

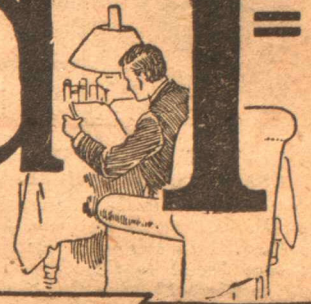
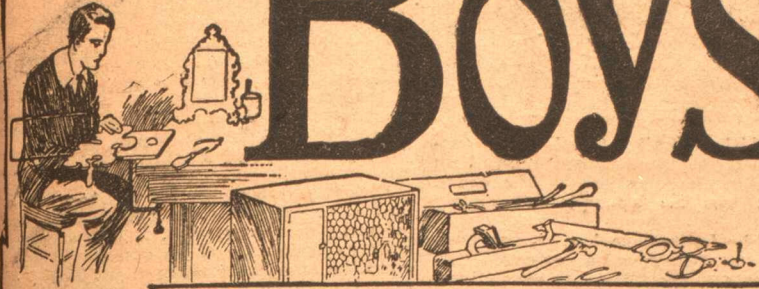
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The

Boys' Herald 1^d

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



No. 254. Vol. V.

EVERY WEDNESDAY—ONE PENNY.

WEEK ENDING MAY 30, 1908.

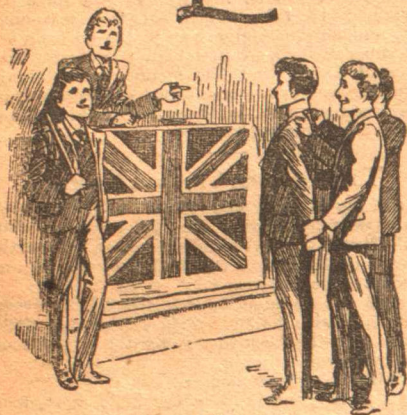
Sexton Blake at School.



"In consequence of your acts of malicious cruelty," read Blake from the paper in a deep voice, "the sentence of the court is that you be put to the same severe pains which hitherto you have delighted to inflict on your victims. That sentence will now be carried out."

GENERAL BADEN-POWELL IS READING OUR BOY SCOUT STORY. (See page 737.)

Empire Day at Cliveden



A Laughable Story, Telling How the Cliveden Boys Tried to Convert the American Chum. Specially Written by

CHARLES HAMILTON.

The 1st Chapter. Empire Day.

"HURRAH!"
"Hallo! What's the matter now?"
"Hurrah!"

Lincoln G. Poindexter looked amazed. He had just come out into the school Close at Cliveden, in the bright May morning.

The rising-bell had only lately gone, and the green Close was usually somewhat deserted at that early hour, but this morning it was alive with juniors.

There was evidently something unusual on, but what it was the American chum had not the faintest idea.

"Hurrah!"
A number of the Fourth Form were marching through the Close with a big Union Jack fluttering from a pole in their hands, and some of the youngsters had Union Jacks across their chests like scarves.

It was evidently a patriotic demonstration of some kind, and the American junior looked on in surprise and curiosity.

"Off their rockers, I guess," he murmured. "There's Panky and Price at the head of the young asses! I wonder what it all means, anyhow?"

"Hurrah!"
As the shout rang out again through the wide Close, Pankhurst and Price caught sight of the American chum.

"Hallo, there's Poindexter!" exclaimed Pankhurst. "Come on!"

"Quite so," chuckled Price.
The crowd of juniors cheered again, and marched straight towards Lincoln G. Poindexter. The American junior regarded them in amazement.

"Off your silly rocker, Panky!" he asked, as Pankhurst and Price came up.

Pankhurst made no reply. He waved directions to his followers, and they formed a circle round the astounded American, and brandished the Union Jack over his head, and cheered till every echo of Cliveden rang in response.

"Hurrah!"
"Hip, hip, hurrah!"
"Pesky lot of lunatics!" growled Poindexter, staring round at the grinning faces that encircled him. "What's the wheeze, anyway?"

But the juniors did not take the trouble to enlighten him. They stood round in a circle, stamping their feet and shouting, some of them laughing too much to have much breath left for cheering, however.

"Hurrah!"
Pankhurst held up his hand.

"Give him 'Rule Britannia,' kids!"

"Good! Go it!"
And the crowded circle broke into a more or less musical chorus.

"Rule, Britannia,
Britannia rules the waves,
Britons ne-e-e-e-er shall be slaves!"

Poindexter's astounded looks caused more than one of the singers to break down and yell with laughter. But Pankhurst and Price, the red-headed chums of the Fourth, kept it up determinedly, and the juniors finished with a fresh round of cheering.

"I guess you're balmy in the crumpet, the lot of you!" growled the puzzled chum from Chicago. "What the deuce is all this pesky row about?"

"Of course, you wouldn't know," said Pankhurst loftily.

"Blessed if I know, unless you're all qualifying for Colney Hatch."

"Rats! Give him another, kids!"

"I'm not going to stay and hear you yelling like a pack of hyenas!"

"Stop where you are, kid," said Pankhurst, giving Poindexter a gentle push on the chest as he essayed to break through the circle. "Give him another!"

"Hip, hip, hurrah!"

"You pesky lunatics—"

"Hurrah!"

"What's the silly row about?"

"Oh, I don't mind telling you," said Pankhurst. "Naturally, you wouldn't know. Don't you know what yesterday was?"

"I guess so; Sunday."

"Yes; but the date?"

"May 24th. What the dickens—"

"Don't you know what May 24th is?" demanded Pankhurst severely.

"The twenty-fourth day in May, I suppose," said Poindexter.

"Don't you try to be funny, Puntpusher, on an occasion like this. The 24th of May is Empire Day."

"Oh!"
"And as it fell on a Sunday we're celebrating it on Monday."

"Oh!"
"You may well say 'Oh'!" exclaimed Pankhurst severely. "You're dead in this act. You're a rank outsider. If you hadn't separated yourself from the British Empire, you would have a right to celebrate Empire Day along with us."

"Quite so," said Price.
"I vote we frog's-march the villain round the Close," said Gatty. "What does he mean by showing himself in public on Empire Day? That's what I want to know."

"Oh, rats!"
"Who says frog's-march him?"

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Pankhurst decidedly. "We must treat the misguided youth gently. We will wag flags at him and cheer till he wishes he had remained true to his allegiance."

"Good!"
"Hurrah!"
"If you think I'm going to listen to your yelling," said Poindexter warmly, "I guess you're jolly well mistaken. I came out for a little run before breakfast."

"We'll give you a little run," grinned Pankhurst. "Collar him, and we'll make him carry a Union Jack round the Close!"

"Bravo!"
"I guess you won't."

"Then you've guessed wrong!" Pankhurst chuckled. "Collar him!"

The laughing juniors closed round Poindexter, but at the same moment a bell rang, and Trevelyan, the captain of Cliveden, looked out into the Close from the door.

"Hallo, what are you youngsters up to?"

"Only celebrating Empire Day, Trevelyan," replied Pankhurst.

"Well, celebrate it a little more quietly, then. It's breakfast-time."

Pankhurst wagged his finger at the American chum.

"You can wait," he remarked. "We've got the day before us, and we'll make you sorry you squirmed out of the British Empire a hundred years ago."

"I guess—"
But the juniors did not wait to hear what Poindexter guessed. They crowded in to breakfast; and in the hall Poindexter met his two chums, Neville and Flynn of the Fourth, who had just come down.

The 2nd Chapter.

The Patriotism of Micky Flynn.

"FAITH, and it's excited ye're lookin', Puntpusher darling!" said Micky Flynn.

"I guess I am," said Poindexter. "I guess

you'd look excited, too, if a crowd of dangerous lunatics surrounded you all of a sudden."

Dick Neville chuckled.
"We heard 'em shouting. They're celebrating Empire Day, you know."

"Yes, I know, and they seem to think that it's up against me," grunted Poindexter; "and you two lazy bounders sticking in bed, and not standing by a chum."

"Faith, and sure I don't know whether I can stand by ye to-day at all, at all," said Micky Flynn thoughtfully. "Ye see, Poindexter, it's Empire Day, and on Empire Day a true patriot has to be careful. As a matter of fact, ye're a traitor."

"I'm a what?"

"A traitor."
Poindexter seized the Irish junior by the neck and pinned him against the wall. Micky Flynn, taken by surprise, wriggled spasmodically.

"Now, then, you fathead, what do you mean by calling your chum a traitor?" demanded Poindexter.

"Faith, and so ye are!" grunted Micky. "Ye're a traitor to the old country intirely; and sure, I'm not goin' to chum wid ye on Empire Day at all, at all."

"You young ass!"
"Faith, and unless ye come back under the Union Jack, and apologise for desertin' the old country, ye're no chum of mine to-day," said Micky Flynn obstinately.

"You howlin' ass!"

"Sure, and in my opinion we ought to make an example of you," said Flynn. "I'll spake to the rest of the Form about it, and my idea is that we ought to give you a trial as a traitor."

"Come in to breakfast," said Dick Neville, laughing.

"Faith, and sure I—"
"Oh, come in!"

The juniors went in to breakfast. The table was in a buzz of talk. The juniors were full of the intended celebration of Empire Day, and on such an occasion the master in charge of the Fourth Form table turned a judiciously deaf ear.

"There ought to be a bonfire," Price remarked. "A bonfire is a jolly good way of celebrating anything."

"A feed would be a better idea," said King, the glutton of the Fourth Form. "Suppose we have a whip round and stand a Form feed."

"A procession in the quad would be a ripping wheeze," said Dick Neville.

Pankhurst stared at him.
"What have you got to do with it, Neville?"

Dick stared back in great indignation.
"What are you getting at, Panky? Do you think I'm not as patriotic as you are?" he demanded wrathfully.

Pankhurst sniffed.
"What price the giddy rebel in your study?"

he said. "A chap who has deserted the old flag for a new shoddy one."

"What's that?" exclaimed Poindexter wrathfully. "Are you talking about the Stars and Stripes, you eefete, played-out Britisher?"

"I'm talking of that rag you call a flag," said Pankhurst, showing some excitement also.

"And I'll talk of it as I like. When I see that flag you call a rag—I mean, that rag you fall a crag—that is to say, that frag you—"

"Blessed if I know what you're talking about," said Poindexter. "Why don't you sort your words out before you start."

"What I mean is—"
"Oh, never mind what you mean! I daresay it's as mixed as what you say."

"I say—"

"Rats!"
"But Panky's right," said Micky Flynn. "As a patriotic Briton I bar Poindexter to-day. I'll chum with him to-morrow, but to-day I bar him intirely, unless he apologises for desertin' the old flag—"

"Rats!"
"And sure my opinion is that he ought to be given a trial as a traitor for desertin' the old country—"

"But it was his ancestors did that," said Dick Neville.

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Act 3. (Scene 1.) The Old Wharf at Rotherhithe. (Scene 2.) Sexton Blake's Rooms in Baker Street. (Scene 3.) The Library at Cossington Hall.

Act 4. (Scene 1.) Birdcage Walk, St. James's Park, by Night. (Scene 2.) Interior of a Church in the West End of London.

June 1st—Theatre Royal, Preston, Lancs.

"Oh, don't talk to me about his aunt's What I say is—"

"Boys, you must really keep a little quiet at table," said mild little Mr. Lanyon. "There's quite a noise here."

And the Fourth-Formers subsided when they went into the class-rooms, and of them felt that the occasion was "my loyal Britons to rag the American chum mercifully. To do them justice, the very good-natured, and administered in the spirit of fun, and the American chum the same spirit. But Micky Flynn's traitor was catching on, so it was the chum from Chicago would have a trial after school.

Even in the course of lessons the opportunities for giving the American chum a dig. In the geography lesson, for when Micky Flynn was asked what was one of the chief products of the United States, he said "Traitors," much to the astonishment of Lanyon.

"I do not quite understand you," said Mr. Lanyon, peering at the Irish chum over his glasses. "What did you say?"

"If you please, sir, I said—ow—"
Mr. Lanyon looked amazed.

He had not seen Poindexter lean from his desk and stick the keen point of a pin into the junior's calf, and so Micky's sudden yell startled him.

"Flynn! You said what?"

"Ow!"
"You said nothing of the sort. What do you mean by making such an absurd mistake, Flynn?"

"I—ow—I felt a sudden pain, sir."

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Lanyon, peering at the Irish chum. "You made that peculiar noise because you felt a sudden pain?"

"Yes, sir," said Micky Flynn, glancing at the corner of his eye at the grinning Poindexter. "I understand, Flynn. Where did you feel this pain?"

"Sure, it was in my leg, sir."

"Dear me! You have probably got your leg wet lately, and this pain is the result," said Mr. Lanyon, who was as kind-hearted as he was unobservant. "You had better go to the matron and ask her advice."

"It's all right now, sir, thank you," said Mr. Lanyon, who shook his head.

"My dear lad, you would not have a sudden without a cause," he said kindly. "I will allow it to pass, when it might be a warning something seriously the matter. You are the remainder of the lesson. Go at once to the matron, and describe the pain to her, and she will give you something for it."

Poindexter coughed violently to conceal his merriment. Micky Flynn rose to his feet, his very red face. He glared wrathfully at Poindexter and left the class-room. Most of the class knew what was really the matter, and they laughed joyfully.

"There is no occasion for merriment," said Mr. Lanyon, looking round. "The nothing comical in Flynn uttering an exclamation when he felt a sudden pain in his leg. It was a bad cough, Poindexter!"

"Ha, ha! No, sir—gr—gr—ugh!" said Mr. Lanyon.

"I think you had better go to the matron," said Mr. Lanyon.

"I am really all right, sir. It was only a moment."

"You have been coughing for some time," said Mr. Lanyon.

"Yes, but—"
"You had better go to the matron and ask her for some cough mixture, Poindexter, may go at once."

There was no help for it. Lincoln G. Poindexter followed Micky Flynn out of the class-room, and he was followed by the chuckling Fourth Form.

The 3rd Chapter.

The Nerve of Lincoln G. Poindexter.

MORNING school was over at Cliveden, and the boys of Cliveden were at rest of the day. Empire Day was observed as a half-holiday at Cliveden, apart from patriotic considerations.

May day was welcome at the old school, and most of them, especially the juniors, soon discussing the intended celebration of the great date.

"Where's that Yank?" asked Crane, Fifth, meeting Pankhurst and Price on their passage after dinner.

"I'm looking for him," said Pankhurst. "He's gone off somewhere."

Crane grinned.
"I expect he knows that he's wanted for going to celebrate Empire Day, and he's left till to-morrow."

"Right you are," exclaimed Pankhurst. "If you Fifth bounders feel that you can't wait yourselves for one day, we're willing to give you a chance."

"Quite so," said Price, grinning.

"Oh, rats," said Crane cheerfully.

"What's that Yank? Have you seen him, Cuffy of the Fifth shook his head."

"No, not since dinner."

"Hallo there, Neville! Where's the traitor?"

Dick Neville looked round.
"Do you mean Poindexter?"

"Yes. We want him to help in a celebration."

Dick Neville laughed.

"I don't suppose he will. I haven't seen him since dinner." I say, there, Tipperary!" called Flynn. I say, there, Tipperary!" called out Pankhurst.

"Faith, and what do ye want?" asked the Irish junior, coming up. "Hallo, a Form row is it? Sure and I'm ready for the spalpeens, and I'll back ye up, Panky."

And Micky Flynn, without stopping to ask questions, hurled himself upon Crane of the Fifth, and got his head into chancery.

The astounded Crane struggled furiously. "Hellup! Drag him off! Ow!"

"Hold on, Micky."

"Sure, I'm holding him. Give 'em socks, boys! Go for 'em."

"Chuck it," gasped Pankhurst, breathless with laughter. "You ass, chuck it. It's not a Form row. Crane's made it pax for the day with the Fourth."

"Faith, and why didn't ye explain that, Crane, darling?" exclaimed Micky Flynn, releasing the rumped and dishevelled captain of the Fifth.

"You howling idiot!" roared Crane. "You didn't give me a chance to explain."

"Well, I thought it was a Form row—"

"You dangerous lunatic—"

"Sure ye needn't make such a fuss about a trifle. I only gave you one on the nose and two in the eye—"

"I'll give you some of the same medicine," howled Crane, rushing at the Irish junior.

Pankhurst pushed him back.

"Hold on, Crane! It was all a mistake."

"That's all very well—"

"Sure and I'm sorry, Crane. But faith, it was only one on the nose and two in the eye, after all—"

"Keep your wool on, Crane," said Pankhurst soothingly. "It's pax for the day, you know. Do you know where Poindexter is, Micky?"

"Faith and I don't, at all, at all," said Flynn.

"I want to find the bounder, to give him a trial as a traitor—"

"That's a good wheeze," said Cuffy eagerly. "We could hold a public trial in the Close, and give him a jolly stiff sentence."

"Sure it's a good idea, Cuffy; it's me own," said Micky Flynn. "But where has the spalpeen got to?"

"He's hiding somewhere—"

Pankhurst shook his head decidedly.

"Poindexter's not that sort. He wouldn't hide anywhere if we were going to jump on him in deadly earnest, and he knows it's all fun, anyway. He's not hiding."

"Then where is he?"

"Maybe he's gone up to the study intirely."

"There's no prep this afternoon."

"Faith, and he might wish to get out of the sound of ye're sweet voice, Crane darling. But what's that row in the Close?"

"Somebody's yelling about something."

"Let's go and see," was Crane's practical suggestion, and the juniors and the Fifth Formers hurried out into the Close.

There was certainly a great deal of excitement in the Close. Juniors were shouting, and hissing, and yelling, and brandishing their fists. The cause was soon apparent. The boys were crowded below the window of No. 4 Study, which was the home of the Cliveden Combine. At the window Poindexter could be seen, with a quiet smile upon his face.

From the window a pole had been thrust up, and two flags floated from the improvised flagstaff.

The under one was reversed, and it was a Union Jack. The upper flag was the Stars and Stripes, and it floated gaily in the wind.

Crane gave a yell at the sight.

"The villain! Look at those flags!"

It was no wonder that the Cliveden juniors were excited.

On Empire Day, of all days, the cool American was displaying the British flag reversed, with the American flag waving triumphantly over it.

The Cliveden juniors raved and shook their fists up at the window.

Neville and Flynn, though they were Poindexter's partners in the famous Cliveden Combine, were almost as excited as the rest.

Pankhurst and Price were furious.

"The cheek!" gasped Pankhurst.

"The nerve!" ejaculated Price.

"I say, you Yank, pull that rag in!"

Poindexter smiled at the excited crowd below.

"I say, old chap, don't be an ass!" called out Dick Neville.

"Yah!"

"Traitor!"

"Tinned beef!"

A storm of shouts rose from the crowd.

Poindexter only smiled and pointed at the flags.

"My hat!" exclaimed Crane. "Come up to the study and we'll have him out!"

"Hurrah! Have him out!"

"Wait a minute," gasped Greene, the amateur photographer of the Cliveden Hobby Club.

"Wait a minute till I get my camera. I want to take a snap of that—"

Crane flattened his hat over his eyes with one fall swoop.

"Let me catch you taking a snap of that," he exclaimed. "You ass! Wait till we get Poindexter out in the quad carrying the Union Jack round, and then you may take as many snapshots as you like."

"You ass, you've busted my hat."

"Blow your hat! Come on, you chaps, and let's have the cheeky bounder out."

"Faith, and it's right ye are."

And there was a rush of fellows into the house and up the stairs to the Fourth Form studies, and Crane thumped at the door of No. 4.

But the door did not open. Crane wrenched and thumped, but it did not move. The American chum had locked it on the inside, and the avengers of the insult to the British flag were baffled.

The 4th Chapter.
Something Like a Row.

CRANE and Cuffy pounded heavily upon the door of No. 4 Study.

"Open this door, Puntpusher."

"Do you hear?"

"Open this giddy door."

There was no reply from within the study. Crane and Cuffy and their comrades pounded upon the door till it rattled and shook. But the door was of stout oak, and the lock was strong.

"Open this door."

"Yah, you Chicago bounder! Open the door."

"Down with tinned beef!"

A cool, drawing voice came from inside the study. To judge by his tones, Lincoln G. Poindexter was not in the least alarmed.

"Hallo, there!"

"Hallo, you tinned beef rotter!"

"Anybody there?"

"Anybody here, you villain! Haven't we been making row enough to raise the dead?" howled Crane.

"What do you want?"

"We want you."

"Sorry, but you can't have me. I'm rather particular as to the company I keep, and I bar you Fifth Form bounders."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The laugh came from Neville, and Crane turned upon him savagely.

"What the dickens are you cackling like that for, Neville? Is anything gone wrong with your works, or are you starting in business as an amateur alarm clock?"

"Rats! I'll cackle if I like."

"You won't!"

"I will!"

"Then I'll jolly soon—"

"Hold on," exclaimed Gatty of the Fourth.

"Don't begin a Form row now; it's the Yankee bounder we've got to deal with."

"Well, that's true."

"Faith, and it's right ye are intirely, Gatty. Out of the mouths of babes and silly cuckoos—"

"Who are you calling a silly cuckoo?"

"Who's rowing now?" demanded Crane. "If you kids are going to squabble—"

"Sure and we're not. We're going to have that Yankee bounder out and give him a trial as a traitor."

"That's right!"

"Have him out!"

Micky Flynn pounded upon the oaken panels with his fist.

"Poindexter! Poindexter darling!"

"Hallo, Tipperary?"

"Will ye come out intirely?"

"I guess not."

"Then take in the flags from the window, ye gossoon."

"Not much."

"Then put them in their proper order, with the British flag on top."

"Rats! They're in their proper order now, I guess."

"Faith, and ye'd better come out, Puntpusher darling. We're goin' to give you a fair trial and find ye guilty."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Cuffy. "Don't forget to decide on the verdict beforehand, it saves time."

"Faith, and sure—"

Dick Neville thumped on the door.

"I say, Puntpusher?"

"Hallo?"

"You'd better come out."

"Rats!"

"I advise you as a chum. On Empire Day we can't allow you to jib at the British flag. We'll give you a fair trial."

"More rats!"

"I speak as your chum. We won't hurt you if you surrender. Now, don't get my rag out, old fellow."

"Rats, more rats, and many of 'em!"

Neville kicked at the door.

"Hang it, Puntpusher, I'll bust up the Combine, and secede from the partnership, if you don't take that rag in at the window."

"Bust it if you like. That flag stays!"

"Put 'em on a level."

"Shan't!"

Crane and Cuffy banged at the door. The corridor was crowded now with Fifth and Fourth boys, all in a state of excitement.

"Open this beastly door!" roared Crane.

"Here, hold on," exclaimed Neville. "This is our study, you know, and we can't have our door treated like that."

"Can't you? Rats!"

And the Fifth Formers kicked and pounded

away as though they meant to smash in the stout oaken door by main force.

"Faith, and we can't allow that intirely, boys."

"Oh, go and eat coke!"

"You'll have the prefects here if you make such an unholy row," exclaimed Philpot.

"I don't care—"

"Look here—"

"They won't take any notice of a row on Empire Day," said Cuffy. "Anyway, we're going to have that Yankee bounder out and frog-march him round the Close, if we have to bust the door into little pieces."

Dick Neville's eyes sparkled.

"What's that about a frog's-march?" he exclaimed.

"We're going to frog's-march him round the quad."

"That you're not!"

"Who says we're not?" demanded Crane.

"I do."

"And who are you?" asked Crane, ceasing his attack on the door for a moment to stare at Dick Neville from head to heel with an extremely disdainful expression.

"I'm Poindexter's chum. I don't object to a trial."

"Faith, a trial as a traitor—"

"But there's going to be no frog's-marching."

"You won't be asked."

"I shall chip in all the same. Look here, you've knocked enough paint off that door. What are you Fifth Form bounders doing in the Fourth Form passage at all?"

"Faith, and ye're right. Kick them out."

"Quite so," said Price.

"We're going to have that Chicago bounder

A moment more and Fourth and Fifth were mingled in a wild scrimmage. The Fifth were bigger fellows, but numbers were greatly on the side of the Lower Form. Had there been more room, the combat would have been terrific. The juniors, jammed in the corridor, contrived, however, to do considerable execution.

"Down with the Fifth!"

"Knock those kids out!"

"Hurrah!"

The din was fearful. Trevelyan, the captain of Cliveden, came up the stairs three at a time, with a cane in his hand. He stared at the scene in amazement and wrath.

"Stop that instantly!"

But for once the voice of the captain of the school was unheeded.

The juniors were too excited to even hear him.

"Stop that row!"

Trevelyan shouted again, and again his ringing order passed unnoticed in the din and excitement. The Cliveden captain wasted no more time in words.

He took a businesslike grip of the cane and "waded in." The lashing of the cane soon brought the excited youngsters to their senses, and loud howls and gasps rose on all sides.

"Ow!" roared Micky Flynn, as he received a cut across the shoulders. "Ow! Faith, and what are ye after doin' intirely, Trevelyan dear?"

"Stop that row!"

"Sure I'd do anythin' to please ye, when ye've got a cane in ye're hand at all events!" gasped Micky Flynn, rubbing his shoulders.

"What is all this row about?"

"Sure we're only celebrating Empire Day!" Trevelyan laughed.

"Oh, is that it? Well, I warned you before to celebrate it a little more quietly. Get out into the Close; and if you make such a din again, I'll have you detained for the afternoon to do Latin lines."

The threat was sufficient.

The juniors melted away, and the corridor was cleared in a remarkably short space of time. Trevelyan laughed as he went downstairs. There was another who laughed, too—Lincoln G. Poindexter, safe within the locked door of No. 4 Study. The American flag, with the Union Jack reversed underneath, still flew from the study window, and outside in the Close a crowd of fellows watched it wrathfully.



"Pesky lot of lunatics!" growled Poindexter. "What's the wheeze, anyway?" But the juniors did not take the trouble to enlighten him. They stood round in a circle, stamping their feet and shouting, some of them aughing too much to have much breath left for cheering, however. Pankhurst held up his hand. "Give him 'Rule Britannia,' kids!"

"out!" said Crane, kicking away at the door with a force that made it groan again.

"After all, it's a Fourth Form affair," said Neville. "You Fifth Form bounders can go and wag flags in the Close—"

"We're going to have that tinned-beef rotter out—"

"Nothing of the sort."

"I tell you—"

"Look here, if you kick that door again I shall start on you."

Crane defiantly kicked the door again, and Dick Neville was as good as his word. He jumped upon Crane, and the excited captain of the Fifth, nothing loth, closed with him, and a terrific struggle commenced.

"Go it, Craney!"

"Go it, Neville!"

"Hurrah!"

The attack on the door ceased. Poindexter and his flag were forgotten for the moment. Micky Flynn looked at Cuffy, who was cheering his leader.

"Come on, ye bounder!" he exclaimed.

Cuffy started back.

"I don't want a row with you, Flynn—"

"Never mind; I want one with you, so it's just the same," said Micky Flynn. "You can't expect me to watch a fight without joinin' in. Come on!"

"But—"

"Oh, come on!"

And Cuffy had to come on, as Micky was excitedly hitting out with right and left. Several Fifth Formers pushed forward to drag the excited Irish junior off, and other fellows of the Fourth closed round to stop them.

"Come on!" exclaimed Pankhurst. "Kick these Fifth Form rotters out of the corridor, and then we can deal with the tinned-beef fraud ourselves."

"Good!"

"Hurrah!"

The 5th Chapter.
Poindexter Holds the Fort.

FAITH, and we can't get into the study to have tea, Dicky darling!" Micky Flynn remarked later, when his inner man reminded him that tea time was drawing nigh.

Dick Neville laughed.

"We shall have to make it pax with Poindexter, Micky!"

"Sure, and I'm not going to make it pax with the traitor on Empire Day!"

Dick laughed again. The Irish junior was in earnest, and Dick knew how useless it was to argue with the boy from the "Beautiful Isle of the Sea" when once he had an idea fixed in his mind.

"Well, let's go and see what Puntpusher says," he remarked.

"Sure, I don't mind that."

The two chums went upstairs, and Dick Neville tapped at the door of No. 4 Study. A very pleasant smell of hot tea and toasting muffins came from within.

"Hallo!" came the voice of Lincoln G. Poindexter.

"Hallo! We want to come in!"

"Are you prepared to salute the American flag if I let you in?" was the rather unexpected reply.

"What!" roared Micky.

"Are you prepared to salute the American flag if I let you in?" repeated Poindexter, in unmoved tones.

"My hat! I'll—"

"Shut up, Micky! I say, Pointpusher, we want to come in to tea."

"Faith, and we—"

"You can come in if you make it pax and salute the American flag."

"Sure, I'd rather go without tea for the rest of me life!" shouted Micky Flynn.

"Then you can go without, my son!"

"We'll bust in the door—"

"I guess you're welcome to, if you can."

"Ye spalpeen—"

"Shut up, Micky—"

"Sure, and I sha'n't shut up. I disown that tinned beef spalpeen. I bar him as a member of the Combine. He's goin' to have a trial as a traitor—"

"Poindexter, we are fearfully hungry—"

"You can go and eat coke."

"Look here, you bounder—"

"Rats! I say, these muffins are nice," said Poindexter, through the door. "As you and Flynn aren't coming in to tea, you don't mind if I scoff the lot, do you?"

"Faith, and I'll snatch ye bald-headed when I get ye on the right side of the door!" roared Micky Flynn.

"I say, Poindexter, old chap—"

"Are you prepared to salute the American flag?"

"Not much."

"Then you can travel. You're not coming in."

"Oh, don't argue with the baste!" said Micky Flynn. "We'll have him out soon. Let's go and get tea in the hall before it's all cleared away!"

"Well, that's a good idea."

Neville and Flynn descended to the hall. They found the Fourth Form in a buzz over,

EMPIRE DAY AT CLIVEDEN.
(Continued from the previous page.)

the unparalleled cheek of Lincoln G. Poindexter. The idea of bringing the American youth to trial had taken firm hold in the juniors' minds, but the question was how to get hold of the elusive youth from Chicago.

"I say, I've got an idea!" Gatty remarked presently.

"Get it off your chest, then," said Pankhurst. "The key of my study fits Poindexter's door, you know; they're the same size locks. If we could knock the key out on the inside, the door could be unlocked easy enough."

Pankhurst gave Gatty an approving slap on the shoulder. Unfortunately, Gatty was raising his teacup to his lips as Pankhurst gave him that token of approval, and the shock sent the hot liquid shooting over his chest.

Gatty gave a fiendish yell. "Oh, I say, I'm sorry!" gasped Pankhurst. "I—ha, ha, ha!—I'm sorry!"

"You—you ass—"

"You must really be quiet there, boys," said little Mr. Lanyon. "Dear me, Gatty, you have upset your tea. Leave the table immediately!"

"If you please, sir—"

"Leave the table, Gatty!"

And Gatty glowered and obeyed. The suggestion, however, spread among the juniors, and they bolted their tea and left the hall.

"Get your key, will you, Gatty?" said Pankhurst, meeting the unfortunate author of the new idea in the passage, where he was rubbing his waistcoat down with a pocket-handkerchief.

Gatty glared.

"Look here, Pankhurst—"

"Yes, I'm looking, and I can see you're wet. I'm—ha, ha!—sorry! But get your key."

"Faith, and we'll have the tinned beef spalpeen out now, and give him a trial as a traitor in the Form-room!" exclaimed Micky Flynn.

"Fair play, you know," said Dick Neville.

"We'll give him fair play," said Pankhurst, ascending the stairs two at a time. "Don't make a row, you kids. If we give the alarm Puntodger could easily block up the keyhole and spoil the game."

"Faith, and it's right ye are."

The warning was needed. The juniors ascended the stairs cautiously, and went along the passage on tip-toe.

Pankhurst bent his eye to the key-hole, and gave a grin of satisfaction.

The various attacks to which the door had been subjected had evidently jolted the key out, for it was not in its place.

"Is the key there?" whispered Price.

"No, the keyhole's empty. That saves us a lot of trouble."

"Here's Gatty."

Gatty came along with a key in his hand. Pankhurst took it, and inserted it in the key-hole.

"Stand ready," he muttered.

"We're ready."

"Now then," said Pankhurst. "There you are!"

He turned the key, and pushed the door. It flew open, and there was a sharp exclamation of surprise from Lincoln G. Poindexter.

The juniors rushed into the study in a swarm.

The 6th Chapter.
The Traitor.

POINDEXTER jumped up. His cup of tea went one way, and his muffins another. Before he could make a movement to defend himself he was clutched by a dozen hands.

"Got him!"

"Leggo!"

"Got him! Hold him tight!"

"Sure, and it's tight I'm holdin' him! Don't wriggle, Puntodger! Sure, we're not goin' to hurt ye, only give ye a trial as a traitor."

"You Tipperary ass!"

"Hould the spalpeen tight!"

"Take it quietly, kid," said Dick Neville.

"You've got to stand your trial now, and there's no getting out of it."

"Get that rag in at the window," said Pankhurst, with a sniff.

The flags at the window were jerked in. The Union Jack was waved in triumph round the study with great effect—the effect being to sweep the clock off the mantelpiece, and most of the crockery off the table.

There was a crash.

"Hold on, you asses!" shouted Dick Neville.

"Don't wreck the place!"

"Hurrah!"

"Hip, hip, hurrah!"

"Keep the flag down, you asses! You'll wreck the place. What are you doing with the Stars and Stripes, Philpot?"

"I'm going to tread on it."

"That you're not. You're not going to insult the flag," said Neville warmly. "If you touch it we'll set Poindexter on you, so look out."

Philpot dropped the flag as though it had suddenly become red-hot.

"Thank you, Dick," said Poindexter quietly.

Dick Neville picked up the American flag, and looped it over his arm.

"That's all right, kid," he said. "This rag of yours hasn't braved the battle and the breeze for a thousand years like ours, but we're not going to see it insulted. You've got to stand your trial, though."

"Oh, rats!"

"Faith, and it's right, Puntodger. Ye've got to stand ye're trial as a traitor."

"Cheese it!"

"Bring him along!" exclaimed Pankhurst.

"The trial's going to take place in the Fourth Form-room. Come along."

"I guess—"

"No time for guessing now. This is a trial of a traitor, not a guessing competition," said Pankhurst. "Bring him along."

"Quite so. Here he comes."

There was no help for it. The juniors were too many for the American chum, and, though he was not handled roughly, he had to go, and he went.

In the midst of the victorious Britishers the chum from Chicago was marched along the passage and down the stairs, and into the Fourth Form-room.

Here there was ample room for all the Form to witness and take part in the trial, and there was not a fellow in the Fourth who did not intend to have a finger in the pie.

The juniors crowded into the Form-room, and Pankhurst locked the door, in case any of the Fifth should think of taking a hand in the proceedings.

After having had the trouble of securing Poindexter, the Fourth Form meant to have the trial all to themselves, as they were entitled to do.

"Now then, order!" exclaimed Pankhurst.

"We've got to elect a judge and form a jury."

"Are you going to dry up, or do you want me to come down and wipe up the floor with you?" demanded the judge.

Greene subsided, and Pankhurst went on, looking round and noting the decided murmur of assent which had followed Greene's suggestion.

"Gentlemen, the jury will consist of the whole of the Fourth Form."

"Hear, hear!"

"Why, that was my suggestion," began Greene.

"Oh, shut up, Greene! Judge and jury having been selected, the trial will now begin."

"Faith, and it's meself that ought to be judge intirely."

"I appoint Micky Flynn the prosecuting counsel."

"Begorra, and I'm satisfied, then!" said Micky. "I demand that the prisoner be—"

"He hasn't been tried yet. Prosecuting counsel will open the game—I mean the trial," said Pankhurst. "First man in."

"I say, I guess you silly asses—"

"The prisoner at the bar will be silent."

"I guess—"

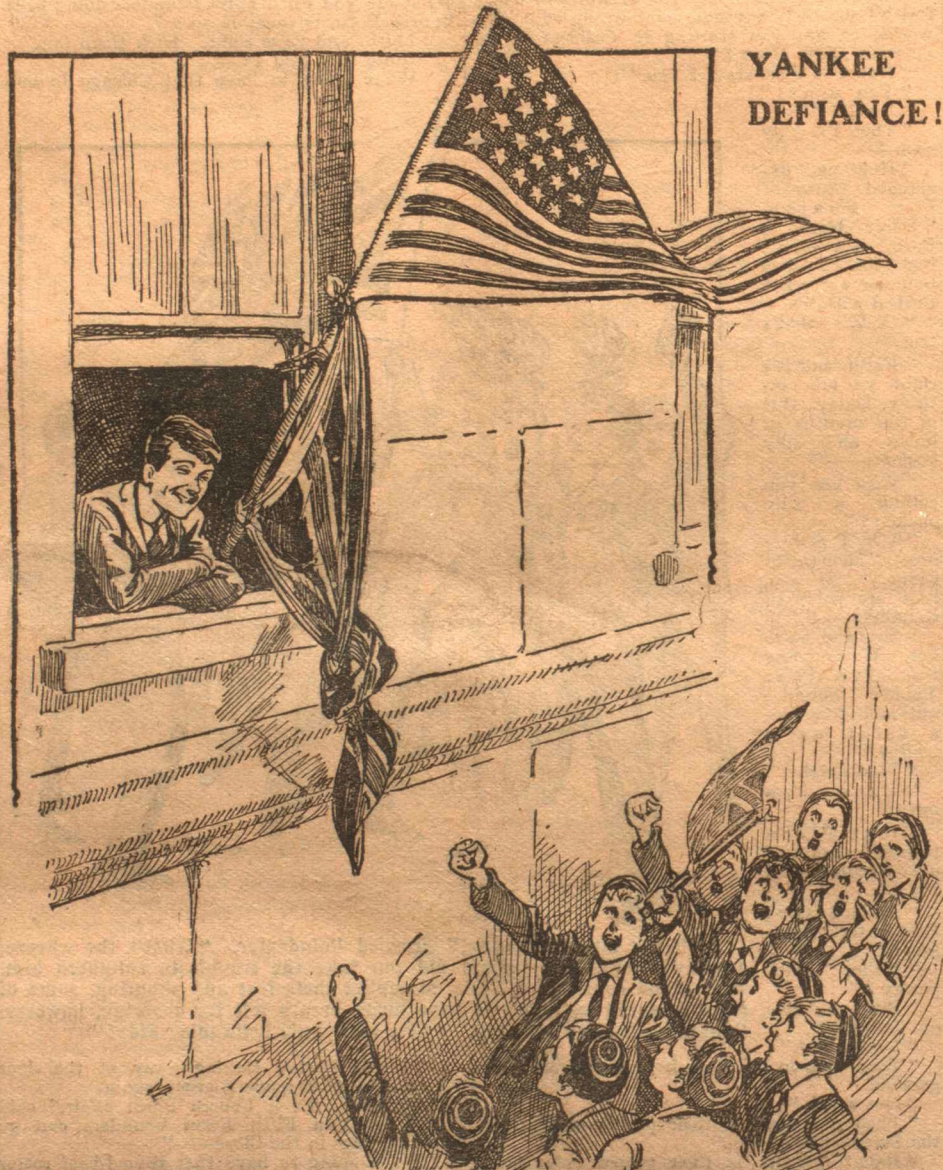
"If the prisoner at the bar persists in interrupting the proceedings with irrelevant remarks he is condemned to have his head bashed against a form."

"Hear, hear!"

"Now, prosecuting counsel, on the ball."

"Faith, and I'm ready!"

"Go ahead, then."



YANKEE DEFIANCE!

On Empire Day, of all days, the cool American was displaying the British flag reversed, with the American flag waving triumphantly over it. The Cliveden juniors raved and shook their fists up at the window. "The cheek!" gasped Pankhurst. "I say, you Yank, pull that rag in!"

"As head of the Fourth, I think I ought to be judge," Dick Neville remarked.

"As head of the Fourth, I know I ought to be judge," retorted Pankhurst. "Besides, you ought to be defending counsel."

"Faith, and that's right enough, Dicky darling."

"Oh, very well," said Neville. "I ought to be judge, from my position in the Form; but I'll take on the job of defending Puntodger."

"Panky for judge!" exclaimed Price. "Who says Panky for judge?"

"Sure, and it's meself that should—"

But there was a general shout of Pankhurst for judge.

Pankhurst bowed to the shout, and took his seat at the master's desk at the end of the Form-room.

"Bring the prisoner before me!" he commanded.

Poindexter, in the grip of four pairs of hands, was marched up before the master's desk, and faced Pankhurst.

"Now as to the jury."

"We're all going to be on the jury," said Greene decidedly. "I don't see why any chap present should be left out."

"If you're going to dictate to me, Greeny, I'll—"

"I'm not, but—"

"Dry up!"

"Look here—"

The 7th Chapter.
The Trial—and an Anglo-American Alliance.

MICKY FLYNN looked round the assembled jury, and cleared his throat with a little preliminary cough.

"Jintlemen of the jury, and fellow citizens of this great and glorious Empire," he began, "sure, I stand before ye on this great occasion—"

"Cut the cackle and come to the hosses," said Price.

"If ye interrupt me, ye spalpeen, I'll give ye a thick ear intirely!"

"Silence in court!"

"Jintlemen of the jury, the prisoner at the bar stands accused of deserting his old flag and sailing under a new tinned-beef flag—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hear, hear!"

"He has wilfully and with malice aforethought severed his connection with the Old Country, and horrible results have followed from this act of treachery. I need only point to a few circumstances that prove the truth of my remarks. You have all heard of the tinned-beef scandals in Chicago?"

dogs and rats, and sendin' them over here as tinned beef for the food of the unsuspectin' Britisher, grew up after the States had seceded from the British flag, and was evidently one of the results."

"Hear, hear!"

"Then the daily papers say that there are four million unemployed and starvin' workmen in the United States. There was nothing of the sort when the United States were under British rule."

"Ha, ha! Hear, hear!"

"Then you've all heard of the fearful earthquake at San Francisco, which killed as many in a day as Chicago beef could kill in a week. This too, happened after the rebel colonies had seceded from the British flag."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's no laughin' matter. Therefore I call upon the jury to give the traitor a fair trial, and condemn him to be hanged, drawn, quartered, and frog's-marched round the quadrangle."

The jury were in convulsions of laughter after the speech of the prosecuting counsel. The prisoner at the bar laughed as loudly as anybody.

"Now, then," said the learned judge, "if the counsel for the defence has anything to say before sentence is passed on the prisoner, let him hereby and forthwith get up on his hind legs and say it."

"Go it, Neville!"

"Faith, and the counsel for the defence can't have anythin' sensible to say on the subject. I'm his chum, and I can answer for him. Therefore and thusly, I demand that sentence be hereby passed upon the prisoner, and that he be found guilty of being a traitor to the old flag."

"Hold on, Micky!"

"Sure, and I—"

"I guess—"

"Prisoner at the bar, shut up!"

"Go it, Neville!"

"Gentlemen—"

"Sure, and I—"

"Hold your row! Give the counsel for the defence a chance!"

"Sure, and I'm agreeable. Fair play's a jewel. But I've warned you that he won't talk sense, so you'll have only yourselves to thank. Go ahead!"

"If Micky will shut up for a moment—"

"Sure, and I'll shut up, if ye'll only go on. Ye're too long-winded, Mr. Counsel for the defence."

"Gentlemen, I regret to say that I haven't any defence to make—"

"I told ye so!"

"Shut up, Flynn! I haven't any defence to make, but I have some extenuating circumstances to serve up, and a suggestion to make."

"Good! Go it!"

"The prisoner at the bar has undoubtedly left the old flag, but it isn't really his fault, as it was his ancestors who did it, without asking his permission. This was very thoughtless of them, but as he wasn't born at the time, I move that the oversight be excused. All the fearful consequences enumerated by my learned brother—"

"Hear, hear!"

"All these fearful consequences have indeed followed from the secession of the American colonies from the British flag—Chicago tinned rats scandals, four million unemployed in the United States, and a terrible earthquake at San Francisco."

"I guess—"

"Dry up, prisoner at the bar! Gentlemen, no one can regret the separation of the American colonies from the Mother Country more than I do; but since that separation has actually taken place, I move that we acknowledge that there were faults on both sides, and that Old England and New England forget any little ancient disputes, and join hands across the sea in friendship and alliance."

"Bravo!"

"Therefore I suggest that instead of ragging this noble and enlightened citizen of the great American Republic, we forthwith and hereby form an Anglo-American Alliance, and exhibit the American and the British flags in the Close with equal honours as the best and most fitting method of celebrating Empire Day, and there have a whip round to stand a ripping feed in honour of this great and famous anniversary, a suggestion which, I am sure, will have the support of every patriotic Britisher present. I pause for a reply."

The reply came in a yell of cheering. The juniors cheered Dick Neville's speech till the Form-room rang again. Micky Flynn forgot that he was counsel for the prosecution, and rushed at Dick and grasped him round the neck and hugged him ecstatically. Poindexter was released by his guards, and Pankhurst and Price gave him a simultaneous slap on the back.

"Hurrah!" shouted Pankhurst. "The prisoner is not guilty, and is hereby discharged without a smudge upon his character. I say, Poindexter, what do you say to an Anglo-American Alliance to celebrate Empire Day?"

Poindexter grinned.

"Jolly good wheeze—especially the feed."

"Gentlemen, the trial is over. I move that we all adjourn to the tuck-shop, and have the rippingest feed in the history of Cliveden in honour of the Anglo-American Alliance and this great anniversary."

"Hear, hear!"

And the juniors lost no time in carrying out that really brilliant idea. The feed was, as Pankhurst put it, really ripping, and Lincoln G. Poindexter was the honoured guest. And amid a scene of unbroken amity and good-fellowship, the sun went down upon that Empire Day at Cliveden.

THE END.

Next Wednesday—
"THE CLIVEDEN DERBY."
"LOST IN THE BUSH."
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