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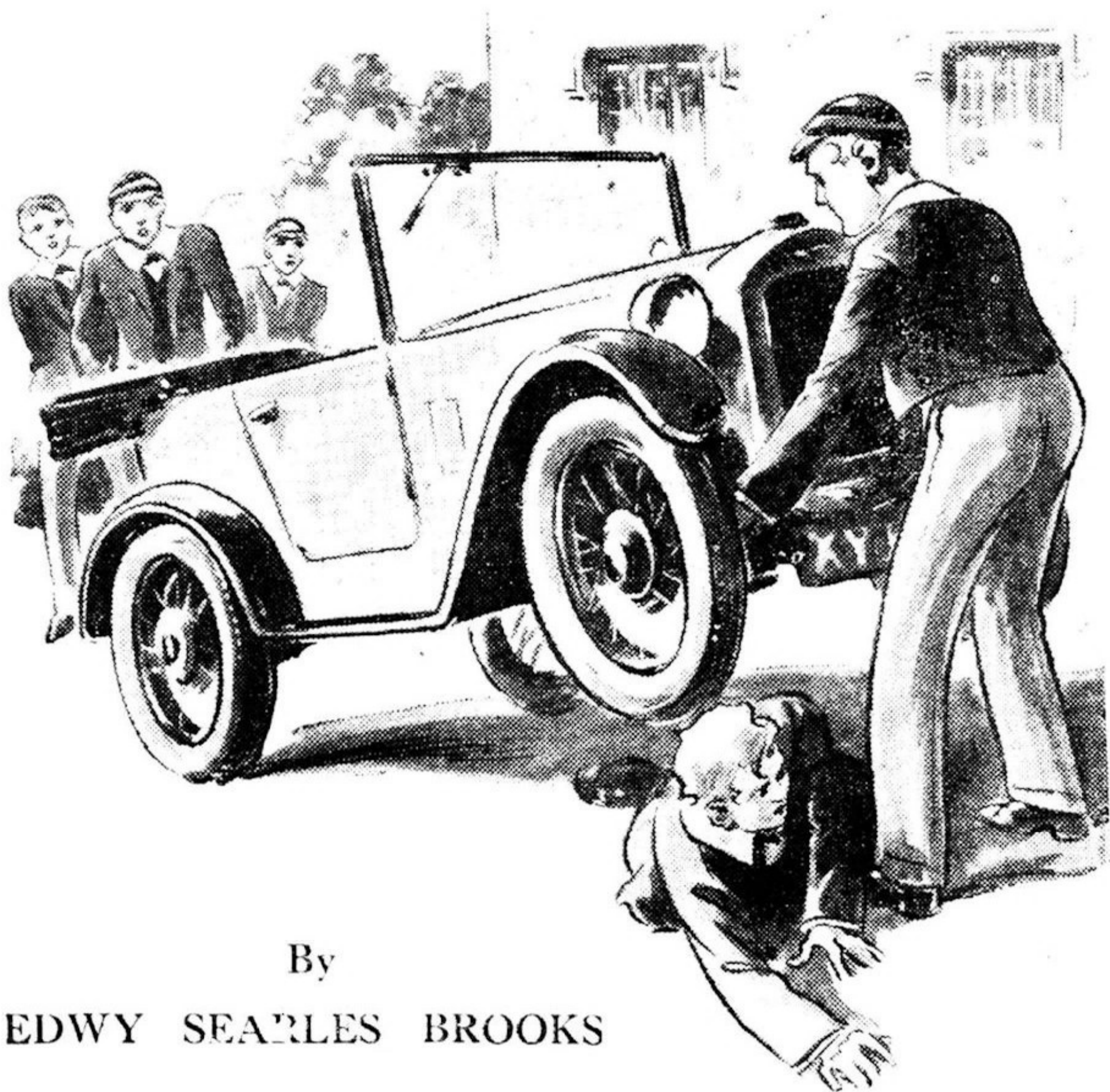
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WALDO THE WONDER BOY!

Meet this amazing new character in the stirring long complete yarn of schoolboy adventure at St. Frank's which appears in this issue.
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WALDO THE



By

EDWY SEARLES BROOKS

CHAPTER 1.

The New Boy.

THE new boy looked utterly forlorn and lonesome.

Fellows came along, stared at him, and passed on without saying a word. Other fellows did not even deign to look at him. He was too insignificant to be noticed. He was nothing—he was nobody.

It was the first day of term at St. Frank's, and the school was already beginning to bustle with the noise and commotion of the arriving fellows. Seniors and juniors were turning up in batches every hour. Most of them were coming by train, but some arrived by car—others on their motor-cycles. The air was filled with cheery hails and shouts of greeting. But nobody took any notice of the new boy.

In spite of all the bustle and the animation, he was as lonely as though he stood upon an open moor with miles of desolation on every side of him. There is, perhaps, no loneliness like that experienced by a new boy on his first day at a great public school.

WONDER BOY!



There have been many amazing new boys at St. Frank's, but surely none so amazing as Stanley Waldo. Enormous strength is only one of his numerous extraordinary characteristics. He is, in all truth, a wonder boy—and his advent at St. Frank's is to be the start of many weird adventures for Nipper & Co.

It was a glorious September afternoon, and summer was lingering on, as though reluctant to depart. The sun was shining hotly, and there were only a few fleecy white clouds in the blue heavens. St. Frank's was looking good to-day.

Only a comparatively small proportion of the Remove had turned up yet. They would probably arrive by the mid-afternoon train. A few Fourth-Formers and fags were standing about in the Triangle, or dashing from one house to another, and there were plenty of seniors to be seen, too. The seniors, for some reason or another, were looking quite excited. As some fresh Fifth-Formers or Sixth-Formers arrived they would be pounced upon, and they would have some startling news imparted to them—at which their eyes would sparkle and they would catch the fever.

But the new boy took part in none of this.

He was standing near the fountain, in the centre of the Triangle, looking at the whole scene with interest. He was a well-set-up young fellow, slim, neatly built, and with a frank, open face. His eyes were blue, and his hair was rather on the fair side. His hands were stuck deeply into his trousers pockets, and his blue and red cap—which denoted that he belonged to the Ancient House—was perched on the back of his head.

A remarkably thin junior came along. He was skinny, and his eyes were set in deep hollows; his nose was sharp and big. His ears projected in a remarkable fashion, and his brown eyes had a vacant look about them. Plenty of hair escaped from beneath his somewhat disreputable school cap, and this hair, sandy and curly, straggled over his ears like a mop.

The new fellow watched him with interest as he came across the Triangle towards the Ancient House. This remarkable-looking youth paused for a moment as he saw the new fellow's eyes on him, and then he nodded and grinned. The vacant look seemed to die out of his eyes at the same moment.

"Hallo!" he said in a cheerful voice. "New kid?"

"Yes," said the other.

"Glad to have somebody speak to you?"

"Well, I am, rather," admitted the new boy. "You're the first—and I've been here for nearly two hours."

"Hard lines," said the thin one. "But you'll soon get used to it. Nobody will speak to you or take any notice of you for the first week. There's got to be something pretty exceptional about a new kid to get him any attention."

"I'm afraid there's nothing special about me," smiled the new boy.

"Just what I was thinking," said the lean junior. "You look pretty useful, though. Keen on sports?"

"Yes, rather!"

"Football?"

"Love it!" said the new boy.

"I don't suppose you'll get much chance this term," said the lean one. "Well, my name's Trotwood—Nicodemus Trotwood. I'm in the Remove."

"So am I," said the new boy. "We're both in the same House, too, aren't we?"

"Not likely!" said Trotwood. "Can't you see that my cap is mauve and yellow? I'm a West House chap."

He nodded and passed on, leaving the new boy feeling just a little better. But even Trotwood had not troubled to ask the stranger his name. It was evidently a matter of no interest to him.

THE new boy himself did not like to thrust himself forward, indeed, he had an idea that if he spoke first he would be snubbed. He had been warned what it would be like on his first day at St. Frank's, and so he was prepared. And he knew better than to approach anybody and say the first word. That sort of thing simply wasn't done. He was supposed to wait until somebody came along and spoke to him. He was rather gratified that the thin, mop-haired junior had condescended to notice him.

Some more fresh arrivals turned up, and they made plenty of noise in doing so. Most of them stared at the new fellow as the others

had done, but they did not attempt to get into conversation with him. They just gave him a straight look, and then walked on. It was generally considered that it did new kids good to ignore them. If a chap took too much notice of a new kid he was liable to give himself airs, and to think that he was as good as they, which, of course, was ridiculous. A new boy in any public school has just about as much status as an ant.

"Oh, well, I suppose I shall get used to it," murmured the youngster to himself. "St. Frank's seems to be a fine place, anyhow. But I should certainly like to know a bit more about it."

He did not even know which was his own House. He had spoken to one of the seniors upon arrival, and this lordly youth had vaguely waved towards Big Arch and had told him to report himself to the Head. He had wandered through Big Arch into Inner Court, and he had gone to the Head's house, only to be told that the Head hadn't yet arrived. So he was wandering about now rather like a lost sheep.

It was a pity he hadn't asked Trotwood a few questions while that youth was in the mood for speaking to him. He was just considering the idea of going in search for Trotwood, when he saw a lean, mop-haired figure wandering out of West Arch.

"Good egg!" muttered the new boy. "The very chap I want!"

He bore down upon the lean one, and halted in front of him.

"I say, hope I'm not butting in or anything, but I rather wanted to ask you something just now," he said. "But you went off before I could—"

"I beg your pardon?" said the mop-headed one mildly.

He blinked at the new boy, and that vacant look was very pronounced in his eyes. He regarded the new boy as though he had never seen him before in all his life.

"Isn't your name Trotwood?" asked the stranger.

"Ah, Trotwood?" repeated the lean one. "Did you ask me if my name is Trotwood?"

"Yes."

"It is Trotwood," said the other, beaming. "Is there anything I can do for you, my dear fellow?"

"Yes; I want you to tell me which is the Ancient House."

"Oh, indeed!" said Trotwood. "That's very interesting."

"Eh?"

"Why did you leave Charterhouse?" asked Trotwood.

"Charterhouse!" said the new boy. "I never said anything about Charterhouse! Are you trying to kid me?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"What's the idea?" asked the new boy. "When I met you a little while ago you didn't act like this. I know you think it's an

awful nerve for me to speak to you, but you spoke to me first, remember."

"It is, indeed," said Trotwood, glancing at the sky.

"Eh? I don't understand——"

"It is certainly a charming day for September," said the lean one. "The weather is much better now than it was in August."

"But I never said anything about the weather!" gasped the new boy. "Are you trying to be funny?"

"Money!" said Trotwood. "I'm afraid I can't lend you any——"

"I never mentioned money!" roared the new boy. "Look here, I may be a new kid, but you can't fool me like this! I know jolly well that you're not deaf, although you pretend to be. Why, not five minutes ago you were talking to me in an ordinary way. What's the wheeze?"

"Hardly a breeze," said Trotwood, glancing at the leafy chestnuts. "I should call it——"

"I didn't mention breeze!" yelled the new boy. "What's your silly game?"

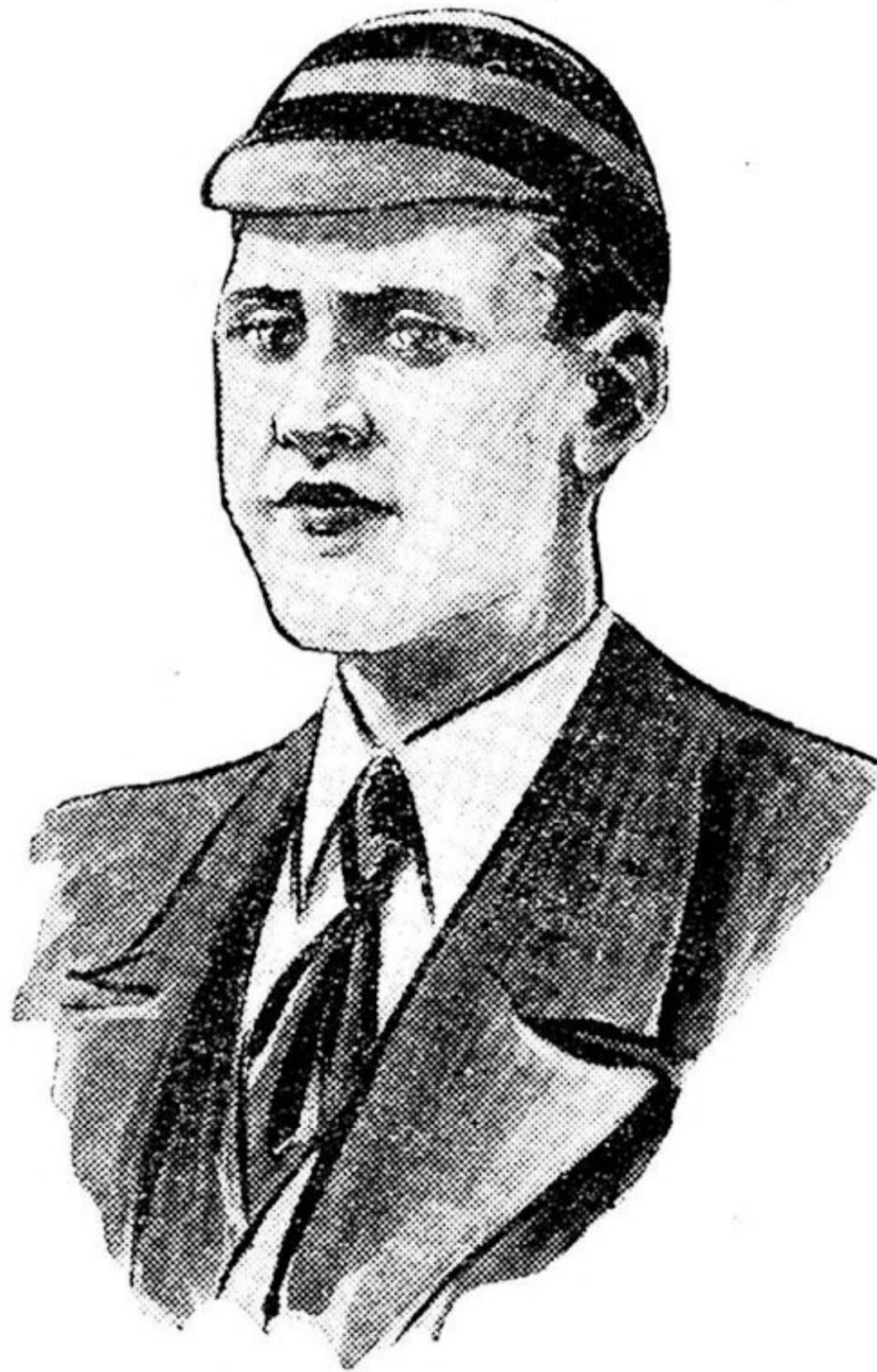
"My name?" said the lean one. "But you know it already."

"Oh, my only hat! Of course I know your name!" said the new fellow, breathing hard. "You told me your name when you first spoke to me, five minutes ago."

"Go?" said Trotwood. "You want me to go? Why should I go? I have as much right here as you. I wish you would speak up," he added plaintively.

The new fellow could easily be forgiven for coming to the conclusion that Trotwood was deliberately making fun of him. He failed to observe an exact replica of this mop-headed figure on the West House steps near by. The replica was grinning appreciatively.

WHO'S WHO AT ST. FRANK'S.



HAROLD GRAYSON.

This Fifth-Former is one of the black sheep at St. Frank's. He hasn't a single redeeming feature, being a bully, a snob, a gambler, and ever ready to go on the "spree." Hobby: Studying the latest form of horses.

"If you wish me to take you round, I shall have much pleasure in doing so," said Trotwood, with quiet dignity. "Only I should like you to speak a little more clearly."

"I only want you to tell me which is the Ancient House," said the new fellow. "I want to find my House-master, so that I can report."

"Yes, we have plenty of sport here," said Trotwood, nodding.

"I'm not talking about sport, you—you—— I want you to show me the Ancient House. I've got to report myself to my House-master."

"Oh, you want to see a master!" said Trotwood. "I see! Which master?"

"I'm told that his name is Mr. Lee."

"Your knee?" said Trotwood, with concern. "You've hurt your knee, and you want to see a master? I'm awfully sorry——"

"Very funny, isn't it?" said the new boy, breathing hard.

"I suppose you think it's a joke to fool me like this?"

The lean youth on the West House steps came forward.

"Hold on!" he said, with a chuckle. "Don't burst a blood-vessel, old man! Coray isn't trying to pull your leg."

The new boy spun round, and stared in amazement as he noted the extraordinary similarity of these two mop-headed juniors. They were, indeed, exactly alike in every detail.

"Good glory!" he ejaculated. "Twins!"

"That's it," said Nicodemus Trotwood, nodding. "This is my brother, Cornelius. He's a bit deaf, although he won't admit it. He generally hears your last word wrong, and thinks you're talking about something else altogether. But he's quite harmless, really."

The new fellow grinned.

"I was getting a bit fed up," he admitted. "Sorry I was so dense, but I never dreamed that there could be two of you."

"No," said Nick dryly. "It's quite bad enough to have one of us knocking about, isn't it? By the way, what's your name?"

"Stanley Waldo."

"Waldo?" repeated Nick, puckering his brow. "I seem to have heard that name before, too. Oh, well, I won't be inquisitive! That's the Ancient House over there," he added, with a nod. "Just walk in, and you'll find the Housemaster's study on the ground floor."

And he gave a few directions.

"Thanks," said Stanley Waldo. "I hope I haven't upset your brother—"

"Upset him?" grinned Nick. "Nothing can upset Corny! He's the most harmless ass in existence. Come on, Corny, old son. Let's go to the tuck-shop," he added, grasping Cornelius' arm.

"A glass of pop?" said Corny brightly. "Yes, that would be fine!"

"I didn't mention pop, but you'll have some, all the same," grinned Nicodemus. "Come on; we'll go and see Mrs. Hake."

"Yes, a piece of cake would go nicely with the pop," beamed Corny.

"Don't take any notice," said Nick, glancing at the new boy. "He's always like this. Can't help it, poor chump."

"Yes, I really think he has," said Cornelius, glancing at the new boy, too.

"Eh? He has what?"

The hump," said Corny. "Being a new fellow, I'm not surprised—"

"Here, we'd better be getting along!" interrupted Nicodemus grimly. "Come on!"

STANLEY WALDO was relieved to find that there were two Trotwoods. The little mystery was explained, and the new boy now understood that there had been no attempt to jape him. He glanced towards the Ancient House and moved nearer.

There were three very elegant youths on the Ancient House steps, lounging there with an air of proprietorship. One might have imagined that they owned the place.

They were Claude Gore-Pearce and his two cronies of Study A—Gulliver and Bell. They were dandified, as usual, and for some minutes they had been giving the new boy a very close inspection.

"Ancient House kid, by the look of his cap," Gulliver was saying. "Frightful bore, having new kids in the Ancient House! What have we done to deserve this?"

"We won't speak to him, anyhow," said Bell. "I bar speaking to new kids."

"Oh, we might as well make ourselves agreeable," said Gore-Pearce calmly.

His companions stared at him in amazement.

"Agreeable?" repeated Gulliver. "You mean—speak to him?"

"Why not?"

"Because it's against all tradition," said Gulliver. "New kids ought to be left severely alone."

"Rot!" interrupted Gore-Pearce. "If he comes this way I shall collar him and make myself very friendly. I'll offer to show him round. It's our duty to be kindly and friendly towards new kids."

"Well, I'm hanged!" said Bell blankly.

"We'll escort him to his study," continued Gore-Pearce genially. "Of course, we might make a mistake, and open the cellar door by accident—but how is he to know?"

"By gad!" grinned Gulliver. "You mean—"

"New kids oughtn't to be allowed to walk about like this, and inflict themselves upon our eyesight," said Gore-Pearce. "So we'll be very polite and show him to his study, but it'll really be the cellar instead. Once we've got the door open, we'll pitch him down and lock him in. Rather brainy, what."

And Gulliver and Bell, their faces breaking into happy smiles, heartily agreed.

CHAPTER 2.

A Curious Customer!

THE new boy approached the Ancient House steps, and Claude Gore-Pearce nudged his precious pals.

"Leave it to me!" he murmured.

"I'll do the jawing!"

"Go ahead!" said Bell.

It was characteristic of them to concoct a piece of trickery of this sort. Anything ill-natured was quite in their line. They thought it distinctly funny to throw the new boy into the cellar, and to lock him in there.

Stanley Waldo mounted the steps, and was about to pass when Gore-Pearce thrust himself into the way.

"Hallo!" he said affably. "New kid?"

"Yes."

"Well, my name's Gore-Pearce," said Claude. "I'm one of the important chaps in the Remove. I always believe in being kind to new kids."

"Yes?" said Waldo.

"Yes," said Gore-Pearce. "Know you way about yet?"

"Not very well."

"Come with me, then, and I'll soon show you," said Gore-Pearce. "These two fellows are Gulliver and Bell. Pals of mine. What's your name?"

"Waldo—Stanley Waldo."

"That's a runny name," said Gore-Pearce, staring.

"I'm sorry, but it happens to be my name, runny or not."

"You cheeky fathead— Oh, well, never mind!" said Gore-Pearce hastily. "I don't suppose you mean to be cheeky really. Would you like us to show you round?"

"No, you needn't bother," said Waldo, shaking his head.

"No bother at all," declared Gore-Pearce. "Only too pleased."

"I don't doubt it," said Stanley Waldo. "But, if it's all the same to you, I'd rather not be locked in a cellar."

"Wha-a-a-at!" gasped Gore-Pearce, with a jump.

"I'm sorry to spoil the wheeze, but I have a rooted objection to cellars," said Waldo smoothly. "Thanks all the same, but I wouldn't dream of putting you to the trouble."

He walked into the Ancient House, leaving Gore-Pearce & Co. dumbfounded. They were so startled, in fact, that they made no attempt to stop him. The thing was uncanny.

"How did he know?" asked Gulliver, bewildered.

"He couldn't have known," said Gore-Pearce.

"But he did know!" insisted Gulliver. "He knew that we had planned to throw him into the cellar."

"He couldn't have overheard us," said Bell. "He was yards and yards away, and you only spoke in a low voice, Gore-Pearce. He couldn't possibly have heard what you said."

"Of course he couldn't," agreed Claude, frowning. "Then what the dickens does it mean? Is he a thought-reader, or what?"

It was certainly staggering. Stanley Waldo had been many yards away while Gore-Pearce & Co. had been discussing their ill-natured scheme. The mere suggestion that Waldo could have overheard was preposterous. Yet what other explanation could there be?

"Never known anything like it!" said Gore-Pearce, removing his shiny topper and scratching the back of his head. "It's unbelievable! The idea only came to me on the spur of the moment, and he was over by the fountain. How did he get to know? He couldn't have heard from anybody else, because he met nobody—and, besides, there was nobody over here to listen to us. How did he know that we were going to shove him into the cellar?"

"Beats me!" said Gulliver. "The chap must be a magician!"

"Magician be hanged!" said Gore-Pearce. "There's probably a simple explanation—if only we can think of it."

"Let's go and find him, and ask him how he knew," suggested Bell brilliantly.

"Not likely!" retorted Gore-Pearce. "I'm not going to run after the idiot! It's likely that we'll go chasing new kids. We'll find out in some other way. Confound him!"

IN the meantime, Stanley Waldo followed Nick Trotwood's directions, and he had no difficulty in locating the House-master's study in the Ancient House. He introduced himself to Mr. Nelson Lee, and the latter was very friendly. Stanley Waldo came out feeling much more comfort-



able and at home. He had learned, incidentally, that he was to share Study I with two fellows named Fullwood and Russell.

He went along to Study I, and inspected it. He was pleasantly surprised by its roominess and general air of comfort. All the junior studies at St. Frank's were well appointed, and they had a comfortable, homely look about them.

Stanley had been half-expecting to find Fullwood and Russell in possession, but there was no sign of them. So, having completed his inspection, he strolled out into the Triangle again. He was just in time to hear the raucous toot of an electric motor-horn.

A moment later a smart-looking Austin Seven came shooting through the gateway, driven rather recklessly by a big, burly junior, with a rugged, aggressive-looking face.

"Hallo! Plenty of noise now!" said somebody. "Handforth's arrived!"

Edward Oswald Handforth, the celebrated leader of Study D, rather fancied himself in his Austin Seven. Church and McClure, his faithful chums, were in the rear, and they fancied that Handforth was driving too fast.

It was all very well to come shooting into the Triangle like this, but if a master or a prefect happened to spot them, there would be a bit of trouble. But Handforth was always a fellow to do the spectacular thing.

What happened next was not really Handforth's fault—although, without question, he should not have been driving so fast within the precincts of the Triangle.

A fag saw the Austin Seven coming, and he deliberately stopped, as though daring the driver to run over him. The fag was Bobby Dexter, a particularly angelic-looking youngster. He was generally known as "The Cherub," owing to his childlike features. In reality, however, he was as cheeky and as reckless as most of the Third-Formers.

At the last moment he attempted to dodge, and certainly would have dodged, only his foot caught on a loose stone, and he went sprawling. He fell full in the path of the Austin Seven!

The whole thing was over in a flash—and it was Bobby Dexter's own fault for being so "clever."

There was a yell from Handforth, a shriek from Bobby Dexter, a "zurrh" as the car's wheels locked and skidded, and then Dexter was caught by the front of the car. He vanished beneath it. The little car halted. Handforth turned pale. Bobby Dexter was jammed underneath—pinned down.

"You've killed him, Handy!" gasped Church from the back.

"I didn't do it!" panted Handforth, leaping out. "The young ass deliberately got in my way. I tried to avoid him, but—Here! Lend a hand!"

Wild shrieks were coming from under the car. Handforth and Church and McClure dashed round and attempted to lift the vehicle. But, small as it was, it was sturdy and heavy, and it resisted their efforts.

"You'll have to back away!" said McClure desperately. "He may be gravely injured—"

"Can't do that!" broke in Handforth. "That would only hurt him more! The car's got to be lifted—"

"Perhaps I can help," said Stanley Waldo briskly.

He ran up, having seen the whole occurrence. He was the nearest onlooker, anyhow, and he arrived long before anybody else even thought of moving.

"Don't be a fool!" shouted Handforth, as Stanley seized the front axle. "We've tried to move it, and— Why, what the— How the— Well, I'm jiggered!"

That which Handforth & Co. had failed to do, Stanley Waldo accomplished with apparent ease. He lifted the front of the Austin bodily, and if the car had been a child's perambulator he could not have done it more easily. The wheels were well clear of the ground, and he held the car there entirely on his own.

"Can you get him?" he asked steadily.

It wasn't even necessary to get Bobby Dexter. For that scared youngster was scrambling out of his own accord. Church and McClure grabbed him and tried to hold him down, but he was on his feet in spite of their efforts.

"Are you hurt, kid?" asked Church anxiously.

"Hurt?" groaned Bobby Dexter. "Oh, no! I love being run over! It's ripping

sport! I make a point of being run over twice a day!"

"Why, you young fraud, you're not hurt at all!" said Handforth with relief. "What do you mean by jumping in front of the car like that?"

Bobby Dexter was soon the centre of a big crowd, and, extraordinarily enough, he was found to be hardly scratched. He probably had some bruises on his back, and his wrists were grazed, but that was all.

"Well, you had a jolly lucky escape, my lad!" said Buster Boots, of the Fourth. "I thought you were nearly killed! It's a jolly good thing that the wheels didn't go over you!"

"Handy pulled up jolly smartly, or Dexter would have been finished!" said De Valerie, of the Remove. "Some of you other fags had better smuggle him indoors."

"Yes, rather!" said Willy Handforth, of the Third. "If the masters or the prefects get to know anything about this, Bobby, my son, they'll shove you in the sanny for a week!"

"I ought to go in the sanny!" moaned Bobby. "I'm hurt! And Handforth ought to be locked up for reckless driving—"

"Rats!" said Willy. "My major was driving a bit too fast, perhaps, but there wasn't any need for you to get in his way like that. You asked for trouble—and you got it."

Bobby was taken off, and, fortunately, the incident had not attracted any unwelcome attention. It had all happened so quickly that only these few juniors had observed it. And now Handforth was looking round searchingly.

"Where's that new chap?" he asked.

"New chap?" said Buster Boots. "I haven't seen one."

"He must be a new chap, because he was wearing the Ancient House colours—and I've never seen him before," said Handforth. "My only sainted aunt! Didn't you chaps see what he did? Lifted my Austin, all by himself! Lifted it clean up!"

"Never saw anything like it in all my life!" declared Church in an awed voice.

"Rats!" said one of the other juniors. "He couldn't have lifted the car single-handed—"

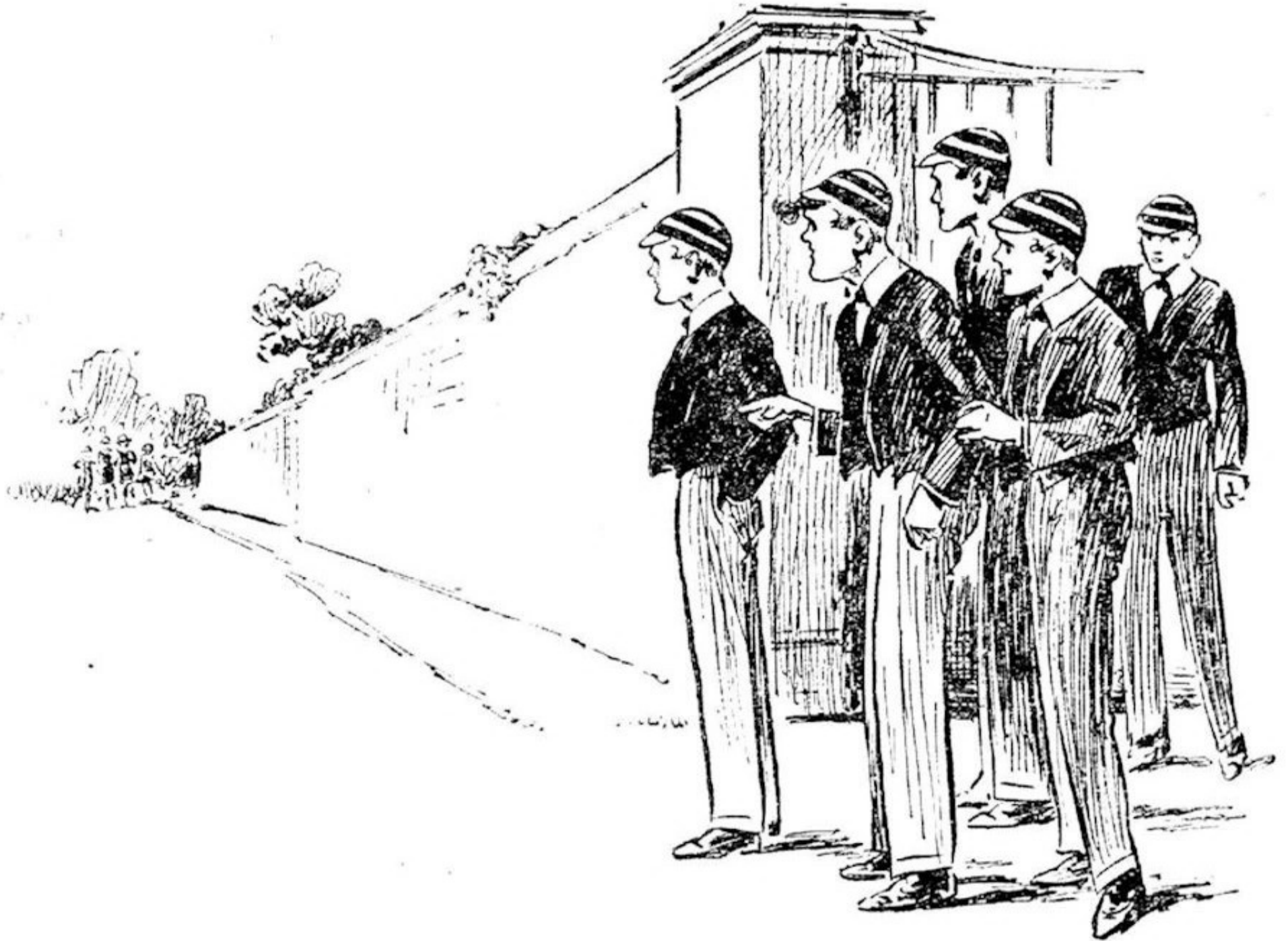
"But he *did*!" insisted Handforth. "I tried it first, with Churchy and Mac, but we couldn't do it. And this new chap comes along— By George! There he is!"

Stanley Waldo was standing by the school gates. He had strolled there after Bobby Dexter had proved himself to be virtually unhurt. Either Stanley was a modest sort of fellow, or he considered that he had done nothing worthy of note.

"Hi!" bawled Handforth. "Just a minute, my son!"

The new fellow took no notice of this noisy hail.

"His master's voice—and he doesn't even know it yet!" said Reggie Pitt sadly. "Is that new chap in the Ancient House? Poor fellow!"



Coming up the lane was a number of Moor View girls. They could just be recognised—except one. “Who’s the new girl? What’s she like?” asked Handforth interestedly. “She’s very pretty, she’s got blue eyes and wavy, chestnut hair, and she’s wearing a brooch with the initials ‘E. B.’” replied Stanley Waldo promptly.

“Hi!” roared Handforth. “You new kid! Come here!”

Stanley Waldo looked round at this, and he found that Handforth & Co., and a number of other Removites and Fourth-Formers were bearing down upon him.

“Anything the matter?” he asked as they crowded round.

“Nothing’s the matter—but we want to know how you lifted my Austin!” said Handforth.

“How I lifted it?” replied Stanley. “I took hold of the front axle—”

“We know that, ass!” broke in Handforth. “But how did you do it? You must be as strong as Samson!”

“I’m fairly strong,” admitted Stanley.

“Blowed if I can understand it!” said Handforth, scratching his head. “He’s not particularly big—not even so big as I am! If I hadn’t seen the thing with my own eyes, I shouldn’t have believed it! He simply grabbed my Austin, lifted it up, and held it there!”

“It’s jolly lucky for you, Handy, that he didn’t put your Austin in his pocket!” said Reggie Pitt, shaking his head.

“Ha, ha, ha!”

“You’d better chain it up in future,” went on Reggie. “With a fellow like this about—who can lift Austins with impunity—you can’t be too careful!”

“Fathead!” said Handforth, frowning. “Here, you new kid, put it there!” he added, extending his hand. “You deserve a medal—not only for the way you lifted my car, but for your quick presence of mind. You didn’t waste any time by asking questions, but you got to work and did the only possible thing! Good man! Welcome to the Remove!”

CHAPTER 3.

Very Unusual!

STANLEY WALDO smiled.

“Thanks awfully!” he said, as he shook hands. “I’m glad to be in the Remove, and I’m glad that I’m in the Ancient House. But there was really nothing in my lifting that Austin Seven. Perhaps it was more knack than anything else.”

“Knack?” repeated Handforth. “You can’t have knack in a thing like that. It was just an exhibition of terrific strength. Where do you get it from?”

“My father, I suppose,” smiled Stanley.

“He’s pretty strong, too.”

“Your muscles must be made of steel,” said Handforth admiringly.

He simply couldn’t get over that amazing incident, and Church and McClure were

just as impressed. The majority of the other fellows had not actually seen the thing, and they half believed that Handforth was exaggerating. However, they were interested in the new boy now, and they looked at him appraisingly.

"You're in the Ancient House, aren't you?" went on Handforth. "That's fine! If you're in any trouble of any sort, my son, just come to me. If you want any advice, or any help, I'm your man!"

"That's very good of you," said Stanley. "I suppose you're the Form captain?"

There were a few chuckles, and Handforth frowned.

"Well, no," he confessed. "I'm not exactly the Form captain, although I should be. Officially Nipper is the skipper, but I'm really the leader of the Remove——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Good old Handy—always the optimist!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Nipper?" said Stanley politely.

"That's not his real name," explained Handforth, with a glare at the others. "Dick Hamilton is the chap. A first-class man, too, and, next to me, I suppose he's the best skipper that the Remove could have. My time will come one day——"

At this point there was a slight interruption owing to the arrival of William Napoleon Browne of the Fifth.

"Ah, a new face!" said Browne, beaming upon Stanley. "An excellent face, well-formed and evenly distributed. A face, brothers, that pleases me. I am, as you know, something of an expert in faces. Have I not always maintained that Brother Handforth's face is unique? It is only comparable with a pain in the neck."

"You leave my face alone!" roared Handforth. "Who told you to butt in, Browne?"

"It is invariably my habit to butt in without being told," replied Browne smoothly. "For I have found that in this life, unless one butts in of his own accord, he seldom receives an invitation to butt. Hence I am a born butter."

"You're a born idiot!" retorted Handforth, frowning. "Clear off! I'm just questioning this new chap. I don't even know his name yet."

"Stanley Waldo is my name," said the new boy.

"Stanley which?"

"Waldo."

"How do you spell it?"

Stanley spelt it.

"That's a rummy name," said Handforth frankly. "I seem to have heard it before, too. Isn't there somebody pretty famous named Waldo? A footballer, or a cricketer, or a golfer, or somebody?"

"Ah, golf!" said Browne. "There, Brother Handforth, you have a subject worthy of our notice."

"Golf?" repeated Handforth, staring. "I'm not interested in golf!"

"But you will be," declared Browne. "Have you not heard the glad tidings? Have you not been informed of the revolutionary advance that has been made during the summer holidays?"

"What are you talking about, you long-winded ass?"

"While regretting this tone of yours, Brother Handforth—to say nothing of the gross familiarity—I will overlook the matter," said Browne graciously. "But perhaps you have not noticed that many Sixth-Formers and Fifth-Formers are dashing about the school, bubbling and seething with excitement?"

"I haven't noticed it," said Handforth. "What are they bubbling and seething about, anyhow?"

"They have learned of the new golf course," explained Browne. "The St. Frank's governors, in the goodness of their hearts, have provided the school with a private links."

"Golf links—here?" asked Handforth, looking round as though he expected to see them in the Triangle.

"They're not actually here, on the premises," said Browne kindly. "Golf links, as you may know, Brother Handforth, are somewhat extensive. I have been told, on the best authority, that a nine-hole course has been prepared quite close at hand—the first tee being not a mile from this very spot. Can you wonder that the seniors are so excited?"

"I can't see anything to be excited about," said Handforth, with a sniff. "Who wants to play golf, anyhow?"

"It's quite true," put in Buster Boots. "Browne's right. While we've been away on the School Train, and then during the summer holidays, a proper golf course has been prepared. I hear that it's for the use of the chaps. Golf is going to be one of the sports in future."

"Well I'm jiggered!" said Handforth. "Is this official?"

"Of course it is," grinned Boots. "Golf won't be compulsory, but——"

"That's all I want to hear," said Handforth. "If you ever catch me on that golf course, you can boil me in oil! Football is the only game that matters during this term! Any fathead who plays golf ought to be put in a lunatic asylum! You can always trust the governors to do something dotty."

"It is all a matter of the point of view," said Browne. "Personally, I regard this new innovation with entire approval. As you may know, I am a golfer of some skill."

"Blow you, and blow your golf!" broke in Handforth. "I was talking to this new kid, and I've decided to take him under my wing. New kids are generally neglected too much. I don't believe in the principle of leaving new kids to shake down of their own accord."

"You believe in shaking them yourself, don't you, Handy?" asked Pitt. "It's

rather a wonder to me that you didn't start by biffing this new chap in the eye, or punching him on the nose."

"He'd better not start anything like that just now," grinned Church. "Irene's coming up the lane."

"Eh?" said Handforth, with a start. "By George! Where?"

There were many grins. Irene Manners, of the Moor View School, was Handforth's particular girl chum. By the way he dashed out through the gateway and gazed down the lane, one might have supposed that he had not seen her for months. Actually she and a number of other schoolgirls had been with the recent holiday party, when Lord Dorrimore had taken a crowd of St. Frank's fellows over to Arizona in an exciting hunt for gold.

In fact, the young people had had only a brief time at home before coming down to St. Frank's for the new term. The Moor View School happened to start its term on the same day, too.

THERE were several girls coming up the lane, and, even at this distance, Handforth eagerly recognised Irene. He recognised Doris Berkeley and Marjorie Temple and Mary Summers, too. But there was also another girl with them—a stranger.

"Who's the new girl?" asked Handforth. "That small one, on the left. I'm sure we've never seen her before."

"Poor Irene!" said Reggie, shaking his head. "She's going to be neglected now. Trust Handy to transfer his affections to another girl! He always falls in love with a new face, particularly if it's a pretty one."

"You howling idiot!" snorted Handforth. "I don't even know what this new girl's face is like! I've never seen her before, and she's too far off for us to know whether she's pretty or plain."

"She's very pretty," said Stanley Waldo, who had gone out with the others.

"Eh? How do you know?"

"I can see her."

"We can all see her, if it comes to that," said Handforth, as the girls drew nearer, "but at this distance it's not possible to tell what she's like."

"She's got rather nice chestnut hair—wavy, too," said the new boy. "Her eyes are blue—"

"Here, hold on!" broke in Boots. "You can't kid us like that, you ass! You can't tell the colour of that girl's eyes from here."

Stanley Waldo laughed.

"Sorry!" he said. "I didn't mean to do anything clever. But her eyes do happen to be blue—and her hair is wavy, and it's chestnut."

"How do you know?" asked Boots, staring.

"I can see her."

"You—you funny fathead!" roared the Fourth - F o r m e r. "You must know this girl—you've met her before."

"No, I haven't," said Waldo. "I haven't the faintest idea who she is, and I've never set eyes on her until this minute."

"Perhaps you can tell us what that thing is that's glinting on her dress?" asked Bob Christine sarcastically.

"Yes, of course," said Waldo promptly. "It's a brooch."

"What?"

"An initial brooch, I think," continued this remarkable new boy, gazing intently at the oncoming girls. "Yes, that's right—and the initials are 'E. B.' I can see them distinctly."

"Then you must have got eyes like telescopes!" said Handforth. "I'm dashed if I can see any initials—and I wouldn't have known the thing was a brooch unless you had said so. By George, you chaps—she has got chestnut hair!"

The girls were waving, and they were now coming on at an increased pace. And, sure enough, the stranger proved to be extremely pretty—a small, slim, petite girl, with chestnut hair, blue eyes, and a merry smile. And on the front of her dress there was a little brooch, with the initials "E. B."

"Hallo, Ted!" said Irene brightly. "Hallo, you fellows! Isn't it fine to be back at school again? I'm looking forward to this term!"

"So are we!" said Handforth. "The School Train was all very well, and we've had a good time during the holidays—but it's fine to know that we shall be at St. Frank's all the term. Plenty of footer, and all the rest of it!"



THE FREAK NEW BOY!

Who is he? He's Stanley Waldo—and he's the new boy at the River House School!

Of course, it's really a huge jape. There's always been the keenest rivalry between Nipper & Co. and Hal Brewster & Co., and this time, with the help of Waldo the Wonder Boy, Nipper means to "put it across" his River House rivals well and truly.

Read all about it in next week's rollicking long yarn entitled:

"SPOOFING THE RIVER HOUSE!"

He was looking intently at the new girl—in fact, his gaze was somewhat embarrassing. But it wasn't because Handforth was fascinated by her beauty. He was wondering how on earth Stanley Waldo had been able to describe this girl so accurately.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Betty," said Irene. "I haven't introduced you yet. This is Betty Barlowe, you fellows. Betty, this is Ted Handforth, and this is Church—"

"Hold on!" said Handforth, without intending to be rude. "How can her name be Betty? She's got 'E. B.' on her brooch."

Betty Barlowe laughed.

"Didn't you know that Betty is short for Elizabeth?" she asked.

"My hat! So it is!" ejaculated Handforth. "Sorry!"

He pulled himself together and, suddenly grabbing Stanley Waldo, dragged him forward.

"Do you know this chap?" he went on, looking at Betty.

"I don't think I do," she said. "But why—"

"Have you ever seen him before?"

"No."

"Then he must have seen you—that's all!" replied Handforth gruffly. "He tried to spoof us just now. Like his nerve, too—seeing that he's only a new kid! While you were about a hundred yards away, he told us that your hair was wavy, that your eyes were blue, and that you were wearing an initial brooch!"

"That's very strange," said the new girl. "He must have wonderful eyesight—"

"He must have a wonderful imagination!" growled Handforth. "He's seen you before, of course."

"I don't think that's likely," put in Irene. "We've only just come off the train, and I'm sure we didn't see him in the village. And it's not likely that this boy could have seen Betty in London—because she only stayed there for the one night, coming down from the North yesterday."

Handforth scratched his head.

"Well, that's a mystery!" he said, staring at the new boy.

"It isn't a mystery at all," said Stanley Waldo. "When I told you that I saw those details, I did see them. I'm sorry you can't believe that I've got good eyesight, but it happens to be true."

"You mean that you really did see the initials on that brooch?" asked Handforth, staring. "You swear that you never saw this girl before?"

"Never in my life until a few minutes ago," replied Stanley Waldo.

"The chap must be a magician!" said Handforth blankly. "He can lift Austin Sevens, and he can see things that no ordinary chap can see! My only hat!"

"Rats!" said Owen major, of the West House. "There's a trick in it somewhere."

"Of course!"

"This new kid can't fool us!"

"Not likely!"

And there was a regular chorus of similar comments. Stanley Waldo was by no means upset. He merely smiled. Apparently he was used to this sort of thing.

CHAPTER 4.

A Chip of the Old Block!

EDWARD OSWALD HANDFORTH frowned.

"A trick, eh?" he said darkly.

"By George! If this new kid has been pulling my leg—"

"I haven't!" interrupted Stanley Waldo, his eyes twinkling. "When I told you that I had never met this young lady before, I meant it. It's my misfortune, of course, but perhaps I shall have more luck in future."

Betty Barlowe laughed.

"That's quite likely," she replied merrily. "I understand that the Moor View School is quite close to St. Frank's."

"Splendid!" said Waldo with approval.

"Wait a minute!" put in Buster Boots. "We'll soon prove whether this chap was spoofing or not. Three or four fellows are coming up the lane now. Perhaps you can give us a few details about them?" he added, looking straight at Stanley.

"What sort of details?" asked the new boy, gazing down the lane.

"Oh, anything—so long as it proves to us that your eyesight is fifty horse-power," replied the Fourth Form leader. "Take the fellow on the extreme right, for example. Is he wearing a watch-chain or not?"

Everybody looked down the lane. There were five figures in view, and two of them could be easily recognised as Archie Glen-thorne and Nipper. The others, as a matter of fact, were Tommy Watson, Sir Montie Tregellis-West, and Vivian Travers. The one on the extreme right was Travers.

They were still a good distance away, and none of the Removites or Fourth-Formers could tell whether Travers was wearing a watch-chain or not. But Stanley Waldo nodded at once.

"Yes," he said. "That chap is wearing a watch-chain—a gold one, with a very small, neat seal."

"Oh, come off it!" said Boots sceptically. "I'm jiggered if I can see any watch-chain! You're only guessing!"

"Well, we shall soon know, shan't we?" asked Reggie Pitt. "What about the fellow in the centre? What's the colour of his necktie—and the design?"

The fellow in the centre was Archie Glen-thorne.

"It's a silk necktie, I imagine," said Stanley, looking keenly. "It's a kind of mauve, with little oblong ornamentations in gold-coloured shading."

"Well, I'm hanged!" said Boots. "My eyesight's pretty good, but I can't see all that! Archie's tie is a bit startling, but I'm jiggered if I can make out the pattern at this distance."

(Continued on page 14.)

IF I WERE HEAD!



Prepare yourselves for a few chuckles, chums. Here prominent St. Frank's fellows give their views on this interesting subject and the said views—well, some of 'em are a perfect scream!

EDGAR FENTON.—Personally, I think Dr. Nicholls is an excellent headmaster, and if I were allocated to his position at St. Frank's I should run the school on very similar lines—with perhaps a slight tendency to make the sports side of the question more pronounced.

EDWARD OSWALD HANDFORTH.—By George! If I were made Head of St. Frank's I'd scrap all such potty things as Latin, French, geography, history, maths., geometry, "stinks," English, drawing and the rest of the kiddamaboodle. Who wants to be bothered with such trifling details? Everybody knows that "bon jour" is Latin for good-night, that "Et tu brute" is "you brute" in French; who doesn't know that "a" multiplied by "b" is the same as "c" divided by "d" when you take away "e," and providing you've already added "f" to "g." It's only a question of getting yourself messed up with the A B C. Yes, my motto would be—scrap the lot! I should devote my time instead to writing masterpieces and trailing notorious criminals. (Jumping rattle-snakes! You'd make an original headmaster if nothing else, Handy. What would your pupils do all the time, anyhow?—ED.)

NIPPER.—If I were headmaster—I can just imagine it; japes and footer all day long—Whoa back! I'm afraid I'm allowing my imagination to get the better of me. I suppose one would *have* to have lessons. They're a blessed nuisance, of course, but one must realise they're a necessity. Anyway, I'd jolly well see that they were cut down considerably, with plenty of sport the rest of the time. And I'd see that I had no such masters under me like that sour-faced, bad-tempered, frost-bitten frump of a Mr. Pycraft!

CLAUDE GORE-PEARCE.—The first thing I'd do would be to sack such rotters as Fenton and Browne, Nipper and Handforth, Pitt and Glenthorne, to mention only a few. Fellows like those with no "back-bone" give the school a bad name! I'd only want pupils who know the proper meaning

of the word "sport." Sinclair would be my choice for the school captaincy; with Grayson as skipper of the Fifth, Merrell of the Fourth, and either Gulliver or Bell of the Remove. Give me the chance and I'd make St. Frank's the talk of every public school in Britain. (I can quite believe you, too, Gore-Pearce!—ED.)

WILLY HANDFORTH.—For once I'm almost inclined to agree with my major. A chap who suggests doing away with lessons shows a bit of sense. However, only a fat-head like Handy would think of such an impracticable thing as doing away with them altogether. It can't be done, much as I agree with the sentiments. If I were headmaster I'd only have lessons in the mornings; the afternoons would be half-holidays. There would be no lessons on Saturdays, either, and Mondays and Wednesdays would be whole holidays. I should also abolish that silly system of fagging.

FATTY LITTLE.—Yum-yam! I've only one fault to find with St. Frank's, and that's the grub question. We don't get enough to eat. We don't eat often enough. Make me headmaster, and my main object would be to remedy this most important defect. Meals and "light snacks" would be provided every half-hour throughout the day. Pupils would be allowed to eat in the class-room if they felt hungry, between times. Incidentally, I hope Dr. Nicholls reads this. Perhaps he'll realise the wisdom of my advice and take steps to bring it into force.

ARCHIE GLENTHORNE.—What would I do if I became the jolly old headmaster of St. Frank's? What a beastly fag thinking! Odds brain-waves and wheezes! If I had enough energy I should rest the good old tissues most of the time. In the meanwhile I'd get that priceless chappie, Phipps, to act in my stead to see that the lads of the village did not get too much sleep. I should fit the class-rooms up with lounges—one for every boy. I would also start a mannequin parade, this to be a daily feature.

WALDO THE WONDER BOY!*(Continued from page 12.)*

Stanley Waldo chuckled.

"The fellow on the left has a broken shoelace," he said calmly, "and he has recently torn his trousers just below the left knee, because I can see the repair."

"You can see double, then!" grunted Handforth.

EXTRAORDINARILY enough, however, when the five new arrivals came up, it was found that every one of Stanley Waldo's statements was true. Tommy Watson had a broken shoelace, and his trousers had been repaired just below the left knee. Archie Glenthorne's necktie was mauve, with gold-coloured oblong ornamentations. Travers was wearing a gold watch-chain, and there was a small, neat seal in view.

"The man's uncanny!" whispered Buster Boots. "Never known anything like it!"

Stanley Waldo turned.

"There's really nothing uncanny in it," he said. "My eyesight is——"

"Whoa!" gasped Boots. "You don't mean to say that you overheard that whisper of mine?"

"Yes, I did."

"Great Scott!" said Buster blankly. "Eyes like telescopes and ears like microphones! We shan't be safe with this chap at large!"

"Why, what's the trouble?" asked Nipper. "Hallo, you fellows! Good to be back again, eh? Hallo, girls! Awfully pleased to see you looking so cheery."

"Oh, rather!" said Archie Glenthorne. "Absolutely!"

"We've been having a little test," said Reggie Pitt. "This is a new chap, and he was giving us some details regarding you fellows as you came up the lane."

"Was he?" said Nipper. "That's strange—because we've never seen him before, and I don't think he's ever seen us."

"He told us what Archie's necktie was like, and he knew that Travers was wearing a watch-chain with a seal, and goodness knows what else!" said Handforth. "He's the giddy limit! Anybody might think he had binoculars instead of eyes!"

"And he can lift up Handy's Austin Seven with his little finger!" said Buster Boots.

"He seems to be a pretty useful sort of fellow," smiled Nipper. "In the Ancient House, too, I notice. Remove?"

"Yes," said Stanley Waldo.

"Well, I'm Hamilton, and I'm pleased to meet you," said Nipper, shaking hands. "I happen to be the Form skipper, and if there's anything I can do, old man, just say the word. I don't believe in the policy of letting new fellows shift for themselves during their first few weeks."

"He won't need any help from you, you ass," said Handforth. "He's different from an ordinary new kid. Waldo's his name—Stanley Waldo."

Nipper looked at the new boy with added interest.

"Waldo?" he repeated. "Not any relation to the famous Mr. Rupert Waldo?"

"Well, yes," admitted Stanley. "He's my father."

"By George!" ejaculated Handforth. "I knew I'd heard that name somewhere! Rupert Waldo! Of course! The Peril Expert! Well, I'm blessed! Are you the son of the Peril Expert?"

"Yes," said Stanley.

"Good man!" roared Handforth, slapping him on the back. "Welcome to St. Frank's! Did you hear that, you chaps? He's the son of Waldo, the Wonder Man! I've read all about him, and I know what a marvel he is! No wonder this chap has got such terrific eyesight! He must be a chip of the old block."

"My guv'nor knows Mr. Waldo fairly well," said Nipper keenly. "Well, we're always learning something, aren't we? This is the first time I knew that Mr. Waldo had a son."

Stanley looked rather thoughtful.

"Well, as a matter of fact, I haven't long known that I have a father," he admitted. "Two years ago I knew practically nothing of my parentage. I was in a preparatory school, and I thought that both my parents were dead. It's only comparatively recently that my father made himself known to me."

"What was the idea?" asked Handforth curiously.

"Well, until two years ago my father was—— Well, he wasn't earning an honest living," said Stanley quietly. "But now he's the Peril Expert, and he's a man of honour—and honesty. He saw no reason why he should keep me in the dark any longer, and so he claimed me as his own."

"Oh!" chorused the juniors.

"You're frank about it, aren't you?" asked Boots, staring.

"Why should I be anything else?" said Stanley. "Everybody knows the history of Waldo, the Wonder Man. If I tried to keep it dark, I should soon be bowled over. And I'm not ashamed of my father—now. He's one of the greatest criminologists in the country."

There was a silence. Most of the fellows, of course, had heard of Waldo, the Wonder Man. As Stanley had said, they knew that Rupert Waldo had been a master crook in the old days. He had been a thorn in the side of Scotland Yard, for the cleverest detectives of the Criminal Investigation Department had been unable to lay him by the heels. He had brought off coup after coup with colossal coolness and certainty. Always working alone, the Wonder Man had laughed at those who attempted to snare him.

In almost every instance Rupert Waldo had robbed men who were crooked themselves, but beyond the reach of the law. Never had the Wonder Man committed any

act of ruthless violence; never had he played dirty.

Indeed, he had always been known as a clean fighter, and Scotland Yard had respected him. Such famous private detectives as Sexton Blake and Nelson Lee had admired him, and had taken pleasure in crossing swords with such a worthy foe-man.

But all that was over and done with. Rupert Waldo was now an honourable member of society. He was famous as the Peril Expert, and at this calling he was getting as much excitement as of old, and he was earning his living honestly and fairly. He was, in fact, a gentleman, a sportsman, and a thoroughly good fellow.

Nipper was delighted to know that Waldo's son was in the Remove. If he had any of his father's qualities—and he certainly seemed to possess most of them—he would prove to be a notable acquisition.

"So this chap is the son of Waldo, the Peril Expert?" drawled Claude Gore-Pearce, moving forward from the back of the crowd. "By gad, what is St. Frank's coming to?"

"Goodness only knows!" said Gulliver sneeringly. "We thought there was something rummy about this new kid, didn't we?"

"And now we know!" said Bell, with a sniff.

"Well, well!" murmured Vivian Travers. "The saintly trio of Study A venture to give their opinion."

"You fellows had better keep quiet," said Nipper gruffly. "We don't want any of your sneers, Gore-Pearce—"

"I'll say what I like!" interrupted Gore-Pearce sourly. "I'm not a snob, but why should we have this fellow in the Remove? The son of Waldo, the criminal."

Stanley flushed.

"My father is not a criminal!" he said hotly.

"No?" drawled Gore-Pearce. "Isn't it a fact that he was wanted by Scotland Yard for years?"

"You're a bit too late, Gore-Pearce," said Nipper grimly. "The new chap has already told us that his father used to be a crook. He's not ashamed of it."

"Then he ought to be!" said Claude.

"Mr. Waldo is an honest man now, and a respected man," said Nipper. "Why, my gov'nor is pleased to have Mr. Waldo as a friend."

"That's not saying much!" retorted Gore-Pearce unpleasantly.

"By Jove! If you dare to say a word against my gov'nor—"

"Keep your hair on!" said Claude hastily. "I'm talking about Waldo—not Mr. Lee! He may be a Peril Expert now, but how long will he remain one? When will he go back to his old crooked ways?"

"Never!" said Stanley Waldo quietly. "My father has turned over a new leaf, and I'm proud of him!"

"Good man!" said Handforth heartily. "He's a father any chap could be proud of! I've always had a terrific admiration for Waldo, the Peril Expert! He's a giddy magician!"

"Oh, cut it out!" interrupted Gore-Pearce impatiently. "This chap is the son of Waldo, the ex-crook, and his presence here is a big come-down for St. Frank's."

"You ought not to say that!" exclaimed Irene Manners angrily. "It's not fair to judge the son by the father. Besides, Mr. Waldo is a man of honour now."

"Of course," said Betty Barlowe, with spirit. "I'm very pleased to know Mr. Waldo's son, and I hope we shall be good friends."

She held out her hand to Stanley, and he took it rather awkwardly, finding it difficult to look into her frank blue eyes.

"Thank you," he muttered. "I don't mind what people say about me, but I don't want them to talk against my father. But if I'm not wanted at St. Frank's—"

"Cheese it!" interrupted Nipper. "You're wanted all right, my son! Don't take any notice of these cads."

Gore-Pearce fired up.

"Half the school will kick up a fuss about this chap being here," he said fiercely. "You wait and see! St. Frank's is supposed to be for the sons of gentlemen—not the sons of criminals!"

"You'd better shut up, Gore-Pearce," said Nipper coldly.

"I'll shut up when I please!" snapped Gore-Pearce. "The Peril Expert, eh?" he went on jeeringly. "How long for? It's a pretty true saying that the leopard can't change his spots."

Stanley Waldo turned on him.

"That's an insult to my father!" he said,



with an ominous calmness. "I'd like you to apologise."

Gore-Pearce stared.

"Apologise?" he repeated. "By gad! You've got a nerve, haven't you? I'll see you blowed first!"

"I want you to take back what you just said—"

"Go and eat coke!" snapped Claude contemptuously. "And don't speak to me again, you—you rat! I'm not in the habit of consorting with the sons of crooks!"

"Only with bookies and cardsharppers, and similar gentry," murmured Travers.

Perhaps Gore-Pearce felt that he was safe in such a big crowd as this. Perhaps he felt

that Stanley Waldo would not take any action. Perhaps, indeed, he believed that the new boy would be so cowed that he would crawl away in shame.

But Stanley Waldo did not crawl away.

Instead he took a quick step forward, seized Claude Gore-Pearce in his hands, and swung him off the ground and lifted him into the air as though he was a mere bundle of straw!

CHAPTER 5.

Extraordinary!

“MY only sainted aunt!”
“Great Scott!”
“By George!”

There were many exclamations of amazement. Stanley Waldo had already surprised the juniors, but now he dumbfounded them. The way in which he had lifted Gore-Pearce off the ground was a revelation in itself, but the way he now carried Gore-Pearce into the Triangle was too staggering for words.

He seemed to exert no strength whatever, and yet he held Gore-Pearce over his head with contemptuous ease, and Gore-Pearce's struggles made no difference.

It was the kind of thing that a six-foot prize-fighter might have done. But to see this slim, normal-looking junior carrying Gore-Pearce in that way was almost beyond belief.

“Help!” yelled Gore-Pearce. “Let me down, you fool! Confound you—”

“Will you apologise?” asked Stanley Waldo.

“No, hang you, I won't!”

“Then I shan't let you down,” said Waldo.

“At least, not until I get to the fountain pool.”

“Ha, ha, ha!”

“Good man!” roared Handforth. “Give him a ducking!”

“Go it, Waldo!”

“Chuck him in the fountain pool!”

There was something fascinating about this new boy. His very coolness was startling—and it was the same brand of coolness that was one of Rupert Waldo's chief characteristics. Young Waldo's strength must have been enormous, for Gore-Pearce was kicking and writhing and twisting and wriggling. But it made no difference. Waldo held him aloft with supreme ease.

They arrived at the fountain pool, and Gore-Pearce hovered over it.

“Will you apologise?” asked Stanley Waldo blandly.

“No!”

“Then I'm afraid that I shall have to act rather drastically,” said the new boy. “You may not like this, but I can assure you that it will do you a world of good.”

He suddenly released the yelling Gore-Pearce; there was a perfect shriek of anguish, and Gore-Pearce dropped.

Splash!

He fell into the big fountain pool with a tremendous noise, sending cascades of water in all directions. The juniors were crowding round, excited and interested. The Moor View girls had discreetly gone on their way to their own school—feeling, perhaps, that their presence at such a moment as this was not desired.

“I hope I haven't done anything awfully bad?” said Stanley Waldo, turning to Nipper. “I'm only a new kid, and I suppose it was like my check to—”

“Don't mention it,” said Nipper. “Gore-Pearce asked for this, and perhaps it'll cool him off.”

“We'll wait until he gets out,” said Handforth, “and then we'll duck him again.”

“You keep out of it, Handy,” said McClure. “This is Young Waldo's affair—not yours.”

“Perhaps so; but I enjoy seeing Gore-Pearce ducked as much as anybody,” retorted Handforth. “The rotter! He hasn't had half what he deserves!”

Claude Gore-Pearce scrambled out of the fountain pool, and he stood there with the water running from him in streams. He was a bedraggled figure, and he looked all the more unpleasant because of his pale, rage-distorted face.

“Wait!” he panted. “By gad! You'll suffer for this, hang you!”

He was chagrined to find that there were no prefects or masters in sight. His chief desire was to rush off to a master and report what had happened. But, if he did this, the whole Remove would be down on him for sneaking.

He turned on his heel, and, making horrible squelching noises, he strode towards the Ancient House.

“Ha, ha, ha!”

“Serves you right, Gore-Pearce!”

“Absolutely!”

“How the dickens did you do it?” demanded Handforth, staring at Waldo. “I mean, how did you lift him up like that and hold him—”

“It wasn't anything much,” said Stanley Waldo. “Perhaps I ought not to have thrown him into the water like that. But when he talked about my father—well, I just couldn't help myself. It was that bit about the leopard being unable to change his spots that made me so furious. It wasn't fair! There are exceptions to every rule. My father is as good as any man!”

“And better than most!” said Handforth, nodding. “What do we care what your father was? It's what he is that matters. And, by George, he's a man to be proud of!”

“Don't worry about Gore-Pearce,” said Nipper. “You'll find, before long, that he's a snobbish sort of cad. It wasn't really necessary for you to duck him in the fountain pool, Waldo. We should have understood. Still, it's just as well that he had a good cooling.”

Young Waldo was gratified to find that the majority of the juniors were on his side.

A fellow who could perform feats such as the one that had recently been seen was a fellow to respect.

"How did you do it?" asked Travers politely. "By Samson! You must have muscles like wrought iron!"

"I think I inherit my father's qualities," said Stanley Waldo, smiling. "I'm really tremendously strong—so strong, in fact, that sometimes I'm a bit scared of myself. All my faculties seem to be the same. I can see things clearly from a tremendous distance—and hear things, too."

"You're a second edition of Waldo, the Wonder Man," said Nipper, nodding. "By Jove! We shall have to call you Waldo, the Wonder Boy!"

"I hope you won't!" said Stanley Waldo in alarm. "I don't want to be treated as—as a freak. I want to be just like the rest of you chaps."

"Can't be done," said Nipper, shaking his head. "We're not likely to forget these unusual qualities of yours, Waldo. But you needn't fear that we shall regard you as a freak."

"I should think not!" said Handforth enthusiastically. "A freak, indeed! He's no more of a freak than I am!"

"That's not saying much," remarked Reggie Pitt, shaking his head.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You funny West House fathead!" roared Handy, glaring at Pitt. "I'll punch you on the nose—"

Stanley Waldo was feeling rather bewildered. Everybody was crowding round him, and the majority of the fellows were frankly friendly. A few were inclined to be snobbish, and to look upon him as an outsider. He was the son of a man who had been a crook, and, therefore, he was a fellow to be avoided! Fortunately, it was only a few who took this view—and they were careful, after the recent incident, to keep their opinions to themselves.



Stanley Waldo climbed up the Modern House wall with the speed and agility of a monkey. At last he reached the top and calmly grabbed the football. "Coming down!" he cried out cheerily. The watching juniors gazed on in dumbfounded amazement. There seemed to be no end to the wonders of this extraordinary new boy.

AFTER a while many of the juniors drifted off, and Waldo found himself able to breathe a little more freely. Handforth stuck to him—Handforth having made up his mind that he would take this new fellow under his wing.

"You leave yourself in my hands, my lad," he said in a fatherly way. "I'll show you round the school, and if you want any tips, I'll do the necessary. By the way, have you fixed up about your study?"

"Well, as a matter of fact—"

"That's all right!" said Handforth briskly. "You can come into Study D with Churchy and Mac and me."

"But, really—"

"Not another word!" said Handforth, waving his hand. "A word from me to Mr. Lee will be sufficient. You're the son of Waldo, the Peril Expert! Now, I'm keen on detective work myself. I don't mind telling

you, in strict confidence, that I'm a bit of an amateur detective."

"That's fine," said Waldo gravely.

"Rather!" continued Handforth. "This term we're going to stay at St. Frank's all the time—no school trains, or anything like that—and I'm going to see if I can't get hold of some baffling cases. I'm not suggesting that I need your help, or anything, but if you're in my study——"

"Here he is!" said a cheery voice.

Handforth, thus interrupted, glared round at Ralph Leslie Fullwood and Clive Russell. They had just arrived, bright and smiling, from the Ancient House; and they seized Stanley Waldo firmly, much to the new boy's astonishment.

"What's wrong?" he asked. "What have I done?"

"Nothing, my son—only we understand that you're in our study," said Fullwood.

"What!" yelled Handforth.

"I was trying to tell you, only you wouldn't let me speak," said Waldo. "Mr. Lee told me that I'm to go into Study I, with two fellows named Full—Fullmore, or Full——"

"Fullwood and Russell," interrupted Ralph Leslie. "Here we are, old man. I'm Fullwood, and this chap with the funny face is Russell. If you'll come along, we'll all have tea together."

"Rather!" said Stanley Waldo with alacrity.

"Here, wait a minute!" said Handforth, glaring. "What's the big idea, you fat-heads? Waldo is coming into Study D!"

"As a visitor, perhaps—but as a per-



manent resident, no," said Fullwood, shaking his head. "He's ours, Handy."

"Rot!" said Edward Oswald. "I've decided that Waldo shall——"

"Can't help what you've decided, old man—Mr. Lee decided first," said Fullwood sweetly. "Besides, why should you want to condemn the new chap to a term of torture?"

"Torture?" repeated Handforth blankly.

"Well, what peace would he have in Study D?"

"Why, you—you howling idiot!" roared Handforth. "Are you suggesting that it's torture for any chap to be in Study D?"

"It's not a suggestion, Handy—it's a fact," said Russell. "Church and McClure are living examples of the horrors of Study D. Waldo is a new chap, and he naturally wants his first term to be fairly quiet."

"Why, you—you——"

"Hi! Look out, there! Sorry!" came a hail.

Harry Gresham and Alec Duncan were punting a football about, and Gresham had given a somewhat hefty kick. The leather whizzed past Handforth's head, struck the Ancient House wall, and rebounded.

"Silly ass!" said Handforth, frowning. "You know jolly well that it's against the rules to kick a football about in the Triangle!"

"Can't help it—it's the first day of term, and the prefects are blind in one eye," said Alec Duncan, grinning. "Football, my lads! Doesn't it make your blood tingle? Cricket's all right, but if you want a really ripping game there's nothing to beat footer!"

"By George, you're right!" said Handforth, as he ran after the ball. "I'm jiggered if I won't have a kick myself!"

"Whoa! Clear the decks!" yelled Duncan. "Sound the bugle for retreat! Handy's going to have a kick!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Handforth wasn't like the other fellows; he wasn't content with a mere punt. He proved this now, for he dribbled the football for a yard or two, and then, in the sheer joy of having the leather at his feet, he let fly with a terrific stinger.

"Crumbs!" ejaculated Gresham.

Luckily the ball soared high—otherwise it might easily have gone through one of the Modern House windows on the other side of the Triangle. As it was, it soared up, bounced against the parapet at the top, and then jammed itself in an opening of the stonework.

"Now look what you've done!" said Gresham indignantly. "That's my football, you chump!"

"Well, I'm blowed!" said Handforth, gazing up. "I didn't mean to kick it there!"

"I don't suppose you did, but it's there all the same," said Gresham. "What are we going to do now?"

"Get it down, I suppose," said Handforth helpfully.

"How can we get it down without ladders?" demanded Gresham. "My name's stamped on that ball, and there might be a prefect along presently—or a master. And when the ball is fetched down they'll know that I'm the owner. I shall get it in the neck. It's like your silly rot, Handy, to kick it up there! That ball will be confiscated—and it's a brand-new one!"

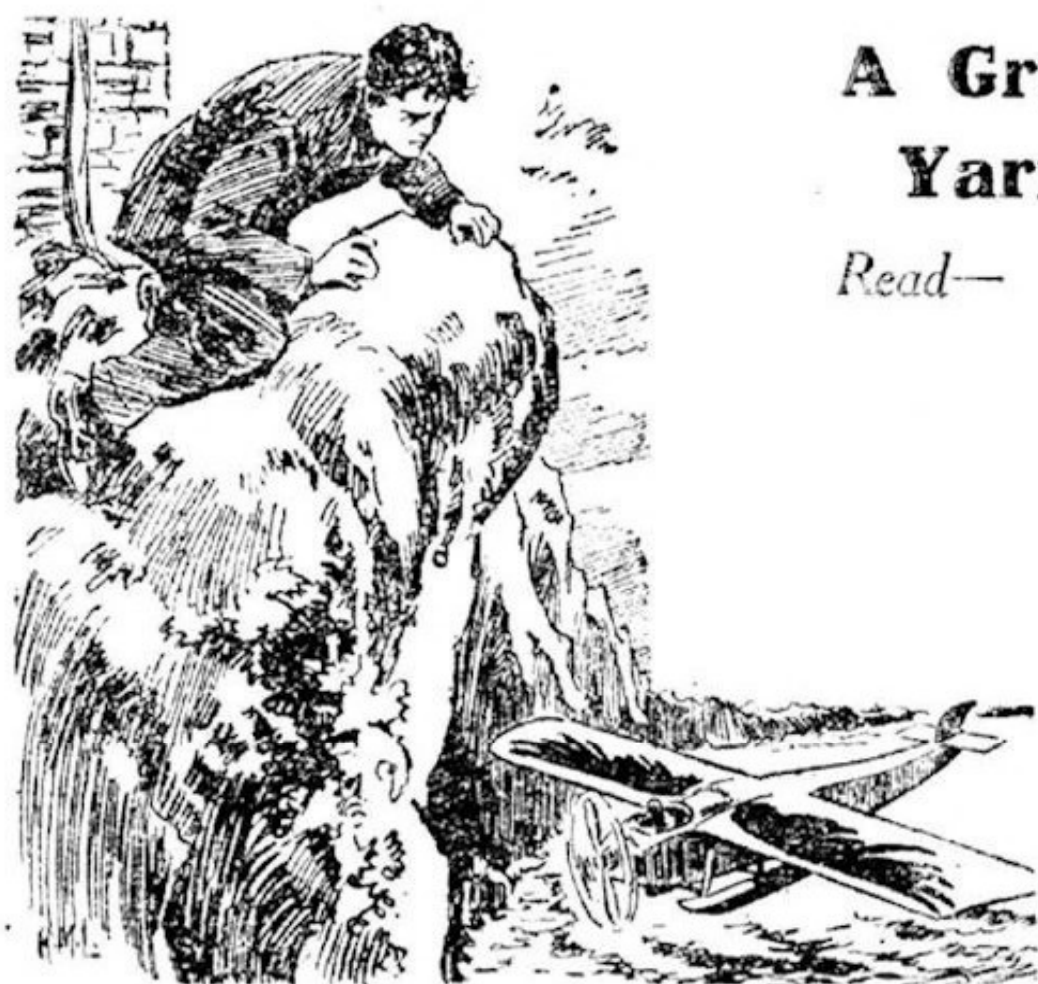
"Sorry!" said Handforth. "Fancy the silly thing jamming up there like that! What rot! I'll get a ladder."

"No need for that," interrupted Stanley Waldo. "I'll get the ball down for you."

"Eh?" said Handforth. "How?"

"Easily enough," said the new boy. "Like this!"

And before the others could realise his intention he ran to the wall of the Modern



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House and commenced climbing up the face of it like a fly!

CHAPTER 6.

Pulling Handy's Leg!

"GREAT Scott!"
"Stop him!"
"He'll kill himself!"
"The chap must be off his rocker!"

All sorts of startled exclamations went up. Nipper and Tregellis-West and Travers and Bob Christine and Buster Boots were in the Triangle—to mention only a few. Willy Handforth and a gang of Third-Formers stood watching, their eyes bulging. And over by the gymnasium a group of seniors were so startled that they forgot their golfing chat and gazed in open-mouthed wonder at the Modern House.

There was something fascinatingly wonderful about Stanley Waldo's movements. He

climbed up the face of the Modern House with uncanny speed and agility. A monkey could not have equalled his performance.

After the first shouts a hush fell, and everybody watched with bated breath.

There was no ivy clinging to the face of the Modern House—not on this side, at all events. But there were plenty of projections in the stonework—plenty of niches and ornamental buttresses, and so forth.

This extraordinary new boy climbed without a pause. He swung himself from one precarious hold to another, seemingly charmed. At last his fingers reached the buttress at the top, and he swung himself up with a springiness that was little short of marvellous. A long sigh went round the Triangle.

"Coming down!" sang out Waldo cheerily.

He released the football and sent it to the ground, where it bounced unheeded and went rolling away.

"Stop there, you reckless fathead!" gasped Handforth. "Don't come down the same way! You might slip!"

"Yes, stop there!" sang out Nipper. "We'll fetch a ladder——"

"No need to go to that trouble," said Stanley Waldo. "I'll be down in a couple of jiffies."

"Don't!" panted Handforth.

He was a reckless sort of fellow himself, but he stared up at Young Waldo in sheer alarm. For the new boy had taken no notice of the shouts, and was now on his way down.

As all the fellows knew, it was much more difficult to climb down than to climb up. Not that Waldo seemed to worry. He swung himself from projection to projection, slipping his feet into little crevices, grasping at ornamentations in the stonework. He descended almost as quickly as he had ascended, and at length he dropped the last twelve feet, alighting with supreme ease. He landed with hardly a jar, his knees bending slightly, as though they were filled with spiral springs.

There was an immediate rush, and he was surrounded.

"You hopeless ass!" panted Handforth. "What did you do that for?"

"You wanted that football down, didn't you?" asked Young Waldo, smiling.

"Yes, but you needn't have risked your life——"

"I didn't!" protested the new boy. "A climb like that is nothing to me. Goodness knows, I don't mean to boast—but it happens to be a fact. I suppose I'm a bit of an exception that way."

"A bit of an exception!" repeated Nipper, breathing hard. "Ye gods and little fishes! You're more like a monkey than a human being!"

"Thanks!"

"Not to look at—but you can climb better than any monkey I've ever seen," said Nipper. "Thank goodness you weren't spotted by a master! He'd have had a fit on the spot, and we should have had to carry him indoors!"

Stanley Waldo was rather taken aback by the fuss that was made. It was quite obvious that he had performed that climb without any realisation of its sensational nature. He had done it just as a matter of course, and he thought nothing of it. The idea of attracting attention to himself had never occurred to him. Yet he was undeniably gratified by the result of his "stunt."

"The next time I kick a football up to the roof, my lad, you'd better look the other way," said Handforth. "My only hat! You nearly gave me heart failure! Supposing you had fallen? You'd have killed yourself, and then I should have been conscience-stricken for the rest of my life!"

Fenton, of the Sixth, came striding across the Triangle, and intermingled with his frown was an expression of wonderment and surprise.

"I say, what's the idea?" he asked. "You're a new fellow, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Ancient House, I notice," said Fenton, looking at the new boy's cap. "What's your name?"

"Waldo."

"Well, I don't know whether you think that St. Frank's is a circus or not, but you can't do that sort of thing here," said the captain of the school. "You reckless young duffer! You'll kill yourself one of these days if you go on like that!"

"But I've often done it!" protested Stanley Waldo. "I wasn't in any danger."

"No?" said Fenton grimly. "Well, I think you were. Don't let me ever catch you doing that sort of thing again."

"He's a bit of an exception, Fenton," said Nipper. "He's the son of Rupert Waldo, the Peril Expert, you know."

"The which?"

"You've heard of Waldo, the Wonder Man, haven't you?"

"By Jove, yes!" said Edgar Fenton, with a start. "The chap who does all the marvellous stunts? The fellow who was wanted by Scotland Yard—— I mean, well—— H'm! So you're Waldo's son, are you?" he added, looking at Stanley. "That explains it, then. Like father, like son, by what I can see."

"Yes, I take after him quite a bit," admitted Stanley. "I've inherited his characteristics. Otherwise, I'm quite an ordinary sort of chap."

"I'm glad to hear it," said the school captain. "And you'd better remain an ordinary sort of chap at St. Frank's. Climbing the faces of buildings may be a hobby of yours, but it's too dangerous."

"But really I wasn't in any danger——"

"I don't mean dangerous for you—but dangerous for other people," explained Fenton. "If Pycraft, of the Fourth, had happened to see you, he would have expired on the spot. Well, I'm the school captain, and my name's Fenton. Shake, young 'un!"

Fenton frankly extended his hand, and young Waldo took it gladly. It was an expression of friendship which meant a lot for him, particularly as Fenton evidently knew the history of young Waldo's father. Fenton, at all events, was not prejudiced.

"Of course, you mustn't take too much notice of old Fenton," said Handforth confidentially, after the school captain had gone. "I suppose he feels it his duty to talk to you like that. As far as I'm concerned, you can climb as many buildings as you like. By George, you're going to be useful in the Remove, my son!"

"I'll try to be!" said Stanley.

"Can you play football?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Good man!" said Handforth. "Well, come along indoors. We'll have tea in Study D——"

"You can have tea in Study D, but Waldo is going to have tea with us," interrupted Fullwood firmly. "He's ours, my lad, and we don't want any poaching."

THE ST. FRANK'S QUESTIONNAIRE!

Here are twelve testers for you, chums—questions which refer to St. Frank's and its members. Give them the "once-over," jot down the answers to those which you know, and then compare them with the correct list which will be given, together with another set of questions, next week.

- 1.—Who are the West House Removites who performed in a circus before coming to St. Frank's?
- 2.—What is the name of the Moor View girl who was in the same circus with them?
- 3.—How far is it from St. Frank's to the River House School?
- 4.—What is the name of the dangerous headland near St. Frank's?
- 5.—Who is the head prefect of the East House?
- 6.—Who are the occupants of Study D, in the Ancient House?
- 7.—What is the Ancient House Junior Common-room telephone number?
- 8.—What is the name of the shady public-house in Bellton?

- 9.—Who is the landlord of this public-house?
- 10.—What is Fatty Little's Christian name?
- 11.—Who are the Australian juniors of St. Frank's?
- 12.—Which Moor View girl is Archie Glenthorpe's particular chum?

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S QUESTIONS.

1. *Inspector Jameson.* 2. *The Rev. Ethelbert Goodchild.* 3. *Dick Hamilton (Nipper), Sir Lancelot Montgomery Tregellis-West, and Tommy Watson.* 4. *Walter Reynolds.* 5. *The Blue Crusaders.* 6. *Lionel Corcoran, of the Fourth.* 7. *Handforth.* 8. *Performing the hat-trick at cricket.* 9. *Caistowe.* 10. *The Earl of Edgemore.* 11. *Glenthorpe Manor, near Bannington.* 12. *Sir Edward Handforth, M.P.*

Fullwood and Russell seized Young Waldo firmly by the arms, and carried him off. Handforth was left staring indignantly after them.

"I like their cheek!" he said gruffly. "We want that chap in our study."

"Do you think it would be wise?" asked Church thoughtfully. "I mean, you're supposed to be the leader of Study D——"

"What do you mean—'supposed'?"

"Well, you are the leader of Study D," said Church hastily. "And if this new chap comes in he might try to boss things. He's an unusual customer——"

"Nobody's going to boss me!" broke in Handforth coldly. "I want this Waldo chap in our study because he's the son of the famous Peril Expert. His pater is a kind of detective—a super-detective. I shall go and see Mr. Lee about it."

Whether he went to Nelson Lee, Church and McClure never knew. He certainly disappeared for a while, and when he came back he made no further mention of having Young Waldo in Study D. So Church and McClure assumed that his mission to the Housemaster had been a failure.

Meanwhile, Stanley Waldo was thoroughly enjoying himself in Study I, with Fullwood and Russell. They were very friendly towards him, and they feasted him royally. They were by no means averse to having a new study mate of this kind. Stanley Waldo was undoubtedly an acquisition to Study I—and to the Remove in general.

The new boy himself was gratified by the mild sensation that he had caused. He was no longer looking forlorn; he was "coming out" rapidly, and he was proving himself to be a cool customer. In fact, now that the

ice was broken, and now that he knew the Remove was ready to accept him in a friendly way, he shed all his former diffidence.

"My father will be awfully interested to get a letter from me," he said. "He warned me, before I came here, that I might find St. Frank's too hot to hold me."

"How do you mean?" asked Fullwood.

"Well, he was afraid that I might be barred," said Stanley Waldo quietly. "Give a dog a bad name, you know. And although my father is now as straight as a die—I believe he always was straight—lots of people are prejudiced against him."

"We're not like that at St. Frank's," said Fullwood. "Of course, you'll find a certain number of fellows who'll give you a wide berth, but you needn't take any notice of them—they're not worth knowing, anyhow. As for your pater always being straight, I'm afraid that's not quite true."

"Oh, I know he was wanted by the police," said Young Waldo. "But he was always straight in the sense that he served Justice. Sometimes he would pit his wits against a blackmailer, or a moneylender, or somebody of that sort. He would rob them of tremendous sums of money, perhaps, but he generally served Justice. His victims were nearly always rotters who were outside the grip of the law. My father used to do it because he loved that kind of thing. He liked the thrill of it, and he didn't care twopence about being up against Scotland Yard. Still, I'm jolly glad that he's now finished with that sort of life. As a Peril Expert, he's getting just as much excitement, and he's on the side of the law."



“Come on!” roared Handforth. “Put up your hands, you rotter——” And then he broke off in alarm. The convict had seized a golf club and, swinging round, he advanced upon the junior threateningly.

Stanley Waldo's statement was perfectly true. His father had never been a criminal of the ordinary type; he had never robbed for the mere sake of robbing. In many an instance he had risked long terms of imprisonment for the sake of doing somebody a good turn. He had punished men whom the laws of the land could not touch. Indeed, in the eyes of the general public Rupert Waldo had always been a likeable figure. His many exploits had touched the popular fancy. And now that he was going straight he was respected by most people in the community.

So it was natural that his son should meet with a friendly reception at St. Frank's.

AFTER tea, Fullwood and Russell took their new study mate into the Ancient House Common-room, and they found that the conversation was running on the subject of golf—of all things. However, there was an object in this, as they soon perceived. Edward Oswald Handforth's leg was being pulled.

"Golf!" he was saying disparagingly. "Golf isn't a game for us! I'm surprised at the governors for being so dotty!"

"Oh, I don't know, dear old fellow," said Travers. "Any doctor will tell you that walking is a splendid exercise. And when you play golf, you walk miles."

"Yes, chasing a silly ball all over the silly place!" said Handforth, with a sniff. "There's nothing in the game, anyhow! You just knock a ball with a dotty sort of club, walk after it, knock it again, and that's all there is in the game."

"Don't you believe it!" said Gresham. "Golf is a game that gets hold of you—that grips you and holds you tight. Once you get the fever, you go golf-mad. I know, because my pater is a golfer. He used to go in for cricket, but nowadays he considers that golf—"

"There you are—that's just it!" interrupted Handforth. "Golf is a game for old fogies!"

"My pater isn't an old togey!" protested Gresham indignantly.

"Well, it's not a game for young folk," amended Handforth. "That is to say, it's not a game for schoolboys. We want something more active—more energetic. Football—cricket. Golf is too jolly slow."

"Ever played it?" asked Travers.

"No—and don't want to!" replied Handforth. "As for these new St. Frank's links, I wouldn't be seen dead on 'em!"

"That's not fair, dear old fellow," said Travers, shaking his head. "We ought to give the game a chance."

"What!"

"Of course," continued Vivian Travers, "it's open to any of us—it's not merely for the seniors. I had a word with Mr. Lee, and he tells me that anybody can play on the St. Frank's links. The fags, if they want to. It only means buying some clubs, and we can have a round whenever we like. I think we ought to form a Remove Golf Club, and organise matches."

"But what about football?" asked Handforth, staring. "It's the beginning of the footer season—"

"Plenty of time for both," said Travers gravely. "Of course, we shouldn't expect



"Come on!" roared Handforth. "Put up had seized a golf club and, s'

you to play, Handy. You needn't join. Golf is a game that requires skill."

CHAPTER 7.

Handy the Golfer!

"**S**KILL?" repeated Handforth, with a start. "By George! Are you suggesting that I haven't any skill?"

"When it comes to golf, dear old fellow, you require something more than

skill," said Travers. "You require patience — concentration — perseverance — determination. Golf isn't such an easy game as it looks."

"It's a dotty game!" said Handforth, with a snort. "The seniors can play it if they like, but not me! As for a Remove club, you're mad!"

"It might be a good wheeze," said Nipper slowly. "But keep your hair on, Handy. We shan't ask you to play. We know your limitations, and we shall be satisfied if you keep goal for the Remove eleven, as usual."

"What do you mean—you know my limitations?" demanded Handforth.



rotter——" And then he broke off in alarm. The convict he advanced upon the junior threateningly.

"Well, golf wouldn't suit your temperament, old man," said Nipper gently.

"Oh, wouldn't it!"

"You're too impulsive—too reckless!" said Nipper. "To play golf properly, you've got to have a calm, serene temperament. My dear chap, you wouldn't do anything right on the links. You'd fizzle every shot, and you'd make a hash of the whole game. Oh, no, we shouldn't think of asking you to join the Remove golfing club."

"I agree," said Travers solemnly. "The very idea of Handforth playing golf is farcical. By Samson! To start with, he wouldn't know how to handle a club. He'd use it like a cricket bat, and then, again, he'd dig up so much turf that the links would look like a ploughed field after he'd been round!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And he'd smash all his clubs, too," continued Travers. "A golf club must be used delicately—not like a sledgehammer."

"I wouldn't use 'em like sledgehammers!" roared Handforth.

"We can only judge you, dear old fellow, according to your present habits," said Travers. "It would be ridiculous for you to try to learn golf. You couldn't do it. You're not built that way. I'm very glad to know that you've got such a poor opinion of the game."

Handforth breathed hard. Without in the least realising it, he had fallen into the trap.

"All right!" he said grimly. "If that's what you think about me, I'll jolly well show you that you're wrong!"

"Yes?" murmured Travers.

"Yes!" snorted Handforth. "I will play golf!"

"For the love of Samson!"

"No, not for the love of Samson—but to make you fellows eat your words!" roared Handforth. "I'll show you that I can be as good at golf as I am at footer! Are you going to learn, Travers?"

"Of course," said Travers.

"All right, then—I'll play a set with you as soon as you like," said Handforth. "If I don't beat you 6—love, I'll eat my hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You're getting a bit mixed, old man," said Nipper gently. "You don't play sets of golf—you only play sets of tennis."

"Eh!"

"Golf is quite different," said Nipper. "You play nine holes—or eighteen holes, according to the size of the course. If the bogey for a nine-hole course is—say, thirty-six, you've got to do your best to get round in bogey."

"Who's talking about bogies?" growled Handforth. "Anybody might think that a golf links is full of ghosts!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll start to-morrow," declared Handforth grimly. "I'll buy a club——"

"A club?" repeated Nipper mildly.

"Yes; you play golf with a club, don't you?"

"One club's no good," said Nipper. "You want at least half a dozen."

"Why? If you think I'm going to break five clubs——"

"Not at all," grinned Nipper. "I don't mean that you have six clubs all the same. First of all, you'll need a driver."

"No, I shan't," said Handforth. "I can go to the links in my Austin Seven, and I shall drive myself."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"When I say driver, I mean the name of a club," said Nipper patiently. "The club you generally use to kick off with from the tee is called a driver."

"From the which?"

"The tee," said Nipper. "You start off from the tee, and you've got to knock your ball to the green. It may be two hundred yards odd, or it may be three or four hundred yards. It all depends upon the course. Then you'll need a brassy—that's another club."

"My only hat!"

"You must have a mid-iron, too," continued Nipper. "And for your approach shots, you can't do without a mashie, and a niblick is necessary when you get into the bunker. Then, of course, there's the putter, to be used on the greens."

Handforth looked bewildered.

"Rot!" he said incredulously. "A chap doesn't need all those clubs to play golf! A good player ought to do everything with one club only!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I shall only use one, anyhow," said Handforth firmly, "and I'll show you that all these silly fancy clubs aren't necessary!"

And he strode out of the Common-room, his jaw set with characteristic aggressiveness.

"Good egg!" chuckled Nipper. "We've got him going nicely."

"I thought we'd do the trick!" laughed Travers. "Well, well! It'll be worth quids to see Handy on the golf links—trying to get round with only one club!"

"We shall have to make a point of being there," said Nipper, grinning.

"Yes, rather!"

"And he'll find that golf isn't quite such a soft game as he thinks," said Harry Gresham. "My only sainted aunt! Wait until Handy gets into the rough—and tries to dig his ball out with a wooden driver, or a brassy!"

"I can see him now," murmured Travers dreamily. "Dear old fellows, we ought to get up a vote of thanks to the Governors for providing us with these links! Handy is going to give us no end of amusement!"

BUT Handforth stole a march on the leg-pullers.

He got up early the next morning—so early, in fact, that he was well out of doors half an hour before the rising bell was due to ring.

Not that there was anything premeditated in this move. Being the first morning at school, after the long summer holidays, Handforth was probably restless. Perhaps the bed felt a bit hard, after his own bed at home. Perhaps his awakening so early was due to the fact that he had been eating some rock-cakes in bed the previous night, and had omitted to notice that two of the cakes had got between the sheets with him. At all events, he awakened to find himself wallowing in a sea of rock-like crumbs. Never before had rock-cakes proved so true to their name. This circumstance of the crumbs might possibly have rendered his sleep patchy and uneasy.

Whatever the cause, he awoke quite early, and, as the morning was bright and clear, he went to the window and had a look into West Square—incidentally throwing two handfuls of crumbs out at the same time. Then he thought about golf, and it occurred to him that it might be a good idea to have a look at the links before any of the other fellows had a chance.

He was convinced that the game was an easy one to play. Yet there was a lurking suspicion at the back of his mind that there might be a few unforeseen difficulties. There would be no harm, anyhow, in having a shot at it all on his own.

So he dismissed the idea of awakening Church and McClure, and he got dressed with his usual rapidity. One glance at the bed, which still contained an extraordinary number of crumbs, convinced him that getting up was the best thing to do.

On the way downstairs another idea occurred to him, and it was one which bucked him up considerably. He remembered having heard that William Napoleon Browne, of the Fifth, had equipped himself with a complete set of golf clubs. Browne had evidently known about the links before leaving home, and so he had arrived at St. Frank's fully prepared to battle.

"Browne's a good sort," Handforth told himself. "He won't mind if I borrow his clubs for once. In fact, I don't see how he can mind, because he won't know anything about it. I shall be back before the Fifth gets down, and I can easily shove the clubs back in Browne's study."

Handforth, as usual, was optimistic. It never occurred to him that he might do some damage to Browne's clubs. Having arrived downstairs, he made his way to the Fifth Form passage, and, sure enough, a brand new golf-bag stood in a corner of Browne's study. The bag was full of glittering clubs. They were regular beauties—a complete set. There was a wooden driver, a brassy, and a number of stainless irons. Handforth gazed at the array in astonishment.

"I suppose I'd better take 'em all," he muttered. "Perhaps those chaps were right, after all. Anyhow, I shall soon know after I start playing."

He slung the bag over his shoulder in the approved style, and started off.

(Continued on page 26.)

The POPULAR
Every Tuesday 2d



Edward Oswald Handforth undertakes to answer, in his own unique fashion, any question "N.L." readers care to submit to him. But, although of a certainty the results will be amusing and entertaining, the Editor takes no responsibility for their veracity. Write to Handforth, c/o the Nelson Lee Library, to-day.

"CURIOUS" (Dartmouth), wants to know who killed cock robin. His wording is rather vague, but I presume that my correspondent means that a person of the name of Robin has been killed, and, knowing what a wonderful amateur detective I am, he wants me to take up the case and capture the criminal. S'easy! Unfortunately, there's a snag. I'm back at St. Frank's now, and the authorities might not let me have the time off. They're a most hard-hearted lot in this respect. Still, don't despair, "Curious." I know you're relying on my valuable services, so I'll see what can be done.

OSCAR J. RUSSELL (Norwich), is the kind of fellow I like. He is obviously a great admirer of my Trackett Grim yarns, and wants to know why no more masterpieces have been flowing from my celebrated pen. (How's that for a spot of marvellous writing, you chaps?) It's no good ticking me off, Oscar, old man. The Editor is the chap to blame. Write a stiff letter to him. Tell him the truth about my Trackett Grim yarns; what wonderful stories they are. Tell him that he ought to be downright ashamed of himself for refusing to publish tales by such a world-famous author. Demand to have them reinstated in the NELSON LEE LIBRARY under the threat of punching him on the nose. When writing, however, I want you to be sure not to mention my name. I don't want the Editor to know I had anything to do with it. Besides, he might think—wrongly, of course—that I'm trying to boost myself and my stories. I hope your national Trackett Grim society is a success, Oscar. Er—er—I shall not publish the society's anthem which you so kindly sent me. It is quite hopeless—that is to say, it would be quite hopeless expecting the mouldy old Editor to publish it.

A. OSWALD (Edinburgh) points out that his name is the same as my middle name. Well, it's not my fault. It's my misfortune. Why should I give your sympathy to Church

and McClure? They're not ill or anything. If anybody deserves sympathy it's I—for having to put up with their obstinate, quarrelsome ways. You ask who I'd like to be if I wasn't myself. I've worked the answer out in algebra for you. I called myself "a," and I'd like to be "b." If I was "b" I'd like to be "a." Therefore "a" is the same as "b." "A" equals Handforth—and that's the answer. Clever, isn't it? But then, I always was good at algebra.

J. HAYES (London).—The best footballer at St. Frank's is in the Remove Form. You'll find him in Study D of the Ancient House, and one of his names is Oswald.

MALCOLM FRASER (Levenshulme) wants to know if I can swim, and, if so, how many lengths? Of course I can swim. And I don't swim in lengths, either. Huh! The very idea! Ask me how many miles, and perhaps I'll give you an answer. I can't remember what is my highest score in cricket this season. I make so many high scores, you know. Probably near the two-hundred mark, I expect.

CLARENCE EDWARDS (Chester).—I have kicked Gore-Mearce for you as requested. You're not the only reader who has asked this, and so I have a jolly busy time. There's only one snag. My shoes are showing signs of wear as a result of the overtime. I can see I shall have to "come down" on one of you for a new pair. Still, don't let that detail deter you from repeating the request in further letters.

"CHRONOMETER" (Bedford).—What's the idea? Are you trying to pull my leg when you ask: "If a church clock strikes the hour of eight, the hands point to twenty-two and a half minutes past three, what's the time in Italy? I've spent hours trying to work this out, and the only answer I can arrive at is that it's *time* they had a new clock in Italy, and time you gave up asking fatheaded questions.

EDWARD OSWALD.

WALDO THE WONDER BOY!*(Continued from page 24.)*

THE new St. Frank's Golf Course was quite an excellent one, although there were only nine holes. It was situated across the meadows, somewhere between the Moor View School and Holt's Farm. The first tee was only about five minutes walk from St. Frank's, and the links extended to the edge of Bannington Moor. In fact, a part of the course was on the moor itself.

Handforth took the wrong footpath, and he wandered half over the golf course before he decided to start playing. He selected the seventh tee for the commencement of his operations. It was very quiet here—very isolated.

The position was elevated, and there were rolling downs just in front of him, with the big expanse of Bannington Moor stretching away into the distance. Holt's Farm was well away to the left, and the Moor View School was completely hidden behind a fold of the downs. There wasn't a living soul to watch Handforth's initial efforts.

This was exactly what he required. He just wanted to convince himself that the difficulties of golf were grossly exaggerated.

After some hesitation he selected one of the wooden clubs. He seemed to have a vague notion that a wooden club was required for the drive. He took a nice white

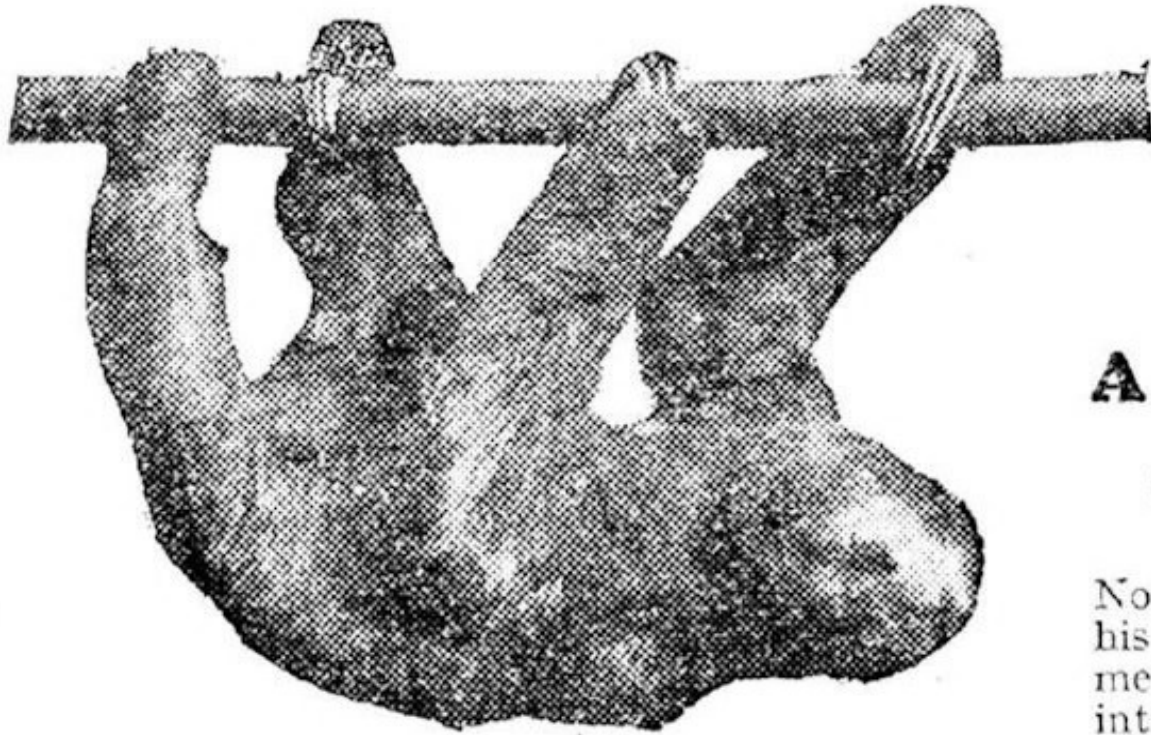
new ball out of the bag, and perched it on the top of a little tee of sand. He knew that was right, anyhow. All that he had to do now was to swing his club round, and send the ball shooting away along the fairway in the direction of the green. He could see a little red flag down in a hollow, ahead, so he gathered that this was the right direction. As a matter of fact, it was the wrong direction, for Handforth was looking towards the fifth green—not the seventh. However, it made no difference.

"Now, let me see," he muttered. "The right thing to do is to swing the club round, slosh the ball, and then watch where it goes. By George! I bet I'll hit this giddy pill a couple of hundred yards with the first whack! It's as easy as falling off a form!"

He took his stance, settled his heels firmly in the turf, and raised his club. Then he brought it down with a terrific swing. There was a kind of click, and he shaded his eyes with his hand and stared into the distance.

"Well, I'm blowed!" he ejaculated. "It's gone! I've hit that giddy ball so far that I can't even see it! It must have travelled for half a mile!"

A surge of satisfaction came over him. At any rate, he knew the direction in which the ball lay, and he ought to be able to find it somewhere in the far distance. He was just preparing to put his club back into the bag, when he gave a violent start.



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"Great pip!" he ejaculated.

The ball, extraordinarily enough, was only a couple of yards away from him—lurking behind a little tuft of grass near the tee.

"Great Scott!" he breathed. "And I thought I'd knocked it into the middle of next week! The silly thing didn't go at all!"

He grunted with disgust, picked up the ball, tee'd it up again, and prepared to have another whack. This time he grounded his club heavily, and did not even hit the ball at all. It was rather a wonder that he didn't smash the head off the club.

"H'm!" Funny!" he said, frowning. "Something seems to be wrong!"

He had another go, and although he put all his strength into the drive, he swung his club about two inches above the ball, missing it altogether. He was discovering, in fact, that golf was not the child's play he had imagined it to be.

"It's a jolly good thing I came out here alone," he told himself in surprise. "By George! Wouldn't the chaps have cackled if they had seen me making a mess of it like this! What rot! It ought to be easy enough. Looks easy, anyhow."

Again he tried, and, more by luck than judgment, he succeeded in hitting the ball and sending it about fifty yards. At any rate, it was a hit, and he gathered his bag up and went in chase of the little white "pill."

Having reached it, he selected an iron club. Somehow, he seemed to remember that an iron club was necessary here. Perhaps all that talk about having a number of clubs wasn't such rot, after all.

"A mashie," he murmured, as he looked at the face of the iron. "That ought to do the trick all right. I shall probably get on the green with this shot."

He put all his strength into the stroke, swung the club round with tremendous force, spun like a top, and sat down with a jarring thud on the top of the ball.

"Ouch!" he gasped in pain.

He picked himself up, sadder but wiser. However, he was by no means discouraged. He wasn't going to let this thing get the better of him. Not likely!

He took his stance again, glared at the ball, swung his club up, whirled it down, and he caught the ball a regular swipe—a clean hit.

It went shooting away, rising far into the air. Handforth gazed after it in blank astonishment. Then he flushed with intense satisfaction.

"By George!" he gloated. "That was a jolly good hit, anyway!"

He saw the ball drop beyond a clump of furze on a rising bank, well over a hundred yards away. The ball had dropped into a hollow, and Handforth grabbed his clubs and went chasing after it.

He plunged down into the hollow, pushing his way past the furze bushes—and then, suddenly, a figure rose up, apparently from nowhere, and confronted him.

The Removite halted, startled. The figure was dressed in a drab kind of suit; its face was haggard yet grim, and the eyes which stared at Handforth so keenly were wild and sinister!



CHAPTER 8.

Rough on Handforth!

FOR a moment neither spoke. Handforth was so startled that he could find no words. He could only stare at this strange figure.

The man was desperate, by the look of him. There was almost an animal look on his cunning, rat-like face. His expression was one of mingled alarm and ferocity.

"Where the dickens did you spring from?" ejaculated Handforth at last.

"Best keep quiet, kid," said the man, his voice shaky with intensity. "I didn't spring from nowhere. I was 'ere all the time. I believe you knowed it, too."

"No, I didn't," said Handforth. "I hit my ball in this direction— Why, what the— Great Scott!"

He suddenly found himself staring fascinatedly at the man's clothing. In the same flash, he knew what this man was—and where he had come from. Handforth's face became flushed and his eyes lit up with excitement.

"You're a convict!" he burst out accusingly. "By George! You must have escaped—"

"You couldn't 'ave come along at a better minute, kid!" interrupted the man, his gaze roving over Handforth's figure. "Just about the right size fer me, too! Peel them togs off—an' look slippy!"

Handforth was too startled to make any immediate reply. He knew that this man was an escaped convict! Across the moor, a number of miles away, was the big convict prison. This man must have escaped the previous day, and probably he had been hiding on Bannington Moor all night. His drab clothing gave him away; it was impossible for him to venture on any highway in that suit. He had been lurking in that hollow, amongst the furze, and it was by sheer chance that Handforth had sent his golf ball into that particular hollow.

And Edward Oswald remembered, with a bit of a start, that he was utterly alone on the links, except for this man. He had told

nobody at St. Frank's of his intentions, and it was not likely that anybody else would come to the golf course before breakfast.

"Did you 'ear me?" snarled the man. "Off with them togs, kid, an' be sharp about it!"

Handforth came to himself with a start. He realised what the man was saying—and he gave a snort of defiance. He certainly didn't intend to obey that order. It was obviously his duty to capture this convict, and to hand him over to the police. Indeed, as an amateur detective, it was the only possible thing to do.

"You rotter!" he said breathlessly. "When did you escape?"

"You'd best not give me any lip——"

"You're dotty if you think I'm going to change clothes with you!" said Handforth. "That's the sort of thing they do on the films! Put up your hands! I'm going to knock you out, and then I'm going to hand you over to the police!"

There could be no mistaking his attitude. He was aggressive—he was defiant. And the convict, who had noted that Handforth was wearing a check Norfolk suit, backed away. That suit would fit him perfectly, and in it he would be able to escape completely from the district. It was his one chance.

But at the same moment he "sized" up Handforth. He could see that this schoolboy was a fighter; the way he clenched his fists, and the way he squared himself, was sufficient evidence of that. The convict was a smallish, wiry kind of man. In a fist fight he would probably be the loser.

"Come on!" roared Handforth. "Put up your hands, you rotter! If you don't, I'll— Here, what the—— You confounded ruffian! Put that club down!"

The convict, with a sudden, swift movement, had seized the golf club that Handforth had dropped just before clenching his fists. He advanced, swinging the club round in a menacing manner.

Handforth tried to back away, but he was just a shade too late. The heavy club struck him on the shoulder, and his whole arm was numbed by the force of the blow.

"You cad!" he panted. "By George! If you're going to fight like this—— Whoa! Why, you brute——"

Again the club swung round, and there came a thud. Handforth had attempted to dodge, but in vain. The club had struck him on the side of the head, and he rolled over, completely "out." He lay there, still, sprawling in a grotesque attitude.

"That's settled him!" panted the convict. "Young fool! I 'ad to 'it 'im! He asked for it!"

Flinging the golf club aside, the convict went down on his knees and rolled over the junior. Handforth was breathing heavily, and a little blood was showing through his hair. A big bump was rising already. It had been a severe blow, but, fortunately, a glancing one—otherwise Edward Oswald's skull might have been fractured. As it was,

he had merely received a very nasty bruise, and he was temporarily knocked senseless.

"He ain't 'urt much," muttered the convict shakily. "Anyway, I can git 'is blinkin' clothes now."

He looked round in all directions, and breathed a sigh of relief when he noted that the landscape was perfectly clear. Not a living soul was within sight. With trembling fingers he unfastened his coat, and quickly divested himself of all his outer clothing.

Then he turned his attention upon Handforth. He fairly tore the Norfolk suit from the unfortunate boy's back. Within the space of five minutes he had donned that Norfolk suit himself—and he was gratified to find that it fitted him almost as though he had been measured for it.

Handforth was a burly kind of schoolboy, and the convict was a small man—so they were almost of a size.

The convict was breathing heavily now after his exertions, and his exhalations were wheezy. He flung his convict garb over Handforth's still form, and his eyes were glittering with satisfaction.

"It won't be long before you come round, kid!" he muttered. "But before you can give any alarm I'll be miles away. Gosh! What a bit o' luck!"

He had found a couple of currency notes in one of the pockets, and some loose silver. He certainly was in luck—after having spent a night of abject despondency.

IT wasn't by chance that Young Waldo ventured on the golf links that morning.

The new fellow, to tell the truth, had got up early because it was his habit to be up at six a.m. At his previous school he had always been up long before rising bell. He was very much like his celebrated father; he needed no more than four or five hours sleep.

Chancing to see Handforth leaving the school with the golf bag slung over his shoulder, Waldo had at once known that Handforth was headed for the golf links. And Stanley Waldo, having wandered round the school for a bit, decided to go out to the links to have a word with the aggressive leader of Study D. He wanted to be companionable.

But when he got to the links there was no sign of Edward Oswald. The latter seemed to have vanished completely. Young Waldo wandered about for a bit, wondering what could have happened to the other junior, when he paused.

His keen hearing had detected a curious sound of heavy breathing. He knew that it was coming from a hollow some distance away. Then, on the top of this, he heard a muttered remark. The voice was strange and uncouth; moreover, the man who spoke was apparently talking to himself. At all events, no reply came.

The new boy, curious, went in the direction of the hollow. He climbed a little rise, and



Crack! A rifle shot rang out as the warders appeared over the crest of the hill. Edward Oswald Handforth gave a start, realising that they were firing at him. The warders had mistaken him for the escaped convict!

then stood on the brim of the hollow—his appearance being dramatic and unexpected. The convict, seeing this figure in Etons, stared at it blankly. He had imagined himself to be quite alone.

“By thunder!” he panted, reaching for the golf club.

Young Waldo took in the scene at a glance. He saw Handforth’s still form beneath those drab, significant articles of clothing. He saw this man dressed in the Norfolk suit that Handforth had been wearing. And although Stanley Waldo knew nothing of the proximity of a convict prison, it was easy enough for him to put two and two together.

“I’m afraid you’ve run up against a snag,” he said, his voice calm and steady. “You’d better put that golf club down, too. And if you’ve hurt that schoolboy—”

“Hang you!” snarled the convict. “What do you mean by this—creepin’ up an’ spyin’ on me?— If there’s any more o’ you boys ’ere—”

“Don’t worry—I’m quite alone,” said Young Waldo. “As far as I know, there’s not another living soul within a couple of miles—or a mile, at least. Not that you’ll be able to get away. You’re a convict; you’ve attacked Handforth, and, by the look of it, you’ve hurt him. I’m going to hand you over to the police, you dirty ruffian!”

The convict was more furious than amazed. Yet it was startling to hear this schoolboy calmly saying that he was going to “hand him over to the police.” It was preposterous on the face of it. The convict advanced, swinging the golf club ready.

“I’ve outed one of you, an’ I might as well out the other!” he said harshly.

He made a quick run forward, lunging at the same time. Waldo did not make any attempt to back away or to dodge. He came straight on. The golf club struck him across the arm; but it was the shaft which hit him, and it splintered to fragments.

“Not this time!” said Waldo coolly. “Now, my friend, I think you’ll understand that I meant what I said.”

Like lightning he obtained a grip on the man, holding his arms tightly. The convict, after the first shock of surprise, struggled to get free. He was only grappling with a mere schoolboy— His eyes filled with consternation and bewilderment. That grip which held him was like the grip of a steel vice. Try as he would, he could not shift his arms. They were held to his sides as though strapped!

CHAPTER 9.

Young Waldo’s Prisoner!

THE convict struggled again, but his efforts were fruitless. He was a strong man—wiry and muscular—yet he could scarcely move an inch. This schoolboy was holding him without effort.

“Easy!” said Stanley Waldo in an amused voice. “It’s no good struggling—you won’t get away.”

“You ain’t human!” panted the convict hoarsely.

“I can assure you I am,” said Waldo. “I have more than my share of strength, perhaps, but in most other ways I’m quite normal. Why don’t you stop this

useless struggling? You'll only hurt yourself."

The man continued to struggle, and Waldo, without hesitation, increased his pressure. The man caught his breath in sharply, and it seemed to him that his arms were about to be wrenched out of their sockets. He shrieked with agony.

"Any more struggling and you'll get that again," said Stanley Waldo coldly. "Understand?"

At last the convict knew that he was beaten. It had taken a long time for him to realise the position, but now that he had realised it he stared at the schoolboy in dumbfounded amazement. The whole thing was staggering.

"A blamed school kid!" he panted. "Never knew anythin' like it in all my blinkin' life! You're stronger than a prize-fighter!"

"I believe I am," said Waldo, nodding.

"There's only one man in the world as I know who's got strength like you," went on the convict, his voice hoarse and strained, "and that's Waldo. He's the man wot got me pinched!"

"I'm glad to hear it," said Stanley. "He happens to be my father."

The convict started violently, and his eyes opened wider.

"You!" he gasped. "Waldo's son!"

"Does it need much guesswork?" asked the new boy, as he increased his grip.

"Waldo's son!" panted the man, still staring at his captor in a fascinated way. "I might have known it! Waldo's son! I'm sent to quod by the father, an' then the son crops up after I've escaped!"

"Awkward, isn't it?" said Young Waldo. "Fate often springs a nasty surprise like that."

The convict seemed to go mad. He nearly choked. He went into a frenzy of violence—a paroxysm of fury. He struggled and swore and almost foamed at the mouth. But it was quite useless—Waldo retained his grip with that same nonchalant ease.

"Finished?" he asked at length.

The man was nearly exhausted after his violent efforts; he suddenly seemed to sag, and he became limp in the schoolboy's arms.

"I'll get you for this!" he panted in a croaking whisper. "By thunder! If I have to wait twenty years I'll get you for this, you young—"

"Better not say it," interrupted Waldo junior. "I might be annoyed, and if I like I can hurt you quite a lot."

His prisoner subsided, breathing with difficulty.

STANLEY WALDO was a bit worried about Handforth. He wanted to administer first-aid to the unfortunate leader of Study D. Yet in order to do so it would be necessary to secure the convict in some way, and he had not the means of doing this. Waldo had made up his mind to hand the rascal over to the police.

He was relieved to see a movement from Handforth. The latter was trying to sit up, and he was passing a hand over his head. This was very reassuring.

Stanley Waldo decided that his best course would be to march the prisoner straight to Bellton, hand him over to the police, and then get some of the St. Frank's fellows to come back with him to the links.

"Come on!" he said grimly. "You're going with me!"

"Hang you!" snarled the man. "You may be Waldo's son, and you may be as

COMING NEXT WEEK!



strong as a blinkin' giant, but I ain't takin' no orders from you!"

"No?" said this remarkable schoolboy. "We'll see about that. Either you march—and march quickly—or I'll show you just how strong I can be. Are you going to obey orders?"

"No, darn you!" grated the man.

"Look out for squalls then!"

Waldo exerted a little more pressure, and his victim went positively white as the pressure was increased. His arms felt as though they were going to break at any second. The agony was intense.

"Stop!" shrieked the man. "You young fool, you'll smash my arms!"

"Will you march?"

"I'll see you in— Yes, yes!" screamed the rascal. "All right! I'll march! Hang you, you've won!"

"Then step it out briskly!" said Stanley, giving the man a shove. "And keep on going, too! When I say a thing I mean it."

He was extraordinarily like his famous father now. He was just as cool—just as matter-of-fact as the redoubtable Wonder Man himself.

"Hi! What the— What's happened?" came a husky, bewildered voice.

Waldo glanced round, and he was relieved to see Handforth sitting up.

"It's all right, Handforth," said Stanley Waldo. "This is the ruffian who attacked

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you. I'm just taking him off to the police."

"Police?" said Handforth dazedly.

"You take it easy, old man," said Waldo. "If you can manage to dress yourself, all the better. I'd make this rat take your clothes off, but it would be an awful lot of trouble. I don't want to let him get out of this grip. You'll be all right, won't you?"

"I'm all right," replied Handforth, in a dull voice.

"Good!" said the new boy. "I shan't be long. If you don't feel like dressing, just stay where you are, and I'll soon be back to help you, and I'll bring some of the other fellows, too."

He turned back to his prisoner.

"Now, then!" he said briskly. "Ready? Quick march!"

It was a wise decision on Waldo's part. If he had remained behind, and had attempted to force the convict to take off Handforth's clothing, there would have been a lot of trouble. The man would have been sure to make a bolt for liberty.

Therefore, the best thing to do was to get rid of the prisoner, and then hurry back to Handforth with help. It would save time in the long run. Waldo knew now that Handforth was not seriously hurt, and he would certainly come to no harm if he was left alone for a bit.

The convict marched on, knowing full well that it would go ill with him if he attempted any tricks. Apparently he was well acquainted with Rupert Waldo, and he therefore knew what to expect from the son. Once or twice, during the first half mile, he made attempts to escape, but his captor was always ready—always on the alert.

"Waldo's son!" the convict kept muttering. "By thunder, Waldo's son!"

And there was a note in his voice which was positively fiendish. Just when he had escaped—when there was a chance for him to get clear away—he found himself captured by this junior schoolboy! It was an absurd situation, and yet it happened to be grimly true. And this boy was the son of Rupert Waldo, the man who had caused him to be convicted!

CHURCH came out of the Ancient House with a puzzled frown on his brow.

"No sign of him here," he said. "Can't make it out, Mac! Where the dickens can he have got to?"

"Goodness only knows," said the Scottish junior. "There's never any telling what Handy will get up to! Who the dickens would have dreamed that he would be up before rising-bell? On the first morning of school, too!"

"It's a funny thing he didn't wake us," said Church. "He's not on Little Side, because I had a look there—Hallo, there's Bob Christine, of the Fourth!"

Bob Christine and Buster Boots and several other Fourth-Formers were emerging from the Modern House, and the two Removites ran across to them.

"Better be careful!" advised John Busterfield Boots. "We don't allow Remove fatheads on this side of the Triangle!"

"Pax!" urged Church. "We want to ask you—"

"Pax be blowed!" said Christine. "Come on, the Fourth! Let's bump these silly Removites—just so that we can start the term well!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Grab them!"

Church and McClure, much to their dismay were grabbed, bumped, and bumped again and again until they were breathless.

"That's just to show there's no ill-feeling," grinned Boots. "And the next time

you Removites come over on this side of the Triangle——”

“You—you hopeless duffers!” gasped Church. “We were going to ask you about Handy. Have you seen him this morning?”

“No such luck,” said Bob Christine. “If we had collared Handy alone, we should have slaughtered him! We haven’t seen him. What’s the matter? Is he missing?”

“He got up before the rising-bell and went off somewhere,” said Church. “Come on, Mac! We can’t bother with these dotty Fourth-Formers now; we’ll have our revenge later. We’ll wipe them up!”

“Try and do it!” said Boots scoffingly.

Handforth’s chums, dusty and dishevelled, made their way to the main gates. They found Vivian Travers and Jimmy Potts there, chatting with Fullwood and Russell.

“No, we haven’t seen him this morning,” Potts was saying. “He must have got up especially early——”

“He got up without disturbing us, too,” said Church. “I can’t make out what’s become of him.”

“Who—that new chap, Waldo?”

“No, Handforth.”

“We were talking about Waldo, dear old fellow,” said Travers. “He seems to have dodged us this morning.”

“Oh, he got up early, too, did he?” said McClure. “Then it looks as if the pair of them have gone off together. Hallo, who’s this coming over the meadow? Well, I’m jiggered!”

The others turned and stared. Then they uttered a chorus of startled exclamations. There was a meadow on the other side of the road, and a footpath. Coming along this footpath was Stanley Waldo, and he was accompanied by a haggard, villainous-looking specimen of humanity, incongruously dressed in a Norfolk suit. It was obvious that Waldo was forcing the man to march in front of him.

“What’s all this?” asked Fullwood, in astonishment.

Waldo and his prisoner came through into the lane, and they halted.

“Where can I find a policeman?” asked Stanley, looking at the juniors.

“A policeman?” yelled Church. “What the dickens do you want a policeman for? There’s only Sparrow, in the village——”

“Then I shall have to go to the village,” said Waldo. “This man is an escaped convict, and he’s wearing Handy’s togs.”

“Wha-a-at!”

“Fact!” went on Waldo. “I came across them on the golf links. This brute had knocked Handforth out, and had changed clothes with him. So I grabbed him, and I’m now taking him to the police.”

“My only sainted aunt!”

“Well I’m jiggered!”

“Great Scott!”

There was certainly something for the juniors to shout about. Stanley Waldo was so calm and cool, and he made his statement in such a matter-of-fact voice. He, a

mere schoolboy, capturing a convict single-handed, and marching him off to the police! It was an extraordinary state of affairs.

“Well, well!” said Travers, as he eyed the glowering prisoner. “This new kid is a caution, what? I wonder how many more surprises he’ll spring on us?”

“But what about Handy?” asked Church anxiously. “He’s been knocked out! Is he injured badly? Hadn’t we better go and help him?”

“That’s what I was going to suggest,” put in Waldo. “He’s had a nasty knock, but I don’t think he’s badly hurt. Still, the sooner you can get to him the better.”

“Where is he?”

“Over on the golf links—not far from the moor,” replied the new boy. “I told him to take it easy until some of you fellows came along. In fact, I walked round this way on purpose, so that I could give you the tip. It wouldn’t be a bad idea to take a wet sponge with you—and a bandage, perhaps.”

The convict suddenly started struggling violently, but Waldo brought it to an abrupt stop by tightening his grip.

“He keeps doing that,” he explained. “I fancy he’s rather annoyed with me for having collared him.”

“By Jove!” said Fullwood admiringly. “You are a cool customer, Waldo!”

CHAPTER 10.

A Dangerous Enemy!

A CROWD of fellows had come out by now. Buster Boots had brought a number of Fourth-Formers, and there were lots of fags, too. Everybody was staring at this astonishing new boy and his prisoner. Many thought, at first, that it was some kind of joke, but they soon had cause to change their minds.

For, as luck would have it, a figure in blue was coming up the lane from the direction of Bellton at that very moment; and a shout went up from some of the fellows as they recognised him.

“I say, here comes old Sparrow now!”

“Good egg!”

“Sparrow?” asked Waldo.

“Old Dicky Bird,” said Reggie Pitt, of the West House. “He’s the village bobby, you know. Let’s give him a hail—or, better still, some of you had better dash down the lane and hurry him along.”

“Yes, rather!”

There was an immediate rush, and Police-constable Sparrow was astonished and scandalised to find himself surrounded by a mob of excited, yelling schoolboys.

“Ere, that’s enough, young gents!” he protested pompously. “Ain’t you got no respect for the law? You’d best not try any of your games——”

“Cheese it!” broke in Fullwood. “You’re wanted, Sparrow.”

“Now, none o’ your larks——”

“One of our chaps has captured an

escaped convict!" said Fullwood. "He wants to hand him over to you—"

"My stripes!" ejaculated the constable. "An escaped convict! There was a man escaped last night. The information came through by telephone. That's why I'm up 'ere now—on my way to the moor—"

"Well, you needn't go there," said Potts. "The convict's here—a prisoner. We want to hand him over to you."

"My stripes!" repeated the village constable blankly.

He was very fond of using that exclamation—although he had no stripes at all. He wasn't likely to get any, either, for he was a sleepy, slow-moving man, and he wasn't of the type that wins promotion.

All the same, here was certainly a chance for him to distinguish himself. If he captured this convict, it would do him a bit of good. He suddenly became brisk, and he strode forward with an eager light in his eyes.

"If you youngsters 'ave been tryin' to fool me, you'll find yourselves in trouble," he said darkly. "That's all I can say—you'll find yourselves in trouble!"

BUT he soon discovered that there was no deception about it. He recognised the escaped convict at once—from the description that had been circulated. P.-c. Sparrow's eyes glittered with satisfaction. He laid a heavy hand on the man's shoulder, and seized him firmly by the arm.

"Now then, my beauty—you're my prisoner!" he said, with a great air of importance. "An' if you try any tricks with me, it won't take me long to use my truncheon. See? You'll come along of me to the station!"

The constable was altogether too excited to notice that the convict had been held by one junior schoolboy. He took over the prisoner gloatingly—with visions of promotion already floating about in his mind's eye.

As for the convict, he had now subsided completely. He realised that the game was up. While he had been in the grip of that schoolboy, he had entertained hopes, perhaps, of getting away. But now he was in the grip of the law, and his last chance had gone. He was marched off by P.-c. Sparrow, a dejected, shrunken figure.

And a whole crowd of juniors, led by Waldo, went hurrying off across the meadows in search of Edward Oswald Handforth.

IN the meantime, Handforth had made a remarkable recovery.

When he had recovered the full use of his wits, he found himself quite alone. All he could clearly remember was being attacked by the convict—after the ruffian had ordered him to remove his clothing. It was obvious to Handforth that the convict had knocked him out with one of those golf

clubs, and had then taken his jacket and trousers.

There was only one thing for Edward Oswald to do—and he did it. He dressed himself in the convict's drab garb. He was

(Continued on next page.)



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reluctant to do so. It was a hateful business. But there was nothing else to be done.

By the time he had dressed himself he was almost normal save for a badly aching head. Then in his wrath he completely forgot about Browne's golf bag and clubs when he started off towards the school.

"By George!" he muttered. "As soon as I get out of these rotten togs, I'll find that convict and I'll smash him! I'll soon get on his track. He can't get far in that Norfolk suit of mine without being spotted!"

Unfortunately, an unforeseen difficulty arose.

Handforth had no sooner topped a rise of the downs when he heard a distant rifle shot. He fancied he heard the whistle of a bullet near him, and he spun round aghast.

Some distance away, near a big clump of gorse, he beheld some uniformed figures. There were three men—and he immediately recognised them as warders.

Crack!

Another rifle shot rang out, and Edward Oswald gave a yell of consternation when he realised that the warders were firing at him! They had mistaken him for the convict! The warders were firing well over his head, but he did not know this. They had sighted their quarry, and they were merely trying to scare him into surrender.

"My only Aunt Josephine!" gurgled Handforth.

He turned on his heel and bolted, with the uniformed figures in full chase.

If the situation hadn't been serious, it would have been funny. The leader of Study D, in convict garb, bolting from warders!

Luckily for him, he ran full tilt into the crowd of St. Frank's fellows who had come along to revive him. He didn't seem to need much reviving when they first caught sight of him.

"Let me get through!" yelled Handforth frantically. "They're after me!"

"Eh? After you? Who's after you?"

"The warders!" roared Handforth.

"They've been trying to shoot me!"

"I don't wonder at it—if you bolted!" said Nipper in alarm. "You silly fathead! That was the worst thing you could do! Grab him, you chaps!"

Handforth was promptly grabbed.

"Thank goodness you're not hurt, Handy!" gasped Church, with relief.

"Not hurt!" howled Handforth. "I've got a lump on my head as big as an ostrich's egg. I'm going to capture that rotten convict——"

"He's captured," interrupted McClure. "That new kid—Waldo—collared him single-handed, and the police have got him now."

"By George!" said Handforth.

Then the warders came up, and they were naturally astonished to discover that the "convict" was merely a schoolboy in the escaped man's clothing. But they were reassured when they learned that the real convict had been handed over into the care of P.-c. Sparrow. They thanked the boys,

especially Waldo, whom the warders regarded with amazement and incredulity, and then went hurrying off.

Handforth was escorted back to St. Frank's in triumph, and Waldo was the hero of the hour.

A MORE dejected figure than that of P.-c. Sparrow could not be imagined. He was facing the warders from the big prison, and he was so crest-fallen that he appeared to have shrunk in size.

"He got away, did he?" said one of the warders grimly.

"It wasn't my fault," muttered the village constable. "Never saw anything like it! We were just gettin' near the village when the man twisted out o' my arms like he was an eel. He was through the 'edge before I could get my breath, an' he made off into the wood."

The warders exchanged glances. They were not particularly surprised to hear that the convict had escaped from this dull-witted village policeman.

AT just about that same time, a man was divesting himself of a Norfolk suit behind the hedge just off the Bannington road. Another man was keeping watch.

And presently, the Norfolk suit having been buried in the ditch, a figure appeared on the road, the figure of a smallish, wiry man, dressed in a shabby lounge suit.

"That's better, Sam," said the other man. "Now, we'd best get a move on. I took a risk in comin' 'ere, but you was always one o' my pals, Sam Wilkes, an' now that you've broken gaol I'm willing to help you get out of the district."

"You're a real sport, Jim," said the convict, his eyes gleaming. "But I ain't leavin' this district."

"You're a fool!" urged the other. "The warders are after you, an' the p'lice, too!"

"I don't care!" said Sam Wilkes harshly. "If you can only hide me somewhere, matey, until the hue an' cry's over, I shall be safe. But I'm goin' to stay in the district."

"Why?" demanded the other man, in amazement.

"Because there's a kid 'ere that I want to settle with," said the convict, his voice becoming a snarl. "An' I want to settle with the kid's father, too! He's Waldo's son! Do you understand? An' if I can get Waldo's son, I can get my own back on Waldo himself at the same time!"

And there was something terribly grim and sinister in Sam Wilkes' tone.

It seemed that Young Waldo's first term at St. Frank's was going to open with plenty of thrills!

THE END.

(Stanley Waldo, the amazing new "wonder boy" at St. Frank's, plays a prominent part in next week's grand long school yarn. Look out for this side-splitting story, which is entitled, "Spoofing the River House!")

Gossip ABOUT St. FRANK'S



Things Heard and Seen by EDWY SEARLES BROOKS

THIS week's photograph is of Miss Christine Salisbury, of Birmingham. She tells me that she has been a reader of the Old Paper for five years, so I think she can be safely classed as one of the Old Brigade. She asks me for some information about the infamous Dr. Karnak who exerted such an evil influence over Cecil de Valerie. Dr. Karnak was a mystic, with hypnotic powers, and he was featured in a series of stories in the Old Paper quite a time back—in Nos. 448 to 454, Old Series. There's not much fear of Dr. Karnak returning, to exert more of his uncanny influence, for he was killed in an explosion.

WHY is it, I wonder, that some readers think they know more about the likes and dislikes of the majority than the Editor does, or than I do? For example, here's "P.F." of London, who tells me that he is voicing the opinions of practically all our male readers when he says that there is too much written about girls in the stories. "P.F." ought to know that the Editor and I are in a far better position to judge what the majority of readers desire. And if we felt that the introduction of girls was unpopular, the girls would go out.

IHAD a chat on this subject with Irene Manners and Doris Berkeley and some of the other Moor View girls soon after receiving "P.F." 's letter. They weren't at all indignant, as I had anticipated. They merely laughed and said that "P.F." is probably a girl. It hadn't occurred to me like that, I must admit. As Irene told me, girls like to read about boys nowadays (just as if they were any different in the past)!

HERE'S a rather brainy suggestion from Ernest Lees, who is lucky enough to live in Blackpool. He tells me he has been wanting to join the St. Frank's League for some time, but he doesn't like to cut the application form out because the reading on the opposite side of the page will be spoilt. So he suggests that the application form should be printed in future on the same page as my Chat, or the Editor's Chat. These, of course, don't matter a jot. Naturally, the Editor and I regard this as a very brilliant wheeze. We're awfully bucked about it.

OUR READERS' PORTRAIT GALLERY



Christine Salisbury

WILLY HANDFORTH and his fellow fags are always doing something mischievous. Scarcely a day passes—and certainly not a week—without Willy perpetrating some outrageous kind of stunt. And occasionally the whole Third is involved in a tumultuous upheaval, and there are endless alarms and excursions. But as a general rule I omit these adventures, dealing mainly with the Remove and the Fourth. You see, if I devote a lot of space to chronicling the affairs of

Willy & Co., I must necessarily neglect such stalwarts as Nipper and Handforth and Archie. Billie Hull, of Barrow-in-Furness, particularly asks me to write more about the St. Frank's fags. I tentatively asked Handforth what he would say if I neglected him for a week or so, and I won't even attempt to set down his arguments against such a move. I'll only say that I had to get Church and McClure to hold him while I escaped. All the same, I think it's very likely that lots of readers might welcome a story featuring the merry men of the Third now and again. Willy, I know, is very popular among the readers. I'll see what can be done about it.

WHILE I was in Bannington the other day I ran across Fatty Fowkes, of the Blue Crusaders. The genial sixteen-stone goalie collared me and asked me when I was going to record some more adventures of the Blues. It seems that Dave Moran and his merry men have started the season in tip-top form. I pointed out to Fatty, as gently as I could, that there's hardly enough room in the Old Paper for a record of the Blues as well as that of the St. Frank's chaps. So it's very doubtful if the famous Crusaders will get much of a showing this season. This is in reply to E. Brock, of Tottenham, who says he wants me to write another Blue Crusaders serial.

* * *

W. E. CANCE, who lives in far-off Shanghai, has asked me if there is a College House at St. Frank's. Well, yes and no. In the old days St. Frank's only boasted of two Houses—the Ancient House and the College House. And in those days, too, the denizens of these Houses were known as "Fossils" and "Monks" respectively. But that has long since gone out of fashion, mainly owing to the fact that there are now five Houses. Actually the greater part of the Modern House comprises the old College House, but when the school was remodelled there was a tremendous amount of alterations. This reader also asks me what has happened to Mr. Crowell. As far as I know, nothing has happened to him; he was as healthy and as eagle-eyed as ever when I saw him last. I might mention, however, that Mr. Norton, who took charge of the juniors during the School Ship trip to Australia and New Zealand, left long ago. I believe he is in a school somewhere in the West of England at the present moment.

* * *

STEPHEN MOLYNEUX, of Wigan, has asked me to mention the absent-minded junior in St. Frank's. I've been making inquiries, but I don't know of anybody who is particularly absent-minded, unless he happens to be Timothy Tucker. This bright youth is related to Professor Sylvester Tucker, the science master, and he's absent-minded enough, anyhow. T.T. is a queer sort of fellow, harmless enough, but a bit eccentric. When he first arrived at St. Frank's he was quite prominent, but he soon became more or less obscure. He's in Study Q, in the West House, with Clarence Fellowe and Robert Canham. Perhaps Fellowe's poetic association has had a calming effect on Tucker. Still, you never know with a chap like that. He may get one of his wild and woolly ideas and create a bit of a stir one of these days—and then drop back into obscurity again. As for this Wigan reader—our friend, Stephen—I believe he has really got Cecil de Valerie in mind. At one time Val was suffering a

bit from bad memory—but that's rather different from being absent-minded. Stephen also wants to know the proper name of St. Frank's. Well, of course, the old school is really St. Francis' College. But that sounds so formal that nobody ever uses it.

* * *

SOME of you may have noticed—particularly you Welsh chaps—that Morgan Evans hasn't arrived at the school yet. He's the chap who was mixed up in that curious affair at Swansea when the School Train was on its travels. At the time it was decided that Evans should become a St. Frank's chap. His father fixed it all up. I thought that Evans would be at the school when the new term opened, but it seems that he was taken for a holiday abroad, and there was some sort of delay. I asked Dr. Nicholls about him a day or two ago, and he tells me that Morgan Evans will be at St. Frank's early next week. I'm not quite sure yet whether he's going into the Ancient House or the West House, but it's pretty certain that he's booked for the Remove.

* * *

SOMEBODY evidently wants to send Nipper a birthday present, for he asks me for the date of Nipper's birthday. Ted Gale, of Port St. Mary, Isle of Man, is the reader, and he'll have to wait nearly a year before he can do anything. Nipper's birthday is on July 31st. This reader wants to know if Dr. Malcolm Stafford is ever coming back. Well, I have discussed this subject before, but I think I can now definitely state that Dr. Stafford has no intention of resuming the reins at St. Frank's. I haven't seen him for some weeks, but he positively told me that he feels he has earned his retirement. There's no question that Dr. Morrison Nicholls is a much more up-to-date man—and the Governors think so, too. I've always held the opinion that Dr. Stafford was rather too easy-going, too weak, to control the destinies of a big school like St. Frank's.

* * *

I'VE come across the Old Paper in a few odd places in my time—waste-paper baskets and dustbins and places like that—but William Macnamara, of Sydney, came across a copy in a much more curious place, and because of this he has become a permanent reader. He actually found the N.L.L. in a dentist's waiting-room! I think it must have been one of my best stories, because he actually says that he started reading it, and got interested! And that was before he had his tooth out, remember! But perhaps I'm a bit too optimistic about this; I don't suppose his tooth was aching very much. Anyhow, that dentist must have been a very slow worker if he thought it necessary to put yarns of this length in his waiting-room

EDWY SEARLES BROOKS

This Fine Serial Has Only Just Begun — Start Reading it Now, Chums!

The ISLAND CASTAWAYS!

by ARTHUR S. HARDY



Marooned!

AS the angry sea beat the frail little outboard boat down and split it into a hundred pieces, Tom caught the girl and held her tightly. Ever since the storm had burst upon them, he had realised that only a miracle could save them. But the fighting instinct was there, and with set teeth he battled with the weight of water which was crushing them.

But he was suffocating, growing weaker. At last he was compelled to open his mouth, but with the sea water he swallowed he sucked in life-giving air, and found himself again upon the surface of the turbulent sea. The girl hung limply in his arms. She had been under water too long, he guessed. The thought flashed and went, and he found himself striking out blindly with one arm, kicking out desperately, battling for his life and hers, even when the odds seemed a million to one against them.

Waves broke over his head. The sea tossed them about like a cork. A few minutes—seconds, perhaps—and the end might come. Yet he fought the big fight with bull-dog courage, managing to keep above water when he might well have drowned.

Cast upon an unknown island somewhere in the Pacific! Such is the plight of cheery Tom Perry and his plucky girl chum, Eva Hanway. But they're not down-hearted. For to them it is just the beginning of a gloriously exciting adventure!

Suddenly the sky above them opened, and a vein of living fire curved down to meet the ocean. But the revealing flash of light brought hope to the drowning boy, for as a wave bore him upward he saw, only a hundred yards or so ahead of him, a sloping shore, upon which breakers tumbled in impotent fury. Palm-trees bowed their heads before the violence of the tropic wind until they almost touched the beach. Every detail of the scene stood out clear-cut. Tom could even see a place where the breakers rolled, flattened and unfoaming, onward beyond the coral shore to die in mere ripples. His heart leapt. The waves might beat him to death upon the coral shore or bear him to safety in what appeared to be a sheltered lagoon.

Again the lightning played and the thunder boomed. Again he saw the palm-fringed reef rushing to meet him. Again he was carried up and beaten down, the white foam hissing round him, and then he was swept into the calm lagoon. A current bore him on.

He turned upon his back and swam, his hands cupping Eva's chin. And then, after what seemed an eternity, his head and shoulders touched a sandy shore, and he staggered up on it, carrying her, a dead

weight in his arms. A few strides he took, and then plunged face down upon the sand, his body heaving convulsively.

He never knew how long he lay exhausted, but when at length he awakened to a realisation of what had happened, his pulse was beating normally, the wind had ceased its frantic screaming, the palm-trees were swaying their feathery crowns in graceful benediction. The sky was a brilliant iridescent blue above the calming ocean, and even the breakers had lost their angry mood.

Before him stretched the friendly lagoon, looking like a great black pool against the dark background of the trees. And the girl was lying at his feet, her face upturned, her golden head resting on one arm, whilst the other was stretched out lazily upon the sand. She looked as if she were sleeping.

But Tom's heart leapt as he bent over her and peered down at her tanned and pretty face. Supposing she were dead? A thrill of horror brought him upright.

Eva dead? She surely could not be dead and he alive? In the strange half-light he shook her, turned her, began to move her arms up and down, with measured movements. His lips trembled in agony as he recalled how she had ceased to struggle after the boat was smashed.

Frantically he continued to apply artificial respiration.

She did not feel cold. That was the climate maybe. Then suddenly the day came, and with it the glorious sun that turned the sandy beach into a world of living gold. Birds began to sing and to fly. The waters of the lagoon, now a glorious blue, lapped the shore musically.

Tom looked down, and as he did so Eva's lips parted, her eyes opened, and he saw her peering up at him in a puzzled way, the magical life-light in her eyes.

She sighed and closed her eyes dreamily, whilst his heart bounded in an ecstasy of relief. Then she spoke to him.

"You saved me, Tom."

He was able to enjoy the glory of the morning then, and the fact that they were

castaways upon a remote island of the Pacific seas did not matter a jot. The yacht would find them soon. It would be great fun to live like savages in the glorious paradise that surrounded them.

Tom smiled at the girl, who was sitting on the sand and toying with it.

"It was nothing, Eve," he assured her. "I just caught you and held on. The sea threw us up here. I hadn't much to do with it."

She was none the worse for the adventure, and she looked around at the vivid panorama with appraising eyes. Then, as was only natural, she voiced the feeling that was uppermost in her mind.

"I'm hungry, Tom," she said.

He leapt up and, with arms set akimbo, stared about him. To be hungry was one thing, to obtain food in such a place another. Live fish would haunt the lagoon, no doubt. Maybe he could find some edible shellfish there. But how to catch or gather them was another thing. He strode along the shore, looking into the crystal depths of the turquoise lagoon, and he fancied he saw a dark shadow flit swiftly through the water.

He came upon some splintered woodwork, and as he spurned a portion of it with his foot the name "Rosita" rose to meet his eyes. The storm had hurled portions of the wrecked boat there, as well as themselves. He wandered on till, looking back, the girl showed as a mere speck set in a golden frame. She was waving to him. He hurried back to her.

He walked down towards the coral shore where the sea lapped lazily.

And on the way he came upon some coconuts which had been torn from the swaying trees, great nuts which would serve their purpose well enough. He ran back to Eva with an armful and, sitting down cross-legged, pulled out from his trousers' pocket the jack-knife which was still attached to its chain. Cutting through the thick outer case of one of the coconuts, and then peeling it away, he laid bare the nut and, cutting out an eye, handed it to Eva, who drank the milk greedily.

THE OPENING CHAPTERS IN BRIEF.

THORNTON HANWAY, American millionaire and business magnate, is the owner of the yacht *Esmeralda*, which is touring among a number of unknown islands in the Southern Pacific. He is accompanied by

EVA HANWAY, his pretty daughter, and her chum,

TOM PERRY, a plucky, adventure-loving English boy. Tom's father,

GEORGE PERRY, a lifelong friend of Hanway's, is also on board. At the moment there is great anxiety on the yacht owing to the pilot,

DANIEL KEMISH, having developed a sudden illness. In years past Dan and his partner, David Sellwood, had owned a small vessel, which traded in these parts. Dan had been the cause of Sellwood losing his life, and since then the former has never forgiven himself. Sailing these seas once more has brought back old memories, and this fact, combined with the heat, has turned his head. Tom and Eva decide to visit a nearby island, and they set off in a small motor-boat named the *Rosita*. Without warning a sea-fog suddenly descends over the sea, and although the boy and girl hurry back they lose their bearings, and are unable to find the yacht. Then comes a terrible storm. The motor-boat is swamped, and Tom and Eva find themselves plunged into the mountainous seas!

(Now read on.)



Tom and Eva stared in amazement at the name which was printed on the rock. Did this mean that the island was inhabited, after all?

Then he cracked the shell upon a coral rock and gave her the parts of the nut, which she ate happily. Tom was hungry himself, and repeated the process. His strength returned in full force. He felt even elated. Eva was smiling. She was in no way downcast over their predicament, he saw.

"Goodness knows how far we sailed and drifted last night before the storm came," he said. "But the yacht won't abandon us. This seems a pretty big island. Look how deep the vegetation is up there. We might find some bananas. It'll be fun exploring. Do you feel game for a ramble?"

The girl's eyes roamed seaward, and her eyebrows met in doubt.

"Oh, the yacht won't go by without our sighting it," he assured her. "We could see it for miles before it got here and we'll

never leave the sea out of view for long."

"Then let's go, Tom!" she cried.

"We'll go that way," he said, pointing along the beach which swung out into the sea a long arm that protected the entrance to the lagoon. "Then we'll go along round the end of that stretch of coco-nut palms and plunge into the forest there."

They kept near to the sea for a while, and just as they struck a kind of natural path which guided them towards the trees, Tom caught sight of some round-looking object on the beach ahead of them. When they reached it, he saw that it was the motor of the *Rosita*, which had been torn out of the frail boat when she foundered, and thrown up there.

The tide was going out, and the boy and girl wandered on in silence for a while,

turning inward from the coral strand. They passed beyond the grove of palms, and threaded a way through a cane-brake where the canes swayed high above their heads. Suddenly they emerged into a sunlit glade destitute of tree or shrubs, and across this Tom saw a trail marked as clearly as if it were a short cut across a country meadow.

He stopped and examined it.

"Eva!" he said excitedly. "Look, we're not alone on the island. There's someone living here. We'll follow this trail and find them."

But she caught his arm, and said in a frightened voice:

"Tom, they might be natives, even cannibals. They might kill us."

"Cannibals? Rubbish!" he answered. "None of these islands is inhabited, and,

besides, even if this one were, the natives would be friendly, I reckon."

But in spite of his words Tom advanced cautiously after that, taking stock of the ground ahead before he ventured whenever the view was closed to them. They left the green sward behind and threaded a trail among the waving trees.

Unexpectedly they came upon a clearing in which stood a thatched hut constructed out of branches of trees, with a sloping roof of dried leaves and long, tangled, wiry grass. Tom and Eva eyed it breathlessly. Close to it there was a patch of ground which had been cultivated. Signing to Eva to stay behind a screen of shrubs, Tom raced across the clearing to the hut and peeped in at it. The girl saw him vanish inside. A minute later he came out and disappeared round the side of the hut.

As soon as he reappeared he beckoned, and she ran to join him.

"The hut is empty," he told her, "but somebody lives there. And he'll soon be back again. I fancy it must be a white man."

"How do you know?" she asked him excitedly.

Tom led her into the hut. Ranged along the hard-trodden earth floor, close to the wall, she saw a number of utensils fashioned out of coco-nut shells and big sea-shells. Hanging from a dried twig which served as a peg was the tattered remains of a woollen garment. In a corner, partly hidden by a screen of rushes, she saw a bed of leaves.

Tom led her out of a back door to a sheltered place behind, and here, upon a bed of coral, was a primitive oven, constructed out of coral rock and sodden earth.

Wisps of smoke were curling up from it, and when the girl set her hand upon the oven she found it to be quite hot. A little farther away Tom showed her a mound of debris made up of fish bones, shells, and vegetable matter.

"Natives don't live in this kind of home," he told her eagerly. "And they don't live this kind of way. I reckon he's a white man. Let us go and find him."

The boy and girl began to climb a hill, and presently were able to look down upon the sea over the waving and trembling tree-tops. In the far, far distance, miles and miles away, they could make out a sort of smudge.

"That's land--another island, I suppose," said Tom.

But it was the only other thing on the great unbroken surface of the Pacific, now placid and undisturbed, that met their eyes.

There was no sign of the Esmeralda or her smoke. No trace of a vessel of any kind.

"I expect," said the girl, "they will come and take us off to-morrow."

The boy did not answer. He was wondering what was going to happen to them if the Esmeralda did not come at all!

Fire at Sea!

IT was Captain Stanton who first sighted that fog-bank which crept at incredible speed over the sleeping sea towards the Esmeralda, and he at once gave the alarm.

Even before Thornton Hanway, Eva's millionaire father, ran up to the deck to stare at it in dismay, the warning gun had been fired, and his ears were dinned by the shrilling of the sirens—alarm signals that were intended to bring Tom Perry and Eva Hanway back from the coral island.

Whilst the others treated the whole business as a joke, the millionaire, who had made his fortune by never leaving anything to chance, climbed the steps to the bridge, where the captain stood with his glasses turned anxiously towards the shore.

"There's no risk to the kids, I suppose?" the millionaire asked, as he studied the on-creeping fog.

"Should not be, sir," replied the captain, "if only they'll hurry up. That smart, fast little boat of theirs will soon bring them alongside. Ah, I see them running! They'll soon have the Rosita speeding out of that lagoon."

Thornton Hanway, looking relieved, mopped his moist forehead with a silk handkerchief. He saw Tom pushing the Rosita into the water, saw him help Eva in, and heard the merry throbbing of the little motor. The outboard boat streaked towards the mouth of the lagoon at racing speed. Eva was waving.

"Captain," said the millionaire, "have one of the boats lowered away to meet 'em."

"It wouldn't help, sir. The row-boat's slow. They are moving like greased lightning." And then, staring anxiously seaward, the captain added, "It's about time, too!"

The millionaire saw the skipper's face whiten, saw a gleam of fear creep into his captain's eyes. But it was not until the incredibly fast-moving sea-fog enveloped the yacht and turned day into night that Hanway himself realised the danger.

Then, as he turned his head, he discovered that he could not see beyond the deck-rail. He stamped frantically with both feet and threw up his arms.

"Stanton, they're lost! They'll never make the yacht!" he cried in alarm.

The captain quickly telephoned his orders.

"Turn on all the lights. Keep those sirens blaring. Fire the signal-gun every minute. Launch one of the ship's boats and stand by."

His orders given, the skipper went out of the pilot's cabin and clutched the polished rail of the bridge. He did not say another word until spoken to, and then answered only in monosyllables. His face was white, and drawn with anxiety. His fingers twitched as they gripped the metal, and he strained his ears to catch the throbbing of the Rosita. But as he heard the motor

throbbing nearer and nearer, his anxiety lessened, and he smiled grimly.

The millionaire, who had sensed his fear, spoke loudly.

"All right, I think now, Stanton?"

"I hope so, sir. She must soon pick up the ship's lights in the fog, and the sirens should guide her."

But none knew better than he how treacherous were the currents that swept round those coral islands, and how illusive was sound in a dense fog upon the sea.

A minute later the throbbing of the motor-boat grew fainter.

Two minutes, and even the millionaire knew that the *Rosita*, borne by the current and urged on by her powerful motor, was racing away from the yacht and heading into the unknown seas. He turned upon Stanton wildly.

"Captain," he shouted, "you're a crazy fool to have fired that gun! You saw the fog coming. You've driven my girl and that plucky boy to their deaths. They'd have been safe on shore. No harm could have come to them there, and we're at anchor. We could have picked them up, or they could have got safely back in the morning."

The captain turned a face which was drawn with agony.

"There looked to be plenty of time, sir," he apologised. "They must have been a long way from the boat when I fired the gun, or they'd have been safe aboard before the fog reached us. We all make a mistake sometimes, and I'd give my life rather than have any harm come to the kids."

Thornton Hanway's anger vanished, and his hand gripped the captain's.

"Stanton, I was wrong," he said. "I apologise."

Then, as they strained their ears to listen, they heard the throbbing of the motor on the fast-vanishing outboard boat cease.

"Tom's cut-out!" exclaimed the millionaire. "Good boy! He'll drift. We'll up anchor at daybreak and go in search of them. Reckon they're safe."

But he had not glanced at the barometer. Captain Stanton had, and when he saw that it had gone back alarmingly, his anxiety increased. He knew the tropic seas.

A storm might break at any moment, and if it burst the *Rosita* would be lucky to ride the surface for more than half an hour.

Where the skipper's teeth had gripped his lower lip there was a spot of blood.

"No use taking up the anchor and going after them, I suppose?" said Thornton Hanway after a while.

"None, sir. Tom's conserving petrol among other things. But even if he kept the motor going we'd never be able to find the boat in this fog. Much the better to stay by the island," the captain answered.

And soon after, with sudden and overwhelming violence, the storm burst upon them and nearly sank the *Esmeralda* at her moorings.

Never in all his sailings had Captain Stan-

ton experienced such a storm. Had the double anchors parted and the yacht got adrift, she must have been smashed to pieces on the nearby coral reef. Waves broke over her which threatened to sink her where she lay, and in spite of close battening, water flooded some of the cabins and poured down the gangways.

Their wretchedness helped the passengers to forget that Tom and Eva had been lost in the storm. Only when the weather cleared, when the sun shone and the *Esmeralda* rocked gently at her anchors, did the full significance of what had happened force itself home upon everyone.

The outboard boat *Rosita* was a frail craft made to skim over the surface of a calm sea. Even a heavy swell would endanger her, and she could not have lived long in the terrible storm of the night.

Palm-trees had been uprooted and hurled along the beach of the nearby coral island. From the deck the passengers aboard the yacht could see great gaps torn in the tree-tops.

Under half-steam the *Esmeralda* left her anchorage and steamed into the open sea.

Thornton Hanway and his wife, standing apart from the others, were forever searching the ocean through their glasses. The passengers spoke in hushed tones about the chance of rescue.

Islands loomed up at long intervals and passed slowly by, the steamer keeping in close enough for those aboard to search its shores, or for anyone there to signal. The whole day was passed in fruitless search, and by nightfall, which came with startling suddenness, hope had almost vanished. Captain Stanton had steered the course he believed the *Rosita* would have taken, but he had failed.

When Thornton Hanway and his wife and guests sat down to dinner hardly a word was spoken, and almost immediately after the meal had finished most of the women retired.

"Thornton," remarked Tom's father gravely, as he turned a lighted cigar between finger and thumb, "I'm afraid we shall never see my boy or your girl again."

"Nonsense! Tom's a capable lad. They've come to no harm," said the millionaire with an attempt at optimism; but the other was quick to see his lips twitch with agony.

And then the door of the dining-saloon was burst open, and in rushed Dr. Fraser. One glance at his face and George Perry leapt from his chair in alarm.

"What's the matter, doctor?" he asked. "You're looking scared. Nothing could be worse than what has happened. Speak up! What's ailing you, man?"

The doctor answered in rapid sentences.

"I've been looking after Daniel Kemish. That storm last night drove him mad. I gave him a sleeping draught after lunch, and just before dinner I went into his berth to see how he was getting on. I'd looked in only half an hour before. But he was gone. And when I hurried out in search of him I saw two of

(Continued on page 44.)

HOW TO JOIN THE LEAGUE

ST. FRANK'S LEAGUE APPLICATION FORM No. 112.

SECTION

A

READER'S APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.

I desire to become enrolled as a Member of THE ST. FRANK'S LEAGUE, and to qualify for all such benefits and privileges as are offered to Members of the League. I hereby declare that I have introduced "THE NELSON LEE LIBRARY" and THE ST. FRANK'S LEAGUE to one new reader, whose signature to certify this appears on second form attached hereto. Will you, therefore, kindly forward me Certificate of Enrolment with the Membership Number assigned to me, and Membership Badge.

SECTION

B

MEMBER'S APPLICATION FOR MEDAL AWARDS.

I, Member No..... (give Membership No.), hereby declare that I have introduced one more new reader, whose signature to certify this appears on second form attached hereto. This makes me (state number of introductions up to date) introductions to my credit.

SECTION

C

NEW READER'S DECLARATION.

I hereby declare that I have been introduced by (give name of introducer) to this issue of "THE NELSON LEE LIBRARY."

(FULL NAME).....

(ADDRESS).....

INSTRUCTIONS.

INSTRUCTIONS.—Reader Applying for Membership. Cut out TWO complete Application Forms from Two copies of this week's issue of THE NELSON LEE LIBRARY. On one of the forms leave in Section A, crossing out Sections B and C. Then write clearly your full name and address at bottom of form. The second form is for your new reader, who fills in Section C, crosses out Sections A and B, and writes his name and address at bottom of form. Both forms are then pinned together, and sent to the Chief Officer, The St. Frank's League, c/o THE NELSON LEE LIBRARY, 5, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4.

Member Applying for Bronze Medal: It will be necessary for you to obtain six new readers for this award. For each new reader TWO complete forms, bearing the same number, are needed. On one of the forms fill in Section B, crossing out Sections A and C, and write your name and address at bottom of form. The other form is for your new reader, who fills in Section C, crosses out Sections A and B, and writes his

name and address at the bottom of the form. Now pin both forms together and send them to the Chief Officer, as above. One new reader will then be registered against your name, and when six new readers have been registered you will be sent the St. Frank's League bronze medal. There is nothing to prevent you from sending in forms for two or more new readers at once, providing that each pair of forms bears the same date and number.

Bronze medallists wishing to qualify for the silver medals can apply in the same way as for the bronze medal, filling in Section B. Every introduction they make will be credited to them, so that when they have secured the requisite number of readers they can exchange their bronze medal for a silver one.

These Application Forms can be posted for 1d., providing the envelope is not sealed and no letter is enclosed.

A FEW OF THE ADVANTAGES OF JOINING THE LEAGUE.

You can write to fellow members living at home or in the most distant outposts of the Empire.

You are offered free advice on choosing a trade or calling, and on emigration to the colonies and dependencies.

If you want to form a sports or social club, you can do so amongst local members of the League.

You are offered free hints on holidays, whether walking, biking, or camping.

You can qualify for the various awards by promoting the growth of the League.

If you want help or information on any subject, you will find the Chief Officer ever ready to assist you.

NOTICE.

The St. Frank's League has now attained such proportions that we are compelled to discontinue the offer of gold medals in connection therewith. The silver and bronze medals will still be available, however, as heretofore, to those who qualify for them in accordance with the rules.

The ST. FRANK'S LEAGUE CORNER!



*The Chief Officer Chats
with his Chums.*

*Here's his address if you want to
write to him: The Chief Officer, The
Nelson Lee Library, Fleetway House,
Farrington Street, London, E.C.4.*

A Startling Suggestion!

I INTEND to devote the opening paragraph of my chat to discussing this week's winning letter.

When I had read Laurence W. Nelson's letter, containing his remarkable suggestion, I felt rather staggered.

The idea of developing the St. Frank's League to the extent of having a special "branch" which would be a kind of cyclists' association—similar in a small way to the "A.A." or Automobile Association—is enough to stagger anybody.

Of course, I'm ready to admit that it is an excellent idea. No doubt it is practicable, and would be a success, but for all that I'm afraid there's nothing doing.

After all, the St. Frank's League was not formed with any such far-reaching ideals in view. It was formed simply as a means of helping readers of the NELSON LEE LIBRARY, and also for bringing together readers from all parts of the globe by correspondence.

I have written thanking Laurence W. Nelson for his excellent suggestion. I thank him again here.

Can He Join the League?

MURDOCK CHAPMAN writes to me from Detroit, U.S.A., asking if he is eligible to join the St. Frank's League. He seems to have a notion that only readers of the NELSON LEE LIBRARY living in the British Empire can belong to it.

Certainly not! Of course you can join!

Readers all over the world are eligible, and welcome. Fill in the form which appears on the opposite page and join now, Murdock!

Read This!

AMONG my post-bag this week was an extremely interesting letter from Neville J. Kirkman, a staunch League-ite who lives in Natal, South Africa. He tells me that a terrible hail-storm swept over Durban a few weeks ago, causing extensive damage. I don't wonder either, when my chum goes on to inform me that hail-stones fell measuring $9\frac{1}{2}$ in. in circumference and $3\frac{1}{2}$ in. in diameter! Even twelve hours after the storm a stone was found that measured $5\frac{1}{2}$ in. in circumference!

THE CHIEF OFFICER.

THIS WEEK'S WINNING LETTER.

DEAR CHIEF,—There must be thousands of League-ites who, like myself, own cycles or motor-bikes. Why not issue a "St. Frank's League" pennant to be flown by all members of the S.F.L. who apply for same. My idea behind this is to foster a better feeling "on the road." Anyone—even those with practically no imagination—can see the advantages of this new "arm" of the S.F.L. With each pennant would be sent a stout card with member's own number and full address (a means of identification in case of accident) together with a list of safety-first hints and rules, some of which I am putting down here.

(1) All members flying the S.F.L. pennant to give to other users of the road the courtesy they expect to receive.

(2) On recognising a fellow-member on the road, to salute as a mark of Brotherhood.

(3) If a member finds a fellow member in trouble by the roadside, to stop and render such assistance as he can (another mark of Brotherhood).

I could mention many more "rules," but I think that by now you should have grasped my idea. I am enclosing a suggested design for the pennant. Just imagine the time when one will see 99 per cent of cyclists whizzing along the roadside flying their S.F.L. pennants!

Your loyal member,

(Signed) LAURENCE W. NELSON,
(S.F.L. No. 6,059).

(For this interesting letter, Laurence W. Nelson, of Acton, London, has been awarded a useful pocket wallet.)

All members of the St. Frank's League are invited to send to the Chief Officer letters of interest concerning the League. The most interesting will be published week by week, and the senders will receive pocket wallets or penknives. If you don't belong to the League, join immediately by filling up the form on the opposite page.

THE ISLAND CASTAWAYS!

(Continued from page 41.)

the crew—Hawkins and Galloway—rushing towards me, shouting. The ship is on fire, they said—”

“The ship on fire?” Thornton Hanway did not seem fully to grasp the terrible significance of the words.

“Yes, sir. While they ran for the hose and spread the news, I ran to the gangway and looked down it. The flames are leaping eight feet high, and the gangway and the corridor below are a sea of fire. The stairs are soaked with petrol, and I had to run for my life as the flames roared up.”

“Do you mean to say Kemish has set my ship on fire?” gasped the millionaire hoarsely.

“Someone did it. Kemish is missing.”

“Good heavens!” roared Hanway, at last realising fully this latest catastrophe, and now thoroughly roused.

Up the carpeted stairs to the deck he ran. The alarm had spread. A bell was clanging loudly. Most of the guests were gathered there in a group, awaiting orders. Hanway tore up to the bridge.

Stanton met him, white-faced but very calm. He had not slept for twenty-four hours.

“Are we in any danger, Stanton?” asked the millionaire.

“The crew are fighting the fire, sir. Maybe we’ll get it under. It looks bad, though. I’m having the lifeboats manned. Thank heaven there’s land near at hand!”

Hanway descended to the deck with his hands clasped behind his back, and there was a grim smile curving his lips as he joined the group and linked arms with his wife.

“Folk,” he said with a not unmusical twang, “I’m sorry about this. I’m afraid I’m responsible for bringing you all out here. Get together a few things you think you may need. If the fire gets a hold we may have to take to the boats. But go easy—don’t panic, mind!”

The passengers moved away resolutely, but all were looking a trifle scared.

From somewhere forward and ’tween decks came the hiss of water and escaping steam. The Esmeralda’s engines were now racing all out, and Captain Stanton was steering hard for the shore that lay maybe ten sea miles or more to starboard.

“CORRESPONDENTS WANTED!”

This popular feature has unavoidably been held over. It will, of course, appear as usual in next Wednesday’s issue.

A Startling Discovery!

TOM and Eva searched the island upon which they had been cast so dramatically, till they were thoroughly tired.

Then, finding no trace of the man who had built the thatched hut, they retraced their steps wearily to the clearing.

But though Tom believed he knew the way to that hut it was difficult to find, and the afternoon had almost worn itself out by the time they lit upon the right trail and passed through the cane brake to the hut once more.

As before, they found it deserted, but they had no sooner settled themselves than a bird with gay plumage flew down and strutted round them.

In a square box, crudely made, Tom found some coarse dry bread and a store of half-ripe bananas which he divided with Eva, and they ate ravenously. They had drunk of clear, clean water that trickled down from the hill towards the lagoon, and did not thirst.

Still the boy was troubled.

“Eve,” he said, “I hate anything unknown. I hardly like to rest or sleep until we have found the man who lives here. Of course, he’ll prove a friend; but I want to know. You stay here while I go and look for him again.”

But the girl did not want to be alone.

“I’d rather come with you, Tom. Please let me.”

Tom liked Eva, regarded her as a pal, but he was of the age when a boy has a kind of contempt for girls.

“All right,” he said reluctantly. “Come on, then. I don’t know how long it wants to dark, because my wrist-watch has stopped. We’ll take that path this time.” He pointed out a way they had not explored. “It would be funny, wouldn’t it, if he’d already seen us and was hiding because *he* is scared?”

The thought pleased him, and he laughed, and the girl herself smiled.

It was almost time to go back, Tom guessed, as he dived down to a spot where the water ran over the face of a rock. It was not the place they had seen before, for here a shoulder of the rock almost prevented them from reaching the water. The rock was clean and bare, as if it were eternally scooped by the rain and wind. Tom stopped to look at it. As he did so he started, for cut there in the face of the rock in rude capitals he read a double name:

DAVID SELLWOOD.

“David Sellwood!” he exclaimed, thrilled. “Why, Eva, that’s the name of the man who was Daniel Kemish’s partner. Supposing he is the man who lives in the hut and we have found him!”

(Each chapter of this wonderful new adventure serial gets more and more thrilling, so don’t miss reading next week’s gripping instalment, chums!)