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B.H. 226.

The Boys' Herald 1^d

EVERY BOY'S AND YOUNG MAN'S
STORY AND HOBBY PAPER.

No. 226, Vol. V.

EVERY WEDNESDAY—ONE PENNY.

WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 16, 1907.

THE TERROR of the REMOVE.

A stirring story
of
SCHOOL LIFE
By
DAVID GOODWIN.

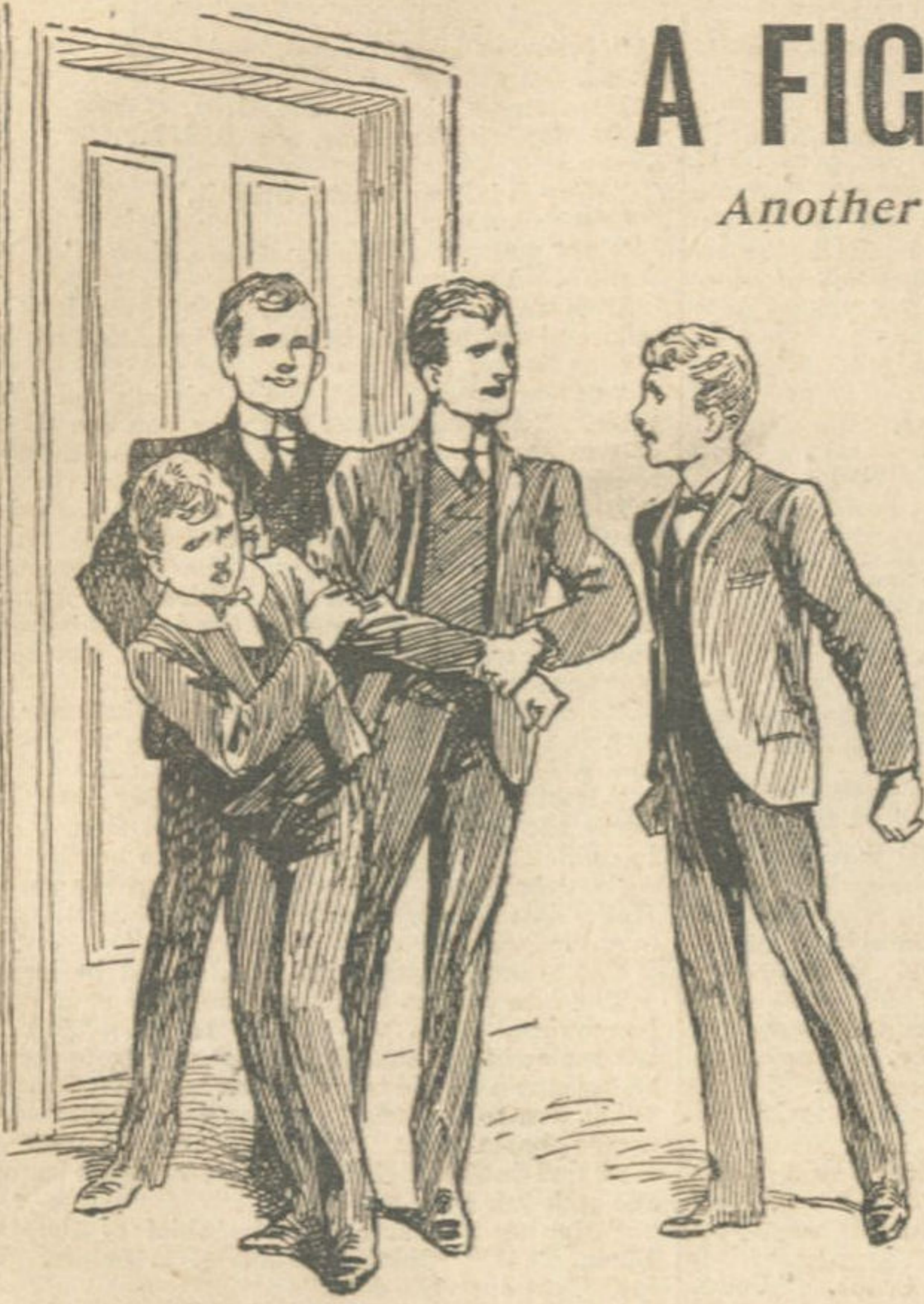


"I hope I didn't hurt you," said Jellicoe, as he shook hands with the Second Form champion. "I tried to be very gentle."

DEATH OF NELSON LEE—STARTLING DETAILS!—(See Inside)

A FIGHT WITH THE FIFTH.

Another of CHARLES HAMILTON'S Popular Stories
about the Chums at Cliveden College.



The 1st Chapter. Fourth Against Fifth.

WERE not going to stand it!"

"Sure and we're not, Dicky darling!"

"I guess not."

The Cliveden Combine were talking excitedly. Something had evidently happened to disturb the usual serenity of No. 4 study.

Dick Neville, Micky Flynn, and Lincoln G. Poindexter, the chums of the Fourth—known all over Cliveden as "the Combine"—seemed, in fact, to be holding an indignation meeting all on their own in No. 4.

"The cheek!" said Dick, with gleaming eyes.

"The unheard of, unparalleled, cheek!"

"The nerve," said Poindexter.

"Amazing!" said Micky Flynn.

"What I want to know," said Dick Neville, smiting the table with his fist till the inkpot jumped and a stream of black fluid shot across Micky Flynn's waistcoat. "What I want to know is, what is Cliveden coming to, when the Fifth Form venture to put on such airs towards their superiors?"

"That's the word," said Flynn. "Their giddy superiors. That's what we are, if we could only get the Fifth to understand it."

"Don't rot, Micky," said Dick severely.

"This is a serious matter."

"You needn't thump any more of that ink over me if it is. I've enough."

"I guess," said Poindexter, the American chum, "I guess, kids, that we're not going to stand it. The idea of the Fifth Form setting up a right to fag the juniors is—"

"Preposterous!"

"Exactly; that's the word."

"Of course," said Dick; "they haven't tried to fag No. 4 study."

The Combine burst into a laugh at the idea.

"Sure I'd like some of them to try to fag us," chuckled Micky Flynn. "I think we'd make them believe life wasn't worth living before we'd done with 'em, darlings."

"They won't try it," said Dick. "They know better. And they won't try it with Pankhurst and Price, either. Pank and Price are a pair of ginger-coloured bounders, but they wouldn't stand that."

"I guess not."

"No," said Dick, with growing indignation.

"Crane, the captain of the Fifth, knows better. He's starting this rotten fagging idea with the timid kids in the Fourth Form, who haven't the nerve to resist. Crane could lick anybody in the Fourth, and it's no good denying it, but he knows better than to tackle the Combine. But those kids, like Simpson and Hill, for instance, and Teddy Trimble, they haven't the pluck to hold out and take what comes. They'll knuckle under—in fact, they have already knuckled under."

"I guess there's no doubt about that. Trimble is fagging for Crane now."

"That's so. The honour of the Fourth Form is concerned, and though we're not interfered with, we've got to stand up for the honour of the Form we belong to."

"Sure, ye're right, Dicky darling. Anything for a row—I mean, sure we've got to bring the Fifth to their senses."

"Much against our will," said Dick Neville, with a stern glance at Micky—"much against our will, I repeat, we are compelled to take up the cudgels against the Fifth Form."

"You talk like an oracle, Dick, I guess."

"Fagging by the Fifth is going to come to a sudden end at Cliveden," said Dick determinedly. "It's the honour of the Form I'm thinking about. Now, my idea is to make it a rule that no member of the Fourth Form shall be allowed to fag for the Fifth, whether he wants to or not."

"Good. No beastly black-legs."

"That's the idea. Now, we usually spend our time rowing with Pankhurst and Price, but on an occasion like this the whole form ought to pull together. I vote that we call on Pank and Price, and ask them to join us—"

There was a kick at the door, and it flew open. Two youths, with hair of the richest auburn hue, and grinning, good-tempered faces, came in, arm-in-arm.

They were Pankhurst and Price of the Fourth, otherwise known as the Old Firm, and deadly rivals of the new institution, the Combine. But just now it was clear that their visit was paid in a friendly spirit.

"Pax!" exclaimed Pankhurst, waving his disengaged hand, as Poindexter's fingers slid towards a ruler.

"That's so," said Price.

"I was just speaking of you," said Dick. "Talk of the—the Old One—you know the rest. What have you come for, you bounders?"

"We haven't come to borrow any of your tinned beef."

"Oh, give that a rest!" growled Poindexter, who, as he hailed from Chicago, was rather sore on the subject of tinned beef.

"Certainly," said Pankhurst. "I give it a jolly long rest, as far as I'm concerned. But, you know, there's no rest for the wicked, and—"

"Come to the point," said Dick, "and not so much hanky-panky."

Pankhurst laughed.

"Right you are. We've been thinking—"

"Hallo! when did you start that?"

"Joking aside," said Pankhurst, "we've been thinking about this rot the Fifth Form have started, about fagging the juniors, and we've decided that it won't do."

"Just the conclusion we've come to."

"We've come here to ask you to join us in putting it down."

"Great minds run in grooves," said Dick Neville. "We were just coming to your quarters, Pank, to put the same thing to you."

"Then it's a go?"

"It is."

"It are."

"I guess so."

"Shake on it."

And the five juniors solemnly shook hands in a circle. Micky Flynn, who never took anything quite seriously, started singing "Auld Lang Syne," but was promptly frowned into silence. The juniors were in deadly earnest.

"And now," said Pankhurst, "we'll draw up a notice on the subject, and put it in the hall, for all Cliveden to see, and the Fifth Form will know that we don't mean to stand any nonsense."

The 2nd Chapter. Fagged by the Fifth.

CRANE, the captain of the Fifth, stopped in the hall with a sudden exclamation, and drew his companion, Cuffy, to a halt.

"Look there, Cuffy!"

Cuffy looked, and he, too, uttered an exclamation.

"Well, my only hat!"

For this is what they read, posted up as large as life on the school notice-board:

"TAKE NOTICE!"

"The claim of the Fifth Form to fag the juniors is regarded by those gentlemen as Rot. It has been forbidden by the Heads of the Fourth Form, meeting in solemn council, for any member of that Form to fag for a member of the Fifth. Any Fourth Former disobeying this order will be ragged by the Form till he comes to his senses. The Fifth are warned that if they persist in their wicked courses they will have a warm time."

"Signed,
"R. NEVILLE, M. FLYNN, L. G. POINDEXTER,
H. PANKHURST, S. PRICE."

"Phew!" said Crane, drawing a deep breath.

"You see that, Cuffy! Cheek!"

"Cheek's not the word," said Cuffy. "It's downright insolence. Those kids will have to be taught a lesson."

"They're joined over this," Crane remarked thoughtfully. "The little brutes used to be divided into two camps, No. 4 against No. 10, and they divided the Form between them. But they appear to have united now."

"Oh, they were bound to stick together against the Fifth."

"Yes. I didn't quite foresee that, though. But we'll soon put an end to this rot. There goes their giddy notice!"

Crane pulled the notice off the board and tore it into four pieces, which he scattered over the hall with a wave of the hand.

"That's for a start," he said, walking on.

He looked along the passage as he reached his study-door, and espied Teddy Trimble. The latter was scuttling off as he caught sight of Crane, but the Fifth-Former had spotted him.

"Fag!" Crane swelled with importance as he shouted that word, like a full-blown Sixth-Former calling to his fag. "F-a-a-g!"

Teddy Trimble hesitated, and was lost. He came slowly towards the head of the Fifth.

"Did—did you call me, Crane?"

"Did I call you?" exclaimed Crane, seizing him by the ear. "You know I did, you young scoundrel. How dare you keep me waiting!"

"Leg-leggo my ear, please, Crane. You're hurting me!"



Dick Neville emptied the coal-scuttle into Crane's Sunday hat. Then he surveyed the scene of wreck and ruin with great satisfaction. "Well, they can't say we haven't taken plenty of trouble tidying up for them," added Micky Flynn. "But I say, the half hour's nearly up. Better go, I think, and lave 'em to the joy of the discovery."

"How curious!" said Crane, with a grin, as he gave the ear another twist. "Amazing as it may seem to you, my young friend, that is my intention. Let me see, I think you are my fag."

"I—I—I—"

"I am afraid, my good youth, that a constant repetition of a pronoun, first person, singular number, cannot be taken as a satisfactory reply," said Crane, twisting the junior's ear again. "Are you, or are you not, my fag, Edward Trimble?"

"Neville says there's to be no more fagging for the Fifth."

"Does he? Well, you're to take no notice of what Neville says. Do you hear?"

"Ye-e-es. But he may lick me."

"If he does, you tell me, and I'll lick him. You're my fag. You understand. Now, Cuffy and I are going to the gym. We want you to get your fagging done while we're gone. You're to tidy up the study, and get tea ready, and have it all done in exactly half an hour."

"I've got my prep to do, and—"

Crane gave the ear a twist that made the unfortunate Teddy wriggle.

"Don't you think you could let the prep stand over till you've finished fagging for me?"

"No—ye-e-es. Yes, Crane."

"Good. Mind, if I don't find everything in applepie order when I come in, I'll skin you alive, and boil you in turpentine."

"I—I—I—but Neville said—"

"Blow Neville! I tell you—Hallo!"

Crane broke off as Dick Neville was seen coming down the passage.

"Neville!" shouted Trimble, glad to be got out of his difficulty, and to shift responsibility to other shoulders. "Neville, come here!"

Dick was already coming. He arrived on the spot with a flushed face and gleaming eyes.

"What are you bullying that kid for, Crane?" he exclaimed hotly.

Crane winked at Cuffy, and grinned.

"I'm teaching him his duties as a fag," he explained. "I hear you kids have set your backs up against fagging for the Fifth. I'm sorry for that—for your sakes. I'm afraid it will lead to unpleasantness—for you. You see, Trimble's ear is already rather painful, isn't it, Trimble?"

"Yes," said Trimble, rubbing it ruefully.

"I was afraid so," said Crane, shaking his head solemnly. "I am afraid that Neville's ears will be in the same state if he cheeks the Fifth. I am, really. Now, Trimble, don't forget what I've told you."

"Trimble is not going to fag for you, Crane," said Dick, quietly.

"You can fag instead, if you like," suggested Crane, grinning.

Dick's eyes flashed, but only for a moment. Then a meek expression came over his face.

"Very well," he said, still more quietly.

"Trimble's got his prep to do. Cut along, kid. I'm fagging instead of you."

"I say, that's awfully good of you, Neville—"

"Oh, rats! Cut along."

Trimble gladly retreated.

"Just as you like, kid," said Crane. "The study's to be tidied up, and the tea got ready, in half an hour from now, understand?"

"Certainly."

"If you don't get it done properly, and to time, look out."

And the two Fifth-Formers marched off. Crane grinned gleefully.

"This is better than I expected," he remarked.

"If we make the leader of the Fourth Form fag for us, the rest will follow like sheep. We've broken the back of the opposition at the first shot, Cuffy."

"What oh!" said Cuffy.

Dick Neville entered the Fifth study. He looked round him, a smile upon his handsome face, a glimmer of mischief in his eyes. There was a patter of feet in the corridor, and two faces looked in at the door.

"Sure and what does this mane, Dicky darling?" howled Micky Flynn. "Is what Trimble has just told us true, ye omadhaun?"

"I guess not," said Poindexter. "You're not going to fag for the Fifth, after the stand we've taken up, Dick?"

"What do you think?" said Dick Neville.

"Well, I thought there was some gum-game about it," the American chum remarked. "I knew that you were not going to take it lying down, like that, Dick. But what's the little game? Hallo! Here come No. 10. They've heard too."

Pankhurst and Price came into the study with a run.

"What are you up to, Neville?" bawled Pankhurst. "What do you mean by disgracing the form? What do you mean by knuckling under to those Fifth-Form rotters?"

"Keep your wool on," said Dick.

"You ought to be kicked out of the Form," howled Price.

"Listen to me—"

"You're not going to—"

"Listen—"

"I tell you—"

"Oh, ring off for a minute," exclaimed Dick, impatiently. "I tell you it's a wheeze."

"Oh, I see. Why couldn't you explain that at first?"

"You didn't give me a chance. Look here, Crane was going to fag Trimble, and I offered to take Teddy's place. I'm to tidy up the study and get tea ready."

"You're not going to do it?"

"I am—and you four are going to help me."

"I'm not!"

"Never!"

"I guess not."

"Sure, and ye're off yer rocker, Dicky."

"Was ever a leader followed by such a giddy set of asses!" exclaimed Dick, exasperated.

"We're going to tidy up the study, in a way that will make Crane and Cuffy wish they hadn't asked for it. This is a start."

He caught the leg of the table and overturned

A FIGHT WITH THE FIFTH.

(Continued from the previous page.)

it, with its pile of books and papers, inkstand and inkpot, into the middle of the floor.

The chums caught on at last. "Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Pankhurst, "good wheeze! Wire in, kids!"

The "kids" "wired in" with a will. Each of them took a separate part of the study, and set to work upon it.

Poindexter cleared the ashes and cinders out of the grate, and distributed them with a liberal hand all over the study.

The fire was extinguished by a jug of water, and the smother was fearful, blacks settling in clouds on everything.

Micky tidied the bookcase. He did it by turning it over on its side, and shooting forth the whole of the contents on top of the heap from the overturned table.

Pankhurst opened the locker, and dragged out everything it contained, scattering all sorts and conditions of things far and wide.

Price devoted himself to the cupboard. The provisions of Crane and Cuffy were plentiful, but when Price had finished they did not look eatable.

Pickles poured into the jam-pot did not improve the jam, nor could condensed milk be said to benefit by the introduction of sardines into the tin.

Sugar dropped into the cinders, and cheese trodden on by five juniors in turn, and butter sprinkled with red and black ink, coffee mixed with tea and soot, finished Price's preparations for the comfort of Crane and Cuffy.

Dick Neville, meantime, was dragging down the pictures from the walls, upsetting every article of furniture that could be upset, and spilling everything that could be spilled.

He cleared the mantelpiece with a single sweep of a duster. He emptied the coal scuttle into Crane's Sunday hat. Then he surveyed the scene of wreck and ruin with great satisfaction.

Micky Flynn laughed as he looked round. "Well, they can't say we haven't taken plenty of trouble for them," he exclaimed.

"But I say, the half-hour's nearly up. Better go now, I think, and leave them to the joy of the discovery. I think they'll really have a jolly time getting things straight here again."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the allied juniors went from the study, leaving the door wide open, so that all who chose could see the wreck they had made of Crane and Cuffy's quarters.

There was soon a crowd round the open door, looking in with roars of laughter, a cheering sound that caught the ears of Crane and Cuffy as they came in from the gym.

The 3rd Chapter. Quite a Defeat.

"HALLO!" exclaimed Crane, "What's all that thundering row? There's a crowd outside our study, too."

"Oh, they're watching the fagging," said Cuffy, "and laughing at the chap for fagging after that notice he put up in the hall."

"Ha, ha! I suppose so."

All the same, Crane was a little uneasy. The chums of the Fifth hurried on to the study, the crowd making way for them with many a giggle.

Crane looked in at the open doorway. For a moment he stood transfixed. Then he gave a wild whoop of wrath.

"Who's done that!"

Cuffy stared into the wrecked room in speechless wrath and amazement.

"Ha, ha, ha!" shouted the onlookers. "That's your fag's work Craney."

"How do you like it done?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come along," said Crane, grasping his companion by the arm. "We'll slay those young villains for this."

"We'll make them come and clean it all up, under our eyes," said Cuffy.

"Good. Come along."

The wrathful Fifth-Formers rushed off to No. 4 in search of Dick Neville. The study-door was open, and they rushed right in. Then they halted. They found the five juniors all there and ready for warfare.

Neville, Flynn and Poindexter were backed up by Pankhurst and Price, and each of the juniors had a cricket-stump in his hand, ready for business.

"Hullo!" said Dick, coolly. "Hullo, Craney. Why don't you knock before entering a gentleman's study? Don't you know better than to run in like a rude boy?"

"I guess it was his bringing up," said Poindexter. "Sure, and he looks excited," said Micky Flynn.

"Has anythin' happened to disturb ye're serene equanimity, Craney darling?"

Crane spluttered with wrath. "You young hounds!" he roared. "What do you mean by making my study in that state?"

The juniors burst into a roar. "That's how all the fagging for the Fifth is going to be done," explained Dick. "You see, we're down on fagging. If you fellows insist upon it's being done, why, you know now what to expect."

"Exactly," chimed in Pankhurst. "That's the style, and we shall use no other. And if you want a row on the subject, there's five of us for you to tackle."

Crane and Cuffy glared with anger. The five juniors were rather too hard a nut to crack, but it was humiliating to postpone their vengeance, especially as a crowd had followed them to No. 4 and were watching for developments.

"Go it, Craney," said Catty, of the Fourth. "Don't take a back seat."

"Buck up," said Greene. "My hat! I think I'll go and get my camera, and take a snap of the Fifth Form captain knuckling under."

"Ha, ha, ha! I say, Neville, why don't you make the Fifth fag for you?"

The taunt was too much. Crane and Cuffy hurled themselves upon the five juniors, and in a moment the fur was flying wildly.

Either of the two seniors could have tackled a couple of Fourth-Formers on fair terms, but five to two were longer odds than they were able to deal with, and besides the cricket stumps gave the youngsters a great advantage.

The real question was, whether the juniors would have the nerve to really tackle the Fifth-Form fellows, and the five soon showed that they had.

Crane and Cuffy were driven back by a shower of cracks, and pokes, and lunges, and they recoiled to the door of the study under the steady and combined attack.

"Go for 'em," shouted Micky, brandishing his stump. "There's one for your nob, Craney."

Crane gave a yell as the stump cracked on his cap, and he went for the Irish lad like a lunatic. But he ran on the end of Neville's stump, and at the same time, Poindexter gave him a dig in the ribs.

Cuffy was fairly flying before a sustained attack by Pankhurst and Price.

In a couple of minutes the unequal contest was over, and the two Fifth-Formers were fairly driven out into the corridor.

Shouts and jeers greeted them, the crowded juniors there showing little respect for fallen greatness.

Bursting with rage, and sore in nearly every bone in their bodies, Crane and Cuffy retreated to their own study.

There, in the midst of the desolation wrought by the fags, they stared at one another.

"Well," said Cuffy, at last, rubbing his aching bones. "If this is what fagging the Fourth is going to lead to, Crane, I've had enough of it, and, in fact, a little too much."

"We'll bring them to their senses," scowled Crane. "They were ready for us, and all together, this time, but we'll get a chance presently."

"I don't know. Seems to me we've woke up a hornet's nest."

Crane only growled in reply. He was in a terribly bad temper, but he was determined not to allow one defeat, severe as it was, to turn him from his course.

In No. 4 study the juniors were triumphant. The affair was discussed from one end of Cliveden to the other, and the Sixth Form, especially, chuckled over it.

The Sixth by no means approved of the attempt of the Fifth to arrogate to themselves equal rights with the head form. They thought it was like the cheek of Crane and Cuffy and their comrades, and were glad to see the Fourth Form standing up so well for their independence.

"I'm not going to interfere," Trevelyan, the captain of Cliveden, remarked. "The kids seem to be quite able to take care of themselves, and if they put Crane in his place, it will save having any friction between the Fifth and the Sixth."

I fancy that when Neville's study combines with Pankhurst and Price, they're too big a handful for the Fifth to tackle."

This speech was conveyed to Crane, but it made no difference to him.

"We'll see," was all he said. But he thought the more, and the plans that formed in his brain were confined only to Cuffy and one or two others of his special cronies.

The fagging question was not settled yet by any means.

The 4th Chapter. In the Hands of the Enemy!

HERE he is!"

"Collar him!" There was a sudden rush of feet. Dick Neville started and looked round.

The early winter evening had set in, and he was crossing the Close in the dusk, and the first warning he had of danger was the muttering of voices under the trees.

Three or four forms loomed up in the dusk, and, Dick, realising that he had fallen into an ambush of the Fifth, took to his heels and ran. But it was too late.

The grasp of Crane was on his shoulder, and Cuffy caught him by the arm. Five big fellows closed round the junior with grins of triumph.

Dick did not lose his coolness. He looked round him with fearless eyes. He was surrounded, and he did not attempt to struggle against such odds. Crane, Cuffy, Humphreys, and Lake of the Fifth were holding him.

"Got the little beast," said Crane, with an air of satisfaction.

"I say, you chaps ought to have half-a-dozen Victoria Crosses each," said Dick. "It's awfully plucky of you to attack a chap in this way, you know."

"Not so much talking," said Crane. "Come along."

"Certainly. I was just going in."

"Shove him along, chaps. Mind that he doesn't do a bolt," said Crane. "He's as slippery as an eel. Don't let the others get an inkling of what's going on, either, or we shall have a pack of them yelping round."

The Fifth-Formers hurried their prisoner into the schoolhouse. They hurried him up the stairs, and along the passage upon which the Fifth studies opened. Dick caught sight of Poindexter in the distance and shouted to him.

"Buck up!" exclaimed Crane.

Poindexter came running towards them, but Dick was slung into Crane's study, and the door slammed. Humphrey and Lake set their backs against it.

Dick was feeling rather uneasy now, but he managed to conceal it.

"Now, my dear kid," said Crane, "you were kind enough to upset this study for us a while back, and you see it's just in the state you left it in."

Dick looked round him. The study was indeed almost as wrecked as when the Fourth-Formers had finished fagging there. He grinned.

"Yes, I see that," he remarked. "Are you wanting another lesson?"

"We're going to give you one. You're going to set to work now and clean up this study, and put everything in its place as it was before."

"Rats! It can't be done."

"Can't it! Have you got that cane, Cuffy?"

"Here it is."

"Hold that little rascal while I touch him up," Cuffy promptly collared Dick. The junior struggled gamely, but Lake lent a hand, and Dick was flung face downwards across the table. Crane made the cane sing in the air.

"Now, Neville, are you going to do as you're told?"

"No," roared Dick.

"Then here's the first lesson."

The cane rose and fell with rhythmical regularity. Dick's nether garments had seldom had such a dusting in the course of his previous experience. He was too plucky to make a sound, but his face went white and hard.

"Obstinate little brute," said Crane. "I'll make him yelp."

He brought the cane down harder, Dick gave a gasp.

"Crash! crash!"

Poindexter was kicking at the door outside. He had gathered the juniors to the rescue, and the attack on the door was a determined one.

"Turn the key, Humpy," said Crane, looking round.

Humphreys locked the door. Crane made rapid play with the cane, and Dick Neville yelled at last.

"Stop it! You beast! Stop it!" Crane chuckled.

"Are you going to obey orders, then?"

"No. Yes—yes."

Dick was dragged off the table. He was looking pale and savage, but in the study with four big fellows he was powerless.

"Set to work," said Crane, sitting upon the table. "I'll watch you and give you directions. If you show any laziness, I'll give you another touching up."

Dick did not reply. It was no time for argument, and resistance was impossible. He set to work to tidy up the study. The Fifth-Formers grinned as they watched him. Dick's shouts had, of course, reached the ears of the juniors outside, and they were kicking furiously upon the door. But the stout oak did not budge.

"I guess it's no go," exclaimed Poindexter, at last. "They've got him, and they're giving him a high old time, kids, and we can't help."

"Rotten," said Pankhurst. "My hat! I never felt so wild before. What are they doing, I wonder? Can you see through the keyhole?"

"Guess I can. Dick is tidying up the study. Hallo, he's lighting the fire, and Crane is standing over him with the cane. The beast!"

The sound of crackling wood could be heard. The four juniors looked at one another in helpless wrath. Dick was unable to resist, but for the leader of the anti-fagging crusade to be forced to fag was a terrible come-down for the reformers.

What was to be done? It was into Pankhurst's active brain that an idea suddenly flashed. Dick had finished lighting the fire, and was cleaning the spilt ink from the floor.

"My hat!" exclaimed the chief of the Old Firm. "Why didn't I think of it before. I'll make 'em open the door."

"What are you going to do?"

"Why, you know it's easy enough to get to the chimney of this study, through the skylight on the roof. I'll get a sack from downstairs, and—"

Pankhurst did not wait to finish. He scuttled off in a twinkling, and was quickly at the ladder leading up to the trapdoor in the roof of the school-house, with a sack under his arm. To unbolt the trap and emerge upon the roof was quick work for the active junior. He knew the chimney belonging to Crane's study. It was risky business to get along the ridge of the roof in the gathering dusk, but Pankhurst was plucky. He rose to his feet beside the stack, and holding on to the brickwork, crammed the sack into the red chimney-pot. Thick smoke had been coming out of the chimney pot, but the stoppage effectually choked it. Only a thin stream of vapour forced its way past the sack.

Pankhurst chuckled as he descended and closed the trap. He rejoined the others in the passage, and they looked at him eagerly. He nodded.

"I've done it!"

"By jove, you have," exclaimed Poindexter. "Look there."

A thin wreath of smoke was issuing from under the study door.

The 5th Chapter. Smoked Out!

"YOU clumsy ass!" shouted Crane. "What do you mean by lighting a fire like that? Can't you see how it's smoking?"

"Can't be helped," said Dick. "I lit it all right."

"Well, look at it! If you don't stop it smoking in two seconds I'll make it warm for you."

Dick Neville looked at the fire in perplexity. It had been burning very well until a few moments ago, and then all of a sudden had come a rush of smoke from the chimney, filling the study with eddying vapour.

And it did not clear off. Volume after volume of smoke poured out, and the occupants of the study began to sneeze and cough. Cuffy rubbed his eyes.

"I say, this is getting a bit too thick, Craney."

Crane grasped the cane savagely.

(Continued on the next page.)

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"That young whelp's done it on purpose."
 "I don't see that," Humphrey remarked.
 "The fire was all right. There's something gone wrong in the chimney."
 "Ha, ha, ha!"

It was a loud laugh from the passage. Crane gave a start.

"Is it possible? Those young scoundrels! They've done something to the chimney!"
 "Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Dick, the truth dawning upon him at once.

Crane gave him a savage cut.
 "Hold your row."
 "I say, I can't stand this," exclaimed Humphrey, unlocking the door. "We shall be choked."

He dashed from the study. A thick volume of smoke poured after him.
 Lake made his exit, too, and then Crane and Cuffy unwillingly went out. Dick scuttled out of the study and joined his friends.

"Hang it!" exclaimed Crane savagely. "We shall have to give that feed in your study, Humpy. This place won't be habitable."
 "I should say so."

"Let's give these young villains a hiding!"
 But the young villains were already off. The Fifth Formers stared in dismay at the thicker and thicker volumes of smoke pouring from the study.

Monsieur Friquet, the French master at Cliveden, came running up the stairs. He gave a yell as he saw the thick smoke.

"Monsieur! Fire! The house is burning! We shall all be burnt! Fire! Help!"

Crane gritted his teeth.
 "It's all right, sir!" he exclaimed. "It's only the chimney smoking. There's no danger."
 "Fire! Fire!"
 "I tell you—"

"Mon bleu! Fire! Help!"

The little Frenchman, completely scared, dashed down the stairs. He ran into Trevelyan, the captain of Cliveden, and nearly knocked him flying. Trevelyan caught at the banisters and held on.

"Hullo!" he gasped. "What's the row?"
 "Fire! Murder! Help!"

And the little man tore on, and did not stop till he was safe in the middle of the wide Close. Trevelyan, who had sniffed smoke, and was coming to see what was the matter, hurried on.

"Great Scott! What's all this?" he exclaimed. "What have you been doing in your study, Crane?"

"Nothing!" snarled Crane. "It's only the chimney smoking. I believe those young scoundrels of the Fourth have been stuffing up the chimney."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 "It's no laughing matter, Trevelyan. If you—"

"Look here, Crane, if your chimney's stuffed up, you'd better get and unstuff it before the Head gets on your track. This sort of thing can't be allowed."

"Do you think I'm going on the roof to—"
 "I think you had better. As a matter of fact, you're getting into too much hot water lately in your rows with the Fourth, Crane. We're getting fed up with it."

"I'm going to do as I like. I—"

"I warn you for your own good. If you have to explain to the Head, I expect it will come out that you were doing something to exasperate the juniors before they stuffed your chimney," said Trevelyan.

Crane was silent.
 "Now, take my advice: stop that before the Head comes on the scene," said the captain of Cliveden, walking away.

"I—I suppose we'd better!" groaned Crane.
 "Come on, you fellows—"

"Thanks!" said Humphrey. "If the feed's going to be given in my study, I shall have to clear up a bit first, so I think I'll be off."
 And he was off like a shot. Lake followed him, without a word of excuse. The owners of the smoky study were left to deal with the matter alone.

"Well, the cads!" said Crane, wrathfully.
 "I know I jolly well won't ask Lake to that feed now. We shall have to have Humpy, as we're using his study. Come on, Cuffy!"

"I say, you—you couldn't manage it alone, could you?"
 "No, I couldn't!" growled Crane. "Go in there and open the window, and the smoke will clear off a bit, and—"

"Rats! You go in and open it!"
 "Gr-r-r-r!" said Crane, expressively.
 "Come along, confound you!"

They made their way to the roof. Standing close to the chimney-stack, Crane groped in the pot for the obstruction; but it had been rammed down well out of reach.

"We shall have to get something and hook it up," said Crane desperately. "Go and collar Monsieur Friquet's hooked walking-stick, and bring it up to me, Cuffy."

"All right," said Cuffy, ill-humouredly.
 As Mossoo was still seeking safety in the close, it was easy to get the walking-stick in question. Cuffy ascended to the roof again with it.

"Thanks!" said Crane. "I'll have the beastly thing out in a jiffy now."
 He groped for the sack with the hooked end of the stick.

The obstruction came slowly up the chimney-pot, and Crane was able to grasp it.
 "It's a beastly sack!" he exclaimed. "There it goes!"

He swung it off the roof.
 "You howling idiot!" yelled Cuffy. "Suppose it falls on somebody in the close!"
 "Oh, rats!"
 "Hark!"

A faint echo of a yell floated up from below. They say that every bullet has its billet, and certainly that sooty sack seemed to have found one.

"My hat!" muttered Crane. "We have nothing but ill-luck to-day. Let's get down! We shall have to prove a beastly strong alibi over this."

They hurried down and closed the trap-door, and made their way to their room. Both were dirty and sooty.

"Cut off to Mossoo's study with this stick, Cuffy!"

"Yes, and let him catch me!"
 "It must be taken back, or he'll suspect."
 "Well, I fetched it; you take it back."

Crane muttered something expressive between his teeth, and hurried off to Mossoo's room. A strange figure came bolting along the passage and almost ran into Crane. It was the figure of the usually neat, dapper little Frenchman, but oh, what a change was there! Monsieur Friquet was black as a Hottentot, and his collar was the colour of his face, and the fancy waistcoat he was rather proud of was spotted with soot. It was clear upon whose head the sooty sack had fallen in the Close.

Crane could not resist a giggle. The little Frenchman stared at him, and at once caught the signs of sootiness about him, and guessed that he had some connection with the occurrence.

"Crane! It was you, zen, zat did fling ze sooty zing on my head! Mon dieu!"
 "I, sir? Why, I—"

"Do not prevaricate, Crane! Is zat my stick? Give it me! Wretch!" Monsieur Friquet was a good-tempered little man, but what had happened was enough to ruffle anybody's temper. He seized the stick with one hand, and Crane with the other. "Wretch! Take zat, and zat!"

"Ow! Leggo!"
 "And zat, and zat—"
 "Mossoo—"
 "And zat, and zat, and—"

Crane tore himself away and bolted. The

"We are," said Pankhurst.
 "I guess so," Poindexter remarked. "but we've not done with them yet."

"Sure and they've got to acknowledge that the Fourth are not to be fagged at all, at all, before we've done with them," Flynn declared emphatically.

Dick Neville nodded decidedly.
 "That's what I was coming to. What price making Crane and Cuffy sign a document admitting that the Fourth are not to be fagged?"
 There was a general gasp of amazement.

"I say, I guess that's coming it rather strong, Dick."
 "Sure, and it's a rippin' idea, if it can be worked."
 "It can be worked," said Dick serenely.

"But how?" asked Pankhurst. "Of course, we're game for anything; and a surrender like that would pull the Fifth off their perch for good. But—"

"That's it," Price remarked. "There's a but, and a jolly big one."
 But Dick only shook his head.

"Anyway, if you're all game, we'll see," he said.
 "Oh, we're all game!"
 "I guess so."

"Well, then! You heard Crane say that they were going to have a feed in Humpy's study. I have had a peep there since, and when I looked in there were the three of them feeding away like one o'clock—Crane, Cuffy, and Humpy!"

"Very likely. But what's that—"
 "Wait a bit. Now, there are three of us, and two of Panky and Price, that makes five. We can get a couple of the biggest fellows in the Form to chip in with us. There's Greene, the amateur photographer. He had some negatives spoiled by Cuffy calling him away to fag when he was

influence in the Fifth to that circumstance. The spread in Humphrey's study was really ripping.

Besides bread and butter and watercress and radishes, there were ham and tongue, jam and marmalade, cake and biscuits, tarts, and cream-puffs. Crane knew how to do these things in style, and Humpy and Cuffy were in a happy mood as they sat down to the table.

The feed was progressing with much good fellowship. Over the ham and tongue the three seniors discussed plans for bringing the Fourth Form to their senses. Crane was as determined as ever to carry out his plan of fagging the Fourth, and his comrades backed him up. They were just the fellows to stand by a chap who stood feeds like that.

There was a tap at the door, and Crane left off speaking to turn his head.

"Come in."
 The door opened, and Dick Neville walked in. Six members of the honourable Fourth Form at Cliveden followed him. The seniors stared at them in blank amazement.

"Get out!" roared Crane, starting to his feet.

"Lock the door, Micky."
 "Sure, and I've done it," said Flynn, pocketing the key.

"You young rascals!"
 "Craney, old kid, don't be disturbed. We've come to tea with you—"

"I'll tea you!" yelled Crane. "Chuck them out, chaps!"

He rushed furiously at Dick.
 The captain of the Fourth did not shrink from the encounter. He closed with Crane, and Poindexter did the same, and between the two, the bully of the Fifth found that he was given all he could do to hold his own.

Humphrey and Cuffy had followed his lead. Flynn and Pankhurst tackled Cuffy, and had him on the floor in a twinkling. Price and Gatty seized Humphrey, and Greene came to their aid. Humphrey went down with a crash, the juniors on top of him.

"Let go!" he gasped.
 "Do you give in?"

"No. Confound you! I'll—"
 "Knock his head against the floor till he gives in!" gasped Price.

"Bump, bump, bump!"
 "I—I—I give in!" gasped Humphrey.

"Don't! I give in!"
 "Tie his wrists together, Greeney."

"I'll—I'll—"
 "Bump his head again."
 "N-no, don't! I give in!"

Humpy's wrists were bound together tightly enough. Crane and Cuffy were still struggling furiously. But now the three juniors were at liberty to go to their aid. Price and Greene fastened upon Cuffy, and he was dragged down. His head was bumped on the carpet till he, too, surrendered, and was bound.

Crane made the hardest fight. He struggled and fought, dragging his assailants to and fro, and they went together with a crash against the bookcase, sending it flying. Crane fell over it, amid the books, and five juniors piled upon him. He was asked to surrender, and roared out a furious negative; but it did not matter. The odds against him were too great. Seven pairs of hands were now gripping him, his comrades being bound and helpless. He was pinned down, and Dick wove a rope round his wrists, and drew it tight.

"It's no good, Craney," Dick remarked, as he fastened the knots scientifically; "not a bit of good. You may as well take it quietly."

"I'll break your necks! I'll—I'll—I'll—"
 "No, you won't, Craney," said Dick soothingly. "You'll take your lesson like a little man, my dear child. Shove him on a chair, kids, and tie him there."

Wriggling vainly, Crane was bound to a chair. Then Humphrey and Cuffy were tied together, back to back, and left. The juniors chortled triumphantly.

"Good!" said Dick. "I take it as a real kindness on the part of Crane to have this nice tea ready for us."

"Rather," said Pankhurst heartily. "You've often given ripping feeds, Craney, and you've never asked us to them, which was, of course, an oversight on your part. I know you wouldn't intentionally leave us out in the cold."

"If you touch those things—"
 "We sha'n't touch them without permission, Crane. May we have tea?"

"No; confound you!"
 "Very well, let him have his old tommy," said Dick, depositing a pat of butter upon Crane's features. "Pour the marmalade down the back of his neck, Panky."

"Stop!" shrieked Crane. "You—you can have tea if you like. I—I don't mind."
 "Do you really and truly want us to have tea?"

"Ye-e-e-es!"
 "Do you others want us to have tea?" asked Dick, glancing at Cuffy and Humphrey.

"Yes!" exclaimed both these worthies together.
 "You are quite sure?"
 "Yes, yes."

"Very well. We can't refuse pressing invitations like that, can we, chaps?"
 "I guess not."

"Certainly not," said Pankhurst. "Fall to, my pippins. This is really nice of Crane, and I sha'n't forget it in a hurry."

The juniors fell to with a will. They were hungry, but in any case they could have made a deep inroad upon the good things spread out upon the study table. The Fifth-Formers watched them in speechless fury. Cuffy ventured to give a yell in the hope of attracting other Fifth-Formers to the study. Dick promptly laddled jam over his face, asking him to "say when." Cuffy said "when" promptly enough, and there was no more yelling.



"Stop!" shrieked Crane. "You—you can have tea if you like. I don't mind." The juniors fell to with a will. The Fifth-Formers watched them in speechless fury. When Cuffy ventured to give a yell in order to attract other Fifth-Formers, Dick promptly laddled jam over his face. Oh, it was a ripping tea!

French master pursued him with thwack on thwack till he escaped out of reach. Then the little man, somewhat relieved in his mind, went away to clean himself.

Crane, in a towering rage, returned to his own quarters. He found Cuffy there, listening with dejected mien to some emphatic remarks made by Mr. Oswald, the master of the Fifth Form.

"I desire to hear no explanation. I only know that your chimney has been smoking in a scandalous and outrageous way, and that my room has been permeated by intolerable clouds of vapour. You need not trouble to explain. You will take fifty lines of Homer each, and stay in to-morrow afternoon to write them. Not a word!"

And the Form-master sailed angrily away, leaving the two Fifth-Formers staring at one another with feelings too deep for words.

The 6th Chapter. Brought to Their Knees.

THE fire was burning cheerfully in No. 4 study, five chairs were drawn round it, and five juniors were discussing a plan of campaign with many a chuckle and giggle.

Dick Neville showed an occasional sign of uneasiness, shifting his position on his chair continually, and making wry faces. The cane had been well laid on by the leader of the Fifth Form, and it was likely to be some days before Dick quite got over the effects of it.

"It was a brilliant idea of yours, Panky, to cram up that chimney!" Dick remarked. "I thought that if we got allied over this matter, we should be able to give the Fifth a high old time, and we're doing it."

developing them, and he's wild to get even with Cuffy. There's Gatty. Humpy chucked his stamp-album out of the window and busted it yesterday; and Gatty has been seeing red ever since. Those two will jump with both feet on a chance to be revenged. They'll join us, and we'll be seven. I know we're only juniors, but seven of us will be enough to handle any three out of the Fifth."

"I guess so. But—"
 "That's the idea. We're going to rush Crane and his set in their study, and collar them. We'll take a rope along and tie them up, and eat their giddy grub under their very eyes."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 "What price that?"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Then let's get on the warpath now, and if it works, I fancy we sha'n't hear much more of the Fifth Form fagging the juniors," grinned Dick.

The youngsters lost no time. Gatty and Greene, the two most enthusiastic members of the Hobby Club, were both in a mood to slay the seniors who had treated their hobbies with such a want of respect. They joined in willingly. It was never difficult for either the Combine or the Old Firm to get a following in the Fourth, and when they were united it was easier still. They could have got a dozen recruits for the asking, but Dick did not want a crowd. Seven would be enough, he calculated.

Meanwhile, the Fifth-Formers were enjoying a feed in the study in blissful ignorance of the storm that was about to burst.

It was a habit of Crane's to give little feeds in the Form, as he was blessed with plenty of pocket-money; and he owed a great deal of his

A FIGHT WITH THE FIFTH.

(Continued from the previous page.)

It was a ripping tea. Never had the Combine or the Old Firm enjoyed a better one, and certainly they had never had one under such triumphant circumstances.

The helpless rage of the Fifth-Formers added to the enjoyment. It was certain that on the morrow the story would be all over Cliveden, and the unhappy Crane and his comrades would be the laughing-stock of the college.

Ham and tongue, bread-and-butter, cake, and preserves, vanished before the mighty onslaught of seven hungry juniors; and the table was cleared at last to the final tart. They looked at one another with seraphic smiles.

"Are you happy, Richard Neville?" asked Pankhurst solemnly.

"I am happy, Brer Pankhurst," replied Dick, with equal solemnity.

Poindexter chuckled.

"I guess we've done ourselves down uncommonly well," he remarked. "Let's make the boudiers sign the pledge—I mean, the document—and travel."

"Right!"

Dick took paper and pen, and pulled the table towards Crane. The Fifth-Formers watched him with wonder and curiosity.

"Now, Crane," said Dick, "I'm going to untie your hands. You're going to write at my dictation, and your friends are going to sign after you."

"I'm not."

"Refuse, and I shall give you a taste of the medicine you gave me to-day," said Dick, with a reminiscent wriggle. "Mind, I mean what I say."

"I won't write a word."

"I've brought the cane, you see. Are you going to write?"

"No; I'm not."

Swish! The cane descended with telling force upon Crane's shoulders. And Dick did not stop at the first cut. He gave half a dozen, all as hard as he could lay them on. Crane yelled and wriggled. It was not so bad as he had given Dick, but he felt it more—naturally.

Swish, swish, swish!

"Stop, you young demon!" yelled the writhing Fifth-Former. "Oh, I'll be the death of you for this! I'll—I'll—"

"We will leave all that for another occasion," remarked Dick. "At present, your business is to write what I tell you."

"I won't! I—ow! ow! Leave off! I will write if you like."

"I thought so."

Crane's right hand was freed, and a pen was put in it.

"Now write," said Dick, "We—Crane, Cuffy, and Humphrey—admit that we have no right to fag the respected members of the Fourth Form—"

"Shan't! Won't! Ow, ow! There, I've written it."

The cane ceased to switch. The juniors were yelling with laughter, and even Cuffy and Humphrey were grinning.

"—Form," went on Dick, "and we hereby promise never to attempt to do so any more; but to behave ourselves like good little boys."

"Shan't! Ow! There—there it is!"

Crane, grinding his teeth with rage, signed the statement he had written out.

"Now you chaps have got to append your signatures," said Dick.

"I'm not going to," said Cuffy. "I—don't! Ow! I—"

"Are you going to sign?"

"Hang you! Yes."

Cuffy's hand was freed, and he signed the paper. Then Humphrey was attended to. He knew that the juniors meant business, and he did not want to sample Dick's powers with the cane. He signed without demur.

Dick blotted the paper, folded it carefully, and put it in his pocket.

"We're going to take care of that," he remarked.

"So long as you chaps behave yourselves, and don't begin any tricks, we won't show it to anybody. But if you start the old game again, we'll post it up in the hall for all Cliveden to read, and you'll be grinned out of the school. So look out."

He opened the door of the study.

"Here, aren't you going to let us loose?" exclaimed Humphrey.

"You can get yourselves loose in time, with a hand each to work with," smiled Dick. "We make you a present of the rope. We're not mean. Come on, kids!"

And the juniors, chuckling gleefully, quitted the study.

"My hat!" ejaculated Cuffy. "If this is your way of fagging the Fourth, Crane, I've had enough of it. No more of that game for me."

"Nor for me," remarked Humphrey. "Those kids are too hot stuff for me to handle."

Crane made no reply. The falling away of his backers made little difference to him; he realised that the game was up. He would never be able to show his face in Cliveden if that paper were made public, and he knew that Dick was a fellow of his word.

So long as the juniors held that valuable document they were safe from any more attempts at fagging by the Fifth. And they knew it.

"Well, I don't think much of your old Combine," Pankhurst remarked, as they parted in the passage; "but we've done very well, pulling together in this matter."

"That's so," agreed Dick. "I think less than nothing of your Old Firm; but I admit you've been rather useful this time."

"Mind, now we've busted up the Fifth and their giddy fagging, the alliance is off," said Pankhurst.

"Right—ho! Look out for a warm time to-morrow."

And on the morrow the rivals of the Fourth Form at Cliveden were at loggerheads as usual. The alliance had served its purpose, and they had won the "Fight with the Fifth."

THE END.

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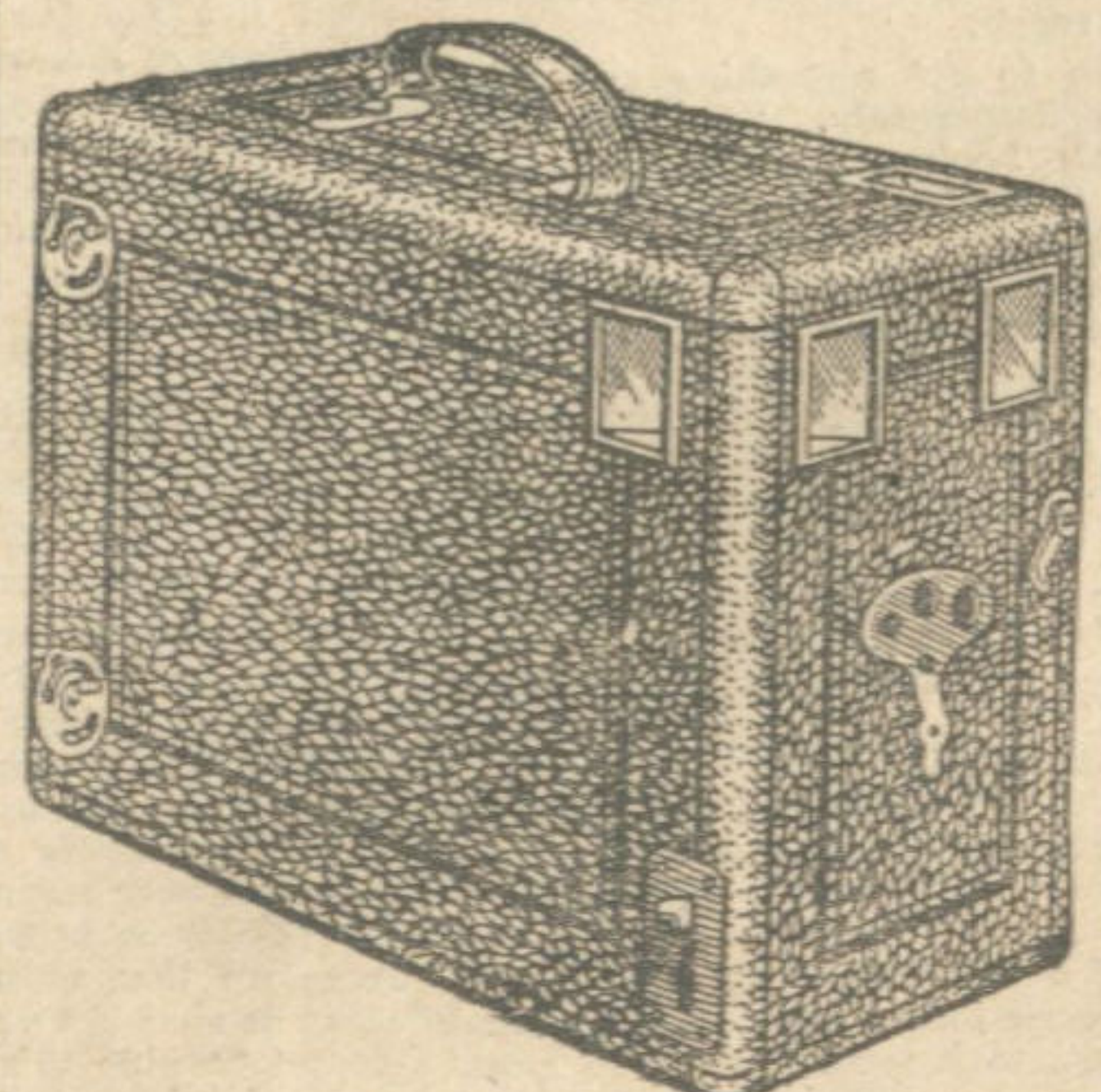
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