raby. "I suppose we can keep clear of them—though there isn't much room for keeping clear of anybody here!"

Lovell made no rejoinder, remembering his dignified reserve. He turned a deaf ear to Raby and strolled away from his deck-chair. Valentine Mornington gave a chuckle.

"Jolly glad you fellows brought Lovell!" he said. "We should have lost our necessary comic relief without him!"

"Oh, rats!" grunted Jimmy Silver. Jimmy was rather cross with Arthur Edward, but he had no mind to hear Mornny making a mock of that headstrong youth.

Mornington laughed.

"With all his faults, we love him still—what?" he asked.

"Bow-wow!"

"You keep on trying to get him out of the sulks," said Mornny. "Take my tip and leave him in them. It keeps him from talkin'."

"Look here, Mornny—" exclaimed Newcome.

"He bores a chap rather less in that state," exclaimed Mornington.

"Take my tip and leave him to it. He will come out of it soon enough—too soon, in fact."

And Mornny strolled airily along the deck, leaving the three juniors frowning.

"Cheeky ass!" grunted Raby.

"Lovell's a sulky duffer, but he's worth a dozen of Mornny any day!"

"Hear, hear!" said Jimmy.

"All the same, I've a jolly good mind to go after him and punch his head," growled Raby.

"Keep smiling!" said Jimmy Silver cheerily. "If you want a head to punch, there's Pon's. I suppose I haven't seen the chap a dozen times,

but I've never seen him without wanting to punch his head."

"Let's go and punch it!" suggested Newcome. "Last time we played cricket at Highcliffe Pon was looking on, and he laughed when my wicket went down. I wanted to punch him then. He can't play cricket for toffee—only snigger at chaps who can play. Let's take some of his airs and graces out of him, to begin with."

Jimmy Silver laughed. "Better keep the giddy peace," he said. "Captain Muffin won't like his paying guests at loggerheads on board his craft."

"He doesn't mind what they do, so long as they pay their board," said Raby. "I say, isn't it rather a comedown for a nob like Ponsonby to be cruisin' in a paying-guest yacht? All very well for Smythe—we know that his giddy connections are all bunkum. But that chap Ponsonby really is connected with all sorts of titled nuts."

"They may not want his company in the holidays," said Jimmy, laughing. "I don't think I should yearn for it if I happened to be his uncle." "No; perhaps that's it. Shall we go and give Lovell another turn?" "Let's!" said Newcome.

Lovell had walked forward, and was chatting with Mr. Punter, the mate. The three juniors walked after him—there was not very far to walk on board the Silver Cloud—and joined up. Mr. Punter gave them a cheery nod, and addressed his remarks equally to them.

It was a chance for Arthur Edward Lovell to come off his perch, so to speak, if he wished. But he did not wish; he was still hugging his offended dignity. His face froze and he walked away, leaving the juniors with Mr. Punter.

That gentleman, however, was soon called to his duties, as the Silver Cloud was leaving Appledore now that her passengers were on board. Captain Muffin had waited a long time for Ponsonby & Co. to come on board. Those lofty youths had not taken the trouble to be on time, sharing Smythe's view that the fat captain was a "dashed boardin'-house keeper," who could be treated as they loftily liked.

Lovell went aft, and a few minutes later his three comrades sauntered aft also. Lovell was leaning on the rail, and the three, with suppressed smiles, leaned on the rail on either side of him.

"Lovely August evening—what?" said Raby affably.

"Topping, isn't it, Lovell?" said Newcome.

Lovell did not answer. He detached himself from the rail and walked across the deck.

He walked loftily, with his nose in the air, more offended and more dignified than ever.

"Look out, Lovell!" shouted Jimmy Silver.

But Lovell, with his nose in the air, was not looking out, and he tripped over a rope that a seaman was trailing across the deck.

Crash!

"Oh!" Arthur Edward Lovell landed on his hands and knees. It gave him quite a shock. Howard and Tracy, smoking cigarettes on the cabin skylight, gave utterance to a simultaneous chuckle.

"Oh!" gasped Lovell.

Jimmy Silver & Co. tried not to laugh. But that example of pride going before a fall was too much for them.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Lovell picked himself up and glared round at them. Hot words were on his tongue, but he restrained them with an effort. He stamped away in a more cross temper than ever, leaving his comrades grinning. Ponsonby & Co. and Adolphus Smythe came back to the deck just in time to see Lovell scrambling up and they grinned at the sight.

"Clumsy ass!" said Ponsonby.

Lovell turned his eyes on the Highcliffe junior. He strode up to him.

"Did you speak to me, Ponsonby?"

Pon eyed him calmly. Pon enjoyed getting a fellow's rag out, and then, assuming a calm and supercilious nonchalance of manner:

"No, I think not," he answered. "You seem to know my name—I don't know yours."

"You know my name well enough!" snapped Lovell.

"Dear me! Have I ever had the pleasure of meetin' you?" asked Ponsonby politely. "I don't remember. But, of course, a fellow meets all sorts, knockin' about."

"The last time I saw you was on the cricket ground at Highcliffe," said Lovell. "You were showing off

a rotten temper because you'd been left out of the cricket, because you can't play for toffee."

A faint colour dawned in Ponsonby's cheeks, but he remained calm and nonchalant.

"Dear me!" he said.

"If you were speaking of me just now, Ponsonby—"

"My dear man, why should you suppose I was speakin' of you? If you hear a fellow mention a clumsy ass, does it leap to your mind that he must be speakin' of you?"

Gadsby and Monson grinned. Smythe chuckled. Lovell's angry face grew angrier. He was not a match for the superb Pon in tongue-fencing, as he realised.

"I've a jolly good mind—" he began.

"Hallo, they're gettin' up the anchor," said Ponsonby. "Looks as if we're startin'. Those engines smell horrid."

"Awful!" said Gadsby.

The Highcliffians moved away with Smythe, leaving Lovell standing where he was, with a red face and a very discomfited feeling. He was greatly inclined to punch Pon's mocking face, but he felt that it was scarcely the thing to begin punching Captain Muffin's passengers. The manners and customs of the Fourth Form passage at Rookwood were a little out of place on board the Silver Cloud.

In a state of great annoyance and suppressed wrath, Arthur Edward Lovell went below, feeling on ill

disturbed in his quarters by newcomers.

But now there was a change.

Lovell's bags and other property had been lifted out—not very carefully, for a collar lay on the floor, and a shirt and a cap and a belt were scattered about. Under the bunk a handsome cabin trunk had been slid, which certainly did not belong to Lovell, and a handsome bag lay in the room, as well as several other articles. On the bag were the initials "C. P."

"Ponsonby!" said Lovell blankly. He could scarcely believe his eyes.

Ponsonby of Highcliffe had taken possession of his quarters, without so much as asking leave—not that leave would have been granted.

"The cheek of it!" gasped Lovell.

"Cheek" really wasn't the word for it. It was the most astounding impudence.

"Hem!" It was the steward at Lovell's elbow. "Next room's yours, sir, now. Shall I place your things in it, sir?"

Lovell turned on him.

"Did Captain Muffin give my room to Ponsonby?" he demanded, with blazing eyes. "If he did, I'm going ashore at once!"

"Hem! I think the captain was busy on deck, sir," said the steward. "Next room's quite comfortable, sir—very comfortable indeed; you'll have the advantage of sharing it with Master Raby, sir—"

Lovell turned away from the man.

"Oh, my eye!" said the steward. "Mr. Ponsonby won't like this, sir." "Won't he?" roared Lovell. "There's going to be something more that he won't like, too."

He grabbed up the leather bag and hurled it out. Then he unhooked a raincoat from a peg and hurled it forth, following it up with two or three smaller articles. Then he dragged out the cabin trunk from underneath the berth, up-ended it, and sent it crashing out.

"Oh, my eye!" said the steward again.

"Now put my things back in my room!" roared Lovell. "Do you hear?"

"I ain't deaf, sir," said the steward. "But Mr. Ponsonby—"

"Put my things back!"

"I think I'd better speak to Captain Muffin, sir—"

The steward broke off in some alarm at the expression on Lovell's face. Obviously, the steward regarded Cecil Ponsonby as a much more important person than Arthur Edward Lovell. That was a view in which Lovell was not likely to concur.

"Will you do as I tell you?" said Lovell in tones of concentrated fury. "If you don't, sharp, I'll jolly well bang your head on the door!"

"Oh, my eye! Oh—"

"I give you one minute!" roared Lovell.

The steward found the minute enough. Lovell's property was restored to his state-room in rather less

picked up Cecil Ponsonby's handsome silk topper. With that handsome hat gripped in his hand Lovell stamped up the companion steps to the deck.

The yacht was moving across the calm waters of Bideford Bay, with the lights of Appledore twinkling astern. The Highcliffe fellows were standing in a cheery group with Smythe & Co., chatting. Ponsonby was giving a description of a recent country house party which had been honoured with his presence. Lovell strode savagely into the group.

"This is your hat, I think, Ponsonby?" he said.

"Eh?"

Ponsonby stared at him. "I found it in my room."

"Have you been meddlin' with my things?" exclaimed Ponsonby.

"What cheek!" said Smythe.

"I found that a cheeky cad had butted into my room," said Lovell, with forced calm. "I've chucked all the things out, anyhow, and made the steward put mine back."

"What?"

"I've brought you the hat," said Lovell. "I don't quite see what you want with a silk-hat on a yachting cruise, but here it is, you cheeky cad!"

Lovell barged at the nut of Highcliffe.

With his left hand, he swept the straw-hat from Ponsonby's head, and it flew along the deck. Before the Highcliffe fellow knew what was happening, Lovell jammed the silk-hat on his head.

Crunch!

Lovell's fist smote the top of the hat with a mighty smite. It crunched under that crashing blow and jammed down round Ponsonby's ears.

"Oh!" gasped Ponsonby. "Oh! Ow! What—what—"

"That's for you!" said Lovell.

And he stalked away, leaving Cecil Ponsonby clutching frantically at his hat, in a wild effort to extract his head therefrom.

The 4th Chapter. Trouble!

Adolphus Smythe gazed at Ponsonby, as he struggled with the hat, in horror. He did not move a finger to help him; he seemed too overcome. Such treatment accorded to his aristocratic friend seemed to have a dumbfounding effect on Adolphus.

Ponsonby struggled with the crunched hat, and got it off. His face was crimson and furious. The hat was a wreck—an utter ruin! Even an old-clothes merchant would scarcely have taken it as a gift. Ponsonby, with a muttered word that was scarcely in keeping with his lofty superiority, hurled the battered wreck away, and it whizzed over the rail and dropped into the sea.

"Oh, gad!" gasped Adolphus.

"Pon, old man—"

"The dashed ruffian!" exclaimed Gadsby.

Ponsonby gritted his teeth.

"I say, speak to the captain!" exclaimed Monson. "Captain Muffin can't allow this sort of thing on board! I suppose his dashed yacht isn't a dashed bear-garden, is it?"

Howard and Tracy exchanged a grin. They did not share the horrified indignation of Adolphus. They were, after all, Rookwood fellows, and they privately considered it an astounding cheek on Pon's part to have turned a Rookwooder out of his room unpermitted. Moreover, Tracy had not forgotten his little scheme of setting Ponsonby on the warpath against the Fistical Four, using the dandy of Highcliffe, as a matter of fact, as a catspaw to wreak his own grudges. This little incident happened very luckily, according to Allan Tracy's ideas. There would be trouble now; and if Lovell were licked, all the better; and if Pon were thrashed, he deserved it for his swank; and if they hammered one another thoroughly, serve them both jolly well right! That was how Tracy looked at it.

"Can't go complainin' to the captain," said Tracy, before Pon could answer Monson. "After all, Ponsonby bagged Lovell's room."

"I suppose Pon could bag any room he liked!" said Gadsby.

"The owner might have somethin' to say about it!" remarked Howard.

"Look here—"

"Cheese it, Howard!" said Smythe warmly. "Ponsonby took the room he wanted, and quite right, too. As for Lovell's cheek in interferin' with his things, it's beyond me. Simply can't understand the fellow havin' the nerve."

(Continued overleaf.)



LOVELL COMES A CROPPER! "Look out, Lovell!" shouted Jimmy Silver. But Lovell, with his nose in the air, was not looking out, and he tripped over a rope that a seaman was trailing across the deck. "Oh!" gasped Lovell, as he landed on his hands and knees.

terms with everybody on board, and, at the same time, not pleased or satisfied with his own company. Which was by no means a happy frame of mind.

The 3rd Chapter. Ponsonby Asks For It!

"What the thump!" Lovell stared into his state-room and breathed with wrath.

Quarters on board Captain Muffin's yacht were, of course, somewhat cabined, cribbed, and confined. The state-rooms were small, not to say tiny; there was little room for baggage, and none too much for the passengers themselves. All the state-rooms excepting one had two bunks in them, but there was one that was single-berthed, and that one Arthur Edward Lovell had taken possession of.

As the Fistical Four and Morny had been the first to arrive on board the yacht at Southampton before the cruise started, they had been entitled to pick and choose. It was a case of first come first served. Lovell had bagged the best room, after asking his comrades, perhaps a little aggressively, whether they wanted it. It had been Lovell's room since the yacht had sailed from Southampton, though Adolphus Smythe had cast an envious eye on it. It had not even occurred to Lovell that he would be

He did not need telling that Ponsonby had tipped the Silver Cloud steward, thus obtaining a friend at court, as it were.

Lovell strode into his room—now Ponsonby's room. He picked up a hat-case that lay on the bunk and hurled it out of the doorway. The steward dodged in time to escape it.

Crash!

The hat-box landed on the cabin table and burst open. A handsome silk hat flew out and rolled along the planks.

than the minute. Lovell was in a state of towering rage, and the steward was not looking for a scrap with one of Captain Muffin's paying guests.

"That's better!" snorted Lovell. "Now you can put that cad Ponsonby's things where you like. I'll take him his hat myself!"

"Look 'ere, sir—"

"Hold your tongue!"

Lovell was not in a frame of mind to mince his words. He turned his back on the staring steward and

ARE YOU AMONG THESE PRIZEWINNERS? Result of "A.B.C.'s" Competition No. 6.

In this competition the SIX "J. B. HOBBS" CRICKET BATS have been awarded to the following competitors, whose solutions, each containing one error, came nearest to correct:

- J. BALSHAW, 53, Chorley Road, Adlington, Lancs.
- JEFFREY BRIGHT, 23, Hoel Tregoning, New Dock, Llanelly, S. Wales.
- ARTHUR COBBETT, 147, Selly Oak Road, King's Norton, Birmingham.
- W. D. DORWARD, 28, Union Street, Barnet, Herts.
- JOHN A. MALONE, 17, Ivar Street, Dublin, Ireland.
- STANLEY MOSS, High Street, Manningtree, Essex.

The Correct Solution was as follows:

- 1. Frog. 2. Fuchsia. 3. Feature. 4. Frayed. 5. Flatfish. 6. Fountain.
- 7. Fire. 8. Fern.



Rivals of the Silver Cloud!

(Continued from previous page.)

Evidently Ponsonby, in Smythe's opinion, like the King in the British Constitution, could do no wrong!

"I'll make him sorry for this!" said Ponsonby, between his teeth. "Does the cad think he can lay his hands on me?"

"He seems to think so," remarked Tracy. "But it's no good goin' to Captain Muffin; he's bound to stand by Lovell in keepin' his room. It's like baggin' a fellow's study at school. Give Lovell a jolly good hidin', that's the best idea."

"That's what I'm goin' to do."

"Lovell's rather hefty with the mittens," remarked Howard. "Do you think you're quite up to his form, Pon?"

"I think I could lick any Rookwood fellow I dashed well wanted to!" retorted Ponsonby. "You'll jolly well see."

"Oh!" said Tracy and Howard together. They began rather to wish that Lovell would be the victor in the trouble that was coming.

Ponsonby looked round the deck. Arthur Edward Lovell was standing at a little distance, staring towards the group. Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome were leaning on the rail in a grinning row, and Mornington was laughing openly. Even Tubby Muffin was grinning, entertained by Pon's adventure with his crunched hat. Cecil Ponsonby walked across to Lovell.

Arthur Edward eyed him contemptuously as he came up, with his friends following him.

"You cheeky cad!" began Ponsonby.

"Oh, cut it out!" interrupted Lovell. "If you're looking for trouble, I'm ready! Put up your hands, you swanking rotter!"

Ponsonby threw off his well-fitting jacket to Gadsby. His face was pale with concentrated rage. Jimmy Silver & Co. drew nearer. They were not on speaking terms with their old comrade at present, but they were ready to back him up to any extent. But Lovell did not look at them. He threw off his jacket, and pushed back his cuffs. Captain Muffin came bustling up.

The fat skipper of the Silver Cloud, as a rule, contrived not to see too much; he was careful not to interfere with his "paying guests." But he had to intervene now.

"Come, come, young gentlemen," he said in his fat voice. "What is all this? I cannot allow fighting on board my yacht."

"I'm goin' to lick that cheeky cad!" said Ponsonby. "You saw what he did, I suppose!"

"Yes. Really, Master Lovell—"

"That cheeky rotter bagged my room," said Lovell. "I had to show him how much I think of Highcliffe swank. And you needn't interfere, captain—somebody will have to lick him before this cruise is out, and you may as well let me do it."

"Hear, hear!" grinned Morny. Captain Muffin looked a little perplexed. He wanted the peace to be kept; but he could see very plainly that if he separated the adversaries now, they would be fighting as soon as his plump back was turned.

"Well, perhaps a few rounds with the gloves on!" he said.

"I don't want the gloves!" snarled Ponsonby.

"I insist!" said the captain. Ponsonby looked him up and down. "Who the dickens are you to insist?" he snapped. Ponsonby's evil temper had quite got the better of his manners now. "Mind your own dashed business!"

"What?" roared Captain Muffin. "Mind your own business!" snarled Ponsonby. "This dashed yacht is a dashed floatin' boardin'-house, and you're a dashed hotel-keeper. I don't allow hotel-keepers an' waiters to interfere with me. Stand back!"

Captain Muffin's fat face turned purple.

A ring was formed, and all the passengers of the Silver Cloud stood round to watch the combat.

It was a little weakness of the gallant captain's that he liked to keep the boarding-house side of his business strictly in the background, and to fancy himself a genuine yachting skipper at sea. And, in point of fact, at sea Montague Muffin had all the authority of a sea-captain, though Pon did not seem to realise it, and the authority of a sea-captain, away from land, is far-reaching.

"You impudent young cub!" gasped Captain Muffin, quite forgetting that he was a boarding-house keeper, whose cue it was to please his paying-guests. "By gum! Listen to me, you cheeky young sweep! Another word of impudence like that, and I'll have you locked up in your state-room till you apologise."

"What?" stammered Ponsonby.

"Steady, old bean!" chuckled Mornington. "He can do it if he likes—and jolly well put you in irons, too, if he chooses!"

"I'm your second, Lovell, old man!" murmured Jimmy Silver. "You're not."

"Eh?"

"Go and eat coke!"

Jimmy Silver drew back, with deep but suppressed feelings. Really, even Lovell's chums began to feel that a licking would not do him any harm. As loyal Rookwooders, however, they hoped for the success of the exasperating Arthur Edward.

The gloves were donned and the two juniors faced one another, both of them looking savage and determined. Captain Muffin took out a big watch.

"Ready?"

"Yes," grunted Lovell.

"Quite!" said Ponsonby.

"Time!"

And the combat started.

The 5th Chapter. The Fight!

Arthur Edward Lovell piled into the combat with great energy. He was in an exasperated frame of mind, in which it would have been a solace to lick almost anybody. And of all the fellows in the wide world, Ponsonby of Highcliffe was the fellow he would have preferred to lick. And he did not expect any great difficulty in the matter; he despised the dandy of Highcliffe too much for that. He had set down Pon as a fellow like Adolphus Smythe, whom Lovell

"Count!" exclaimed Monson. Captain Muffin, with a faint smile, had his eyes on his watch.

"One, two, three, four—"

Lovell sat up, gasping.

"Five, six, seven—"

"Oh!" spluttered Lovell.

"Eight, nine—"

Lovell leaped up desperately, with his head spinning. Ponsonby crowded him at once, hitting out savagely. There was no mercy in Ponsonby; he was prepared to take the fullest advantage of the rules, and a little more if he could.

Lovell stalled him off as well as he could; but he was knocked right and left, staggering to and fro under Pon's fierce blows, and only the call of time saved him from going to the deck again.

"Time!" rapped out Captain Muffin.

Lovell reeled to his corner. Tubby Muffin made a knee for him, and Lovell sank on it, gasping, glad of the respite.

Ponsonby's friends were grinning round him now.

"First round, and last—what?" chuckled Gadsby. "Last but one, anyhow."

"Looks like it!" grinned Monson.

"Oh, yaas!" grinned Adolphus. "By gad, Pon, old bean, I never knew you were such a terrific fightin' man!"

Howard and Tracy were silent. They had looked forward to the

The third round began and Ponsonby's supporters ceased to grin, and looked more serious as it progressed.

Lovell was not giving himself away now; and Pon was already beginning to show signs of wear and tear. Far too many cigarettes had had rather a deteriorating effect on the Highcliffe junior's wind, and he had "bellows to mend." He was panting a good deal all through the round as his exertions began to tell on him. And by the time the round ended, Lovell was attacking.

Pon's face was set and evil when the fourth round started. He had doubts himself now; and with doubts of victory came hesitation and a desire to avoid punishment. There was a "yellow streak" in Ponsonby, of Highcliffe, and it began to show.

Lovell was attacking hard now, but not on his former "bull-at-a-gate" system. He had realised by this time that Pon was not a fellow to be knocked out like the soft Adolphus, and that he had to fight for victory. And he contrived to keep cool, and put into the combat the best he knew. And as Lovell was absolutely regardless of punishment, while Pon was extremely particular not to get hurt if he could help it, the Rookwooder had more and more the advantage.

In that round Pon was on the defensive nearly all the time, and his handsome face was very flushed and showed signs of damage. He was deeply glad by this time that the gloves were on. With the bare knuckles his face would have been a startling picture. As it was, its beauty was not improved.

"Time!"

Ponsonby gasped and gasped in his corner during the rest. It seemed that he would never leave off gasping. Gadsby and Monson exchanged dismayed glances. Adolphus Smythe was deeply concerned. Howard and Tracy exchanged a private wink.

"Time!"

Arthur Edward Lovell stepped forward quite briskly. Ponsonby was not nearly so brisk. Indeed, he seemed to find some difficulty in detaching himself from the wicker chair into which he had collapsed.

"Goin' on, old man?" asked Gadsby doubtfully.

Ponsonby gave him a savage look.

"Time!" repeated Captain Muffin, with emphasis.

Ponsonby toed the line again. Arthur Edward Lovell came on hard and fast, and the dandy of Highcliffe backed away from the attack, backing round the ring with the Rookwood junior following him up. Some of the onlookers grinned, and even Gadsby and Monson looked a little ashamed of their champion. There was plenty of "beef" left in Ponsonby, but the yellow streak was predominating now. With the same pluck as Lovell, he had a good chance yet; but the pluck was wanting, and savage temper and passionate malice could not supply its place.

"Is this a fight or a foot-race?" Valentine Mornington inquired; and there was a laugh.

"Go it, Pon!" murmured Gadsby. Ponsonby flushed crimson and made an effort. He rallied to the attack and Lovell was stopped for a moment, with a drive that caught him on the nose. But it was only for a moment; that rap seemed to give Arthur Edward new life. He came on hard and fast, and returned the rap with interest; and Pon backed off again, faster and faster, till he almost seemed to be running backwards.

"Time!"

Ponsonby dropped into the wicker chair.

Everyone was grinning now, and even Gadsby and Monson found it hard not to grin. The Highcliffe champion was at the end of his tether. There were several rounds left in him, but it was not of much use to put in rounds that consisted wholly of backing off, dodging, and making frantic attempts to escape punishment. And the end, on those lines, would have been inevitable. Pon, with a black brow, began to peel off the gloves.

"Time!"

Lovell lounged forward. Pon did not move, only to toss the gloves on the deck.

"I'm done!" he growled savagely. "Oh, buck up!" said Mornington. "You're not done yet."

"Mind your own business, confound you!"

"You've got a run left in you," said Mornington encouragingly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

(Continued on page 128.)



PONSONBY GIVES IN! "Time!" cried Captain Muffin. Arthur Edward Lovell lounged forward. Ponsonby did not move, only to toss the gloves on the deck. "I'm done!" he growled savagely. "Oh, buck up!" said Mornington. "You're not done yet!"

Ponsonby opened his lips, and closed them again. He had a supreme contempt for the fat little gentleman who was a boarding-house keeper and assumed the airs of a sea-going skipper. But he realised that Captain Muffin, whether the genuine article or not, wielded the powers of the genuine article while the Silver Cloud was at sea.

Shocking as it was to Pon's sense of superiority, it was a fact that Captain Muffin could have ordered him to be locked in his cabin, or even put in irons—supposing that there were any irons on board the Silver Cloud. So Pon restrained the savage words he was on the point of uttering.

"You have some boxing-gloves on board, Master Silver," said Captain Muffin, taking no further heed of the dandy of Highcliffe. "Perhaps you will lend them."

"Yes, rather!" said Jimmy Silver. And Jimmy went down for the gloves.

"A few rounds with the mittens on won't do either of you any harm," said the captain. "I'll keep time myself."

"I don't mind!" growled Ponsonby. "Gloves or no gloves, I'll give that cheeky rotter the hiding of his life!"

Jimmy Silver came back with the gloves.

A ring was formed, and all the passengers of the Silver Cloud stood round to watch the combat.

could have knocked out with one hand in one round. But it was rather Arthur Edward's way to underrate an opponent, and he soon discovered that Pon was not made of the same soft stuff as Adolphus.

Lovell sailed in with vim, and drove Cecil Ponsonby round the ring, getting home with two or three heavy knocks that made Pon glad that the gloves had been donned.

Lovell fully expected the Highcliffe to crumple up and go down on the deck.

Instead of which, Pon, watching his opportunity with a deadly coolness, caught Arthur Edward in a reckless moment, and came through his guard, and landed his right on Lovell's nose, following it up instantly with his left on the chin, and the Rookwooder went over as if a cannon-ball had struck him.

Crash!

"Man down!" chuckled Gadsby. "Bravo, Pon!"

Arthur Edward Lovell lay and gasped, in quite a dizzy state. Jimmy Silver frowned, and Raby and Newcome shrugged their shoulders. It was just like Lovell to rush on recklessly and ask for this sort of thing.

ANSWERS

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RIVALRY OF THE SILVER CLOUD!

(Continued from page 116.)

"If you're done, all right," said Lovell; and he peeled off the gloves, and Tubby Muffin helped him on with his jacket.

Captain Muffin put away his watch. "Now shake hands over it," he said.

Lovell hesitated a moment; then he nodded.

"I don't mind," he said.

"Keep your paw to yourself!" snarled Ponsonby. "I'll make you suffer for this, you cad!"

"Whenever you like!" said Lovell contemptuously. "You don't seem to have had much luck so far. Try again as soon as you choose."

And Lovell turned his back on the dandy of Highcliffe. He also turned a deaf ear to the congratulations of his chums. Jimmy Silver & Co. were still in Lovell's bad books, and he turned in that night without saying good-night to them, oblivious of their existence.

Arthur Edward Lovell, in a state of offended dignity, was sufficient unto himself—or, at least, he supposed so. But he was destined to discover before the night was out, that that was only one of his many little mistakes.

The 6th Chapter. A Highcliffe Rag.

Jimmy Silver awoke suddenly—so suddenly that he started up and knocked his head on the upper bunk, and expressed his feelings in a howl.

"Oh!"

Jimmy sat up and rubbed his head. It was past midnight. The Silver Cloud was steaming on a calm, placid sea, rolling rather less than usual. A glimmer of moonlight came in at the open port. Jimmy Silver listened to vague sounds that came from the adjoining state-room.

That was Lovell's room, and Lovell was in a state of disturbance, to judge by the noise. There was a scuffling and a muttering, as if three or four fellows were crowded in the confined space and struggling together. The bulkhead was not thick, and the sounds came plainly to Jimmy's ears, and they had awakened him from balmy slumber. "What on earth's up with Lovell?" murmured Jimmy sleepily.

He made a move to turn out of bed, and then paused. He had been repulsed so often that he was inclined to leave the headstrong Arthur Edward severely to himself till he came out of the sulks. It really did not seem worth while to turn out of bed in the middle of the night in order to be snubbed by the sulky Arthur Edward.

Newcome's voice came from the bunk over Jimmy's.

"What's that fearful row, Jimmy?"

"Something up with Lovell," said Jimmy. "Another row, I suppose."

"Oh, bother! I wish they'd let a fellow go to sleep."

"I think I'll give them a look in," said Jimmy, slipping from his bunk. "Looks to me like a rag."

"Rot! Lovell will only snarl," said Newcome. "Better stuff a pillow on your ears and go to sleep."

Jimmy Silver smiled and opened the door of the state-room. Outside all was shadowy, but he discerned a number of struggling forms.

"Hold the brute!"

It was Ponsonby's voice. "You rotten cowards!" That was Lovell's voice. "You cads! I'll lick the lot of you, one at a time."

"I say, we're making a frightful row," muttered Gadsby uneasily. "Those other fellows are bound to wake up."

"They don't care," said Ponsonby. "Lovell's rowed with them, the same as with us. The hooligan rows with everyone he meets. Hold the brute; he nearly got loose."

"Oh, you rotters!" panted Lovell. A bunch of struggling juniors

went staggering into the cabin, where a swinging-lamp was burning. Captain Muffin and Mr. Punter were both on deck, and the cabin was untenanted. If the skipper of the Silver Cloud heard the noise below he gave it no heed. He had already learned that his schoolboy guests were rather given to ragging, and his idea was to leave them to it.

Lovell bumped on the floor, with the three Highcliffe fellows clinging to him and pinning him down.

It was a "rag," but not a harmless sort of Rookwood rag. Arthur Edward Lovell was booked for severe punishment. Ponsonby had a knotted rope in his hand.

"Now roll the brute over!" he panted.

Lovell struggled desperately, but he did not call out. Even at that moment he would not ask help of the chums from whom his sulky temper had estranged him.

Jimmy Silver ran forward. There was the sound of a slash as Ponsonby brought the knotted rope down on Lovell's pyjamas. Pon's face was set and savage and evil. This was his revenge for the licking on deck, and it was a revenge quite in keeping with Pon's character.

"Stop that, you cad!" shouted Jimmy.

"We're here, Lovell, old man!" exclaimed Newcome; and a moment later Raby was on the scene.

Mornington, who certainly must have heard the din and guessed what was going on, did not take the trouble to turn out. Possibly he considered that a ragging might do Lovell good.

Lovell, struggling in the grasp of the Highcliffe trio, and struggling in vain against three, glared at his old chums. Even then the lofty pride of Arthur Edward was not vanquished.

"Leave me alone!" he gasped. "I'm not asking you fellows for help."

Whack! The knotted rope came down a second time, and Lovell gave a howl. Pon was putting more beef into this than he had put into the fight on deck.

"Well, my hat!" exclaimed Newcome. "If you don't want any help, Lovell, you howling ass, we'll jolly well go back to bed and leave you to enjoy yourself!"

"Go back, and be blown!" gasped Lovell.

"We jolly well will!" exclaimed Raby indignantly.

Whack!

"Ow!"

"We jolly well won't!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver; and he rushed at Ponsonby.

"Hands off, you Rookwood cad!" shouted Ponsonby.

The next moment he was sprawling on the floor.

"Pile in!" shouted Jimmy Silver.

Raby and Newcome followed their leader. Gadsby and Monson released Arthur Edward Lovell very suddenly, as they had to defend themselves. Their defence did not do them much service, however. They went crashing on the floor, and the two Rookwooders sat on them and kept them there.

Jimmy Silver caught up the knotted rope.

He gripped Ponsonby by the back of the neck, as the dandy of Highcliffe was struggling to his feet. Pon found himself forced face down over the edge of the cuddy table.

Whack!

There was a fiendish yell from Ponsonby as Jimmy laid on the rope.

"Ow!"

Whack, whack, whack!

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Raby. "Go it, Jimmy!"

"Lemme gerrup!" panted Gadsby, "Wait for your turn, old chap!"

Whack, whack, whack, whack!

Ponsonby struggled furiously in the grasp of the captain of the Rookwood Fourth. But he struggled in vain.

Jimmy Silver's grasp was like iron, and Ponsonby was fairly pinned over the edge of the table, while Jimmy laid on the knotted rope.

"Look here, Silver!" Adolphus Smythe arrived on the scene in great excitement and indignation. "Let Pon alone, do you hear? How dare you lay hands on Pon? Stop it, you young ruffian! Do you hear? I—I—I'll jolly well pitch into you, if you don't chuck it, by gad!"

Lovell was on his feet now, and he turned on Smythe.

"Will you?" he said. "Get back to bed, you dummy!" And a shove on the chest sent Adolphus staggering away with a howl, and he sagely decided not to come back, in spite of his concern for his pal Ponsonby.

Whack, whack, whack!

"Oh! Ow! Wow!" yelled Ponsonby, struggling frantically. "Stop it, you beast! Silver, you rotter, chuck it! Ow!"

"Sorry?" asked Jimmy.

"Ow! Wow! Yes! Sorry!" shrieked Ponsonby. "Oh dear! Oh gad! Leggo!"

Jimmy Silver, with a twist of his arm, sent Ponsonby spinning, and the dandy of Highcliffe sat on the planks. Then he turned his attention to Gadsby.

"Here, you keep off!" yelled Gadsby in alarm, as Raby grinned, and rolled him over ready for the rope's end.

Whack, whack, whack!

"Yaroooooh! Help! Ow!"

"Now your turn, Monson!"

"I—I say, keep off! I—I'm sorry!"

It was all Pon's idea. I never wanted to touch that cad Lovell. Besides, that fool Pon said that you wouldn't stand by the sulky brute, and—

Oh! Ow, ow, ow! Wow!

Whack, whack, whack!

"I think that will do," said Jimmy Silver cheerily. "You Highcliffe cads must learn that you can't rag Rookwood chaps. Catch on?"

"Ow! Wow! Oh gad! Wow!"

It was a dismal chorus from the nuts of Highcliffe.

"Now clear before I begin again!" said Jimmy Silver with a flourish of the knotted rope. And Ponsonby & Co. cleared with almost ludicrous haste. Like the guests in Macbeth, they stood not upon the order of their going, but went at once.

Arthur Edward Lovell eyed his chums. They eyed him. And all the Fistical Four smiled.

"I—I—I suppose I—I—I ought to thank you chaps?" said Arthur Edward awkwardly.

"Don't trouble, if it gives you a pain," said Raby politely.

"Look here, Raby—"

"Keep smiling," said Jimmy Silver, laughing. "It looks as if we shall have rows enough with the Highcliffe chaps while this cruise lasts. Let's chuck it in the family circle, what?"

And Arthur Edward Lovell, at last, came out of the frozen recesses of his offended dignity. Really, in the circumstances, there was nothing else that he could do.

"Done!" he said. "Of course, you fellows were to blame—"

"Oh, of course!" grinned Jimmy.

"Still, perhaps I was a little to blame, too," said Lovell generously.

"It's barely possible," agreed Jimmy Silver with great gravity.

And Raby and Newcome grinned. "Let's get back to bed, anyhow."

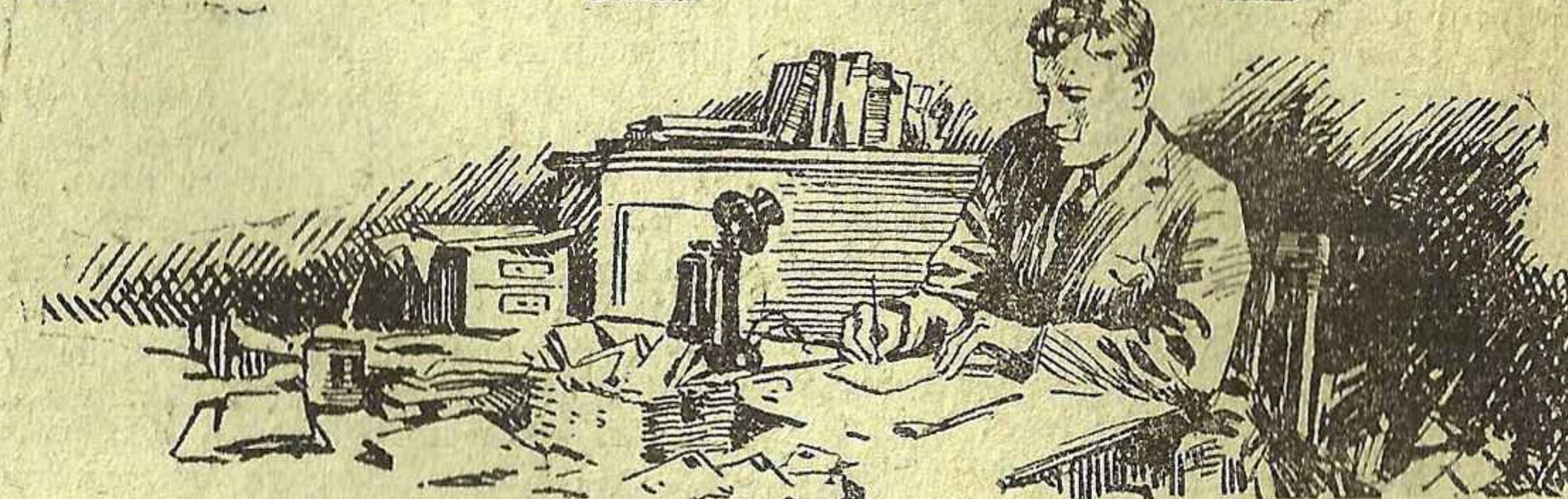
And the chums of Rookwood got back to bed, undisturbed further by the nuts of Highcliffe. Ponsonby & Co. had had enough; indeed, by the way they mumbled and groaned in their bunks, it seemed as if they had had a little too much. They did not enjoy their first night on the Silver Cloud.

Fortunately, it did not matter about Ponsonby & Co. With the heroes of Rookwood all was calm and bright.

THE END.

(Simply great—"The New Passenger!" The long complete holiday story of Jimmy Silver & Co. in next Monday's BOYS' FRIEND. Order your copy in advance and avoid disappointment!)

IN YOUR EDITOR'S DEN.



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Next week when you open the BOYS' FRIEND you will find it contains this brilliant novelty. "The Gold Scorpion" is the title of a new and most remarkable series of detective yarns by Francis Warwick. Jimmy West, a thoroughly smart ventriloquist, is a leading character. The Hon. John Scarlett, a millionaire detective, is another. Mr. Warwick fairly makes things hum. These new prime detective tales will appear alternately with Mr. Duncan Storm's Bombay Castle rousers. It runs like this: Next week, "The Gold Scorpion"; the Monday following a story of the festive Glory Hole Gang. This arrangement is sure to please. We keep in touch with old friends and get a company of new ones.

"ALL IN THE RUNNING."

Next Monday's issue of the old "Green 'Un" will have a stirring football article by "Goalie," with sapient forecasts, and an excellent survey of matters on the footer-field. The other important features include a thumping yarn of Rookwood, called "The New Passenger." In business it is simply rotten to be a passenger, but it's right as rain out at sea. The Silver Cloud gets a new recruit, and he has a mystery of the past in his kit. Another good item is "Bowled Out" by Arthur S. Hardy, a grand cricketing yarn. By the way, Mr. Hardy will soon be turning his attention to a series of football stories for the "B. F." I must also mention "The Three Gold Feathers" and "Knights of the Wheel." Our serials have hit the target with a considerable whang. Other points you might duly heed concern a coming serial by Sidney Drew, "The City of Ghosts," all about the strangest city which ever existed, and the arrival of the new volume of the "Holiday Annual." The latter appears September 1st, and it wants ordering now, take my word for that!

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CLOTHES AND THE MAN.

A correspondent at Gillingham, where the cherry orchards are seen, asks me a question about togs. He also thinks that Mr. Owen Conquest made Jimmy Silver change into Etons when there was no occasion. Candidly, I doubt this. Mr. Owen Conquest is a smart man, but it would take something more to make "Uncle James" ring the changes in his duds when there was no necessity. But, that apart, I am inclined to think my trusty Gillinghamite attaches overmuch importance to what he wears. The great thing to remember is not to mix things too much. Don't wear check trousers with such a large pattern that it takes a couple of pairs to show the complete design, with a scarlet blazer with green spots, or a black coat with tails. People get

nervy when they see these contrasts, and small blame to 'em! Joking aside, so long as a fellow looks neat and tidy, what's the odds whether he is in the fashion or not? Life was made for bigger matters than dandyism.

AIRING HIS KNOWLEDGE!

It looks as though C. B., of Manchester, has been erring this way. He sends me an angry letter about the intolerable spitefulness of some people who seem to grudge him his education. Not they! From what I know of Manchester, that is not the way they go about business. But swank and snobbishness never get there. Is my chum quite sure he did not make a parade of his knowledge? The fellow who barges in with some such remark as, "I know all about that, you know," gets the goat of listeners. If an individual does happen to be in possession of a few tidy, useful facts, he should regard himself as a book to be referred to by anyone who requires some information. It is pretty low to boast of a scrap or two of knowledge, or to take a pride in showing off and besting the other party. That kind of spirit simply kills knowledge, and it puts the kybosh on comradeship. You do need to go easy in this world, else you may find yourself amongst those fools whom the wise suffer gladly. But why not be wise yourself? There is no charge!

GARGANTUAN GAN.

Somewhere in the upper regions of this Chat I made reference to Sidney Drew's new serial, "The City of Ghosts," but there was something else I wanted to mention concerning this yarn, so here goes, as the motorist said when the speedometer showed 70 p.h. Sidney Drew is introducing all the famous characters of the Lord of the Deep. Val Hilton is aboard, likewise Ferrers Lord, and the Eskimo, the faithful, fat, and irresistibly optimistic Gan Waga, with his profound table manners, and his weird and artless methods of self-expression. Keep your eyes on Gan!

DOWN SOUTH.

It was my good fortune recently to meet in the country a man who had popped over from the land of the kangaroo. He spun a taking yarn of a grateful rattlesnake which had been rescued from imprisonment beneath a fallen tree. That snake was so touched by the good turn that it followed its deliverer home and that night, when burglars had entered the house, shook its rattle out of the window for the police. This, of course, may be true, or it may not, like the story of the politician who wanted to explain to his constituents why he had changed his opinions. He said it all came to him in a dream. He was overtaken by a storm when out riding, and crept into a hollow tree out of the rain. But when the sun came out that politician found he had gone too far into the tree; he could not wriggle free. Then he suddenly remembered his former political ideas, and the thought of them made him feel so small, about a minute high, that he was able to escape all right! I think that yarn almost beats the rattlesnake one, don't you?

Your Editor.

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