

THE JOYS OF CAMPING OUT!

SEE
SPECIAL ARTICLE
INSIDE.

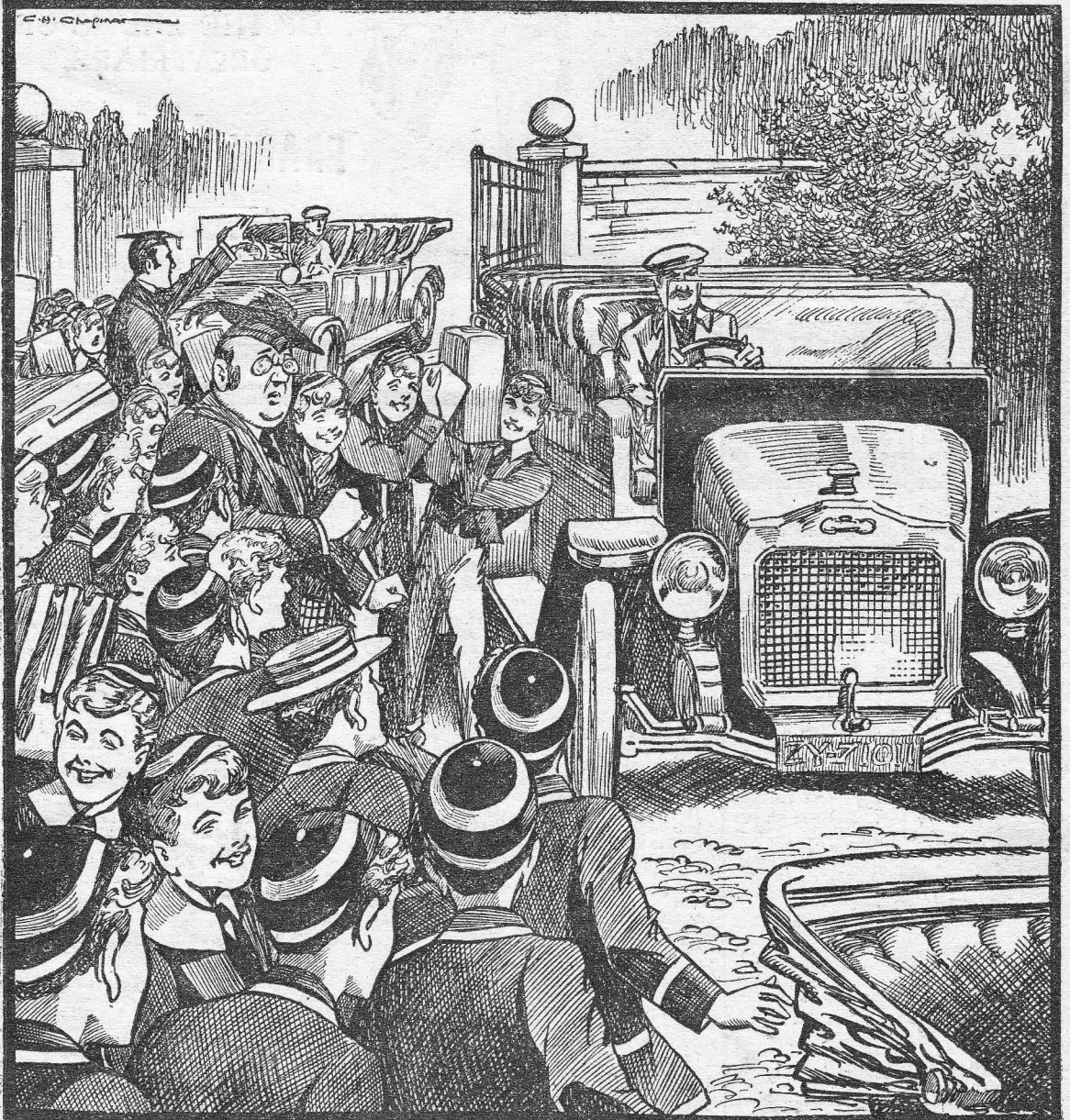
The
Penny → **1½**
Popular

Week Ending
July 31st, 1920.

No. 80
New Series.

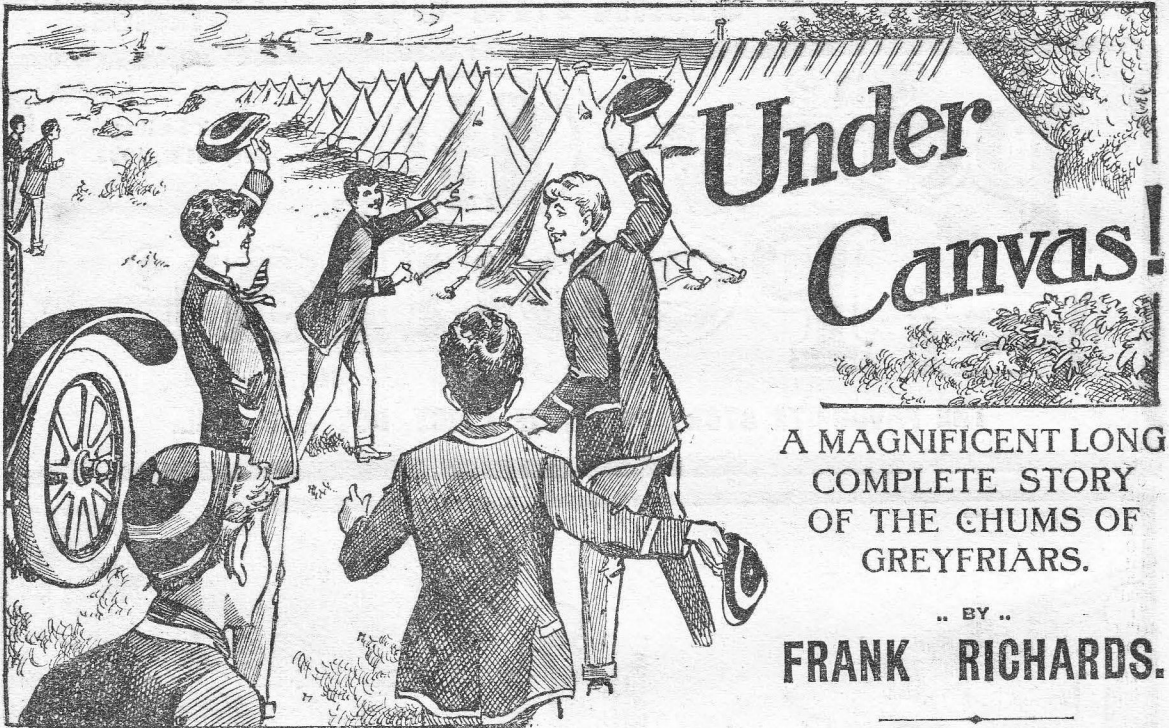
20 PAGES

THE FAVOURITE STORY PAPER OF EVERY BOY AND GIRL.



OFF TO THE GREYFRIARS SCHOOL CAMP!

(An Exciting Scene in Our Grand School Story.)



Under Canvas!

A MAGNIFICENT LONG COMPLETE STORY OF THE CHUMS OF GREYFRIARS.

.. BY ..

FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Too Clumsy!

FAG!" The stentorian voice of George Wingate, the captain of Greyfriars, boomed along the Sixth Form passage of the popular school.

It was seldom that Wingate was kept waiting for a response to the familiar summons. As a rule, quite a crowd of inky-fingered fags came scuttling up to do his bidding. For Wingate was immensely popular with the small fry, being one of the kindest and most generous fag-masters at Greyfriars.

On this occasion, however, there was no immediate response to Wingate's shout. So he tried again, putting all his lung-power into the effort.

"Fa-a-g!" The Famous Five of the Remove strolled into view round a bend in the passage. They were in their cricket flannels, and they walked quite sedately, as if Wingate's summons didn't concern them in the least. And, indeed, it didn't, for the Removeites were exempt from fagging.

"Wharton!" rapped out the captain of Greyfriars. "Sorry, Wingate," said Harry Wharton blandly; "but you can't fag the Remove, you know."

"I wasn't going to fag you, you silly young duffer! I simply wanted to ask you if you'd seen Bolsover minor."

The juniors shook their heads. "Not so much as his shadow, Wingate!" said Bob Cherry.

"Well, if you see him, you might tell him that I'm waiting for him. Tell him there's to be a special tea in my study at five, and that he's got to prepare it."

"Right you are, Wingate!" "You might also add that the penalty for not turning up is a round dozen with a cricket-stump!" said Wingate grimly.

And he went back into his study and shut the door.

The Famous Five exchanged glances. "Better go and find young Bolsover," said Johnny Bull. "He's a decent kid, and I shouldn't like to see him get it in the neck."

"Is he Wingate's special fag?" asked Nugent.

"Yes." "But my minor was fagging for Wingate only yesterday!"

"Wingate changes his fag two or three times a day," chuckled Bob Cherry. "First one gets sacked for not washing his neck; then another gets the push for neglect of duty; and so the merry game goes on."

"Young Bolsover will be the next one to go," said Wharton, "unless we warn him in time."

"Let us huntfully track the ludicrous young cub to his lair," said Hurree Singh.

The Famous Five went along to the fags' Common-room.

A curiously-blended aroma of stale apples and fried herrings greeted their nostrils as they pushed open the door. But the place was empty.

"Where do the fags go in the winter-time?" murmured Nugent.

"Dunno," said Johnny Bull. "But in the summer-time they're generally to be found on the cricket-ground, uprooting lumps of turf with their bats."

"Let us adjourn thither," said Bob Cherry.

In that corner of the cricket-ground which was allotted to the fags the Famous Five came upon quite a score of the inky-fingered tribe.

But of Bolsover minor there was no sign. "What do you Remove bounders want?" demanded Tubb aggressively.

"If it's a set of thick ears, we're quite willing to oblige!" said Paget sturdily.

"We're looking for Bolsover minor," said Harry Wharton. "Any idea where he is?"

"Not the foggiest, old top!" said Dicky Nugent.

"Look here, you cheeky young cub—"

"Where's Bolsover minor?" demanded Nugent major.

"Dare say he's gone for a walk with his big brother Percy," answered Dicky.

The Famous Five snorted.

It was highly improbable that Bolsover minor would choose to spend the afternoon with his major of the Remove. The younger fellow was of a widely different type from his brother. Bolsover major's half-holidays were generally spent in aimless lounging about. Bolsover minor, on the other hand, was always doing something energetic, if not useful.

"Better look in the bath-rooms, you fellows," advised Tubb. "Bolsover's having his annual wash and brush up, most likely."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Pity you don't follow suit!" growled Johnny Bull. "I don't believe you've washed your neck this term."

"Look here—"

The Famous Five walked away. They were impatient to get to their game of cricket, but, for Bolsover minor's sake, they decided to find him first. They searched the Close and the Cloisters; they paid yet another visit to the fags' Common-room, but they drew blank.

Finally, as a last resource, they tried the library. "Why, here he is!" ejaculated Frank Nugent.

Bolsover minor was perched on one of the window-sills. He had been reading, but his book was closed, and he was staring vacantly into space. His cheeks were flushed, and his eyes were unusually bright.

"Yes, here he is!" said Johnny Bull. "We've been hunting for you high and low, you silly young duffer!"

Bolsover minor turned a rather startled face towards the juniors.

"Who wants me?" he inquired.

"Wingate," said Harry Wharton. "There's to be a special tea in his study at five, and he wants you to buzz around and get things ready."

"And if you're late," added Bob Cherry, "it means a round dozen with a cricket-stump!"

"Oh crumbs!"

Bolsover minor vaulted down from the window-sill. He staggered a little on reaching the floor, and would probably have fallen had not Harry Wharton put out his hand to steady him.

"What's the matter with you, kid?" demanded the captain of the Remove.

"N-n-nothing."

"Do you feel queer?"

"Nunno."

"Well, you look it! If you're not feeling fit to fag for Wingate, we'll let him know, and he'll get somebody else."

"I'm all right," muttered Bolsover minor. But his looks belied the assertion.

"If you're not feeling up to the mark, kid, you've only got to say so," said Johnny Bull.

"I'm all right, I tell you!" said the fag. And he walked to the door.

The Famous Five gazed after him curiously.

"He's ill, and he won't admit it," said Harry Wharton.

"Silly young ass!" growled Johnny Bull. "If he doesn't choose to go and see the matron, it's his own funeral."

"Hear, hear!" said Nugent. "Let's get down to the cricket."

Meanwhile, Bolsover minor presented himself at Wingate's study.

The captain of Greyfriars eyed the fag sternly.

"I've been yelling for you," he said. "Nearly made myself hoarse."

"Sorry, Wingate—"

"Bless your sorrow! Where have you been?"

"In the library."

"Well, I want you to wire in and get tea ready. Gwynne and Faulkner and Hammersley will be coming along."

"Right you are, Wingate!"

"Here's a quid note. Get a rabbit-pie from the tuckshop, and plenty of cakes and pastries and things. I'm going out now. When I come in at five I shall expect to find the table laid and everything in readiness. If it isn't, look out for squalls!"

And Wingate strode out of the study. When he had gone Bolsover minor started to lay the table. As a rule he was an excellent fag, speedy and agile. But his speed and agility were not in evidence now. He opened the table-drawer so carelessly that a shower of forks and spoons descended on to the carpet. With a muttered exclamation he stooped and picked them up. And then, after laying the cloth, he blundered towards the cupboard.

It usually took Bolsover minor three minutes to lay the table. On this occasion it took him ten, and in the process he contrived to smash a couple of plates, a cup and saucer, and the one and only teapot. The floor was littered with broken crockery, which the fag swept into a corner. Then he went across to the tuckshop.

The chapter of accidents was not yet complete.

On the way back from the shop the dish containing the rabbit-pie slipped from Bolsover minor's grasp, and alighted with a crash on the flagstones in the Close.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped the fag, appalled at what he had done.

The dish was in fragments, and gravy was trickling in all directions.

"I shall have to leave it where it is, that's all!" muttered Bolsover minor.

And his only consolation was that there had been no eye-witnesses of the calamity.

When five rang out from the school clock-tower, four hungry Sixth-Formers strolled into Wingate's study. And one of them was Wingate himself.

Bolsover minor, his face still flushed, his eyes brighter than ever, hovered near the table.

"Faith, an' I'm dyin' for a cup of tea!" said Gwynne, dropping into the armchair.

"Same here!" panted Faulkner.

Wingate was glancing in stupefied amazement at four ginger-beer bottles, which stood like miniature forts at each corner of the table.

"What's this for?" he demanded.

"To—to drink, Wingate!" stammered Bolsover minor.

"You silly young ass! We want tea!"

"Sorry, Wingate, but—"

"What are you butting about now?"

"The teapot's broken!" faltered the fag.

"My hat!" Wingate's brow grew dark.

"You mean to say you've been juggling with my teapot?"

"It was an accident, Wingate—"

"Seems to have been a whole giddy chapter of accidents!" remarked Hammersley, pointing to the little pile of broken crockery in the corner.

"You—you clumsy young cub!" hooted Wingate. "You've smashed up the happy home! And where's that rabbit-pie I ordered you to get?"

"In the Close, Wingate."

"What! You've left it out in the Close to be bagged by the first fellow who comes along?"

Bolsover minor looked the picture of distress.

"I—I— The fact is, I dropped it!" he stammered.

"You—you broke the dish?"

"Ye-es."

"Then, I'll jolly well break you!"

Wingate picked up a cricket-stump as he spoke, and strode towards the flushed and trembling fag.

Then he stopped short, and the hand which grasped the stump fell to his side.

"Why, you're ill, kid!" he said, his harshness melting immediately to sympathy.

And in his concern for his fag Wingate forgot all about the ruined pie and the broken teapot and the other damages.

"Better cut off to the sanny!" he said.

"Judging by your flushed appearance, you've got a temperature. Why didn't you tell me you were off-colour?"

"I'm all right!" said Bolsover minor doggedly.

"Nonsense! Anybody can see that you're seedy. Buzz off and see the matron!"

The fag hesitated.

"You don't want me to carry you up to the sanny, I suppose?" said Wingate.

That threat had the desired effect. Bolsover minor quitted the study.

But it was not to the sanatorium that he wended his way. He went out into the Close,

and seated himself on one of the rustic benches under the elms.

The flush had not left his cheeks. The unnatural brightness still shone in his eyes. And through his clenched teeth he muttered, almost fiercely:

"I won't give in!"

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Very Alarming.

BOLSOVER MINOR imagined that he would be all right again by the evening.

But he imagined a vain thing. He grew steadily worse instead of better. But his resolve not to give in did not waver. If there was one thing he disliked, it was being imprisoned in the sanny, and fed on gruel.

Another reason why he would not go to the matron was because he feared the chipping of his school-fellows, who would probably dub him a weakling for complaining about a trivial ailment.

That the ailment from which he was suffering was merely trivial, Bolsover minor felt certain.

In the dormitory that evening his scarlet cheeks attracted instant attention.

"What's up, Bolsover?" asked Tubb.

"Been dabbing red-ink on your chivvy?"

"Atishoo!"

"Eh?"

"Atishum-m-m-m!"

"Hallo! Looks as if you've got a rare old cold coming along!" remarked Paget.

"Shoo! It's all right," said Bolsover minor.

"Better tuck yourself between the blankets, quick," advised Tubb. "You've got a touch of the flu. That's what's the matter with you. And we shall all be getting it if you don't look after yourself."

Bolsover minor was only too glad to get to bed. Once there, he felt better, and in a few minutes he was asleep.

But when the rising-bell clanged out on the morning air the fag felt worse than ever. His eyelids were puffed. And his cheeks were even more flushed than they had been overnight.

But he still refused to give in, and he would probably have continued to stick it out had not Mr. Twigg, the master of the Third, noticed his condition when the fags assembled for morning lessons.

"Why, Bolsover," ejaculated the Form-master, "what is the matter with you?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Twigg sharply. "Come here!"

Bolsover minor walked rather unsteadily to the front of the class.

As he drew near to Mr. Twigg that gentleman promptly retreated a couple of paces.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed, in alarm. "You have come out in a rash! You appear to have developed some infectious malady! Show me your chest!"

"Really, sir—"

"Do as I tell you!" commanded Mr. Twigg. Bolsover minor unbuttoned his shirt, and exposed his chest to the Form-master's view.

"Yes! It is on your chest as well!" gasped Mr. Twigg. "It is doubtless all over your body! You will go to the sanatorium at once!"

"But, sir—"

"At once!" repeated Mr. Twigg. "Meanwhile, I will communicate with Dr. Short, of Friar-dale, and get him to come up to the school and examine you."

"But I'm quite all right, sir—"

"Go!" thundered Mr. Twigg.

And his tone was so fierce that Bolsover minor promptly retreated.

There was a buzz of amazement from the class.

"Silence!" exclaimed the Form-master. "I only hope, my boys, that none of you are infected! You will come before me one by one, that I may examine you!"

Looking rather sheepish, the fags obeyed.

"Your complexions all appear to be clear and healthy," said Mr. Twigg at length.

"Let us hope that that unfortunate lad has not disseminated any germs—"

"Germs, sir?" echoed Paget in alarm.

Mr. Twigg nodded.

"There can be no doubt that Bolsover minor is suffering from an attack of measles," he said. "Exactly what variety of measles it is impossible to say. But we shall soon learn."

And the Form-master hurried away to his study, and rang up Dr. Short on the telephone, instructing him to come up to the school at the earliest possible moment.

The medical man arrived shortly afterwards

in his car. He examined Bolsover minor, who had been put to bed; and then, with a grave face, he made his way to the Head's study.

"I have to inform you, sir," he said, as Dr. Locke looked up inquiringly, "that I have just attended one of your boys, and find him to be suffering from German measles."

"Bless my soul!"

"I have given instructions for him to be isolated in a special ward in the sanatorium," continued the doctor, "and we must hope that he has not already infected others. An epidemic in the school would be a serious matter."

Dr. Locke looked very alarmed.

"Surely German measles do not have serious results?" he exclaimed.

"In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, no. But there is always the hundredth case. And in the event of a general epidemic complications might arise in one or two instances which—"

"Good heavens!"

"The boy at present affected—Bolsover minor—will be quite fit and well again within a fortnight," said Dr. Short. "Meanwhile, his friends must not be allowed to visit him. It will not be a pleasant experience for him to be isolated in this way. But the safety of the community must be studied."

"Certainly—certainly!" murmured the Head.

"I sincerely hope there will be no more cases. You had better advise the masters to keep their eyes open, and if any boy develops a rash he must be sent to the sanatorium immediately. Keep the boys in the open air as much as possible, and communicate with me if any fresh cases arise."

The Head promised to do this. And he fervently hoped that Bolsover minor would be the first and last victim.

But, alas for the Head's hopes!

By dinner-time two fresh cases were reported.

Tubb and Paget were the unlucky ones, and they were promptly despatched to the sanatorium.

In the afternoon three more fags were down—Dickie Nugent, Gatty, and Myers.

The Head issued a decree that there would be no more lessons that day, and then summoned a conference of masters in his study. Dr. Short also attended the conference.

"Gentleman," began the Head, "I am feeling very alarmed"—and he looked it—"on account of the epidemic of German measles which has broken out in the school. Thus far, I am thankful to say, it has been confined to the Lower Forms. But unless immediate steps are taken to place the remainder of the boys beyond danger of infection I fear the trouble will spread. And a universal epidemic would be attended by serious consequences!"

The masters nodded gravely.

"Have you any suggestions to make?" inquired the Head.

"I propose, sir," said Mr. Quelch, "that the boys already affected be strictly isolated from their school-fellows, and that the routine shall go on as usual."

Mr. Capper murmured "Hear, hear!" But he was the only one who supported his colleague's proposal.

Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth, cleared his throat.

"I have a proposition to make, sir," he said.

"Yes?" said the Head eagerly.

"The only way in which the health of the community can be effectively safeguarded is for the whole of the boys, with the exception of those in the sanatorium, to go away."

"To their homes?"

"No, sir—to camp."

"Bless my soul!"

Mr. Prout was the cynosure of all eyes, and he was enjoying himself. Nothing pleased him more than a circle of attentive listeners.

"I have had considerable experience of camping-out," he went on. "When I was in the Rockies in 'eighty-nine—"

"This is neither the time nor place for relating your personal reminiscences, Prout!" interrupted the Head drily. "Would you be good enough to come to the point?"

"I am coming to it, sir. When I was in the Rockies in 'eighty-nine—"

"You shot fourteen bears, five eagles, and a Red Indian," said Mr. Hacker wearily. "We have heard that story before, Prout—"

"So often that we are heartily sick of it!" chimed in Mr. Quelch.

Mr. Prout glared.

"I wish you would not keep interrupting me!" he snapped. "When I was in the Rockies in 'eighty-nine I carried my sleeping-quarters about with me day by day. That

THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 80.

may seem a startling statement, but it is none the less true. My sleeping-quarters consisted of a folding tent. There is nothing more conducive to good health than sleeping under canvas. I think Dr. Short will agree with me—"

"Yes, yes," said the doctor. "But do please come to the point, Mr. Prout. Are you suggesting that the whole school should be removed to an encampment?"

Mr. Prout nodded.

"I flatter myself that it is a very sound and practical proposition," he said.

"But if this scheme is agreed upon," said Dr. Short, "it will have to be carried out without a moment's delay. It would be no use removing the boys to-morrow or the next day. The epidemic would probably have spread still further by then."

"Quite!" agreed Mr. Prout. "And I therefore urge that the move be made immediately."

"But, my dear Prout," said the Head, looking very bewildered, "where are we to find a suitable camping-ground at a moment's notice?"

"I know of one, sir. A few miles along the coast there is a delectable spot known as Woody Bay. Standing well back from the sea, there are some spacious meadows owned by a Farmer Brooke. This farmer recently purchased a very large number of bell-tents from the War Office. He would be prepared to loan three hundred of them at short notice."

"Bless my soul!"

The Head turned to the other masters.

"You have heard Mr. Prout's proposal, gentlemen. What do you think of it?"

Mr. Hacker said what he thought of it in a few terse and uncomplimentary words. But the other masters, after a brief debate amongst themselves, agreed to the proposal.

Dr. Short also expressed the opinion that it would be a good move.

Mr. Prout looked very pleased when he found that his suggestion was carried unanimously, with the exception of Mr. Hacker. But then Mr. Hacker never pulled well with Mr. Prout, and it was probably personal feeling which had caused him to oppose the suggestion.

"Farmer Brooke is on the telephone, sir," said the master of the Fifth. "It will be advisable to call him up at once, and I have no doubt that he will be able to meet our requirements. We shall require, roughly speaking, three hundred tents for a period of a fortnight. By the end of that time the boys who are at present in the sanatorium will have completely recovered, and there will be no danger of infection."

There was further discussion in connection with the important step which it had been decided to take, and then the meeting dispersed.

Dr. Locke then had a busy half-hour. He telephoned, first of all, to the chairman of the Board of Governors, in order to obtain sanction for the removal of the Greyfriars scholars to the encampment at Woody Bay.

The chairman readily gave his consent. He realised that unless the boys were removed at once the epidemic would swiftly spread.

The Head then communicated with Farmer Brooke, who was quite willing to hire the tents and one of his meadows to the Greyfriars authorities.

"How soon can we come, Mr. Brooke?" inquired Dr. Locke.

"I'll arrange for a labour party to erect the tents right away, sir," said the farmer.

"They'll have the whole of the afternoon to do it in. That means that everything should be ready by nightfall."

"Splendid!" murmured the Head.

In the course of further conversation it was arranged that three hundred bell-tents should be erected for the boys, and half a dozen marquees for the masters. Accommodation would also be provided for the domestic staff, and there would be ample facilities for cooking, and so forth.

Farmer Brooke promised to supervise all the arrangements personally. And the way was made clear for the whole of the Greyfriars fellows—with the exception of the six lads in the sanatorium—to proceed to Woody Bay late in the afternoon.

As for Bolsover minor, and the fellows he had unwittingly infected, they would remain at the school in the care of the matron.

Several problems still confronted the worried Head, but he was prepared to tackle them with resolution.

Anything was better, he reflected, than to allow the boys to remain where they were.

The sudden move to Woody Bay would cause much inconvenience. But far greater inconvenience—perhaps tragedy—would be occasioned if the move was not made.

THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 60.

Realising this, the Head blessed Mr. Prout for his timely suggestion. And then he proceeded to complete the arrangements for transferring his large flock from Greyfriars to the camp on the coast.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Merry Friars!

"SAY, kidlets, we're in clover!"

It was Dennis Carr of the Remove who made that joyful observation.

The Famous Five, who were grouped in front of the mantelpiece in Study No. 1, nodded.

"No more lessons to-day!" chortled Bob Cherry. "Seems almost too good to be true!"

"Bolsover minor's responsible for this," said Nugent. "We'll go up to the sanny and offer him a vote of thanks!"

"We jolly well won't!" said Harry Wharton. "Dashed if I want to get a dose of German measles—or any other variety of measles, for that matter!"

"Heard of any more victims since Nugent minor, Gatty, and Myers?" inquired Dennis Carr.

Wharton shook his head.

"Nobody else, so far," he said. "But the thing will spread. There isn't a shadow of doubt about that. It started with fags, and it will come to us next!"

"Well, you're a cheery cove, and no mistake!" said Dennis laughing. "Going to be an undertaker when you grow up?"

"I say, you fellows—"

A fat and breathless figure elbowed Dennis Carr aside, and burst into the study like a whirlwind.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "What's up with you, Bunter?"

"News!" exclaimed the fat junior impressively. "Stunning, gilt-edged news!"

"He's going to tell us that we're excused from further lessons to-day!" said Johnny Bull.

"Too late, Bunter, old son. We knew that ages ago!"

"It isn't that," said Bunter excitedly. "Then what the thump—"

"We're going home!"

"What!"

The juniors started blankly at Billy Bunter. "Gug-gug-going home?" stuttered Wharton.

"Yes!"

"What do you mean, you burbling clump?"

"What I say! I happened to be passing the Head's study, and my bootlace came undone—the juniors were too amazed to interject any sarcastic comments—and I heard the Head say—I wasn't deliberately listening, of course!—that, owing to the outbreak of German measles, it would be advisable for the school to break up, and for all the fellows to go home. Just think of it, you chaps! A fortnight's holiday at home! Isn't it great!"

"It would be simply glorious," said Bob Cherry, after a pause, "if it was true! But you're romancing, you fat fibber!"

"He is tugfully pulling our esteemed legs!" said Hurree Singh.

"Of course!"

"We're used to these Bunterisms by this time," said Dennis Carr. "As if they'd give us a fortnight's holiday in addition to the summer vac!"

"If you suppose we're going to swallow a yarn like that, porpoise," said Frank Nugent, "there's something wrong with your supposer!"

"That's about the biggest cram I've ever heard Bunter tell," said Harry Wharton. "And he's told a few thousands in his time!"

Billy Bunter blinked wrathfully at the unbelievers through his big spectacles.

"Beasts!" he hooted. "I'm telling the truth!"

"Another whopper!" said Dennis Carr.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Owl of the Remove was furious to think that nobody believed his story. He had been listening at the keyhole—his favourite form of recreation—and he had overheard part of the discussion at the masters' conference. He had heard it mooted that the boys should be sent away, and that was all. And he naturally concluded that everyone would go home. He had expected Harry Wharton & Co. to be overjoyed at the news. But they were not—for the simple reason that they did not believe it.

"If you fellows won't take my word," said Bunter, "I'll go and tell the news to somebody who will!"

"Half a mo!" said Johnny Bull. "If you think you're going to get off scot-free, after telling us a fib of that size, you're jolly well mistaken!"

"Hear, hear!" said Bob Cherry. "Bump him!"

Billy Bunter fled wildly to the door. But it was closed, and Dennis Carr had his back to it.

"I—I say, you fellows, don't be beasts, you know—"

The fat junior's appeal was interrupted by the loud clanging of the school bell.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "What's going on, I wonder?"

Forgetful of Billy Bunter—who seized the opportunity of making himself scarce—the juniors stepped out into the passage.

Study doors were being thrown open, and there was a chorus of inquiry as the bell continued to clang.

"What's it all about?"

"Is there a fire?"

"Does Gosling think it's time for rising-bell?"

The answer to these queries was supplied by Wingate of the Sixth, who came along the passage with his athletic stride.

"Into Big Hall, everybody!" he rapped out.

"Is it a general assembly, Wingate?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Yes!"

More than that Wingate did not say. Perhaps he did not know himself why the assembly had been summoned.

"Come along, kids!" said Bob Cherry. "We'll soon see what all the merry rumpus is about!"

And the juniors joined the big procession which was already wending its way in the direction of Big Hall.

"By Jove!" said Nugent suddenly. "I suppose Bunter has been telling the truth for once?"

"About going home, do you mean?" said Wharton.

"Yes."

"No such luck!" grunted the captain of the Remove.

The juniors took their places in Big Hall. Their faces were tense and eager, but not less so than the faces of the fellows belonging to other Forms.

Even the high-and-mighty members of the Sixth found it difficult to repress their excitement. And Coker & Co. of the Fifth, and Temple & Co. of the Upper Fourth, were chattering unrestrainedly like a horde of fags.

Silence came with the arrival of the Head.

Dr. Locke was looking worried to the verge of distraction. He did not look like a person about to deliver himself of good tidings. As a matter of fact, the Head had compressed more work into the last couple of hours than he usually did in a whole day.

"My boys," he began, when he had mounted the raised dais at the end of the Hall, "I have a rather startling announcement to make."

This statement set the school's curiosity fairly on edge.

"As you are all aware, six boys belonging to the Lower Forms have developed German measles. That complaint, though not serious in itself, sometimes brings other and graver maladies in its train. It is highly desirable, for the welfare of the school, to place you all beyond reach of infection, and to do so immediately!"

Billy Bunter threw a triumphant glance at the Famous Five. His expression seemed to say:

"There you are, you fellows! I told you so!"

"Bunter was right, after all!" muttered Frank Nugent excitedly. "We're going home!"

"How ripping!"

"Wonder if the Head will mind if I dance a hornpipe?" murmured Bob Cherry.

"Silence!" Dr. Locke's voice rang through the Hall. "At a recent conference of the masters this crisis was fully discussed, and an important decision was arrived at."

The school hung breathlessly on the Head's words.

"Arrangements have been made for all of you to be transferred to a camping-ground at Woody Bay until the unfortunate boys in the sanatorium have made a complete recovery."

"Oh!"

"My hat!"

The Famous Five were slightly taken aback. This was scarcely such good news as they had expected. But it was good, all the same.

A buzz of excitement ran through Big Hall.



"Charge!" The Boy Scouts came plunging through the camp entrance like a herd of buffaloes. They rushed straight at the Removites, who had grouped themselves in a solid phalanx. "Back, you interlopers!" muttered Bob Cherry. And his clenched fist shot out and caught the patrol leader full on the nose and bowled him out. (See page 7.)

Fellows nudged each other, and vowed that they would have a high old time under canvas. The joys of camp-life were a sealed book to many of them, but those who had already experienced such joys were not at all averse to an encore.

The Head raised his hand for silence, and continued:

"This move must be made at once," he said. "Every moment's delay increases the danger of infection. I have arranged for motor char-a-bancs from the Courtfield garage to be here at five o'clock. By that time I shall expect every boy to have packed his belongings. By that I mean only such belongings as will be necessary for a fortnight's absence from the school. Mr. Prout and Mr. Quelch will accompany you to the camp. The remainder of the masters and the prefects will remain behind to see that the move is conducted in as orderly a manner as possible, and also to supervise the removal, in pantechinons, of such furniture and equipment as we shall require."

The Head paused, his gaze roving over the excited throng.

"I sincerely trust that each one of you will do his utmost to make the move a success," he said. "It rests with the various Form captains to preserve order and prevent confusion."

"You'll have your hands full, Harry!" murmured Frank Nugent.

And Wharton grinned. To preserve order in the Remove at such an exciting juncture would be an impossible task.

"The school will now dismiss!" said the Head.

And the fellows streamed out of Big Hall, eagerly discussing what they regarded as the best piece of news of the term.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER. Off to Camp!

"THREE cheers for the Head!" roared Bob Cherry, as soon as he emerged into the sunny Close with his chums.

"Hurrah!"

"Three cheers for my minor!" shouted Bolsover major. "If he hadn't been thoughtful enough to get German measles, this wouldn't have happened!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Hallo, here's Bunter!" exclaimed Johnny Bull. "Let's bump him for telling us such a fearful cram!"

"Oh, really, Bull, what I said was quite correct! I said that, owing to the epidemic, the school was breaking up."

"And that we were all going home!" said Dennis Carr. "There's a slight difference between going home and going to camp!"

"I told you all along that we were going to camp!"

"Why, you fat fraud—"

"Oh, bump him!" growled Bob Cherry.

Willing hands were laid upon the Owl of the Remove, and he descended to the flagstones with a bump and a roar. He would probably have descended three times had not Wingate of the Sixth come striding on the scene.

"No time for these little pleasantries now, you kids!" said the captain of Greyfriars. "Buck up and get ready!"

Wingate carried an ashplant, and the juniors melted away like mist before the morning sun.

And then began the business of packing.

Some fellows were only five minutes getting ready; others were an unconscionable time.

The Famous Five came in the five-minute category.

Johnny Bull possessed a large trunk, and into this roomy receptacle the personal belongings of Johnny and his chums were hastily thrown.

Lord Mauleverer, however, did not approve of these lightning methods. His lordship had a vast and extensive wardrobe, and he took scrupulous care in packing his things. Trousers and jackets and flannels were carefully folded before being placed in his trunk. And each topper—Mauly possessed half a dozen—was carefully wrapped in about a ream of paper. The fact that there was a world shortage of paper did not seem to trouble the dandy of the Remove.

Another fellow who took a long time to pack was Billy Bunter.

The fat junior had no case, bag, trunk, valise, or other receptacle in which to stow his things. After making a tour of the Remove studies, however, he managed to get hold of a gladstone-bag, which he conveyed by stealth to his own quarters.

"Is that your bag, Bunter?" asked Peter Todd suspiciously.

"Of course!"

"Well, I've never seen you with it before." "I've never had occasion to use it," explained Bunter. "It's been lying in the box-room all through the term."

"Strikes me it's not the only thing that's been lying!" grunted Peter, who was busily engaged in cramming two suits of clothes into a case which would only conveniently hold one.

"Oh, really, Toddy," protested Bunter. "If you want to know, this bag was a present from one of my titled relations!"

And the fat junior started to pack his things, which included a number of articles

which he had "borrowed" from time to time.

Before Bunter had got very far with his packing, however, a whirlwind burst into the study.

The whirlwind proved to be Dick Penfold, the cobbler's son.

"Here it is!" hooted Pen. "Bunter, you fat thief, you've bagged my bag!"

"Oh, really—"

"Shy those things out of it, and hand it over, or I'll wipe up the floor with you!"

Billy Bunter would have been wise to comply at once with Penfold's command; but instead of doing so, he exclaimed indignantly:

"I don't know what you're talking about! This bag's mine!"

"You—you—" spluttered Penfold. "It's got my initials on it—R. P."

"Bunter evidently thinks that means 'Remove Porpoise'!" chuckled Bob Cherry from the doorway.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Dick Penfold looked grim.

"Remove porpoise!" he repeated. "Certainly! I'll remove him right away!"

And Penfold's boot clumped upon the rear of Billy Bunter's person.

"Yaroooh!"

With a yell that would have done credit to a Red Indian on the warpath, the fat junior was propelled through the doorway and into the passage.

Dick Penfold emptied his bag by the simple expedient of turning it upside-down. Then he took it along to his own study.

"I—I say, you fellows!" wailed Billy.

"Anybody got a spare trunk?"

"We're not a set of blessed elephants!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I should advise you to put a jerk in it, Bunter," said Harry Wharton. "If you're not ready by the time the char-a-bancs arrive, we shan't wait for you!"

"But I haven't got anything to put my things in!" protested the Owl of the Remove.

"Go and borrow a wheel-barrow from Gosling," suggested Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Eventually, Skinner came to the rescue with a very dilapidated-looking suit-case.

"Here you are, porpoise!" he said generously.

"Where on earth did you dig that ancient thing from, Skinner?" inquired Peter Todd.

"It's Elliott's," explained Skinner. "He was sacked from the school, if you remember, and he left this suit-case behind."

"Looks more like a dustbin than a suit-case!" chuckled Dennis Carr. "Still, it's good enough for Bunter!"

The fat junior eyed the prehistoric suit-case with extreme disfavour. He didn't relish the idea of using it, but he had no alternative.

He crammed his own—and other people's—belongings into it, and joined the human procession which streamed out into the Close.

Seldom had the Close presented such an animated scene.

Coker & Co. of the Fifth were there, mounting guard over an array of boxes and trunks and bags. Temple & Co. of the Upper Fourth were doing likewise. And the Shell fellows had linked hands round their belongings, and were piled in a pyramid. On top of the pyramid stood Hoskins, the amateur musician, making weird noises with a mouth-organ.

The fags were there, too—with the exception of the ill-fated six who were destined to spend the next fortnight in the sanatorium.

Mr. Prout and Mr. Quelch moved hither and thither, like generals in command of a disorderly army.

The master of the Fifth was perspiring profusely, and he was wasting a good deal of breath.

"Will you see that my trunk is all right, Blundell? Thank you! Pray do not stand on that cardboard-box, Coker, or you will go through the lid! Hoskins! I have no objection to good music, but that discordant din is appalling! Stop it—stop it at once! Where are the char-a-bancs? Can anybody see the char-a-bancs?"

"Here they come, sir!" said Bob Cherry.

And there was a roar of laughter, for, passing along the road, close to the school gates, were a couple of donkey-carts.

Mr. Quelch was perspiring quite as profusely as his colleague. But he did not waste nearly so much breath, and there was more method in his movements. He ordered a gangway to be formed, so that when the char-a-bancs arrived they would have a clear passage.

THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 80.

Boom!

The first stroke of five sounded from the clock-tower.

Simultaneously, there was a tooting of horns and a rumbling of wheels, and the char-a-bancs swung into sight through the school gateway.

"Here they are!"

"Hurrah!"

"Let's bag the best, kids!" exclaimed Dennis Carr.

"They're all alike!" said Johnny Bull.

"In that case we'll bag the one that's nearest to the gates. Then we shall have the honour of being the first to arrive at the camp!"

The Removites shouldered their bags and boxes, and made a combined rush for the vehicle which would be the first to depart.

The Fifth made a rush for it as well, and so did the Upper Fourth, and the scene was reminiscent of a London crowd trying to board a motor-bus.

The first person to set foot on the step was Bolsover major, and he paved the way for his Form-fellows.

Coker & Co. and Temple & Co. were beaten back in turn, and the Removites, flushed and triumphant, took their seats.

"All the luggage safe?" inquired Harry Wharton.

There was a wail from Billy Bunter.

"My suit-case has broken open—"

"Bust your suit-case!"

"Some ass has done that already by putting his foot through it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What did the Head mean by saying that the furniture and equipment would be sent on in pantechicians?" asked Vernon-Smith.

"Surely they're not going to take desks and things to camp?"

"Hope not!" said Squiff. "I was looking forward to a fortnight's freedom from lessons."

"Same here!"

"They won't bring the desks," said Harry Wharton. "You can set your minds easy on that score. The pantechicians are for the bedding and the kitchen utensils, and so forth."

Mr. Prout, puffing and blowing like a grampus, came hurrying towards the school gates.

"Are you ready, my man?" he inquired of the driver of the first char-a-banc.

"Yessir!"

"Then pray proceed. You have your instructions, I presume?"

The driver nodded, and the char-a-banc moved forward, followed by the others, with their complement of happy passengers.

"Now we're off!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Hurrah!"

And there were three more cheers for the Head, and three more for Bolsover minor.

The latter, in his bed in the sanatorium, heard those cheers, but he little dreamt that they were for him.

"Everybody seems to have gone potty!" he remarked to Tubb, who was in the next bed.

Tubb nodded.

"Wonder what it's all about?" he said.

They were soon to learn.

A moment later the matron brought in gruel for six, and whilst the patients were partaking of it she explained to them that the remainder of the school were going to camp at Woody Bay. And this information did not make the lot of Bolsover minor & Co. any the happier!

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

The Camp by the Sea!

"G LORIOUS!"

"Simply top-hole!"

"The Head couldn't have chosen a better spot!"

Such were the opinions expressed by Harry Wharton & Co. as their char-a-banc came to a halt at the entrance to a spacious meadow, in which dozens of tents, pitched in orderly rows, stood glistening in the sunshine.

It was indeed an ideal spot.

To the north, east, and west lay smiling pastures, and to the south the sea could be seen, stretching far away in tranquil splendour.

"A fortnight of this," said Bob Cherry, as he stepped down from the char-a-banc, "will make me feel young again! I shall forget my gout and my rheumatism, and lay aside my crutches, and become as frisky as a young lamb!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, now that we're here," said Dennis

Carr, "we must see about bagging the best row of tents."

"That's the row nearest to the sea," said Harry Wharton.

"Precisely! Come on!"

But the Removites were unlucky on this occasion.

Mr. Prout, who was absent-mindedly smoking his pipe upside-down, came puffing up to the camp entrance.

"No boy is to enter until Mr. Quelch and I have inspected the camp!" he exclaimed.

"Oh crumbs!"

"Prout's bound to give the best row of tents to the Fifth!" growled Johnny Bull.

And so it proved.

The two masters made a survey of the camp, and found everything in excellent condition.

There was just one thing that perplexed them—namely, that each tent already contained bedding and equipment.

"Doubtless Farmer Brooke imagined that we wished to hire blankets and towels and looking-glasses, as well as the tents themselves," said Mr. Prout.

Mr. Quelch nodded.

"He has shown admirable foresight," he said, "and the fact that he has already furnished the tents will save us a great deal of trouble."

"Which row of tents would you like your pupils to occupy, Quelch?" asked Mr. Prout.

"The row facing the sea?"

"No, no!" said Mr. Quelch hastily. "If my boys are quartered there, the sea will prove too strong a temptation for them, and they will be breaking out at night to bathe. They had better be accommodated in the middle row of tents."

"Very good!" said Mr. Prout. "Then the row nearest the sea shall be reserved for the members of the Fifth Form."

This decision having been arrived at, the Fifth-Formers were given permission to enter the camp. They did so willingly enough, bringing their belongings with them.

"I will now allot you to your tents, my boys," said Mr. Prout. "Coker, Potter, Green, Fitzgerald—you will occupy No. 1 tent. Blundell, Hilton, Tomlinson, Smith major—No. 2."

And so it went on until the whole of the Fifth were installed in their temporary habitations.

The Sixth were then fixed up, in the next row of tents.

Meanwhile, Mr. Quelch shepherded the Shell to their quarters. Then came the Upper Fourth, and then the fags.

The Remove were left until last, much to their disgust. And their disgust was even greater when they found that they were to occupy the middle row of tents.

"The worst position in the whole giddy camp!" growled Frank Nugent.

"It will be a case of cannons to right of us, cannons to left of us!" said Harry Wharton.

"On one side we've got the Upper Fourth—confound 'em!—and on the other side there's the Shell."

"Jolly convenient for carrying out night-raids!" said Bob Cherry. "I'm glad the prefects won't be near us, anyway!"

"Yes, rather!"

"I say, you fellows," said Billy Bunter plaintively, "I feel awfully peckish! Wonder when they're going to serve tea?"

"Give them a chance!" said Dennis Carr. "Poor old Prout's rushed off his feet already. So's Quelchy."

"Dashed if I should care to be one of the camp commanders!" said Vernon-Smith.

"Prout and Quelchy won't have a minute's peace until the Head and the other masters and the prefects turn up."

"Quelchy's no good as an organiser!" said Billy Bunter scornfully. "He gets flustered and flurried, and he doesn't know what he's doing half the time. He's an old woman!"

A sudden hush followed Bunter's remark.

Unseen by the fat junior, but observed by the rest of the Removites, Mr. Quelch himself had approached the throng.

"I could run this show a jolly sight better than old Quelchy!" Bunter went on, blissfully unconscious of the fact that the Remove-master was standing close behind him.

"The Head must have been potty to let Quelchy have a hand in the arrangements. What are you making those faces at me for, Carr?"

"Shurrup, you fathead!" muttered Dennis.

"Eh? Why should I shut up? I'm stating absolute facts. And I seem to be making quite an impression, too, for nobody's attempting to contradict me. As I said

before, Quelch's no earthly use on a stunt of this sort. He's an old woman!"

"Bunter!"
For quite a moment Mr. Quelch stood petrified, unable to move or speak. And when he did speak his voice resembled the detonation of a bomb.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Billy Bunter. And he spun round and encountered the stern gaze of his Form-master.

"Bunter," repeated Mr. Quelch, "I—I can scarcely credit the evidence of my ears! You have had the unparalleled audacity to refer to me as a—a female of advanced years!"

"I—I didn't know you were standing just behind me, sir!" stuttered the Owl of the Remove.

"Apparently not!" said Mr. Quelch drily. "Otherwise you would have considerably modified your remarks!"

"I—I didn't say a word, sir—"

"What!"
"Not so much as a whisper, sir!" said Bunter wildly. "I was simply telling the fellows what a ripping organiser you were!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
There was an irrepressible burst of laughter from the juniors.

"Do not laugh at this wretched boy!" said Mr. Quelch. "He has been grossly impertinent, and he has heightened his offence by telling falsehoods! I regret, Bunter, that in the peculiar circumstances I am unable to cane you."

Billy Bunter did not regret it. He grinned. "But you will take five hundred lines!" concluded Mr. Quelch.

"Oh, really, sir! I can't write lines in camp!"

But Mr. Quelch thought differently. "You will remain in your tent to-morrow, Bunter, and will not leave the camp under any consideration until the imposition is finished."

"Oh crumbs! Which is my tent, sir?"
"You will find that all the tents are numbered, my boys," said Mr. Quelch, "and you will occupy them according to the numbers of your studies at Greyfriars. You, Bunter, will therefore go into No. 7."

Peter Todd gave a groan. He was fed up with Bunter as a stable companion, and he had hoped to escape the fat junior's society in camp. But his hopes were ruthlessly dashed by Mr. Quelch's announcement.

Leaving the juniors to take possession of their allotted tents, the Form-master walked away.

"No. 1's ours, Franky!" said Harry Wharton. "Give me a hand with this trunk."

"Where's No. 13?" inquired Bob Cherry.

"And where's No. 6?"

"Which is our kennel?"
Chaos and confusion reigned supreme.

Some juniors headed in one direction, and others in the opposite one, with the result that there were many violent collisions.

In the midst of the disorder a loud roar of wrath became audible. It emanated from the lane which skirted the meadow.

"What the thump—" began Harry Wharton.

"Line up, you fellows!" said Dennis Carr. "There's going to be trouble."

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.
A Pitched Battle!

A TROOP of Boy Scouts had arrived on the scene.

They were fine, sturdily-built young fellows, with sunburnt faces. And they carried towels and bathing-costumes.

Halting in the lane outside the camp-entrance they glared at the Greyfriars fellows, whom they seemed to regard as interlopers.

"These merchants," said Harry Wharton grimly, "have come to raid our camp!"

"Looks like it!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Afraid they'll be unlucky," said Nugent.

"They won't make much of a show against three hundred fellows."

The Boy Scouts were holding a council of war in the lane. Their Scoutmaster, a strapping young giant, was remonstrating with them. But they paid little heed to him.

"You can't expect us to take this lying down, sir!"

It was Patrol-leader Jimmy Brown who spoke.

And from Jimmy's followers burst a variety of exclamations.

"They've bagged our camp!"

"The nerve!"

"The awful cheek!"

"Rush them!"

"Chuck them out!"

Exactly how the Scouts intended to "chuck out" three hundred fellows—some of whom were twice their size—was not clear. But, of course, Jimmy Brown & Co. had no conception of the numerical strength of Greyfriars. They saw the members of the Remove Form, and that was all. It did not occur to them that every tent in the camp was tenanted.

"Ready, you fellows?" inquired Jimmy Brown.

There was a general nodding of heads. And then came the sharp command:

"Charge!"

The Boy Scouts came plunging through the camp entrance like a herd of buffaloes. They rushed straight at the Removites, who had grouped themselves together in a solid phalanx.

"Back, you interlopers—back!" muttered Bob Cherry.

And his clenched fist, shooting out, found a billet on the nose of Patrol-leader Jimmy Brown.

"Yarooooooop!"

The Scout leader was bowled over like a skittle, but he was on his feet again in a twinkling, and mustering his scattered forces.

Twice in succession the Scouts were beaten back, but they launched a third attack with great spirit, and fairly swept the Removites off their feet.

Harry Wharton & Co. would have found themselves badly up against it had not the whole camp been roused by this time.

The Shell and the Upper Fourth rushed willingly to the assistance of the Remove. They were at loggerheads with that Form, as a rule, but they promptly joined forces with them against a common foe.

The Sixth-Formers were far too dignified to take part in the pitched battle. But the Fifth had no such scruples. They readily took a hand; and as for the fags, they were fairly in their element.

Biff! Thud! Biff! Thud!
"Pile in, you fellows!"

"Give 'em socks!"
The air was full of shrill battle-cries.

There had been chaos and confusion before, but it was nothing to the present scene of wild commotion.

Interlocked forms rolled over and over in the long grass; tent-pegs were uprooted, and missiles of all descriptions went sailing through the air.

Greyfriars were on top now. They outnumbered the invading party, and Jimmy Brown & Co. were beaten back, slowly but surely, towards the camp entrance.

Mr. Prout and Mr. Quelch were dancing about like cats on hot bricks. They were powerless to quell the tumult.

"This is terrible!" panted the master of the Fifth.

"Appalling!" gasped Mr. Quelch. "But our boys are not to blame. The Scouts were the first to become aggressive."

"And no wonder!" said a voice.

Turning suddenly, Mr. Quelch found himself confronted by a tall, powerfully-built man.

"Are you the Scoutmaster?" he demanded.

"I am, sir. I am Scoutmaster Walters."

"Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mr. Walters, for allowing your boys to get so completely out of hand!" snapped Mr. Quelch.

"We shall claim compensation, sir, for the damage that has been caused to our encampment!" chimed in Mr. Prout.

The Scoutmaster looked grim.

"You are entirely to blame for what has occurred!" he said.

"What do you mean?"

"This is our camp!"

"Sir!"

"We have rented it for a month from Farmer Brooke. And this afternoon I took my boys down to the sea for a bathe, and on our return we find our camp occupied by schoolboys! Can you wonder that strife and disorder have occurred, in the circumstances?"

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "If this camp really belongs to you—"

"It does, sir!"

"Then a big mistake has been made! We have evidently come to the wrong place!"

"Nonsense!" interposed Mr. Prout. "I am positive that this is the meadow which Farmer Brooke reserved for us."

"Here is the farmer himself!" said the Scoutmaster. "He will settle the argument."

A stout man with a florid face came hurrying to the spot. He knew Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth, having accompanied him on several shooting expeditions.

"Mr. Prout!" he panted. "You have come to the wrong meadow!"

"What!"

"Your quarters are over there"—the farmer jerked his thumb in the direction of another encampment several hundred yards away—

"and this camp has been rented for a month by Scoutmaster Walters."

"I am right, you see," said the Scoutmaster, with a smile.

Mr. Prout hastened to apologise.

"I am indeed sorry, Mr. Walters! I can assure you that we had no intention of poaching on your preserves."

"We will vacate the camp at once," added Mr. Quelch. "I will explain to the boys that a blunder has been made."

But it was no easy task for the master of the Remove to make the explanation. He shouted himself nearly hoarse before he finally succeeded in convincing the Greyfriars fellows that the Boy Scouts were the rightful tenants of the camp, and that the Greyfriars encampment was situated a short distance away.

At last, however, order was restored.

The tumult and the shouting died away, and Harry Wharton & Co. were the first to apologise to their recent opponents, who had received a rough handling.

Jim Brown and his followers were good sportsmen. They declared that there was nothing to apologise for, and that they had thoroughly enjoyed the scrap.

"I expect we shall meet again, seeing that you're practically within a stone's throw of us," said Jimmy Brown.

"Yes, rather!"

And the Greyfriars fellows and the Boy Scouts parted on the very best of terms.

Half an hour later the Friars were installed in their rightful quarters.

The two camps were very similar, and it was not altogether surprising that a mistake had been made.

Later in the evening the remainder of the masters arrived, together with the Head and the prefects.

The pantechicons were unloaded, the tents were furnished with bedding and other equipment, and the members of the kitchen staff set to work to prepare the evening meal.

And a very merry meal it was!

The fellows were hungry, and they did full justice to what was set before them.

The steak was burnt and the potatoes were as hard as bricks. But such trivialities passed unnoticed.

In an address to the boys, the Head explained that there was bound to be a certain amount of inconvenience at the outset, but he hoped that in the course of a day or two everything would be running smoothly.

At an early hour the fellows retired to their tents, very tired but very happy.

Harry Wharton & Co. were particularly joyful. And they were keenly looking forward to the many adventures that were bound to befall them in the camp by the sea!

THE END.

(Another grand long story of Harry Wharton & Co. next week, entitled: "THE RIVAL CAMPS!" Make a point of ordering your copy EARLY!)

A Grand New Serial



THE
CINEMA
OF
LIFE

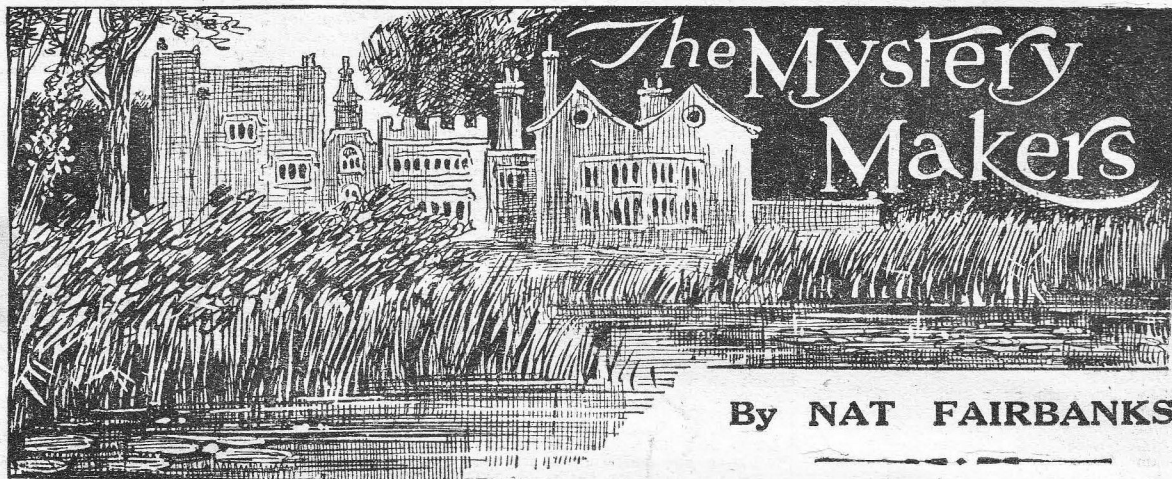
Just starting in

MERRY & BRIGHT

The Favourite Comic Paper.

Price 1d. Now on Sale.

Make sure of YOUR copy NOW.
If you are not already a regular reader of "MERRY & BRIGHT," ask your newsagent to save a copy for you EVERY WEEK.



THE OPENING CHAPTERS.

Dick Tulliver, to escape being apprenticed to Wibbleswick & Co., a firm of drapers, by his uncle, makes his way to the country town of Dorminster. There he comes across the Western Super-Film Company, who are located in a ruined manor house, known as Wildfell Grange, which is reputed to be haunted. By a piece of luck, Dick is able to be of service to Mr. Halibut, the producer. Through the good offices of a friend named Harry Trent, who is working for the company, Dick is taken on in place of Archie Deen, the star actor, who has mysteriously disappeared. He is introduced to an actor-friend of Trent's named Biglow. Later, Dick has the misfortune to make a dangerous enemy of a hunchback dwarf, named Bernard Grimshaw.

One day Dick discovers a secret passage leading from Grimshaw's room and out into the grounds by the lake. He has reasons to believe that it is frequently used by the dwarf. Dick falls in with an expedition of schoolboys, led by a Fallsdale boy, named Faulkner, who proposes to explore Wildfell Grange. The schoolboys are occupying a houseboat—the Gaddy—and Dick joins forces with them. Later, Dick discovers that the actors of the Western Super-Film Company have gone on strike, excited by Grimshaw. He persuades Trent and Biglow to join the expedition until the strike is over, and they camp on the island near the Grange. The same night their houseboat is stolen by a rival party, but they escape from the island, and make a surprise attack to regain the Gaddy.

(Now read on.)

Victory!

THE enemy were evidently well on the alert. Thanks to the barking of the wretched Snap, they had plenty of time to mobilise their forces, and although they had not actually seen the attacking party, had had a pretty good idea of their line of advance. A shower of stones suddenly whizzed past Dick Tulliver's head and fell with a sullen thud on to the ground.

"Duck down and keep quiet!" whispered Harry Trent. "It's our only chance. We must make them think it's a false alarm."

"It beats me how they know we've escaped from the island!" said Faulkner.

"Probably they don't know," cut in Dick. "But as they've run off with other people's property, I expect they've got a bit nervy and are ready to take alarm at the slightest noise."

For some minutes the stones continued to come from all directions. However, by crouching down and moving slowly and silently they escaped being hit, though they could hear the missiles striking the turf all around.

All at once the stones ceased.

"Good!" muttered Harry. "They've evidently come to the conclusion it's a false alarm. I wish the moon would come out!"

The little army of five held a hurried consultation. They could still see the light—presumably coming from the Gaddy—shining ahead, and they resolved to boldly make a beeline for this mark.

Dick stood up and tried to locate the position of the enemy's forces. As he did so the moon suddenly shot out, and, although Dick dropped on all fours at once, the foe evidently had spotted him. They gave a shout and made a rush in his direction.

"Forward!" whispered Harry.

On came the enemy. Dick and the others could tell from the sound of their feet that the attacking force had spread themselves out. The collision was imminent.

Whoop! Down came a couple of the enemy on the top of Dick, who was slightly in advance, bodies, arms, and legs in spread-eagle fashion.

Dick disengaged himself from the tangle in an instant, and was striking out right and left.

His fists were hard, and the material they encountered was soft. There was a snuffle and a groan, which showed that someone was put out of action.

By this time the others of the enemy contingent had come up. Further concealment was useless, and, with a shout of defiance, Dick, Harry, Faulkner, Templeton, and Plum, massed together in a compact body, plunged forward.

The moon now lit up the scene sufficiently well to allow them to take the bearings of the ground. They could dimly make out the Gaddy moored in some sort of creek. The creek formed a semi-circular bend, so much could be seen by the line of willows which bordered it. Right ahead was a wooden building, about ten feet high, with some sort of verandah in front. In between them and the hut were the scattered enemy, coming on in an extended line.

Unless they could break through this line they would be caught in a trap, for the bend of the creek effectually barred their progress.

But the wooden building! With their backs to this they would have their foes only in front. Why not take refuge here?

Dick and Harry made up their minds at once. They would take this course.

In less than a minute the party had gained the shelter.

Inside the verandah was a kind of counter, with boards at either end reaching from the ground to the roof of the verandah. Dick and Harry mounted the counter and dropped down the other side. The others followed suit. There they were, boxed up, it is true, but in a perfectly impregnable position. Nor was this all, for underneath the counter there were some pieces of broken boat-hooks and oars.

"Let them come on!" exclaimed Faulkner, brandishing one of these weapons. "We're ready for them!"

But the foe did not seem disposed to come on. The moon was shining very brightly now, and this was an advantage to the besieged; for while it shone upon the enemy and discovered them, it threw the verandah into deep shadow, and effectually concealed the little band within.

"I wonder if Grimshaw is still with them?" whispered Harry.

"No sign of him as far as I can see," returned Dick. "And Biglow? What can they have done to Biglow, I wonder?"

Harry shook his head over the probable fate of this unfortunate person. But before he could advance any opinion a shrill whistle sounded in front, and the enemy bore down upon them with a rush.

Probably the rush did not occupy more than twenty seconds, but it seemed to the garrison

at least half an hour. A stout, lumbering youth headed the onslaught, and was the first to bite the dust; for Faulkner's weapon, describing a curve in a horizontal direction, caught him on the side of the head and brought him down, bellowing that he was killed.

Then somebody also cried out that it wasn't fair to fight with sticks, and a third voice inquired why "the dwarf chap" hadn't told them the enemy were armed.

There was no sign, however, of Grimshaw amongst the combatants.

But this was of little consequence in comparison with the fact that the assault was checked. The stout, lumbering youth—quickly identified as Blogson—was still bellowing, and lay at the entrance to the verandah, a helpless prisoner.

"Lug him in!" said Harry, pointing to the prostrate Blogson.

With scant ceremony this was done.

"We'd better shoot him at once!" said Dick to Harry, in an audible aside.

Blogson set up a dismal howl.

"It was the dwarf who did it all," he whimpered. "Really, we didn't want to sneak your boat!"

"All right, you beauty," cut in Faulkner. "You know what I told you I'd do to you if you and your precious crew crossed my path."

Blogson groaned.

It was plain that Blogson's head was very painful, for Faulkner had caught him a rare old crack. Young Plum, finding under the counter an old hamper, turned it bottom upwards and made him sit upon it. And, indeed, Blogson wanted very little making, for the blow and his feelings of terror had left him little better than a limp rag.

"Now, then, your only chance is to speak the truth," began Harry sternly. "First of all, is the dwarf with you?"

"No; he left about half an hour ago. I don't know where he's gone to," said Blogson earnestly. "He wouldn't tell us. But he made us promise faithfully to stop here until to-morrow. We weren't to go near the Grange," he added, turning to Faulkner. "Not that we wanted to after he'd told us the things that happen here. It's a fearsome place, Faulkner! You've no idea! If you had, you wouldn't go within a mile of the show."

Faulkner intimated that he thought differently. Templeton and Plum, however, did not appear to be so certain on the point.

"Never mind about the Grange for the minute," said Harry Trent. "I want to know about that prisoner you took. What's become of him?"

"He's in the houseboat," replied Blogson. "He fell in the river, and he's trying to dry his things. In one of the lockers we found an old uniform, and the dwarf made him put it on."

Plum and Templeton immediately gave way to loud bursts of laughter.

"It belongs to old Sattlebee," explained Faulkner. "When he was a young man he served in the militia, and I got him to bring along his uniform. I thought it would give a real military touch if I could get him to put it on now and then."

"We must get on board the Gaddy as soon as possible," said Dick. "I believe we could sally forth now. Those fellows don't seem

to have much stomach for any more fighting."

Dick was right. At present there was no sign of the renewal of the conflict on the part of the enemy. As far as they could see they were gathered together in a crowd watching the shed, very much as a cat watches a mouse.

All at once a perfect hurricane of barks broke out. That sleuthhound Snap had evidently discovered the approach of further forces.

It occurred to Dick that perhaps it was the dwarf returning.

The enemy, however, plainly considered that Snap's bark spelt danger to themselves. There was a possibility of being caught between two fires. At any rate, they could be seen making preparations for a rapid retreat.

"Now's our chance!" cried Harry. Exultingly, the little band left the shelter of the hut, and charged in the direction of the demoralised enemy. The enemy gave up all idea of further resistance, and, taking to their heels, fled blindly away.

Snap's barks still rang out. They were coming nearer now. A few minutes later the animal bounded up to them, and then scampered back to a figure they could dimly see approaching.

"Why, it's old Sattlebee!" cried Faulkner. Sattlebee ambled towards them, every now and then tripping over Snap, who, in an excess of emotion at recovering his master, kept on getting between his legs.

"I thought I couldn't mistake 'is bark," he observed placidly. "I'd know it in a thousand. Well, and how 'ave you young masters been goin' on?"

This from a soldier who had deserted his post was pretty cool cheek, but Sattlebee's appearance was so extremely opportune that no one felt disposed to utter the reprimand that discipline properly required.

The Mysterious "Someone."

THEY found Biglow sitting in the houseboat, and his extraordinary appearance for the minute left them speechless. Dressed in Sattlebee's old militia uniform, he presented the most comic figure imaginable. Anything less martial than Biglow has never been seen.

When Sattlebee was measured for this uniform he was but eighteen years old, and a slim slip of a lad at that. Biglow was slim, but, then, he was tall, and the consequence was that the trousers did not come down much below his knees; while, as for the coat, it would not meet by at least a foot, and the sleeves fitted so tightly, his arms looked exactly like sausages. Complete the attire by placing on Biglow's head a battered straw hat, and you have the picture before you.

Biglow was highly offended at the mirth his appearance provoked.

"It's bad enough having to don the attire of a scarecrow," he boomed, "without having a lot of grinning apes!"

"Beg yer pardon, master," interrupted old Sattlebee indignantly. "But it seems to me you oughter think yourself fortunate in having a suit o' clothes to put on."

"Are they yours?" asked Biglow. "But you must see what a hideous fright I look!"

"Oh, I dunno!" grunted old Sattlebee. "When I wore that uniform I looked a smart chap, I can tell 'ee! Ah, I had a few gals after me, too!"

"No doubt—no doubt!" mumbled the wretched Biglow. "I dare say you looked a very fine fellow, but that was many years ago. The clothes were new then; now they're patched and faded. Chaps, I've had a time! Single-handed I faced the dwarf and his crowd of yelling brats. I did all that a brave man could. Overpowered by numbers, I fought, in a manner of speaking, with my back to the ground. That was when we landed. Grimshaw at present bears the marks of my prowess in the shape of a black eye. As the battle raged they rolled me nearer and nearer to the river bank. You have only to examine my clothes to guess what happened. Those clothes speak more eloquently than any words of mine."

"It's all lies!" burst out Blosdon. "You know you surrendered without a blow. It was no fault of ours that you fell into the water in stepping out of the boat. Really and truly, we didn't lay as much as a hand on him."

"This is absolutely adding insult to injury!" bellowed Biglow. "Boy, you know as well as I do that force of numbers alone overcame me—"

"That's what I'm saying," said Blosdon. "You knew you hadn't a chance against the lot of us, so you caved in at once!"

"There, there!" broke in Harry Trent soothingly. "No one ever knows what takes place in a battle. I am sure you put up a most gallant fight, Biglow, and the best thing we can do with the prisoner, is to set him to work to scrape the mud off your clothes. Just see that he gets on with it, Faulkner! Dick, have you posted a sentry?"

"Yes; Plum's on guard," said Dick. "I don't fancy, though, there'll be any attack."

"Neither do I. But it's just as well to take precautions. Come outside a minute, I want to have a word with you."

Out of earshot of the others, Harry Trent said:

"Grimshaw's mixed up in some deep game. I guess, Dick, you're sufficiently curious to try and find out what it is."

Dick nodded.

"You said a little while back that you had a theory about Grimshaw," resumed Harry. "Do you feel inclined to tell me what it is?"

"Oh, yes; I'll tell you," said Dick, with some

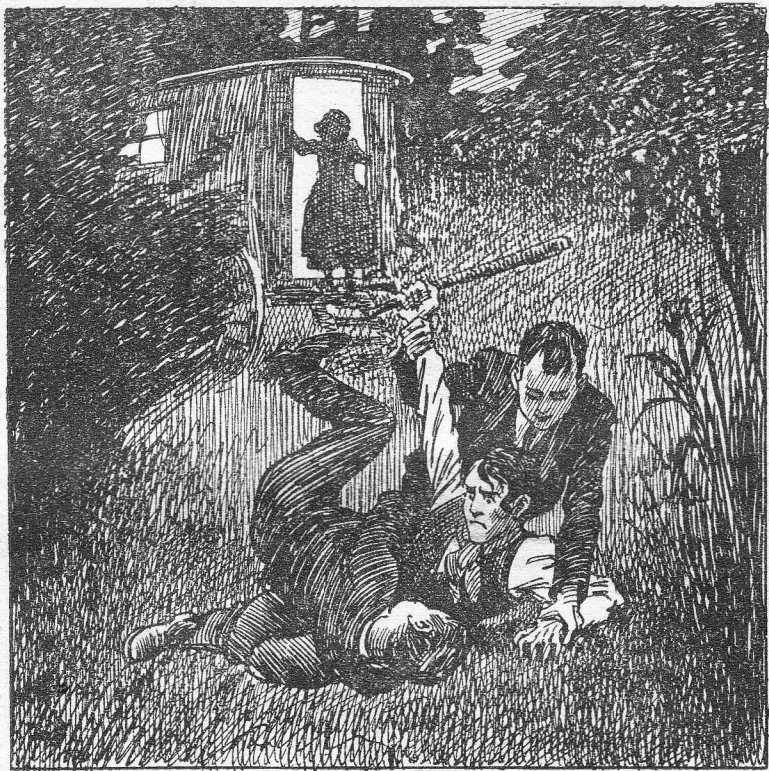
he could very easily arrange for that to happen. I'm convinced in my own mind that the dwarf is the moving spirit of the whole business. What's more, Harry, I believe if we went to the Grange now we should find Grimshaw there, and probably some others as well."

"It's possible," agreed Harry. He remained silent for a moment or so. "You know, Dick, this may be a far more serious affair than we think," he went on. "I have a feeling in my bones that we are up against some extreme peril. I don't think that feeling puts me off—in fact, it makes me more determined than ever to get at the bottom of the mystery. I fancy you feel the same."

Dick nodded.

"What about those Fallsdale chaps?" he asked, with a glance towards the interior of the Gaddy.

"Oh, we must keep them out of it!" said Harry emphatically. "By Jove!" he cried, as a sudden thought struck him. "Grimshaw



"Go for his legs," whispered Harry Trent. The next moment Dick had gripped the gipsy's legs, and they rolled over together, with Harry clinging like a terrier to the upraised arm, which held a stout cudgel. (See page 10.)

hesitation. "It's such a wild notion, however, that I expect you'll only laugh. But first, I'll ask you a question."

"All right! Ask away."

"Do you believe the Grange is really haunted?"

Harry Trent considered for a brief moment. "Well," he said slowly—"no; I don't think it is."

"Ah!" replied Dick. "Then perhaps my theory won't strike you as being so wild after all. Now, a lot of queer things have happened at the Grange; we can't get away from that. But as I think, like you, the place isn't haunted, these queer happenings must be due to—What's the word?"

"Human agency," suggested Harry.

"Yes; that's it—human agency. In other words, someone's been having a game with us. What's been the result? We've all cleared out of the Grange. Isn't it just possible that this 'someone' wanted that to happen?"

"But why should he want that to happen?" asked Harry.

"Oh, that I can't say! The first thing to do is to find out who this 'someone' is. When we find that out, we'll probably find out the other. Now, Grimshaw has been the victim of these games as much as anyone, but, then, if he happens to be this 'someone,'

seems to have been hit with the same idea. You remember that chap Blosdon told us that the dwarf had frightened them into giving up their expedition to the Grange. That seems to fit in with your theory, Dick, that Grimshaw wants the place to himself."

"You're right. Look here, I vote we settle these chaps comfortably here for the night, and then we two will slip away as soon as possible, and make tracks for the Grange."

"I will address the 'army' on the subject of turning in," said Harry gravely. "I'm afraid young Faulkner will want a bit of convincing. At the present moment he's probably evolving some gigantic scheme for taking the Grange by storm. However, I'll do what I can."

Returning once more to the cabin of the Gaddy, Harry Trent called the troops to "attention."

"Men," he said, "thanks to our splendid organisation and gallant spirit, we have so far triumphed over our enemies. They have retreated many miles, and the probabilities are we shall not be molested any further to-night. Therefore, we can secure the well-earned rest of the victorious soldier upon the battlefield. To-morrow we shall continue our dangerous and hazardous advance. Jaded and

tired with our exertions, we will seek repose, and—and—" Harry paused, and looked up at the ceiling, as if seeking for further words of eloquence. "Anyway," he went on, "as this advance may not be to the liking of some, anyone who would like to turn back, now is your chance."

"I'm going on, for one," said Faulkner, glaring at Plum and Templeton. "And so are those two!"

"And you, Biglow?"

"Certainly!" replied Biglow. "If my clothes are dried by the morning."

"And you, Private Sattlebee?"

"Oh, yes, so long as I gets my wages regular."

It was not a noble answer, but what could one expect from mercenary troops?

"And Snap; he'll stick to you as long as I be with you," added Sattlebee.

"Oh, I don't doubt that!" returned Harry sarcastically. "Well, now that it's all settled, we'd better anchor the Gaddy in the main stream, rig up our beds inside, and turn in."

Nobody had the slightest objection to this. They collected the few rugs they possessed, laid them on the floor of the cabin, and by dint of some squeezing the "army" spread themselves out, and to quote Harry Trent's poetic words, "sought repose."

Five minutes went by, and then suddenly the air became strongly impregnated with foul tobacco smoke.

"Ough! Ough! Ough!" coughed everyone.

"My word! Ough! Ough! Ough! I'm almost suffocated! Is anything on fire?" exclaimed Dick. "Hang it! It's Private Sattlebee's pipe! Look here, if you must smoke, hold your pipe outside the window!"

Private Sattlebee slept, as it were, at the foot of the bed—that is, he was at one end of the cabin. Feeling cold, he had lit his pipe, and so had surrounded himself with a veritable smoke screen.

"I say!" exclaimed Faulkner, sitting up. "We've posted no sentries!"

"I wondered how long it would be before he remembered that!" grunted Harry to himself.

He had purposely posted no sentries, because that would have rather upset the plan he and Dick had formed to go off on their own.

"Yes; that was rather an omission!" he owned. "Private Sattlebee, if you want to smoke, you'd better take the first guard. I will relieve you at twelve o'clock."

As he spoke he quietly kicked Dick Tulliver's leg.

With great difficulty Private Sattlebee, who, like all mercenaries, was lazy and unenthusiastic, was roused, for though he was smoking, he was also, to all intents and purposes, fast asleep. And the awkward part of it was that the rousing could only be done by means of furtive kicks. As for shaking him by the elbow, or indeed touching any visible portion of him, this was impossible, owing to the presence of Snap, who showed by his gleaming teeth and snarling that he would instantly resent any such treatment of his comrade.

But much may be done by kicking, and Private Sattlebee at last turned out, and went "sentry go" on the roof the the Gaddy.

A Discovery!

PUNCTUALLY at midnight Harry relieved old Sattlebee, or, rather, to be strictly accurate, Harry woke Sattlebee up, and told him to get below. Ten minutes later Dick cautiously crept up on to the roof and joined his friend.

"Are they all asleep?" asked Harry.

"Sound. There's nothing to prevent us from starting away at once."

They gently pulled the dinghy alongside, and, with as little noise as possible, got into her, undid the rope, and pulled away.

"We won't land at the bridge," said Harry. "If we row along for about half a mile up-stream we shall be able to shove in near Deepden Common. We'll cross that, and so be able to approach the Grange from the rear. I know a path which will bring us quite close to the lake."

"Good idea!" replied Dick, thinking of the entrance to the secret passage which was within hall of the lake.

"You see, if we went up the High Street we might run into someone," said Harry.

"The mysterious 'someone'!" laughed Dick.

"Exactly!"

The current was with them, and they shot under the bridge at a good pace. Faintly

in the distance they could hear the roar of a weir. The place Harry Trent had suggested for disembarkation was a hundred yards or so before you reached Deepden Lock. Deepden Common came almost down to the water's-edge.

It was a typical summer night, with just sufficient coolness in the air to form a pleasing contrast to the heat of the day. The moon was at the full, but shone with a misty light in places where the vapour from the marshlands hung low upon the ground. Some of these patches could be seen floating across the common.

They guided the dinghy towards a small creek, and, after making her fast to the stump of a tree, they set off on their walk.

After about a quarter of an hour they entered upon the stretch of land where the mist seemed to be more dense. There was, however, no difficulty in keeping to the path. But presently the path ceased to be a path, and trailed off into rough ground, full of inequalities and depressions.

"Are we far from the grounds belonging to the Grange?" asked Dick.

"Not five minutes' walk now. If it wasn't for this beastly mist we should be able to see the old wooden fencing."

As we have mentioned before, the fencing that marked the boundaries of the Wildfell



They found Biglow sitting in the house-boat, dressed in Sattlebee's old militia uniform, the trousers over twelve inches too short, presenting the most comic figure imaginable. (See page 9.)

Estate was in such a state of dilapidation that there were gaps every half-dozen yards where anyone could get through. Dick and Harry, therefore, had no difficulty in reaching the lake. There was not a soul to be seen anywhere. Faintly through the mist loomed, solemn and frowning, the desolate Grange.

All at once they saw, shining between the tress, a feeble flicker of light.

"Now we've got to be cautious," whispered Harry.

They moved noiselessly in the direction of this light, and presently discovered it proceeded from a smoky naphtha-lamp hanging outside a typical gipsy van. The door of the van was open, and just within sat an elderly woman. She was leaning forward, her chin resting on her hands, and was gazing fixedly in the direction of the Grange.

"What do you think this means?" breathed Dick.

Harry shook his head.

"Shush! Not a sound!" he whispered. "These gipsies' hearing is wonderfully keen!"

They crouched there, awaiting developments. Of course, there was just the possibility that there would be no developments. The van might be there by chance, and its occupants have nothing to do with possible happenings at the Grange. The Wildfell Estate provided excellent camping ground for these nomads, and no doubt they had often taken advantage of its deserted conditions. Owing to its sinister reputation, the police seldom included it in their beat.

Five minutes went by, and the gipsy woman never shifted her position. She might have been carved in stone—she was so still. Then came the sound of hurried footsteps, and a young gipsy burst through the brambles and bushes, and pulled up, breathless, beside the woman.

"We've landed it safe enough, mother!" they heard him say.

The woman beckoned him to draw nearer. She whispered something, but what it was they were unable to hear. However, it seemed to have a considerable effect on her son. He picked up a stout cudgel, and came straight for the place where Dick and Harry crouched.

"Go for his legs!" whispered Harry. "I'll tackle his arms!"

What happened Dick could scarcely tell, so quickly was the gipsy on them. Dick was conscious of gripping him, and then followed a confused struggle, finishing in the lot of them falling together in a mix-up of arms and legs. But the gipsy was underneath—that was the main point.

Quick as lightning they sprang clear of his clawing grasp. From the van came the sound of a shrill whistle, followed immediately afterwards by what sounded like an echo.

The gipsy woman had given the alarm. And who could tell what would follow?

"We must bolt for it!" muttered Harry, clutching Dick by the arm.

Before the young gipsy could regain his feet they had darted to the shelter of a belt of trees. They dropped on their hands and knees, and began to wriggle through the scrubby grass which bordered the lake. Already they could hear rapidly-approaching footsteps. They seemed to come from all directions.

Suddenly Dick bethought him of the entrance to the secret passage. There was just a chance that it might provide the haven of refuge that would save them. It was somewhere about here. Where? He glanced frantically around.

"It's all up, I'm afraid!" grunted Harry. "We're surrounded!"

"No, no!" returned Dick. "There's just a chance! Ah, I see it! Quick! Follow me!"

Harry Trent did not waste time by asking what "it" was. The note of hope in Dick's voice was all that concerned him for the moment. With Dick leading, they wormed their way through the long grass until they came to the opening of the passage.

Dick noted that the covering of bushes and scrubby trees had been moved aside, which showed that the passage had been recently used. Probably it was being used at the present moment. To enter, therefore, was rather like going into the lions' den. Dick debated this point for a brief instant, but it flashed across his mind that probably for the moment the passage was deserted. If anyone had been there it was more likely than not that they had run out in response to the gipsy woman's whistle.

"Where's it lead to?" asked Harry.

"To the Grange," hurriedly explained Dick. "If we're not stopped I can take you to Grimshaw's room."

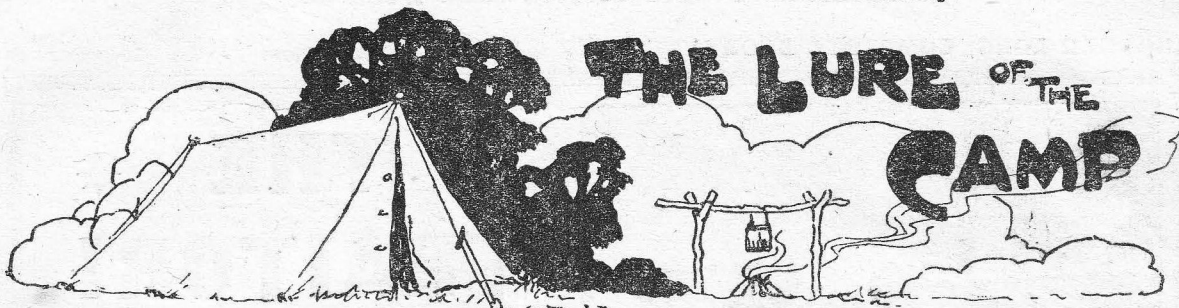
"Ah, I understand."

Dick did not hesitate to penetrate through the darkness in front of them, though the uncertainty as to the danger of so doing was very plain. But certain sounds outside spoke of a greater peril. They hurried forward.

It was not long before they came to the cavern where Dick, on his former visit, had seen the various tokens of habitation. As before, the old fashioned ship's lantern was throwing its flickering light from the top of a large packing-case. And, as Dick had previously observed, there was still the roughly-constructed couch on which they could see sprawling the vague outline of a human figure.

Otherwise, however, the place was deserted.

(Continued on page 17.)



THE LURE OF THE CAMP

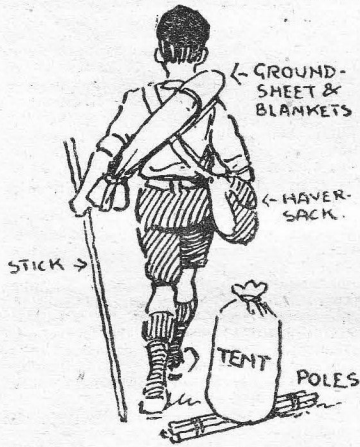
By "WHITE FOX," Author of "Wigwam Papers!" "The Great War Brings It Home!"

"Give me the Stars and the Highway
And a tent by the scent of the pines. . ."

IS there a boy who does not feel a thrill of excitement at the very word "Camp"?

Camping, however, is not merely a fine game; it is really a fine art. This means that there are campers and campers—good campers and bad campers. Every boy wants to be a good camper—a real backwoods-camper. But how can he? Well, in this little article I shall try to tell you how to make a good beginning to your camping-out, and a good start is half the thing accomplished.

First of all, you want a tent. A bell-tent won't be much use to a boy-camper, and a real backwoodsman won't look at one. What you want is a small A-tent, sometimes called a patrol-tent. This you might make yourself.



GROUND-SHEET & BLANKETS

HAVERSACK

TENT POLES

That is the best way, but if you can't do that, buy one. The cost will be about £1 10s. or £2.

Next, you must have a waterproof ground-sheet to sleep on. Never sleep without one. It is dangerous.

No harm can come to any boy by camping-out if he takes care not to be foolhardy. The backwoodsman always takes care, and uses his "think-tank," and so avoids doing silly things which might make him ill or unfit. You will probably want a haversack, a good ash staff or stick, a strong knife, and a small hatchet. Before starting off you will pack up a billy-can or cooking-pot, matches in a small bottle (this keeps them dry), some paper for fire-lighting (birch-bark is even better), food, and knife, fork, spoon, toothbrush, comb, towel, soap, and pyjamas, note-book and pencil, map and compass.

All this goes into your haversack. Then you roll up your two blankets in your ground-sheet, and strap it up, and wear it over your shoulder handolier fashion.

Now, a few words about the camping-ground.

Never camp without permission. As soon as you arrive on the ground dig your latrine about 50yds. away from where you're going to pitch your tent.

If there is no wood and no water on your camp site, "trek on," and don't camp.

You must have wood and water.

Now pitch your tent—door facing S. or S.E. Note which way the wind generally blows—in this country the prevailing wind is W.S.W.

Light your camp-fire (not too close to your tent) so that the wind does not blow the smoke into the door of the tent.

Never light a fire under a tree or hedge, and always keep your fire within a circle of

lit. diameter or less. A big fire shows a "raw" camper. An old camper makes and keeps a small fire—not a bonfire.

Shut all gates. Don't break hedges. Keep the ground clear. Burn all rubbish which will burn, and bury the stuff which won't (such as tins or bottles). Scraps of paper and orange-peel on a camp site show a very poor camper.

Always slacken your guy-lines before going to bed at night. If you don't, and it rains during the night, you may find the tent on top of you with all the pegs pulled out of the ground. Rain and heavy dew tighten the ropes.

When you "turn in," sleep with as much blanket under as over you.

If you find the ground hard, dig a small hole for your hip.

A patrol-tent has two poles, one at each end. These poles should each be in two parts, socketed so that you can fit them together. This means that there are four short poles to carry with you, and when you pitch your tent you fit them together, and make two poles. Next, unroll your tent, and lay it out flat on the ground. Now fit the iron spike at the top of each pole into the hole at each end of the tent. Fit on the round wooden bobbins over the spikes. To these round bobbins are attached the cords which keep the tent upright. Now for tent-pegs and mallet. Drive in two pegs at each end of the tent to take the two cords from each bobbin. This will keep your tent standing, while with the other pegs you peg out the sides of the tent. Pull the wooden slides till the ropes are all tight, and the tent will "set" with no creases or sagging anywhere.

This completes the pitching of the tent. The next thing to do is to lay out your ground-sheet (rubber surface downwards) on the ground inside the tent. On this keep your blankets folded up. Do not leave them lying on the grass, however dry you may think it is.

You will now be ready for some food, especially a hot drink of tea or cocoa.

The lighting of a fire out-of-doors is easy when you know how; but if you don't know how it may be a great trouble to get it going. The "pyramid" fire is the simplest and best to start with. Take out of the ground a piece of turf 12in. square by 2in. deep, and carefully keep it, so that you can replace it before you go home.

Now, if you have some dry paper, tear up some pieces, and place them in the centre of your square fireplace. Round the paper in the form of a wigwam or pyramid, pile up thin dry dead twigs, leaving room to light with a match at one side. Before you light your fire, be sure to collect some larger bits of dead wood up to 2in. or 3in. thick. Break this up, and keep it ready by the fireplace. Now set light to the paper. Let the twigs burn for a little while, and then, while they are in full blaze, place on larger and larger twigs, till at last you can begin to burn your logs. Don't hurry—go slowly, or your fire will be put out by piling on too big wood before it is going strong enough to burn such thick timber. If your fire blazes up and dies down and looks like going out "for keeps," bend down with your face close to the ground, and blow it into flame again.

Never, never break down branches from any tree. You will find plenty of dead wood lying on the ground if you only use your eyes and look for it.

Having got your fire going, get three pieces of wood—one long rod, and two with forked tops. Point the ends of the forked pieces, and push them into the ground, one on each side of the fire, then lay the long rod across the forks (see heading illustration above).

Get out your cooking-pot, and decide what you are going to cook, and sling the pot on this long bar over the fire.

With regard to food. For a week-end camp you should take with you:

- One tin of cocoa-milk powder.
- One little bag of tea.
- One little bag of sugar.
- One tin of condensed milk.
- Two tins of bully beef.
- One little tin of salt.
- 1 lb. of rashers of bacon.
- 1 lb. of butter or margarine.
- One large loaf of brown bread.
- Half a pot of jam.
- Two packets of hard, plain chocolate.
- One tin of fruit.

You should take care that you camp near enough to a village shop to buy more bread if you run short. Also, if you behave as a backwoods-camper, and break your camp in good order, don't break fences, or otherwise annoy the farmer, you should be able to get a supply of eggs, fresh milk, and butter from the farm.

Always have one good, big meal per day. The other meals need not be very large, but always have one really satisfying meal, generally at mid-day.

If you are not certain that your camp water supply is good for drinking, boil all you use first.

If it is likely to pour with rain, dig a small trench round your tent.



WHAT MAY HAPPEN IF YOU DON'T SLACKEN THE GUY-ROPE!

Don't get up at 3 a.m. just because you wake up. Get up at 6.30 or 7 a.m.

Don't camp under trees. Don't rob nests. Don't run after cows or sheep. Don't trample on the farmers' fields. Keep to footpaths.

Keep cheerful, and all will be well. On leaving your camping-ground for home, see that it is as clean and tidy as when you pitched your tent (or even more so).

There is not space to give more than a few hints, but these are the most important.

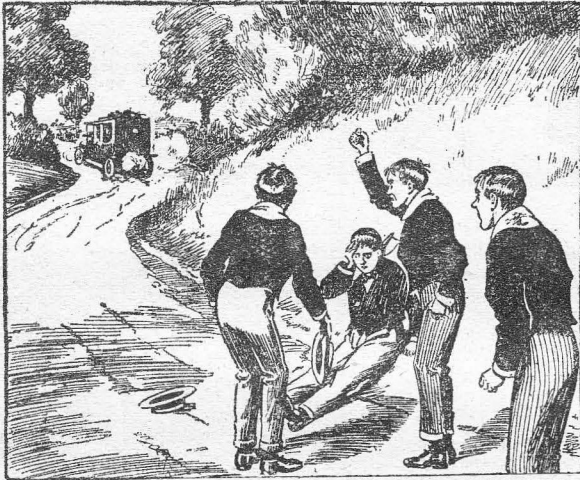
No book can teach you to be a good camper. If you want to camp and to understand camping, you must go out and camp.

You will learn by making mistakes, but take good care not to make the same mistake twice.

Camping is the finest sport in the world, and gives physical and mental health, and a good all-round outdoor education.

Peace to you, and Good Camping!

ANOTHER LONG, COMPLETE STORY!



SMYTHE AND CO. ARE LEFT BEHIND.

THE TRAITOR!

A SPLENDID, LONG, COMPLETE
SCHOOL TALE OF JIMMY SILVER
& CO. OF ROOKWOOD.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Off to Greyfriars!

ZIP-ZIP! "Here comes the giddy 'bus!" called out Lovell.

And there was a laugh. It was not exactly a 'bus; but it was certainly the largest motor-car that had ever been seen at Rookwood.

It rolled up the drive to the School House, and stopped. The chauffeur jumped down. Mornington of the Fourth Form gave him a nod.

A crowd gathered round the car. Bulkeley of the Sixth, coming out of the School House with his bat under his arm, stopped to stare at it.

"Hallo! Where did that come from?" he asked.

Lovell grinned.

"It came from Rookham, and it's come for us," he said. "Mornington is standing a car to get over to Greyfriars this afternoon. The junior eleven's going over, you know!"

"Might be a junior twenty-two by the size of the car," grinned Raby.

"Oh, we can take half Rookwood along with us," said Jimmy Silver. "Morny's friends will come over to see Morny playing the giddy ox."

Bulkeley frowned.

He signed to Mornington to approach. The dandy of the Fourth lounged carelessly towards the Rookwood captain.

"You've hired that car, Mornington?"

"Yaas."

"To take the cricket-team over to Greyfriars?"

"Yaas."

"And how much is it going to cost you?" demanded Bulkeley.

Mornington shook his head.

"I really don't know! I think they charge by the mile, and somethin' for waitin', and somethin' for the chauffeur, and somethin' for somethin' else. They'll send in a bill, I think."

"It won't be less than twenty pounds," said the captain of Rookwood.

"Twice as much, very likely," said Mornington.

"And you can pay it?"

"Yaas."

"Then your guardian ought to be spoken to about allowing you so much money!" snapped Bulkeley. "I'm surprised at your doing this, Silver," continued Bulkeley, addressing the captain of the Fourth. "You ought to have taken your team over by train."

Jimmy Silver coloured.

"I'm not captain to-day, Bulkeley," he replied. "Tommy Dodd's captaining the team this afternoon. I couldn't agree with the fellows about playing Mornington, so I've left it in Dodd's hands."

"Where's Dodd?"

"Here they come," said Newcome.

Dodd and Doyle and Cook, the three

Tommies, were coming over from Mr. Manders' house on the Modern side.

"You're wanted, Dodd!" called out Lovell. "Hallo! What's wrong?" asked Tommy Dodd, pitching his cricket-bag into the car, and then turning to Bulkeley.

"You ought not to be taking your team over in a motor-car," said the captain of Rookwood sternly.

"Well, Mornington offered to stand the car," said Tommy Dodd uncomfortably. "It's better than crawling on the railway, with three changes of trains, and a wait or two."

"Yes, that's all right in ordinary times," said Bulkeley. "At present such extravagance is unpatriotic. The Head would speak to you pretty plainly if he saw this."

"Oh, my hat!" said Tommy Dodd. "I didn't think, Bulkeley. I—I say, it's too late to send the car back now. We've lost the train."

"You'd better go, then, as you've ordered the car. But don't let it occur again, or I shall have something to say to you."

"All right, Bulkeley."

The Sixth-Former went on towards the cricket-ground, leaving the juniors looking and feeling somewhat uncomfortable.

Certainly, a rapid run across country in a whacking car was preferable to slow trains and waiting at country stations. And Mornington had fairly forced Tommy Dodd to accept the offer of that car. Mornington was much given to swank, and had a very keen eye to his own comfort. As for the expense, he was one of the fortunate individuals who did not have to consider expense. He had more money than he wanted, and much more than was good for him.

He burst into a scoffing laugh as Bulkeley strode away—not till the captain of Rookwood was out of hearing, though.

"What rot!" he said. "Why shouldn't we have a car?"

"Lots of reasons why we shouldn't," said Jimmy Silver tartly. "It's a time for economy now, not extravagance!"

"Oh, rats!"

"Well, that's right enough," said Tommy Dodd. "But—but I never thought, you know. It's a good deal more comy than the train, and will save time."

"And time's money," remarked Tommy Doyle.

"I suppose you're comin' in the car?" sneered Mornington. "If Jimmy Silver objects, he can take the train by himself. No law against that."

"Can't be did," said Tommy Dodd. "The train's gone. Tumble into the car, you chaps. We've no time to waste."

The cricketers began to take their places in the car. Jimmy Silver was frowning with annoyance. Considering the terms he was on with the cad of the Fourth, Jimmy did not like accepting any favour at his hands. Jimmy had resigned the cricket captaincy rather than play Mornington in the eleven. So the arrangements had been out of his hands; otherwise the offer of the car would have been declined without thanks. But he

had no choice but to go with the rest of the team.

Mornington's friends, Townsend and Topham, Peele and Smythe, were going, though they were not in the team. There was plenty of room. Jimmy Silver hesitated, but he made up his mind by the time the rest of the team were in the big car.

"Come on, Silver!" called out Tommy Dodd.

"Oh, all right!"

Mornington looked out of the car, with a sneering smile.

"Silver needn't come," he said. "He can stick to his principles. And he's not wanted in here."

"Not at all!" grinned Townsend.

"Let him walk!" suggested Adolphus Smythe. And there was a chuckle from the Nuts.

"Oh, shut up!" growled Tommy Dodd.

"Get in, Silver. It can't be helped now!"

"That's not good enough," said Mornington. "This is my car, and Silver isn't comin' in unless he's civil about it."

Jimmy Silver had his foot on the step. He removed it.

"I'm not coming, Dodd," he said. "I can't travel with that cad at his expense."

"Oh, rot! You can pay your whack in the car if you like."

"I can't pay my whack in thirty or forty pounds. I'm not reeking with money like Mornington. I'll come over by the next train."

"Then I'll do the same," said Lovell.

"Same here," said Raby and Newcome at once. The Fistical Four always stood together.

"Good egg!" said Mornington.

Tommy Dodd growled.

"Get in, Silver. The next train will be too late!"

"But—"

"Look here, who's captain of this eleven?" roared Tommy Dodd. "You were ragging Mornington the other day for not obeying orders. You resigned the captaincy because you wouldn't put up with it. Now, what are you doing yourself?"

"Oh, if you put it like that—"

"Well, I do put it like that!" growled Tommy Dodd. "Get in, and dry up. As for you, Mornington, you'd better shut up!"

"I don't want Silver in the car—"

"You should have said that when you offered the rotten car!" snapped Tommy Dodd. "I'm sorry I agreed now. But it can't be helped; and this car belongs to the team for the afternoon. You're nobody!"

"What!"

"You're nobody, or less than nobody!" growled Tommy Dodd. "Now get in, Jimmy Silver, and for goodness' sake let's get off. I suppose you don't want to keep Greyfriars waiting for us all the afternoon!"

Jimmy Silver, without a word, stepped into the car and took his seat. The chauffeur toolled the big automobile down the drive, and it turned out of the gates of Rookwood.

**THE SECOND CHAPTER.
Left Behind.**

ROOKWOOD juniors had started for the match at Greyfriars, but they had not started in their usual good spirits.

There was disunion in the team. It could not be denied that Mornington, slacker and dandy and blackguard as he was, had turned out a first-rate cricketer, and all the cricket club had agreed that he ought to be given a place in the team—with the exception of Jimmy Silver.

Jimmy had resigned on that question, but he was playing in the team. It was left for Tommy Dodd to see how he profited by Mornington's services.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome had differed from Jimmy on the question of playing Mornington; but, personally, they did not like him any more than Jimmy did. Tommy Dodd did not like him, either, for that matter; but he knew that he was a first-rate bowler, and the team needed bowlers.

Finding himself in the same team with his old enemy, Jimmy's idea had been to make the best of it, and "keep smiling."

But it was not easy.

And Mornington was not in the least disposed to be civil to the captain of the Fourth. He would have been very glad to see Jimmy left out of the match altogether. And Jimmy knew very well that if his old rival found an opportunity of playing him a trick during the match he would avail himself of it. He would not get a good innings if Mornington had a chance of running him out.

With the rivals of the Fourth looking grimly at one another, and Tommy Dodd in an ill-humour with both of them, the eleven started.

Tommy was annoyed by the car. He had not really wanted to accept Mornington's offer; but he had accepted it, and Bulkeley's words left him feeling very uncomfortable.

As the big car swept along the country roads the drive was enjoyable enough in the summer weather.

Mornington and his nutty friends sat together in a corner, and a few miles from Rookwood Mornington produced a silver cigarette-case, and handed it round.

Tommy Dodd's expression grew almost terrific as he saw the junior strike a match and light a cigarette.

Jimmy Silver said nothing.

He was in Mornington's car, and he was tired of bickering with the cad of the Fourth. It was not his business now that he was no longer skipper.

But Tommy Dodd was prompt to take action.

"What the thunder are you doing, Mornington?" he exclaimed.

"Smokin'."

"Throw it away!"

"Eh?"

"Throw that cigarette away!" shouted Tommy Dodd, his face growing crimson. "Is that the way to get ready for a cricket-match, you fool?"

"It's my way," said Mornington coolly. "An' don't call me names. I don't like it." "Yaas, keep your wool on, Duddy," drawled Townsend. "Dash it all, a fellow must have a smoke!"

"You can smoke till you're sick, as you're not in the team!" said Tommy Dodd. "But you won't smoke in this car!"

"I believe it's Mornington's car," sneered Townsend.

Mornington frowned angrily.

"Yaas, it's my car, and you can smoke, Tonly. Light up, Peele. I'm going to smoke."

"You heard what I said!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd.

"Yaas."

"Throw that cigarette away!"

"Rats!"

Jimmy Silver smiled slightly. Tommy Dodd had thought him a little unreasonable for refusing to play Mornington so long as he was skipper. Tommy was getting some of Mornington's insolence himself now.

The Nuts of Rookwood grinned cheerfully, and lighted their cigarettes. Lovell began to cough.

"Look here, I'm not going to stand this!" he exclaimed.

"Put your foot down, Tommy," murmured Tommy Cook.

But the Modern skipper did not need

urging. He rose to his feet, with a gleam in his eyes, and signalled to the chauffeur to stop the car.

"What the dickens are you doin'?" exclaimed Mornington. "We're not ten miles from Rookwood yet! What are you stoppin' for?"

"Some of the passengers are getting out here," said Tommy Dodd.

The automobile halted by the roadside. Tommy Dodd threw open the door.

"Townsend, Topham, Peele, and Smythe will get out here," he said quietly.

"By gad!" ejaculated Smythe.

"Oh, rot!" said Townsend. "What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say. Will you step out, or will you be chucked out?"

Mornington started up.

"Shut that door, and let's get on!" he exclaimed. "None of your rot! This is my car, and my friends are comin' along in it."

"You offered this car to the eleven. I was a fool to accept it. But it's too late to change now. I'm the chap who gives orders here. Those smoky cads are not coming any further. Pitch them out, you fellows!"

There was no lack of obedience to that order.

Cook and Doyle and Lovell and Raby grasped the four Nuts at once, and in spite of their resistance and their frantic expostulations, they were shoved out of the car without ceremony.

Smythe of the Shell sprawled on his back in the road, and his cigarette slipped into his mouth. The cigarette was very hot at one end, and the remarks of Smythe of the Shell were simply lurid. Townsend went spinning across him. Topham sat down violently in the dust. Peele put up a fight, and he was roughly handled before he was pitched out. But out he went.

Four dishevelled Nuts, with their neckties torn off and their clothes rumped, sprawled in the dusty road.

Mornington had joined in the struggle to aid his pals, but Flynn and Oswald pinned him down in his seat and held him there.

Tommy Dodd drew the door shut.

"Drive on, chauffeur!" he said.

"Don't drive on!" yelled Mornington. "I order you not to!"

Tommy Dodd drew a deep breath.

"You've landed us in this," he said. "We can't leave your rotten car on a country road miles from anywhere, without giving up the Greyfriars match. We're going on in it. As you've hired this man, he's under your orders. Tell him to drive on."

"Not without my friends."

"Let 'em come if they won't smoke," suggested Towle.

But Tommy Dodd had put his foot down.

"They're not coming," he said curtly.

"Turn Mornington over on the floor."

"Eh? What for?"

"So that I can get at him with this bat."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here—" roared Mornington.

"I'm going to lick you with this bat till the car drives on," said Tommy Dodd coolly.

"Pin the cad down!"

Mornington resisted desperately.

But he went down on his face in the bottom of the big car, and half a dozen boots were planted on him to keep him there.

Whack, whack, whack!

The chauffeur looked on with his eyes almost starting from his head. But he did not make any motion to interfere. It would not have been much use.

Whack, whack!

"Leave off!" shrieked Mornington, pale with fury.

"Is the car going on?"

"Not without my friends."

Whack, whack, whack!

The bat was hard, and Tommy Dodd's hand was heavy. Mornington roared and writhed with anguish.

"Yow-ow-owoo! Leave off! I'll order the chauffeur to drive on, if you like!"

"Go it, then!"

"Drive on, Wilson!"

"Yessir!"

The big car was set in motion again.

By the roadside four dusty and furious Nuts shook their fists after it. Smythe & Co.'s little smoke had cost them dear. They could not go on to Greyfriars, and there was a terrible walk back to Rookwood.

They set out on that long tramp in the sun with feelings almost too deep for words.

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.
No Smoking.**

MORNINGTON struggled to his feet in the car.

He glanced back along the road; his comrades had already disappeared in the dusty distance.

He dropped into his seat, panting.

Tommy Dodd sat down again.

"Do you think I'm goin' to stand this sort of thing, Dodd?" snarled Mornington, eyeing the Modern junior as if he would eat him.

Tommy nodded.

"I rather think so," he replied. "I don't see that you've got any choice about it. I'd have turned you out along with your precious pals, too, if I hadn't wanted you to play in the Greyfriars match."

Mornington gritted his teeth.

"You'd have turned me out of the car—my own car?"

"Yes."

"You cheeky cad—"

Tommy Dodd displayed a formidable set of knuckles under Mornington's nose.

"Do you see that?" he asked.

"Yaas, you fool!"

"Well, if you don't keep a civil tongue in your head, you'll feel it," said Tommy. "For two pins I'd give you a thumping good hiding, here and now. If I don't, it's because I don't want to put you off your form for cricket."

Mornington scowled, and did not reply.

He sat in silence for some minutes, while the car rushed on by the green country road, up hill and down dale, leaving a cloud of dust and a smell of petrol behind.

But Mornington was not to be repressed for long.

Ten minutes later the cigarette-case came into view again, and Mornington selected a smoke and lighted it.

Tommy Dodd looked at him fixedly.

"I've told you not to smoke," he said.

"Go and eat coke!"

"Do you understand that I'm skipper of this team?"

"Oh, rats!"

"Throw that cigarette away!"

"I won't!"

"Won't you?"

Mornington was down on the floor again the next minute with Tommy Dodd's knee on his chest.

His furious face glared up at the Modern junior.

"I'll make you sorry for this!" he hissed between his teeth.

"Going to lick me?" asked Tommy contemptuously. "I'll give you a chance after the match."

He groped in Mornington's pocket for the cigarette-case. He opened it, and tossed the cigarettes into the road.

Then he threw the case back to Mornington.

"Now you can get up," he said.

Mornington got up.

He simply hurled himself at Tommy Dodd, striking out furiously with both fists. But at that game he had no chance with the redoubtable Tommy.

The Modern junior knocked his blows aside, and let out his right, which Mornington caught with his nose. Mornington was hurled back into his seat like a sack of coke.

He sat there, panting.

"Like a little more?" asked Tommy Dodd cheerily.

"Hang you—hang you!" stuttered Mornington. "I'll make you smart for this somehow!"

"Oh, shut up!"

"Sure, it's a thafe of the worrld ye are, Mornington," said Flynn. "If I were skipper, I'd drop ye out of the car, and chance if!"

"We can't play a man short," said Tommy Dodd. "We couldn't bring any reserves, as Mornington filled the car with his smoky pals. If I didn't want him to play, I'd chuck him out fast enough."

Jimmy Silver was silent.

He had stood alone in his determination not to play Mornington, good cricketer as the slacker of the Fourth had proved himself to be. But the rest of the eleven had come round to his way of thinking now. Tommy Dodd heartily regretted that Mornington was in his team. And he had made up his mind that if he captained Rookwood juniors again, Mornington most certainly would not be a member of the eleven. He was quite fed up with the cad.

Mornington sat in sullen silence during the remainder of the drive.

The rest of the cricketers chatted, but they were not in a cheery humour. The incidents

of that drive had not conducted to cheerfulness.

When Mornington's eyes turned upon Tommy Dodd they gleamed with malice and hatred.

Jimmy Silver thought he understood Mornington's looks.

The rascal of Rookwood was thinking of one thing, and of one thing only, and that was revenge upon Tommy Dodd for handling him, and for his threat of turning him out of the eleven.

That threat, he knew, would be carried out; and so the young rascal had nothing to lose by wreaking his grudge in the first way that came to hand. And Jimmy guessed what way that would be. The Rookwooders set great store by the Greyfriars match, and a licking at Greyfriars would be a blow to them. Unless Jimmy was mistaken, there would be a traitor in the ranks. He tried to put the thought out of his mind—he did not want to do even Mornington an injustice.

But his hopes of a win in that long-expected match at Greyfriars were not high. Mornington would play good cricket—none better—so long as he was allowed to have his own way, and received a due quantity of "kow-towing." Otherwise, there was no rascality he would stop at.

Jimmy did not utter his thoughts.

He was no longer skipper of the team, and it was for Tommy Dodd to think that matter out and decide. But the Modern Junior had no suspicion of what was in Mornington's mind. He did not know the cad of the Fourth quite so well as Jimmy Silver did.

Courtfield came in sight at last, and then the car buzzed along a leafy lane to Greyfriars School.

A fat junior, whose plump nose was adorned with a large pair of glasses, was lounging in the gateway as the car stopped.

He blinked at the Rookwood cricketers. "I say, you fellows! My hat! So you've come in a car!"

"Hallo, Bunter!"

Billy Bunter of the Greyfriars Remove chuckled.

"He, he, he!"

"Well, where does the cackle come in?" asked Tommy Dodd rather gruffly.

"He, he, he! Wharton's gone in the brake to meet you at the station!" said Bunter. "Cherry and Nugent and Squiff have gone with him, and Linley and Brown and Butt—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"You see, they expected you to come by train!" grinned Bunter. "They'll be waiting at the station for you! He, he, he!"

"Well, there's nothing to cackle at, you fat duffer!" growled Lovell.

But Billy Bunter seemed to think there was. He continued to cackle.

Tommy Dodd compressed his lips.

This mischance added to his annoyance. Mornington's swank had not finished causing trouble yet. Harry Wharton & Co. had naturally expected Rookwood to arrive by the usual train. Thirty or forty pounds for a motor-car, naturally, did not occur to them.

"Well, it can't be helped!" growled Tommy. "I suppose somebody can bike along and tell them we've come."

"They'll wait for the next train!" chuckled Bunter. "He, he, he!"

"It won't take long to run down to the station in the car," suggested Jimmy Silver. "We can bring Wharton and the rest back with us!"

"Good egg!"

Tommy Dodd stepped back into the car, and the chauffeur drove on to Friardale.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER. At Greyfriars.

HARRY WHARTON & CO were waiting at Friardale Station.

The train by which they had expected the Rookwood party had come and gone, but the Rookwooders had not appeared.

"Lost their train, by Jove!" said Bob Cherry. "Missed the connection at Courtfield, perhaps!"

"They'll be late," said Wharton. "I suppose we'd better wait!"

"Silly asses!" growled Johnny Bull.

The Greyfriars fellows waited. The next local train crawled in from Courtfield, but it did not bring the expected cricketers. The juniors watched it come in, and then left the station, puzzled and perplexed. The

THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 80.

brake was waiting outside, with some of the Greyfriars juniors in it.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry suddenly. "Here they come!"

The car dashed up to the station and stopped.

Wharton ran to it.

"My hat! We came here for you, and you seem to have come here for us!" he exclaimed. "We didn't know you were coming by car!"

He shook hands with Jimmy Silver as he spoke.

"We didn't know till this morning," said Jimmy. "We've got a tame millionaire who does these things. Sorry you had the trouble of getting a brake here for nothing!"

"Oh, that's all right!"

"No harm done," said Bob Cherry. "Jump in here, and we'll whisk you back to Greyfriars," said Tommy Dodd.

"Right-ho!"

Wharton stopped to tell the driver of the brake to take it home, and then entered the car with his companions. The chauffeur turned back to Greyfriars.

The car, big as it was, was somewhat crowded now. Jimmy Silver & Co. knew that the Greyfriars fellows were thinking it extraordinary that so much money should have been spent on a car, though, of course, they made no remark on the subject. It made the Rookwood fellows feel uncomfortable.

Swank of any kind was not in their line; but purse-proud swank was worst of all. At that moment they wished Mornington and his endless supply of cash at the ends of the earth. The waste of so much money was in the most execrable taste.

The car covered the distance to Greyfriars in a few minutes, and turned in at the gates of the school.

Wharton had learned by that time that the Rookwood team had a new captain, and he had been introduced to Mornington, the new member of the eleven. The Greyfriars fellows could not help observing Mornington's sullen looks, and wondered a little.

Billy Bunter had spread the story of the big car, and there was quite a crowd of Greyfriars fellows to see the cricketers alight. Among them was Vernon-Smith of the Remove—a member of Wharton's team. He started a little as he caught sight of Mornington.

"Hallo! You've come to look on?" he exclaimed.

"You know Mornington?" asked Jimmy Silver.

Vernon-Smith nodded and grinned.

"Yes; old acquaintance," he said.

Mornington shook hands with the Bounder of Greyfriars, and they walked away together.

"I didn't expect to see you here," Vernon-Smith remarked. "Are you going to score for the game?"

"I'm going to play."

"Play! You!"

"Why not?" demanded Mornington angrily.

"Oh, no reason why not!" said the Bounder pacifically. "I never knew that cricket was much in your line—excepting for betting on a game!"

"I've taken it up as a game."

"Good for you!" said the Bounder cordially. "I'm jolly glad of it! I'm in the Greyfriars Remove team, you know!"

"So you've taken up cricket, too?" said Mornington, eyeing him curiously.

"Yes, rather!"

"Can you give me a smoke?" asked Mornington. "I'll come to your study. I want a smoke."

The Bounder whistled.

"You don't want a smoke just before playing, surely?" he said. "It will put you off your game, you know!"

"I've had that from Tommy Dodd!" growled Mornington. "I suppose you've got some cigarettes about you? You always had when I knew you!"

"I've changed a bit since then," said the Bounder quietly. "I don't smoke now."

"Oh, draw it mild!"

"Honest Injun! And if you'll take a word of advice, you'll do the same," said Vernon-Smith. "It's a mug's game, you know—spoils the wind!"

"Oh, rot!"

"Besides, what would your skipper say?"

"Hang my skipper!"

"Well, I'm sorry," said the Bounder drily.

"I've not got any smokes. Sorry!"

Mornington grunted, and followed the rest of the cricketers to the pavilion. The Bounder whistled softly.

"My hat!" he murmured. "What are they doing with that fellow in the team? I

wouldn't mind laying two to one against Rookwood, if they're playing Mornington."

And the Bounder shrugged his shoulders. He had known Mornington a term or two before, at a time when he deserved the nickname the Greyfriars fellows had given him—when his ways were far from being the ways of Harry Wharton & Co. The Bounder had reformed, but it was evident that there had been no change in Mornington. And how such a fellow had got into the Rookwood team was a puzzle to the Bounder.

Wharton and Tommy Dodd tossed the coin, and it fell to Rookwood to bat first.

Jimmy Silver spoke to Tommy in a low voice.

"You're opening with Mornington?" he asked.

Dodd stared.

"Certainly not! Why?"

"It would keep him in a good humour."

"Hang his humour!"

"Certainly! I hanged his humour when I was playing him," said Jimmy, "and he threw away a wicket to get level with me. But we want to beat Greyfriars if we can; and as you've got the cad in the team—"

Tommy Dodd snorted.

"I've said that I think you were mistaken about that," he answered. "I can't believe the chap would be such a rotter! Anyway, he goes in last. He's a ripping bowler, but he's the poorest bat here!"

Jimmy Silver said no more. As skipper, he never made any concession himself to Mornington's swank, and Tommy Dodd could hardly be expected to do so. But unless Mornington was kept in a good humour, Jimmy knew he would fail.

Mornington was already putting on his gloves, as if he took it as a matter of course that he would go in first.

"Silver and Cook!" called out Tommy Dodd. Mornington's eyes glinted.

"Where do I come in?" he asked.

"Last!" said Tommy Dodd curtly.

And he turned his back on Mornington, giving him no time to make any rejoinder.

The Rookwood innings opened with Jimmy Silver and Tommy Cook.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER. The Rotter!

HURREE JAMSET RAM SINGH, the Greyfriars Indian junior, went on to bowl the first over.

Jimmy Silver received the bowling, and he soon showed that he was in great form. It was as a bowler that Jimmy shone; but he was a very good bat, and he stood up well to the Indian's bowling.

The innings began with runs for Rookwood, and Tommy Dodd's face, which had been clouded, brightened up considerably as he watched that good beginning.

Jimmy Silver was 25 to the good when he was caught out by Tom Brown of Greyfriars. Cook and Doyle and Raby had fallen victims to the bowling during that time, with a handful of runs each. Then Tommy Dodd went in, to face the bowling from Tom Brown. The New Zealand junior of Greyfriars was a good bowler, and at the third ball Tommy's sticks were down.

"Rotten luck!" said Jimmy Silver sympathetically, as he came off.

"Lucky you did better!" grunted Tommy Dodd. "They've got jolly good bowlers! But we've got something in that line to surprise 'em a bit, I think!"

The wickets went down as the runs went up. The score stood at 70 when "Last man in!" was called.

"Mornington!" called out Dodd. Mornington was not to be seen.

"Where's that silly ass got to?" exclaimed Tommy Dodd irritably. "Why isn't he here? He's keeping the field waiting!"

"Mornington! Morny!"

"Where are you, you duffer?"

"He, he, he!" chuckled Billy Bunter. "Your man's gone to the tuckshop!"

"The silly dummy! Cut off and tell him we're waiting! There's a good chap!"

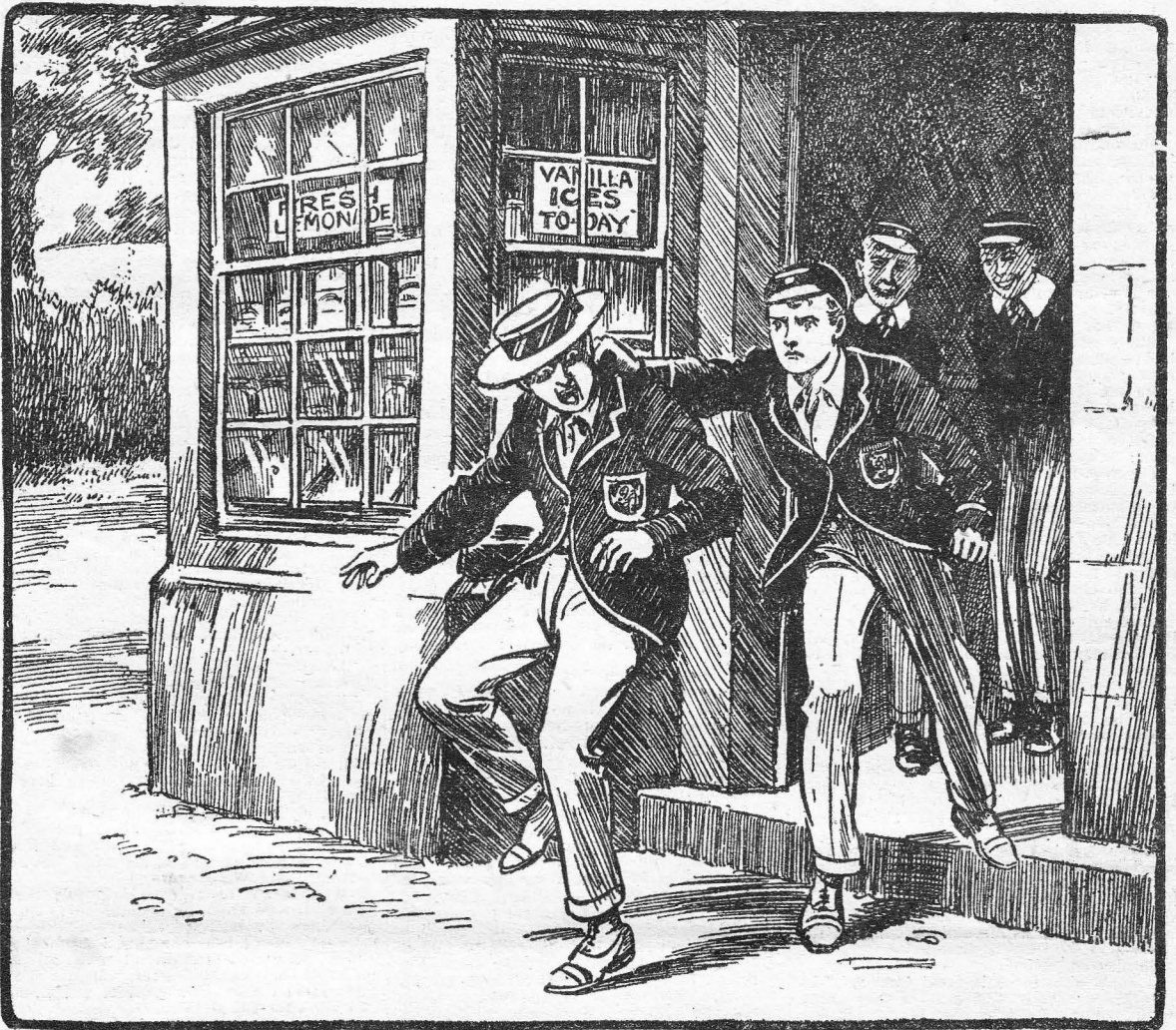
Billy Bunter rolled away. He came back in a few minutes, grinning. Meanwhile, the Greyfriars fieldsmen were waiting.

"Well, where is he?" exclaimed Tommy Dodd, as the fat junior came back alone.

"He, he, he! He says he'll come when he's finished his ginger-pop!"

Tommy Dodd's jaw looked very square as he started for the school shop behind the elms in a corner of the old Close.

He found Mornington seated on a high stool at the counter, imbibing ginger-pop in a leisurely manner, and chatting with Skinner and Snoop of the Remove.



"Come with me!" shouted Dodd. "Rats!" answered Mornington insolently. Tommy Dodd wasted no more time in words. He rushed into the tuckshop, grasped Mornington by the collar, and whirled him out again. "You rotter! Let go! Oh! Ah!" (See this page.)

"You silly duffer!" roared Tommy Dodd, putting his head into the shop. "Do you know we're waiting for you?"

Mornington looked round carelessly.

"Well, wait!" he said.

"What!"

"I haven't finished my ginger-pop! You've left me late enough! A little later won't hurt!"

Tommy Dodd crimsoned with anger.

"Come with me!" he shouted.

"Oh, rats!"

Tommy Dodd wasted no more time in words. He rushed, at Mornington, grasped him by the collar, and yanked him off the high stool. The stool went flying, and Mornington came to the floor with a heavy bump.

"Leggo!" he roared.

"Come on!"

"You rotter! Let go! Oh! Ah!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Skinner and Snoop as Mornington was rushed out of the tuckshop with an iron grip on his collar.

Mornington, struggling wildly in Tommy Dodd's powerful grasp, was rushed down to the cricket-ground at top speed. The Greyfriars fellows looked on in blank astonishment, and Vernon-Smith burst into a laugh.

"Now get on, you booby!" growled Tommy Dodd, thrusting Mornington's bat into his hand. "Buck up!"

Mornington grasped the cane handle of the bat with convulsive fingers, as if he would fell his skipper to the earth with it. But he controlled himself, and strode sullenly on the pitch.

"My word!" Bob Cherry murmured to Wharton. "What sort of a merchant is that?"

Wharton laughed.

The ball was tossed to Tom Brown as Mornington went savagely to the wicket.

The New Zealand junior glanced along the pitch at the sullen, savage face and gleaming eyes of the batsman curiously. He sent down the ball.

Mornington hardly moved his bat.

Crash!

"How's that?" sang out the New Zealander.

"And there was a laugh.

"Out!"

Jimmy Silver shrugged his shoulders. He had expected it. But Tommy Dodd's eyes almost started from his head. Even Tommy Dodd could scarcely doubt that Mornington had deliberately thrown away his wicket.

He strode to meet the batsman as he came off. The glitter in his eyes daunted Mornington, and he backed a little.

"Did you do that on purpose, you unspeakable cad?" stuttered Tommy.

"No!" Mornington muttered sullenly.

It had been on his lips to admit it, and taunt his skipper; but he realised that it was not safe. At a word Tommy Dodd would have knocked him spinning.

"I'll give you the benefit of the doubt," said Tommy Dodd. "But, by Jove, you'd better be careful, Mornington!"

Rookwood were all down for 70.

Vernon Smith joined Mornington as the latter stood sullenly alone near the pavilion. The Bounder eyed him very furiously.

"Anything wrong?" he asked.

"Nothin'!"

"Your wicket went jolly easily," said the Bounder.

Mornington's lips curled.

"It will go just as easily in the next innings!" he said coolly.

"You mean to say—"

"I don't agree with my skipper. I'm a dangerous fellow to rag!" said Mornington, his eyes glittering.

"Dash it all, that isn't playing the game, you know!"

"You were always such a fellow for playing the game, weren't you?" sneered Mornington.

The Bounder flushed, and turned away without speaking. At his very worst, the Bounder of Greyfriars had never been such a real "rotter" as this. Vernon-Smith was called to open the innings with Harry Wharton for Greyfriars, and Mornington followed the Rookwooders into the field.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Turned out of the Team.

JIMMY SILVER bowled the first over for Rookwood.

The Rookwood score was not what Tommy Dodd had hoped to see it, but he pinned his faith to the Rookwood bowling. With two such bowlers as Jimmy and Mornington, he felt that the Greyfriars score was pretty certain to be kept low. And Jimmy's first over showed great promise. The Bounder of Greyfriars received it, and after taking 4 runs off the first two balls, he was cleaned bowled with the third, and he went out, looking somewhat grim.

Bob Cherry followed him in, and was dismissed for 2. Then came Frank Nugent, who went out with a duck's egg for the last ball of the over.

It was a good beginning for Rookwood. The field crossed over, and Mornington received the ball to bowl against Harry Wharton.

"Put in the best you can," said Tommy Dodd. "Wharton's the best bat on the Greyfriars side. If you can get him out, you can play with the rest."

Mornington smiled. There was a peculiar glimmer in his eyes as he went to the bowler's crease. The Rookwood field looked on keenly.

Mornington had shown wonderful quality as a bowler, equalling even Jimmy Silver. In practice at Rookwood he had taken Bulkeley's wicket, and Bulkeley was a mighty man at the wicket. The Rookwooders cheerfully expected him to make hay of the Greyfriars wickets.

But they were disappointed. Harry Wharton received an easy ball—a ball that a fag in the Second Form could have played with ease.

He cut it away to the boundary, and the batsmen did not trouble to run. Johnny Bull grinned at him along the pitch. Both the batsmen wondered what on earth that rank duffer had been put on to bowl for.

The next ball was just as easy, and it went to the boundary again. Tommy Dodd looked on in amazement.

This was the champion bowler who was to have kept down the Greyfriars runs. A third boundary followed, and the Greyfriars crowd began to laugh and cheer.

"Well bowled!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mornington smiled grimly. He knew what he was about. He was able to play into the batsman's hands if he chose, and he did choose.

Wharton was a hard hitter, and that kind of bowling was child's play to him. It looked as if he would not have to stir for his wicket during the over, while adding runs at a great rate.

A fourth boundary hit was greeted with yells of laughter from the crowd. Tommy Dodd's face was a picture by this time.

The fifth ball of the over gave the batsmen 3, and Johnny Bull faced the bowling. And Johnny slogged at the easy ball, and it swept past the boundary amid a roar of laughter.

Twenty-three runs for the over was enough to make the Greyfriars fellows roar.

"Give the ball to Raby!" said Tommy Dodd, in choking tones, as Mornington came off the pitch.

Mornington smiled.

"I don't seem to be in great form yet," he remarked carelessly. "Draggin' a chap about by the collar doesn't improve his form!"

"You rotten cad! Are you giving the game away?" muttered Tommy Dodd.

Mornington raised his eyebrows.

"What a question!" he drawled. "You should really have let me have my smoke in the car, Dodd! I warned you you'd be sorry for it, didn't I?"

Tommy Dodd clenched his hands hard.

"Then you've let us down on purpose, you cad!" he said.

Mornington shrugged his shoulders.

But for Tommy's natural repugnance to making a startling scene before the Greyfriars fellows, Mornington would have gone down on his back at that moment. Tommy Dodd restrained his anger with an effort.

Raby went on to bowl the next over.

Then Jimmy Silver bowled again, and Wharton's wicket went down, and the Rookwooders cheered-up a little.

"Are you trying Mornny again?" Cook whispered to his skipper when the field crossed over.

Tommy Dodd shook his head.

"You think he was giving the game away?"

"I know he was."

"Well, it looks like it," agreed Tommy Cook. "Jimmy Silver was right about the cad, after all. I say, this looks bad for us!"

"Can't be helped! I'll have something to say to Mornington afterwards."

"That won't save the match," said Cook ruefully.

The bowling was chiefly in the hands of Jimmy Silver and Raby after that, with Tommy Cook for an occasional change. Dodd did not intend to trust the ball into Mornington's hands again.

Mornington contented himself with fielding, and he fielded very badly. He had proved himself a good catcher, but his skill had deserted him now. Squiff of the Remove gave him a good chance, but the ball dropped untouched, and Squiff added 20 runs to his credit before he was bowled by Jimmy Silver.

THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 80.

Tommy Dodd gritted his teeth in helpless anger. He understood now Jimmy Silver's feelings when he had found that he had a traitor in the ranks on the one occasion when Jimmy had, against his better judgment, played Mornington in a match.

Mornington had no further opportunity of treachery on the bowling-crease. But the loss of the first-rate bowling they had depended on was a heavy one to the Rookwood team. Jimmy Silver was first-rate, but the change bowlers were very ordinary, and Mornington's bowling was sadly missed.

The Greyfriars innings ended for 135 runs—almost double the Rookwood score.

They owed at least half the score to Mornington's bowling, and to the fact that he had not bowled, as Tommy Dodd well knew.

When the field came off, dark looks were cast at Mornington by the rest of the team. Only the fact that they were on the Greyfriars ground saved them from a ragging.

There was an early tea under the trees before Rookwood batted a second time.

When they prepared for their second innings Mornington lounged up to Tommy Dodd, with a smile on his face.

"Like to open the innings with me?" he asked.

Tommy's eyes blazed.

"No, you cad!"

"You'd better!"

Tommy clenched his hands. It was as much as he could do to keep them off the cad of the Fourth at that moment.

"You'll go in last," he said, between his teeth, "and if you lose your wicket for a duck's egg, I'll kick you out of the team on the spot, whatever the Greyfriars fellows may think!"

Mornington gave a shrug.

Dodd and Cook opened the innings. They had little hope of a win now, but they played their hardest. First-rate bowling from Hurree Singh, Tom Brown, and Peter Todd accounted for the wickets.

Tommy Dodd knocked up 30, and Jimmy Silver equalled his score, but the rest of the batsmen had little luck. There were no duck's eggs; but Oswald was dismissed for 2, Lovell for 3, and Raby for 1. Flynn accounted for 6, and Cook and Doyle for 7 each. The score stood at 90 when Mornington came in.

Tommy Dodd spoke to him as he put on his gloves. There was a chance yet if every run was added that could be added. It made Tommy simply wild to think that he had to ask a batsman not to betray the side. But a defeat loomed darkly ahead, and Tommy Dodd put his temper in his pocket, so to speak, and addressed Mornington with all the civility he could muster.

"Do your best, Mornington. There's a chance of pulling the game out of the fire. Every run counts now."

Mornington smiled sneeringly.

"Are you goin' to keep me in the team after this?" he asked.

"No!" said Tommy, with blazing eyes.

"Sure of that?"

"Yes, you cad!"

"Enough said!"

Mornington went to the wickets, and Tommy Dodd's hopes sank to zero. He knew what to expect, and what he expected was not long in arriving.

The first ball from Squiff knocked Mornington's balls off, Rookwood were all down for 90.

"Oh, the thafe of the worrud!" gasped Tommy Doyle, as Mornington came lounging off. "Sure, I can't kape me hands off him, Tommy!"

"Leave him to me!" said Tommy Dodd grimly.

Mornington came up to the pavilion, and Tommy Dodd met him with a blaze in his eyes. Jimmy Silver & Co., guessing what was coming, stood round to screen the scene as much as possible from Greyfriars' eyes.

"You rotten cad!" said Tommy Dodd, in low, furious tones. "You haven't decency enough to know what a cowardly hound you are! Take that!"

"Oh!" yelled Mornington.

Crash!

The cad if the Fourth rolled at Tommy Dodd's feet.

"Now get off the field!" said Tommy Dodd savagely. "If you're still here in one minute, I'll pitch into you, and give you the biggest hiding you ever had in your life!"

The Greyfriars fellows exchanged glances, and politely looked another way, and apparently remained in ignorance of what was going on. Mornington staggered to his feet, his face crimson, his eyes glinting.

Without a word he turned and left the field.

"Good riddance!" muttered Cook. "Better play a man short than have a traitor in the team!"

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER. Rough Justice.

GREYFRIARS wanted 26 to win, and there was ample light for double that number of runs to be scored if the batsmen could do it. And there was little doubt that they could do it.

Jimmy Silver was, as keen as ever, and the "hat trick" from Jimmy cheered his comrades. But the hat trick could not win the match. A good catch by Newcome in the slips helped. But the Greyfriars Remove had six wickets yet in hand when 25 runs had been scored, and they tied. Then Harry Wharton knocked the ball away for a single, and the match was won.

The Rookwooders took their defeat as cheerfully as they could.

They had come to Greyfriars expecting to do great things. Tommy Dodd had congratulated himself on having two first-class bowlers in his eleven. The disappointment was bitter—all the more so because it was due to treachery and not to bad luck.

Most of the team intended to have something to say to Mornington when they returned to Rookwood; indeed, it was likely that Mornington would have some very painful experiences in the car going home.

Billy Bunter was grinning outside the pavilion as the Rookwooders came out ready to depart.

"Looking for the car?" grinned Bunter.

"He, he, he! It's gone!"

"Gone!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd. "The car's not gone without us, I suppose?"

Harry Wharton came up.

"I'm sorry to say your car's gone off," he said, rather awkwardly. "Bob has gone on his bike for the brake. It will be here in two ticks."

"Oh, my hat!" said Tommy Dodd.

"Has Mornington gone?" asked Lovell.

"Ahem! From what I've heard, I fancy your man went off in the car while we were batting," said Wharton.

"Well, it was his car," said Tommy Dodd. "I'd rather go home by train, really. I suppose there is a train?"

"Yes; lots of time for that."

The Rookwooders waited, with all the patience they could muster, till the brake arrived, and they were glad to get into it and start for the station.

Mornington's last trick had roused their anger to white heat. But the rascal was safely out of reach for the present.

Tommy Dodd was glad when the brake rolled away from the gates of Greyfriars.

"These fellows must think we're a queer crowd!" he growled. "Serves us right for bringing that cad and outsider along with us!"

"It was a dirty trick, to take the car, after fairly shovin' it down our throats as he did!" growled Tommy Doyle indignantly.

"Sure, it makes us look a set of asses to the Greyfriars chaps!"

"I wonder what they're thinking?" grunted Lovell.

Tommy Dodd gave the captain of the Fourth a glare.

"Why don't you say, 'I told you so'?" he asked bitterly.

"No good jawing," said Jimmy Silver. "I did tell you so, as a matter of fact, Tommy. Mornington's only served you as he served me. The fellow can't get on with anybody who won't kowtow to his rotten money!"

"Well, you were right," said Tommy Dodd, more amiably. "I suppose all the fellows will admit that now. The rotter chucked the game away, because I wouldn't let him smoke in the car coming over. I was wrong about him, and I own up. And after this you're skipper again, Jimmy Silver."

"I haven't said anything about that—"

"I know you haven't. But you resigned because you wouldn't play Mornington, and we were asses enough to want him. I wouldn't play him now for his weight in gold! I hand the captaincy back to you—that's only cricket!"

"Hear, hear!" said Lovell.

The brake stopped at Friardale Station, in good time for the train, fortunately. The Rookwood cricketers piled into the train.

During the journey home most of the cricketers were thinking of the things they would say to Mornington when they arrived. They reached Coombe at last, whence they

had to walk through the nightfall to Rookwood.

The school gates were closed when they arrived, and old Mack came out to open them.

Inside, a group of elegant youths were standing, evidently waiting for the cricketers. Townsend and Topham and Peele and Smythe and Mornington chuckled in chorus as the tired juniors came tramping in.

"So you've got home?" grinned Smythe.

"By gad, you look fagged!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" chorused the Nuts.

Tommy Dodd strode up to Mornington.

"You cad!" he said, between his teeth.

Mornington smiled insolently.

"You told me you didn't want my blessed car more than once!" he remarked. "I took you at your word, you see. I assure you, the run home was much pleasanter without your company!"

"Must have been—awfully!" chuckled Townsend. "This rather makes us even, Doddy. You gave us a horrid long walk, you know!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tommy Dodd did not heed the merry Nuts.

"I don't mind your taking the car, you swanking rotter!" he said. "What I'm going to speak to you about is selling out the match!"

"Oh, draw it mild!" said Smythe. "We've had all that from Jimmy Silver for a week past, you know!"

"You'll have it from me now! Mornington played like a Hun! He gave away the match out of rotten spite! Now he's going to put his hands up!"

"Oh, I'll do that!" said Mornington. "If you're looking for a lickin', you Modern cad, I'll give you one!"

"Go it, Morny!" chorused his friends.

"Come on!" said Tommy Dodd grimly.

Tommy Dodd was not in good trim for a fight after a hard cricket-match and a long railway journey. Perhaps Mornington counted on that, and believed that there was a chance for a little cheap glory. If so, he was mistaken.

Tommy Dodd "piled in" with grim determination, the cricketers standing round in a ring.

There were no rounds in that fight; it was hammer-and-tongs from start to finish.

Mornington did his best, and he came on with plenty of pluck, and still more savage temper. A good many of his fierce blows came home on Tommy Dodd's flushed face.

But Dodd did not heed them.

Mornington was knocked right and left, amid cheers from the cricketers, and at the end of five minutes he was lying in the quad, gasping, and unable to rise.

Tommy Dodd looked down at him with gleaming eyes.

"Is that enough?" he snapped.

"Ow—ow—wow!" groaned Mornington.

Tommy Dodd gave him a glance of contempt and walked on. Townsend & Co. gathered round Mornington, and helped him up and took him away. The dandy of the Fourth was looking a wreck in the dormitory that night; but there was no sympathy for him from the Classical Fourth. Tommy Dodd had meted out stern justice to the fellow who was Turned Out of the Team!

THE END.

(Another grand long story of Jimmy Silver & Co. next week, entitled: "AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR!" By Owen Conquest. Avoid disappointment by ordering your copy EARLY!)

IF YOU LIKE TH'S STORY
YOU WILL LIKE

"THE BOYS' FRIEND"

A grand long story of Jimmy
Silver & Co. of Rookwood
School appears next week.

ORDER A COPY NOW!

PRICE 1½d. EVERY MONDAY!

TALES TO TELL!

POOR FELLOW!

Tramp: "Yes, lady, of the fifty years that I have lived I have spent sixteen years in bed."

Lady (handing him a shilling): "How terrible! Weak back, I suppose?"

Tramp (pocketing the coin): "No, lady; sleeping eight hours a day is a regular habit of mine!"

THE TRUE ECONOMIST!

A farmer from the Highlands, on a visit to Glasgow, dropped into a restaurant in one of the principal streets for dinner. Having found a seat at one of the tables, he ordered a three-course meal.

Presently he called to the waiter:

"Hey, my mon, come here!"

Thinking that something very serious was wrong, the waiter promptly rushed forward.

"What's the matter, sir?" he asked meekly.

"What are the two spoons for?" queried the farmer.

"The large one is for soup, and the small one for pudding," said the surprised waiter.

"Tak' awa' that little one," was the unexpected command. "I've as big a mouth for pudding as I have for soup!"

A TIMELY INTERVENTION!

"Bow-wow!" growled the dog.

"Ow-ow-ow!" yelled the butcher's boy.

There was a scramble and a scuffle. But human wit was not equal to the canine grit, and in a trice the butcher's boy was pinned against the wall.

"Help!" he cried desperately.

Help came. It came in the bulky shape of the dog's owner, who hurried out of the house to the scene of the battle.

"Naughty—naughty little Towser! Down—down!" she exclaimed angrily; and the dog retreated. Then, turning to the terrified boy, she added: "I do hope he hasn't bitten you!"

"No; I've kept him off by giving him your steak!" replied the boy. "But you're just in time to save the suet!"

A POSER!

Teacher: "Now, boys! I have taught you all there is to know about the long measure, and I want any boy who is doubtful on any point to question me concerning it."

Pupil: "P—please, sir, how many policemen's feet does it take to make a Scotland Yard?"

UNABASHED!

The other day a man called upon his neighbour, who owed him a sum of money that had been long outstanding, and found him busy carving a fine plump turkey.

"Well, Mr. Tite, when are you going to settle that little debt you owe me?" asked the caller.

"I should very much like to, my dear sir," murmured Mr. Tite. "But I find it impossible. I am cleaned out—ruined! I haven't a farthing!"

"Then I must say," remarked the creditor, "that a man who is unable to pay his debts has no right to be eating a turkey like that." "Alas!" exclaimed the debtor, as he held his napkin to his eyes. "I couldn't afford its keep!"

THE INFERENCE!

Teacher (giving hygienic lesson): "Disease always attacks the weakest part."

Little Willie (timidly): "Please, teacher, didn't you say yesterday that you had a cold in your head?"

ONLY TO BE EXPECTED!

Just as a train was running into a local station it parted in the middle. Of course, the communication-cord snapped, and one end of it struck against an old lady sitting in the corner of one of the carriages.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "What is the matter?"

"The train has broken in two," replied a gentleman in the seat opposite.

"I should think so, too," she replied, looking at the broken cord. "Did you ever think that a piece of pudding-string like this would hold a train together?"

The Mystery Makers!

(Continued from page 10.)

"Someone's asleep, or ill," whispered Harry, pointing to the couch.

"He was lying just like that when I came here before," returned Dick. "You don't think it is a—"

He completed the sentence with a slight shudder.

"We'll risk it, and look!" said Harry.

Followed by Dick, he tiptoed over to the couch. As they approached a faint moan struck upon their ears. It came from that shapeless form.

Harry bent over the couch, and gently pulled aside the rough covering.

"Yes, it was a human being—at least, if a skeleton-looking figure could be called a human being.

"Dick," muttered Harry, with a barely suppressed cry of horror, "do you know who this is?"

Dick gazed at the worn, emaciated, helpless human form, wearing only a ragged shirt and a pair of trousers.

"No. Who?" he whispered.

"It's Archie Deen—the fellow who so mysteriously disappeared the day you joined the company."

There was a silence for some minutes.

"Is he alive?" queried Dick.

"Yes, he's breathing. He's been badly hurt, though. Notice the bandage round his head? Poor old Archie! If he could only tell us who has done this! The devils, whoever they are!"

"Whoever they are!" echoed Dick softly. "It's pretty safe to assume that the devils are those we have just left outside."

"Yes," muttered Harry. "What can we do? Nothing!" he added bitterly. "That's the beastly part of it. At least, we can do nothing for the present. To save Archie we must first of all save ourselves. What are those bottles on the ground? Medicine bottles! His head's tied up in a professional manner, too. That looks as if they've been giving him medical attention, at any rate. There's a gleam of hope in that. He's lived so long, he might very well live for the next twenty-four hours. We can do a great deal in twenty-four hours, Dick, with luck."

"And in the meantime we leave him here?"

"What else is there to do?" returned Harry impatiently. "We can't carry him anywhere, and it would be madness to stop with him! Is that the passage we take to the Grange?"

"Yes. We'll get on there—eh?"

"Nothing else for it. We don't linger here any longer. Those fellows outside will be returning very shortly. I'd give a good deal to know if Grimshaw is amongst them."

"A thousand pounds a penny he is!" Dick took a fletching glance at the face of Archie Deen.

"Look! One of his eyelids is flickering!" he exclaimed excitedly.

Harry bent over the still form.

"Archie! Archie!" he whispered. "Don't you know me? I'm Harry Trent!"

A voice so low that it was hardly more audible than a sigh proceeded from the white lips. The word uttered was "Go!"

"Yes, yes, we'll go. But, first of all, tell us who has done this?"

The lips moved, and, bending down his ear to Deen's mouth, Harry heard him mumble something.

"Yes, old chap," said Harry gently, "try and speak a little louder. Who?"

But they were not to learn this yet awhile. Faint echoes of voices penetrated, and they knew that to stop here another instant would be fatal.

With a parting glance at the poor fellow, they darted to the opening of the passage which communicated with the Grange.

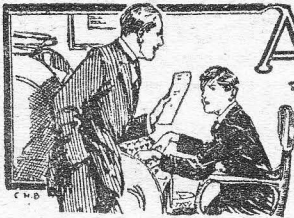
They had not gone more than a dozen yards when the darkness in front was suddenly shot with a faint gleam of light.

It was a wobbly light, and its movements were most probably caused by the fact that it was being carried by someone. As the light was approaching nearer every minute it did not take them long to realise that their retreat was cut off.

In other words, they were cornered—caught like rats in a trap!

ANOTHER LONG INSTALMENT OF THIS MAGNIFICENT SERIAL STORY OF THE CINEMA WILL APPEAR IN NEXT FRIDAY'S "PENNY POPULAR."

THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 80.



A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR

YOUR EDITOR IS ALWAYS PLEASED TO HEAR FROM HIS READERS. Address: EDITOR, THE "PENNY POPULAR," THE FLEETWAY HOUSE, FARRINGTON STREET, LONDON, E.C. 4.

FOR NEXT FRIDAY.

Our next story of the Chums of Greyfriars in their canvas camp by the sea deals with the lively rivalry between the junior school-boys and their friends the Boy Scouts, in the adjoining camp. Harry Wharton & Co. find Jimmy Brown & Co., of the Scouts, foes worthy of their steel! The title of this stirring story is:

"THE RIVAL CAMPS!" By Frank Richards.

In the next story of Rookwood School the antagonism between Jimmy Silver and Valentine Mornington, the millionaire schoolboy, reaches an amazing climax.

"AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR!" By Owen Conquest.

The next chapters of our grand serial brings the mysterious happenings at the Wildfell Grange to a head, in a series of exciting incidents. You will enjoy this thrilling instalment of

"THE MYSTERY MAKERS!" By Nat Fairbanks.

OUR NEW SERIAL.

I have secured a grand new serial for the "Penny Popular" which will be starting very shortly. It consists of a stirring narrative of

"THE EXPLOITS OF FERRERS LOCKE, DETECTIVE!" By Maurice Everard.

Really good detective tales are rare, but this is one of the best. And at their best such stories take a great deal of beating. I count myself lucky in having secured this grand tale, and I think that as soon as my chums have read the first instalment they will heartily agree with me.

A DISAPPOINTED AUTHOR.

It is impossible not to feel sympathy for a correspondent who tells me the bad luck

that befell him in his attempt to become a "littery gent." He wrote a thrilling yarn about Romulus and Remus. The thing had never been done before. It appears the writer had discovered some extremely fascinating facts about Romulus, likewise Remus. But little is known of the last named. Some authorities aver that he was not killed off quick, but that he merely went back home in a huff because he could not build Rome just as he wanted it.

Anyhow, town-planning was a strong point with Romulus, and it was just as well he had the job, as the first part of his name gave Rome a useful cognomen. Well, anyhow, the correspondent who tells me his woes ran a good story together, and after the MSS. had been travelling up and down the world for some years he received a note from an editor asking him to call. The editor said he liked the tale awfully, and would use it with a few trifling alterations. The author did not mind, but the other week his work was published. Well—will you believe it?—the editor had turned it into an improving little yarn, showing how a young fellow called Harry had come to London—not Rome, please note!—with a shilling in his pocket, and won fortune by selling winkles! This just shows what authors have to put up with—and smile!

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

It is to be hoped that all the money that is needed will be forthcoming for the restoration of Westminster Abbey. The sacred edifice sorely needs extensive repairs, and Londoners may be trusted to see that the work is done. There will be help from every part of the world. Westminster Abbey stands for pretty well everything which has made this country, and its marvellous history goes back into the twilight of the very old days.

SAYING THE SAME THING TWICE.

Have you noticed the habit? It is common enough. A fellow thinks he has hit on a good, smart turn of expression, and he repeats it over and over again. Just listen to any argument in the street or anywhere.

You will hear some perfectly trivial remark over and over again till you get tired. If there is a dispute in a railway-carriage some onlooker chips in and says somebody has got a seat to which he is not entitled. He says this several times, and it only makes matters worse. It all shows sad lack of originality.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondence is wanted by M. Mossetson, 112, Meyer Street, Germiston, Transvaal, South Africa, with readers (12-16).—Charles Brown, Mill Street, Stanley, Perthshire, N.B., who sends an excellent letter, wants to hear from readers (12-14) interested in cricket.—G. Cornelious, 21, Carlyle Road, Gosport, Hants, wants to hear from readers in London or Lyndhurst, Hants (15-17).—I was glad to hear from A. H. Bennett, an old Dover reader, who is now with the Army of the Black Sea. He sends me a letter full of high spirits and appreciation. Good luck go with him!—J. Brown, 28, Princess Road, Moss Side, Manchester, asks for a boy from Manchester at Greyfriars; also he wants to hear from readers anywhere (15-17).—Sydney Watts, 36, Cooper Street, Stretford, Manchester, prefers the "Penny Popular" to any of the Companion Papers. He would like to exchange Manchester views for Colonial cards with readers overseas.

FOOTBALL.

H. Cooper, 53, Fleet Street, Leicester, wants to know of any football teams in the district desirous of joining a league.—Rusking F.C. (16-17) wants players. Apply by letter to C. Preston, 82, Vaughan Road, Camberwell, S.E. 5.—Birkbeck Argyle F.C. League team require players as reserves (16-17); trial for first team guaranteed. Especially goalkeeper. Matches wanted home and away; five miles. Sec.: F. C. Anesden, 25, Elsdon Road, Bruce Grove, Tottenham, N. 17.

THE "HOLIDAY ANNUAL."

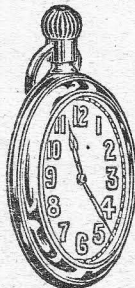
The second volume of the "H. A." will be published on September 1st. Meantime there is a tremendous demand for Vol. 1. It is still to be obtained for 5s. 6d. from the publisher at these offices. Clifford Pass, 130, Park Street, Oldham, tells me he is unable to cope with all the requests for the copy of the "Annual" which he offered for sale. Will his correspondents please understand this, and accept his excuses?

Your Editor

NICKEL SILVER WATCHES

DELIVERED ON FIRST PAYMENT OF

2/- ONLY. YOU HAVE WATCH WHILST PAYING FOR IT.



Gent's full-size Railway-timekeeping Keyless Lever Watch. Stout Nickel Silver Damp and Dustproof cases, plain dial, perfectly balanced superior Lever movement, splendid timekeeper. Price 15/- each. Luminous dial (see time in the dark), 2/- extra. Wrist, 2/- extra, Ladies' or Gent's.

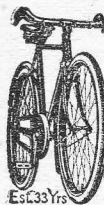
WE will send either of these watches on receipt of P.O. for 2/-. After receiving watch you send us a further 2/- and promise to pay the remaining balance by weekly or monthly instalments. For cash with order enclose 14/- only. Five years' warranty given with every watch.

To avoid disappointment send 2/- and 6d. extra postage at once. No unpleasant inquiries. All orders executed in rotation.

**C. KAVANAGH & CO. (Dept. 20),
68, BISHOPSGATE, LONDON, E.C. 2.**

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS
BE SURE TO MENTION THIS PAPER.

THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 30.



15 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Packed FREE. Carriage PAID. Direct from Works. **LOWEST CASH PRICES. EASY PAYMENT TERMS.** Immediate delivery. Big Bargains in Shop Sotled and Second-hand Cycles. Tyres and Accessories at popular Prices. Satisfaction guaranteed or Money Refunded Old Cycles Exchanged. Write for Monster Size Free List and Special Offer of Sample Bicycle

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, Incorp.
Dept. B 607, BIRMINGHAM.

HEIGHT INCREASED IN 30 DAYS 5/- Complete Course.

No Appliances. No Drugs. No Dieting. The Melvin Strong System NEVER FAILS. Full particulars and Testimonials id. stamp.—Melvin Strong, Ltd. (Dept. S.), 24, Southwark St., S.E.

PHOTO POSTCARDS, 1/3 doz., 12 by 10 ENLARGEMENTS, 8d. ALSO CHEAP PHOTO MATERIAL. CATALOGUE AND SAMPLES FREE. HACKETT'S, JULY ROAD, LIVERPOOL.

NERVOUSNESS is the greatest drawback in life to any man or woman. If you are nervous, timid, low-spirited, lack self-confidence, will-power, mind concentration, blush or feel awkward in the presence of others, send 3 penny stamps for particulars of the Mente-Nerve Strengthening Treatment, used in the Navy, from Vice-Admiral to Seaman, and in the Army, from Colonel to Private, D.S.O.'s, M.C.'s, M.M.'s, and D.O.M.'s.—**GODFREY ELLIOTT-SMITH, LTD., 527 Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C. 4.**

"CURLY HAIR!" "My bristles were made curly in a few days," writes R. Welch. "GUELLIT" curls straightest hair. 1/5, 2/6. (2d. stamps accepted).—SUMMERS (Dept. A.P.), 31, UPPER RUSSELL STREET, BRIGHTON.

BOXING GLOVES, 8/6 per Set.

Drill, of superior texture. Leather Palm, 13/6; Tan Cape, 17/-. Cricket Bats, 7/6, 10/6, 13/6, and 18/6. Postage, 9d. Money returned if not satisfied.—**TOM CARPENTER, 69, Morcambe Street, Waltham Road, S.E. 17.**

LARGER PACKET — SAME PRICE



6

**BARS NOW!
IN EVERY PACKET FOR**

3d.

1/2d. per bar.

WRIGLEY'S

• 3 FLAVOURS •

MORE for your money, Boys! That's something fresh in these days of high prices, isn't it? YOU actually get

A BAR OF WRIGLEY'S FOR NOTHING.

EVERY Packet of WRIGLEY'S now contains 6 Bars. The price is the same—3d. per Packet.

BUT ASK FOR—AND SEE YOU GET—WRIGLEY'S,

as there are others made by people jealous of the world-wide popularity of WRIGLEY'S. The outside *packet* may look like the real WRIGLEY'S, but the *contents* do not taste the same.

GET THE BEST—and the MOST—you can for your money—

GET WRIGLEY'S

and enjoy the long-lasting delicious flavour—longer-lasting than any other sweetmeat.

SEE how WRIGLEY'S helps you in your work and play—how it keeps you feeling fresh and fit—full of vim and high spirits.

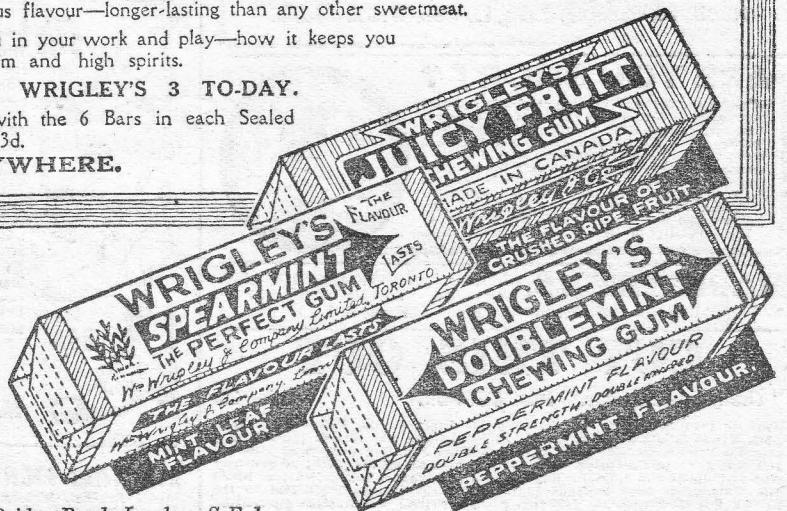
GET AND TRY ANY OF WRIGLEY'S 3 TO-DAY.

Remember—WRIGLEY'S—with the 6 Bars in each Sealed Packet for 3d.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

SEALED TIGHT — KEPT RIGHT

**The Flavour
Lasts!**



WRIGLEY'S, Ltd., 235, Westminster Bridge Road, London, S.E. 1.

NATIONAL HAIR-GROWING EXPERIMENT.

How to rid yourself of Falling Hair or Dryness and secure a Magnificent Growth of Beautiful Abundant Hair.

1,000,000 "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL" OUTFITS FREE.

Remarkable interest has been aroused in a wonderful and delightful plan of home hair-growing experiments, which every man and woman who takes a pride in his or her appearance and desires to possess a wealth of abundant hair should learn about.

This plan consists of an interesting series of pleasant hair-beauty exercises, in which all the necessary materials are supplied free of charge, and certainly every man or woman, whether their hair be perfectly healthy or whether they are suffering from some form of hair trouble, will delight to participate.

MILLIONS PRACTISE

HAIR-DRILL.

The Inventor—Discoverer of "Harlene Hair-Drill," who is responsible for this great Experimental Hair-Growing Campaign, says:—
"There are millions of people the world over who now practise 'Harlene Hair-Drill,' but I shall not remain content until everyone, without exception, has proved for themselves how easy it is to cultivate beautiful hair. I have decided once more to offer a million 'Harlene Hair-Drill' Outfits free, so that everyone can prove to their own complete satisfaction that no matter what the present condition of their hair may be, they can grow healthy, luxuriant, abundant hair at any age."

THE FREE GIFT PARCEL.

1. A Trial Bottle of "Harlene," the wonderful hair tonic stimulant and dressing that literally compels a magnificent growth of hair.
2. A free packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder—the finest scalp-cleanser in the world, which prepares the head for Hair-Drill.
3. A bottle of Uzon Brillantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose hair is inclined to be dry.
4. A free Manual explaining exactly how to carry out the "Harlene Hair-Drill."

You will find—"Harlene Hair-Drill" will awaken your hair to new life, and will bring back all its natural health and abundance.

Write for your "Harlene Hair-Drill" Gift to-day, cutting out and posting the form below, together with 4d. in stamps to cover cost of return postage.

After a Free Trial you can obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1s. 1 1/2d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 9d. per bottle; "Cremex" Shampoo Powders at 1s. 1 1/2d. per box of seven shampoos (single packets 2d. each); "Uzon" Brillantine at 1s. 1 1/2d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle, from all Chemists and Stores, or will be sent direct on receipt of 6d. extra for postage from Mr. Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24 and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.



Does your hair fall out when you comb and brush it in the morning? If so, this is a sign of hair weakness that can be overcome by a two-minutes-a-day Healthy Hair Exercise.

Dryness clinging to the roots of the Hair retards its growth just as weeds choke young flowers. "Harlene Hair-Drill" is the most effective method of removing the Dryness and Scurf.

You may possess a healthy head of hair, abundant, bright, beautiful, if you adopt the popular remedy for all hair weakness. Test it Free by sending the coupon below.

FREE "HAIR-DRILL" COUPON

Detach and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, LTD., 20, 22, 24 and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit as announced. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing to my address. Penny Popular, 31/7/20.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this Coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark Envelope "Sample Dept.")

Don't Wear a Truss.

Brooks' Appliance is a new scientific discovery with automatic air cushions that draws the broken parts together, and binds them as you would a broken limb. It absolutely holds firmly and comfortably, and never slips. Always light and cool, and conforms to every movement of the body without chafing or hurting. We make it to your measure, and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. Remember, we make it to your order—send it to you—you wear it—and if it doesn't satisfy you, you send it back to us, and we will refund you the money. That is the way we do business—always absolutely on the square—and we have sold to thousands of people this way for the past ten years. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies, no fakes. We just give you a straight business deal at a reasonable price.



Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., (1830B) 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2. Write at once for our Illustrated Booklet.

ARE YOU SHORT?

If so, let the Girvan System help you to increase your height. Mr. Briggs reports an increase of 5 inches; Driver E. F. 3 inches; Mr. Ratcliffe 4 inches; Miss Davies 3 1/2 inches; Mr. Lindon 3 inches; Mr. Kettle 4 inches; Miss Leedell 4 inches. This System requires only ten minutes morning and evening, and greatly improves the health, physique, and carriage. No appliances or drugs. Send 5 penny stamps for further particulars and 2/6 Guarantee to Enquiry Dept., A.M.P., 17, Strand Green Road, London, N.4.



MAGIC TRICKS, Illusions, etc.—Parcels 2/6, 5/6, and 10/6. Sample Trick, 1/— T. W. HARRISON, 239, Pentonville Road, London, N.1.

CUT THIS OUT

"The Penny Popular." PEN COUPON. Value 2d.

Send this coupon with P.O. for only 5/- direct to the Fleet Pen Co., 119, Fleet St., London, E.C.4. In return you will receive (post free) a splendid British Made 14-ct. Gold Nibbed Fleet Fountain Pen, value 10/6. If you save 12 further coupons, each will count as 2d. off the price; so you may send 12 coupons and only 3/-. Say whether you want a fine, medium, or broad nib. This great offer is made to introduce the famous Fleet Pen to the PENNY POPULAR readers. (Foreign postage extra.) Satisfaction guaranteed or cash returned. Special Safety Model, 2/- extra.

SHOPPING MADE EASY.

EVERYTHING ON EASY TERMS.

No. 1. Masters' Famous "Ajax" Service Capless Boot for Police, Post and Railwaymen, price 30/-; easy terms, 5/- deposit and 5/- monthly. Specially selected material, price 35/-; same terms.

No. 2. The King of the Road—an extra smart Boot for Sunday or business—extra good quality, only 35/-; easy terms, 5/- deposit and 5/- monthly.

No. 3. Masters' Famous "Cyclops" Boot, a heavy Sunday Boot for workmen, price 35/-; 5/- deposit and 5/- monthly. Also in Tan 35/-; same terms, 5/- deposit and 5/- monthly.

5/- MONTHLY

No. 4. Masters' "Empire" Boot, a reliable Boot for everyday wear, price 27/6; superior quality, 30/-; easy terms, 5/- deposit and 5/- monthly.

No. 5. Gent's Shoes in Strong Box Leather, smart shape, price 30/-; 5/- deposit and 5/- monthly. Also in Brogue, Black 30/-, Tan 35/-; same terms, 5/- monthly. Wonderful good value.

No. 6. Ladies' Smart Walking Shoe, in Black Box, 25/-; Glacie Kid, 30/- and 35/-; Tan, 35/-, very smart Shoe; or 5/- deposit and 5/- monthly.

No. 7. Ladies' Strong Box Boots, 27/6; Glacie, 35/-, Lace or Button; 5/- deposit and 5/- monthly. Tan, 45/-, or 7/6 monthly.

Send 5/- deposit with size and say which pair we shall send you. Pay balance 5/- monthly after delivery. **BOOT LIST FREE.**

Foreign applications invited.

MASTERS, Ltd., 6, Hope Stores, Rye.



ELECTRIC LIGHT. Battery, lampholder, lamp, wire, switch, re-flector, and instructions, post free, 4/2. Cat. Model Engines, Motors, Railways, Dynamo's, etc. 3d.—Small Power Co., 38, Queen's Road, Aston, Birmingham.