B P Ely

A CHANCE TO WIN MONEY PRIZES IN OUR "POPLETS" COMPETITION!

Week Ending—
April 2nd, 1921.

New Series, No. 115

Grey- friars

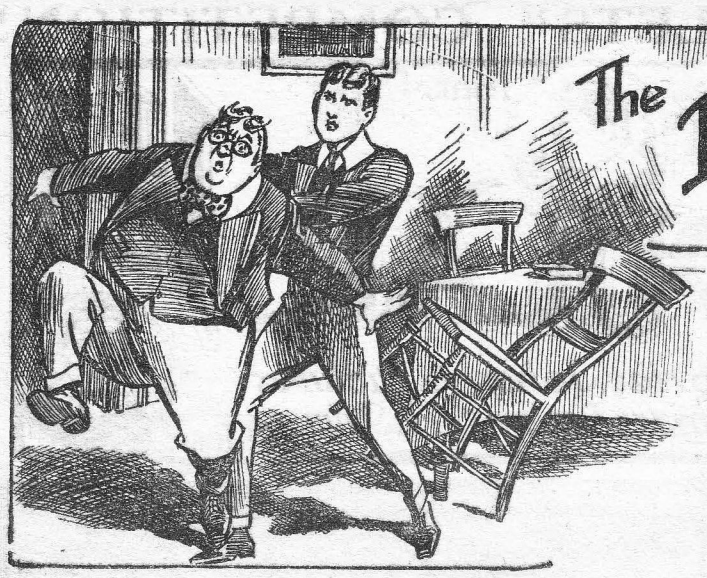
The POPULAR 1½d.

Stories, Jokes & Pictures of Greyfriars, Rookwood & St. Jims

Rookwood St. Jims.

THE BOY WITH A SECRET GETS A SHOCK!

(A tense moment in one of the long complete school tales inside).



The Boy with a Secret!

A Magnificent Long Complete School Tale of Harry Wharton & Co's. Early -:- Days at Greyfriars. -:-

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.
Rather Mysterious.

"LISTEN!"

"What on earth's the matter with him?"

Tramp, tramp, tramp!

Bob Cherry and Harry Wharton, of the Remove Form at Greyfriars, looked at one another in sheer astonishment. They were coming along the Remove passage when they heard that steady tramp, tramp of footsteps inside Leigh's study. Tramp, tramp! To and fro, up and down the narrow limits of the study went the steady pacing, and in the silence of the house on that still afternoon it was audible along the passage.

Tramp, tramp!

It was Wednesday afternoon—a half-holiday at Greyfriars. The School House was empty, or almost so—in the glorious autumn weather everybody was out of doors. Two or three slackers were hanging about the studies or the passages or yawning on the steps, but most of the fellows, seniors and juniors, were on the playing-fields or the river.

Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry were going down to the footer-ground, and Bob had a ball under his arm, but they were going to call on Mauleverer first, and try to persuade him to come down to the footer practice. Not that they had much hope of success. Lord Mauleverer, the millionaire of the school, was accustomed to taking things easily—very easily—and although not exactly a slacker, he was inclined to be indolent, especially when the weather was warm. And it was warm that afternoon. But Wharton and Bob Cherry paused on their way to Mauleverer's room as they heard that incessant tramping to and fro from Leigh's study.

"Something's wrong, I should say," said Bob Cherry, in a low voice.

Wharton nodded.

"He's a rather rum beggar, anyway," said Bob. "He hasn't been here long, but you generally get to know all about a new kid pretty soon, but I'll wager that nobody knows very much about Cecil Leigh."

Tramp, tramp!

"Better give him a look in," said Harry Wharton. "He may be ill, or something."

"Hark!"

There was a voice from within the study—the voice of Leigh of the Remove, in hurried, petulant tones.

"I can't stand it—I can't stand it! It's impossible!"

"Phew!" Harry whistled softly.

"Toothache, perhaps," murmured Bob Cherry sympathetically.

"I don't think it's that."

"Well, let's give him a look in, anyway."

Bob knocked at the door.

The tramp, tramp inside the study ceased instantly. The two juniors in the passage heard a hurried breath on the other side of the door. Bob Cherry pushed the door open, and a startled face looked at them.

Leigh was alone in the study. He was a slim and somewhat handsome lad, very neatly dressed—indeed, he was inclined to be somewhat fastidious in that respect. His hair was parted in the middle, and it was very thick and flaxen in colour. His cuffs and collar were spotless, and his trousers preserved their original crease unimpaired.

He had caught up a letter from the table as the juniors entered, and he had it now crushed in his hand, as if he was afraid that other eyes than his own would see it. His look was far from pleasant as he bent his eyes upon the chums of the Remove.

"What do you want?" he asked aggressively.

"Nothing," said Bob Cherry blandly.

"Then what have you come into my study for?"

"Just for the pleasure of seeing you," said Bob, whose back was up at once at the tone of the other. "Is there any charge for admission?"

"Look here——"

"Shut up, Bob!" said Harry Wharton, laughing. "Don't be an ass, old chap! Look here, Leigh, we heard you tramping up and down like a giddy tiger in a cage, and we thought there might be something the matter with you. That's all."

Leigh looked as if he doubted the statement. Leigh's eyes were very narrow, and always had a somewhat suspicious look in them. It was the look of a fellow who was always on his guard, though what Cecil had to be on his guard about was a mystery. A junior in the Lower Fourth Form at Greyfriars was not likely to have any weighty secrets to keep. And, so far as was known, Cecil Leigh was very well placed at home. He had a way of talking of his father's "place" that was very impressive, and he had idly mentioned motor-cars and Channel crossings in conversation in a way that gave fellows the impression that he belonged to very rich people indeed.

"Oh, that's all, is it?" said Leigh.

"Yes, that's all!"

"Well, there's nothing the matter with me," said Leigh. "I was tired of sitting down, and got up to stretch my legs a bit. Nothing extraordinary in that, is there?"

"I didn't say there was," said Wharton mildly; "only——"

"Only you were inquisitive, that's all, I suppose?"

Wharton flushed. Inquisitiveness was certainly not one of his sins—there was no fellow at Greyfriars who troubled himself less about other fellow's affairs than Harry Wharton did.

"Nothing of the kind!" he exclaimed sharply. "I don't see what there is to be inquisitive about, either. You are not keeping any deadly secrets, I suppose?"

Bob Cherry looked round the study with a searching eye, and with an exaggerated air of interest. Leigh looked at him irritably.

"What are you looking for?" he demanded.

"The body."

"The what?"

"The body," said Bob Cherry calmly. "Where have you hidden the body? Young man, you drive me to the painful conclusion that you have committed a crime, and that it weighs heavily upon your conscience. The best thing you can do is to make a clean breast of it. Where is the body?"

Leigh gritted his teeth. Harry Wharton burst into a laugh.

"Oh, shut up, Bob!" he said. "Let's get out. Leigh doesn't want us here."

"You're quite right there," said Leigh, with an angry sneer; "and next time, perhaps, you won't come into a fellow's study without being asked."

"Oh, rats!" said Bob Cherry. "We thought there was something wrong with you, and we came in to see. But you can keep your rotten secrets, whatever they are. I don't take any interest in them, for one."

Leigh turned crimson.

"Secrets?" he exclaimed.

"That's what I said," replied Bob disdainfully.

"You—you—— How dare you say I have any secrets?"

"Well, what have you been telling lies for, then?" asked Bob, in his blunt way. "You said you were tired of sitting down, and got up to stretch your legs, and I know perfectly well that you haven't been in the study ten minutes,

because ten minutes ago I saw you downstairs taking a letter out of the rack."

"You watched me!" said Leigh savagely.

"I didn't! I suppose a chap can walk through the hall without watching you?" said Bob scornfully. "But I don't want to have anything to say to a chap who rolls out lies as you do. Come on, Harry!"

Leigh's face blazed with rage. He sprang towards Bob Cherry as the latter turned towards the door

"You—you cad!" he exclaimed savagely. "You've been spying on me! I suppose you saw the letter, didn't you?"

"No, I didn't!" said Bob. "I never looked at it. That may be one of your little customs, but it's not mine. And I'm not accustomed to being called fancy names like this. I'll trouble you to take the word 'cad' back."

"Go to the dickens!"

Bob Cherry laid the footer on the table and stepped towards Leigh. Bob was one of the best-tempered fellows at Greyfriars, but when he was angry he could be very angry indeed.

And it was not the first time that Cecil Leigh had got "on his nerves."

Harry Wharton caught his excited chum by the arm.

"Hold on, Bob——"

"I'm going to knock his fancy names down his neck!" said Bob Cherry. "Let go of my arm, you ass!"

"Hold on! The chap's got something on his mind, I dare say, and we came in when he didn't want us," said Wharton pacifically. "Let him alone, Bob."

"Look here——"

"Oh, let him come on!" said Leigh savagely. "A chap who looks at another fellow's letters——"

Leigh got no further. Bob Cherry, with a roar of wrath, broke away from Harry and ran at him. Leigh put up his hands once, but they were not much use against the champion fighting-man of the Greyfriars Remove. Bob Cherry grasped him in his strong hands, and Leigh resisted desperately, and the next moment they were whirling round the study in a terrific combat.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.
Hand to Hand!

HARRY WHARTON stepped back out of the way.

He had certainly had the friendliest feelings in the world towards Cecil Leigh when he entered the study, but he was feeling as angry as Bob now. The junior's suspicions were an insult, and Wharton felt that if any fellow in the school was in want of a licking that fellow was Cecil Leigh. And he looked like getting one, too. He had plenty of pluck, and was ready for a fight with Bob Cherry or anybody else, but he was no match for the sturdy Removite.

Tramp, tramp! Bump! Crash!

The fighting juniors reeled against the table, and it went over with a crash. Books and papers scattered on the floor, with a flood of ink over them from the upset inkstand. Their boots trampled over the wreckage as they struggled on.

"You cad!" panted Leigh.

"You worm!" gasped Bob.

There was a shout from the direction of the staircase.

"You fellows ever coming with that ball?"

"All serene!" called back Wharton. "Only a row! Wait a minute!"

But the word "row" was enough. A row was as interesting as football, and there was a hurrying of fellows along the Remove passage to see what was going on. John Bull and Mark Linley and Bulstrode were the first to arrive, and Frank Nugent and Tom Brown followed, and a dozen more after them. They crowded in the passage outside the open door of Leigh's study, looking in with great interest.

"Go it, Bob!"

"Pile in, Leigh!"

"Hurrah!"

Bob Cherry brought his adversary up against the wall of the study with a bump, and Leigh gasped for breath. Bob Cherry held him pinned there, struggling furiously, but powerless to escape.

"Now, then," said Bob grimly. "Are you going to take back what you said just now?"

"No!" said Leigh, between his teeth.

"Then I'll buzz your napper against the wall till you do! You know perfectly well that I never looked at your letter, and if I had happened to see it there would be no harm in it that I know of. If you've got some rotten secret or other you've no right to suspect decent chaps of trying to find it out. Are you going to take it back?"

"No!" yelled Leigh.

Bump!

Bob Cherry kept his word. Leigh's head bumped gently against the wall. There was a roar of laughter from the crowd outside. Leigh gave a yell. His passionate temper was well known in the Remove, and he was quite beside himself with passion now. But an uncontrolled temper did not impress the juniors in the least. They regarded it as a sign of weakness, and laughed at it.

"I say, you fellows——"

A fat junior pushed his way into the study and blinked round indignantly through his big spectacles. It was Billy Bunter of the Remove, who shared that study with Leigh. Bunter had had the study all to himself for a long time, but when Leigh came he was put into it, the other studies being full up. Other fellows were not anxious to "dig" with Billy Bunter, but Leigh had no choice in the matter. Bunter had welcomed him—the new fellow was supposed to be very well off, and Bunter was a borrower of the most redoubtable sort. Bunter had an allowance of a shilling a week pocket-money, but he always spent five or six shillings, and sometimes more. The process of extracting cash from unwilling lenders had been reduced to a fine art by Billy Bunter. But he had been disappointed in Leigh. Leigh, although reputed rich, had no money to give away—and so Bunter had found, much to his annoyance. During the days that Cecil Leigh had been a member of the Remove Form at Greyfriars Bunter had tried all his blandishments in vain, and had not succeeded in extracting a single shilling from him. Needless to say, Bunter was in consequence far from enthusiastic about his study-mate.

"I say, you fellows, it's rotten to wreck a chap's study like this," said Billy Bunter. "Somebody will have to pay for that ink."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blest if I can see anything to cackle at!" grumbled the fat junior. "Ink costs money, and I can't afford to be ruined in this way."

As the spilt ink was worth a halfpenny at the most, Bunter's complaints did not seem very well founded. The juniors laughed. Bunter blinked at Bob Cherry, who was holding Cecil Leigh against the wall in an iron grip.

"I say, Cherry——"

"Oh, shut up, Bunter!" said Wharton.

"Biff number one!" said Bob Cherry. "You are going to get number two now, unless you take back what you said."

"Hang you!"

Bump!

"Ow!"

"That's right!" said Bunter. "Bump the cad! He's a mean beast! He actually refused this morning to lend me a shilling on my postal-order that's coming this afternoon. You can bump him as much as you like, Cherry. I sha'n't interfere!"

There was a yell of laughter. The idea of the Owl of the Remove interfering with Bob Cherry was funny. Leigh made a desperate effort to get loose, but he had met more than his match. He sank back again, gasping, against the wall.

"Number three," said Bob.

Bump!

"Chuck it, Bob," said Harry Wharton. "He's an obstinate brute, but he's not worth the trouble. Chuck it!"

Bob Cherry hesitated.

"He said I looked at his letter," he said.

"So you did!" yelled Leigh.

"There, you hear the cad!"

"Nobody will take any notice of his caddish words," said Frank Nugent. "Let the brute alone, Bob. We're waiting for the footer."

"Oh, all right!" said Bob.

He released the junior.

"I warn you you'd better keep your tongue between your teeth, that's all," he said.

"Hang you!" muttered Leigh. "Hang you!"

"Oh, rats!"

Leigh's eyes blazed. He made a rush at Bob Cherry, hitting out. It was scarcely fair, for Bob Cherry was turning towards the door; but Leigh was in too great a rage to think of that. His fists crashed on Bob's face, and Bob turned on him quickly. His right lashed out, and caught Leigh on the point of the chin. The junior gave a wild yell, and staggered back, and fell with a crash to the floor. Bob Cherry's eyes blazed down at him.

"You cad! Get up and have some more!"

"Come on, Bob!" Harry Wharton dragged his angry chum away. "Come on! He'll be sorry for this presently, and so will you! Come out!"

Leigh sat up dazedly. He was gasping for breath, and holding his chin, and there was evidently no more mischief in him. Bob Cherry tramped angrily out of the study with the juniors, and Leigh was left alone, excepting for Billy Bunter. The Owl of the Remove remained blinking at the fallen junior.

Bob Cherry's face was frowning as he left the School House with his chums. But his anger never lasted long. Before the footer ground was reached his face cleared, and the old sunny look came back.

"I—I say, Harry," he said hesitatingly. "I hope I didn't hit the beggar too hard! I landed out as if I were hitting Bolsover; but Leigh is a reedy chap."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"I told you you'd be sorry, Bob."

"Well, he made me awfully wild," said Bob. "Fancy hinting that I wanted to look at his rotten letter! He might be a blessed criminal by the way he suspects people. Suppose a chap did see his beastly letter—there oughtn't to be any harm in it. But I hope I didn't hit him too hard, all the same."

And Bob thought about it, with a rather worried look, until he was playing footer, and then the game drove all thought of Leigh, and everything else but footer, out of his mind.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.
Very Odd!

CECIL staggered to his feet.

He was feeling sick and dazed, savage with himself, savage with all the others. After the first moment of unjust and uneasy suspicion, he had realised that he had done Bob Cherry an injustice, but he was too passionate and obstinate to think of admitting it. And he had been punished for his obstinacy.

Billy Bunter regarded him with a sneering expression. Bunter did not like him. Leigh's imperviousness to the arts and wiles of the borrower made him quite obnoxious to Bunter, and the fat junior had several times turned the question over in his mind whether it would be safe to punch Leigh's head. He had decided, so far, that it would be too risky, but his opinion was changing now. Bunter's manner began to assume something of truculence. Leigh rubbed his chin, and groaned.

"Oh!"

"Serve you jolly well right!" said Billy Bunter, blinking at him. "I've a jolly good mind to give you some more of the same sort myself. You accused me the other day of trying to read one of your letters."

"So you did, you cad!" said Leigh savagely. "You had the letter in your hand when I caught you!"

"I had picked it up to see whose it was."

"Liar!" said Leigh. "I had left it locked up in my desk, and you got it out somehow!"

"As for reading it, that would have been jolly hard, considering how it was written, and what the spelling was like," said Bunter contemptuously. "I didn't know you had any relations in the workhouse, Leigh."

Leigh's face flushed.

He made a sudden rush towards Billy Bunter and grasped him by the shoulders. Bunter gave a roar. All his half-formed plans for punching Leigh's head vanished in a moment.

"Ow! Leggo!"

"You fat, inquisitive hound——"

"I didn't read the letter!" roared Bunter. "I—I only saw that the writing was rotten, and the spelling bad, and—— I mean, it was beautifully written, and spelt quite correctly. That was what I meant to say all along! Ow!"

Leigh whirled the fat junior to the door. Bunter clung to the doorpost and resisted feebly, gasping for breath.

"Look here, you're not going to sling a fellow out of his own study!" he gasped.

"That's just what I am going to do!" said Leigh savagely. "Out you go!"

"Look here, this is my study——"

"Outside!"

"Oh, really, Leigh, it's not my fault if your relations write to you without being able to spell their words! Ow!"

Bunter went whirling into the passage. As he scrambled up, Leigh ran after him and planted his boot fairly and squarely behind the fat junior. Billy Bunter went rolling along the smooth linoleum.

"Yarooh! Yarooh! Oh! Beast!"

Leigh went back into his study and slammed the door hard. His face was pale with anger and excitement, and there was an ache in his head. Bob Cherry had not knocked it very hard against the wall, but hard enough to hurt a little. Leigh ran his hand over his thick, curly hair, and threw himself into a chair.

The excitement died out of his face; his thoughts ran in the channel they had been following before the chums of the Remove had entered the study.

A hunted, haunted look came into the boy's eyes, and a deep wrinkle appeared upon his smooth white forehead.

"I can't stand it!" he muttered. "He ought to have more sense! I know what he's done for me, and I'm not ungrateful—it's rot to say I'm ungrateful! I'm not! But I can't stand that! It would ruin me here—it would be utter ruin! He ought to have more sense!"

He took a letter from his pocket and read it over again—a roughly-written, ill-spelt letter, but breathing confidence and affection and generous thought in every line. But it was the writing and the spelling that Leigh was thinking about.

He crumpled the letter in his hand and thrust it into his pocket again, with an impatient exclamation.

"He can't come! I shall have to write to him and explain somehow! Good heavens! Why can't he have a little more tact? I don't want to wound his feelings—I should be a brute to do that; but—but he can't come! He ought to understand!"

Leigh drew pen and paper towards him and wrote. He wrote and rewrote a letter half a dozen times before he was satisfied. Even then there was a gloomy cloud upon his brow as he read it over.

He muttered the sentences aloud, wondering whether they would do. He was so worried that he could not think very clearly on the subject at all, and he wondered what impression that cold, selfish letter would make upon the reader. He did not mean to be cold and selfish, either.

"Important engagements in all leisure-time—trying to get on in the school—time greatly taken up by many friends—generally absent from school on half-holidays—don't come just yet—will arrange a time—meanwhile will get leave to come and see you on Sunday—longing for a sight of my dear old dad again. H'm!"

He muttered the letter over, and finally finished it and sealed it in an envelope. Then he put on his cap and left the study, and hurried down to the school letter-box. He passed Billy Bunter in the hall, grunting breathlessly. It was likely to be some little time before the fat junior fully recovered.

"Beast!" grunted Bunter.

Leigh did not even hear him. He went out into the Close, and Bunter rolled towards the stairs. Bunter was not without hope of finding the study cupboard unlocked, and something to eat in it.

Billy Bunter entered the study, and blinked round. There was a crumpled envelope lying on the floor, and the Owl of the Remove pounced upon it at once. He blinked at it through his big spectacles, and recognised it.

"My word! It's the one that was in the rack for Leigh! I wonder who it's from? Must be a relation, or he wouldn't be so wild about it."

And Bunter blinked over the letter with intense interest. The address was strange enough, considering that the letter was to one of the most lofty-mannered fellows in the Remove—a fellow who had an airy way of talking about himself and his people that gave one a vague impression of vast estates and boundless riches.

"Master Sissle Leigh, 4th Form, Grayfrires Skool, Frierdale."

Bunter grinned as he blinked at the queer superscription.

"My hat!" he muttered. "Chap doesn't even know how to spell his own name! Sissle! He, he, he! Lemme see, what's the postmark? Sanford. Where's that? I wonder if Leigh's people live at Sanford? I'll find out. This is jolly odd, and it's my duty to get to the bottom of it. If that chap's a low rotter swanking round and telling lies about his people, I'll jolly well show him up—from a sense of duty. I wonder if—— Yowp!"

Cecil Leigh had re-entered the study. As he saw how the Owl of the Remove was occupied, he turned crimson with rage, and grasped the fat junior. The envelope was wrenched away, and Bunter was whirled round in Leigh's angry grasp.

"You spying cur!"

"Ow! Yow! Yowp! Leggo! I wasn't——"

"Outside, you rat!"

"Yarooh!"

And for the second time that afternoon Billy Bunter was hurled into the passage, and the door was slammed after him. He did not venture to re-enter, although it was his own study. Leigh was alone; the golden afternoon did not tempt him out of doors. He paced to and fro in the study, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, a gloomy frown upon his brow, his mind heavy with dark and unhappy thoughts.

Tramp, tramp, tramp!

The same weary sound that had attracted the attention of Wharton and Cherry in the Remove passage an hour before was audible again. The junior seemed tireless, as he tramped to and fro in the narrow limits of the study—too restless to sit down, too disturbed to seek the society of the other fellows in the sunny Close.

Tramp, tramp, tramp!

THE FOURTH CHAPTER
The Order of the Boot!

CECIL LEIGH came down to the junior football-ground with a coat over his jersey. Bob Cherry was sitting on the turf, rubbing his knee, which had received an accidental kick from Bolsover in the practice. Bob Cherry was not quite sure that the kick had been accidental; Bolsover was a very rough player, and frequently had little accidents like that in playing with fellows whom he disliked. But Bob would not take any notice unless he was certain. He was patiently rubbing his knee, when Cecil joined him. Bob Cherry looked up at him.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" he said affably.

Leigh stopped.

"I want to speak to you, Cherry," he said awkwardly. "I—I'm sorry for what happened in my study. I lost my temper—I'm sorry."

Bob smiled cheerfully at once.

"Oh, that's all right!" he exclaimed. "I'm sorry I slogged you—I knew there was something worrying you, and I should have kept my temper."

"I'd had bad news from home," said Leigh.

"I'm very sorry," said Bob, with a concerned look. "None of your people ill, I hope."

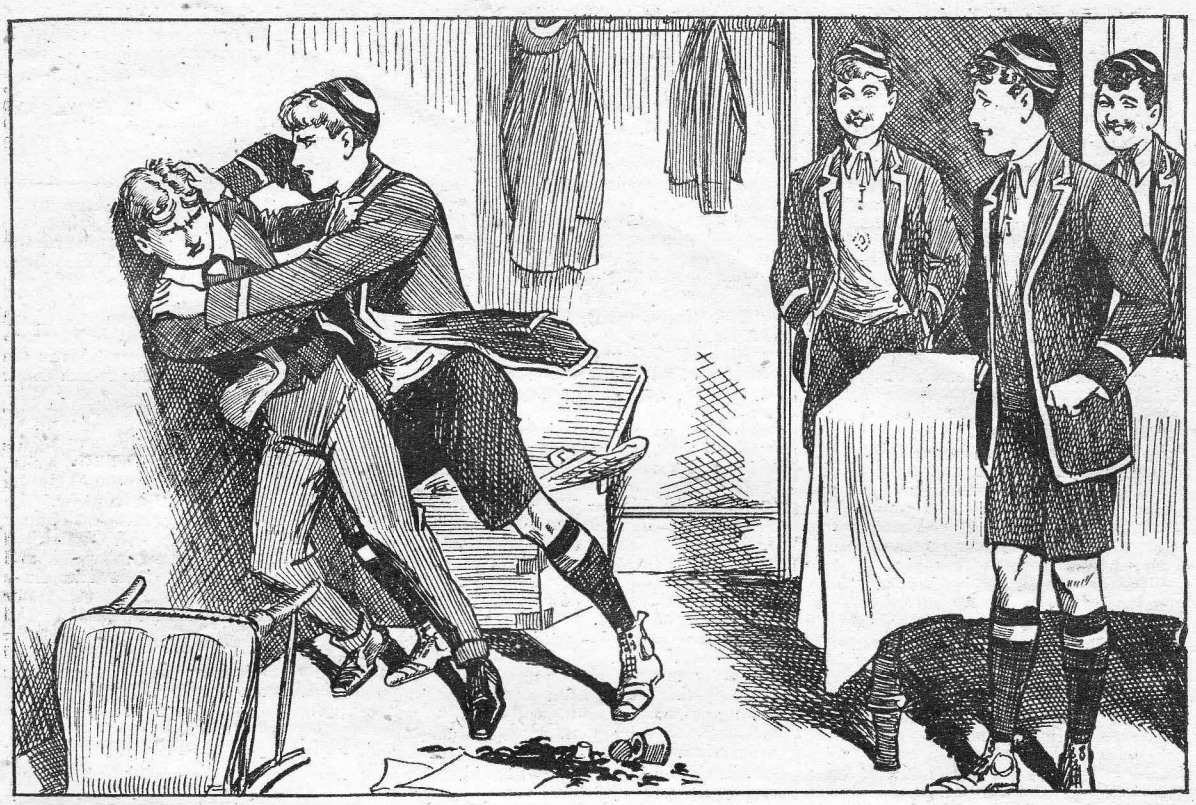
"Not exactly," said Leigh. "It's my father—he's been a bit hurt in a motor-car accident. It worried me a bit."

"It must have," said Bob Cherry. "I know I should feel rotten if anything happened to my pater. Not that he's likely to be hurt in a motor-car accident, though—unless it was somebody else's motor-car. Our funds don't run to automobiles in the Cherry family."

Leigh winced. Something in Bob Cherry's careless frankness seemed to touch a raw spot somewhere. But he went on evenly enough.

"My father's car ran into the park palings, that was all, and he was shaken up. But it worried me a bit. I'm sorry for what happened, as I said."

"All my fault," said Bob. "You riled me by saying that I'd looked at your letter; though even if I'd seen it, I don't



"Are you going to take back what you said just now, or shall I have to bump your silly head against the wall?" asked Bob Cherry. "No!" yelled Leigh. Bump! Bob Cherry kept his word. He caught hold of the new junior, and bumped his head against the wall. (*See Chapter* 2.)

see that it would have mattered when it was only about a motor-car accident.

"Quite so," agreed Leigh. "Only I was feeling ratty all over."

"Well, it's done with now, and no malice on either side," said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "Are you going to play footer?"

"Yes, I was thinking of joining in the practice."

"You've played before, of course?" asked Bob Cherry, as he rose to his feet.

"I used to play Rugby," said Leigh, with an air as if Rugby were a most aristocratic game, which he had honoured by playing it.

"I prefer Soccer," said Bob. "We play Soccer here, anyway. You'll soon fall into the way of it. I'll give you some points, if you like."

"Thanks awfully, dear boy!"

Bob Cherry made a little grimace. He did not like Leigh's "dear boy." When Lord Mauleverer called him a dear boy, or a dear fellow, it was all right. But it did not sound the same when Leigh did it. In Mauleverer it was natural; in Leigh it seemed like a manner purposely affected. But Bob made no remark on the subject. It was but seldom that Bob Cherry set up in judgment upon anybody.

"Hallo, you playing, Leigh?" said Wharton cheerfully. "Let's see you give a kick at goal. Look out, Hazel!"

"What-ho!" replied Hazeldene, who was between the posts.

Leigh kicked, and a very good kick it was. It beat Hazeldene easily, and the ball lodged in the net. Harry Wharton uttered an exclamation.

"By Jove! That's good. You've played before, of course."

"He's only played Rugger before," said Bob Cherry.

"Then it's extra good. Looks like a recruit for the Form eleven, Bulstrode."

"Good! Let's see what you can do, Leigh," he said.

Cecil Leigh joined in the play with considerable keenness. Although he affected a bored and listless air, as a rule, he was in reality keen enough, and he evidently liked the great game. It was strange that he had never played Association before, considering how he played now, and the fellows all remarked upon it. But surely there was no reason for him to say that he had not played, if he had played. Deception on such a subject was so utterly without any apparent motive that he could hardly be suspected of it.

"He shapes wonderfully well," Bulstrode remarked. "I think he will do jolly well in the forward line, Wharton."

"I think so, too."

"Oh, rot!" exclaimed Bolsover, the bully of the Remove. "If you put Leigh in the forward line, where are you going to put me?"

"Nowhere," said Bulstrode calmly. "I've told you already that you're not in form enough for a place in the Remove eleven."

"There will be trouble for somebody!" said Bolsover threateningly.

Bulstrode looked at him steadily.

"You won't have a place in the team," he said; "and if you think you can bully me into giving you one, you're mistaken. Shut up, or I'll have you chucked off the field now!"

Bolsover gritted his teeth. But several juniors were gathered round, evidently quite willing to lend a hand or a foot in the "chucking" process; and the bully of the Remove checked himself. It was impossible for even the burly Bolsover to defy the football captain on the football-ground. But there was an evil expression in Bolsover's eyes as he turned away. His glance fell evilly upon Cecil Leigh.

Bulstrode was forming up seven a side for practice, and Leigh was put in the forward line of Bulstrode's seven. Harry Wharton captained the other side, and Bolsover was with him. Bob Cherry kicked the ball off, and then played. Bolsover had his eye on Cecil Leigh all the time.

Leigh was playing wonderfully well. He captured the ball, and brought it up to the goal with a fine dribble, dodging and eluding his opponents in fine style. Bolsover rushed in to stop him, charging him from behind. Leigh, who weighed half Bolsover's weight, was sent spinning, and the bully of the Remove fell upon him heavily.

There was a shout from the other players.

"Bolsover! You cad!"

The bully of the Remove staggered up. He had fallen so heavily upon Leigh that he was considerably shaken up himself. The play stopped, and the juniors gathered round the two, and Bolsover was a little scared at the expression upon their faces.

"You cad!" shouted Bob Cherry.

"It was an accident," Bolsover muttered.

"Yes, and your kicking me was an accident, wasn't it?" exclaimed Bob.

Harry Wharton bent over Leigh. The slim junior was lying on his side, his face very white, and gasping painfully.

"Are you hurt, Leigh?"

"I—I don't think so—much!" gasped Leigh, with an effort. "The brute! He fell on me on purpose!"

"I know he did! Bulstrode, you saw it?"

Bulstrode's brow was black.

"Yes, I saw it!" he exclaimed. "Bolsover, get off the field!"

Bolsover drew a quick breath.

"I won't!" he said.

Bulstrode pointed with his hand.

"Get off! I order you off the ground! Go!"

"I won't!"

"Throw him out!" said the Remove captain.

There was a rush of the players. There were few of them who had not been roughly handled by the Remove bully at one time or another, and they were "fed up," as Bob Cherry expressed it, with his insolence. They rushed at Bolsover, and the burly Removite hit out savagely. One, two, three of the junior footballers went down heavily under his blows, and then he was rushed off his feet.

"Kick him out!"

"Throw the cad out!"

Bolsover struggled desperately. But seven or eight fellows had hold of him by his arms and legs and head. He was jerked and bumped and dragged along to the edge of the field and tossed over the line. He landed upon the ground with a heavy thud.

"There!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Now you keep off the grass, you rotter! If you come on here again we'll squash you!"

Bolsover sat up, gasping. He was boiling with rage, but he had been too roughly handled to want any more just then. He gasped and scowled and gritted his teeth while the juniors returned to the field. Cecil Leigh had risen to his feet, and was leaning heavily upon Wharton's shoulder.

"I'm sorry this should happen at your first play here," said Bulstrode. "Bolsover is a rotten cad, and he'll be kept off the ground for some time for this. I hope you're not much hurt."

"I can go on playing, I think," said Leigh, with a gasp.

And he did go on, though he had been really hurt. There was no doubt that Leigh had plenty of grit and pluck. Bob Cherry wondered. He had heard Leigh tell lies, and he could not help sometimes suspecting him of "swank." That a liar and a swanker should be a keen footballer and a plucky fellow, too, was a matter of wonder to the simple Bob. The qualities did not seem to agree together at all.

Leigh's football was certainly good, and it won golden opinions from all the Remove footballers, all the more because it was his first Soccer match. As the juniors rubbed themselves down afterwards Cecil was the recipient of a great deal of praise. He walked back to the School House with Wharton and Bob Cherry, on the best of terms.

Trotter, the page, met them in the hall. Trotter had his coat on, and a bag in his hand, and wore a most cheerful expression upon his face.

"I'm goin', Master Wharton," he remarked.

Harry Wharton stopped. Trotter was going on a fortnight's leave, and his place at Greyfriars was to be taken by another lad for the time. The new page had not yet arrived at the school, but he was expected that day.

Wharton felt in his pocket. Trotter was going on a holiday, and it was a time for tips. But funds were low in Study No. 1 just at that time, and Wharton searched his pockets for a silver coin in vain. He found only three coppers, which certainly would not have met the case.

"Lend me a two-bob bit, will you, Leigh?" he asked.

Wharton did not borrow, as a rule, and any little loan he contracted was always paid up scrupulously at the first opportunity. He had no resource now but to borrow a coin, or let Trotter depart tipless, which was not to be thought of.

"Same here!" said Bob Cherry. "Lend me two bob, Leigh."

Leigh turned red. He thrust his hands first into one pocket, and then others, but his hands came out empty. The two juniors had spoken unthinkingly. They believed Leigh to be a rich fellow, and never doubted for a moment that he had plenty of money about him, or that, if he hadn't, he wouldn't mind saying so.

"I—I'm afraid I've left my money in my study," Leigh stammered.

"Cut off and get it, like a good chap," said Bob.

"Blest if I haven't lost my keys!" said Leigh, with an air of great surprise. "I always keep my money locked up, you know."

Wharton gave him a sharp look.

"Very well," he said quietly; "I'll get it from Mauleverer. Wait a minute, Trotty!"

"Suttingly, Master Wharton!"

Leigh looked red and uncomfortable. He had given both the juniors the impression that he would not lend them the money. He did not try to correct the impression, and he made no further effort to find the key.

John Bull came downstairs, and Wharton called to him. Bull made the loan cheerfully enough at once, and Trotter was tipped. John Bull added a two-shilling piece himself, and the page pocketed the coins with a great deal of satisfaction.

"Thank you kindly, sir!" he said. "It's werry good of you."

"I hope you'll have a good time, Trotter," said Wharton.

"I 'ope so, sir. And I 'ope that Trimble will fill my place orlright, and look arter you young gents," said Trotter.

"Trimble!" said Cecil Leigh. "Who's that?"

He spoke very quickly.

"That's the noo page who's goin' to take my place, sir," said Trotter, most amiably. Leigh had not tipped him yet, but Trotter fully expected it. "He's comin' to-day, sir, and he's a most obliging feller, sir. He'll do anythin' for you, he will really, sir."

"Where does he come from?" asked Leigh carelessly.

"He was with me in my first place, in London, sir," said Trotter, "and a most respectable and respectful young feller, Master Leigh."

"Oh, he belongs to London, I suppose?"

"Ho, no!" said Trotter. "'E came from the country before I knew 'im—place called Sandown, or Sanville, or somethink——"

"Sanford?"

"Yes, that's it," agreed Trotter. "Sanford, in Essex; that's it. P'r'aps you know the place, Master Leigh?"

"Oh, no! I've never been in Essex in my life," said Leigh.

He walked away. The juniors could not see his face, but Harry Wharton had a curious impression that he had turned quite white. He did not understand Leigh at all.

Trotter looked after Cecil quite expressively.

"Some young gents ain't so werry generous as other young gents," said Trotter oracularly. "Good-bye, sirs! I 'ope as Trimble will be werry dutiful to you."

And Trotter walked off with his bag, the silver jingling in his pocket. Harry Wharton was frowning thoughtfully.

"I'll settle that two bob on Saturday, Johnny," he said.

"All serene, old fellow!"

"Same here," said Bob Cherry. "I don't see why Leigh couldn't have tipped Trotter. He's new here, of course, but a chap rolling in money might spring a bob or so when a servant is going on a holiday, I think."

"Why wouldn't he lend us the money?" asked Wharton.

"He's lost his key."

"Hum!"

And Harry Wharton said no more on the subject. But he thought a great deal. He was not suspicious, but the story of the lost key was too flimsy. Either Leigh would not make that little loan, or he could not. If he would not he was a disobliging fellow, and if he could not, what was to be thought of his stories of a wealthy home, of holidays on the Continent, and motor-car trips in his father's car? Was it all swank from beginning to end?

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.
The New Page.

"BEDTIME!" said Wingate of the Sixth, looking into the junior room.

And the fellows yawned, and put away books and papers and chess and draughts.

The Remove marched upstairs to the dormitory. Leigh was not with them, and Harry Wharton paused good-naturedly at his study to tell him that it was bedtime. If that had been left for the prefect to do, Leigh would probably have been given lines.

"Bed, Leigh!" said Wharton, looking in.

Leigh started up.

"Is it bedtime?" he exclaimed.

"Yes."

"Has—— By the way, has that new page chap come?" asked Leigh carelessly.

"The new boots—Trotter's substitute?" said Harry, with a smile. "No, I don't think so. He's late. I believe he's coming a long distance from the country."

"All serene; I'm coming."

Cecil Leigh followed Harry Wharton & Co. very slowly. There was a strange hesitation in his manner. It seemed as if he did not want to go to bed.

However, he entered the Remove dormitory with the rest, and undressed himself, and turned in with the Remove.

Wingate extinguished the lights.

One by one the Remove fellows dropped off to sleep, But Cecil Leigh did not sleep. He lay awake, with a dark and anxious brow.

He was listening.

In the deep silence of the house he knew that he would be able to hear a ring at the bell in the servants' quarters. He was listening for that. Why he should have listened for it, why he should be in the least interested by the arrival of the new page, would have been a profound mystery to his Form-fellows.

A faint and distant sound came to his ear, and he started up in bed. In a moment he had slipped out and was dressing.

Bob Cherry looked sleepily out of bed. He was not asleep yet.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Who's that?"

"It's all right," said Leigh.

"What are you getting up for?"

"I've just remembered that I left some money on the table in my study. I'm just going to slip down and put it away."

"Oh! Thought you always locked your money up?" grunted Bob Cherry.

"Well, I—I do as a rule; but——"

"Don't let a prefect catch you, that's all."

Leigh dressed hurriedly and left the dormitory, closing the door behind him. But he did not proceed in the direction

of the Remove passage. He made his way by the back stairs, so that he could look over the lower banisters and watch the newcomer.

A fat, red-faced boy in a coat was standing in the gaslight, talking to Mrs. Kebble, the housekeeper.

Cecil Leigh could not see his face for a moment or two; but something in the figure and manner of the boy appeared to strike him as familiar, for his lips closed tightly together, and he held hard hold of the banisters, as if he had suddenly recognised a dangerous enemy.

The newcomer turned his head a little, and Leigh looked down and saw his face.

He drew back quickly into the shadow of the staircase. It was a common enough face he saw—fat, somewhat like a dumpling, not striking in any way. But the grim visage of Banquo had no more unnerving effect upon Macbeth than the fat, commonplace face of the new page upon Cecil Leigh.

The junior's very lips turned white.

"It's the same," he murmured. "Of course, I knew it! But—but what horrible luck—what fearful luck! Who could have thought of anything like this?"

He crept away silently.

In the distance, as he crept away, he heard the voice of the new page, explaining in squeaky tones how it was that he had arrived so late. But Leigh did stay to listen.

He had seen the new page, and he was satisfied—it was the person he had feared it would be. Why should he fear? That was something that Cecil Leigh was not likely to explain, if he could possibly help it.

He made his way slowly back to the Remove dormitory.

The room was silent as he entered, save for the steady breathing of the juniors, most of them fast asleep.

Cecil Leigh turned into bed quietly.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" came sleepily from Bob Cherry's bed. "Have you locked up the money safely, Leigh?"

"Yes, thanks, Cherry!"

"Careless ass to leave it about!" grunted Bob Cherry. "You ought to be more careful. You chaps rolling in money are always careless with it."

"Well, I've always had plenty," said Leigh.

Even at that moment, troubled and tortured in mind as he was, he could not resist that reply. Swank was part and parcel of the boy's nature.

"Lucky bargee!" said Bob Cherry.

And he went to sleep again.

Cecil Leigh did not go to sleep so easily. He tried to do so, but it was page seemed to be glimmering at him hard. The fat, heavy face of the new from the darkness of the dormitory. The squeaky tones were still in his ears. He could not sleep—he could only think of the days to follow.

"If I knew him, he will know me!" he muttered again and again. "Oh, heavens! And he is to be here for a fortnight. I cannot possibly avoid him for all that time. It would be impossible. And if he talks——"

The junior groaned.

"My hat! Who's ill?" came a voice from Harry Wharton's bed.

Leigh was silent and trembling.

"Somebody groaned," said Harry, sitting up in bed. "I heard it. Is anybody ill?"

There was no reply.

"Is that some of your blessed ventriloquism, Bunter?"

Only a snore from the fat junior answered. Billy Bunter was asleep. Harry Wharton, very much puzzled, settled down to sleep again. If a fellow had a pain that made him groan out in the middle of the night, there was no conceivable reason why he should not say so. Wharton was perplexed.

Cecil Leigh lay silent, in miserable thought, but very careful not to give audible expression to his troubles again. It was long before he fell asleep, and then his sleep was very broken till morning. But he had thought of something; and when the Remove turned out in the morning he had something to say.

"The new page has come," he remarked, as he was dressing.

"He came after we went to bed, then," said Wharton, turning a wet and shining face from his washstand.

"Yes; I went down to put some money away I had left in my study, and I happened to see him in the passage."

"What the dickens was he doing in the Remove passage?" asked Frank Nugent.

"I—I mean the Lower passage. I heard them, and looked down. I fancy I've seen that fellow Trimble before."

"Oh!" said Wharton, with some interest. "Now I think of it, you seemed to know the name when Trotter was speaking of it yesterday."

"Yes; and I don't know any good about him, either," said Leigh.

Wharton looked at him directly.

"Does that mean that you do know bad about him?" he asked.

Leigh hesitated.

"I don't know that I ought to say that," he replied. "I'm not sure it's the same chap, as I—I've never seen him before. But I heard about a school-page named Trimble—at a school where a friend of mine was—being sacked for making up lying stories about one of the fellows in the school, and circulating them in the place. From what I heard, it seemed to be a sort of mania with him. He had a lively imagination, and he made up the most probable-sounding stories; and there was a row about it, and he was sacked."

"And his name was Trimble?"

"Yes."

"It is not a common name," said Bob Cherry. "This is quite possibly the same fellow. He ought to be asked about it."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Leigh hastily. "I don't think so. I'm not sure it's the same; and if it is, he may be trying to be decent now, and not do anything of the sort here. I just mentioned it to put you fellows on your guard, in case anything of the kind should happen here; you'd know just how much to believe if the fellow began any yarns about a chap in the school."

"I certainly shouldn't listen to him, for one," said Harry Wharton.

"Some fellows would; and it's just as well to know what to expect. But I don't think anything need be said to Trimble."

"I suppose you're right; but—hang it, this is rather unsatisfactory, you know. If the chap is such a rotter, he ought to be kicked out," said Bob Cherry.

"Suppose he's turned over a new leaf?"

"Hum!"

Cecil Leigh turned back to his washing. He had effected his purpose, at all events. If the new page should tell any unlikely stories of any fellow in the Remove, his stories would be looked upon with immediate suspicion.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.
Fresh Trouble!

CECIL LEIGH, as a rule, was among the first down in the Remove, but on this particular morning he was the last. Not that he had anything in particular to do. He hung about the dormitory, doing nothing special, and finally went down, and directly into the dining-room, without going into the Close, or lingering in the hall. Leigh's face was a little pale, and as he crossed the dining-hall he held a handkerchief to it. Bob Cherry gave him a sympathetic thump on the shoulder.

"Toothache, Leigh?"

"Yes," said Leigh, making a wry face "Beastly!"

"Sorry! Tried anything for it?"

"Oh, it will go away! I have these attacks, but they don't last long."

"It's rotten," said Bob Cherry. "I've got some menthol in my study. Shall I buzz off and get it for you?"

"Oh, it's all right; don't trouble."

Leigh took his place at the breakfast-table, still keeping the handkerchief to his face. A fellow more suspicious than Bob Cherry might have fancied that he was keeping his face concealed from view for some good reason, yet what reason could he possibly have had? But over the handkerchief Leigh's sharp eyes were wandering up and down the room. It was the page's duty to help in serving the breakfast, but he was at the senior tables, and did not come near the Remove, or indeed glance towards them. Leigh's eyes fixed upon Trimble at once, and every few moments wandered round in his direction again. He lowered the handkerchief from his face at last.

"Is that the new page over there?" remarked Bob Cherry, who was beside him.

"Yes, that's the chap," said Leigh carelessly.

"Toothache better?"

"Yes, much better, thanks!"

"Glad to hear it; it's a beastly thing," said Bob Cherry sympathetically. "I hope it wasn't that slog on the jaw yesterday that started it."

"Oh, no; that's all right!"

Leigh did not recover his ease of manner until the Remove were in the Form-room. There—perhaps, because the new page could not possibly be there—he seemed to recover.

But the worry of manner descended upon him again when the Form were dismissed. The recess after third lesson he spent in the Form-room. But when morning lessons were over he had to go out with the Form. Bob Cherry saw him give a glance up and down the Form-room passage.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Looking for somebody?" asked Bob.

Leigh turned crimson.

"Certainly not!" he exclaimed. "What the dickens do you mean, Bob Cherry?"

Bob stared.

"I asked you a simple question enough," he replied. "No harm in it. If you're looking for somebody, I may be able to tell you where he is, that's all."

"Well, I'm not," said Cecil abruptly.

"All serene; keep your wool on!"

And Bob Cherry walked away rather huffily. He could not understand, and did not like, these sudden sharpnesses of manner in Cecil Leigh. Bob Cherry liked a fellow to be either a friend or a foe, so that a chap would always know how to take him. An uncertain and irritable temper got on Bob's nerves very much.

Leigh strode quickly towards the staircase, and ascended the stairs into his study. He remained there until the bell rang for dinner. When he came downstairs again to the dining-room he had his handkerchief to his face.

This time Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, who was at the head of the Lower Fourth table, remarked upon it.

"Is anything the matter with you, Leigh?"

(Continued on page 11.)

SPOOFED!

A Splendid Long Complete School Story, dealing with the Adventures of the Chums :: of Rookwood. ::

By OWEN CONQUEST.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.
Never Say Die!

"I'VE thought it out!"

Jimmy Silver suddenly made that announcement in the end study. And Lovell and Raby and Newcome replied, with one voice:

"Rats!"

The great leader of that famous study was no longer apparently the oracle he had once been. The whole of Rookwood was chuckling still over the jape of which the Classical juniors had been the victims, as related in last week's story. The Classical players, led by Jimmy Silver, were in the box-room, busy rehearsing a brand new drama with which they intended to astonish the school, when from every trunk and box sprang a horde of Modern juniors, led by Tommy Dodd. The unfortunate Classicals, thus cleverly ambushed, were decorated with blackened faces and fools' caps. Then they were roped together in an undignified procession, and made to parade before the eyes of the delighted school.

There was no doubt that the Moderns had scored, and even Jimmy had to admit it. All Rookwood had laughed over the procession of the Classical players. Really, Jimmy Silver could not have been expected to spot that cunning ambush of the enemy in the box-room. But the Classicals felt that somebody was to blame, and they agreed that Jimmy Silver was that somebody.

A scapegoat was required, and the leader of the Classicals was the scapegoat. There wasn't a Classical junior at Rookwood who was not of opinion that Jimmy Silver would have to be "scrapped" if he didn't brighten up a bit.

The great drama planned by the Classical players had been dropped. Any performance of it would have been too reminiscent of the ridiculous procession in which the players had figured.

But Jimmy Silver was not worrying about that. He had been thinking out ways and means of dealing with the victorious enemy, and restoring the damaged prestige of the end study.

Having thought it out, he was proceeding to communicate it to his chums after tea, when they greeted him with the unanimous reply of "Rats!"

"Don't you do any thinking, Jimmy," advised Lovell, as the captain of the Fourth glared at him. "'Tain't in your line, you know."

"Look here, you ass, it's a wheeze."

"Take it away, and boil it!"

"Yes; let's have tea," said Newcome. "Never mind your wheezes, Jimmy. Have you got a new idea for a procession?"

"Oh, don't be an ass!" growled Jimmy. "We've got to down the Moderns somehow, or we shall never hear the end of their cackling. I've thought of a wheeze for dishing them on the first of April."

"Bow-wow! Shove the kettle on!"

Jimmy Silver looked daggers at his followers. The end study seemed to have lost faith in its great leader.

"It's really what Newcome suggested the other day," he remarked. "I've thought it out, you know."

"Oh, let's hear it, then," said Newcome, showing some interest.

"You can get on, Jimmy," said Lovell. "I don't suppose it will be any good. But you can rip if you like."

"Suppose we spoofed the Moderns on the First of April?"

"Oh, you couldn't, you know!"

"Suppose they got a telephone message from Latcham Camp?" went on Jimmy Silver, his eyes gleaming. "Soldier chap tells them he's heard of their footer team, and asked them to come over and play a khaki eleven."

"Soldier chap wouldn't."

"Fathead! I should be the chap on the telephone."

"And Tommy Dodd would guess it at once," grunted Lovell. "He isn't ass enough to think that a junior eleven would be asked to play a soldier team—especially a rotten Modern eleven."

"Yes, try something better, Jimmy," said Raby consolingly.

"You haven't heard it all yet," roared Jimmy.

"Oh, is there anything more?" said Lovell resignedly. "You can run on while I boil the eggs. I am sure I don't mind."

There was a plentiful lack of enthusiasm in the end study. But Jimmy Silver went on.

"I don't suppose Tommy Dodd would take his one-eyed team over to Latcham on the strength of a telephone call. But the secretary of the soldier chaps' team would come over to make the arrangements."

"Oh, my hat!"

"But he wouldn't!" howled Raby.

"Haven't you ever heard of the Classical Players?" demanded Jimmy Silver. "Can't I play a part, fathead?"

"You?"

"Yes, ass!"

"Tommy Dodd would spot you."

"He might spot you, ass! He wouldn't spot me!" said Jimmy Silver witheringly. "Now, what do you think of the wheeze?"

"Rotten!"

"Oh, you duffers! Look here, it's a half-holiday on the First, and the Modern asses would jump at the invitation, if they got it. They would swank over us no end at being asked. And when they got to Latcham——"

Lovell grinned at the thought of that; but he shook his head.

"'N. G.!" he said.

"They'll bowl you out and cackle all the more," said Newcome.

Jimmy Silver gave the doubting Thomases a withering look.

"Well, I'm going to try it," he said. "You silly duffers can back me up or not, as you like."

"Oh, we'll back you up; but——"

"Bless your buts! Pass the eggs!" said Jimmy crossly.

Over tea in the end study, the scheme was discussed in full, and something like enthusiasm dawned upon the Co. Lovell and Raby and Newcome agreed that it would be a tremendous jape on Tommy Dodd—if it came off. On that point they had their doubts.

Perhaps Jimmy Silver had some doubts, too. If so, he kept them to himself. And, at all events, the Co. were prepared to back him up, as they always did in the long run.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.
A Very Flattering Request!

"AH! Come in, Dodd!"

Mr. Bootles blinked over his glasses at Tommy Dodd, as that cheerful youth presented himself in the study doorway on the following day.

"You sent for me, sir," said Tommy.

"Yes, Dodd. A gentleman at Latcham Camp wishes to speak to you on the telephone," said Mr. Bootles. "As I conclude, Dodd, that it is some relative of yours in his Majesty's Army, I shall allow you to use the instrument for a few minutes. I shall return in five minutes, Dodd."

"Thank you, sir!" said Tommy, in wonder.

Tommy Dodd had once had several relatives in khaki, but he was not aware that any of them had returned to the Army. Mr. Bootles walked out of the study, and the Modern junior picked up the receiver, which was off the hooks.

"Hallo!"

"Hallo! Is that Thomas Dodd?"

"Yes," said Tommy. "Who's speaking?"

"I'm speaking from Latcham. Please tell me whether you are Thomas Dodd, junior captain on the Modern side at Rookwood School?"

"That's me."

"Very good! Would you care to bring a junior eleven over to the camp to play us in a footer match?"

"By Jove!" ejaculated Tommy Dodd.

"Eh?"

"Sure you don't want Bulkeley?" asked the puzzled junior. "I'm only in the junior eleven here, you know."

"Yes, exactly! Our team is the—ahem!—the Drummer Boys' Eleven. We have a vacant date on the first of the month, and should be very glad to meet a public school junior eleven."

"Oh, I understand!"

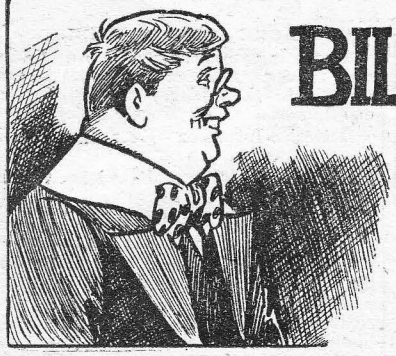
"If you care to arrange the fixture, our secretary will call upon you on Saturday afternoon to make all arrangements. The match would be played here—ahem!—at the camp, and there would be a khaki crowd—ahem! The colonel would kick off for us. Tea afterwards in the tent. Would you care about the match?"

Tommy Dodd's eyes danced.

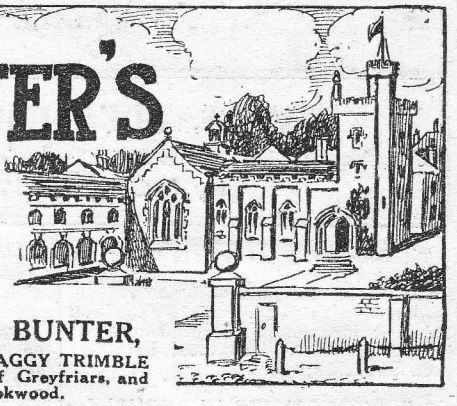
Would he?

Bulkeley would have jumped at the chance of securing a khaki match for the first eleven of Rookwood. Jimmy Silver

(Continued on page 9.)



BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY



EDITED BY

WILLIAM GEORGE BUNTER,

Assisted by FATTY WYNN and BAGGY TRIMBLE of St. Jim's, SAMMY BUNTER of Greyfriars, and TUBBY MUFFIN of Rookwood.

I HAPPENED TO HEAR—

By BAGGY TRIMBLE.

That sum new food reggerlations are coming into forse at St. Jim's. In fewcher, felloes will be fed akkording to there sighs! This will be very nice for the fat chapps, but I shudder to think of the fate of a skinny skellington like Skimpole!

* * *

That Knox of the Sixth intends to be more soft-harted and less hard in fewcher. This is good news. We nevver could stand hard Knox!

* * *

That Tom Merry propposes to inklood me in the jewnier kricket elevven, bekawse I'm such a deadly boler. It is trew that I am an eggspert at taking wickits. I pinched ½ a duzzen the other day from the pavvilion!

* * *

That Racke & Co. intend to hold a smoking-konsert in the woodshed on Satterday evening. They'll have to make it worth my wile to keep my mouth shutt, and I can see myself in funds for the rest of the term!

* * *

That Mr. Ratcliff lost a porshun of his trowsis, owing to a sudden attack by Herries' booldogg. I tried to simperthise with him, but it only maid ratty Ratty rattier!

* * *

That Marie Rivers won't have any mersy on me neckst time I go to the sanny with a cold in me ear. She says I katch them threw lissening at keywholes. As if I should ever dreem of doing such a thing!

* * *

That Dockter Holmes intends, on the okkashun of his berthday, to give a grate sellybration. I hope the Head won't overeat himself, or it will be nessessary to Dockter Holmes!

* * *

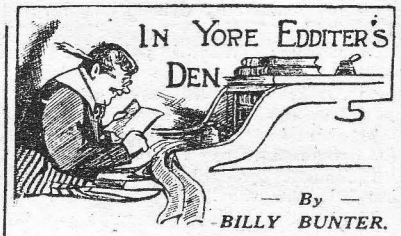
That on the said berthday the skool will get a hole holliday. I karn't get any of the felloes to beleeve this; but I herd the Head say it with my own eyes!

* * *

That a dentist will call at St. Jim's on Munday to attend to our teeth. I shall arranje to have an important appoyntment in Wayland!

* * *

That Tom Merry akkuses me of being an eavesdropper. I have challenjed him to meet me in the jim, with or without gluvs!



— By —
BILLY BUNTER.

My Deer Reeders,—When I lay awake at nite and look back uppon the wunderful proggress wich my "Weekly" has maid, I could almost purr with plezzure!

Nevver, in the hole histery of jernalism, has their been such a sensashunal evvent. We kicked off with a serkulashun of two—my miner Sammy and myself—and our latest figgers show that over a millyun boys and girls reed my "Weekly." They don't all buy the "Popular," it's trew. In sum cases, one koppy of the paper is passed round to a duzzen people, who devour it with Worster sorce—er should I say rellish?

Now, this duzzent seem altogether fare. Why should you purchiss a koppy of yore faverite paper, hand it round to all yore palls, and probabbly nevver see it agane? Why should you konvert yoreself into a free library for the bennyfit of others? You should insist uppon yore chumms buying the paper themselves. Then our serkulashun will sore still higher, and I shall be able to skweeze a postle-order out of the Edditer of the Kompanion Papers!

I've been trying to do this for a long time, but it's like getting blud out of a stoan. The Edditer is a nice man, but he'd be a jolly site nicer if he'd let me have a share of the prophets!

Sum reeders say, "Why don't you run 'Billy Bunter's Weekly' as an entirely sepritt paper? Why don't you brake away from the 'Popular,' run the paper on yore own, and make a forchune?"

This is a very good idear, but their are menny drorbax in the way at prezzant. Howevver, one of these days I may lornch my "Weekly" as an sepritt pubblikashun, and kollar all the prophets myself. When that day dorns, I shall be able to take a manshun in the West End, and roll about in a hansom Ford car!

But enuff of these castles in Spane! We must tern our atenshun to the prezzant, and let the fewcher take care of itself.

I think you will agree, deer reeders, that this is the best issew of my "Weekly" wich has yet appeered. I have said this evvery week since my "Weekly" started, and I meen it evvery time!

I want to thank all my friends of both seckses for there wunderful support. You karn't go into a howse, kottage, or raleway-karridge without seeing a koppy of my "Weekly." Everybody enjoys the fine feest of fun and fickshun wich Uncle Billy pervides week by week. And evverybody agrees that my famus "Weekly" licks the "Greyfriars Herald" into fitts!

Pore old Wharton! He's not a bad sort of fello, but if he ever hopes to become a grate jernalist he should studdy the methods of yore chum,

Yore Edditer

ADVICE TO SPRING POETS.

By HORACE COKER.

Springtime is the poet's harvest. All the rest of the yeer he karn't earn enuff to keep body and sole together. But in the spring he can jenerally kontrive—if he's a klevver fello like me—to make ends meat.

Edditers have no use for poets, eggsept in the spring, when they are open to reseeve an okkasional poem, and use it as a "fill-up."

Even then the poet must be very kareful to wurk on the rite lines. His verse must be toppikal, and it must be reel poetry—not doggrel.

George Potter, who is a studdy-mait of mine, wrote an "Ode to Spring" the other day. It started like this:

"See the little robin
Hopping in the snow;
Here him softly sobbin'
Fourth his tail of woe!"

Of corse, that is very tender and tuching—in fackt, it brort teers to my eyes—but how can it be an "Ode to Spring," when it menshuns snow and robins?

Potter sent his ditty to "Punch," and the edditer regretts he karn't make use of it. So does Potter!

Now, I'll tell you how Potter should have begun his ode:

The spring, so brite and calm and cleer,
Is (Wait a moment. Thank you!) hear!
The birds are twittering on the bows;
The lams are frisking with the cows!

A verse like that would melt the hart of even the most hardened edditer, and Potter would have reseeved kwite a substanshul sum of munney for his effort.

You see, you've got to be toppikal. You karn't tork about snow in springtime.

I don't intend to let the reeder into all the trix of the trade, but there is one thing he would do well to bare in mind, and that is the valew of repetishun. A grate man wunce said that repetishun was the sole of poetry. You remember Tennyson's famus poem?

"½ a leegue,
½ a leegue,
½ a leegue
Onward!"

That's the sort of thing I meen. And it it is yore ambishun to write a suxxessful "Ode to Spring," you mustn't be afrade of repeeting yoreself.

I kannot say all that I want to say within the kompass of this artikle, but hear are two verses wich will give you a very good eggsample of what I am driving at:

"The spring is hear (Here, here! Here, here!)—
The spring is hear (Here, here!);
The spring, the spring, the spring, the spring,
The spring, the spring is hear!

The grass is greene, the grass is greene,
The wether's getting hotter;
The greeney grass is grassy greene,
(And Greene as grass is Potter!)"

If my reeders can improve on that, they desserve to be made Poet Lorryats!

THE ST. JIM'S POLICE COURT!

An Account of all the Latest Crimes and Convictions.

By MONTY LOWTHER.

(NOTE.—Many readers are under the impression that Greyfriars is the only school which conducts police-court proceedings. This is all rot. We've been doing it for months at St. Jim's, but reports of the various cases have not been published.—M. L.)

A PHOTOGRAPHER IN TROUBLE.

Harry Manners, aged fifteen, and described as a camera-fiend, was brought before Mr. Justice Merry at the Woodshed Assizes, charged with taking a photograph of his worship whilst his worshipful carcass was being ducked in the school fountain.

The Press representatives were asked to leave the court.

"Prisoner being a photographer," said his worship, "the case will be held in camera!"

It afterwards transpired that Manners was let off with a caution.

DAMAGES AGAINST DOG-OWNER.

George Herries, who gave his address as Study No. 6, Fourth Form Passage, was sued by a nobleman, named Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, for damage caused to the said nobleman's trousers by defendant's bulldog.

Mr. D'Arcy explained that this was the fifth pair of "bags" that had been "uttahly wuined by that vicious bwute Towsah!"

Magistrate: "What do you value your bags at?"

Mr. D'Arcy: "Seventeen-an'-a-tannah, your worship."

Magistrate: "I will make on order for defendant to pay the odd tanner."

Defendant (excitedly): "I'm broke—broke to the wide!"

Magistrate: "Then you must pay in twelve weekly instalments of a halfpenny."

RACKE ON THE RACK.

A scowling youth named Aubrey Racke was charged with entering the tobacconist's in the village, and purchasing one hundred "Gay Dog" cigarettes.

Detective-Inspector Kerr gave evidence of arrest.

Magistrate: "Are the cigarettes in court?"

Witness: "Yes, your worship."

Magistrate: "Hand 'em over!"

The jury having brought in a verdict of guilty, his worship complimented them upon their intelligence, and handed them cigarettes all round. He then lit up himself, and, remarking that smoking was a disgusting vice, he sentenced prisoner to a severe bumping.

The sentence was carried out with great vigour, and prisoner was seen to totter away in the direction of the sanny.

A number of charges of study-raiding, against Third Form fags, were not heard. His worship became suddenly overpowered by the fumes of his cigarette, and was compelled to rush out of the court.

-:- SOME ROOKWOOD CONFESSIONS! -:-

Collected by TEDDY GRACE.

	JIMMY SILVER.	TUBBY MUFFIN.	VAL MORNINGTON.	CUTHBERT GOWER.	TOMMY DODD.
Who is your favourite master?	Mr. Bootles.	The Head. (Hope I get an invitashun to his berthday party!)	Bootles, begad!	I'd sack the lot!	Monsieur Morceau.
Which subject do you prefer in class?	History.	Nun!	Reading (under the desk!)	Cribbing.	French.
Whom do you consider to be Rookwood's finest athlete?	Bulkeley.	ME!	Muffin, because he's an "all-rounder"!	Toss-up between Peele and myself.	Tresham.
What is your favourite dinner?	Roast beef and Yorkshire.	I should rekwire at leest two kollums to anser this queschun!	Roast chicken.	None of the grub we get here is worth eating!	Steak-and-kidney pie.
What do you want to be when you grow up?	A general.	The Food Kontroller.	A gentleman of leisure.	A profiteer.	Anything that's "modern."
What is your opinion, in one word, of "Billy Bunter's Weekly"?	Piffle!	Top-whole!	Impossible!	Br-r-r!	Tommy-rot!

HOW TO ORGANISE A MIDNIGHT FEAST!

By FATTY WYNN (of St. Jim's).

First of all, find a fellow with more money than sense.

Keep your eye on the correspondence which arrives each morning, and when you see a fellow flourishing a fat remittance, go up to him, slap him affectionately on the back, and say:

"I've been your bosom pal and chief adviser ever since you came to St. Jim's. And I'll give you some advice now. Don't spend that fiver on silly wooden ornaments such as cricket-bats."

"What shall I spend it on, then?" he will ask.

"A midnight feast to all the fellows."

"But that won't benefit me in any way——"

"Won't benefit you? Why, man, it'll make you the most popular chap in the house! Everybody will be singing your praises, and saying what a good-hearted, generous fellow you are."

If you continue to argue in this way, you'll win your point, and your pal will decide to give a midnight feast. Then you must say:

"Look here, old chap, you'd better hand your fiver over to me, and let me see about getting in the grub. You see, I've had years of experience of this sort of thing, and I know exactly what sort of stuff to get, and where to get it. If you start blundering about on your own, trying to lay in supplies, you're bound to make a hash of it. You'll be getting things that the fellows abominate, such as tinned-beef and German sausages. You can't do better than hand the cash over to me, and give me a free hand."

Having wangled the fiver into your possession, go down to the village bunshop, and tell the proprietor that a couple of St. Jim's fellows will call at his establishment shortly before midnight. Order all the stuff, and tell him to get it packed ready to be handed over to the two callers.

When the hamper of tuck arrives, insist upon opening it yourself. Remove the most tempting of the delicacies, and slip them into the pockets of your dressing-gown when nobody's looking.

Post a couple of scouts on the landing, with instructions to give a discreet cough in the event of a master's approach.

Scouts will need feeding, so see that they have a chunk of cake each to beguile their vigil.

Before everybody starts feeding, sample all the tuck yourself, in order to ascertain that it's pure and wholesome. You will thus be rendering a great service to your schoolfellows. If anybody objects, pelt him with jam-tarts.

Always sit in close proximity to the tuck-hamper, or you will get "left."

Half-way through the feed, the scouts will give the alarm, you having bribed them to do so beforehand. The fellows will all stampede to their beds, and the dorm will be plunged into darkness. You will remain calmly where you are, and finish off the contents of the tuck-hamper.

GETTING QUITS WITH LODER!

By DICK RUSSELL.

"What's the little game, Squiff?"

It was Bob Cherry who asked the question.

The majority of us were in bed in the Remove dorm, waiting for the prefect on duty to come and see lights out. But Squiff, before getting into bed, produced a large paper bag, and crossed over to the fireplace.

"The game," said Squiff, in reply to Bob Cherry's question, "is to fill this bag with soot from the chimney, and then balance it—the bag, not the chimney—on top of the door."

"My hat! You're planning a booby-trap?"

"Precisely—for Loder's benefit. I think everyone in the dorm will agree with me that Loder's a cad and a beast and a bully, and lots of other unpleasant things. He's on duty to-night, and he'll be along in a jiffy to see lights out. When he comes he'll meet with a warm—or, should I say, a black?—reception."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

We were mightily pleased at the thought of Loder of the Sixth receiving a bag of soot on his napper.

At the same time some of us were rather alarmed. Prefect-baiting is good sport, but the baiter doesn't always come off best. Most of us realised that in preparing a booby-trap for Loder, Squiff was playing with fire.

"Loder will be awfully ratty!" said Harry Wharton. "Don't you think you'd better chuck the idea, Squiff?"

"Rats! I've been intending for a long time to give Loder a surprise-packet. He deserves it. Look at the difference between Loder and Wingate! Old Wingate always has a cheery 'Good-night!' for us, but Loder's a pig. He can't come into the dorm without finding fault with somebody. The other night he slated Ogilvy for getting into bed with his bags on; and when he found that Billy Bunter had smuggled a currant-cake under his pillow he reported it to Quelchy."

"That's true!" chimed in Bunter. "Quelchy gave me six cuts—two on each hand."

"First time I knew you had three hands," said Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bunty's got three hands all right," said Peter Todd. "He has a right hand, and a left hand, and a hand in any gossip that's going on."

"Oh, really, Toddy——"

"Here we are," said Squiff, coming away from the fireplace with the bag crammed full of soot. "Do you mind if I stand on your locker, Bulstrode? I can't reach the top of the door unless I do."

"Go ahead!" said Bulstrode.

Squiff mounted the locker, and raised the bag of soot aloft, in order to poise it on the door-top.

But he was too late.

The door was suddenly pushed open from without, and the push was so vigorous and unexpected that it took Squiff completely by surprise. He shot backwards off the locker, and alighted with a thud on top of Bulstrode.

"Ow!"

"Yow!"

Bulstrode roared with anguish as Squiff came hurtling on to his bed. Squiff roared, too; and between them they rendered a fine duet.

The bag of soot had fallen harmlessly to the floor, and the intended victim—Loder—stood in the doorway, with a malicious grin on his features.

"Sorry I spoilt the success of your little scheme, Field!" he said, in his sarcastic way. "You thought you'd transform me into a Christy minstrel—what! Well, it didn't come off."

Squiff sorted himself out, and faced the prefect calmly. But he said nothing.

"I shall have to put an end to these sort of monkey-tricks," said Loder. "We can't have prefects bombarded with bags of soot, you know. These things aren't done. You will take five hundred—no, a thousand—lines!"

"Oh crumbs!"

"Make it billions, Loder!" murmured Johnny Bull.

"Take a hundred lines, Bull, for insolence!" snapped Loder. "Get back to bed, young Field, and don't let me catch you at this sort of thing again."

After which Loder extinguished the lights, and withdrew.

"A thousand lines!" gasped Squiff, when the prefect had departed. "My only aunt! I sha'n't have any spare time for a month! I'll get even with that brute Loder somehow!"

"Well, you fairly asked for trouble, you know," said Wharton. "Prefect-baiting was never a very profitable sport."

Squiff grunted, and apparently turned over and went to sleep.

The buzz of voices gradually died away, and we all settled down to slumber.

The school clock had just struck the half-hour after ten, and I was just dozing off, when a sudden shriek rang through the dorm.

I sat up in bed with a start.

"What the thump——" I began.

Then I noticed that Squiff was out of bed,

Squiff was standing on his hands, with his feet waving wildly in the air.

and striding up and down the dorm. He seemed to have taken leave of his senses, for when he came into the moonlight's ray I saw that his eyes were gleaming like a fanatic's, while his arms were waving like windmills.

"Squiff! Squiff, old chap!" It was Bob Cherry's voice. "What's wrong?"

There was no answer. Squiff continued to stride up and down, staring in front of him with glassy eyes, and performing the most weird and alarming antics.

"He—he must be walking in his sleep!" I stammered.

"That's about it," said Harry Wharton. "I'll see if I can lead him back to his bed."

"Have a care!" I said. "Sleepwalkers are dangerous sometimes."

"But we can't let the fellow keep on doing this sort of thing. He'll rouse the whole dorm in a minute."

So saying, Wharton got out of bed, and stepped up to Squiff. He grasped the Australian junior by the arm, and proceeded to guide him back to his bed.

Squiff became perfectly calm again, and followed as meekly as a lamb. He got into bed in a mechanical sort of way, and lay perfectly still, breathing deeply.

"He's all right now," said Wharton, in tones of relief.

And he went back to bed.

For the space of ten minutes all was silent.

I was just beginning to doze off when the creaking of floor-boards came to my ears.

"Hallo! Squiff's at it again!" I muttered.

"You awake, Wharton?"

"Yes. Just look at the silly duffer! He's walking on his hands!"

I saw that Wharton was right.

Squiff's body and legs were suspended in the air, and he was going along on his hands, as fellows sometimes do in the gym.

"I don't like these sleepwalking stunts," said Bob Cherry, who was still awake. "There's no knowing what the fellow might do next. I've heard of people jumping out of windows, and over banisters, in their sleep."

I shuddered.

"We'd better go and fetch a master or a prefect," I said. "Loder will still be up. He doesn't turn in till eleven."

"Good idea!" said Wharton. "I'll get Squiff back to bed first."

He waited till Squiff was on his feet again, and then led him back to bed, as on the previous occasion. Then, slipping on a dressing-gown over his pyjamas, he hurried from the dorm.

A few moments later Wharton returned, accompanied by Loder.

"You say that Field has been walking in his sleep?" said the prefect.

"He's been doing all sorts of stunts, Loder."

"H'm! Let's have a look at him."

So saying, Loder stepped towards Squiff's bed, and peered down at the junior.

"He seems quiet enough," he remarked.

But before the words were out of Loder's mouth, Squiff started up in bed, with wild and staring eyes, and proceeded to lash out with his fists.

Biff! Biff!

"Yaroooh!"

Loder recoiled with a yell of anguish as Squiff's knuckles crashed into his face. Then, recovering himself, he made an effort to pin the junior down. But Squiff continued to hit out with savage frenzy, and the prefect received a terrible drubbing.

"The—the kid's clean off his rocker!" gasped Loder. "He doesn't know what he's doing. He'll have to be strapped to his bed for the rest of the night. Otherwise, he'll become dangerous!"

"Seems as if he's become dangerous already!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "You'll need to take your chivvy into dock for alterations and repairs, Loder!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence!" snapped Loder. "Can you get hold of some straps, Wharton?"

"I think so," said the captain of the Remove.

A number of portmanteau-straps were produced, and Loder, assisted by Wharton and Bob Cherry, strapped Squiff to his bed.

"There! He'll be quite harmless now," said the prefect, when Squiff had been made secure. "Wish he hadn't run amuck like this, though."

And Loder clasped his damaged nasal organ tenderly.

For some time after Loder's departure all was quiet.

Then from the direction of Squiff's bed came a low chuckle.

"Come and take these straps off, you fellows! The play-acting's over."

"What!" shouted Bob Cherry. "Do you mean to say that you were shamming, Squiff?"

"Of course I was! I planned revenge on Loder, and I've had it—in full!"

"Oh, my hat! Ha, ha, ha!"

We felt rather annoyed to think that we had been fooled. At the same time, we could not help chuckling over Loder's discomfiture.

The straps were removed from Squiff's bed, and he indulged in no more sleepwalking that night.

When we went down to brekker next morning we noticed that Loder's nose was swollen to nearly twice its normal size, and that he boasted a beautiful black eye.

Loder isn't a handsome fellow at the best of times, but on this occasion he looked even more ugly than Billy Bunter—and that's saying a good deal! (Russell, you rotter, how dare you take my name in vane like that! I sharn't pay you a penny for this story!—Ed.)

THE END.

Another Short Story next week.

ROOKWOOD RIDDLES!

Evolved by TOMMY DODD.

The following sentences contain the names of various Rookwood fellows. See how many you can "spot."

1. Some fellows don't like the Head, but I like the old fossil very much. (Silver.)

2. We cycled the other morning to Norchester. (Mornington.)

3. Several cads who wanted to go were sent back. (Gower.)

4. On the way we dismounted and had a running race. (Grace.)

5. We got a good view of Rookwood from up on some hill. (Pons.)

6. We saw plenty of main roads, but never a byway. (Raby.)

7. When friend Tubby saw a cart he wanted a lift. (Carthew.)

8. Tubby doesn't know how to control a cycle. He pedalled oddly all the time. (Lacy.) (Dodd.)

9. Trust Tubby to be fagged when there are any of these jobs on! (Jobson.)

10. "We've dodged lessons!" I exclaimed. "I shall miss my theology!" (Smythe.)

11. "We must get back to the school," said someone. "Shake a leg! Get there somehow!" (Leggett.)

12. We fagged back to Rookwood, and it was a common sight to see a rider roll off his machine from exhaustion. (Errol.)

N.B.—Owing to the fact that my bank balance is exactly fourpence-halfpenny, I am awarding no prizes!—T. D.

THE SORROWS OF SAMMY!

"Deer Reeders,—I've cut out the rest of the Rookwood rubbish, without my majer's nollidge, in order to say that wunce agane I've been krowded out, and karn't kontribewt an arrtikle to this issew.

"I think it's a jolly shame, but, anyway, I meen to dror my pay as usual, and you may eggspect to see an artikle from my leeky pen in neckst week's number.

"Billy's a beest! And I konsidder he ought to be mobbed and put in the pillery or the stox—don't you?—Yore affeckshunate, but indignant, pall,

"SAMMY BUNTER."

BUNTER AT THE BALL!

—:o:—

By DICK PENFOLD.

We had a fancy-dress affair,
And Bunter promised to be there.
"He'll be disguised, an' that's a blessin'," Said Mauly, "wonder what he'll dress in?"

"He'll be a gay young cavalier," Said Toddy, "or a halberdier.
Or he may be a knightly victor,
A porpoise, or a boa-constrictor!"

"In my opinion," said Dick Rake,
"A ripping Falstaff he would make!
He's so substantial, round, and plump,
His chest is like a camel's hump!"

We waited in expectancy,
To see what Bunter's dress would be.
We made all manner of surmises,
Then came the sharpest of surprises!

For Billy Bunter waddled in,
His features wore a cheerful grin.
His garb was weird and quaint and odd.
"My only aunt!" gasped Peter Todd.

For Bunter was a startling sight,
A frabjous freak, a perfect fright!
His "bags" were where his coat should be,
And vice-versa, as you see!

His socks were jammed upon his wrists,
Within his shoes he'd hid his fists.
His cuffs and gloves were on his feet,
No wonder Cherry gasped, "I'm beat!"

A topper, upside-down, was perched
Upon his head; and as he lurched,
He shed jam-tarts upon the floor—
The Common-room was in a roar!

"I say, you fellows, ain't I smart?
My dress is quite a work of art!
I'm game to dance with anybody;
Say, will you be my partner, Toddy?"

Then came a loud, insistent shout,
Of "Put the silly duffer out!"
Twelve boots came swiftly on the scent,
And Billy Bunter—well, he went!

IF I WERE HEAD!

By CYRIL PEELE

(The Gay Dog of Rookwood).

There's a pretty big "IF" about that, I'm thinking! Miracles don't happen nowadays, and I'm not likely to be head of anything—certainly not of my class, because if there's anything I abominate it's lessons!

But we will assume for a moment that I've been given the headmastership of Rookwood.

The first thing I should do would be to sack old Manders. And before he went I should treat him to a dose of his own medicine—six stinging cuts on each hand!

Manders is a tyrant and a beast, and I should delight to see him drummed out of Rookwood!

(Hope Manders doesn't happen to read this article, by the way.)

Secondly, I should put my pal Gower in charge of the Classical side, and my pal Lattrey in charge of the Moderns. Prefects would be abolished, and Gower and Lattrey would be my first lieutenants.

Thirdly, I should revise the rules of the school. As they stand at present, no fellow is permitted to smoke or gamble or break bounds. I should alter this rule entirely, and turn the tuckshop into a tobacconist's. Cigars would be sold to the seniors, and cigarettes to the juniors.

Silly games like football and cricket would go by the board, and nap and poker would be substituted. I myself should play nap with old Bootles every evening, because I feel sure I should be able to fleece him!

Smoking-concerts would take place regularly in all the Common-rooms, and "nutty" apparel would be worn on all occasions.

Late passes would be given to those who wanted them, on condition they were back at Rookwood by three in the morning, when the gates would be locked.

Rising-bell would sound at midday, and "morning" lessons would be postponed until after tea!

I should make it a hard and fast rule that no scholarship boys should be admitted to Rookwood. Every new kid would have to prove that his pater was a war profiteer or a man who had made his pile by fleecing others.

The governors, at my dictation, would have to increase my salary to two thousand a year; and I should employ a staff of twenty servants. If Jimmy Silver behaved himself I might feel inclined to make him my private boot-boy!

Oh, yes, I should be in my element if I were the Head! There would be no limit to the improvements I should bring about in the school routine. The prigs and the Puritans would have a sorry time of it, and the gay dogs would live on the fat of the land.

Jove, it fairly makes my mouth water to imagine myself as Head!

I'd give anything to be able to strut about in Dr. Chisholm's gown and mortar-board.

But, as I say, miracles don't happen nowadays, and I suppose I must resign myself to remaining a humble Fourth-Former. I shall continue to live in an atmosphere of lines and lickings—in fact, I expect I shall be pulverised for having dared to write this article.

SPOOFED!

(Continued from page 8.)

would have given one of his ears for such a chance. And it had fallen to Tommy Dodd!

"Oh, rather!" gasped Tommy into the transmitter. "We shall be jolly glad! I'll bring over a Modern team."

"Exactly! I have heard that the Modern side at your school is a long way ahead of the Classical side in footer, and we want a good game. That's why I've rung you up."

"I see you know all about it," agreed Tommy Dodd. "The Classicals think they can play, but, of course, we can play their heads off. We'll be glad to see your secretary."

"Good! I'm the man! Then I'll drop in on Saturday afternoon, about three. That suit you?"

"Right on the nail!"

"Done! Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!"

Tommy Dodd replaced the receiver on the hooks, and tore out of the study. He was in a hurry to impart that stunning news to his chums on the Modern side.

In five minutes all the Modern side at Rookwood knew that Tommy Dodd's eleven had been challenged to a khaki match, and that the khaki secretary was coming on Saturday afternoon to arrange details.

Needless to say, the Moderns rejoiced.

A crowd of them rushed over to acquaint the Classicals with the news. They swanked a little about it. Swank was excusable under the circumstances. It wasn't every junior team at school that was asked to a match with a real, live khaki eleven on a military ground, with a real live colonel to kick off the ball for them.

The news was received with incredulity on the Classical side.

Jimmy Silver, as it happened, was absent. But when he came in on his bike from a long spin, he heard the news. Tommy Dodd, with a pardonable pride, told him before a crowd in the Common-room.

"Gammon!" said Jimmy Silver, shaking his head.

"Why, you ass?" exclaimed Tommy Dodd wrathfully.

"They'd ask the School Junior Eleven, if they asked anybody," said Jimmy Silver, with another shake of the head. "If they know anything about Rookwood, they must know that the Moderns can't play footer. You admit that yourself, Doddy?"

Tommy Dodd did not admit that himself. He snorted.

"Faith, the secretary's coming to see us about it on Saturday!" said Tommy Doyle.

"Well, I'll swallow that when I see him," said Jimmy Silver.

"Oh, you're a silly ass!" said Tommy Dodd disdainfully. "The fact is, I'm rather sorry to see you get the cold shoulder like this, Silver. If you like, I'll make room for you in the team."

"It's going to be a Modern team!" exclaimed Cook.

"Yes, I know. But we can make room for Silver. After all, he's a good half, though he's a Classical."

Jimmy Silver grinned.

"Want me to captain the team?" he asked.

"No jolly fear!" said Tommy Dodd promptly and emphatically.

"Then I shall have to decline with thanks."

"Well, you can go and eat coke!" said Tommy Dodd. "After all, we shall be stronger without any Classicals."

Most of the Moderns agreed on that. Tommy Dodd was very careful in his selection of the eleven. He was considerably exasperated by Jimmy Silver's want of faith. But, as a matter of fact, Tommy himself might have had some doubts about the genuineness of the telephone message, but for the fact that the Drummer Boys' secretary was to call on Saturday to make arrangements. That circumstance, of course, banished all doubts.

The Moderns looked forward to Saturday, and the arrival of the Drummer Boys' secretary, with great keenness. So did the Classicals—especially Jimmy Silver & Co.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Chap from Latcham!

"HERE he is!"

Saturday at last, and the three Tommies were waiting at the gates of Rookwood. The Fistical Four had gone out on their bicycles—perhaps for a picnic, as Jimmy Silver had taken a large and well-filled bag with him. But the Moderns were not bothering about the Fistical Four. They were thinking about the secretary of the Drummer Boys' F.C.

A youth came wheeling up at a good rate on a bicycle to the school gates, and the three Tommies eyed him eagerly. Was this the sec.?

He was not in khaki. But he wore a khaki cap, which looked very soldierly. His face was very red, and there was a trace of moustache on his upper-lip. But what was most striking about him was a bandage over one side of the face, which concealed one eye, one cheek, and one ear. Apparently the youth had met with some accident that had severely damaged his face.

He jumped off his machine, and looked at the three juniors, touching his khaki cap with a military salute.

"Is this Rookwood?" he asked, in a high-pitched but quite agreeable voice.

"Right!" said Tommy Dodd.

"Perhaps you would be kind enough to tell me where to find Thomas Dodd?"

"I'm the chap," said Tommy. "You're the Drummer Boys' F.C. sec., I suppose?"

"I'm the man."

Tommy Dodd shook hands with the young stranger heartily.

"Jolly glad to see you," he said. "Trot in. Leave your bike at the lodge. You take it, Cooky. You seem to have had a bit of an accident."

The newcomer passed one hand over his bandaged face.

"It's dangerous to get too near a gun when they're testing it," he said. "Never mind. All in the day's work."

The three Tommies could not help feeling a keen admiration for the youth who made so light of what was evidently a serious accident. They marched him in across the quadrangle in great triumph. The khaki cap attracted glances from all sides, and a crowd of fellows came up to be introduced to the drummer, whose name appeared to be Argent—rather a Frenchified name, Tommy Dodd thought, though the chap, what could be seen of him, did not look at all French.

"By gad, it's genuine enough!" Mornington remarked to his chums. "It's one in the eye for Jimmy Silver not bein' asked."

"Jolly good, too!" said Townsend. "All the same, it's queer they should have asked the Moderns—a rotten scratch lot."

"Might have asked us, by gad!" remarked Smythe of the Shell, turning his eyeglass on the youth in the khaki cap. "The Modern cads will be swankin' about this no end."

Smythe was right there—the Moderns did show just a little swank. It was really the first time that the great superiority of the Modern side had been recognised outside the school.

Twenty fellows gathered round the youth from Latcham, to march him into Mr. Manders' house. He was marched up to Tommy Dodd's study, where a tea of unusual magnitude was ready. The Drummer admitted that he had brought an appetite with him, and he seemed to enjoy the lavish hospitality of Tommy Dodd & Co. The study was crowded with Modern fellows.

Unfortunately, it appeared that Master Argent could stay only half an hour. But half an hour was enough for a ripping tea, and for all arrangements for the footer match to be made.

Those arrangements were carefully noted down by Tommy Dodd.

The Modern eleven was to arrive at Latcham Camp not later than half-past two on the first of the month—unfortunately a Friday. But they were certain to get permission to get off. They could bring any number of friends with them. All would be welcome to a tremendous spread in the tent after the match.

There was no room for Classicals in the crowded study. But Tommy Dodd did wish that Jimmy Silver hadn't been out that afternoon. He would have liked Jimmy to see that youth from Latcham, and have his doubts dispelled at once.

"Thanks awfully, you fellows," said Master Argent, as he rose from the table. "It's really good of you to treat me like this. I'll see you again on the first."

"What-ho!" said Tommy Dodd. "Sure you must go?"

"Yes. We're not quite our own masters in the Army, you know," said the secretary, smiling with the visible side of his face.

"Yes, I understand. We'll see you off at the gates," said Tommy.

A Modern army marched down to the gates with the popular visitor.

Tommy Cook wheeled out his bicycle for him. Tommy Dodd held it while he mounted. The visitor shook hands with the three Tommies and half a dozen other fellows, and they gave him a cheer as he cycled away at last.

The Moderns turned in at the gates with looks of great satisfaction. They bestowed superior glances upon the Classicals—who weren't asked to a khaki match.

The visitor rode away at a good rate towards Coombe. He did not go so far as the village, however. After a glance back over his shoulder, he turned into the footpath through the wood.

He had followed the footpath about half a mile when he came upon three juniors who were eating sandwiches, with three bikes leaning against the trees. Then he jumped down.

"Well?" said Lovell, Raby, and Newcome, in one voice.

The bandaged youth chuckled.

"All serene."

"You weren't spotted?" yelled Lovell.

"Of course not, fathead!"

"Oh, my hat!"

If the three Tommies could have been present just then they would not, probably, have been so pleased with their visitor. The youth from Latcham took off the khaki cap, and peeled off the bandage from his face. Then, in spite of the reddened complexion and the darkened eyebrows, it would have been

quite easy to recognise Jimmy Silver of the Fourth.

"The bandage did it!" grinned Jimmy Silver. "I don't think I should have passed muster without that."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And the khaki cap!" chuckled Jimmy. "It was worth the four bob we gave for it at the Hinks'—what? And it will come in, too, for some of our merry dramas. Now I'll give my face a wash in the brook, and get this clobber off, and we'll get home."

The cheery Jimmy stripped off his clothes—under which he wore his Rookwood Etons.

"Here's the sandwiches, Jimmy," chuckled Raby.

"Thanks! I've had my tea."

Lovell yelled.

"Did they stand you tea?"

"Certainly—a topping spread!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I was a distinguished visitor, you know. There was no end of hospitality. I was introduced to half the Modern side——"

The Co. yelled.

"And they're coming over to Latcham at half-past two!"

"Oh crumbs!"

"On the First of April!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And I can only say I hope they'll enjoy themselves. They are getting permission to get off. With some of the others. We shall have to wangle it as well. Simply must see Tommy's face when he reaches the camp!"

The Fistical Four roared till the wood echoed. Jimmy Silver chortled while he was washing the make-up from his face.

An hour later four cheery cyclists arrived at Rookwood—one of them with a bag tied on his handlebars. As the Fistical Four went into the School House Mornington & Co. met them, evidently in cheery spirits. The slight put upon Jimmy Silver by the invitation to the Modern Eleven delighted the Nuts of the Fourth, and they wanted to "rub it in."

"Pity you were out, Silver," grinned Mornington.

"Anything happened?" asked Jimmy carelessly.

"The khaki sec. has been over," said Townsend. "He's fixed it all up with Tommy Dodd, I hear."

"Honest Injun?" asked Jimmy seriously.

"Yes, by gad!" said Mornington. "There's some chaps who don't think the end study is the salt of the earth, you see. I dare say you'll wonder for weeks why they didn't ask you to play the match at Latcham."

"Well, it's a bit odd, isn't it?" said Jimmy. "As junior captain, I ought to have got the invitation, really."

"Puts your nose out of joint a bit—what?" chuckled Townsend.

"Oh, I don't mind! I wish Tommy Dodd luck. I shall bike over to see them at Latcham on the First, anyway."

Jimmy Silver passed on with his chums, leaving the Nuts somewhat disappointed. But Morny shook his head.

"You bet he doesn't like it, all the same!" he said. "It's one in the eye for Jimmy Silver, however he chooses to take it."

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.
Not a Match.

"HAVING a brake?" asked Jimmy Silver affably.

It was the "First" at last. April was ushered in by bright sunshine, and the weather was excellent. It was really almost good enough for cricket.

They had been very lucky to get the afternoon off, and several other fellows were following.

"Yes, we're having a brake," said Tommy Dodd, with a genial smile. Tommy was feeling in great spirits that day. "Bit too far to walk. Besides, we must put on a bit of style for a khaki match. I'll find room for you in the brake, if you'd like to come over."

"Biking it," said Jimmy cheerily.

"You're coming to watch us?" asked Towle.

"Certainly! I wouldn't miss it for worlds!"

"I must say you're taking it decently, Silver," said Tommy Dodd. "Some chaps would have groused at being left out like that."

"No fear!" said Jimmy. "You're welcome to all you get at Latcham, Tommy. I only hope you'll enjoy it."

"Same here!" chuckled Lovell.

"Blest if I see where the cackle comes in!" said Tommy Dodd, puzzled. "It's a feather in our cap. One up for Rookwood, too. Hallo, here comes the brake!"

The Modern footballers were ready, in coats and mufflers, to take their places in the brake. The brake was a large one, but there was none too much room, for every Modern fellow who could cram himself in was going. There was no room for Classicals. Any Classicals who wished to go had to bike it after the brake.

The Fistical Four, of course, were going. Mr. Bootles had been kind enough to let them go. They had their own reasons. The Colonial Co. also wheeled their machines out.

It was really very flattering to the Moderns. The Classical cyclists seemed to be in high good-humour, too. Tommy Dodd was surprised to see such a bunch of Classical juniors following the brake. He was not aware that Jimmy Silver had been passing a whisper round among them, which made them very keen to see the denouement at Latcham Camp.

It was a glorious day. The sun, as if to make up for late misbehaviour, was shining merrily. The Modern fellows trilled choruses in more or less melodious tones as the brake rolled away up and down the high-roads and lanes for Latcham. The bunch of cyclists behind were in equally high spirits. Their faces almost continually wore smiles.

Latcham town came in view at last, and the brake, with its faithful followers, rolled through the High Street, and out of the town again, to the khaki camp outside.

The great camp stretched far over the moor. At the gate on the road the brake stopped. Several motor-lorries and other vehicles were coming out, and the brake had to wait for them. Tommy Dodd scanned the gateway. He had half expected Master Argent, that agreeable secretary of the Drummer Boys' F.C., to be at the gates to welcome the arriving team. But Master Argent was nowhere to be seen. He was not, as a matter of fact, far away, if Tommy Dodd had only known it.

The Rookwood cyclists stopped, and stood by their machines, waiting for eventualities. Exactly what was going to happen, Jimmy Silver did not know; but he knew that it was nothing like what the merry Moderns expected to happen.

"Argent doesn't seem to be here," said Tommy Dodd. "That blessed sentry's staring at us as if he'd never seen a footer team before. I dare say word's been left with him. I'll speak to him, anyway."

The sentry at the gates had come a little nearer, and Tommy Dodd jumped down from the brake to speak to him.

"Hallo! What's wanted?" asked the man in khaki, eyeing Tommy curiously.

"We're the eleven from Rookwood," explained Tommy Dodd.

The sentry stared.

"You're the what?" he asked.

"The football team from Rookwood," said Tommy. "Haven't we come to the right gate?"

"You cut off!" said the sentry sternly. "This isn't the place to come and play your little jokes, Master Schoolboy!"

"It isn't a joke," said Tommy Dodd impatiently. "We're the Rookwood School Eleven, and we've come for the match."

"The what?"

"The football match, of course. Do you know where Argent is?"

"Argent?"

"Yes; the secretary of the Drummer Boys' Football Club."

"The—the—the—the what?" yelled the sentry.

"The Drummer Boys' Football Club!" howled Tommy Dodd. "I suppose you've heard of it?"

The soldier blinked at him. His first impression was that it was a schoolboy "lark." But Tommy Dodd's earnestness impressed him a little, and he was perplexed. The Modern fellows in the brake were beginning to look a little uneasy.

The Classicals standing by the bikes were all smiles.

"First I've heard of it," said the sentry good-humouredly. "Sure you've come to the right place? This is Latcham Camp."

"Yes, that's right."

"Here, Bill," shouted the sentry to another man within the gates, "have you ever heard of the Drummer Boys' Football Eleven here?"

"Oh, don't be funny!" was the reply of Bill.

"What's all this?" asked a deep voice, as a big, bronzed sergeant came out of the gates. "Now, then, what do you want?"

"We've come to play the football match," said the bewildered Tommy Dodd. "It's for this afternoon. Chap named Argent——"

"Never heard the name."

"He's secretary of the Drummer Boys' Football Club——"

"Never heard of it," said the sergeant suspiciously. "If this is a lark, young man, I warn you——"

"Do you think we should hire a brake, and come ten miles for a lark?" howled Tommy Dodd.

The sergeant grinned.

"Well, I s'pose not. But wait a minute, young gentleman, and I'll inquire."

"Thank you!" said Tommy Dodd gratefully.

The sergeant went in. The rest of the Modern footballers had gathered round Tommy Dodd now, in a puzzled and worried frame of mind. It was simply extraordinary that the eleven they had come to play had never been heard of in Latcham Camp.

A handsome young lieutenant came out after a few minutes, and gave the Rookwood juniors a genial smile.

"Come, now, what is it?" he asked.

Tommy Dodd went on laboriously through his explanation once more. The sentry and the sergeant were grinning. The lieutenant's lips were twitching.

"I'm afraid you've come to the wrong shop, my lad," said the officer. "You can't come in here, that's certain. And there isn't any football match on for to-day, and if there were a drummer boy's

eleven in the camp, I should certainly have heard of it."

"My only hat!" gasped Tommy Dodd, in utter dismay.

"Did you look at the calendar before you started?" asked the lieutenant, with a smile.

"The—the calendar?" stuttered Tommy Dodd.

"Yes. You might have noticed then that it was the First of April," said the young man, laughing. "I'm afraid somebody has been pullin' your leg, young friend. Good-afternoon!"

The natty young gentleman disappeared, still smiling. Tommy Dodd & Co. looked at one another in blank dismay.

"The—the—the First of April!" repeated Tommy Dodd mechanically.

"April fools!" mumbled Tommy Cook.

"Spoofed!" stuttered Tommy Doyle. "Oh, howly mother av Moses! If I iver get within hittin' distance of that spalpeen, Argent——"

"Oh, what a sell!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Modern footballers climbed back into their brake. It was only too clear that they had, unintentionally, assisted some practical joker in celebrating the famous anniversary. There was a wild yell of laughter from the Classical crowd.

The Moderns' faces were crimson.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Jimmy Silver & Co., as they dragged their bikes out into the road.

"Oh, shut up!" snapped Tommy Dodd. "Wait till I meet that chap Argent again!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You'd like to meet him?" asked Jimmy Silver, pausing with one leg over the saddle.

"Wouldn't I just!" panted Tommy Dodd, clenching his fists.

"Then I'll manage it for you," said Jimmy.

"You?"

"Certainly! Do you remember any of the French you've learned at Rookwood?"

"French! What's that got to do with it?"

"Lots!" chuckled Jimmy Silver. "What's the French for Silver, Tommy?"

"Eh? Argent, of course!"

"And what's the English for Argent?"

Tommy Dodd jumped down from the brake and walked up to the sentry. "We're the football eleven from Rookwood, come to play the Drummer Boys' team," he said. "The what?" yelled the soldier. "There ain't no Drummer Boys' team in this camp!" (*See Chapter 4.*)

"Silver!" said Tommy Dodd mystified.

"Exactly!" said Jimmy, while his chums roared. "And there you are!"

"Why—what—what——" A light began to dawn upon Tommy Dodd, and his look grew positively Hunnish. "Argent—Silver—you——"

"Queer that a bit of a bandage over a chap's chivvy should make such a difference, isn't it?" said Jimmy.

"You—you—you——"

"Now you know why Master Argent arranged the match for the First of April!" roared Jimmy Silver. "Goodbye!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. were home a long way ahead of the brake. By the time the Modern footballers arrived, they found the whole school in possession of the story, and yelling over it. Howls of laughter greeted the Modern heroes as they sneaked in, and crawled away to their House to hide their blushes.

The procession of the Classical Players was quite forgotten now. The prestige of the end study was quite restored by that extraordinary jape by which the luckless Moderns had been fooled on the First.

THE END.

THE BOY WITH A SECRET!

(Continued from page 7.)

"No, sir—only a slight touch of toothache," said Leigh, turning red.

"You had it at breakfast this morning, I think."

"Ye-es, sir."

"If there is anything wrong with your teeth, Leigh, you should see the dentist at once. The matter may become very serious if neglected."

"It's—it's all right, sir. I—I had a nasty jar on the jaw yesterday, and that started it," said Leigh hastily. "That's all, sir."

"Oh, very well!"

"My only hat!" murmured Bob Cherry.

Leigh caught Bob's eye, and became crimson. He had told Bob that morning that it was not the knock on the jaw that had started his toothache, and now he had told Mr. Quelch the direct opposite. It was evidently Bob's inquiry that had put the thought into his head. But why should he lie? Was he only pretending to have the toothache?

Bob Cherry felt a sense of disgust. There was a wiliness, a tortuousness about Cecil Leigh that aroused all his repugnance. The fellow had some good qualities, but why was he such an arrant liar?

Leigh was thinking little enough about the lie. He had embarked upon a course at Greyfriars that could not be followed without lying, and every fresh lie had to be supported and buttressed up by more lies. It flashed across Leigh's mind sometimes that he would have done more wisely to tell the plain truth at the start. But—— And, besides, it was too late now. He was committed to the line he had started to follow.

After dinner, Leigh walked down to the Cloisters, and remained there till the bell rang for afternoon school. During afternoon school he had some repose, but the cloud settled on his face again when the Remove were dismissed.

Nobody took any special interest in Cecil Leigh's moods and expressions; but had a youthful Sherlock Holmes been watching him, it would infallibly have been that Leigh was in momentary terror of meeting somebody who was in the house, and whom he might run against by chance at any moment.

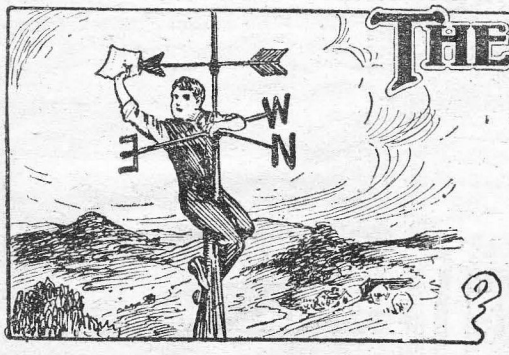
And the bitter part of it was that he knew the meeting must come about some time. He was only staving off the evil hour.

But it gave him time to think. Not that thinking had helped him much so far. He could not think of a way out of the strange and troublesome dilemma that he found himself in. It was so utterly unexpected, so unheard of, he could not posibly have foreseen anything of the kind. What to do now he did not know, except to dodge as long as possible—exposure!

How long would that be?

THE END.

(Another splendid complete Greyfriars story next week, entitled "The Snob!" By Frank Richards.)



THE DAREDEVIL SCHOOLBOY

Exploits of a High Spirited and Fearless Boy, Whose Wild Pranks Cause Him to be Expelled from the School and Join a Cinema Company.

By PAUL PROCTOR.

THE OPENING CHAPTERS.

Dick Trafford, a high-spirited, fearless boy of St. Peter's School, comes to the conclusion, after a meeting with his chums, that the true character of Dr. Jasper Steele, the unscrupulous headmaster, must be revealed before the Board of Governors, who are meeting at the school on the morrow.

In the headmaster's study he catches sight of a letter to a firm of caterers, which he sees will help him in his task.

The governors arrive. Whilst they are reviewing the assembled school in the Quadrangle, one of them, Sir Peter Maxwell, who had been gazing at the school clock-tower, pulls out his binoculars and scrutinises the tower closely. He sees a piece of paper attached to the weather-vane flying in the breeze. When he draws the attention of the school towards it, Dick steps forward, and, to the astonishment of everybody, declares that it was he who put it up there that morning.

"You put it up there this morning?" echoed Sir Peter. "Then why?"

(Now read on.)

Brought to Light!

"BECAUSE it is only right that you should see what is written upon it!" replied Dick quickly. "I was determined that you should, and so I put it there, hoping that one of the governors might notice it and comment upon it. Now, sir, may I get it down for you?"

"You will do no such thing!" roared Dr. Steele. "I forbid it!"

"And I give you full permisson to get it down again, my boy!" cut in Sir Peter Maxwell. "And you keep quiet, Dr. Steele," he added softly, turning upon the doctor. "There is something deuced queer in all this—something very suspicious—and I'm determined to get to the bottom of it all. Cut along, my boy," he concluded, as he patted Dick upon the shoulder, "and good luck to you!"

Dick needed no further bidding, but, with a whoop of joy, he sprang away, flinging his cap and jacket to the ground as he ran.

Simultaneously the whole school turned and gazed after Dick's running figure.

"What did it all mean?" was the thought which assailed every boy of St. Peter's. "Was Daredevil Dick really going to scale that sheer, sloping spire? If so, this would be the last word in his reckless fearlessness!"

But a moment later all doubt was swept aside, as they saw Dick thrust the toe of his right boot into the slot of the letter-box in the front door of the school, and, seizing the knocker in his hand, drag himself up.

The great climb had started!

Spellbound and hushed to awed silence, the boys, masters, and governors looked on.

They saw Dick reach the stone arch over the door, using the carved school-arms as his only hand and foothold.

Now he was upon the slanting slate roof of the school, clambering up, up all the time.

Every moment took him nearer the spot where the tall, steep spire rose high up into the sky above the chimney-pots.

He reached it, and the thrilled onlookers saw him pause for breath.

There were those amongst the masters and governors who thought for a moment that Dick had wavered in his intention, but not one of the boys of St. Peter's considered that.

They knew Dick Trafford better than that—Dare-devil Dick Trafford!

Had they not heard Dick's own statement that he had already climbed to the top of the spire that very morning?

What he had once accomplished he could do again.

Then they saw Dick bend down and remove his heavy leather boots, and, withdrawing from his pocket a pair of light rubber gymnasium shoes, he drew them on. Dick had come on parade that afternoon fully equipped to get that piece of paper.

This done, he started upon the most perilous part of his climb.

Slowly, foot by foot, he commenced to ascend the spire.

"Heaven knows how he gets any foothold at all!" exclaimed Sir Peter beneath his breath. "The boy's a marvel!"

Now Dick was half-way up the spire, and his task, although increasing in danger every second, was at the same time becoming easier, inasmuch as he was now able to curl his arms about the tapering spire and work his way slowly up.

At length he reached the very pinnacle of the spire, and those who watched saw him swing a leg over one of the gilded metal arms which showed the point of the compass, and take a breather.

A rousing cheer rang out from the boys, and more than one of the governors, and even a master, rose to greet and encourage him.

Dick waved his hand cheerily to those below, and then snatched the sheet of paper from the gilded arrow, giving it a knock as he did so which sent it spinning round in a grotesque fashion.

Then he thrust the paper safely into his pocket and swung his leg from off the compass arm, preparatory to commencing his descent.

As all must know who have ever done any climbing—be it but the scaling of a cliff at the seaside whilst on holiday—a descent is fraught with more danger than an ascent.

One is obliged to look down, and then it is that the height is realised, and dizziness may result.

But not so with Dick Trafford.

His nerves were of iron, and his grip sure and strong.

Slowly and with great caution he commenced his return to the ground.

At length he was down from the spire, and had reached the slate roof of the school itself.

The rest was child's-play as compared with the actual scaling of that spire, and a couple of minutes later he had leaped lightly down to the ground level once more.

Again the boys burst into a tumult of applause as Dick ran breathlessly across the playground towards Sir Peter Maxwell, joyously and triumphantly waving the paper above his head.

He thrust it into Sir Peter's hands, and as he did so Dr. Jasper Steele saw and recognised it.

It was a copy of the letter he had written to "The Bostable Catering Society," which Dick had that morning taken from his desk in his study.

Springing forward, Dr. Steele tried to snatch the paper from Sir Peter's grasp, but the governor drew it hastily away out of the headmaster's reach.

"Pardon me, Dr. Steele," he said icily, "but you forget yourself, I think! I am paying fifty pounds for this document. It is therefore my property!"

The headmaster fell back, the light of baffled rage in his eyes.

Smoothing the paper out, Sir Peter Maxwell began to read the typewritten words upon it, and as he did so an expression of surprise and anger rose to his face.

The letter was addressed to a Mr. James Bryant, the manager of the Bostable Catering Society.

"Dear Bryant," read Sir Peter,—"On the Tuesday of next week the governors of St. Peter's are paying their annual visit to the school.

"It would not do either of us any good if they were to see the class of food we are in the habit of giving the boys, and I therefore suggest that you act as upon previous similar occasions, and supply exceptionally good food for this day only.

"I quite understand, of course, that there will be no surplus cash for us to share out as usual over this one day's catering, and, in fact, I do not mind if it costs even more than the correct allowance; in which circumstances you can deduct the balance from your next commission cheque you send me.

"Yours faithfully,

"JASPER STEELE."

Sir Peter finished reading the letter, and, without a word, handed it to one of the other governors.

Then, turning to Dick, he withdrew his pocket-case, and, counting out ten five-pound notes, he thrust them into his hand.

"You were perfectly correct, my boy," he said quietly. "It was quite right that I should see this letter. I offered fifty pounds for it, and you risked your life to get it for me. Take the money, my lad, and good luck to you!"

"I don't want any reward, sir,"

answered Dick, as he offered back the notes. "It is enough for me that the letter was brought to your notice, as I intended it should be!"

"Nonsense!" retorted Sir Peter kindly. "Keep the money! It is well worth it to the governors to give it to you—it will save them well over that in the future!"

"Very good, sir. If you wish it," answered Dick, as he stuffed the crisp notes into his trousers-pocket.

He had never possessed so much money in his life before, but the time was not far distant when fifty pounds would be as nothing to what he was to earn by dint of his fearless courage.

Sir Peter Maxwell turned upon the headmaster, who stood there exposed before the governors—his face scarlet with rage, and his hands closing and unclosing with spasmodic nervousness.

"Dr. Steele!" said Sir Peter icily. "You are a scoundrel and a thief! You have been systematically robbing the governors, and you will be immediately dismissed! Go to your study, Dr. Steele, and await me there until I have conferred with the other governors here, and decided whether we shall institute proceedings against you, and prosecute you for conspiracy and fraud."

Without a word Dr. Steele turned upon his heel, and strode away, his head sunk in shame upon his chest.

He passed within a few inches of where stood Dick Trafford.

"Curse you!" he hissed, beneath his breath. "I'll get even with you for this!"

But Dick only gave a light-hearted laugh in reply.

Ordered Out of the House!

TWO days had passed since the accomplishment of Dick's climb to the top of St. Peter's spire, and the showing-up of Dr. Jasper Steele.

As foreshadowed by Sir Peter Maxwell, the result had been that the headmaster was ignominiously dismissed from his position.

But before he was formally discharged by the governors, Dr. Steele managed to carry out his threat to "get even" with Dick for exposing him.

And he had done this by publicly expelling Dick from St. Peter's, and sending him back with a letter to his father, John Trafford, to the effect that Dick was too much of a handful for any of the masters to deal with.

This had been Dr. Steele's last despicable act before he was relieved of his position.

And now Dick Trafford stood before his father in his study.

Mr. John Trafford had just read the letter which his son had brought him from the headmaster of St. Peter's, and he looked angrily up at his son.

"You're a disgrace, sir!" he roared. "Do you realise what has happened to you? Do you appreciate the shame of being expelled from your school?"

For a moment Dick did not answer. He did not wish to interrupt this stern and strict father of his.

"Answer me!" shouted Mr. Trafford. "Don't stand there like a dummy before me! Answer me, do you hear? What have you got to say for yourself?"

Dick moistened his lips.

This was a far more painful interview for him than the one he had had with Dr. Steele.

"I think, sir," he said respectfully, "that if you will inquire into the circumstances of my being sent away from St. Peter's, you will learn something which will not only surprise you, but will also explain everything to your satisfaction."

"How dare you!" roared Mr. Trafford. "What more do I want than this shameful letter from your headmaster, in which he tells me that you are a hopeless proposition—that none of the masters in the school have been able to keep you in hand? That you are absolutely wild, and uncontrollable!"

"But," expostulated Dick, trying hard to explain, "Dr. Steele has been dismissed from his position for dishonesty. It was I who was responsible for his exposure, and he vented his anger upon me by expelling me from St. Peter's."

Mr. Trafford regarded his son with angered amazement.

"You young rogue!" he thundered. "Not only do you get expelled from the good school that I sent you to, but you try to wriggle out of your disgrace by blackening the name of your headmaster. By libelling him! I have met Dr. Steele, and have a very high opinion of him. How dare you have the audacity to come here and tell me such a wicked cock-and-bull story?"

Dick stood there before his infuriated parent without speaking, for a moment.

"But it's true, sir," he said at length. "I swear it's the truth I've told you!"

"I don't believe it!" stormed Mr. Trafford. "I don't believe it! You are trying to shield your own disgraceful behaviour! To think that my own son should come and lie to me in this way—oh, it's too terrible! You have disgraced me, Richard, and I am glad, for your poor mother's sake, that she never lived to learn this of you.

"You have brought disgrace upon yourself and me! You have wasted the money I spent upon your education," continued Mr. Trafford. "You are no longer a son of mine! I renounce you! Get out of my house immediately, and never let me see your face again!"

"Father!" cried Dick. "You don't mean that? You can't!"

"Silence, boy!" roared Mr. Trafford. "I mean every word of it! Get out!"

And he pointed a finger, trembling with but half-suppressed rage, towards the door of his study.

A pained expression showed in Dick's eyes, but his spirit was such that he would not cringe to even his own father.

He gave a heavy sigh.

"Very well, sir," he said quietly, "I will do as you order—I have no alternative; but I tell you now that you will yet learn that every word I have spoken is the solemn truth, and when you have done so, perhaps you will regret having driven me—your only son—from your doors! But it will be too late then! I'll go, father, but I shall never return!"

And with these words Dick Trafford turned, and walked slowly out of his father's study, his head erect, and his eyes unflinching.

Poor Dick walked across the large square hall of his father's house with unfaltering footsteps towards the front door.

He did not even stop to go to his own room to gather together any trifles he might have wished to take with him.

His one great desire at that moment was to "Get out!" as his father had ordered.

Never in his life had he told or acted a lie to his stern, harsh father, and yet he had been accused of being untruthful now.

It hurt—it hurt Dick very deeply—to think that his father should think so lightly of him, and he was anxious to get away as quickly as possible now.

He reached the front door, and laid his hand upon the bolt, when a voice sounded behind him.

"You're not going away, sir?"

Dick swung round and found himself looking into the kindly face of his father's butler, Perkins, who had been in the family from the time Dick had been born.

"Yes, Perkins!" answered Dick. "I'm going! My father has turned me out!"

"But, sir!" exclaimed the old butler. "You can't go like that!"

"Yes, I can," replied Dick, a trifle sadly, for he loved the old servant as well as Perkins loved him. "Good-bye, Perkins! Don't worry," he added, as he saw a tear creeping into the old man's eye. "I'll be all right!"

Perkins took the hand Dick stretched out towards him.

"Very well, sir," he said, "if you say so, I suppose it must be! May God bless you and keep you, sir!"

"Thanks, Perkins!" said Dick, as he pulled back the bolt. "Good-bye!"

Dick passed out through the door, and down the drive out into the road beyond, but it was not until his figure had disappeared round a bend in the road towards the bridge over the railway-line that old Perkins reclosed the door, shaking his head sorrowfully as he did so.

Dick, with his back turned to his father's house, now started to think.

"What's going to become of me now?" he wondered. "What shall I do to get a living? True I have the fifty pounds which Sir Peter Maxwell gave me, but that won't last for ever. By Jove!" he added suddenly, as he beat the air with his clenched fist. "I wonder if Sir Peter would give me a job of some sort? He's got a big racing-stable. Perhaps he might let me become an apprentice, work in the stable, and ride some of the horses at exercise. Why, I might even become a real professional jockey, and ride the winner of the Derby!"

And so poor homeless Dick's thoughts went rioting and rambling on, as he made his way along the lonely country road towards the railway-station.

He had quite made up his mind to get away up to London, and try and find Sir Peter Maxwell's town address.

He had almost reached the bridge which carried the road across the railway line, when from round the bend of the road he perceived something which caused him to catch his breath in astonishment.

He rubbed his eyes with his knuckles, and looked again.

No, it was not imagination, it was really there.

His Great Chance!

UPON the low stonework parapet of the railway bridge, there stood the figure of a man!

A man garbed in the hideous broad-arrow branded costume of a convict!

The poor fellow appeared to Dick to be upon the point of taking his own life, for it was at once obvious to Dick that he contemplated a leap over the bridge to the railway-line below, and in the near distance Dick could hear the rumbling of an approaching train.

"Poor fellow!" murmured Dick, and broke into a run towards the bridge to try and save the convict from self-destruction.

And then, as Dick ran and turned the bend in the road, he saw something else, which caused him to burst into a roar of laughter.

Upon the other side of the bridge, at a spot which had hitherto been screened from Dick's vision by the sharp bend the road took, stood a couple of motor-cars, and standing upon the seat of one

of them was a man turning the handle of a moving-picture camera.

What Dick had at first believed to be an escaped convict about to commit suicide was nothing more than a scene in a cinema film-play.

"Nearly made an ass of myself then!" laughed Dick to himself. "I might have spoilt the picture!"

And then, dropping back to walking pace again, Dick slowly approached the bridge.

Standing beside the car in which stood the camera-man, was a man wearing a slouch felt hat, and with a long cheroot stuck between his lips.

In one hand he held a sheaf of papers, whilst in the other he gripped a large megaphone, which at that instant he raised to his mouth.

"Now, get ready, Foster!" Dick heard him shout. "She's coming now! Get ready to jump! Mind the engine—let that pass first! And you," added the man with the megaphone, turning it in the direction of another man who was dressed as a prison warder, and carried a carbine—"you get ready to fire! Now stand by—both of you! Get ready; here comes the train! That's right! Now run into the picture and fire!"

The man in the warder's uniform nodded, and running forward in front of the lens of the camera, he raised his carbine to his shoulder, levelled it at the man in the broad-arrow branded costume who stood there swaying upon the narrow stone parapet of the bridge, and pulled the trigger.

The blank cartridge in the chamber went off with a loud crack, and a puff of smoke came from the muzzle of the carbine.

"Now fall!" shouted the man with the megaphone, but still the "convict" wavered. "Fall, man!" roared the man with the megaphone. "Fall!"

But instead of falling over the edge of the parapet as was obviously expected of him, the convict jumped back the other way into the road.

"It's no good!" he cried, in a tremulous tone. "It's no good! I can't do it! It's too dangerous!"

"Snakes!" roared the man with the megaphone, running up towards the convict, and raising his clenched fist in the air. "You'll bust the picture! What sort of a stunt actor do you call yourself? You haven't got the courage of a rat! Get out! You're discharged! But don't go in my "property" clothes! I shall want those for someone to wear who's got a little more pluck than you!"

And, meanwhile, Dick had been the silent witness of this little unrehearsed effect—being first surprised, and then amused in turn.

— —

"You're the Sort of Dare-devil I've Been Looking For!"

THEN suddenly an idea came into Dick's brain!

He ran towards the angry man with the megaphone.

"Do you want someone to fall off that bridge when the warder fires his carbine?" Dick cried excitedly.

"Yep!" answered the American producer of the World-famed Cinema Company. "That's the idea—you've got it fine! Why? Do you figure it out as how you could do it?"

"Do it?" echoed Dick. "Of course I could do it!"

Samuel K Beech regarded Dick with interest.

"Ah!" he said. "And I reckon you would! If I'm any judge of character, I kind of think you might be useful to us, young 'un! I'll give you a chance! You shall have a cut at this act, but it can't be done to-day, now—we've missed the train. You see, the whole idea was for this fellow to fall off the bridge when the warder fired, and for him to land, apparently wounded, on the top of the train which passes below at that moment. He's supposed, in the picture-play, to make good his 'get-away' from the warders in this manner, and I had another man cranking down below under the bridge to get the bit where he falls on the roof of the train. Do you get the idea, young feller?"

"Rather!" replied Dick enthusiastically. "And I'm game to do it for you!"

"All right!" agreed the producer. "Some other time! It's all U P to-day now. We've missed the train!"

"No you haven't!" cried Dick quickly. "It stops at the Junction and waits nearly ten minutes for the connection. Then the line makes a big curve and runs under another bridge similar to this upon the other side of the heath. Quick! If you call your man up from below this bridge, and pack all your traps into these two cars, we can easily get to the other bridge a good five minutes before the train is due there, and in ample time to post your camera-men. I'll show you the way across the heath road, and I can change into the convict's togs on the way. Come on!"

"Gee! But you're some hustler!" cried Mr. Samuel K. Beech admiringly. "You're just my weight, lad—and, hang it, I'll do it!"

Dick beamed with pride and excitement.

By the sheerest stroke of luck he had stumbled across the World-famed Cinema Company, and it looked as if he might get a job right away without having the trouble of finding Sir Peter Maxwell.

Samuel K. Beech raced across to the edge of the bridge, and, leaning over, roared down at the man below through the megaphone.

"Come up here at once, Higgins! We're going on to the other bridge to 'take' over again! Come on; bring your camera and don't waste a minute! In you go, young 'un!" went on the producer breathlessly, turning to Dick. "Into the larger car, and you, too!" he went on, as he pointed to the man standing in the convict's clothes.

"You can go in the other car with the two operators," continued the producer, addressing the man in the warder's uniform. "And look slick about it!"

A couple of minutes later, and the two cars with their burdens were racing across the heath in the direction pointed out by Dick.

And, meanwhile, Dick had stripped off his own jacket and waistcoat, and was drawing on the yellow, broad-arrow branded clothes of which the other man was divesting himself.

At length Dick was completely garbed in the convict's clothes, even to the little cap bearing a similar number to that on the tunic.

"How do I look?" he asked Mr. Samuel Beech, as he struck an attitude.

"Great!" ejaculated the producer "You'll do fine! But, say, youngster, do you think you'll be able to do it? Won't the train be travelling too fast for you to hang on when you drop? I purposely chose that other bridge, because I knew the train would be slowing down to stop at the Junction!"

"That's all right!" returned Dick, in a reassuring tone. "It also stops at Peterfield, which is no farther beyond this second bridge than the Junction was from the other, so it will probably be going about the same speed."

"Right-ho, kid!" returned Samuel K. Beech. "So long as you're sure about that, you've got to do the stunt—not me!"

"Don't you worry!" laughed Dick. "It will all go off like clockwork!"

Five minutes later the second bridge was sighted; and shortly afterwards both cars had come to a standstill upon it.

Each man knew his job, and both the camera men immediately took up their positions—the one with the tripod of the camera erected upon the seat of one of the cars, so as to be level with the parapet of the bridge, and the other scrambling down the sloping bank of the cutting to get a picture of the fall to the roof of the moving train.

All was well in readiness even before they heard the shriek of the whistle as the train steamed out of the Junction station, after waiting for the connection,

(Continued on page 16.)

POPULAR FAVOURITES!

No. 9.— ARTHUR NEWCOME.

A MEMBER OF THE FISTICAL FOUR.

Arthur Newcome is the third on the list of Rookwood "celebrities." Generally simply referred to by his surname, he usually keeps well in the background, leaving most of the "action" to his other three study-mates, and chiefly to Jimmy Silver and Lovell. But where Newcome scores—or, at least, warrants his place in the famous Fistical Four—is in the staunchness and loyalty he shows in backing up the decisions of "Uncle James."

Arthur Newcome is one of the "original" trio, being at Rookwood some time before the arrival of Jimmy Silver. It was in the latter's feuds with Smythe of the Shell for the junior captaincy that he showed his usefulness as a backer, and in no little degree his fighting prowess.

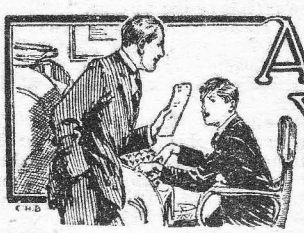
The only thing that prevents A. N. becoming a "shining light," so to speak, is his lack of schoolboy energy. Were it not for this he would be as popular as Jimmy Silver any day. He possesses all the necessary schoolboy assets, such as having a fine sense of honour, a fair sense of humour, and a devil-may-care character. And, last but not least, quite a good reputation as a wielder of fists.

Summing up, then, all that can be said is that Arthur Newcome is "one of the best," and it is certainly not his fault that he keeps in the background.

If any fellow ever wanted a pal—a friend who would stand by him stolidly in his hour of need, a friend on whom he could rely to the utmost—he could turn with perfect confidence to the third of the Rookwood "celebrities"—

Arthur Newcome

WRITE TO YOUR EDITOR ABOUT IT!



A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR

YOUR EDITOR IS ALWAYS PLEASED TO HEAR FROM HIS READERS. ADDRESS: EDITOR, THE "POPULAR," THE FLEETWAY HOUSE, FARRINGDON STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

For next Friday we have another splendid programme. The first long complete story will be of Greyfriars, and is entitled:

"THE SNOB!"
By Frank Richards.

In this story we find Cecil Leigh looked upon as nothing but a snob of the first water. However, the secret he has been keeping to himself is found out at last, and not a few juniors are somewhat surprised at the attitude Leigh adopts, and certainly the juniors afterwards think better of

"THE SNOB!"

The second long complete story will be concerning the adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co., of Rookwood, and is entitled:

"JIMMY SILVER'S SECRET!"
By Owen Conquest.

This story deals with a secret which Jimmy Silver holds, but refuses to divulge even to his chums. The latter somewhat naturally feel hurt, and there is a rift in the lute!

This is an extra special story, my chums!

"BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY."

There will also be another magnificent four-page supplement devoted to Billy Bunter's screamingly funny weekly. Boys of Greyfriars, Rookwood, and St. Jim's turn out some remarkably fine "stuff," and even Billy Bunter's editing does not spoil the stories, jokes, and articles.

Readers who wish to make sure of getting their copy of the "Popular" will be well advised to order their copy in advance. Newsagents sell them very quickly, you know, and many hundreds of boys and girls who have never read about Billy and his "Weekly" are now taking in the "Popular." One of the new readers might get YOUR copy!

"POPLETS" COMPETITION No. 9.

Here are the twelve examples for this week's competition:

Looking for Trouble.	Behind Locked Doors.
Ignoring Rising-Bell.	Setting Good Example.
Loyal and True.	When Coker Thinks.
Satisfying Everybody.	Presence of Mind.
Always in Demand.	Towser and Pongo.
Money Easily Earned.	When Mauleverer Runs.

Read the following rules carefully, and then send in your postcard. Readers should particularly note that TWO efforts can be sent in on one card, but no effort may contain more than FOUR words.

Select Two of the examples, and make up a sentence of TWO, THREE, or FOUR words having some bearing on the example, ONE of the words in your sentence must commence with One of the letters in the example.

You must study these rules carefully before you send in your effort:

1. All "Poplets" must be written on one side of a POSTCARD, and not more than two "Poplets" can be sent in by one reader each week.

2. The postcards must be addressed "Poplets" No. 9, The "Popular," Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4.

3. No correspondence can be entered into in connection with "Poplets."

4. The Editor's opinion on any matter which may arise is to be accepted as final and legally binding. This condition will be strictly enforced, and readers can only enter the competition on this understanding.

5. I guarantee that every effort will be thoroughly examined by a competent staff of judges, PROVIDED that the effort is sent in on a POSTCARD and that it is received on or before the date of closing.

All efforts must be received on or before April 7th.

TEN PRIZES OF FIVE SHILLINGS EACH to senders of the TEN BEST "POPLETS."

Result of "POPLETS" Competition, No. 3.

The Ten Prizes of Five Shillings each have been awarded to the following readers, who sent in the best efforts for Competition No. 3:

E. J. Power, Blackhall Street, Dublin.
Billy Bunter's Weight.
Weighing Machine Won't Record.

W. Gore, 33, Wingfield Road, Leytonstone Road, E. 15.
Why Levison Changed.
Minor's Influence Chiefly Responsible.

F. James, jun., 521, Fishponds Road, Fishponds, Bristol.
Billy Bunter's Weight.
His "Sighs" Won't Reduce.

A. Charles, 519, Fishponds Road, Fishponds, Bristol.
When Cricket Comes.
Bunter "Stumped" as Usual.

A. Brown, 429, Moston Lane, Moston, Manchester.
Tom Merry's Chums.
Possess Good "Manners."

A. E. Ambrose, 26, Trinity Street, Rhostyllen, nr. Wrexham.
Reader's Money Prize.
Reserved for Deserved.

A. Head, Victoria Road, Coleford, Glos.
What Bunter Wants.
"Grit," not "Rock."

B. Jones, 7, New Street, Ross-on-Wye.
Billy Bunter's Weight.
Greater than His Worth.

J. Sunley, Worthwill Cottage, Park Lane, Keighley, Yorks.
When Mornington's Sulky.
Smythe's Pocket's Bulky.

H. Reeves, 19, Anngier Street, Dublin.
Why Levison Changed.
A "Minor" Consideration.

No less than five readers lost prizes because they did not put their names and addresses on their postcards! I am sorry for them, but—it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good!

FOOTBALL.

Three readers of the Companion Papers—R. Rawlinson, C. Cowan, and J. Harris, 4, Moor place, London Road, Liverpool—are anxious to form a football club, and want to hear from those interested, age about 16, preferably those fellows living in the centre of Liverpool.

Your Editor

"THE DAREDEVIL SCHOOLBOY!"

(Continued from page 14.)

and utilising the delay to take more coal into the tender of the locomotive, for, after stopping for a couple of minutes at Peterfield, the train was a non-stop express right through to London.

"Here she comes!" cried Samuel K. Beech, as he heard the whistle. "Now, stand by, everyone! You get up on the parapet, so as to be ready, young 'un, and to give the operator a chance to focus. Stand just over the set of rails along which the train'll come!"

Dick nodded his understanding, and, vaulting lightly up on to the stone parapet of the bridge, he took up his position over the metals of the up line.

Samuel K. Beech stood upon the other side of the bridge watching for the train to come in sight round the curve. He could already hear the rumble of its approach.

"Here she is! Start cranking!" he shouted through his megaphone, as he sighted the locomotive. "But, thunder! What's wrong? The thing's going about forty miles an hour. It'll never pull up in time to stop at Peterfield. You'd better not risk it, young 'un. You'll kill yourself!"

"Pooh!" laughed Jack from his perilous position upon the parapet. "I can do it, and it'll make all the better a picture!"

And before Samuel K. Beech could utter another word in remonstrance the train had reached the bridge.

"Go on!" shouted Dick to the warder.

The warder did as Dick instructed.

Crack! sounded his carbine, as he brought it smartly to his shoulder, and Dick, with a piece of consummate acting, flung his hands up above his head, tottered for a moment upon the edge of the parapet, and then fell backwards.

But Dick had been the merest fraction of a second too quick, for instead of landing upon the top of one of the coaches as the train rushed through from under the bridge—which would have meant only about a twelve foot drop—he fell as the huge locomotive with its tender full of freshly loaded coal passed beneath him.

(To be continued.)

Printed and published every Tuesday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press, Limited, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Advertisement offices: The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Subscription rates: Inland, 13s. per annum; 6s. 6d. for six months. Abroad, 11s. per annum; 5s. 6d. for six months. Sole agents for South Africa: The Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; and for Canada, The Imperial News Co., Ltd. Saturday, April 2nd, 1921. DN