

# The MODERN BOY

WEEK ENDING 30th MARCH 1935  
NEEDED VOLIS EVERY SATURDAY

2<sup>d</sup>



**MID-OCEAN HALT**  
*for AIR-LINERS!*

The Wake-'Em-Up Head of the SCHOOL FOR SLACKERS issues his challenge—"Knuckle Under—or GET OUT!"

# REBELS of the FIFTH!

By  
**Charles Hamilton**



"Backed!" gasped Aubrey Compton, as, barging his way through the jostling crowd, he read the astonishing notice pinned in the board—  
"A. Compton, Fifth Form, is expelled from High Coombe."

### The Order of the Boot!

"SHUT up, Darrell!" roared a dozen Fifth Form fellows in the quadrangle at High Coombe.

"But I say—" persisted Bob Darrell.

"Shut up, Bob!" urged Teddy Seymour.

But Darrell granted and shut up. He seemed to be the only fellow in the Fifth Form at High Coombe School who had kept his head that morning. But it was no use talking sense to the excited Fifth. Aubrey Compton, who generally had the coolest head in the Fifth, was the most excited of the whole crowd now, and the Fifth followed Aubrey's lead in one man.

Fags of the Fourth, janitors of the Shell, stared at the Fifth Form men in wonder. Ferguson of the Fourth, Compton's fag, gazed at his fag master and almost rubbed his eyes. He hardly knew Compton now.

Generally, in break, the dandy of the Fifth walked in quad, slim and handsome and elegant, looking as if he found it almost too much trouble to live. A spot of mud on his shoes, a spot of grease on his waistcoat, were to Aubrey matters of the deepest import.

Now his collar was crumpled and grubby, his necktie torn out, and his waistcoat minus a button—yet Aubrey did not seem even to notice it! Earthquakes and tornadoes could not have been more surprising than that.

All High Coombe knew that something had happened in the Fifth Form Room that morning—something extraordinary—something dramatic! Which was astonishing in itself, for it was seldom that anything happened at High Coombe to disturb the even tenor of its way.

Under the rule of the Venerable Brak, High Coombe had dressed on undisturbed. But the Venerable Brak—the former Head—was gone,

and a stocky young man named Jimmy McCann had dropped into his place rather like a bombshell.

He had been specially selected by the Governors to ginger-up the School for Slackers, and the school didn't like him or his methods. They had nicknamed him the "Blighter."

Bob Darrell had wondered whether Jimmy McCann would wake up High Coombe. Judging by the looks of the Fifth, he had waked up at least that Form.

Troldgar of the Sixth, captain of High Coombe, came out of the ancient, ivy-clad house. With him came Cookran, head prefect. They blinked at Aubrey, astidly for the first time in the history of the School for Slackers. Even as a fag, in his far-off days in the Fourth, Aubrey had been like a new pin. Now he looked as if he had been in a dog-fight. Even the knees of his trousers bugged.

When Aubrey Compton's trousers ceased to be a thing of beauty and a joy for ever, it was evident that an epoch had arrived in the history of the school.

"For the love o' Mike," said Trod, "what's happened?"

"McCann's happened," said Bob Darrell. "And—"

"Shut up, Darrell!" roared the Fifth.

Bob, once the most popular fellow

in his Form, seemed to be at a discount now. It was said of old that wisdom cries out in the streets and no man regards it. Thus it was at High Coombe. The wretched Fifth were in no mood for Bob's cool common sense.

"We've put paid to the Blighter!" grinned Aubrey Compton. "We've tipped the McCann man where he gets off. And he's got off!"

Trod whistled. That was good news of well founded. But much as he disliked the new reign, Trod could not help feeling that putting paid to Jimmy McCann was a tough proposition.

"But how?" asked Cookran. "We heard a fearful row going on in the Fifth. But what—"

"We've booted him out of our Form-room!" said Compton coolly. "He barged in, and Chord cleared out—and we put the Blighter out on his gaily neck! And that's that!"

"Bob-booted him out!" stammered Trodgar.

"Yes, and we'd do it again!" declared Carter.

"We shan't have to do it again!" said Aubrey Compton. "I tell you, the Blighter McCann knows where he has to get off!"

"But—but you can't boot a headmaster!" blabbed Cookran.

"Headmaster!" snarred Aubrey. "A boulder from nowhere, in a



to his Form-room at all for third school. McCann had chosen to take matters out of his hands there. Chard had considered the idea of getting into his massive dignity, like a tortoise into its shell, and leaving it to the new Head to make the next move. Anyhow, he had not yet gone to his Farm. Now his Farm was coming to him, helter-skelter across the quad.

Chard's door stood wide. He encouraged Fifth Form men to saunter into his quarters for a talk now and then. He would feed them hand-some. Chard, like all the High Cosmbe staff, had a good salary. He had also private means. Everything and nearly everybody at High Cosmbe was wealthy.

Sometimes fellows did drop in, especially for the food, but chiefly to keep Popularity Peter in good humor. Compton had even helped himself, once, to Chard's cigarettes, and Popularity Peter had only wagged a warning finger at him. Happy days—now apparently gone for ever, under the rule of the indescribable McCann!

Trooping of feet woke the echoes of Chard's rooms. There was a thumping on his study door, and it burst open, to reveal an excited mob of the Fifth. Chard felt a pang. Excitement in the Fifth was a new thing—an unpleasant thing. Where was the old, elegant, easy grace of High Cosmbe? Nowhere to be seen at the moment.

"My boys!" said Chard, in his massive, rolling voice, not unlike the trumpeting of an elephant in the jungle.

"Sir!" gasped Compton.  
"Mr. Chard!" panted Teddy Seymour.

There was a buzz, or rather a roar, from the fellows behind.

"Calm yourselves, my dear boys!" said Chard, with a touch of rebuke.  
"What is the reason—?"

"That blighter McCann!" shouted Aubrey Compton.

This was too much even for Mr. Chard.  
"Compton! You forget yourself!" he said with dignity.  
"In my presence, you will speak of your new head-master with respect."

"He's sacked me!" yelled Aubrey.  
Chard almost staggered.

"He has—what? What? Compton!

"Compton!" His hand raised for another smack at the boy's head, Aubrey stared round bitterly at Mr. McCann.

Darrell! Speak! What has happened?"  
"There's a notice on the board—"  
"In that notice's fat—"  
"It says—"  
"Compton's sacked!"  
"Expelled!"  
"The blighter!"  
"The chocky cad!"

Nearly all the Fifth were speaking at once. Chard's old oak-paneled rooms had never rung to such thunderous echoes. The din was deafening.

Chard waved fat hands for silence. He was almost dizzy of the noise. He realized the awful seriousness. Had the man really started with sackings? It was incredible—unimaginable! But if it was true—Chard felt a crushing sense of helplessness. The man was Head! He had the power. If he was brute enough, tyrant enough, rank outsider enough to use it, it was in his hands! But could it be true?

"Silence! Silence!" trumpeted Chard. "Order! Silence! Darrell, speak! The others keep silent! Darrell, what has happened?"

THERE was not silence, but there was a subsiding of the roar as Bob answered his Form-master. Bob's face was blank with dismay. He had thought a lot of the new Head, had thought of backing him up—of bringing the other fellows round to back him up. And the man had sacked his friend. At that moment Bob Darrell hated Jimmy McCann.

"It's true, sir! It's on the board, signed by the Head! Compton's sacked from High Cosmbe, sir! I know we played the great in the Farm-room, but it's too thick! You won't let him go, sir?"

It was awful for Chard. These boys loved and respected him—at least, he was sure they did. They

believed his power to be greater than it was. Popularity Peter was not the man to let them think it was smaller than it was! They believed that he could save Compton from this awful fate! He couldn't—unless that villain McCann chose. Villain, yes, that was the word. Chard had been cooking in his mind for a word really expressive of McCann and his works. He had found it!

"You won't let him go, sir?" roared the Fifth.

"Mr. Chard!" panted Aubrey. "You can't—you won't—sacked by and one a man in your Farm started off by that blackguard!"

"I can scarcely believe—!" followed Mr. Chard.

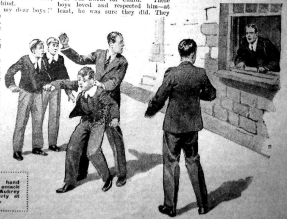
"It's true, sir!" said Bob.

"I—I—I must think!" said Mr. Chard. "This—this cannot be! Something shall be done!"

"Draw, sir!" shouted the Fifth. They took this as a promise and an undertaking. Chard did not mean it exactly like that. He only meant, and could only mean, that he would do his best to get that awful sentence rescinded.

But the relief, the satisfaction of the Fifth, their faith in him and his power, influenced him. A doubtful word now meant stammering the title word of popularity. And, after all, he was senior master—the oldest member of the staff, and not without influence even with the governors themselves!

Would that stocky young man resist him—and not only him, but the feeling of the whole school, masters and boys alike? Could he stand out against such a hurricane of resentment, scorn, indignation? Surely not! Popularity Peter was carried away by his own feelings and those around him. He rose to the occasion. His rather protruding eyes glistened.



## Rebels of the Fifth!

"We know you'd stand by us, sir!"  
"You're a sportsman, sir!"  
"If only you were Head, sir!"  
It was all sweet as honey to Chard. No wonder he forgot, for a moment, the considerations of prudence.

"My boys, rely on me! This—this must be some mistake—at least, a very hasty decision. I will see Mr. McCann immediately, and—"

Chard paused. His manner implied that, when he saw Mr. McCann, he would say to that young man, "Wash this out!" and McCann would tremble and wash it out. But Chard's manner was not quite in accord with his secret thoughts.

However, the Fifth Form men saw only his manner, and could not read his thoughts. His inward majesties was not betrayed in his placid, aggressive face. As he paused there was a roar of cheering that woke every echo in the ancient clock-tower. So tremendous was that roar that it rang right across the quad, reached Jimmy McCann in the Head's study, and caused him to set his steady lips in a hard line.

"Harrish!"

"Hrree, sir!"

"Lower it to me, my boys!" said Mr. Chard, carried away by his feelings—natural, in the circumstances. "Lower it in my hands. Rely on me in every way!"

"You'll see the air at once, sir!" roared Aubrey.

"You must not use such expressions in my presence, Compton! But I will certainly see Mr. McCann at once."

"Hrree, sir!"

Chard would have preferred a little interval—a space for thought and consideration. But the Fifth evidently expected him to strike the iron while it was hot. They looked for immediate action—crashing and triumphant action! Chard had set his large, set feet on a road from which there was no turning back. What he had said, he had said! After all, would the Blighter dare? And if he beat the fellow in this contest, it was a good beginning—he might hope even to "run" McCann afterwards as he had run the Venerable Beak!

But as Mr. Chard issued forth from his quarters, and rolled majestically across the quad, he did not feel so majestic as he looked.

In plain English, he had undertaken more than he could perform—unless that offensive young man chose to let him down lightly. Chard's majestic roll became slower and slower, and it was almost at a snail's pace that he reached the Head's study.

### "Give the Boy Another Chance!"

JIMMY MCCANN did not look an offensive young man as he politely bade Mr. Chard be seated. He had respect for Mr. Chard's age and standing, if not for his wisdom. He was rather a pleasant, good-looking young man, and the touch of ginger in his hair really gave him a sort of distinction. Chard's manner was habitually aggressive; Jimmy's was nothing of the kind. It

was easy and good-tempered. But there was a quiet firmness in Jimmy that was lacking in Chard.

Jimmy was not, as all High Counts believed, enjoying the Jimmy and delectable he was causing in the School for Slackers. He was far from desiring to follow the methods of a bull in a china-shop. But he was there to do a job of work, and he was going to do it. Ten thousand fat and aggressive Chards would not have stopped him.

Chard felt it, as he sat—or, rather, plumped down. The sense that the other man was stronger than he was irritated him, but it daunted him at the same time. Gladly, once he was there, he would have hatched out had it been possible, even at the cost of being Compton, of his Form. For it was borne in upon his mind that at the first dictatorial word, at the first attempt to bludge, this quiet young man would cut him short with ruthless grimaces.

He felt, rather than knew, that if he did not treat this steady young man with a respect he had never dreamed of showing to the Venerable Beak, the iron hand would crop out of the velvet glove on the spot. It was fearfully disconcerting and humiliating to realise that he had to ask favours of this young man whom he loathed and detested. But it came to that, and there was no getting away from it.

He started with his sixth, fruity cough. Jimmy McCann waited politely for more to follow. Chard coughed again. Really, it was not easy to begin, under the civil but very steady gaze of those clear blue-grey eyes that looked like steel. But Chard got started.

"I have seen a notice on the board," he began. "It appears that a boy of my Form is sentenced to expulsion, so I gather from your notice, sir—"

Chard faltered under the steady gaze. He was far from intending to prevaricate, but he could see that Jimmy knew that he had been told of Compton's expulsion before he had seen the notice on the board. He coughed and reddened. This keen-eyed, very young man knew that the fellow had come over to his rooms and told him. Chard would have preferred to know that out. However, he went on:

"Such a very drastic step, sir—"

"Not too drastic in the circumstances, Mr. Chard!" cut in Jimmy. "There was a riot in the Fifth Form Room after you left, sir. Compton deliberately disobeyed my order to go to my study for a flogging. He was the ringleader in a personal attack on myself. I have considered whether to expel every boy who took part in it—"

"Sir!" gurgled Chard.

"But I have decided that the example of one expulsion may suffice as a warning to the others, Mr. Chard. Naturally, I am very unwilling to begin my work here by expelling boys. Compton, unfortunately, has left me no alternative."

"Without consulting his Form-master, sir—"

"In such a matter, Mr. Chard, a headmaster must act solely on his own initiative. The responsibility is mine."

"The responsibility, sir, is very heavy!" said Chard, with a flash of spirit. "This boy's father, Colonel Compton, is a very influential member of the governing board. What view is he likely to take of the expulsion of his son from the school—his own old school, sir?"

"That is immaterial, Mr. Chard!" "Immaterial?" gasped Chard.

"Quite!"

Chard blinked at him, breathing hard. Aggressive as he was, he stood there in dread of Colonel Compton, a tremendous old warrior who had once been captain of High Counts. This steady young man, it seemed, regarded the tremendous old colonial as nobody in particular.

"If that is all, Mr. Chard—"

Jimmy was politely hinting that his time was of value.

"It is not all, sir!" gasped Chard. "For from it, Mr. McCann, I am bound to tell you that feeling runs very high in Compton's Form—"

"I was aware of it, sir!" There was a glimmer in Jimmy's eyes. Chard realised that he had heard the roar from the rooms under the clock-tower. The Fifth Form master reddened again.

THERE was a pause, and then the distressed master of the Fifth played his best card:

"Mr. McCann, you have come recently—very recently—among us. It cannot be your desire to cause dismay and discontent throughout the school. If certain things are not to your satisfaction, time will mend them, sir—we are not yet used to your ways. I, sir, have been here twenty years, and there has never been an expulsion in my Form. This is a blow to me, sir, that I should never have expected."

Jimmy McCann was silent.

"I ask you, sir," said Mr. Chard, with a certain genuine dignity, "to give the boy another chance! He may be hasty—unthinking—even rebellious. His action in the Form-rooms I do not pretend to defend for one moment. But I can answer for it that such an action will never be repeated. The sentence of expulsion, sir, even if not carried out, will be a sufficient warning." Mr. McCann. I am not in the habit of asking favours, but I ask you—I beg of you—to give the boy another chance."

Chard hated himself for saying it, for having to say it, and he was glad that none of the Fifth could hear him. He was humbling himself to this man—this rash outsider whom he despised and loathed. But it was the only way, and he had to do it, or go back to the Fifth and let them see that they had lashed on a rotten road—that, so far from being the power they supposed, he was only a lath painted to look like iron! He had to get humble yet.

McCann, standing by the window with the spring sunlight on his clear-cut face, was silent, thinking. Chard would have given a great deal to



## Rebels of the Fifth!

"I fancy he's rather deep," admitted Bob. "But he's not got an easy job here, and I feel sure he wants to go as easy as he can. Thank goodness you've got all the sack, old bean, never mind anything else?" It was Bob's way to take a cheery view and look on the bright side.

Mr. Chard looked up. He hesitated to speak—Popularity Peter all over—then said:

"Less talk in the Form, please!"

The Fifth looked at him. Chard actually coloured. It was a first feeble effort at discipline. He pretended not to observe the scornful curve of Aubrey Compton's lips. He dropped his eyes again at once!

Still, there it was—the invigorating influence of McEann was making itself felt even in the sleepy Fifth Form itself! Neither Chard nor any of his Form wanted McEann to step

not seem to see why older offenders should not be whipped, too; and, anyhow, it was heartily exciting! Aubrey Compton could hardly believe his ears when he came on a group of the Fourth in the quad and heard his own grinning Jig, Ferguson, speaking.

"I hear there's nine of them up for whippings," Ferg was saying. "I say, they look most awfully sick about it. I fancy Compton will have a fit, or something! Frightful condemnation for him, you know! Of course, he's always showing exercise heads into his legs—too jolly round you know. He gave me six with a fiver last the other day for spilling butter on his legs! I wonder how he will like six himself? Ha, ha, ha!"

Compton stood almost petrified. Ferguson was laughing—actually laughing—at the idea of the dean of the Fifth getting that six in Hall! His own Jig!

Smack! Smack!

A crimson wooden floor open.  
"Compton!"

Aubrey's hand was raised for another smack, but the blow never fell. His hand remained poised in mid-air, arrested by the commanding voice of the man he hated. He looked round with black bitterness at Mr. McEann.

"No more of that!" said Mr. McEann quietly. "Corkean, it is your duty to stop that kind of thing. I shall expect it of you in future."

Smack! The crimson cloth, Corkean, very red in the face, walked away. Aubrey Compton stood panting—half-inclined to give Ferg's hand another smack. But he did not venture to do so. He jammed his hands into his trousers pockets and moved off. Ferguson rubbed his hand.

"Gad!" said Ferguson.  
And he was not alluding to Mr. McEann!

## Chard's Way Out!

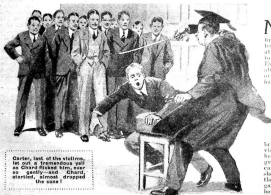
Mr. McEann called the roll in Hall. It was probably the first occasion for many terms on which every fellow at High Cosmo answered to his name at calling-over. Even of roll, absenteeism had always prevailed. Somehow or other the High Cosmoers had decided all to be present when Jimmy McEann called the names. They were beginning to feel that it was wiser not to hunt for avoidable trouble. There was likely to be such a lot that was unavoidable!

And a certain trusted briskness in answering was visible. Fellows did not, as heretofore, stand in chatty groups and drawl "Sam" carelessly over their shoulders when they heard their names. If they responded roll as a matter of course, and the master in Hall as a cheery ass for

bothering them, they did not at all events express that opinion in their looks.

All the masters were present—Ferg, master of the Sixth, with a half-smoked cigar, half-hidden in the hollow of his hand, which he had brought into Hall with him. What because of that half of a Blacoon was a mystery. It rectorily vanished after Mr. McEann's eyes had dwelt on Mr. Ferg's for a flashing fraction of a second.

Chard, of course, was there, well-faced, and looking, perhaps, a little more aggressive than usual. But that was only outward show. Chard tried to think that he had beaten Compton, in the matter of making Compton, in the matter of making the school look out he hoped that all they knew that view. After all, all they knew was that he had gone to see McEann and that the sentence had been washed out immediately afterwards. It looked like a victory, and appeared counted for such. But he was



Chard, last of the station, let out a tremendous yell as Chard flaked him, ear as gently—and Chard started, almost dropped the cane!

in again. And after that there was less talk! There was even—wonderful to relate—a little work done!

**B**UT the feelings of the Fifth were deep. And when they came out of the Form-room their feelings grew deeper. For all High Cosmo was in a buzz with the affair. Gossip in senior Forms was unknown, and the Fourth and the Sixth could hardly believe that a whole batch of the Fifth really were going to be camed all at once! They gaped over it. They buzzed with it. And, to the bitter wrath and indignation of the seniors, they evidently looked forward to the unheard-of scene as a sort of entertainment. That was the unkindest cut of all.

Already, it seemed, some spirit of division was creeping into the school, which should have been united as one man against the Blighter. Whopped themselves on occasion, the lads did

"And the Blighter gave him six his first day here!" went on the happy Ferg, unconcerned of the proximity of his Jig master. "Now he's going to get another six! He will be most frightfully wild. I shall be jolly careful not to laugh in Hall; but it's jolly funny—"

A grip on the back of Ferg's neck caused the affair to cease to seem funny to him on the spot. He stared round in alarm and terror at Compton's furious face.

"Oh!" he gasped. "Easy——"  
"Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack!" The hapless Ferg yelled and groined as Compton smacked his hand. The other lads looked on in silence. Corkean of the Sixth stroked up. As a perfect—and head prefect—it was up to him to interpose. All he did was to jerk his head towards the big window of the Head's study.

"Wave Blighter, Aubrey!" he murmured.  
The angry Compton did not heed.

there to "whop" nine men in his arms, and that certainly had no intention of tripping back.

But Chard had his own ideas about that whopping! He remembered that to water but cannot be made to drink. There was such a thing as carrying out an order in a way to convey contempt of that order. And Chard, if he could not enter into open contest with the Head, was passionately bent on punishing the confidant as far as he dared.

Ball-room over, there was a lark. These nine names were called: Compton, Darrell, Percival, Carter, Burke, Raymond, Seymour, Duranée, Warren. Even in the excitement of that wild frolic in the Fifth Form Room, McCann had noted the face and remembered the name of every fellow who had laid a hand on him. It seemed rather necessary. The man was known as a rascal.

Nine men gathered up Hall, Bob Darrell colouring with discomfort under the eyes of Mr. McCann. The others made it a point to look unwell, like the old French aristocrats going to the guillotine. Aubrey Compton even yawned slightly under McCann's eye.

Breathless faces, staring eyes, riveted them. Even yet it seemed scarcely possible to High Combe that this wholesale whopping was really going to take place. Ferguson of the Fourth, reminiscence rubbing his ear, winked at Fatty Pys, but Fatty did not venture to grin. History was being made at High Combe; it was a thrilling moment!

"It is my duty—" said Chard, and passed. His voice, on this occasion, did not resemble the trumpeting of an elephant. Fellows had to strain their ears to hear him. "It is my duty," he repeated slowly, reluctantly, the words coming from him like teeth at the dentist's, "to administer punishment for the—ah—vicious proceedings in my Form this morning. Here! I shall—hem!—administer six strokes to each of you—horrorum!"

Chard cleared his throat.

"Compton, you will bend over that hussack!"

Compton's eyes blazed. With breathless eagerness the whole school read the intention of refusing in his handsome, passionate face. It was only for a second. He bent over the hussack.

Chard twisted the reins. Six times it touched Aubrey—scarcely touched him. Compton, in excitement, glanced up. He was not sure that he was being cured of all! Flick, tick, tick! Flick, tick, tick! Then he understood. He told the fellows afterwards, in Big Study, that Chard winked at him as he looked up. Probably that was an error. But there was no doubt that Chard was deliberately turning the whole thing into ridicule; the whole school saw that.

"Darrell!" said Mr. Chard. A hussack was growing in Hall. Mr. McCann glanced round, and it died into stony silence. Bob stole a glance at the headmaster's face as he stepped up to take his turn. For a

single instant there was a gleam in his bright steel, in Jimmy McCann's eyes. It passed—and his face resumed expressionless. Six oily flicks barely touched Bob, for which he was duly thankful. Another man took his place—openly grinning.

Grinning faces were to be seen all over the packed Hall now. Everybody knew that Chard was "guying" McCann with that travesty of a whopping. He was making a fool of the Head. It did not occur to the ponderous Chard that he was also making a fool of himself!

But it occurred to Bob, and he could have blushed for his Form-master; so big, so pompous, so important—and so childish!

It was Popularity Peter all over! He made it clear—wanted to make it clear—that he did not approve of this execution; that he was on the side of the school against the new unpopular Chief Book.

If that was how he felt, he ought to have resigned from the staff, not played the fool in Hall, Bob thought. Had how was the Head going to take this?

**M**AN after man came up and bent over the hussack. All of them grained—one or two laughed! Tragedy had turned into comedy—a most undignified comedy, it was true; but it was up against McCann, so it was all right! Any stick was good enough to beat the Blighter with.

Carter, last of the victims, kept up his reputation of being the funny one of the Fifth. As Chard flicked him gently, Carter started him with a tremendous yell that woke all the clocks at the old school offices. Chard himself started, and almost dropped the cane.

"Oh, sir, you hit so fearfully hard!" squealed Carter.

Then there was a roar from the crowd in Hall.

"Ho, ho, ho!" They laughed, and roared, and yelled, and roared! Carter had brought down the house. All pretence of seriousness was at an end. Hall rang with roars of merriment. Trudgeur was seen doubled up with mirth. Chard himself was laughing. All the masters smiled.

Only one serious face was to be seen—Jimmy McCann's, expressionless as that of a graven image. The whopping over, High Combe streamed out of Hall, laughing, chuckling, chortling, and wondering how the Blighter liked it!

Probably Jimmy McCann did not like it at all. And probably—very probably—he was making up his mind that he and Popularity Peter could not remain at High Combe together. If Mr. Chard fancied himself in the role of a sturdy man-of-law buying defiance of an intruder, he was likely to discover that he presided much more closely a fat peddle tapping in the path of a steamroller!

The Fifth hit on a new reference for setting their unwarmed Head, in Next Saturday's School Story — "The War of the Paper!"

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