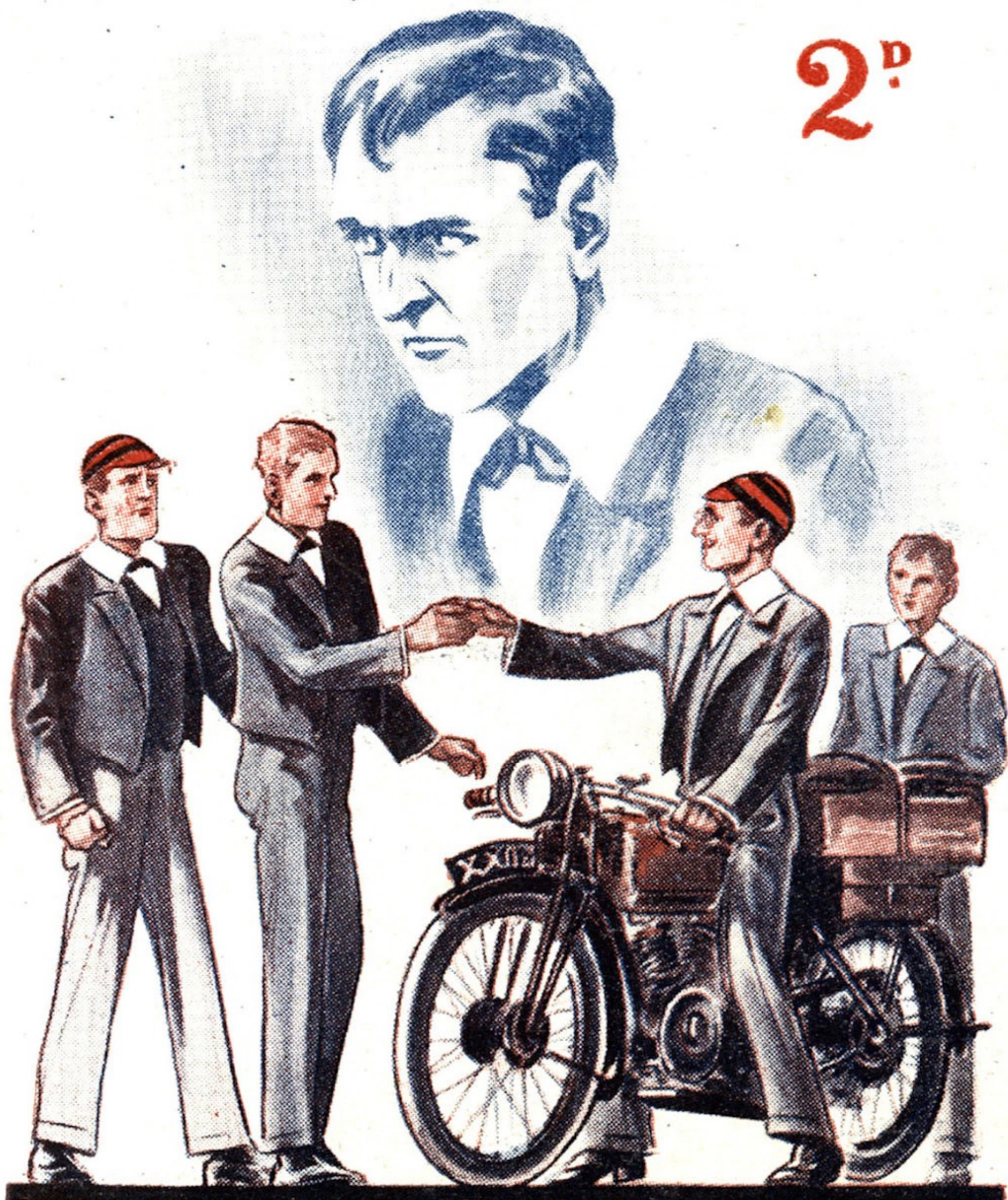


THE NELSON LEE

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IN ANOTHER'S NAME!

An enthralling long complete story of the chums of St. Frank's and Bernard Forrest!

New Series No. 179.

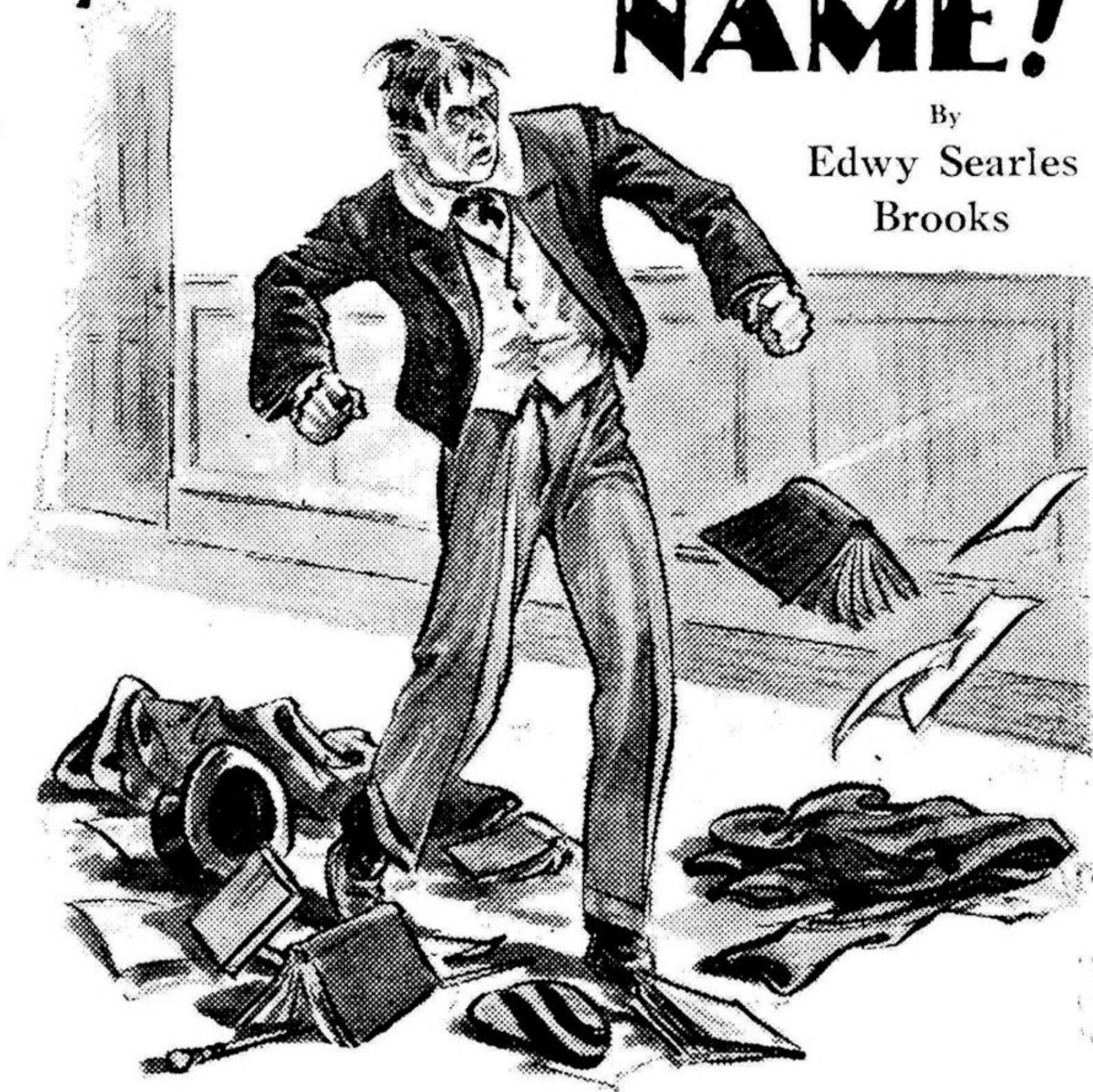
OUT ON WEDNESDAY.

October 5th, 1929.

HERE'S A SPARKLING SCHOOL YARN—

IN ANOTHER'S NAME!

By
Edwy Searles
Brooks

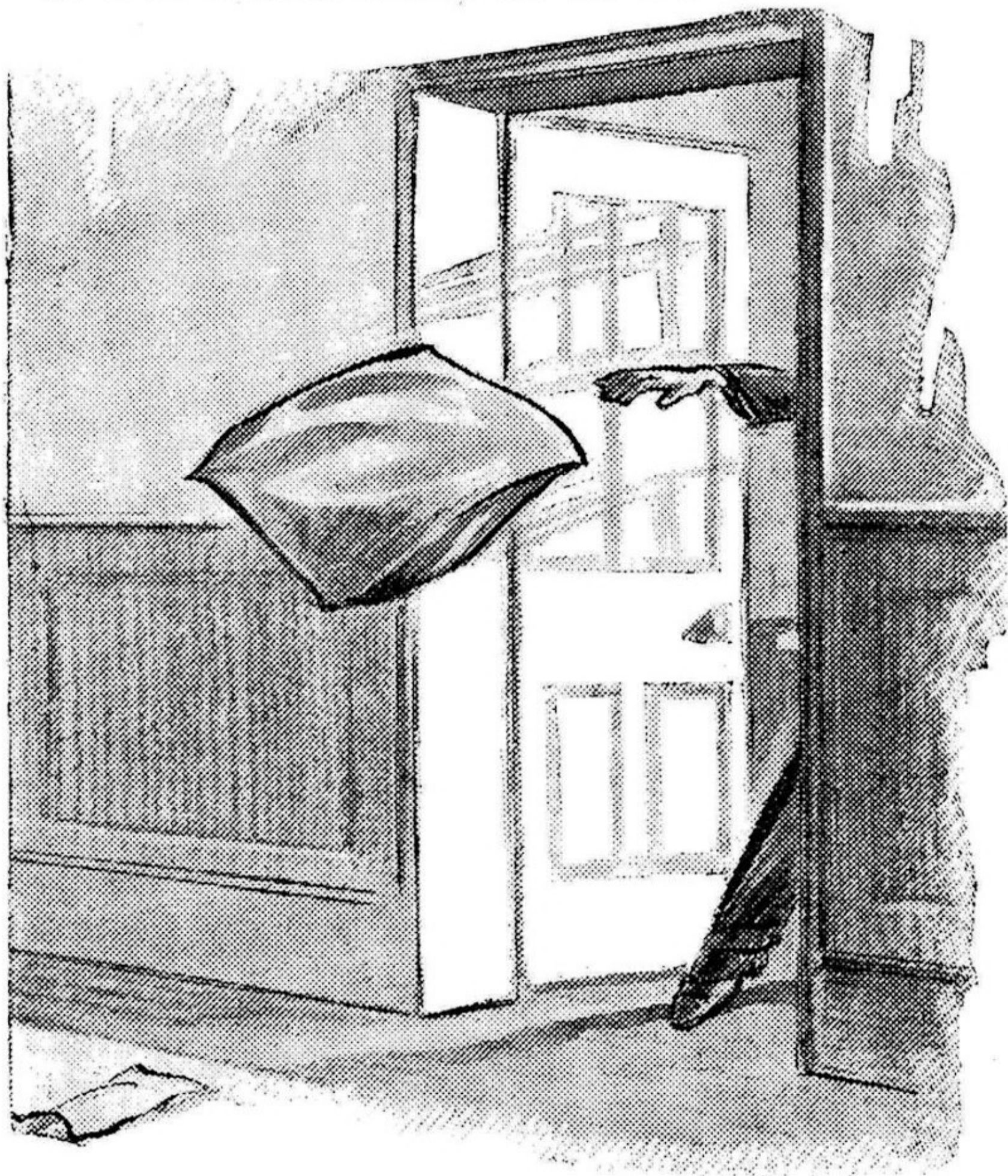


CHAPTER 1.

Trouble in Study A!

"CLOSE that window, for goodness' sake!" said Claude Gore-Pearce irritably. He was sprawling in the easy-chair in Study A, in the Remove passage of the Ancient House at St. Frank's. It was a cold, windy, rainy afternoon, and it happened to be a half-holiday, too. Most of the juniors were feeling rather fed-up. It was a pity the weather couldn't be a little more kindly on a half-holiday. A burst of smoke came out of the fireplace, and Gore-Pearce swung round and glared. "Can't you idiots shut that window?" he demanded truculently. Gulliver and Bell, his study-mates, glanced at one another, and then glared back at him. "I want it open," said Gulliver, in an unpleasant voice. "And so do I," said Bell. "You're both mad!" snapped Gore-Pearce. "It's not summer-time, is it? We're already into October, and there's a draught coming from that window which is enough to cut my back in half!" "Who cares?" said Gulliver indifferently.

—OF THE CHEERY CHUMS AT ST. FRANK'S!



It is characteristic of the cool "nerve" of Bernard Forrest to masquerade at St. Frank's under an assumed name—but this stunt is only the forerunner of a deeply-laid scheme—a scheme which once more gets the expelled junior admitted to St. Frank's as —a hero!

"I care!" roared Gore-Pearce. "What's the matter with you fools? You've been playing me up all day. Are you going to close that window, or shall I come and close it?"

"We're two against one," objected Bell. "If we want the window open, Gore-Pearce, you ought to let it remain open."

The millionaire's son swung himself out of the chair, and strode to the window and slammed it to.

He went back to the easy-chair, dropped into it, and lit a cigarette. He was just leaning back when an icy blast struck him in the neck. He started, turned round, and saw that the window was open again.

"By gad!" he ejaculated savagely.

Gore-Pearce fairly leapt to his feet and stared at his pals.

"Are you fellows trying to pick a quarrel with me?" he asked deliberately.

Bell looked rather uncomfortable, and Gulliver scowled. It almost seemed that Gore-Pearce had scored a bullseye. Yet he could not understand it. Usually Gulliver and Bell were ready enough to accept his dictation. To-day, ever since breakfast-time, they had been rebellious.

And this affair of the window was ridiculous. Neither Gulliver nor Bell could really

want that window open. They were just doing this to annoy him.

Gulliver stood near the window, thin and weedy. There was an expression of defiance in the flat blue eyes, and his thin lips were set in a straight line. His usually pasty complexion was now made all the more unpleasant by reason of a dull flush.

"I want this window open!" he said doggedly.

"It's stuffy in here," said Bell, backing him up.

He stood behind Gore Pearce's chair, slim and aristocratic. But there was something about his narrow-chested figure which marred his appearance, and his supercilious expression was thoroughly unpleasant.

"I've had enough of this rot!" said Gore Pearce, breathing hard. "I'm leader of this study, and I'm not going to have you fellows riding roughshod over me. Understand? Shut that window!"

"Be hanged to you!" retorted Gulliver. "And if it comes to riding roughshod, what about you? Bell and I have had enough of your rot, Gore Pearce!"

"Too much!" said Bell.

Gore Pearce stared at the pair in amazement. Ever since he had come to St. Frank's they had toadied to him; they had fallen in with all his whims. He could not understand the meaning of this sudden rebellion.

He was the fellow with the cash. Being a millionaire's son, he was generally supplied with plenty of pocket money, and Gulliver and Bell, although flush at times, were frequently broke. And on these occasions they cheerfully accepted Gore Pearce's charity. Even at this moment they were both hard up, as he well knew. What, then, was the reason for this strange mutiny?

"By gad!" said Gore Pearce, breathing hard. "I think you fellows must be off your heads!"

"It's the opposite way about," said Gulliver, who seemed to be taking the lead in the rebellion. "We've just come to our senses. We're fed-up with your tommy-rot, Gore Pearce."

"Why, you silly fool——"

"We're fed-up with you!" added Gulliver.

"Fed-up to the neck," said Bell, parrot-like.

"Oh, are you?" shouted Claude, pale with rage. "Perhaps you'll be fed-up with me later on this afternoon—when I pay for all the grub for tea?"

"We don't want your rotten grub!" said Gulliver contemptuously.

"Wouldn't touch it with a barge-pole!" said Bell, with a sniff.

Gore Pearce was more amazed than ever.

"I'm doing my best to keep my temper," he said thickly. "But, by gad, there's a limit! You fellows are purposely picking a quarrel with me. What's the idea? What's the matter with you? Out with it, confound you!"

Gulliver shrugged his shoulders.

"We don't want to pick any quarrel," he said, trying to look indifferent. "You're not worth quarrelling with, Gore Pearce. As I said before, we're fed-up with you. This is our study, and we don't want you in it."

"Don't want me in it!" ejaculated Gore Pearce blankly.

"You spoil the look of the furniture," said Bell.

"Oh, do I?" roared Claude, throwing all restraint to the winds. "By gad! I'm going to smash you idiots! This is my study—understand? *My* study! And if anybody goes out, it's you two!"

"Don't you make any mistake!" snapped Gulliver. "We were in this study before you came to St. Frank's, Gore Pearce, and it's ours! What's more, we're going to keep it. We're sick of you, and this is where you get the push! You're going out!"

"On your neck!" said Bell, with relish.

Gore Pearce seemed to fight for breath.

"You're going to put me out?" he gasped.

"By gad! That's a good one!"

The thing was utterly incredible. Claude Gore Pearce was the goose that laid the golden eggs. And here were these two juniors deliberately throwing him overboard. The whole thing was fantastic.

Gore Pearce was not particularly keen on fighting, but he realised that this was an occasion when it was up to him to show his authority. He clenched his fists, pushed Bell aside, and strode to the window. He closed it with a slam.

"Now open it again!" he said fiercely.

Instead, Gulliver went to the door and flung it wide.

"The door's better," he said. "Get hold of him, Bell! We're going to chuck him out!"

"Oh, rather!" said Bell, with a gulp.

They flung themselves at their leader, and Gore Pearce toppled backwards over the table before he could realise that any attack was intended. He had never expected any such thing; it was beyond his comprehension that this pair of weaklings should go for him in this way.

Crash! Thud!

Gore Pearce landed on the floor, the table bumped over and the next moment Gulliver and Bell were sitting on their leader's chest.

"Black both his eyes!" panted Bell.

"Just what I'm doing," said Gulliver viciously.

He wasn't doing it in the way that Bell meant, however. The inkpot was close at hand, having fallen off the table in the general crash. The lid had not come undone, but Gulliver opened it now, and poured the black contents over Gore Pearce's upturned face. The ink poured into his nostrils, into his eyes, and into his hair. He roared with fury.

"Hallo! Anything wrong in here?" inquired a voice from the doorway.

THE noise had attracted the attention of some of the other fellows. They were mostly in this afternoon—reading in their studies, or busying themselves with their various hobbies. On a wet half-holiday there was generally a good deal going on up and down the junior passages.

Edward Oswald Handforth, of Study D, was the fellow who made the inquiry in the doorway. Church and McClure, his study-mates, were with him, and presently they were joined by Stanley Waldo and Fullwood and Vivian Travers and several others. They stood in the doorway, watching with interest.

"When thieves fall out, what?" murmured Travers.

"I'm glad to see it!" said Handforth approvingly. "It's about time Gore-Pearce was slaughtered. I've a good mind to lend a hand."

"You'll do nothing of the sort, Handy," said McClure, the Scottish junior, taking a firm hold on Handforth's arm. "This isn't your quarrel. You keep out of it."

"Gulliver and Bell seem to be pretty capable this afternoon," said Waldo.

"Yes, indeed," said one of the other juniors.

He was Morgan Evans, the Welsh boy. He had only arrived the previous day, and he was already settling down nicely. He was a West House junior, sharing Study O with Levi and Goodwin. The St. Frank's fellows had first met him during the School Train trip.

"Look out!" said Russell. "They're coming this way, I believe."

Gore-Pearce & Co., still struggling furiously, were edging towards the door. Gore-Pearce had managed to get to his feet

by this time, and he was something of a wreck. His collar was unbuttoned, his necktie was torn, and his jacket was slit from top to bottom.

Not that Gulliver and Bell had escaped unmarked. They were looking very much the worse for wear; but, unquestionably, they were in the ascendancy.

It was two against one, and the result was inevitable. Generally, Gulliver and Bell were reluctant to join in any sort of scrap. But, curiously enough, they seemed to be thoroughly enjoying this present mêlée. Their blood was up, and there was no question about their determination.

"Now, then, biff him out!" panted Gulliver.

Gore-Pearce managed to get in a heavy right-hander at that moment, and Gulliver howled as the blow got home.

"Kick him out!" he hooted wildly.

He seemed to go mad. He hit out left and right, erratically and feverishly. Gore-Pearce, who wasn't expecting this, received a severe battering. He reeled backwards, and at the same moment Bell thrust his foot out, and Gore-Pearce tripped.

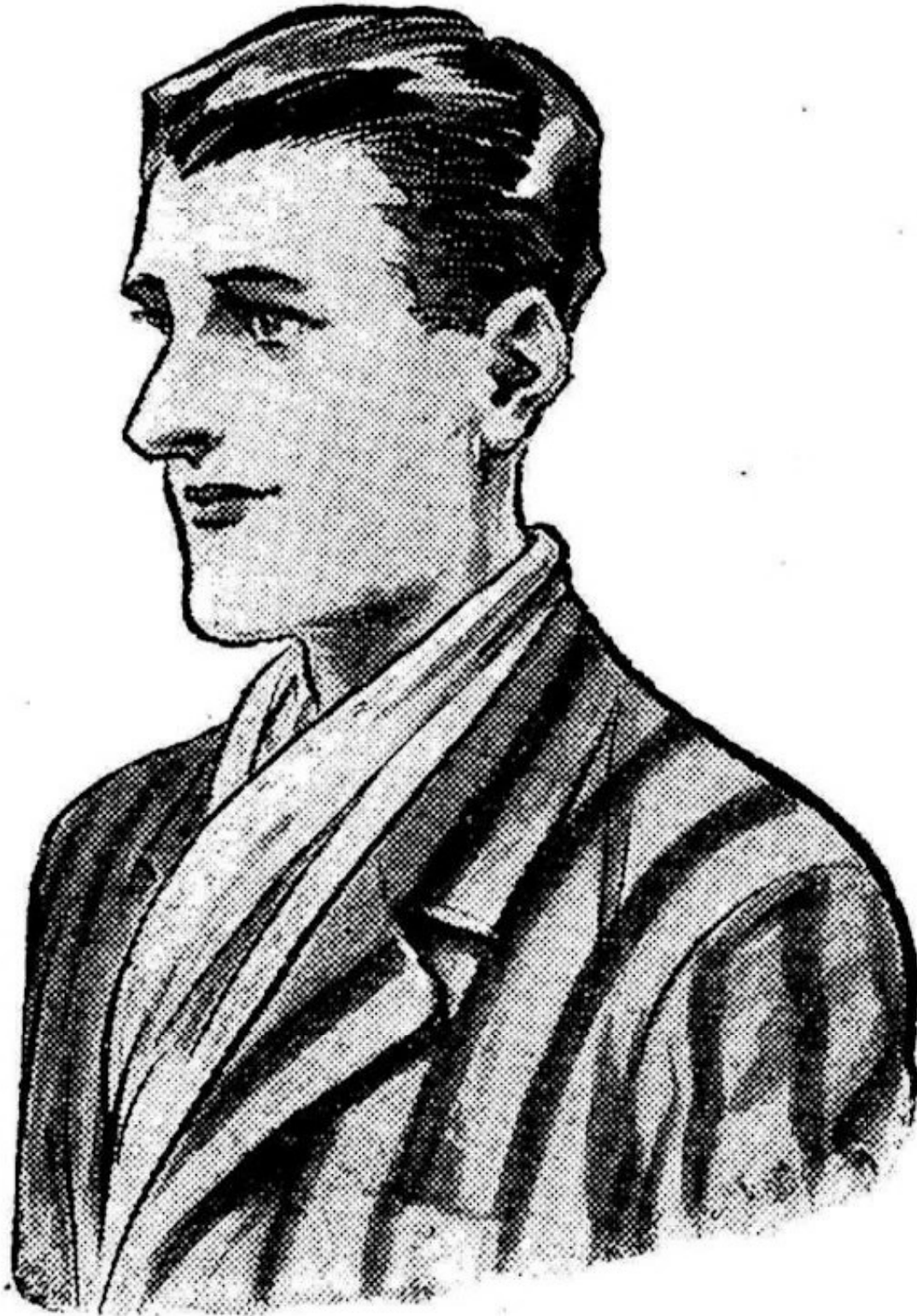
Crash!

Over he went, right in the doorway. Before he could rise his former pals pounced upon him, yanked him over, and sent him flying out into the passage. The watching juniors had scattered to left and to right, so that the combatants should have plenty of room.

"What's all this noise?" asked Nipper, as he strolled along from Study C. "Great Scott! Who's being slaughtered?"

"It's only Gore-Pearce," said Handforth.

WHO'S WHO AT ST. FRANK'S.



GEORGE WILSON.

A member of the Sixth Form, and a prefect. A really decent fellow; a good, all-round sportsman and very popular with the juniors—a credit to St. Frank's.

Gulliver and Bell, regardless of the audience, now proceeded to hurl Gore-Pearce's belongings out of Study A. Books came flying through the doorway, followed by various articles of clothing and odd photographs and slippers, and so forth. Gore-Pearce was fairly pelted with them.

"You're out now—and you'll stay out!" said Gulliver, breathing hard. "This is our study, and we're not going to have you any more. Understand, Gore-Pearce?"

"We've finished with you," said Bell breathlessly.

Slam!

The door of Study A closed with considerable violence, and the performance was over.

CHAPTER 2.

Not Wanted!

CLAUDE GORE-PEARCE felt dizzy. He sat up in a dazed kind of way, looking at the books and things which surrounded him. The crowd of Removites watched him with interest.

"It seems to me, dear old fellow, that Gulliver and Bell don't want you any more," said Travers smoothly. "I may have gained a wrong impression, of course, but I'm sure they're annoyed with you."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Can't you fools be quiet?" snarled Gore-Pearce, struggling to his feet. "By gad! I'll make those rotters smart for this! As for you hyenas——"

"He's calling us hyenas!" said Handforth indignantly. "Are we going to stand it, you chaps?"

"Oh, leave him alone, Handy," said Nipper.

"He's called *me* a hyena!" roared Handforth. "Let's bump him!"

"I fancy he's been bumped enough," said Nipper. "He's been kicked out of his study, and it's none of our business, Handy. We don't want to butt into a private quarrel. Let's clear off."

"Hear, hear!" said Waldo.

And the others agreed, much to Handforth's disgust. They drifted away, leaving Claude Gore-Pearce in sole possession of the passage.

"The fools!" he panted. "I've finished with them—for good and all! I'll never speak to those blighters again!"

And, having come to this conclusion, he grasped the door-handle of Study A with the intention of barging in and continuing the scrap. His blood was fairly up, and he had made up his mind to seize Study A for himself, and to kick out his former pals.

Unfortunately, the door was locked.

"Open this door!" bellowed Gore-Pearce wildly.

"Go and eat coke!" came Gulliver's voice.

"If you don't open this door I'll smash it down!" hooted Gore-Pearce. "This is my study, and I'm going to have it!"

"It's ours!" snapped Gulliver. "You're not coming in here again!"

"We'll see about that!" yelled the millionaire's son. "By gad! I'll show you who's boss——"

"Is it really necessary, old chap, to make all this noise?" asked a mild voice.

Gore-Pearce swung round and found Biggleswade of the Sixth near by. Biggleswade was a prefect, but he was an easy-going sort of fellow. Gore-Pearce glared at him.

"Look here, Biggleswade!" he panted. "You're a prefect. Gulliver and Bell have chucked me out of this study, and they've locked the door!"

"That's awkward," said Biggleswade.

"Make them open it!" urged Gore-Pearce. "You're a prefect."

"Sorry, kid, but there's nothing doing," said Biggy, shaking his head. "If these chaps have kicked you out, it's your funeral. The best thing you can do is to find another study. You can't make all this noise."

"But look here——"

"Any more of this din, and I'll be compelled to produce my cane," said Biggleswade. "And, if that isn't any good, I shall have to take you to the Housemaster."

"But this is my study!" roared Gore-Pearce.

"Not now," said Biggleswade. "It's a sort of unwritten law—as you ought to know—that if a fellow is kicked out of his study by the majority, he's got to find another one. Simmer down, my lad—simmer down! Do you want me to produce that cane?"

HE strolled off, and Claude Gore-Pearce, breathing harder than ever, recovered some of his composure. Biggleswade was right. It was up to him to find another study.

But Gore-Pearce fairly writhed under the humiliation of it. He—the son of a millionaire—booted out of his own study! His feelings towards Gulliver and Bell at that moment were positively homicidal.

His impulse was to force his way into Study A, and to annihilate Gulliver and Bell. But, now that he was calmer, he realised that this job might be too big for him to tackle.

It was impossible to neglect the fact that Gulliver and Bell had been successful in throwing him out. It was quite on the cards that they would throw him out again. They were two against one, anyhow, and they seemed to be imbued with a remarkably determined spirit to-day.

Much as he hated it, Gore-Pearce was forced to the conclusion that he would have to take Biggleswade's advice, and find another study. He could not possibly live in the same room again with Gulliver and Bell. And, since they were determined to keep him out, there would be nothing but ructions if he persisted. And he—Gore-Pearce—would be the butt of those ructions. He did not care for the prospect in the slightest.

The thing had hit him like a blow. He had regarded himself as a fixture in Study A. He was the leader, and Gulliver and Bell were merely his tools, for him to use as he liked. He had come to earth with a thud. The situation, whichever way he looked at it, was pretty mouldy.

He gathered his belongings together, and stacked them neatly against the wall. And while he was doing this he swore to himself that he would never have anything to do with his former pals again. Presently they would regret their rebellion, and they would probably try to restore relations. And Gore-Pearce gritted his teeth when he told himself that he would never consent to any such pact. He was finished with them.

He mentally went over the other Remove studies. It wasn't any good trying to get into a study where there were already three occupants. There had been isolated cases where four juniors had shared one study, but it was necessary for them to be extraordinarily good friends for any such arrangement as this to be successful.

There weren't four juniors in any study just now. But there were some studies with only two. It was into one of these which Gore-Pearce must go.

He reviewed them alphabetically. There was Study B, for example—next to his old one. It was occupied by Hubbard and Long, and Gore-Pearce dismissed it immediately. The next one was Study E, with Archie Glenthorne and Alf Brent. Rather a good study, this. Sumptuously furnished—at Archie's expense—and thoroughly comfortable. Study E was certainly a possible.

Then there was Study G, occupied by Cecil de Valerie and the youthful Duke of Somerton. Gore-Pearce did not care for these juniors much; in fact, he held them in contempt.

And with a start he realised that there were no further studies to select from.

Study B was out of the running altogether; Study G did not appeal to him; so there was only Study E left. He marched to it, opened the door, and strode in.

Archibald Winston Derek Glenthorne was reclining gracefully on the lounge, and Alf Brent was sitting in the easy-chair in front of the fire reading a book.

"Don't knock," said Brent politely. "Always welcome, old man."

"Sorry!" growled Gore-Pearce, realising that it was up to him to be pleasant. "The fact is, I've left Study A. I'm through with Gulliver and Bell."

"I thought it was the other way about," said Brent. "I thought it was Gulliver and Bell who were through with you. Weren't you kicked out about ten minutes ago?"

Claude scowled.

"Well, anyway, I'm going into another study," he said gruffly. "I thought it would be a good idea if I came in this one."

"A good idea?" said Brent. "You're wrong, Gore-Pearce. It's a rotten idea!"

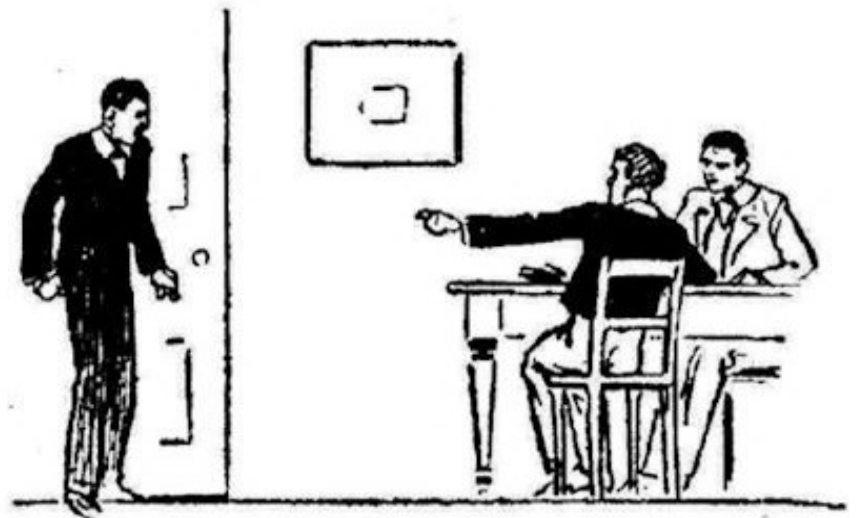
"Absolutely poisonous!" murmured Archie from the lounge.

"There are only two of you in here," protested Gore-Pearce. "There's room for another one——"

"It all depends who the other one is," broke in Brent. "Sorry, Gore-Pearce, but you don't appeal to us. You don't mind, do you? And please close the door as you go out. There's a bit of a draught this afternoon."

"There's plenty of room in here!" protested Gore-Pearce. "Don't forget that my pater is a millionaire. I'll pay my whack of everything, and——"

"Money doesn't appeal to us, old man,"



said Brent gently. "You don't appeal to us either. What do you say, Archie?"

Archie jammed his monocle into his eye and surveyed Gore-Pearce with disfavour.

"I must say, old tulip, that you're in a perfectly frightful condition," he said severely. "I mean, you've made me feel all dithery. Just when I was going to indulge in a spasm of the good old dreamless, too."

"Never mind my appearance!" snapped Gore-Pearce. "I'm going upstairs to change in a minute, but I wanted to come along here first to fix things up."

"Well, they're fixed," said Brent. "You're not coming into this study."

"Not while we breathe," murmured Archie.

Gore-Pearce set his lips.

"I shall appeal to the Housemaster——" he began.

"Appeal, and be blowed to you!" snapped Brent. "I've tried to be pleasant, Gore-Pearce, but now you're going to make me speak bluntly. We wouldn't have you in this study even if you paid us! We don't like you, and we don't want you. Is that plain?"

"Confound you——"

"And if you don't clear off within ten seconds, Archie and I will throw you out," said Brent.

"And, laddie, it will give us a dashed lot of pleasure to do it," said Archie, with spirit.

Gore-Pearce retired, baffled.

He looked into Study G, and De Valerie and Somerton gave him one glance.

"Outside!" they said in unison, pointing to the door.

"I've come here——"

"To find a place in this study?" said De Valerie. "Nothing doing, old man! Good-afternoon!"

"Why, you—you——"

"Exactly," said Somerton gently. "But why waste your breath, Gore-Pearce?"

The millionaire's son backed out and slammed the door. He felt a hand on his shoulder, and he spun round.

"I say, Gore-Pearce, old man," said an eager voice. "If you're looking for a study, you know, why don't you come into ours? Plenty of room, and——"

"Go and eat coke!" grunted Gore-Pearce.

Teddy Long and Hubbard were waiting for him. The rumour had gone round that Gore-Pearce was looking for a study, and they had jumped at the chance.

Teddy Long was always hard up, and it had been one of his grievances that his study-mate was generally in a similarly impecunious condition. Hubbard was not a fellow with much pocket money, and what he had he kept to himself. It would be something of a scoop for this pair if they could induce the rich Claude Gore-Pearce to come into Study B.

"We'll make you awfully comfortable, Gore-Pearce," said Hubbard. "Our study is quite all right, you know. I dare say it needs one or two comforts here and there. You've got plenty of money, and you can easily buy a carpet and a hearth-rug and an easy-chair or two."

"Oh, can I?" growled Claude.

"You'll be better in with us than with Gulliver and Bell," said Teddy Long eagerly. "They're a couple of rotters, anyhow. What about it, Gore-Pearce? Hubbard and I will carry your things in if you only say the word."

Gore-Pearce appeared to swallow something. Perhaps it was his pride. He was in the unenviable position of having no choice. It was Study B or nothing.

"All right!" he said thickly.

THERE were a good many chuckles in the Common-room when Gore-Pearce's troubles were discussed. Nobody could quite understand why Gulliver and Bell had quarrelled with their leader. But, after all, nobody was particularly interested in the Study A trio, anyhow.

"Oh, leave them alone!" said Handforth impatiently. "Hubbard and Long aren't much better than Gulliver and Bell, and Gore-Pearce will soon tar them with his own brush."

"All the same, there's something rather rummy about it," said Nipper thoughtfully. "I can't understand why Gulliver and Bell should have purposely picked a quarrel. Without Gore-Pearce they'll be pretty well lost."

"Does it matter to us if they're lost?" demanded Handforth. "It would be a jolly good thing for the Remove if they could be really lost. Their room is better than their company."

"I believe there's something on," said Nipper.

"What do we care?" retorted Edward Oswald. "And why can't you fellows listen to me? What about this new kid? I've been trying to arrange something for the past hour, but nobody will listen to me. That new kid is coming this afternoon."

"Which new kid?" asked Travers.

"Didn't you hear about him?"

"I'm afraid I didn't, dear old fellow."

"Fenton of the Sixth told me," said Handforth. "It's a pity we can't be informed of these things earlier. This new chap coming into the Remove, and we don't know anything about it until this afternoon, and then only by accident."

"We'd better complain to the Head," said Nipper gravely. "He's neglecting his duties."

"I understand that this chap is from Monkhurst," continued Handforth, his eyes gleaming. "Monkhurst, mind you!"

"What about it?" asked Jimmy Potts.

"What about it?" repeated Handforth, staring. "Monkhurst is my old school."

"Oh!"

"It's the school I was at before I came to St. Frank's," continued Handforth briskly. "Naturally this new kid is something special. He must be, to come from my old school."

"Oh, of course!" said Nipper drily.

"Monkhurst isn't much of a place compared with St. Frank's; but I've still got a soft spot in my heart for the old show," said Handforth musingly. "This new chap will be able to tell me how everything is looking."

"He's interesting from that aspect, of course," said Nipper. "His name is Woodhouse, I believe—Percy Woodhouse. Did you know anybody at Monkhurst named Woodhouse, Handy?"

"Not that I remember," said Handforth, frowning. "He might have been a mere fag while I was there—perhaps a giddy infant in the First Form. Naturally, I didn't know the names of those children. Anyhow, I shall soon know when I see him. I suggest that we get up a little party and go down to the station to meet him."

"In the rain?" said Church. "Not likely!"

"It isn't raining now," said Handforth, glancing at the window. "It stopped half an hour ago. It would be a graceful sort of act for us to go and meet this new kid. He's bound to come down by the afternoon train. Fenton said he would be here before tea."

McClure, who was at the window, suddenly grinned.

"Are you sure this chap Woodhouse is coming by train?" he asked, glancing round.



"Black both his eyes!" panted Bell. "Just what I'm going to do!" said Gulliver viciously. And he proceeded to pour the contents of the ink-well over Gore-Pearce's upturned face. The ink poured into Gore-Pearce's nostrils, into his eyes, and into his hair, and he roared and struggled furiously.

"Well, I don't suppose he'll walk!" retorted Handforth.

"Perhaps not. But a chap has just driven into the Triangle on a motor-bike," said McClure. "It wouldn't surprise me in the least if he's the new fellow."

CHAPTER 3.

Something Different in New Boys!

BY the time the Removites got outside the new arrival had peeled off his overalls and stood revealed as a bit of a dandy.

His Etons were exquisite. His hair was a mass of wavy little curls, and it looked suspiciously as if he had had it specially waved before setting out. He wore pince-nez, which gave him a somewhat studious appearance.

Buster Boots, of the Fourth, happened to be passing just then—before the Removites came out—and Buster was looking at the new fellow with frank curiosity.

"Fwightfully sowwy to twouble you, dear boy, but can you tell me which is the Ancient House?" inquired the stranger. "I've only just awwived."

Boots stared harder than ever.

"This is the Ancient House," he said, indicating it. "Haven't I seen you before somewhere?" he added bluntly.

"I weally don't think so, dear boy," said the other.

"Rummy!" muttered Boots, as though to himself. "But you remind me awfully of

somebody. Can't quite remember who, though."

Just then the Removites came piling out, and they soon surrounded the new fellow.

"Are you Woodhouse?" demanded Handforth, without any preliminaries.

"Woodhouse is my name, dear boy—Percy Woodhouse," said the other, nodding. "I've only just awwived."

"You've only just what?" asked Handforth, looking hard at the new boy.

"I was told that I'm for the Ancient House," continued the newcomer. "And I think I go into the Wemove. Perhaps one of you will tell me where I can put my motor-bike?"

"There's a special place, round the back," said Nipper. "Pleased to welcome you, Woodhouse. My name is Hamilton, and I'm the Remove skipper. Put it there, old man."

They shook hands, and Nipper was not particularly impressed with the limp, fish-like "paw" of Percy Woodhouse. Nipper liked a fellow to grip hard when he shook hands.

"Fwightfully big place, this," said Woodhouse, looking round. "I'd no idea that St. Fwank's was so twemendous."

Nobody said anything. They were all staring at Percy Woodhouse with curiously surprised expressions. There was something about him apparently which intrigued them.

"Who does he look like?" asked Church wonderingly.

"You've noticed it, too, have you?" said Handforth. "Where have we seen this chap before?"

"Jiggered if I know!" said Buster Boots. "I've been trying to think——"

"He reminds me of Forrest," said Nipper quietly.

There was a general chorus of startled ejaculations.

"By George! That's it!" said Handforth. "Forrest! I've never seen anything so rummy in all my life!"

Now that Nipper had mentioned the name of Bernard Forrest, everybody "placed" the new boy. He certainly did bear an extraordinarily striking resemblance to the black sheep of the Remove—Forrest, who had been expelled in disgrace some terms earlier. In fact, he had been drummed out by his fellow-Removites; he had been sent forth, scorned by all.

And this new boy was astonishingly like him in appearance.

In a way he could be called Bernard Forrest's double. Yet there were certain superficial differences which had the effect of giving him his own personal character. He was like Bernard Forrest, and yet he wasn't.

In his day Forrest had been something of a power in the Remove. He had never actually been recognised as a leader, but he had made his influence felt amongst the weaker fellows. Since he had been expelled the rotters had had no such dominant personality to lead them.

"Is there anything w'ong?" asked Woodhouse, looking round politely.

"Nothing wrong," said Nipper. "Only you remind us very much of a fellow who was once expelled from St. Frank's—a chap named Forrest."

"If you had straight hair, and if you put those glasses in your pocket, you'd be Forrest to a T," said Handforth bluntly. "It's only the hair and the glasses that make you look a bit different. It's—it's uncanny!"

The new boy laughed. "Not so fwightfully uncanny," he replied. "I'm Fowwest's cousin."

"What!"

"I'm Fowwest's cousin."

"Oh, well, of course, that explains it," said Nipper. "Cousins are often alike, although I must confess that I've never seen such a close resemblance before."

"Forrest's cousin, eh?" said Handforth, in a curiously ominous voice. "In that case, you can't be much good."

"Steady, Handy!" protested McClure. "You can't judge this new chap by——"

"He comes from the same stock—so he must be a rotter!" argued Handforth.

The new fellow heard, but he was not offended.

"I wather thought that my cousin's wecord would be a handicap for me," he said quietly. "But I'm hoping to live it down. Bernard is a most fwightful cad."

"Oh, you've found it out, too, have you?" asked De Valerie.

"I haven't seen the beggar for months," said Woodhouse. "In fact, the last time I saw him I told him plainly that if I met

him in the stweet I'd go stwaight past without even acknowledging him. He's an awful wotter. I don't wonder that he was booted out of this school."

"The same voice, too," muttered Handforth, ignoring what Woodhouse had said. "If he didn't speak with that rummy lisp, the similarity would be all the more striking. I believe he is Forrest!"

"Don't be an ass, Handy!" said Church. "Yes, draw it mild!" put in Boots.

Handforth was staring steadfastly at Percy Woodhouse.

"Same build—same face—same colour eyes—same everything, except for the wavy hair," he said grimly. "You can't spoof me! I'm not blind! What's the idea, Forrest?"

"Weally——" began the new boy. "Your name isn't Woodhouse," continued Handforth indignantly. "You're Forrest! What do you mean by coming here, masquerading as somebody else? These other chaps may be sucked in, but I'm not! It's like your nerve to come here, playing these tricks!"

Percy Woodhouse seemed to change colour for a moment. Nipper, who was watching intently, could have sworn that the new boy went quite pale, and into his eyes, behind their pince-nez, came a fleeting expression of alarm. If so, it was gone in a moment. He laughed good-naturedly.

"You're not the first one who has thought the same thing," he said. "I've often been mistaken for my Cousin Bernard."

"Cousin Bernard be blowed!" said Handforth. "You are Bernard!"

"Chuck it, Handy!" protested Church. "The chap can't help looking like his cousin, can he?"

"It's his misfortune—not his fault," said Tommy Watson.

OTHER fellows had come up by now, and they, too, were uttering murmurs of surprise. Stanley Waldo was amongst them, but he was frankly puzzled. And so was Evans. They were both comparatively new fellows, and they had never seen Forrest in their lives. So this little scene meant nothing to them.

The majority were inclined to laugh at Handforth. It was all rot for him to take up this attitude. Bernard Forrest had been expelled, and that meant that he could not possibly come back to St. Frank's. This new fellow, Woodhouse, was a bona fide new boy. He had admitted that he was Bernard Forrest's cousin, and this explained the resemblance quite satisfactorily.

Nipper was the only one who seemed uncertain—the only one in addition to Handforth. And he was watching Woodhouse with very close attention.

"Great Scott!" he ejaculated suddenly, in a startled voice. "Quick! Look who's just come out of the Modern House!"

All eyes were turned upon the Modern House doorway and Percy Woodhouse had been one of the first to turn his head and stare in that direction.

"What's the idea?" asked Boots, looking at Nipper. "There's nobody special near the Modern House."

"No," said Nipper calmly; "I'm just wondering how Woodhouse knew which was the Modern House. He looked there without hesitation, and he's supposed to be a complete stranger here."

"By George, trapped!" roared Handforth. "That was a good stunt of yours, Nipper! You caught him beautifully! Now then, Forrest, you cad, own up!"

Woodhouse looked annoyed.

"Hasn't this gone far enough?" he asked steadily. "How many more times must I tell you that my name is Woodhouse, and that I'm only Fowwest's cousin?"

"I don't care if you tell me a thousand times, I shan't believe it!" retorted Handforth.

"As for knowing the Modern House, I only looked where the other fellows looked," explained Woodhouse. "I weally don't see anything funny in this. Perhaps my sense of humour is weak, but I wegard the whole thing as absurd."

"You come from Monkhurst, don't you?" asked Nipper bluntly.

"Yes," said Woodhouse.

"My only sainted aunt! I'd forgotten that!" said Handforth excitedly. "Look here, my lad, how many Houses are there at Monkhurst?"

"Houses?" repeated the new boy.

"Yes, how many Houses?"

"One," replied Woodhouse.

"One!" roared Handforth. "There were two when I was there! Have they pulled one down?"

Woodhouse started quite perceptibly, and he looked confused.

"Are you twying to catch me?" he asked irritably. "It's difficult to descwibe Monkhurst—"

"I dare say it is," agreed Handforth grimly.

"Were you ever there?" asked Woodhouse.

"Ever there! Monkhurst is my old school," replied Handforth. "Church and McClure were there, too! We all three came to St. Frank's together. I first met Churchy and Mac at Monkhurst. Who's the master of the Fourth Form?" he added quickly.

"Mr. Johnson," replied Woodhouse, without hesitation.

"He must be a new master, then," said Handforth. "There was nobody named Johnson when I was there. What's the school made of? Red brick, granite or white brick?"

The new boy looked at the other fellows. "Am I obliged to answer these questions?" he asked petulantly. "Why should I go thwrough this cwoss-examination?"

"If you want us to believe that you have come from Monkhurst, you'd better answer," said Nipper.

"You ought to be able to say easily enough," put in McClure. "If you've only just come from Monkhurst, you'll surely know what the school is built of."

"It's built of bwicks and mortar, of course," said Woodhouse. "It's got a roof and there are chimneys."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"By George!" said Handforth. "He's trying to be funny!"

"Roof?" said Nipper. "Did you say that Monkhurst has a roof, Woodhouse?"

"Of course it has a roof," replied the new boy.

"Not a woof?"

"Eh? I—I—I— I weally think you are wather personal," said the new boy, trying to hide his confusion. "Is it quite playing the game to wemark upon my pwo-nunciation?"

"I thought it rather queer, that's all," said Nipper. "If you can't pronounce your 'r's' in most words, how is it that you can say 'roof' so clearly?"

"Caught again!" roared Handforth. "Out with it, you rotter! You're no more Percy Woodhouse than I am! You're Forrest, and we're going to biff you out of St. Frank's just as we biffed you out once before! We don't want you here again, you cad!"

"Oh, I say! This is weally too bad!" protested Woodhouse. "If somebody will tell me where I can find the Housemaster, I'll go indoors. I don't think it's fair to wag me like this."

"Play the game, Handy!" said Boots. "This chap may look a bit like Forrest, but anybody with half an eye can see that he isn't Forrest. Look at his hair—all wavy. Forrest's is straight."

"Any barber can wave a chap's hair!" said Handforth pointedly. "And I'll bet those pince-nez have plain glass in them. I tell you that this chap is Forrest himself!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Cheese it, Handy!"

"Don't be an ass, old man!"

There was a regular chorus of protests from the crowd. It was incredible to them that this new boy could be Bernard Forrest. The very idea was preposterous. He looked a bit like Forrest, it was true, but this was explained by the fact that he was Forrest's cousin. It was perfectly simple. And it was just like Handy's rot to make a sensation out of nothing.

"You want the Housemaster's study?" asked Nipper, looking at Woodhouse.

"Yes, if you don't mind."

"All right, I'll take you," said Nipper. "This way, Woodhouse."

They went indoors with a whole crowd trailing behind. Nipper ushered the new fellow into the Housemaster's study, and gently closed the door. He found a number of juniors pressing round him as he walked back down the passage.

The Magic 3 is Coming!

"You don't really think that he's Forrest in disguise; do you?" asked Watson.

"It's not much of a disguise," said Nipper. "Somehow I can't help thinking that Handy is right—for once. This chap is so uncannily like Forrest that it's hard to believe he can be anybody else."

"But he's Forrest's cousin——"

"Plausible enough, but I can't swallow it," said Nipper, shaking his head. "Let's leave it until he comes out of Mr. Lee's study. If the gov'nor passes him, we'll know he's O.K."

"Begad! That's a good wheeze, dear old boy," said Tregellis-West. "Your gov'nor is a frightfully keen chap, and if this fellow is Forrest, he'll jolly soon be on his way off the premises."

"Exactly!" said Nipper.

CHAPTER 4.

Bernard Forrest's Double!

MR. NELSON LEE, the Housemaster of the Ancient House, looked at Percy Woodhouse with a close scrutiny. Lee was leaning back in his chair, and Woodhouse was standing on the other side of the desk.

"Your name?" he asked suddenly.

"Woodhouse, sir—Percy Woodhouse."

"The headmaster informed me that you were coming, Woodhouse," nodded Lee. "I believe you have already been examined?"

"Yes, sir," said Woodhouse. "Dr. Nicholls saw me last week in London. He met the pater and me at a hotel by appointment. He examined me then, sir, and told me that I am to go into the Remove."

"Dr. Nicholls met you and your father in a hotel, Woodhouse?" asked Lee. "How was that?"

"We haven't a house in London, sir," explained Woodhouse. "My father has been in communication with Dr. Nicholls for some little time. Then my pater made this appointment."

"I see," nodded Lee. "Well, I hope you will be comfortable in St. Frank's, Woodhouse. It is a fine school—with fine traditions."

"I'm pwoud to be here, sir."

"Has a—er—relative of yours ever been at St. Frank's, Woodhouse?"

"Yes, sir—my cousin."

"A boy named Forrest, I think?"

"Yes, sir," said Woodhouse. "I expect you notice the wesemblance."

"A very striking resemblance, Woodhouse," said Lee. "Indeed, I might say that you are your cousin's double. I have seldom come across such an astounding resemblance."

"We're certainly vewy much alike, sir," admitted Woodhouse. "And it's fwightfully awkward for me, too, because my Cousin Bernard is a weally bad lot."

"You need have no fear on that score, Woodhouse," said the schoolmaster detective.

"Here at St. Frank's you will be dealt with according to your own merits. Your cousin's misbehaviour is nothing to do with you, and you shall not be made to suffer because of it."

"Thank you, sir!"

"I see you wear glasses, Woodhouse."

"I'm a bit short-sighted, sir."

Lee looked at him closely.

"Short-sighted?" he repeated.

"Yes, sir."

"You don't mean long-sighted, do you?"

"No, sir—short-sighted."

Lee looked at those glasses closely for a second, and then he rose to his feet, walked round the desk, and took Woodhouse's hand.

"Well, Woodhouse, I won't keep you," he said pleasantly. "I expect you are anxious to be away so that you can get acquainted with your new schoolfellows. And you have a good deal of unpacking to do, eh? All right. I might want to see you later. If so, I will send for you."

"Thank you, sir," said Woodhouse. "May I go now?"

"Yes, if you wish."

Woodhouse did wish. He was gone like a flash; and Nelson Lee, sitting down again, thoughtfully stroked his chin.

"Percy Woodhouse—ch?" he mused. "Very interesting! A remarkable new boy. In fact, a very remarkable new boy!"

WHEN Percy Woodhouse got out into the corridor he found Albert Gulliver and George Bell waiting for him. They were both looking flushed and eager; and they fairly pounced upon him. He regarded them with some suspicion.

"What is the idea?" he asked coldly.

"You're Forrest's cousin, aren't you?" asked Gulliver.

"I thought ewevybody knew that by this time," replied Woodhouse, with some asperity.

"Well, my name's Gulliver, and this chap is Bell," said Gulliver. "When Forrest was here he used to be in Study A—our study, you know."

"I'm not particularly intewested," said the new boy.

"But it just happens we've got a vacancy in our study," continued Gulliver. "And as Forrest used to be our pal—and as you're his cousin—well, Bell and I thought it would be rather nice if you came into Study A with us. What do you say?"

Woodhouse laughed.

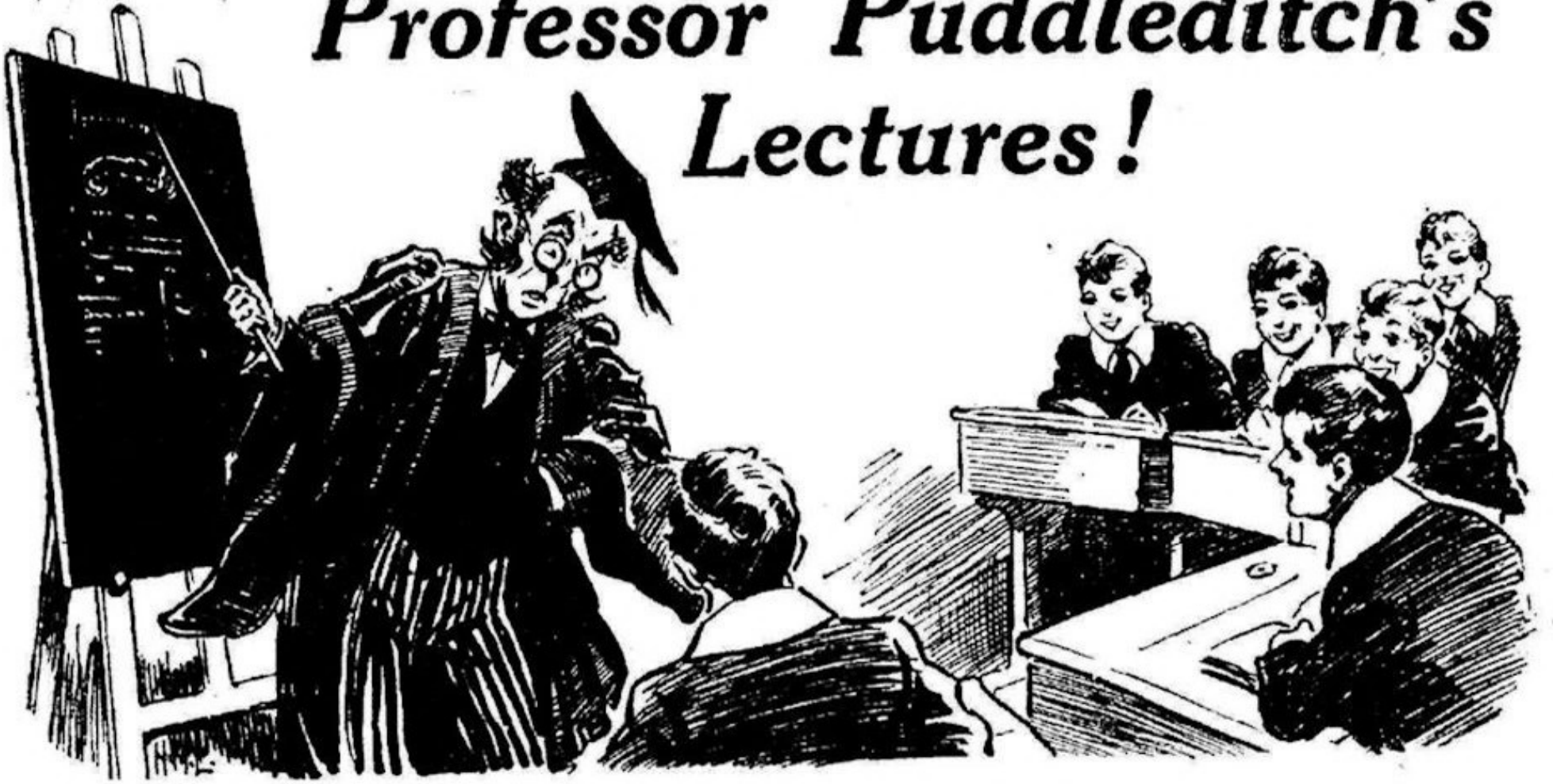
"Oh, I see," he said. "Well, it'll suit me, I suppose. Being a stwanger here, it doesn't make much diffewence to me which study I go into. Yours will be just as good as any other."

"It's a go, then?" asked Bell.

"Certainly, dear boy, if you weally want me," said Woodhouse.

(Continued on page 14.)

Professor Puddleditch's Lectures!



Being the first of a series of papers on "unnatural history," read by Professor Puddleditch to the boys of St. Sycamore's. There's a laugh in every line of the first lecture, chums!

By Reggie Pitt

LECTURE 1—THE SAUSAGE

NOW, boys, to-day it is my intention to talk to you on the subject of the common or domestic sausage.

"Sausage," said the professor, thumbing his gigantic dictionary, "sausage, from the Greek 'sau,' meaning the 'unknown,' and 'sage,' a 'pungent weed,' used, no doubt, to disguise the flavour of the unknown. Pronounced saus-age—not sos-sidge, as the vulgar sometimes call it."

The professor cleared his throat several times, adjusted his wobbly spectacles, and continued:

"Let us first consider the composition of the subject under discussion. A sausage is a mysterious conglomeration—or mess, if you prefer it—surrounded entirely by a skin, the same as you or I might be, except that a sausage is non-vertebrate; that is, it is boneless—has no backbone. I sometimes wish I hadn't, as I suffer from lumbago. He, he, he! Now, boys, stop laughing!"

Nobody had laughed but himself.

"Shall we look into the habits of this peculiar organism? Yes! It will generally be found sometimes that it lurks in larders, and moves, not singly, but in strings, the idea being, according to the great unnatural historian Stuffanbosch, that it prefers company, and is less likely to be attacked from the rear by its numerous enemies.

"Amongst such enemies, it should be noted, the human species is perhaps the most predominant, the feline and canine being easily second. For some reason these predatory foe pounce upon the innocent sausage and use it

for food or fodder as the case is—was—no—may be!

"Whilst normally the sausage is of a quiet and peaceful nature, it has been known to become aggressive, especially with age, and to snap savagely at the fork which prods it.

"It usually forms its nest with parsley, and when placed in a frying-pan is in the habit of uttering a peculiar cry to its mate, sounding something like this: Sizzle-sizzle-pop! Sizzle-sizzle-pop! This cry is generally given when the sausage feels that its end is approaching—what's that, my boy—which end? Oh, either end! They're both alike—when the creature will gradually curl up and bust—excuse me—burst. My spectacles are not strong enough, I fear. The print occasionally becomes blurred.

"The origin of a sausage is shrouded in obscurity. Although the eminent authority, Pawk-Butcher, spent his lifetime in the search, he passed away without discovering this interesting information.

"He was poisoned, it is rumoured, by one of the very creatures whose existence he was studying, and which he kept in a glass case for years. It was named by him 'Brutus.' You, no doubt, have all heard of the last words of the famous Pawk-Butcher, which were: 'And thou, Brutus! This is the unkindest cut of all!'

"Euclid mentions the sausage in one of his later books you may perhaps recollect—I forget for the moment the exact chapter—but it goes something like this:

(Continued on page 41.)

IN ANOTHER'S NAME!

(Continued from page 12.)

They carried him off to the lobby, and were about to march him in triumph to Study A, when they were stopped by Handforth and Travers and a number of others.

"Here he is!" said Handforth. "Well, what did Mr. Lee say?"

"He told me that St. Fwank's is a fine school with fine traditions, and he apparently expects me to live up to them," replied Woodhouse coolly. "He shook hands with me and made me welcome. Anything else you want to know, dear boy?"

Handforth looked bewildered.

"Well, my only hat!" he ejaculated. "You don't mean to say that you spoofed Mr. Lee, then?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"Yes, you do," replied Handforth. "You know that your name isn't Woodhouse—"

"I am weally getting wather tired of it," said Woodhouse impatiently. "Haven't I explained that I'm Fowwest's cousin? Must I keep repeating it for your benefit?"

"You leave the new kid alone, Handforth!" said Gulliver truculently.

"What!"

"He's coming into Study A with us," went on Gulliver. "We've had a quarrel with Gore-Pearce, and kicked him out. It just comes lucky."

"Lucky?" repeated Nipper. "Are you sure it was lucky?"

"What do you mean?"

"Didn't you kick Gore-Pearce out on purpose?"

"By George! You've hit it!" roared Handforth excitedly.

But Gulliver, who had looked confused for a moment, now uttered an impatient snort.

"We didn't know anything about the new kid when we kicked Gore-Pearce out," he said blusteringly. "It's just a—a coincidence. This new chap is Forrest's cousin—and Forrest was our pal. So it's only natural that we should want him in our study with us."

"That's true," said Tommy Watson. "Nothing unreasonable in that."

Handforth was deeply suspicious.

"It's a plant!" he declared. "And if you chaps can't see it, you're blind."

"You're only making yourself look silly, Handforth," said Gulliver contemptuously.

"Bell and I know Forrest better than you do, and we can tell with half an eye that this chap isn't Forrest. He looks a bit like him, I'll admit, but it's only a family resemblance. Come on, Woodhouse."

They went off, and Handforth stared round at the others.

"Well?" he asked tensely.

"What are you getting at?" said Church.

"The thing's as clear as crystal," said Handforth. "I've never seen anything so obvious in all my life! Gulliver and Bell get rid of Gore-Pearce, and as soon as ever

this new chap comes they grab him for their study. Why? Because he's their old pal—and they know it! He's Bernard Forrest, I tell you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Good old Handy!"

The juniors laughed unroariously. Handforth was generally wrong, and his insistence on this theory of his only convinced the majority of the fellows that Percy Woodhouse was a perfectly bona fide new boy.

In desperation, Handforth turned to Nipper.

"Never mind those cackling hyenas!" he said tensely. "What do you think, Nipper?"

"I'm inclined to think the same as you, old man," replied Nipper promptly.

"You mean that this chap is Forrest?"

"It looks like it," said the Remove skipper. "But we mustn't do anything headstrong, Handy. We shall have to go easy."

"Why?" demanded Edward Oswald. "Why not rag him and boot him out?"

"Because we may be wrong," replied Nipper. "There's just a chance that he is Forrest's cousin."

"What rot! It's as clear as crystal—"

"You said that before," nodded Nipper.

"But my gov'nor has evidently passed him as O.K., and we can't very well do anything just yet. Let's give the chap a chance. There are cases, you know, of extraordinary family likeness. If this chap is Forrest, he'll soon give himself away, and then we shall be able to deal with him as he deserves."

IN Study A Percy Woodhouse put his back against the closed door and grinned at Gulliver and Bell, who were facing him on the other side of the table.

"Well, my sons, I'm here," said Woodhouse coolly.

The pair regarded him with awe and admiration.

"How the dickens did you do it?" breathed Gulliver. "By gad! What a nerve!"

"But it's worked," said the new boy.

He shook hands with them—warmly.

"Gad! But it's good to be back!" he murmured, as he looked round the study. "Everything's just the same, I see. And this time I'm here to stay."

"You'll never be able to keep it up, Forrest," muttered Bell. "It's—it's too big—too risky."

"Don't use my name, you idiot!" said the newcomer, scowling. "Call me Woodhouse—and don't forget!"

They regarded him with that same expression of awe. For they knew, surely enough, that they were facing their old pal, Bernard Forrest.

Bernard Forrest!

Himself—in the flesh. His hair had been waved, and he was wearing pince-nez, and he spoke differently. But he was Bernard

Forrest right enough! His masquerade had succeeded.

"You're a marvel!" said Gulliver, open-eyed. "You did a few daring things while you were at St. Frank's before—but this beats everything! How on earth did you get your cousin to agree?"

Bernard Forrest laughed with all his old coolness and insolence.

"Don't be a fool," he replied. "I haven't any cousin."

"What!"

"I only assumed this name just for the occasion," continued Forrest. "There's no cousin at all, really. I'm not impersonating anybody. It's only imaginary. But I'm here, in St. Frank's, aren't I? It's done the trick, hasn't it? And that's all that matters."

"For the minute, yes," said Bell. "But you'll never keep it up, old man. Handforth is suspicious already—and so is Nipper. Nipper doesn't make such a fuss, but he's a lot more dangerous than Handforth. He gave you some pretty close looks, and I believe he's twigged you already."

"Who cares?" drawled Forrest, as he sat down.

"But you must care!" protested Gulliver. "You don't want to get kicked out almost as soon as you've got back, do you? You know what a persistent chap Handforth is——"

"This thing has been fixed up by my pater," interrupted Forrest smoothly. "It doesn't matter a toss what Handforth does—or Nipper, either. My pater has made up his mind that I'm to be educated at St. Frank's. This trick isn't my wheeze—it's his. And when I say that I'm here to stay, I mean it."

"I don't see how it can be done," said Gulliver, shaking his head.

"You'll see, sooner or later," replied Bernard Forrest. "Good men! You've got Gore-Pearce out all right, then?"

"We kicked him out this afternoon—only a little while before you came," said Gulliver.

"Well, as long as he's out now, that's all that matters," chuckled Forrest. "I'll bet I gave you fellows a surprise, eh?"

"We nearly had a fit when we got your letter," said Bell. "You advised us to pick a quarrel with Gore-Pearce, and we did it. It wasn't so very hard."

"You've broken with him for good?"

"Yes, of course," said Gulliver. "He hates us like poison now."

Forrest laughed under his breath.

"Then you regard me as a fixture," he said softly. "Congratters, you fellows, for the way you managed to fix things. We're pals together again—in Study A."

It was the same scheming Bernard Forrest! That very quarrel with Gore-Pearce, engineered by Gulliver and Bell, had been one of Forrest's typical plots. He had started his old games, in fact, even before

he had arrived back at St. Frank's in the flesh.

And here he was, confident and cool. Gulliver and Bell could not understand his attitude. It seemed to them that exposure must certainly come within a few hours—and then an ignominious exit.

But Bernard Forrest seemed supremely confident.

CHAPTER 5.

The Trap!

FIVE minutes later Forrest and Gulliver and Bell were outside again. Forrest thought it very inadvisable for him to remain behind a closed door—at this stage—with Gulliver and Bell. Far better to walk about openly. For the rain had stopped a good time ago.

And so "Percy Woodhouse" was being shown round St. Frank's by his study-mates. They did it with great ostentation. They carried him round the Triangle, into West Square, and then round the buildings, and so to East Square. They went into Inner Court, and they explored the chapel and the gym., and had a look at the playing fields.

This little piece of theatrical bluff hoodwinked the majority of the fellows. It was quite obvious to them that "Woodhouse" was a newcomer. The suspicious attitude of Handforth was forgotten. It was true that this new boy looked very much like Forrest, but what of that? Lots of cousins were very much alike.

Handforth was quiet now. Nipper, in fact, had a word with him. And, although Handforth didn't like it, he was keeping



himself quiet about Forrest. He was waiting for Forrest to give himself away.

In Study B Claude Gore-Pearce was standing by the fireplace, recklessly smoking. There was a scowl on his face. Arthur Hubbard and Teddy Long were busying themselves at the table, preparing tea. They were going to have a special spread to-night. Gore-Pearce had provided the cash, and Hubbard and Long were in high good humour.

"What's up, Gore-Pearce?" asked Teddy Long. "We're jolly glad you've come into this study, you know. We'll make you at

home here. No need for you to be so worried."

"Let me think," grunted Gore-Pearce.

"Look what we've got for tea," went on Teddy ecstatically. "A whole tin of salmon, potted ham and tongue, doughnuts, custard tarts——"

"Oh, shut up about the grub!" interrupted Gore-Pearce. "You can wolf the lot, for all I care. I'm not hungry. I'm thinking about that new kid—Woodhouse. I believe there's something in what Handforth has been saying."

"You mean he may be Forrest?"

"Yes, I do," said Gore-Pearce darkly. "I'm pretty sure he is Forrest. Isn't it significant? I mean, the way Gulliver and Bell picked a quarrel with me this afternoon? There wasn't any reason for it—I didn't give them any cause. But I remember they got a letter this morning, and they were pretty excited about it, although they pretended not to be."

"It's just your fancy," said Hubbard sceptically.

"All right, I'll bet it isn't," replied Gore-Pearce. "You weren't there, Hubbard, and you don't know. I tell you, they deliberately picked a quarrel, and then they set on me and chucked me out. It was two to one, and I hadn't a chance. They got rid of me so that they could have Forrest back with them. I tell you it's obvious. Why, they've got this new fellow in their study already. New fellow, be hanged! He is Forrest!"

IN the Common-room, after tea, "Woodhouse" was the centre of attention. It was characteristic of Bernard Forrest to go boldly into the Common-room, and to get into conversation with various juniors. He knew them all, but he pretended to be ignorant of their names. There was something rather novel in the whole proceedings, and he quite enjoyed himself.

Strangely enough, he did not seem to care whether his masquerade succeeded or not. Yet he was careful to make no slips. He appeared to be supremely confident that he was above detection.

And he took a delight, too, in talking about himself.

"I don't wonder that you St. Frank's fellows got sick of my Cousin Bernard," he said. "He's the black sheep of the family. A regular outsider. My pater won't even have him in our house."

"Where is he now?" asked Handforth bluntly.

"Who? My Cousin Bernard?"

"Yes."

"I weally don't know," replied Forrest coolly. "I wather think my uncle—his pater, you know—sent him to a tin-pot little school in the west somewhere. None of the big schools will have him now. Quite wight, too. The chap is an utter blackguard."

"You ought to know," said Handforth pointedly.

"I saw him once, during the holidays," went on Forrest. "I happened to meet him by accident. He was just coming out of a saloon bar with a lot of wacing men. Disgusting. It's fwightfully hard lines on me, you know, particularly as lots of other people have mistaken me for my Cousin Bernard. It's wough on a chap."

"When did you leave Monkurst?" asked Handforth suddenly.

"Oh, about three weeks ago."

Forrest did not like this turn in the conversation. It was just a piece of bad luck that he had mentioned Monkurst as his former school. He hadn't had the faintest idea that Handforth had once been at that school. It was an unfortunate complication, which he could not have foreseen.

"Look here," said Handforth, striding forward. "Just a few questions, Woodhouse."

He thrust his hands deeply into his trousers pockets, set his legs apart, and stood in front of Forrest with a judicial air.

"What's the nearest town to Monkurst?" he demanded.

"The neawest town?" replied Forrest. "Sevenoaks, isn't it?"

"Sevenoaks!" gasped Handforth. "Monkurst isn't in Surrey! I've trapped you again!"

"Sevenoaks isn't in Suwwey, either," replied Forrest coolly. "What's the matter with your geogwaphy, dear boy? I always thought that Sevenoaks was in Kent."

Handforth turned red.

"Never mind where Sevenoaks is," he grunted. "The nearest town to Monkurst College is Sudbury, in Suffolk."

Forrest's quick brain seized upon his chance.

"Oh, that explains it, then!" he said, nodding.

"Explains what?"

"This little bit of confusion about my old school," said Forrest. "There must be two Monkursts."

"What!"

"The place I came fwom is called Monkurst School—not Monkurst College," said Forrest glibly. "It's in Kent. Hardly any wonder that we got a bit mixed, is it?"

It was a bold move, and most of the fellows were satisfied. The only risk was if somebody took the trouble to look up a book of reference. If he should do that, only one Monkurst would be discovered, and it would certainly not be near Sevenoaks, in Kent.

After a while, even Handforth began to have a vague, uneasy suspicion that he might have made a blunder. Try as he would, he could not trap the fellow he believed to be Forrest. And it was undeniable that this new boy had passed the close scrutiny of Mr. Nelson Lee.

It was unsettling, and Handforth began to worry.



Percy Woodhouse came into Study A and grinned at Gulliver and Bell, who regarded him, nevertheless, with awe. "Well, my sons, I'm here," he said coolly. "By gad! What a nerve!" breathed Gulliver. "How the dickens did you do it, Forrest?" This new boy was Forrest, who had been expelled from St. Frank's!

IN Study B, Claude Gore-Pearce was looking flushed and breathless.

"We'll soon know the truth," he was saying to Hubbard and Long. "I'm certain that this new chap is Forrest, and if I can expose him I shall get one back on Gulliver and Bell! They think they've dished me, but I'm going to dish them!"

His feelings towards his former study-mates were still as homicidal as ever. He loathed them with a whole-hearted ferocity which rather scared Hubbard and Long. And his present activities were not directed so much against Bernard Forrest as against Gulliver and Bell. He wanted to confound them.

"Do you think it'll work?" Hubbard asked, in a doubtful voice.

"Work? It can't help working," replied Gore-Pearce. "You keep near that door, Long. Don't move away from it."

"All right," said Teddy.

He had the door slightly open, and his ear was glued to the slit. Teddy Long was a past-master in the art of listening.

"Somebody coming now," he whispered, a moment later.

"Is it them?" breathed Gore-Pearce.

"Don't know yet; I can only hear footsteps," replied Teddy. "Yes, by Jingo! I can hear Gulliver's voice—and Bell's. They're

coming. That new chap is with them, too."

"Now for it!" said Claude tensely.

TOALLY unconscious of what was going on in Study B, Gulliver and Bell went into Study A, next door. Forrest was not with them, as Long had supposed. Forrest had stayed behind in the Common-room for a bit, for it would have looked rather too conspicuous if he had shown himself to be on too friendly terms with Gulliver and Bell.

"Shut the door," said Bell, in a low voice.

Gulliver shut the door, and then they both chuckled.

"He's marvellous!" said Gulliver gloatingly. "By gad! The same cool merchant as of old! You can't get away from it, Bell, he's a caution!"

"Haven't I always said so?" replied Bell. "I've never known a chap with such nerve! This new fellow, Waldo, is a bit of a marvel, but it needs Forrest to show the fellows how to do a thing really properly."

"And they haven't a suspicion!" grinned Gulliver. "Even Handforth is beginning to look doubtful. Didn't you notice his face just before we came away? Handforth can't keep anything to himself—he shows everything on his face."

Bell chuckled.

"And there's Forrest, in the Common-room, talking to everybody," he exclaimed. "He's so jolly cool that he makes me go all hot. And the rummy part about it is, he does it all so easily.

"Forrest was always a corker at that sort of game," said Gulliver.

Little did they know that next door, in Study B, Claude Gore-Pearce was standing near the curtained window, his ear pressed hard to a miniature telephone receiver!

Gore-Pearce's eyes were gleaming, and there was an expression of exultant triumph in his eyes.

"Well?" asked Hubbard breathlessly.

"That fellow is Forrest!" said Gore-Pearce.

"Great Scott!"

"Oh, I say, you can't mean it, Gore-Pearce!"

Both Hubbard and Long were dumb-founded.

"Listen to this, Hubbard," said Claude, handing the telephone receiver over. "As for you, Long, you'd better dash off and bring Nipper here."

"Bring Nipper?" ejaculated Teddy, staring. "What for?"

"Never mind what for—go and fetch him!" ordered Gore-Pearce. "And you might as well bring one or two of the other fellows, too. Only warn them to be quiet. Tell them to creep here without letting Forrest know."

"Forrest! But are you sure——"

"Clear off, and do as I tell you!" snorted Gore-Pearce. "There's not a minute to be lost!"



"Oh, all right!" said Teddy.

He went, and Hubbard, at the telephone, was soon convinced. He could hear the voices of Gulliver and Bell quite plainly—he could understand their words. And they were talking about Bernard Forrest. There in the supposed privacy of their study they only took the precaution of lowering their voices a trifle. They felt that they could speak quite freely behind their closed door.

They knew nothing of that little private telephone which Gore-Pearce had rigged up during their absence.

It was only a kind of toy—just a cheap telephone apparatus. Gore-Pearce had run the wires out of one window and into another. By daylight the wheeze could not have been worked, but now, in the evening, it was easily possible. Behind the curtains in Study A

there was the transmitter—not even disguised. It was just hidden in a fold of the curtains, hanging there ready to transmit all the words that were spoken within those four walls.

And these same words passed over the short wires, and so into the next study.

"My only hat!" breathed Hubbard. "It's true, then! I just heard Bell saying that life is going to be worth living now that Forrest has come back. And Gulliver was chuckling because the fellows haven't twigged Forrest's impersonation."

"Didn't I tell you?" said Gore-Pearce savagely. "Gulliver and Bell only chuckled me out so that they could have Forrest back. It was a plant. A frame-up. I expect Forrest put them up to it. Well, I shall have my own back soon!"

CHAPTER 6.

The Exposure!

NIPPER glanced round as he felt a tug at his sleeve.

"You're wanted," whispered Teddy Long eagerly.

"Who by?"

"Gore-Pearce."

"Kindly present my compliments to Gore-Pearce, and tell him that he can go and eat coke," said Nipper politely.

"But—but it's important!" urged Teddy.

"Not so important as football," retorted Nipper. "I'm just in the middle of a keen discussion on next Wednesday's game. So you can clear off."

Nipper was in the Common-room, and he was chatting with Reggie Pitt and Jack Grey and Castleton, who had all come over from the West House. They hadn't really come to talk football, but to have a look at the astonishing new boy. Everybody, of course, in all the Houses, was talking about Forrest's cousin.

Forrest himself was over by the fireplace, cool and calm. He was talking with Jimmy Potts and Harry Gresham and Alec Duncan, and they were all more or less satisfied that the earlier suspicions regarding this new fellow were unjustified.

Teddy Long pulled at Nipper's sleeve again.

"You've got to come!" he panted. "I tell you, it's important!"

"If you're asking for a black eye, my lad——"

"I'm not!" gasped Long. "But—but Gore-Pearce says it's urgent. It's about Forrest."

"What's that?" put in Handforth, bending over.

"It's about Forrest," repeated Teddy Long. "Gore-Pearce has discovered that this new chap is Forrest. He can prove it."

"Oh, well, that's different," said Nipper, struck by Teddy Long's frantic tone.

"He wants you to go to Study B at once," continued Teddy. "And you've got to go easy, too. You mustn't let Forrest know



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that there's anything on. If you do, he might get suspicious."

Nipper turned to Handforth and Reggie Pitt and Travers.

"We'd better go, I suppose," he murmured. "There might be nothing in it, and yet, on the other hand, you never know."

"Gore-Pearce isn't a reliable chap," said Pitt.

"Not usually, but just now he's got his knife into Gulliver and Bell, and if he can make them look sick he'll do it," said Nipper. "Come on! Let's stroll out."

Bernard Forrest did not fail to see them going, and Forrest, being thoroughly astute, guessed that there was something special in the wind. He was only a little way behind the party when Study B was reached.

"You've been long enough bringing them!" said Gore-Pearce, frowning at Teddy.

"They wouldn't come!" protested Long. "I tried my best—"

"Well, never mind," said Claude. "Look here, Nipper, I can prove to you that this new fellow is Bernard Forrest!"

"How can you prove it?"

"Shut the door first," said Gore-Pearce. "And for goodness' sake, Handforth, don't start shouting."

"Why, you silly idiot—"

"Come here, Nipper, and put your ear to this receiver," murmured Gore-Pearce. "It's a little private telephone, and I rigged it up half an hour ago. There's a transmitter in Study A, and the wires run from window to window."

"By George!" said Handforth, staring. "That's a pretty low-down trick, isn't it? Eavesdropping like that!"

"Eavesdropping, be hanged!" snapped Gore-Pearce, who had no scruples. "I wanted to prove the thing, and so I was justified in fixing up this telephone. Come and listen here, Nipper!"

In this particular instance Nipper had no scruples either. It would be just as well to have this matter settled once and for all.

He put the receiver to his ear and listened. And just at that moment Bernard Forrest

went into Study A. Nipper even heard the door close.

"There seems to be something on next door," came Forrest's voice. "A whole crowd of fellows have just gone in."

"You mean they've twigged you?" asked Gulliver in an alarmed voice.

"No, I don't think it's that," replied Forrest. "I don't see how they could have twigged me. But I believe they're suspicious."

"Suspicious are no good without any proof," said Gulliver. "By gad, Forrest, you're marvellous! I don't know how the dickens you keep up that lisp."

"Easy enough," came Forrest's voice. "I practised it a bit before I came down. I'm beginning to think that this wheeze will work. Even Handforth has simmered down now. I've got him muddled."

"You're safe enough," declared Bell. "You're Percy Woodhouse now, and we've got you in our study. I say, what ripping times we'll have! It's just like it used to be in the old days. Thank goodness we were able to get rid of Gore-Pearce!"

Nipper took the receiver from his ear and nodded.

"Yes," he said grimly. "Good man, Gore-Pearce! This was a smart wheeze of yours."

"Don't kid yourself," said Claude sourly. "I only did it because I wanted to get my own back on Gulliver and Bell. Well, are you satisfied?"

"Thoroughly!" said Nipper. "We'll go next door."

"Wait a minute!" said Handforth. "I want to have a listen at that receiver——"

"Why waste time?" said Nipper. "The fellow in there is Bernard Forrest. The school authorities have been tricked."

Nipper opened the door before Handforth could say anything further, and he strode out, knocked on the door of Study A, and walked in. He was followed by Handforth and all the others.

"Visitors, dear boys," said Forrest calmly.

"Unwelcome visitors, I expect," nodded Nipper. "Forrest, the game's up!"

"Weally?" drawled Bernard. "A joke is a joke, dear boy, but don't you think that this has gone far enough? I've already told you that my cousin——"

"I repeat—the game's up!" interrupted Nipper. "Your name is no more Woodhouse than mine is. You're Forrest. On principle, the Remove objects to your presence at St. Frank's. And the Remove, equally on principle, is going to see that you clear out."

"And clear out quickly!" said Handforth grimly.

"You're all mad!" burst out Gulliver hotly. "How many more times do you want telling that this chap is Forrest's cousin? Just because there's a bit of a likeness——"

"Wait a minute!" interrupted Nipper. "I want to show you something, Gulliver."

He strode across to the window, pulled the curtains aside, and jerked the little telephone transmitter into view.

"By gad!" ejaculated Forrest, startled.

"Know what it is?" asked Nipper.

"I fancy I do, dear boy," nodded Bernard, recovering his composure with all his old insolence.

"What is it?" demanded Gulliver, looking pale. "What have you fellows been up to?"

"It was I who did it!" gloated Claude Gore-Pearce, pushing forward. "You cads! I'll teach you to chuck me out of this study and to give my place to one of your old pals—a rotter who was sacked in disgrace! That's a telephone, and the other end of it is in Study B."

"Wha-a-a-at!" gurgled Gulliver and Bell.

"They've apparently been listening to our chat," said Forrest steadily.

"You—you mean——"

Gulliver paused, his jaw dropping.

"I mean that they've been spying on us," said Bernard Forrest, his lip curling. "They couldn't find out in any other way, so they adopted these tactics. Gad! And they call me unscrupulous!"

"It was Gore-Pearce's idea, but I'll admit that I did not hesitate to listen at that telephone," said Nipper easily. "It was necessary to bowl you out, Forrest, and we've done it!"

"Do you admit that you are Forrest?" demanded Handforth.

Bernard shrugged his shoulders.

"What's the good of denying it now?" he asked indifferently. "Do you think I care? I knew you'd find out sooner or later. It was only a spoof. But I did it rather well, didn't I?"

"What was your object?" asked Nipper.

Forrest looked serious. His expression changed.

"I did it because I want to have another chance—or, at least, I wanted to have one," he said earnestly. "My pater wanted me to have one, too. I told him it was pretty hopeless, but he urged me to try it. The school authorities wouldn't allow me to come back in my own personality. Once a fellow has been expelled, he can't return. You know that as well as I do. So I came back as somebody else."

"So that you could have another chance?" asked Nipper curiously.

"Sounds incredible, eh?" said Forrest. "But, strangely enough, it happens to be true."

"Another chance to get up to your old tricks, I suppose?" asked Handforth truculently.

"No; I'm different now," said Forrest.

"Different?" repeated Handforth. "And you're in the very school by a trick? A leopard doesn't change his spots!"

Forrest flushed.

"When I was sacked from St. Frank's I had a lesson that hit me pretty hard," he

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.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1.—What is the name of the West House pageboy.</p> <p>2.—Who is the village bully?</p> <p>3.—Who are the occupants of Study H, in the Ancient House?</p> <p>4.—What is the East House Junior Common-room telephone number?</p> <p>5.—Who is the Housemaster of the East House?</p> <p>6.—What is the name of Archie Glen-thorne's valet?</p> <p>7.—Who is the rhymster of the Remove?</p> <p>8.—What is the name of the Chinese boy in the Remove?</p> | <p>9.—Which Moor View School girl is Ralph Leslie Fullwood's particular chum?</p> <p>10.—Who is the ventriloquist of the Remove?</p> <p>11.—Which junior is famous for his acrobatic prowess?</p> <p>12.—Who lives at Bellton Chase, the old-fashioned house on the Caistowe road?</p> |
|---|--|

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S QUESTIONS.

1. Mr. Horace Pycraft. 2. Clarence Augustus Jerome Marchant. 3. Mrs. Carr. 4. Mr. Jeremiah Holt. 5. Cecil De Valerie and the Duke of Somerton. 6. Bannington. 7. Mr. Nelson Lee. 8. Doris Berkeley. 9. Sessue Yakama. 10. Wiggins. 11. Bellton Wood. 12. Pine Hill Reservoir.

said quietly. "I didn't appreciate a good thing until I found I had lost it. Since leaving the old school I've been miserable—and I've told myself what a fool and a cad I was to act as I had done. Given another opportunity, I would be different. My pater knew this, and that was one reason why he wanted to get me back."

Some of the juniors were silent. Forrest's tone was sincere enough. But Handforth uttered a loud snort.

"You're not taking any notice of this rotter's spoof, are you?" he demanded, looking round. "You know what a snake he is! The sooner we kick him out the better!"

Forrest sighed.

"Well, I suppose I shall have to go," he said, in a low voice. "Well, I'll go. I dare say I was wrong to come back; but I wish you fellows would believe that I'm changed now. I was hoping that I could remain here as Percy Woodhouse, so that I could prove to you by my very actions that I'm not the same. But it seems that I shan't have the chance."

"My hat! I believe he means it!" murmured Gresham.

Handforth heard the words, and he snorted harder than ever.

"He means them to fool you—that's all!" he said tartly. "Forrest's a rotter. Always has been a rotter, and always will be a rotter! I wouldn't trust him an inch! Didn't I spot him as soon as he first came? I was laughed at. But I knew! So did Nipper!"

"We didn't exactly know, Handy—but we suspected," said Nipper. "And it isn't really necessary to discuss whether Forrest is in earnest or not. He can't stay at St. Frank's now. The truth's out, and he'll have to go."

A tall figure was suddenly noticed at the rear of the excited crowd, and the juniors fell away as though by magic. Nelson Lee strode up.

"You had better come with me, Forrest," he said quietly.

Bernard turned.

"You know, then, sir?" he asked.

"I knew you, Forrest, as soon as you came into my study," replied Lee, his voice cold and grim. "But I said nothing to you then because I wanted to make a few inquiries. I have made them. And now, it seems, the boys themselves have detected your masquerade. I shall have to take you to the headmaster."

Forrest hung his head.

"I'm very sorry, sir, if I have caused you any trouble," he said penitently. "Now that I am here, I realise how wrong it was of me to adopt the trick."

"Yet it is strange, Forrest, that this realisation should not come to you until after you had been exposed," said Lee dryly. "Come. We must go to Dr. Nicholls."

And they walked off together, leaving the Removites seething with excitement over this little sensation.

CHAPTER 7.

The Schemers!

DR. MORRISON NICHOLLS, the headmaster of St. Frank's, was a comparative newcomer to the old school. He had never seen Bernard Forrest until the latter had been brought before him as "Percy Woodhouse." Forrest had been sacked from St. Frank's before Dr. Nicholls' regime.

And the Head listened gravely as Nelson Lee explained the facts.



Dr. Nicholls arrived through the gap in the hedge just in time to see Bernard Forrest dive headlong into the river. For a brief instant, the startled headmaster caught a glimpse of a fair head in the water, and then it vanished beneath the surface!

"Thank you, Mr. Lee, for bringing the boy to me so promptly," said the Head. "Your name, then, is Forrest?" he went on, looking at the boy.

"Yes, sir."

"What explanation have you to offer for this impudent masquerade?"

"It was my father's idea, sir."

"I can believe that—since it was your father who introduced you to me as Percy Woodhouse," said Dr. Nicholls, nodding. "He gave his own name as Woodhouse, too. I strongly resent this trick which has been played upon me. I think your father is more to blame than you are, Forrest—and yet at the same time, your own part in this affair has been quite bad enough."

"There was no real harm in it, sir—"

"No harm?" said Dr. Nicholls sharply. "You entered this school under a false name; you deliberately conspired with your father to practise this deception. That is harm enough."

"I am sorry, sir."

"You are a boy, Forrest, who was expelled from this school in particularly disgraceful circumstances," continued the Head curtly. "I am compelled to remind you of this in order that you should now realise the full enormity of your offence. Once a boy has been expelled from this school he can never come back."

"Things weren't so bad as they seemed, sir," urged Forrest. "I'll admit that I was at fault. But I was led astray, and since then I've been doing everything in my power to redeem myself."

"I am glad to hear this, Forrest, and it does you credit," said the Head quietly. "But you must realise—"

"Dr. Stafford was the Head then, sir," went on Forrest quickly. "He wasn't such a good headmaster as you; he was too apt to judge fellows by outward appearances only. That old affair was bad, but not as bad as Dr. Stafford thought."

The Head held up his hand.

"Enough, Forrest," he said coldly. "I will not have you saying such things about Dr. Malcolm Stafford. Not another word, sir!"

"I didn't mean to talk against him, sir," muttered Forrest. "But it's hard on a chap to be sacked from a big school like this. He's not allowed in any other—"

"We must all suffer for our sins, Forrest," interrupted the Head. "I regard this masquerade of yours as thoroughly unscrupulous. Indeed, it indicates very clearly to me that Dr. Stafford was wise in sending you away from the school. You are not the type of boy we want in St. Frank's. You must go, Forrest."

"Now, sir? This evening?"

"I shall communicate with your father at once," replied Dr. Nicholls. "His conduct has been very reprehensible. He has practised a deception which can only be characterised as dishonest. You must tell me how I can get into communication with your father."

"He's in London at present, sir."

"Not, I imagine, staying at an hotel?" asked the Head tartly.

"No, sir; we've got a big house in the West End."

"And your father led me to understand that he resided somewhere in the North,"



Dr. Nicholls arrived through the gap in the hed
brief instant, the startled headmaster caught a gl

said Dr. Nicholls angrily. "Is your father on the telephone?"

"Yes, sir."

"Give me the number."

Forrest did so, and the Head jotted it down on his blotting-pad.

"Please don't think that we meant to do anything dishonourable, sir," said Forrest earnestly. "I wanted to have another chance—"

"Enough, Forrest!" broke in the head. "I shall not discuss this subject any further with you. Mr. Lee, will you kindly take this boy away, and see that he does not communicate with any of the other boys? It will be as well, I think, if you have him placed in one of my spare bed-rooms. The housekeeper will know what to do."

AFTER Nelson Lee had gone, taking the crestfallen Bernard Forrest with him, Dr. Nicholls got busy with the telephone. Luckily, Mr. Forrest was in, and he was soon at the 'phone.

"You are Mr. Forrest, I think?" asked the Head icily.

"Yes," came the reply. "My secretary has told me that you are Dr. Nicholls of St. Frank's College. Let me apologise at once, sir, for having practised this harmless deception—"

"Harmless!" interrupted the Head sharply. "You are mistaken, Mr. Forrest.



see Bernard Forrest dive headlong into the river. For a moment he was visible in the water, and then it vanished beneath the surface!

It was a thoroughly dishonest deception. You led me to understand that your name was Woodhouse, and—"

"It was for my son's sake," said Mr. Forrest earnestly. "I have always held the view that he was unfairly expelled from your school, and I took advantage of the fact that you are a new headmaster. I was hoping that my son might be able to prove, by his own conduct, that he is worthy of

completing his education at your establishment."

"If your son has repented of his former misdeeds, so much the better, Mr. Forrest," said the Head. "But that is neither here nor there. He has been expelled from this school, and he cannot be readmitted. Never for one moment would I consider such a proposal. When can you come here and take him away?"

"Don't be so hasty, Dr. Nicholls," came the urgent voice over the wires. "Can't we come to some agreement on this point? Won't you allow Bernard to remain, now that he is there?"

"It is quite impossible."

"Could he be on probation, say, for a month?" asked Mr. Forrest. "If he behaves himself, he can then stay on. But if he gives you the slightest cause—"

"It is absolutely idle to discuss this matter, Mr. Forrest," broke in the Head curtly. "Your son must leave at the earliest possible moment. My decision is final. Unless you make arrangements to fetch him away, I shall appoint one of my under-masters to escort him to London."

"Really, Dr. Nicholls, I hope you will reconsider—"

"I have just said, sir, that my decision is final!" interrupted the Head sternly.

A sigh came over the 'phone.

"Very well, I will fetch my son away," said Mr. Forrest reluctantly. "I hope you can keep him there over night? I have an important engagement this evening, and I cannot possibly come until to-morrow."

"I will keep the boy here until to-morrow, but I should like you to take him away as early as possible," said the Head. "When can I expect you, Mr. Forrest?"

"I will arrive by car during the forenoon," said Bernard's father.

"Thank you," said the Head.

And he placed the receiver on the hook before Mr. Forrest could say anything further. Dr. Nicholls was looking angry and impatient.

"Unscrupulous—both of them!" he muttered. "Do they think that I am a weakling, to be so duped?"

THE Remove was very disappointed. Handforth and a crowd of others had arranged to give Forrest a pretty hot reception when he got back from the Head. But Forrest didn't get back. He was packed off to bed. Dr. Nicholls was determined that he should not mix with any of the boys. He would remain in that bedroom until the morrow, and he would be taken away from the school by his father.

So the Remove went to bed with a grievance. It was too bad of the Head to deprive them of their rightful sport. Bernard Forrest deserved a ragging, and now, it seemed, he was to escape it.

Forrest himself seemed in no way disturbed by what had happened.

He lay in bed quite comfortable, and there was a glint of amusement in his eyes. A great change had come over him. No longer did he look penitent or crestfallen. No longer was there a droop in his shoulders.

"Well, I've fooled 'em!" he told himself complacently. "The Head doesn't mean to let me stay, but I've kidded him that I'm now quite a good little boy, anxious to redeem myself, what? Gad, what a game!"

It was evident that Bernard Forrest was in no way changed. He was the same cool, sardonic, scheming rascal.

He was different from Claude Gore-Pearce. The millionaire's son was several kinds of a rotter, but he did not possess Bernard Forrest's cool brain. He was not so capable, neither was he as clever. When Forrest put his mind to a thing, he could achieve surprisingly successful results. And now he was determined upon a course of action which, if it came to anything, would be something of a triumph.

Apparently he was not alone in this venture, either.

For after St. Frank's had settled down and had gone to sleep, Forrest was still awake. He waited until the school clock chimed out the hour of midnight. This seemed to be a kind of signal, for Forrest immediately jumped out of bed and rapidly dressed himself. He did not switch on the light, however. That would have been too risky.

Having dressed, he went to the window, softly opened it, and took a look outside. The night was very black. There was no moon, and heavy clouds were drifting across the sky. Occasionally a star would twinkle. A high wind was sweeping through the trees in the Head's garden.

"Safe as houses," murmured Forrest.

He proceeded to lower himself to the ground. This was easy enough, for he had knotted his sheets together in the time-honoured fashion, and they served as an excellent rope. Not that he really needed the sheets, for there was plenty of ivy clinging to that wall, and the distance to the ground was comparatively slight, this bed-room being on the first floor.

Forrest stole through the Head's garden, climbed the wall, and within five minutes he was out in the lane. He walked briskly now, having little or no fear of meeting anybody at this hour of the night.

Half-way to Bellton, close against the old stile which led into Bellton Wood, he found a big saloon car. It was waiting by the roadside, with only the wing lamps alight.

"Hallo, pater!" said Forrest, as he opened one of the doors.

"Come in, Bernard," said a voice. "Nobody saw you getting out, I suppose?"

"Trust me, pater," replied Forrest, as he entered the car and closed the door. "Been waiting long?"

"About fifteen minutes," replied Mr. Forrest.

He was a big man, clean-shaven, and grey-haired.

"Well, pater, everything's going all right," said Bernard. "They spotted me like a shot, you know. Didn't I tell you that the game wouldn't work?"

"We didn't intend it to work," replied Mr. Forrest. "There was just a chance that you might have kept up the deception for a day or two, but we were ready, in any case. Well, perhaps it's just as well that things have turned out like this. You're at the school now, and I'm going to make certain that you remain."

"The Head's an awfully determined man, pater," said Bernard.

"I am a determined man, too," retorted Mr. Forrest grimly, "and this headmaster of yours is not going to beat me! No, Bernard! He may be stronger than Dr. Stafford, but the very fact that he is comparatively new to the school makes our task easier."

"You'd better not kid yourself, pater," said Forrest. "Dr. Nicholls is as hard as nails. Not that you won't beat him," he added confidently. "You've always won through, haven't you, pater?"

Mr. Forrest grunted.

"No man has ever got the better of me yet!" he said in a hard voice. "And I'm certain that this infernal schoolmaster won't be the first! We're going to score, Bernard, and it's up to you to play your part."

"You can trust me, pater, can't you?"

"I think I can," said Mr. Forrest, patting his son on the shoulder. "We'll show them, Bernard—we'll show them!"

Mr. Forrest obviously was every bit as unscrupulous as this worthless son of his. He had been absolutely furious when Bernard had been expelled in disgrace from St. Frank's, and ever since then he had been striving to get his son back. He regarded the whole thing as a defeat, and he was not going to allow these school governors or the headmaster to triumph.

Mr. Forrest was a man who boasted that he always won. And he was going to a great deal of trouble to score over the St. Frank's authorities. It wasn't that he did not want to send Bernard to any other school. It was simply that he had been

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Edward Oswald Handsforth 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 Handsforth, c/o the Nelson Lee Library, to-day.

? ? ? ? ? (Chiswick).—Many thanks to the kind person who sent me a letter which contained no letter, if you get what I mean. I have much pleasure in acknowledging it herewith.

A. O. W. (Wolverhampton).—Irene is quite well, thank you, although she's none the better for your asking. There's something wrong with your thinking apparatus. My minor couldn't beat me at anything—except, perhaps cheek. My hair is not red. What made you think such a potty thing? I don't want to be like that Fourth Form fathead, Boots!

"WINCHMORE HILL" (Winchmore Hill).—It's very kind of you to inform me that there's such a place as Winchmore Hill, I'm sure. What do you think I am—a duffer? My great-aunt's cousin's nephew's mother's sister-in-law's brother was born there, so I ought to know. When am I going to get my hair cut? Well, I don't intend to ask you when, so I shouldn't worry your chunk of sawdust about the matter.

ETHEL BROMLEY (Egham).—Charmed to receive your letter. Of course, I don't mind you being a girl. I'd arrange to meet you only that sneaking rotter, Teddy Long, might tell Irene. And I don't want to cause trouble.

RONALD M. P. BARNET (London).—What's the idea of the "M. P." part in your name, my lad? Are you trying to kid me you're a Member of Parliament? I asked my pater, who is an M.P., and he says he's never heard of you. Of course I can answer that riddle of yours. "My first is a circle, my

second a cross; if you meet my whole look for a toss." Why, the second line gives you away. You're not an M.P. at all, but a nanny-goat. Baa! Baa! (Wrong again, Handy. The answer to that riddle is an ox.—Ed.) Yes, send me another riddle, Ronald, and make it a *riddle* next time!

FRANCES DOWLING (London).—Sorry to hear that this is the first time you've written to me. Glad to hear you're writing again. I shall keep my peepers open for your next letter. Hope you had a good holiday in Ireland. Hallo, you're another of them making inquiries about my hair. If you're a good girl I'll send you a strand of it one of these fine days when I'm moulting. Don't you think that is kind of me?

DICK DOYLE (Horsham Road, Sussex). Look here, young feller-me-lad, you're asking for two thick ears, two black eyes, a swollen nose and various other trifles if you again call my Austin Seven a "crank pot old thing." Does it go, indeed! Just ask Churchy and Mac when we get back from our next spin. They'll soon tell you—if they're still in the car and haven't been blown overboard owing to the terrific rush of air while travelling.

W. B. (Kensington).—"What is the difference between a raspberry and a loganberry?" Well, a raspberry tastes like a raspberry, and a loganberry tastes like a raspberry and a loganberry. Therefore, a raspberry is a thoroughbred, while a loganberry is a half-breed.

EDWARD OSWALD.

thwarted, and he felt that his record would be ruined unless he gained a victory *no.v.*

His son should go back to St. Frank's as a scholar. No matter what the rules of the school were, they should be changed! Bernard Forrest was to re-enter the Remove, openly and brazenly. The first move in the game had already been played.

"You'll be ready in the morning, Bernard?" asked Mr. Forrest.

"Ready for anything, pater."

"Well, listen to my final instructions," said Forrest senior. "You'll need to work fast—and work cleverly, too."

Half an hour later Bernard Forrest crept back into his bed-room, and not a soul in

the school knew that he had been out. He remade his bed, slipped between the sheets, and went to sleep contentedly.

CHAPTER 8.

What the Head Saw!

DR. NICHOLLS looked at Forrest with a stern eye.

"You may, if you wish, take a walk in Inner Court, or in my garden, Forrest," he said, "but you must not venture into the Triangle, or into any part of the grounds where the other boys congregate."

"Yes, sir."

"Do you thoroughly understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"I will not have you talking with any of the boys," said Dr. Nicholls. "You do not belong to this school, Forrest, and I shall not allow you to have any communication with the boys. Indeed, it is better for your own safety that you should stay within the restricted areas I have mentioned."

"Yes, sir," said Forrest. "Thank you, sir."

He spoke very meekly—in a very subdued voice. He had breakfasted with the Head, and very little had been said during the meal. Forrest was acting his part well. He looked for all the world like a boy who had received a stunning blow. There was

nothing of the arrogant, insolent dandy about him.

"You must remain close at hand, so that you will be ready to leave when your father arrives," added the headmaster. "That will do, Forrest. You may go now."

Forrest went, humble. And he made no attempt whatever to leave the precincts of Inner Court or the Head's garden. He was soon spotted by Handforth and Nipper and Travers and lots of other juniors; but they could not get at him. He took care not to venture too close.

It was just time for morning lessons, anyhow, so the juniors, to their keen disappointment, were obliged to go into the School House. Forrest was left alone.

Dr. Nicholls was a little worried. He had formed the impression that Forrest was quite an average sort of schoolboy. There seemed to be nothing vicious about him. But never for a moment did the Head hesitate. Forrest had been expelled, and therefore he was absolutely barred from this school for all time.

At about ten o'clock the telephone bell rang. Placing the receiver to his ear, the Head recognised Mr. Forrest's voice.

"I am in Bannington," said Bernard's father over the wires. "I am in a private room at the Grapes Hotel."

"Are you not coming to St. Frank's, Mr. Forrest?" asked the Head.

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"I would prefer not to."

"Really, sir—"

"In the circumstances I am sure you will appreciate my feelings," continued Mr. Forrest earnestly. "I shall take it as a great favour if you will come to me here—where, I hope, we can discuss this matter—"

"There is nothing to discuss, Mr. Forrest," interrupted the Head coldly.

"It really depends upon your attitude—"

"My attitude is the only one possible," said Dr. Nicholls. "Your son cannot remain in this school. He obtained admission by a trick. It was a piece of outrageous effrontery. It is your duty, Mr. Forrest, to come to this school and take your son away."

"I am afraid you are a hard man, Dr. Nicholls."

"I am not a man to be fooled with, if that is what you mean."

"You thoroughly misunderstand my son," came the voice.

"His expulsion was a tragedy—both for him and for me. I have felt all along that Dr. Stafford acted harshly, without taking into account the fact that my son had been led away by evil companions. He is a different boy now, and if only he could have another chance—"

"You are wasting your time, Mr. Forrest, and mine, by prolonging this discussion," broke in the Head. "Perhaps it will be the best way out if I send your son by car to Bannington. I really think there is no need for me to come personally."

"Oh, but I want to see you, Dr. Nicholls," came Mr. Forrest's urgent tones. "Please do me the favour of coming yourself."

There was almost a note of alarm in his voice now.

"Even if we cannot discuss this matter in the way I wish, I nevertheless want to see you," continued Mr. Forrest. "I am sure you will realise my reluctance to come to the school. It has many associations for me. I beg of you, sir, to grant me this request."

"I will come at once," said Dr. Nicholls briefly.

He did not care for the idea, but it would be better, perhaps, if Mr. Forrest did not come to St. Frank's. The interview at the Grapes Hotel would be briefer. The Head would simply hand Bernard over into his father's keeping, and he would take his departure.

Dr. Nicholls rang a bell, and a moment later Phipps appeared.

"I want you to order my car at once, Phipps," said the Head briskly. "Have it at the front door within five minutes."

"Yes, sir."

"After you have given those instructions please find the boy, Forrest, and have him in the hall ready," continued the Head. "You had better remain with him, Phipps, until I come."

"Very good, sir," said Phipps.

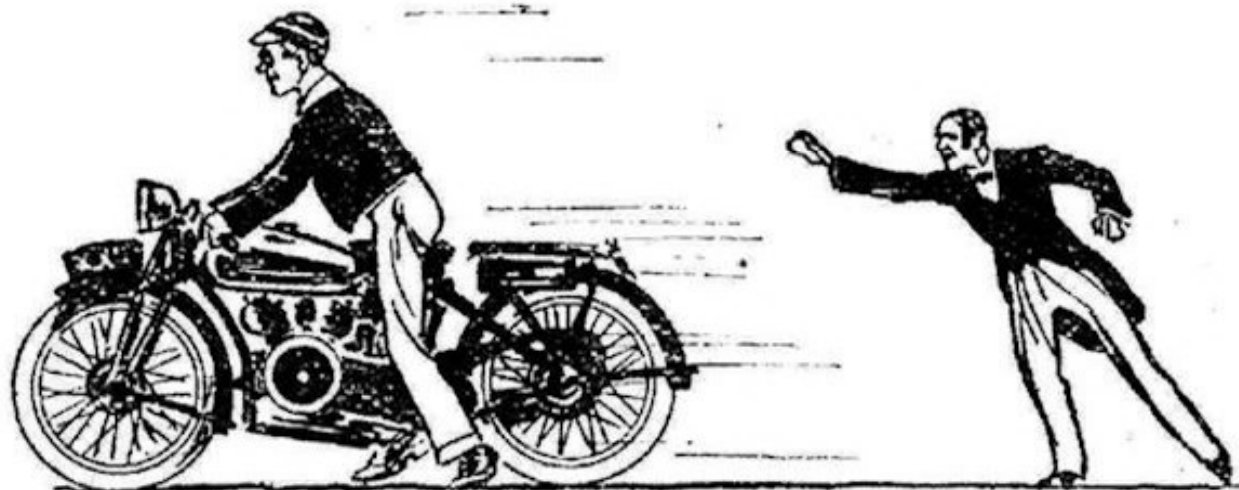
He went off, gave the necessary instructions for the car, and then went out to find Forrest. Phipps was the Head's butler—and, incidentally, he filled in some of his time by valeting for Archie Glenthorne.

He found Forrest mooching about in a disconsolate way in Inner Court, near to the gateway which led into the private road.

"You are wanted indoors, Master Forrest," said Phipps.

"My pater hasn't turned up, has he?" asked Forrest.

"I think not," replied Phipps. "The



headmaster, however, has requested that you shall be in the hall, ready, within five minutes. You are to leave with Dr. Nicholls by car."

"Oh!" said Forrest, nodding. "All right, Phipps. Thanks. I'll be there."

"I have been instructed, Master Forrest, to make certain that you accompany me—"

"I shan't be a minute," broke in Forrest. "Tell the Head not to worry. I'll be on time."

He walked off briskly, going down the private road in the direction of the bicycle shed. Phipps proceeded to follow.

Forrest noticed this, and he broke into a run. A minute later he dived into the bicycle house, where he found his motor-cycle just inside the door—ready. In a flash he was in the saddle, he gave the machine a push with his foot, and the engine started.

"One moment, Master Forrest!" ejaculated Phipps, running up.

"So long, Phipps, old bird!" sang out Bernard, waving a hand.

He was gone before Phipps could realise his intention. The valet stared after him indignantly. Then he turned, and went back to the Head's house.

The big car was already standing outside the door, and Dr. Nicholls himself was in the hall, pulling on his gloves.

"Cannot you find the boy?" he asked sharply, when he saw that Phipps was alone.

"I regret to say, sir, that Master Forrest broke away, and escaped on his motor-cycle.

"The young rascal!" said the Head angrily. "I might have expected something of the sort. Do you know which way he went, Phipps?"

"Towards the village, sir."

"H'm! No doubt he has gone to meet his father," said the Head. "Well, at all events, he has left the school."

He went out, entered his car, and he was soon being driven along the quiet country road towards Bannington. He was annoyed by Forrest's sudden departure. He had forgotten about the boy's motor-cycle, and had taken it for granted that Bernard would be willing to accompany him.

He did not worry. He did not think that the boy had deliberately bolted. It was merely that he preferred to go to Bannington on his motor-cycle than to travel in the Head's car. But it was undoubtedly a piece of impudence on his part to go off without permission.

"I wonder how the boy knew that his father was in Bannington?" mused the Head, frowning. "A small point, but a curious one. Perhaps Mr. Forrest telephoned to his son before he got through to me. That, I dare say, is the explanation. I shall have to inquire when I get back."

He rather resented this journey. He regarded it as a waste of time. Mr. Forrest, no doubt, would plead with him, but it would be quite useless. Dr. Nicholls' mind was made up. His predecessor, Dr. Malcolm Stafford, had expelled Bernard Forrest from the school, and there could be no re-entry for him.

The Head was just visualising his coming interview with Mr. Forrest when he noticed a motor-cycle travelling along the road some distance ahead, and going towards Bannington. The car was gradually overtaking it.

"I wonder if it is Forrest?" murmured the Head, bending forward.

Just then the motor-cyclist behaved rather strangely. He suddenly swerved towards the side of the road, and he evidently applied his brakes harshly. The machine skidded somewhat, and the rider literally fell off. He allowed the motor-cycle to crash over on its side, and without waiting a second he dashed off across the grass border of the road, broke through a hedge, and vanished.

"Strange!" muttered Dr. Nicholls, frowning.

His chauffeur was interested, too, and he allowed the car to slow down as it approached the spot. The Head could now see a figure running madly across a meadow next to the road. The River Stowe was in full sight, not much more than a hundred yards away. The motor-cyclist—who, indeed, was Bernard Forrest—was running at full speed towards the river bank.

"What on earth is the boy doing?" asked the Head. "You had better pull up," he added to the chauffeur.

"Yes, sir," said the man.

As the car came to a standstill, the Head opened the door, and he distinctly heard

anguished cries coming from the direction of the river.

"Help! Help!"

And the cries were uttered in a shrill, despairing feminine voice!

"Good gracious!" ejaculated the Head, running towards the gap in the hedge.

He arrived just in time to see Bernard Forrest diving headlong into the river. For a brief instant the startled headmaster caught a glimpse of a fair head in the water, and then it vanished beneath the surface. Forrest, by this time, was striking out vigorously for the spot.

"We'd better go, hadn't we, sir?" asked the chauffeur quickly.

"Yes—yes, by all means!" said Dr. Nicholls, agitated.

The incident was so unexpected and so startling that he was just a little bewildered. But one fact stood out clear. Forrest, the worthless scamp who had been sacked, had bravely dived to the rescue of the stranger in the river.

It was clear enough that Forrest, motor-cycling along the road, had heard the cries for help. Without hesitation he had thrown himself from his machine. The Head had actually seen him, so there could be no doubt of it. In the same plucky way he had rushed to the river and plunged in. Unquestionably, Forrest's behaviour was splendid. And it appealed to the Head all the more because he knew it to be spontaneous. Never for a second had Bernard hesitated. He must have known that the car was coming up close behind him, but in spite of this he had dashed for the river and plunged in without first enlisting possible aid from the occupants of the car.

"Perhaps we can be of some help, Tomson," panted the Head as he ran.

"Yes, sir, I suppose so," said the chauffeur.

They arrived at the river-bank, and were just in time to see a girl clutching at the turf. She was nearly unconscious with exhaustion, and her grip was despairing. Bernard Forrest, behind her, was doing his best to keep her there. She seemed to be in imminent danger of falling back. And the water, at this point, was evidently very deep.

"Can—can you pull her out, sir?" gasped Forrest.

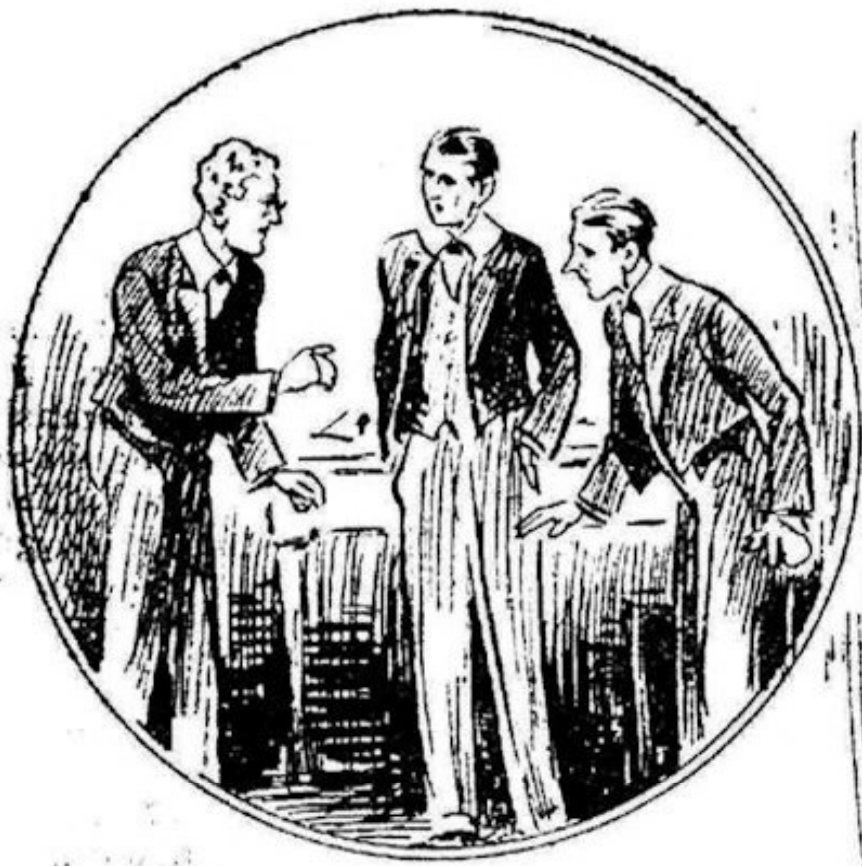
"Yes, yes!" exclaimed Dr. Nicholls. "Quickly, Tomson!"

They seized the girl, raised her gently up, and pulled her on to the turf just beyond the bank. She lay there exhausted—unconscious.

"The boy, sir!" ejaculated Tomson in a startled voice. "Where's the boy?"

"Good heavens!" shouted the Head, staring round.

They saw a swirl in the river. For a fleeting second they caught sight of a dark head, and then it vanished.



Nipper put the receiver to his ear and listened. And just at that moment Bernard Forrest went into Study A. "There seems to be something on next door," came Forrest's voice through the receiver. "You mean they've twigged you are Forrest?" said Gulliver's voice. "No; but they're suspicious."



CHAPTER 9.

The Unexpected!

"FORREST!" shouted Dr. Nicholls. "Can you see him, Tomson?"

"I saw something half a second ago, sir," panted the chauffeur. "There, look! There's still a sort of eddy in the water. The poor kid must have been dragged under by the current."

The Head was quite pale. Clearly Bernard Forrest, having succeeded in getting the girl to the bank, had fallen back into the deep water. The thing was horrifying. The boy had given his life for the sake of this girl!

"He's gone!" muttered the Head hoarsely. He commenced to peel off his overcoat, but the chauffeur leapt to the bank.

"Not you, sir!" he said urgently. "I can swim—I'll go in. No need for two of us, sir—and the young lady needs attention."

And with that Tomson jumped into the river. He splashed in violently, swam round for a moment or two, and then dived. He came to the surface spluttering and gasping, and dived again.

Dr. Nicholls, after a few moments, turned to the girl. She looked pitiable as she lay there on the grass. Her shingled hair was lying in matted masses over her fair forehead. Her eyes were closed, and she was breathing heavily. The Head had never seen her before; she was a girl of perhaps twenty-two or twenty-three.

Dr. Nicholls bent down, and then knelt by her side. He was conscious at the same time

that Tomson was still swimming about, still diving.

"Oh, I can't do it—I can't reach the bank!" came a murmur from the girl. "It's too far away—"

"Hush!" said the Head gently. "There is no danger now, my dear young lady. You are safe."

She opened her eyes, looked round wildly for a moment, and then recovered with some rapidity.

"The boy?" she asked, her voice full of anguish. "Is he safe? A boy dived in and saved me—just as I was going under—"

She broke off, looking round in great agitation.

"Where is he?" she cried. "Oh, don't tell me that—"

"I am hoping that the boy will be safe," said the Head. "You must not excite yourself—"

"He's gone!" murmured the girl hysterically. "Oh, he's gone! He saved my life, and I am to blame for what has happened!"

"Nobody is to blame," said the Head quietly. "These things happen unexpectedly—"

"It was so sudden, too," breathed the girl, looking at Dr. Nicholls with wild, horrified eyes. "I didn't know—I didn't dream of what would happen. I just reached over the bank to look at some water plants. And then—then I fell in. I remember crying out just before I went under. And—and then that boy came. Oh, he was wonderful! He dived in, and—and—"

"You really must control yourself," said the Head sternly. "It was brave of the boy to dive in as he did. An act of splendid courage."

He turned aside, for just then Tomson clutched at the bank, and half-pulled himself out.

"It's no good, sir!" he panted. "Can't find him anywhere."

"Heaven help the poor boy!" said Dr. Nicholls soberly.

"Must have been dragged under, sir—the current's pretty strong," said Tomson. "I've dived and dived until I can't do it any more. No sign of him at all, sir. No good now, anyhow. He must be drowned by this time."

"Poor boy—poor boy!" said Dr. Nicholls, shocked.

He helped Tomson out, and the man sank down feebly. He had been diving until he was well-nigh exhausted.

"**A** NYTHING wrong over there?"

The voice came from the opposite bank, and Dr. Nicholls, glancing round, saw a man running along the towing-path.

"It's too late!" called the Head. "There has been an accident. A boy has just been drowned, I fear. He went under, and we have seen no further sign of him."

"I thought I saw something as I came along," shouted the man excitedly. "But it wasn't here—it was lower down, near those reeds. I thought it was a dog drifting—"

"The reeds?" shouted the Head, staring.

"These reeds here," replied the man, running back a few yards.

"Impossible!" groaned the Head. "The poor boy disappeared here in this deep water. We shall have to have the river dragged for the—the body."

He was appalled. Suddenly he remembered Mr. Forrest, waiting at the Grapes Hotel. What a tragic duty it would be to impart this dreadful news to the waiting father!

The Head stood there, rather stunned. Tomson had pulled himself to his feet by now, and he was standing close by, the water dripping from his saturated clothing. The man on the other bank had plunged into the shallow water, and was forcing his way through a great mass of coarse reeds.

"There's something here!" he shouted suddenly.

The Head's heart gave a leap.

"What is it?" he called, his voice husky with emotion. "You must be mistaken! It is impossible that—"

"It's him!" came a yell. "He's here—caught in these reeds!"

"I never thought he could drift all that way down," muttered the chauffeur, staring.

"How are you, Tomson?" demanded the Head. "Do you think you can look after this young lady? Carry her to the car, and wrap the rugs round her."

"I think so, sir," said the chauffeur, with an effort.

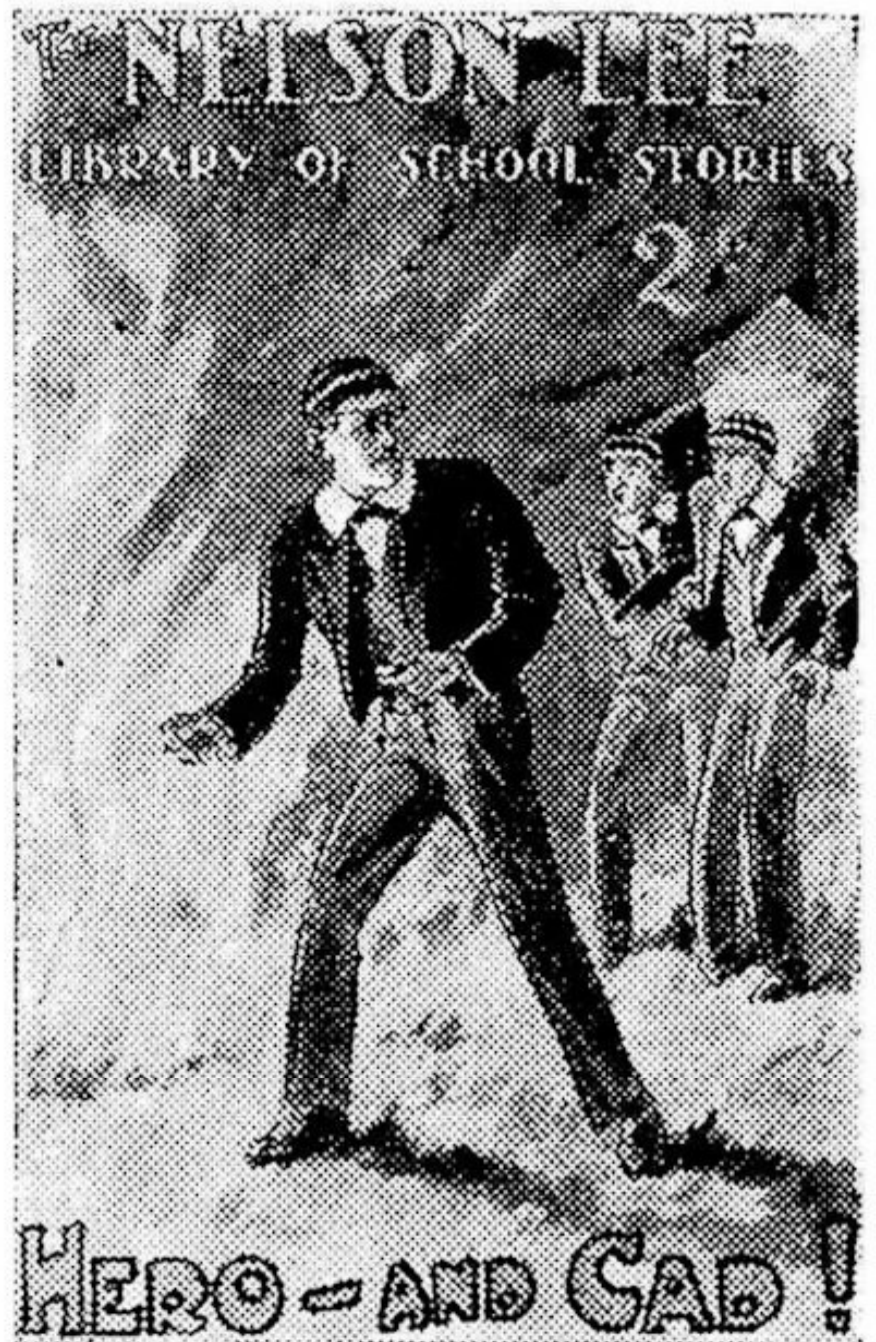
"I must get to the other side of the river," went on the Head. "How can I cross?"

"No need to hurry, sir!" called the man on the opposite bank. "Too late, I'm afraid. The poor youngster's dead!"

Dr. Nicholls watched in agony. He saw the man dragging something through the reeds. Then he recognised the still, limp figure of Bernard Forrest. With considerable difficulty the man managed to pull that limp thing up the bank, and to lay it on the grass. He was kneeling beside it now.

The chauffeur was attending to the girl who, now that the danger was over, was recovering pluckily.

COMING NEXT WEEK!



Suddenly the man on the other bank turned his head.

"He's alive!" he yelled hoarsely. "He's breathing!"

"Thank Heaven!" panted Dr. Nicholls.

"I need help!" went on the man across the river. "Can you come across, sir? I'll do all I can, but it's a two-man job."

"There's a little bridge farther up," put in the girl. "It's not very far. Don't try to swim—you won't do it. The current's terribly strong!"

The headmaster did not waste any more time in words. He set off at a run towards the bridge. And as he did so he caught a glimpse of the man on the other side turning Forrest over and commencing artificial respiration.

The bridge was farther off than Dr. Nicholls had believed. It seemed an age to him before he got on the other side of the stream. And then he went running back along the towing-path. In his earlier days Dr. Nicholls had been an athlete, but this run was beginning to tell on him now. He finally arrived nearly speechless. His breath was coming and going in short, sharp jerks.

"Well?" he asked breathlessly.

"He's coming round—safe now, I think," said the man, who was still hard at work. "Can you lend a hand, sir? I'm nearly done for."

Dr. Nicholls, in spite of his condition, did

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not hesitate. He dropped on to his knees and he gave all the assistance he could. The other man was perspiring freely from his strenuous exertions.

"Splendid!" jerked the Head. "Well done, sir! Undoubtedly you have saved the boy's life."

"No good hesitating over a thing like this," said the man. "And once you start you've got to keep on. If you stop for only twenty seconds, it might mean the finish of the boy. He's all right now, though. Fairly over the worst."

Forrest moved convulsively, and for a moment he seemed to choke. Then he half struggled round, feebly attempting to beat off the two men.

"Stop it!" he muttered. "You're hurting me! Why can't you let me sleep? I'm all

right, I tell you. There's nothing wrong—"

"Good sign, sir," said the man, glancing at the Head. "He's safe enough now. Let's take him to a doctor, eh?"

"We must carry him to my car," replied Dr. Nicholls. "I shall take him straight to the school sanatorium. Dr. Brett is there now."

BERNARD FORREST had fallen back into a kind of stupor. His heart was beating regularly, and his breathing was even. Undoubtedly the worst was over, and Dr. Stafford and the stranger, carrying the boy between them, managed to get him to the waiting car.

The chauffeur, shivering, was there.

"I wanted to drive the young lady back to the village—to the doctor's, but she wouldn't let me go," he explained. "She's anxious about the young gent—"

"Is he all right?" put in the girl, her voice full of concern.

"He is safe," said the Head simply. "This gentleman, by his prompt action, brought the boy round."

"Why, it's Mr. Miller!" said the girl.

"I've got my car here, Miss Wilton—just along the road, round the bend," said the man. "Perhaps you'd rather come with me into Bannington?"

"Oh, if it wouldn't be troubling you too much," said the girl gratefully. "I could go straight home, then."

"I'll get the car," said Mr. Miller, hurrying off.

Meanwhile Dr. Nicholls and the chauffeur made Forrest comfortable on the rear seat. By this time Mr. Miller had backed his car up, and the girl was transferred.

"Please let me know how the boy is," she said earnestly. "I'm staying at the Wheatsheaf Hotel—I'm here on holiday. This gentleman is also a guest at the hotel."

"I will communicate with you as soon as possible," interrupted the Head. "Tomson, you must lose no time in getting back to the school."

And a minute later the Head's car was speeding back towards St. Frank's. The man and the girl, at the same time, drove off to Bannington. The Head was rather glad about this; it was far better that the girl should return to her own quarters. She would be more comfortable there, and there was really no accommodation for ladies in the St. Frank's sanatorium.

The Head superintended Forrest's removal from the car. He even helped to carry him upstairs to the sanatorium, and saw him safely into Dr. Brett's capable hands.

Then the Head, feeling rather exhausted after all this excitement, went indoors to change. He was better after a complete change of clothing, and he had had time to recover.

"A splendid boy!" he kept telling himself. "Upon my word! One of the noblest deeds I have ever witnessed. I cannot think that

this boy is as black as he has been painted. He is a hero!"

Dr. Nicholls, indeed, was full of enthusiasm for Bernard Forrest's act of bravery, and all his former antagonism had gone.

That incident in the River Stowe had made all the difference!

CHAPTER 10.

Victory!

MR. MILLER grinned.

"Well, Bessie, I think we did it pretty well, eh?" he chuckled. "An infernally wet job, but we've been well paid for it."

"All in the day's work, old dear," said Miss Wilton lightly.

They were in a private room at the Wheat-sheaf Hotel, in Bannington. They had both just changed, and were looking none the worse for their recent adventure. The girl, in fact, had made an extraordinarily fine recovery.

"In these hard times we can't sneeze at any sort of job," went on Mr. Miller. "It's a pity the cameras weren't shooting that scene, though. Hanged if I can understand what old man Forrest wanted it done for."

"Why worry?" asked the girl. "It's not our business, Jim. He's paid us for it, and we've earned an honest penny."

There was something very sophisticated about this young lady now. To be exact, she was Mrs. Miller. "Bessie Wilton" was merely her professional name. She and her husband had played quite a number of minor parts in certain obscure motion pictures. In brief, they were cinema artistes.

Mr. Forrest had engaged them for this stunt, and it was not their business to inquire into his reasons for what he had done. It was a perfectly honest job, from their point of view.

"The boy was pretty good, too," said Mrs. Miller admiringly. "To tell you the truth, Jim, I was half scared for a bit. I thought he had really been dragged under. That schoolmaster fellow was scared stiff."

"And properly fooled, too," chuckled Mr. Miller.

There was a tap at the door, and one of the hotel maids announced that a visitor had come.

"Show him up," said Mr. Miller briskly.

And a minute later Mr. Forrest walked in, his face full of inquiry.

"It's all right, Mr. Forrest—everything went off beautifully," said the girl, with a broad smile. "The headmaster johnny nearly had a couple of fits, and he was as pleased as Punch when he saw that the boy was alive. Took him off to the school."

"Good!" said Mr. Forrest. "I've already had a telephone message from Dr. Nicholls to say that he is coming over to see me. I've come here to see that you people carry out

your part of the contract. You've got to leave this town by the next train."

"Anybody might think we'd done something crooked," grumbled Mr. Miller. "Hang it, this stunt is no different from any we've done for the pictures, Mr. Forrest."

"No different at all," agreed Mr. Forrest. "But I have a particular reason for wanting you to leave. This headmaster is a pretty keen man, and he might make some inquiries. All I need to tell you is that I want my son to be admitted into St. Frank's College. That stunt was purposely staged so that Dr. Nicholls would be favourably impressed. Quite harmless—quite innocent. But I don't want Dr. Nicholls to suspect that it was a trick. You understand? I'll give you another ten pounds if you leave this hotel within fifteen minutes."

"Done!" said Mr. Miller promptly.

DR. MORRISON NICHOLLS, without the slightest suspicion that he had been deceived, motored into Bannington with his heart full of kindness towards Bernard Forrest.

His feelings would have been very different if he had known that Forrest had deliberately dived under the water, had swum beneath the surface to those reeds, and had then crouched there, out of sight, awaiting the arrival of the paid Mr. Miller.

Bernard was an excellent swimmer, and that little performance had been easy enough for him.

It had been a cunning idea of Mr. Forrest's to have the boy dragged ashore on the opposite bank. For the Head had been unable to know, in these circumstances, that the artificial respiration had been artificial in more senses than one. By the time Dr. Nichols had arrived Forrest had "recovered." But for that long detour, the Head must have guessed that there had been really no need for the treatment.

WHEN the Head arrived at the Grapes Hotel, Mr. Forrest was pacing up and down in the big foyer. He ran out as soon as the big car stopped outside. He looked like a man who was full of tense anxiety.

"Well," he ejaculated, as he grasped Dr. Nicholls' arm, "how is the boy? I could not gather much from your message over the 'phone—"

"I am thankful to say, Mr. Forrest, that your son is safe," said the Head. "Not only safe, but recovering rapidly. I am assured that he will be quite well within a day or two."

"Thank Heaven for that!" said Mr. Forrest fervently.

They went into the hotel and proceeded straight to Mr. Forrest's private room.

"After what has happened, Mr. Forrest, I must tell you frankly that my opinion of your son has changed," said the Head quietly. "I have had evidence that he is a

(Continued on page 42.)

Gossip ABOUT St. FRANK'S



Things Heard and Seen By EDWY SEARLES BROOKS

OUR photograph this week is of K. McMahon, Melbourne. It's only a snapshot, and if Mr. McMahon's friends are unable to recognise him, I shan't be surprised. Snaps of this kind are really a trifle too small for good reproduction. Mr. McMahon tells me that he sent fifty forms with readers' signatures, urging that the St. Frank's Magazine should be brought back into the Old Paper. Well, by this time he will find that we have been publishing extracts from the St. Frank's Junior School Magazine for quite a period. I hope that he and his fifty friends are pleased with them.

OUR READERS' PORTRAIT GALLERY

SYDNEY SMITH, of Scartho, has sent me an illustration of an ignition lock for motor-cars, designed by Mr. E. S. Brooks, and he is rather curious to know if I am the inventor. Although I am a bit mechanical, and am certainly interested in cars, I cannot claim to have invented anything but story plots. The Mr. E. S. Brooks our reader refers to is quite another gentleman.



K. McMahon

IHAD a little discussion with Dr. Nicholls some time ago which will probably be of interest to B. W. Burchell, of Malvern, Victoria, Australia. The Head, being a comparatively newcomer, is tremendously interested in St. Frank's history. We were discussing the origin of the famous old school, and Dr. Nicholls was interested to know that the very first building at St. Frank's—the original school, in fact—was the Ancient House. In the old days, hundreds of years ago, the Ancient House was quite a small place, and there were no other buildings at

all. Years afterwards, the College House was built—now called the Modern House. And for a very long period the Ancient House and the College House were the only two buildings of the school. St. Frank's has only attained its great eminence in comparatively recent years. Of course, the site was once occupied by a monastery—this was somewhere in the Middle Ages—and some of the ruins are still standing within the school grounds. The governors of St. Frank's are not over-sentimental—and in this they show their common sense—and they did not hesitate to order the most drastic alterations when the school needed enlargement. But as the monastery ruins do not interfere with any of the main buildings, they are allowed to remain. I cannot help adding that I am very glad of this, for those old ruins come in awfully handy to give an eerie note in some of the adventures I am called upon to record at times. I think the ruins will always be there!

RALPH LESLIE FULLWOOD is one of the best of chaps, but at one time he was nearly as bad as Forrest. He was turned from his crooked path mainly through the influence of Winnie Pitt and Clive Russell, during a trip to the South Sea Islands. These adventures were recorded in Nos. 529 to 536, Old Series. This information is mainly for the benefit of William Kitchen, of Buxton, but lots of other readers may welcome it, too. In the series of yarns that immediately followed the South Sea adventure—Nos. 537 to 541, Old Series—Fullwood was really tested. It was in these stories, mainly, that he had the great fight with himself—and won.

I THINK I shall have to ask the Editor to print a huge notice, in whacking great type, telling all you readers that I am not the Chief Officer of the St. Frank's League, and that it is a waste of time for you to write to me on League subjects. And I shall suggest that he prints it every week until you get fed up with it. This week, for example, here's M. Koji Mohamed, of Singapore, an Organising Officer of the League, writing to me and asking me to say that he wants to hear from readers in the Straits Settlements and Federated Malay States. He ought to have sent his request to the Chief Officer, who would have dealt with it in the right way. No doubt, when he sees this, he will repair his error and communicate with the C.O.

* * *

THERE are others too—J. Doody, of Birmingham, and William Rowe, of Brisbane, and Frederick T. Hill, of Portsmouth, to mention only three—who write to me on League matters. Probably they have been calling me all sorts of names for not answering. But it is really their own fault. And here's Noel G. Strachan, of Catford, another old reader, asking my advice about his job. The Chief Officer is the man to go to for advice of that sort, since the St. Frank's League is an organisation which sets itself out to be helpful. These columns are purely and simply about St. Frank's—as the very title implies. I do wish that all readers would bear this fact in mind when writing to me. I was only joking, of course, about asking the Editor to print a big notice; but, all the same, I hope that any other Leagueites who are thinking of writing to me on League matters will address their letters to the C.O. instead of to me. But if they're going to ask any questions about St. Frank's, or my stories, I shall be delighted to receive their letters.

* * *

IT is a bit difficult, I suppose, for a new reader to get the hang of St. Frank's after having perused the Old Paper for only a few weeks. I've had a letter from E. F. Rogerson, of Chingford, and he asks me (I can only assume that this reader is a "he," since I have nothing to go by but initials) who is the leader of the School House Remove and the Head's House Remove. Well, of course, "old timers" know well enough that the School House at St. Frank's is purely a place for work, without any boarders at all. And the Head's house is Dr. Nicholls' private residence. The Remove boards about an equal number of boys in the Ancient House and the West House; and the Fourth an equal number in the Modern House and the East House. Nipper is the Remove captain and the leader of the Ancient House section. Reggie Pitt is the leader of the West House juniors.

This reader also wants to know what country Guy Pepys hails from. Well, with an old English name like that I should think that Guy's nationality is obvious. As a matter of fact, he hails from Ipswich, in Suffolk, and when I spoke to him about it the other day he assured me with the utmost earnestness that his family is one of the oldest in East Anglia, and that he is a descendant of the famous Samuel Pepys, the English diarist and Admiralty official, who lived in the seventeenth century, and who was himself a member of an old East Anglian family. Guy is so proud of this that he even keeps a diary of his own, and he attempts to imitate his celebrated ancestor's quaint style. Personally, I'm not quite so sure of this alleged descent.

* * *

WHILE I was having a chat with Nelson Lee some days ago, he remarked on the fact that in some schools it is a rule that no man can be a Housemaster unless he is married. Reg. T. Staples, of Walworth, raises this point in one of his letters. At St. Frank's it is not obligatory for a Housemaster to be married. Nelson Lee, for example, is a confirmed bachelor. The very thought of him being married is incongruous. I don't exactly know why, but I simply cannot picture a Mrs. Nelson Lee. Neither Mr. Stockdale, of the Modern House, nor Mr. Goole, of the East House, are married—or, if they have been, they must be widowers, because I've never heard of their wives. Mr. Beverley Stokes, of the West House, is the only Housemaster at St. Frank's who is married. Mrs. Stokes is quite a popular figure at the old school, although, naturally, she doesn't appear in the stories much. Reggie Pitt will tell anybody that her little tea parties in the West House are justly celebrated. "Barry" Stokes himself is as jolly as any schoolboy—in fact, when he first came to St. Frank's, he actually pretended to be one—and he loves nothing better than to help his wife to entertain schoolboy guests in their own private apartments of the West House.

* * *

BEING stout has its compensations. When I looked into the big swimming bath one day last week, I found Fatty Little floating at the deep end with all the buoyancy of a cork. He hardly ever takes the trouble to swim. He just plunges in—and the water rises perceptibly—and there he floats about looking like a human punch-ball. I don't think I have mentioned the swimming-bath in the stories, for Raymond Wiltshire, of Dorchester, has asked me about it. Imagine a great school like St. Frank's without a swimming-bath! I'd like to assure Raymond that the swimming-bath at St. Frank's is one of the finest in the country. Quite a large slice of the ground floor of the School House is occupied by it.

EDWY SEARLES BROOKS.

THERE'S THRILLS GALORE IN THIS SERIAL OF ADVENTURE IN SOUTHERN SEAS!

The ISLAND CASTAWAYS!

by ARTHUR S. HARDY



(Introduction on page 37)

A Narrow Escape!

WITH a hoarse cry, Dave set the tiller over and brought the nose of the sailing boat round.

Tom was thirty yards away; twenty—fifteen—ten—the boat yawning to meet him.

Dave screamed to the girl to take the tiller and hold it firmly.

Tom looked up, saw the boat, paused, then thrust out more vigorously than ever. He reached his hand for her side, and as he did so Dave brought the oar down with all his strength at the dark, awful thing that turned gaping mouth and flashing teeth upward as it rolled.

The oar was torn away and vanished beneath the sea as Dave, gripping Tom by the arms, hauled him dripping into the boat, and bawled to Eva to put the tiller over.

A moment later the little boat was racing with a helping wind in the direction of their island.

The three companions partook of their evening meal within the shelter of the hut, whilst outside the brilliant beauties of the glade were drenched in a shimmer of molten gold.

Dave had been moody ever since they had landed and beached the boat, not on the shore of the lagoon as was their custom, but high above the tide mark on the coral reef not a mile away from the point.

Sellwood was uneasy in his mind, and Tom was anxious to know why.

"I should have thought you would have been the first to board that ship, Dave," he said. "Why didn't you come with us?"

"I didn't like the looks of her, not from the first," the old sea captain growled. "I

wish I'd never let you light that signal fire. Nothing would have induced me to go on board that sailer. And see what came of it—missy here frightened, and you nearly taken by that man-eater! And there was fever aboard.

Who knows but what

we might not have caught it?"

It was a possibility that had already occurred to Tom, but the boy had put it out of his mind.

"Nonsense, Dave," he said. "Eva's gloriously healthy. So am I. So are you. I am glad we went. Supposing the men who abandoned that ship were all drowned? We three are the only people in the world who know what became of the Tioga, and we'll explain when we get back to civilisation."

Uninhabited is the island on which Eva Hanway and Tom Perry have been forced to live—but the coming of savages makes it all too stirring for the castaways!

"If we ever get back," growled Dave, frowning darkly.

"Pass me a bit of that baked breadfruit, Eva," said Tom; and as he began to eat he studied Dave attentively. "If you'd come aboard, Dave," he went on, "you'd have known where to find her log and other things we might have prized. As it is we've gained nothing for our trouble saving this."

He dangled the revolver he had brought away from the ship, and snapped it to find the trigger working easily. He had carefully dried the weapon and had set the cartridges out in the sun, though he did not believe the seawater could have damped them.

"This revolver would be a mighty useful thing if we had enemies here, Dave," Tom went on, "but since we are all friends, perhaps it was foolish to bring it at all."

"There are a heap more things that would be more useful," Dave agreed. "But I never would have taken anything from that death-ship, lad."

After the meal was over, Tom and Eva strolled down to the reef. The swell had subsided, and the sea was just rippling in on the coral strand as gently as the waters of an inland pond.

From the top of Bonfire Hill smoke still streamed, though the beacon had burnt itself out long ago to a heap of smouldering ashes. The smoke trailed away seaward in a long black tail.

Not a single object could be seen on the vast expanse of ocean.

"It's a pity we burnt it, Tom," said the girl. "For I am sure Dave is right; no ship will come."

"It doesn't matter," Tom answered. "It was fun setting light to it, and we can build another and a bigger one. It will give us something to do."

The girl was staring at him, and the intensity of her gaze startled him. Her big liquid eyes held a glint of fear.

"What's the matter?" he asked, as he took her by the arms.

Her lips trembled and her voice throbbed with emotion when she answered him.

"I can't forget that awful shark, Tom," she whispered. "It nearly caught you, and Dave says had it shut its teeth on you, you would have been—been killed—"

"Forget it," he said, with a laugh, for he, at any rate, had dismissed the incident from his mind long ago. "The shark didn't get me, and we are here together. Luckily for me I didn't know anything about it at the time, for had I known I'm sure I should have turned and tried to fight the brute. But it was lucky for me you saw it, and warned Dave. You and Dave saved my life between you, Eva."

She looked down and toyed with the sand, letting it run through her spread fingers.

"Do you know what I should have done if you had been drowned, Tom?" she asked quietly.

"You'd have behaved like the sane and plucky girl you are," he said.

"I'd have dived over the side of the boat, into the sea, and gone with you, Tom."

"Rot!" he said harshly. "That would have been silly, wouldn't it? I should hope you'd have done the right thing and stood by Dave. Then, when the rescue came, you'd have gone back to your father and mother, and you'd have told my dad and mater what happened to me."

The girl shook her head.

"They may be all dead, Tom," she reminded him. "And I don't mind staying with Dave as long as you are with me. But I should hate to be with him alone. That's what I should have done, Tom."

He sprang to his feet and began to stride restlessly up and down.

"Look here," he cried angrily, "you're getting morbid. Stop it, Eva! It makes me feel creepy, your talking like this. It's seeing what I saw in the cabin of the Tioga, I suppose." His anger died as quickly as it was born, and, setting his arm through hers, he drew her up on to her bare feet. "Let's forget it all and go for a walk up to Bonfire Hill," he suggested. "See, the sun's dropping into the sea. There will be the light of the moon and the stars to guide us. I feel restless, like you. I don't feel I could go to sleep just yet."

"All right, Tom," Eva agreed.

Standing side by side, they waited beside their boat and watched the sun die. They waited there till the moon shone with a silver splendour, then made their way up the hill. They could see as clearly as if it were day, and when Tom laughingly suggested they should visit the place where they had found Dave Sellwood, Eva was delighted.

"But let's go to the top of Bonfire Hill first," she said, "then we can visit the idol and the temple on our way back."

The ashes of the bonfire were still white-hot in the centre when they came upon the fire, and smoke was still curling upward from it.

Turning, Tom and Eva looked down over the sea. It's shimmering surface gleamed like burnished metal. Tom almost imagined he could see the dark smudge of the distant island, but knew that was only fancy. As usual, not a sail was to be seen.

As they made their way down to the place Eva called the temple, the girl recalled how frightened she was when she had first set eyes on the idol, and heard Dave Sellwood moaning with pain.

"I don't think I shall ever be as frightened as that again," she said. "I thought the idol was a ghost, and the frightful noises were the cries of a man in agony. I am cured, Tom."

And so when they stepped boldly through the screening trees and bushes into the open space where the stone image towered menacingly, she ran in front of Tom.

Moonlight lit up the temple so that every object in it was clearly defined.

Silver beams touched the grinning face of the grotesque figure which, seen at night, appeared to be toppling forward. Even then it seemed uncanny, and Tom was not surprised that Eva had been frightened.

"Do you know, Eva," whispered Tom, the loud ring of his lowered voice startling him, "I believe the idol has moved."

Eva did not answer him immediately. She was looking round. Suddenly she gripped his arm.

"Look, Tom!" she cried hoarsely. "There's a man!"

Eva was right. Looking where she pointed, Tom saw a burly figure standing motionless, with arms folded, gazing at the idol. For a moment Tom was as startled as she; then, with a laugh, he leapt towards the man.

"Nerves!" he cried. "Eva—it's Dave!" It was Dave Sellwood sure enough, and he eyed them soberly as they came up to him.

"Look," Dave said, "there's something wrong with that old image. For years before you came it was my only companion, and I got used to talking to it the same as I would to a pal. All the time I've known it I've felt that it stood between me and disaster, calamity, illness, maybe even death. And now it's falling down."

Dave raised his voice and stood with finger pointing.

"When that old figure crashes," he added, "bad days will follow for all of us and—there she goes!"

Was the figure falling? Tom believed so as he gazed at it.

"Oh, nonsense, Dave!" he objected. "I can understand you filling your head with all kinds of crazy notions as long as you were alone. But there are three of us, and we've got the boat. We can get away from the island any time we like, and we'll start whenever you care to say the word."

The figure was falling. As Tom finished speaking, the great image seemed to fling itself off the pedestal and come tumbling over towards them. It hit the ground with such force as to break it in a dozen pieces, the grotesque head rolling away among the bushes. The place where it had been was blazed with silver light. The idol of the island was no more!

Dave cast an eye skyward.

"The weather's set fair, lad," he cried, "and if you and missy don't mind, we'll start away from here to-morrow!"

Chased by Savages!

"WHERE'S Miss Hanway, Dave?" asked Tom.

He had just come back from a dip in a pool after having sun-dried himself. His shirt was open at the neck, revealing a copper skin. His only suit of clothes, now torn and out of shape, and discoloured beyond recognition, hung like rags upon his muscular body. His right-hand side pocket bulged with the shape of a revolver. His hair was tumbled, and his eyes as clear and as blue as the sky.

"Reckon she's gone down to the lagoon for a dip."

Tom frowned.

"I wish she wouldn't do that, Dave," he said. "I'll swear sharks swim in there, and she likes to go out a long way. I've told her to stick to the small pools, where she can see all there is in the crystal water."

"She'll be careful, boy. I've talked to her like a Dutch uncle, and after yesterday she'll be doubly careful. She won't take any risks, though I don't like the idea of her wandering about on her own."

"Not on this uninhabited island, Dave? Rot! Still, I'll agree one ought to be with her. When I went for my dip I believed she was asleep. But when I peeped in just now she was not in her bed. And she went to the lagoon?"

"Ay."

"All right, I'll go in after her."

Tom started to walk briskly across the glade. Dave called after him.

"Our boat all right, Tom?"

"All right, Dave. And since there was talk last night about our leaving the island to-day, I pushed her as near the water's edge as I could with safety, and plunged the anchor in so's she could not drift away."

"We'll talk it over at breakfast," shouted

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—or so he thought—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, but they are caught in a terrible storm, and the motor-boat is swamped. They are plunged into the mountainous seas, and finally are cast upon an unknown island, on which they meet David Sellwood. Later, unknown to the two chums, Hanway's yacht is set on fire by Kemish. One day the three castaways see a windjammer drifting towards the island. They go aboard and find the ship to be waterlogged, abandoned, and fever-stricken, so Dave and Eva put away in the boat from the death-ship. Just before the *Tioga* sinks Tom jumps into the sea and swims to where Dave and Eva are waiting in the boat. Suddenly a shark is seen making for Tom.

(Now read on.)

As Tom hurried along the track he called aloud: "Eva, Eva, Eva!" expecting every moment to hear her answering call; but there was no response. But he need not worry, he thought to himself. Eva was careful. Soon he would meet her hurrying back to the hut. She loved the lagoon and the paradise in which it was set, and often slipped away from them to bathe there. Nor could he blame her, for it was not only the loveliest spot on the island, but it was there they had been saved.

"Eva, Eva, Eva!" Again he called, but still there was no answer. And then he remembered that with the wind blowing from the north, all sound was deadened by the intervening cane brake and the tropical vegetation.

The cane brake thinned at last. He could see the path winding a distance ahead. He began to run, eager to get into the open where he could catch sight of her. And then, just as he was about to call again, he came to a standstill with every nerve jarred and held his breath.

Borne to him on the wind came a low, deep drumming sound that boomed monotonously—boom, boom, boom, boom, tum, tum, tum, tum—and he knew it was the sound of a drum. The noise was unmistakable.

Deep notes and higher pitched notes, intermingled in a weird medley of oddly harmonised sound, a big drum and a little drum.

Tom held his breath as the full significance of the noises dawned upon him. There were strangers on the island, and the sound came from the neighbourhood of the lagoon. Eva had gone there. She had not come back.

Tom literally hurled himself along the trodden path and ran—ran until the great wide sweep of the sanded reef lay before him, almost blinding white in the morning sunshine. The great fringe of coco-nut palms curving inland showed the vicinity of the lagoon.

And on the sand, side by side, rakish and outriggered, lay three long native canoes. Near the coco-trees a big fire blazed, and Tom could see a black-skinned savage, whose naked body was oddly smeared and marked with white pigment, throwing wood upon the fire.

A group of perhaps twenty savages had formed a ring and squatted on the sand. In the middle of the ring two more were beating upon drums shaped like an elongated cotton reel. Tom could see the play of their knuckles, could almost believe he saw their hideous grins.

The paddles were laid against the canoes in orderly line. In the distance he saw three more savages with barb-pointed spears slanting across their shoulders.

But where was Eva?

Perhaps she had seen the savages, and, taking fright, was making her way back to the hut. Yet that was impossible, for the

nearest way home was by the path he had just used.

Tom panicked. For the first time in his life he panicked like a child. What if these black rascals had captured the girl and killed her?

He caught himself wondering why it was these natives had visited the island when Dave Sellwood swore he had never seen even the shadow of a savage during all the years he had been marooned there.

Then he remembered the signal fire and its trail of smoke which had stretched for miles and miles. The natives obviously had seen the smoke, they had known how to read the signal, and they had come to the lone island because they knew they would find strangers there.

Tom began to hasten towards the ring of chanting savages, who had broken out into a discordant dirge, keeping as much as possible to the fringe of palm. Suddenly he caught sight of Eva some distance from the squatting savages.

She was seated on the sand, and her hands were tied behind her. He could see that she was bound to a tree by a belt of grass ropes.

The savages had their backs towards her, and he could see the girl glancing helplessly in the direction of home.

Throwing caution to the wind, he ran, and, coming unnoticed behind the tree, began feverishly to untie the ropes of dried grass.

"Eva, I'm here," he whispered. "Don't move until you are free and ready to run for it. S'sh!"

Her strained and terrified face was turned towards him, but as she recognised him her terror vanished, and she smiled wanly.

"I knew you would come, Tom," she whispered.

Would the ropes never loosen? Tom worked frantically yet patiently at the knots, and at last got them loose. A moment later he was kneeling beside her, and busy with her wrists. This was easier work.

As Tom finished unwinding the rope he helped the girl to her feet.

"Quick! We must run for it!" said Tom simply.

Then, suddenly, the three men whom Tom had seen coming along the reef in the distance caught sight of them, and, shouting, began to run towards them.

In a moment the drum-beaters ceased their playing and the ring of savages leapt up from the sand.

They came on screaming, snatching weapons from the ground as they ran.

Tom seized Eva's hand, and they both raced desperately for the path.

Eva set the pace at a rare gait, and before they had been running a minute Tom, despite the seriousness of the situation, was compelled to admiration.

He had played many a game of lawn tennis with Eva on hard court and grass court, and had been astonished at her speed



As the path took an abrupt turn, Eva glanced behind. "Tom! Tom! Look out!" she screamed. Tom turned upon his heels, ducking instinctively, and a wooden tomahawk flashed past his head and buried itself quivering inches deep in a tree.

and grace and stamina. But never had these qualities stood her in better stead than now.

The yelling savages came pounding after them with long, telling strides which threatened soon to overtake the runaways.

"Stick it, Eva," breathed Tom.

She flashed a grim smile in return.

They plunged into the winding path that led through the cane brakes and the wood to the clearing at top speed. Tom dared not look back.

There would be time enough for that, he told himself, when he heard the savages running close behind. It never occurred to him that he would fail to hear them until they were so close to him as to be dangerous, and it was the girl who gave him a very timely warning.

Glancing behind as the path took an abrupt turn, Eva screamed.

"Tom, Tom! Look out!"

Tom ducked instinctively.

Whiz! A wooden tomahawk, with its striking blade sharpened like a razor,

flashed past his head and buried itself quivering inches deep in a tree.

The savage who had stopped to throw it towered six feet three or four inches high, his body striped with lines and bands of vivid white.

He wore ornamental bones in his nose and ears. His hair was done up in a weird topknot, adding a devilish expression to his grinning head. His stopping had barred the way, and behind him the others came, bawling their guttural and unmusical gibberish.

Tom could feel the girl's hot breath upon his cheek as she sidled up to him. She was crouched to spring, half-turned to face the trail. Why hadn't she run on, wondered Tom. Her lagging would only hamper him.

Tom saw a second savage push the first aside and leap past him, holding a long, thin spear or javelin in his right hand. This he flung with deadly aim, and Tom had only just a flash of time in which to pull Eva off the path and among the shrubs. The weapon whistled by them, and was swallowed up by the foliage.

"Run!" panted Tom, pushing the girl onward. "Run!"

Again they raced along the narrow track, and now Tom's more sharply attuned ears caught the steady, rapid pitter-pat of pursuing feet, a whisper of the death that threatened them.

They ran until he could see the girl swaying in her stride, and hear her gasping, sobbing breathing. Eva was almost done. Tom himself was conscious of the strain. Never in any of the races he had run at school had he worn himself right out like this. He remembered in some dim fashion the quarter he had run for Yale in the inter-collegiate games, and won when his heart seemed about to burst, but even that was not such a strain as this.

Suddenly Eva turned and faced him. Her pretty face was strained, her hair flying. She held her hand pressed over her wildly beating heart as she looked at him appealingly.

"Tom, I am keeping you back. Leave me behind and save yourself," she begged. "It's no use both of us going. You can warn Dave and save him."

Tom twisted a smile. Unselfish! That was Eva.

He saw the painted savages coming along in line, the burly giant who had hurled the tomahawk in the lead.

"Not me—Dave will have to take his chance," he said. "We'll see this through together."

The running savage was swinging a long-bladed knife in his right hand. He flourished it threateningly, and shouted.

"Get close behind me, Eva," said Tom. "I'll fight him for the knife, and it may not pan out badly if I win."

There was just time enough for him to steady himself for the supreme effort, just time to steady his jarred nerves. Then the girl's hand tightened over his.

"Tom!" she exclaimed, as if reminding him of something he had forgotten.

"Yes, what is it?" he asked impatiently.

"The revolver!"

His heart leapt as she spoke. What an ass he had been! His hand sought the weapon that bulged his pocket. He had loaded it before he left the hut for his bathe, and taken it with him. But in the emergency he had forgotten it. From the moment he had caught sight of the savages his thoughts had been concentrated upon Eva and her rescue. He had never possessed such a thing as a revolver, and this one he had found in a drawer in a cabin aboard the Tioga.

But as his fingers closed about it now he could have shouted for joy. He swung it to eye-level, tried its balance. The running savage was only twenty yards away. Still Tom hesitated. If he were to shoot this man he would have a life to answer for. It seemed to him like murder. And yet if he did not drop the savage the fellow would of a certainty drive his knife deep into him—and then there was Eva.

Thought of the girl decided him. The brutes who had captured and tied her to a tree, who had no doubt intended to murder her, would not spare her now. The revolver was their only chance.

Tom dropped it to his side and tightened his index finger on the trigger. The burly savage was right upon them, his mask of a face stretched in a horrible grin. He had his knife hand raised. Tom swung the revolver from his hip and pulled the trigger. He felt the weapon kick, and knew that he had covered the body of the man.

The report of the exploding cartridge echoed deafeningly, and the savage stopped in his running, spun upon his heels, and then came crashing down upon his face, to lie with his hands gripping the soil, his elbows raised queerly, and his legs sprawling wide.

As he crashed to the earth, the man behind launched his spear. It missed by inches only, and the forest swallowed it.

With set teeth and eyes grimly focussed on the man, Tom levelled the revolver and fired again.

Once more his aim was deadly and the man tumbled in a heap.

Those who came behind ran to where their comrades lay upon the ground, and formed a jabbering ring about them, gesticulating, amazed and terrified at this magic "stick" that dealt out death.

And the fugitives made the most of that respite.

Tom took the girl's arm and forced her on again.

"Run, Eva!" he cried. "I think I've stopped them for a while, and we shall be able to join dear old Dave."

Leaving the Island!

DAVE SELLWOOD was fast growing peevish as he set about his self-imposed task of getting ready the breakfast, for in these happier later days, when he had a girl and a boy to relieve the deadly loneliness of his captivity, who talked about such things as airplanes and music that came out of the air, and such-like childish nonsense, he liked to play the martinet.

He didn't mind the girl going down to the lagoon to wash herself there if she felt so inclined, though folk could have too much washing, he reckoned. And he had no objection to Tom taking a ramble round the island all by himself, for Tom said he could find a greater beauty in the scenery that way than in any other. But for first one to go, and then the other, and finally the two of them stay away when they ought to be back at the hut talking to him and eating their fill, made him angry.

Tom and Eva ought to have been back long ago. It was unlike the girl to linger beside the lagoon. She ought to have met Tom half-way, and the two come back together.

Dave groped for a stick and started from the hut, half-hesitating whether to go or stay,

and as he moved, a shot rang clearly, echoing from beyond the cane brake.

Dave literally jumped a foot, then strained his ears to listen.

There was silence, a long pause, then again a ringing shot that startled the birds and sent them screaming above the trees.

"Tom, lad, is that you? Have you missy with you?" bawled the old salt, every hair in his straggly beard seeming to bristle.

"Coming, Dave, coming!" rang Tom's voice in reply, and with a joyous shout Dave raced to meet him.

But it was Eva who first appeared, panting from her mad race, her pretty lips parted, white teeth showing, and her hair blown about her forehead.

Tom was four strides behind her, and held the revolver in his right hand. Dave had no thought of asking Tom whether he had fired those shots as a joke to try to scare him, for the boy and the girl would never have run such a mad race for fun.

"What's wrong, Master Tom?" asked Sellwood, as he set an arm round the girl protectingly.

"There are savages on the island, Dave. They came in three canoes. I rescued Eva, but I had to shoot down two of them."

"Cannibals!" growled Dave.

"Cannibals? What on these friendly islands? Nonsense, Dave!"

"They are cannibals," said Dave stubbornly, as the three ran on side by side. "I remember many years ago there was a whaler wrecked on one of the islands round these parts, and the men who got safely ashore were all killed and eaten by the natives. It's that darned smoke has drawn them!"

"What's to be done, Dave?" asked Tom.

Dave cast a critical eye heavenward.

"We've got to get away from here, quick," he said. "We'll take a bite o' grub from the hut and a bottle or two of water, then we'll race for the boat and put off."

As they turned into the clearing, Dave waved Tom away and pointed in the direction of the reef.

"You take the girl there and put off," he said. "I'll fetch the grub and the water. There's a freshening breeze. If you sight the canoes put the boat into the wind and you'll outrace 'em. Leave me here if it comes to the push, lad."

"Not likely!" said Tom stoutly, as he followed Dave. "I'm standing by you, Dave."

"It's your duty to save the girl."

"He's done that already, Dave," said Eva sweetly. "And we are not going to leave you. So hurry up and get the food and the water."

"I'd like to know who's skipper," growled David, as he ran.

"You are," answered the girl, "but this time, you know, you have got to take your orders from us."

They finished the journey at a slower run. After securing his precious ammunition, Tom went outside and watched for signs of the enemy.

The moment Eva and Dave appeared laden with the things they needed, they made their start for the reef.

Overhead and round them flew their tame parrot, screaming madly, as if he were alarmed.

They found the whole stretch of shore as far as the distant point bare save for the seabirds. The boat lay just above the lapping water. They hurried to her and threw their burdens in.

Tom helped Eva aboard, then followed.

Suddenly the painted savages emerged from the wood, and at sight of the sailing-boat and the white people escaping in it, they began to run towards them, brandishing their spears.

(Will the castaways get away in their boat before the savages reach them? Don't fail to read next week's gripping instalment—order your copy now!)

Professor Puddleditch's Lectures!

(Continued from page 13.)

"Describe two arcs, A B and Y Z, one above the other, and the other below the one. Join the ends by means of semi-circles and state the result."

"I well remember," tittered the professor reminiscently, "that on this question being set for an examination, one of my Form-mates gave the answer as a 'banana,' when of course, it should have been a 'cucumber'—no, I mean a 'sausage!' Dear, dear, dear! Very funny!"

A shuffling of feet was the only response.

"For any boys who wish to pursue this entieing subject further, the following books will be found to supply copious information, and can, most likely, not be found in the school library:

"The Modern Sausage," by H. O. T. Murphy. (A review.)

"From Saveloy to Polony," by Grubbe. (Travel.)

"Do Sausage Skins Make Good Hearth-rugs?" by Ishu Shaysho. (The Japanese big-game hunter.)

"The Mysterious Bag," by Anonymous. (Romance of Sackson Period.)

"The Empty Skin," by Busted Hopes. (Tale of a great fraud.)

The professor then dismissed the class, removed his spectacles, and closed his dictionary with a bang. Pulling out from his tail pocket a large red handkerchief, he blew his nose pompously, and, bowing to the company said:

"Good-morning, gentlemen!"

"Half a minute, sir," one of the boys shouted. "You've dropped something out of your handky."

"Ah, yes! Thanks!" said the professor. "That's my lunch."

It was a cold sausage!

IN ANOTHER'S NAME!

(Continued from page 32.)

boy of heroic spirit. His action in saving that young lady's life was beyond all praise."

"Can you give me the details of this affair?" asked Mr. Forrest. "I need hardly tell you, sir, that I am exceedingly anxious."

"Of course—of course," said the Head.

He proceeded to give Mr. Forrest a detailed account of the whole affair, and Bernard's father listened with rapt attention.

"Splendid!" he said at length. "Not that I am surprised, Dr. Nicholls. I know my son better than you do. It is just the kind of self-sacrificing act that he would perform. A splendid boy, sir!"

"A boy who could risk his own life for the sake of another cannot be all bad," agreed Dr. Nicholls gravely. "Whatever misdeeds your son has been guilty of in the past, Mr. Forrest, he has done much to redeem himself this morning."

"He had already redeemed himself before to-day, sir," replied Mr. Forrest quietly. "Ever since that unfortunate affair—since he was expelled from your school—he has been a changed lad. He had a lesson then which will live in his memory for all his life. And I can assure you quite frankly that he is no longer the reckless young rascal he used to be."

Dr. Nicholls sighed.

"I wish it were in my power to meet your wishes with regard to your son, Mr. Forrest," he said. "But, unfortunately, the governors would not allow—"

"The governors!" said Mr. Forrest. "Never mind the governors, sir! How about you, yourself? Fortunately my son has been able to prove to you—quite accidentally—that he is worthy. Are you opposed to his being given another chance?"

Dr. Nicholls shook his head.

"I was strongly opposed to it earlier—but now I have changed my mind," he replied quietly. "I will recommend to the school governors that your son shall be reinstated. I cannot promise, Mr. Forrest, that the governors will consent. But I think my recommendation will have some weight."

Mr. Forrest thrust out his hand.

"Thank you, Dr. Nicholls!" he said, with some emotion. "I regard that as a certainty. Your governors will accept your recommendation I have no doubt."

"I think perhaps they will," smiled the Head.

"May I come back to the school with you now?" asked the other eagerly. "You don't know how anxious I am to see my boy."

"By all means."

MORNING school was out when the Head's car rolled through the Triangle. And the news of the morning's excitement had spread rapidly throughout the Remove and the Fourth. In-

deed, the whole school was talking of the subject.

"There must be some mistake," said Handforth bluntly. "What rot! Just as if that cad, Forrest, would jump into the river and save a girl's life!"

"It's only a rumour, Handy," said Church. "I expect we shall hear the truth soon. It's far more likely that the girl saved Forrest's life."

"Who was she, anyhow?" asked Tommy Watson.

"Goodness knows!" said Nipper. "They say that Forrest is in the sanny, and that he won't be out for two or three days."

"That means that we've got the rotter here, after all," grumbled Handforth. "Not that he can help himself if he's really ill. Don't want to be too hard on the chap."

In the meantime, Mr. Forrest was bending over his son's bed. Bernard was lying there, looking rather haggard. This was not surprising, for he had—actually—had a very strenuous time.

"My boy," said Mr. Forrest huskily, "I have some wonderful news for you. Dr. Nicholls has promised that you shall be reinstated in the Remove. You are to have another chance in this great school."

"That's the best thing I've heard, pater, for years," murmured Forrest. "The Head's a brick!"

And Mr. Forrest, as he bent over his son, winked slyly.

HALF an hour later St. Frank's received a shock.

The school had been called unexpectedly together, and the Head, in Big Hall, announced that Bernard Forrest, once expelled, was to be given another chance. He had redeemed himself this morning, and he had proved himself worthy of once again wearing the colours of St. Frank's School.

Everybody listened in astonishment as the Head gave a few details of Forrest's pluck.

"I'll bet it was a trick!" said Handforth decidedly, after the school had been dismissed.

"Draw it mild, Handy!" protested Church. "The Head saw the thing with his own eyes!"

"Perhaps he really *is* different now," said Nipper generously. "Anyhow, time will soon show."

And Bernard Forrest, in his bed, gloated exultantly. He was in! The school authorities had been defeated! Once again he was a fully-fledged member of the St. Frank's Remove!

THE END.

(To ensure reading the second stirring story of the "Bernard Forrest" series order next week's Nelson Lee in advance.)

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
Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.*

Wants to be a Pro. Footballer.

FROM a Manchester Leagueite, who is fifteen years of age, comes a very plaintive letter. He says he is fed-up with his job as an office-boy, and, being keen on Soccer, wants to know how he can get into professional football.

Firstly, my Manchester chum, you are too young to take such a step. No football manager would give you a second thought if you applied for a trial at your tender age, because of lack of experience. Your best policy is to stick to your job and try to get into a good local amateur side, and make a bit of a name for yourself. Perhaps, when you are about eighteen and have put on some weight, and have, say, been fairly successful with an amateur club, you might write to one of the Manchester clubs' secretaries for a trial, stating your age, experience, weight and height.

Secondly, if you are determined to earn your livelihood in this way, let me give you a few words of advice. The average "playing life" of a professional footballer is round about ten years. Of course, there are exceptions—such as the famous Billy Meredith

of Manchester City, who, I believe, was nearing fifty when he retired—but these are few in number.

If you became a pro. at the age of eighteen, your career as a player would probably end somewhere about the age of thirty. What would you do then?

Some players have another trade to take up when their career is ended; others play as amateurs while still at business; while yet others carry on with their calling and play as pro's. But what would you have?

If you were fairly successful as a pro.—and thrifty—you may be able to buy a small business of sorts. But "if" is a small word with a world of meaning. You might be unfortunate in the way of injuries, and your career would end much sooner.

Think well over the points I have mentioned, chum, and if you do become a pro., learn or take up another trade to back it up.

Complaining Letters.

ONE or two bemoaning letters have reached me lately from League members who complain that their advertisements have not yet appeared in

THIS WEEK'S WINNING LETTER

DEAR CHIEF OFFICER,—I am by no means a new reader, having read the NELSON LEE LIBRARY for years, and also the early adventures of the St. Frank's juniors in THE POPULAR.

The feature I like in the N.L.L. is the "Correspondents Wanted" column. Through advertisements printed there I have now about twenty correspondents in the British Empire, and have joined Mr. C. R. Watson's (London) correspondent club.

It is my aim to get a correspondent in every part of the world. Of course, I realise that this is rather a big undertaking, but if I succeed I shall be amply rewarded for my trouble and expense by knowing that I have blazed a trail of goodwill and friendship throughout the world.

Any reader in the world who wishes to exchange greetings with me may do so in the knowledge that their letter will be promptly answered. In addition to the British Empire, I would gladly welcome letters from friends in France, Belgium, China, Japan, South America, and the United States.

I will now close with best wishes to you and the N.L.L., and to all the readers who help to make it such a success.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) WILLIAM FAULKNER.

(For this interesting letter, W. Faulkner, 2, Malt-house Square, Church Street, Bromsgrove, Worcestershire, 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, look for the entry form which will appear next week—and then join immediately.

ST. FRANK'S LEAGUE CORNER

(Continued from page 45.)

the "Correspondents Wanted" column. In all these cases the complainants have expected their adverts. to appear in the very next issue. If I did this, chums, the forty-four pages of the N.L.L. would be packed with readers' adverts. to the exclusion of all else. Besides, it must be remembered that the N.L.L. goes to press several weeks in advance. So I must ask members to wait patiently for their particular notice to appear.

CHIEF OFFICER.

CORRESPONDENTS WANTED.

- Charles J. Freeman, 20a, Hale Street, Poplar, London, E.14, wants correspondents.
- Miss Elsie Harkness, 137, Northbourne Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, wishes to correspond with girl readers.
- Leslie A. W. Bowden, St. Audries, Little John's Cross, Ide, near Exeter, wants to hear from A. Mitchell, of Exeter.
- D. C. Jones, 12, Bears Road, Oxton, Birkenhead, wants new series; will exchange air rifle and stamps.

- Miss Jean Bradley, aged 15, 41, Coppell Street, Goulburn, N.S.W., Australia, wants girl correspondents.
- A. Willis, 33, Selcroft Road, East Greenwich, S.E.10, wants to hear of a junior football club in his district.
- Wm. Edward Classey, 23, High Street, Colliers Wood, Merton, S.W.19, wants the series about St. Frank's in China. Also wants to hear from readers who can write of China, South America and Scotland.
- Ralph Clary, 14, Algonquin Avenue, Toronto, Ont., Canada, wants a complete set of old series.
- Miss Kathleen Carpenter, 16, Northlands Gardens, Hill Lane, Southampton, wants girl correspondents.
- Emanuel Sear, 41, Settles Street, Commercial Road, London, E.1, wants correspondents in America and Canada.
- Tom Dodson, Pukuatua, Rotorua, North Island, New Zealand, wants stamp collecting correspondents.
- Sidney Gross, Wellington Correspondence Club, 23, Wellington Road, Norwich, wants members locally, also overseas.
- W. A. Taylor, 65, Studland Road, Hanwell, W.7, wants old series.
- Miss Kathleen M. Adams, 46, Dartmouth Park Hill, London, N.W.5, wants girl correspondents, 17 upwards.



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FREE TO ALL
Mr. New Booklet, "Don't Be Bullied," How to defend yourself without weapons, by J. JITSU, the Japanese Art. Splendid lessons given away free. Simply send 2 stamps postage. Or you can have a Large Portion for P.O. 3/6. You will be delighted.—Dept. A.P., Prof. GARRUD, Queensway, Hanworth, Feltham, Middlesex.

BE TALLER! Increased my own height to 6ft. 3ins. STAMP brings FREE DETAILS.—**ROSS, Height Specialist, Scarborough**

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All applications for Advertisement spaces in this publication should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "The Nelson Lee Library," The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.