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# The POPULAR 2d

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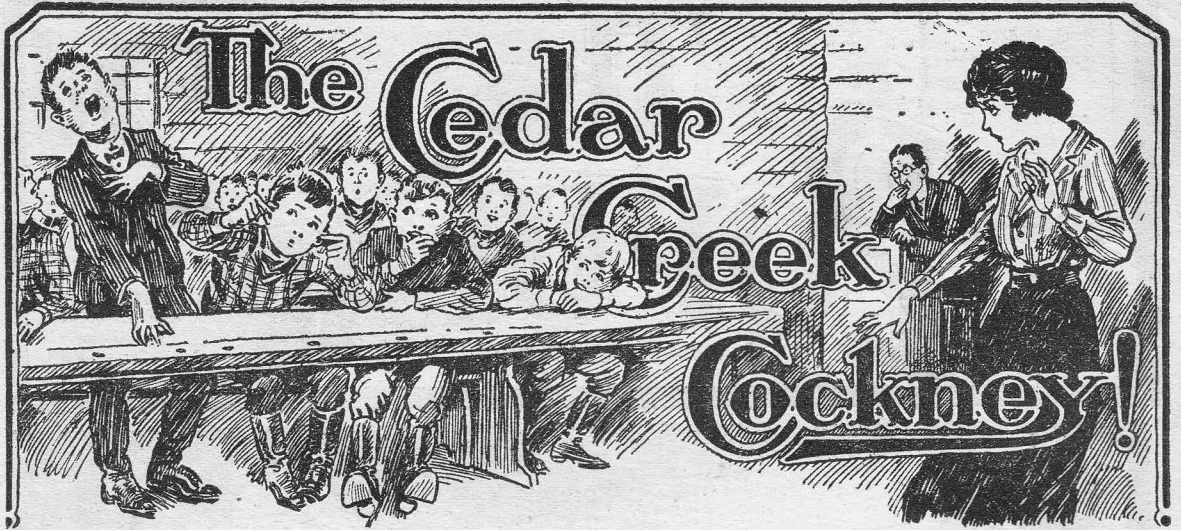
GRAND  
COLOURED  
ENGINE PLATE  
**FREE**  
WITH THIS  
ISSUE.

**A WETTING FOR CHUNKY, THE "REDSKIN CHIEF"!**

(A humorous episode from the long complete tale of Frank Richards & Co., inside.)

## 2 A Splendid Series of Camping-out Articles Written by The Greyfriars

'AROLD HOPKINS ARRIVES AT CEDAR CREEK STRAIGHT FROM THE OLD COUNTRY, BUT HE IS NOT SUCH A "GREENHORN" AS HE LOOKS!



A Splendid Long Complete Story, dealing with the Schooldays in the Backwoods of Canada, of FRANK RICHARDS, Author of the Tales of Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

(Author of the Famous Stories of St. Jim's now appearing in the "Gem" Library.)

### THE FIRST CHAPTER.

#### Good Samaritans.

"LIKE a holiday to-day, Franky?" Bob Lawless propounded that query, after breakfast, at the Lawless Ranch, when it was nearly time to start for Cedar Creek School, as usual.

"What-ho!" said Frank Richards, at once. "Is it a school holiday to-day?"

"Nix. But I guess I can work it with dad," said Bob Lawless. "I mean a backwoods holiday, you know."

"What's that?"

"A bit harder work than usual," said Bob, laughing.

"All serene," said Frank. "I'm not afraid of work, and it's a bit of a change from lessons, anyway."

"Then let's go and tackle popper." Frank Richards and his Canadian cousin left the ranch-house, and looked for Mr. Lawless. They found him giving instructions to a Kootenay cattle-man at the gate of the corral.

"Hallo! Isn't it time you youngsters were off?" asked the rancher, as the two schoolboys came up.

"I guess so, cad. But I've got an idea," explained Bob. "There's a new emigrant at Cedar Camp from the Old Country, and he's starting for his holding to-day. He's a regular greenhorn—a Cockney from Cockneysville."

"How do you know?" asked the rancher.

"One of the men back from Cedar told me," explained Bob. "I've thought it would be only neighbourly to go and lend him a hand. You know how these new emigrants get stuck up on the trails, popper, and there's been rain."

The rancher smiled.

"It's a good idea, Bob, and I'm glad to see you so thoughtful for your neigh-

bours. You can go, if you like. I'll send word to Miss Meadows at the school by the store-waggon."

"Right-ho!" said Bob. "Come on, Franky!"

It did not take the chums long to saddle and mount their ponies, and they rode off in the direction of Cedar Camp.

It was a pleasant change, to gallop over the prairie in the sunny morning, instead of sitting down to lessons in the log school house at Cedar Creek. Frank Richards liked his school, but he enjoyed the holiday.

"Hallo! I guess that's the outfit!" exclaimed Bob Lawless suddenly.

The schoolboys were not yet in sight of Cedar Camp when Bob sighted the "outfit" on the prairie trail.

There had been rain, and the trail, marked only by wheel-ruts and the stamp of horses' hoofs, was deep with mud. A drove of cattle passing at dawn had tramped up the mud in thick masses.

In the middle of the trail a waggon was halted.

There was a dip in the plain at this point, and the bottom of the hollow was soft and oozy.

There the mud was softest, deepest, and thickest.

And there the emigrants had evidently come to grief.

The waggon was stuck fast in the mud, and the single horse—not a very sturdy beast—was dragging at it in vain.

A man and a boy were wrenching at the heavy wheels, to help the horse by turning them; a buxom, plump-faced woman was looking on, with an expression of hopeless dismay. A dog barked dismally round the group.

Bob Lawless grinned.

"I reckoned they'd be in trouble on the trail," he remarked. "Looks as if they'd found it—hey?"

"Looks like it," said Frank. "I'm

glad we came along. I'm blessed if I see how that waggon's to be got out, though. It's loaded up to the hilt, and they've got the wheels buried to the axles."

"Just like greenhorns from the dickens knows where," said Bob. "Only a howling tenderfoot would have thought that one geegee could rag that outfit over a trail like this. Let's help."

The two schoolboys rode up, with a spatter of mud, and jumped off their horses. They raised their hats politely to the plump lady.

The man and the boy, tugging at the wheels, relinquished them, and stood up, panting for breath.

Frank Richards looked with some interest at the lad who was likely to be his schoolfellow at Cedar Creek.

The lad was about fourteen, with a bullet-head, and unruly hair growing almost upright on it, a pug nose, and a mouth of considerable size.

He could not be called handsome, but his face was very good-natured and good-tempered, and Frank rather liked his looks.

"Can we help you, sir?" asked Bob. "Mr. Hopkins, I think?"

"That's my name," said the emigrant, gasping for breath. "Enry 'Opkins, at your service. As for 'elping me, I don't know. I think this here waggin is going to stick 'ere till nigh on Doomsday. I wish I was back in the Old Kent Road—I do that!"

"Can't we leave it 'ere, father, and take a tram?" asked the youthful Hopkins, who had evidently had enough of attempting to drag the waggon out of the mire.

"Take a what?" ejaculated Bob. "A tram! Don't you know what a tram is?"

"Don't be a young hass, 'Arold," said



Mr. Hopkins. "There ain't no trams in this 'ere uncivilised country!"

"Oh, wot a country!" groaned 'Arold. "Fancy, a country where you can't take a tram when you want to!"

"This 'ere road ain't kept in proper order," said Mr. Hopkins, wiping the perspiration from his brow with a big red handkerchief. "The County Council ought to see to this 'ere road. Disgraceful, I call it!"

Like many emigrants, the Hopkins' family had brought all their Old Country ideas, unchanged and unimpaired, to their new country with them.

But Bob Lawless was quite used to the peculiar ideas and beliefs that inexperienced emigrants brought out to the West with them. He only smiled at Mr. Hopkins' exasperated remark.

"Well, we came along to help," he remarked. "We heard you were starting this morning, Mr. Hopkins."

"I'm sure you're very kind," said Mr. Hopkins gratefully. "But 'ow is this 'ere waggin goin' to git goin, hey?"

"We're stuck 'ere for good, it seems to me," said 'Arold dismally.

"Accidents will happen," said Bob. "But you'll get out of it all right. Unload the waggon first."

"Oh, my eye!"

Father and son set to work unloading the waggon, and Bob and Frank piled in with great energy to help them.

Household goods and all kinds of parcels and packages were piled up beside the trail.

Many hands make light work, and the process of unloading was not so long as the hapless emigrant had feared.

When it was completed, Bob hitched the two ponies to the waggon, and the three horses pulled together, and the heavy wheels, slowly and reluctantly, rolled out of the mire.

"Brayvo!" gasped Mr. Hopkins.

Bob drew on the horses till the waggon was safe on firmer ground. Then the process of re-loading was undertaken.

It was completed at last, and Mrs. Hopkins took her seat in the waggon.

"We shall git stuck again, you bet your socks," said 'Arold 'Opkins dismally.

"Not with three horses," said Bob cheerfully. "We're sticking to you till you get home, you know."

"You're very kind," said Mr. Hopkins, greatly relieved and comforted.

"Not at all; it's a Canadian custom," said Bob, laughing.

Bob and Frank walked with the horses, leading and helping them, and Mr. Hopkins and his son gave the waggon an occasional shove. And at high noon the party arrived on the bank of Cedar Creek, about a mile down the stream from the school.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### Making a Home.

"THIS 'ere our 'ome, father?" exclaimed Harold Hopkins, in tones of incredulous horror, as the waggon halted.

"Yes, 'Arold."

"Oh crumbs!"

Harold could say no more than that. Speech failed him.

"I come out yesterday on a 'orse, and saw over it." Mr. Hopkins explained to the cousins. "It knocked me pink, I tell you! I never knowed it was like this 'ere. But other folks manages some'ow, and so can we. Keep your 'eart up, 'Arold."

The view was certainly not encourag-

ing to a totally inexperienced emigrant used only to town life.

The Hopkins' holding lay along the creek, which was a great advantage, as it ensured a constant supply of water at their very doors. But this tremendous advantage was quite lost upon these "babes in the wood." Quite possibly they had expected "company's water" to be laid on!

The land was good and rich, in its way, and the eye of an agriculturist would have been delighted by it. But the Cockney emigrants had all their knowledge of agriculture yet to gain.

The land produced, at present, rough grass and innumerable wiry weeds, with an occasional clump of birch and larch, and a few scattered trees of large size, which had to be "cleared" before the land could be farmed.

There was, naturally, no shelter of any kind for man or beast. Frank Richards wondered whether the Hopkinses had expected a handsome house to rise from the ground of its own accord to greet them.

Fortunately, it was a fine, sunny day, though the ground was steaming from late rains.

"But where are we going to sleep to-night, father?" asked Harold, when he had recovered the use of his voice.

"We have to build somethin'," 'Arold."

"Oh, a log cabin!" said 'Arold, with a glimmer of comprehension. Evidently he had heard of log cabins.

"Well, the log cabin will follow," said Bob Lawless. "You'll have to run up something quick for shelter, and extend it into a full-sized cabin afterwards—see? You get your materials for nothing; they're growing all round you. You only want an axe and some elbow grease."

"Oh!"

"And we're going to help," said Bob. "And I dare say other folk will drop along to lend a hand. They often do with newcomers."

"Well, that's kind and 'earty," said Mr. Hopkins.

"What about Injuns?" asked 'Arold, looking round at the shadowy wood behind.

"Injuns?" repeated Bob.

"Yes. S'pose they was to come down on us—eh?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You can larf," said 'Arold warmly, "but I don't see as it's a joke to be scalped and perhaps tortured at the stake by Injuns, like the trappers in the Buffalo Bill stories I read at 'ome."

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Bob. "Don't worry, old chap; that won't happen to you."

"Ain't there any Injuns 'ere?" asked 'Arold.

"Lots! But they're all right! They won't do anything worse than sell you bead ornaments for twice what they're worth." Bob Lawless wiped his eyes. "My dear chap, your scalp is as safe here as it was in the Old Kent Road. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, orl right!" said 'Arold, still a little dubiously. Thrilling fiction on the subject of the Wild West had given him a weird idea of Canada, which he could not get out of his head all at once.

"Better have lunch now, and then get to work," said Bob Lawless.

The chums had brought sandwiches with them, and lunch was the next step. Mrs. Hopkins unpacked a basket of provisions from the waggon.

Over lunch the spirits of the emigrant family revived.

The glorious keen air and sunshine of

British Columbia had its natural effect upon them, in spite of their misgivings.

After lunch the emigrants set to work. Frank Richards and his chum labouring like Trojans to assist them.

Wood had to be cut in quantities on the edge of the forest, and it was hard work, though not so hard to the native Canadian as to the "tenderfoot."

While they were at work, a horseman rode up, in the scarlet coat of the North-West Mounted Police. It was Sergeant Lasalle, whom the schoolboys knew.

The sergeant dismounted, and with a cheery greeting to the emigrants, piled in to help in the work of erecting the shack.

Later in the afternoon two neighbours came along, neighbours in the frontier sense, that is. Their holdings were a good many miles away. They were Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Dawson, whose sons were at Cedar Creek School.

They joined in the work as if it were a matter of course.

It was rather an eye-opener to Mr. Hopkins, and to the cheerful 'Arold. It was a Canadian custom that was very pleasant and useful to the newcomers.

Later still, Beauclerc, the remittance man of Cedar Camp, came along the creek with a rod under his arm. As soon as he saw the work going forward, he laid down his rod, removed his coat, and joined the workers. It was a matter of course.

Many hands made light work.

The shack was run up in very quick time, and, small as it was, it was a good weatherproof shelter, all that was needed until a more substantial building could be erected.

Mrs. Hopkins looked much more cheerful when she was able to arrange some of her household goods about her new dwelling.

As her husband remarked, it made it look a good deal more like "ome."

The sun was low in the west when the kind helpers took their leave.

The chums enjoyed their supper at the ranch that evening. Hard work had given them an excellent appetite. And there were smiles along the table when Bob described 'Arold 'Opkins and his uneasiness concerning the safety of his scalp.

## THE THIRD CHAPTER.

### Taking the Stranger In.

IT was about a week later that Harold Hopkins put in his appearance at Cedar Creek school.

Frank and Bob found him there one morning when they arrived.

Hopkins was the centre of a little crowd in the schoolground, who were making him talk, apparently deriving considerable amusement from his odd pronunciation. He grinned in a friendly way at the cousins, and came towards them.

"Ere I am!" he announced.

There was, at least, no shyness about Master Hopkins.

"How are you getting on at the clearing?" asked Frank.

"First rate," said 'Arold. "Lots of work to do. I'm only comin' 'ere 'arf the week at present. I 'ave to 'elp father."

"Good man!" said Bob.

"Father's 'ired a man, though," said Hopkins. "What do you think? They fetches up the stumps of trees by 'arnessing oxen to 'em, and draggin' 'em out. Jever 'ear of such a thing?"

"It's the usual way," said Bob, laughing.

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A MAGNIFICENT STORY OF FRANK RICHARDS & CO. BY MARTIN CLIFFORD.

NEXT TUESDAY!

BY SHEER

PLUCK!

## 4 Another Grand Free Coloured Engine Plate in Next Tuesday's Issue!

"Seems jolly queer to me," said Hopkins. "Lots of queer things in this country, if you ask me!"

"And more coming every day," grinned Bob.

Hopkins laughed. He could take a joke against himself.

"Bloomin' schoolmarm 'ere — eh?" Hopkins remarked, as he went in with the cousins, with a glance at Miss Meadows, who was in the porch.

"That's our schoolmistress," said Frank. "She's a very nice lady."

"Who's the chap in the blinkers?"

"The—the what?"

"That cove with the barnacles, I mean."

"Oh, the chap in specs," gasped Frank. "That's Mr. Slimmey, the assistant master. He takes the Lower Form."

Hopkins looked round the school-room with a critical eye.

New as he was, and decidedly green, he had the cool self-possession of the born Cockney, and was not in the slightest degree put out by finding himself a stranger in a strange place.

"Not a bad show this," he finally pronounced. "More'n I expected to find 'ere. 'Allo, wot is it?"

Chunky Todgers joined the Cockney youth, as Frank and Bob went to speak to their chum, Vere Beauclerc. Chunky was a humorous youth, and his love of a joke was as great as his circumference, which is saying a good deal. Chunky saw great possibilities of fun in the new-comer.

"I suppose Lawless has given you a tip about the anthem?" he remarked.

Hopkins stared.

"He ain't said nothing about any anthem," he replied. "What are you driving at?"

"Do you mean to say you don't know it's a custom here?"

"Course I don't! Ain't this 'ere my first day?" said Hopkins. "I've 'ad just a word with the schoolmarm, and that's all."

"It's all right," assured Chunky. "A custom in Canadian schools, that's all. I suppose you want to do the right thing?"

"Wot to!"

"Otherwise, the schoolmarm might be down on you, and think you mean to be disrespectful."

"I shouldn't like 'er to think so," said Hopkins, in alarm. "What's this 'ere custom you're talking about? Tell a cove, can't you?"

"Right-ho! A new boy here always has to sing the school anthem as soon as the schoolmistress comes in," explained Chunky Todgers. "The whole class rises, of course, and then the new fellow sings the anthem. You're the only new fellow here to-day, as it happens!"

"But I don't know the anthem!" said Hopkins, in dismay. "Ow's a chap to sing wot 'e don't know?"

"I'll tell you," said Chunky, with a face as solemn as an owl's. "If you don't know the school anthem—sure you don't?"

"Course I am!"

"Then you sing 'Rule, Britannia' instead. You know that?"

"Everybody knows that, I s'pose," said Hopkins. "I don't know that I could sing it all through, though."

"That's not necessary—the chorus is enough. Just stand up and sing that when Miss Meadows comes in, and you'll be all right. Don't you do that in English schools?"

"Never 'eard of such a thing," said Hopkins, with a shake of the head. "But

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this 'ere ain't much like the schools at 'ome, anyway."

"Hush! Here she comes!" whispered Chunky.

There was a rush for the forms as Miss Meadows appeared in the doorway. Chunky Todgers kindly drew Harold into a seat by himself.

"You sit here, Hopkins. Wait till the class rises, and then go ahead."

"Right you are, and much obliged to you!"

"Not at all. We always help new-comers to learn the ropes," said Todgers cheerily.

Miss Meadows came into the school-room, and the class rose respectfully as she came towards them. And Harold Hopkins, warned by a nudge from Chunky that the moment had come, started.

"Rule, Britannia—"

Hopkins' voice was not musical, but it was powerful. He had to sing, and he put his beef into it. His voice rang from one end of the school-room to the other.

There was a general jump.

Everyone in the school-room stared at Hopkins. Miss Meadows stood petrified.

Mr. Slimmey looked round from his class, his glasses nearly falling off his nose in his astonishment.

Headless of the general amazement—in fact, unaware of it—Hopkins thundered on:

"Britannia rules the waves!"

"Good gracious!" gasped Miss Meadows.

"Britons never, never, never—"

"Britons never, never, never—"

"Britons never, never, never—"

"Britons never, never, never—"

"Britons never, never, never—"

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"Britons never, never, never—"

place to sing at the top of your voice when lessons are about to commence?"

"Yes, marm."

"Are you out of your senses, Hopkins?"

"I 'ope not, marm."

"Then explain to me, at once, why you acted in such a ridiculous manner."

"Ridiklus is the word, if you ask me, marm," agreed Hopkins. "But it ain't for me to say nothing about a Canadian custom."

"A Canadian custom!" ejaculated the schoolmistress.

"Yes, marm."

"Is it possible, Hopkins, that someone has told you that such an action is a Canadian custom?" exclaimed Miss Meadows, beginning to see light.

"Yes, marm. Which it was very kind of the fat chap to tell me, seeing as I'm a stranger 'ere, and never 'eard of the custom."

Miss Meadows fixed her eyes upon Chunky Todgers. She could guess that he was the "fat chap" alluded to.

"Todgers!"

"Oh dear!" murmured Chunky. "Yes, ma'am"

"Did you induce Hopkins to act in this ridiculous manner?"

"Only a—a—a joke, ma'am," stammered Chunky.

"Ho!" ejaculated Hopkins. "A joke, was it? You were pulling my leg, you fat frump, was you?"

"Silence, Hopkins! Todgers, you should not play these absurd jokes on a new boy. I shall give you a detention task this evening!"

"Oh dear!" murmured Chunky, not at all pleased at this outcome of his little joke.

"Silence in the class, please!" said Miss Meadows severely.

And the titters were subdued, and Cedar Creek School settled down to the morning's work.

Chunky Todgers was rather wrathful during lessons. He liked the feast, but not the reckoning.

His fat face was frowning when the school was dismissed at noon, and the fellows streamed out of the log school-house.

"Did you ever see such a silly ass?" Chunky asked, appealing to Frank and his chums as he joined them outside.

"He ought to have had sense enough to keep his silly mouth shut, oughtn't he?"

"You oughtn't to have pulled his leg, you fat fraud!" said Frank.

"Oh, rats! That chap was simply born to be stuffed!" said Todgers. "I'll jolly well stuff him again, too, outside the school this time, though!"

"Ha, ha!"

"He's full of Red Indians and things," said Chunky, a grin overspreading his fat face. "I've been pitching him yarns about Redskins, and he's full up to the chin with them."

"Perhaps he will take a discount off your yarns after this," remarked Beauclerc.

"Wait till he sees a Red Indian!" said Chunky. "Lend me your pony to trot down to Thompson, Richards. I want to get some things there."

"You're not going to get a Red Indian in the town, I suppose?" exclaimed Bob.

Chunky chuckled.

"No; I'm going to borrow a Red Indian outfit at Gunten's store. He's got them there, you know, and he will lend them for an afternoon for a dollar. You lend me a dollar, Bob?"

Chunky Todgers was persuasive, and he had his way. With Bob Lawless' dollar

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"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Shall be slaves!" concluded Hopkins in a roar.

He sat down, feeling that he had acquitted himself well. The school-room almost rocked with laughter.

**THE FOURTH CHAPTER.**

**Chunky Todgers on the Warpath.**

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence!" exclaimed Miss Meadows.

It was not easy to get silence. Hopkins' extraordinary feat was too much for Cedar Creek.

The new fellow looked round in surprise. He could not see what caused that burst of Homeric laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"He must be potty!" murmured Frank Richards, in wonder. "What the dickens—"

"Silence! Hopkins!"

Hopkins stood up again.

"Yes, marm."

"What do you mean?"

"Eh?"

"What do you mean by bursting out shouting in that absurd manner in the school-room?" exclaimed Miss Meadows.

"My eye! I wasn't shouting, marm; I was singing!" said Hopkins indignantly.

"Well, singing, then, you absurd boy! Do you think that this is the proper

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**NEXT TUESDAY! "BY SHEER PLUCK!"**



in his pocket, he mounted Frank Richards' pony, and started at a gallop for the town.

He came back very late for dinner, and was spoken to severely by Miss Meadows; but he was so meek that the schoolmistress was disarmed. She was very far from suspecting the cause of Chunky's absence.

Before afternoon school Chunky very mysteriously guided Frank Richards & Co. to the old corral near the school, where a bundle reposed on the ground.

"That's the things!" he announced. "Feathers and blanket and moccasins, same as the chaps used in the show at the Mission. I've got some paint for my face, too. I shall make a top-hole Redskin. You fellows will have to keep Hopkins from clearing off till I'm ready."

"But——"

"Oh, bother your butts!" said Chunky.

Half an hour after lessons they turned their steps down the creek in the direction of the old corral.

Chunky Todgers had had time to put on his war-paint and feathers, and it was time for the wild Indian to appear.

"Hallo! Somebody in there!" remarked Bob Lawless, as there was a sound within the old fence of the corral.

He moved along to the gate, and looked in. The next moment he struck an attitude of dramatic terror.

"Indians!" he gasped.

"Indians!" repeated Frank and Beauclerc, in gasping voices.

"Oh dear!" ejaculated Harold Hopkins.

There was a wild whoop in the corral, and a fearsome-looking figure came bounding into view through the gateway. Harold Hopkins stood rooted to the ground, blinking at him.

Hopkins seemed petrified for some moments.

But as the Redskin came close, Hopkins lowered his head and charged at him with a suddenness that startled his companions and the Redskin, too.

The Cockney rushed under the flourishing tomahawk, and grasped the Redskin round the body.

"Yaroo!" roared the startled red man in tones quite unlike those of a Red Indian on the war-path.

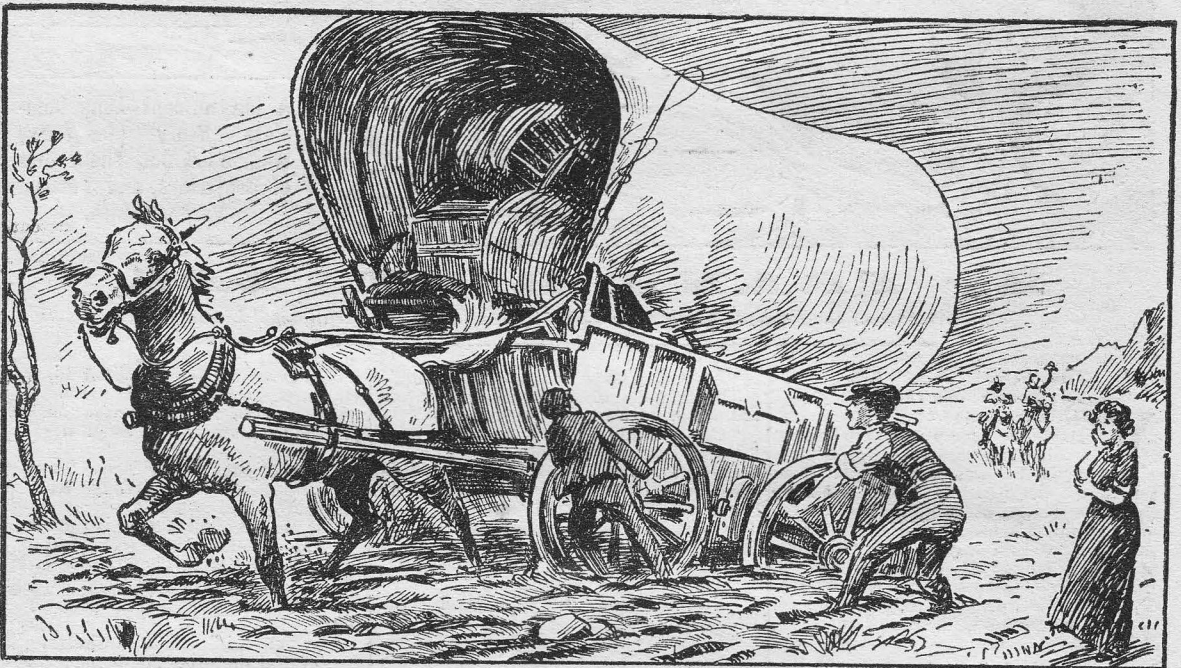
Hopkins whirled him off his feet, and brought him to the ground with a crash.

The tomahawk flew through the air, and most of the Indian's feathers were scattered far and wide. The Redskin rolled on the ground, roaring under the weight of the Cockney in his strong grip.

"Yoop! Ow! Leggo!" roared the Red Indian.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yurrrrgg!"



**THE EMIGRANTS IN TROUBLE!** As Frank Richards and his cousin came riding up they saw a man and a boy wrenching at the wheels of a wagon which was stuck fast in the muddy trail. Bob Lawless grinned: "I reckoned they'd be in trouble on the trail!" he said. "That's why I wanted to ride over!" (See Chapter 1.)

"Take him down to the creek and show him your canoe; and then bring him for a walk this way. I'll be ready in less than half an hour after lessons."

"Right-ho!" said Bob Lawless, laughing.

So keen was Chunky on his "jape" that he was extremely inattentive to lessons, and more than once came under Miss Meadows' special and severe attention.

But Chunky bore that philosophically. It could not be helped.

When the school was dismissed at last, he bestowed a fat wink upon Bob Lawless, and disappeared in the direction of the old corral.

Bob at once seized upon Hopkins, and took him down to the creek to see the birch-bark canoe. Hopkins was in no hurry to get home, and he accompanied the chums of Cedar Creek cheerfully.

**THE FIFTH CHAPTER.**

**Rough on the Redskin.**

**W**HOOP!" "Holy smoke!" gasped Hopkins.

The Indian was terrifying to look at.

In build he was short and stout, but a magnificent headdress of war feathers made him look taller. He wore moccasins and a blanket, and his skin was brown as a berry, and daubed with war-paint in red and yellow ochre.

In his brown hand he flourished a tomahawk as he charged towards the group of schoolboys on the bank of the creek.

Bob, Frank, and Vere Beauclerc crowded behind Harold Hopkins as if for protection.

The Red Indian, brandishing his tomahawk and letting out ear-splitting whoops, rushed right at them.

"Got him!" yelled Hopkins. "Got the Injun! Lend me a 'and, you coves, and chuck him into the water!"

"Oh crumbs! Ha ha, ha!"

"What are you up to, Hopkins?" shrieked Bob Lawless, as the Cockney, crimson with exertion and excitement, dragged the fat Redskin down the bank towards the creek by main force.

"Lend a 'and!" gasped Hopkins.

"I'm going to drown him!"

"Wha-a-at?"

"That's the only way of killing him. I ain't got a gun!" yelled Hopkins. "I'm not going to drown him!"

"Oh, Jerusalem crickets!"

"Help!" shrieked the unhappy Chunky. "Help! Yaroo! I ain't going to be drowned! Oh jiminy! Help me, you dummies! Yooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

(Continued on page 23.)

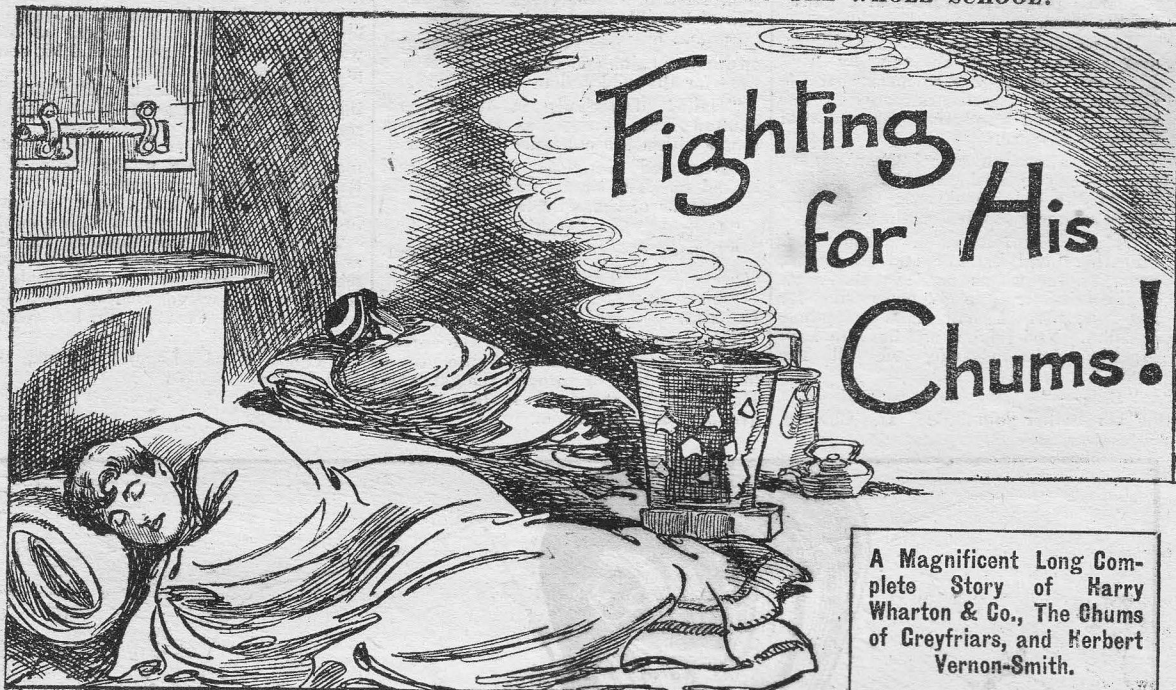
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NEXT TUESDAY!

**"BY SHEER PLUCK!"**

A MAGNIFICENT STORY OF FRANK RICHARDS & CO. By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

A SENSATIONAL STORY, TELLING HOW BOB CHERRY AND INKY, THE LAST OF THE FAMOUS FIVE, MAKE A DARING STAND AGAINST THE WHOLE SCHOOL!



A Magnificent Long Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co., The Chums of Greyfriars, and Kerbert Vernon-Smith.

By FRANK RICHARDS,

(Author of the Famous Greyfriars Tales appearing in the "Magnet" Library.)

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

The Spider and the Fly.

VERNON-SMITH of the Remove—the fellow who was always known as the Bouncer of Greyfriars—lay upon the sofa in his study. The sofa was a large and luxurious one, and that, like the rest of the furniture, looked very uncommon in a junior study. But the son of the millionaire was in the habit of making himself comfortable. Everything that money could buy for use or for ostentation, was provided for the Bouncer of Greyfriars by his millionaire father.

The Bouncer was looking a little pale as he lay on the sofa and stared at the fire. He had lately been through an illness. It had been a short illness, and the iron frame of the Bouncer had thrown it off, and he was as sound as a bell again. His paleness was due to smoking, and to keeping indoors; but it suited his plans to let it be supposed that he was still in a state of great weakness.

It was easy for the cunning Bouncer to pull the wool over the eyes of Dr. Short, the little medical mah from Friardale. It was still more easy for him to deceive the Head of Greyfriars. Dr. Locke did not suspect for a moment that the pale-faced, languid-looking junior was perfectly fit and able to take his place in the Form-room, as usual, and to play on the football-field, too.

Bob Cherry tapped at the study door and entered. The Bouncer turned his head, and looked at him, but did not rise. "Come in," he said.

Bob stepped in.

"Sorry I can't get up," said the Bouncer. "You know I'm crooked."

Bob Cherry looked at him fixedly.

"I know you're not!" he replied abruptly.

"What do you mean?"

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"BOB CHERRY'S BARRING-OUT!"

"I mean, I know you're malingering."

The Bouncer smiled. The accusation did not seem to hurt his feelings.

"Come in and shut the door," he said.

"I want to speak to you."

Bob Cherry hesitated a moment, and then came in and shut the door. He stood looking at the fellow on the sofa. The old, mocking smile was on the Bouncer's face.

"Sit down," he said.

"Thanks! I'd rather stand."

"Please—yourself," drawled the Bouncer.

"I mean to."

"I want to talk business to you," said the Bouncer. "When Harry Wharton was here, and was captain of the Remove, he was up against me all the time. You backed him up, and so did Johnny Bull and Mark Linley and Frank Nugent. Where are they now?"

Bob Cherry clenched his hands.

A glitter came into the Bouncer's eyes. "I warned Wharton that if he didn't knuckle under, I'd drive them from the school," he said. "Haven't I done it?"

"Yes, you cad—you have!"

"You are the last of the old brigade, excepting the nigger," said Vernon-Smith. "You were the Famous Five, and I've reduced you to the Famous Two. Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob Cherry breathed hard. It was difficult for him to keep his hands off the Bouncer.

"As for the nigger—"

"Do you mean Hurree Singh?" asked Bob Cherry, knitting his brows.

The Bouncer nodded.

"Then you'll call him by his name. If you call him the nigger again, I'll pitch you off that sofa."

Vernon-Smith smiled.

"I'll call him his Royal Highness, if you like," he said agreeably. "Anything

to oblige. As I said, about his Royal Highness, he doesn't count. But you are the last of the old firm, and if you like to play the game—as I consider it—I'll let you alone."

"Thank you!" said Bob Cherry sarcastically. "I don't really feel very much afraid."

The Bouncer shrugged his shoulders. "The others didn't feel afraid," he said. "But I've downed them. It looks to me as if you've got an idea in your head that I got rid of Wharton by foul play."

"So you did," said Bob Cherry. "He fought you the other night on the Friardale road, and licked you. After he left you, somebody—very likely somebody you'd treated badly—came along and lammed you with a cudgel. Because Wharton had been fighting with you, you put it on him; but he didn't do it."

"The Head believed he did."

"I know that; but it wasn't true."

"The whole school believed it, and believes it now."

"But it was a lie."

"That is what you have been saying ever since," said Vernon-Smith calmly. "You are saying everywhere that I lied about Wharton, and that I sent the false telegram that caused Linley to leave and lose the Noble exam; that I tricked Nugent into going to the Cross Keys and getting sacked for it; that I caused the trouble between Johnny Bull and Bustrade that Bull was expelled for."

"It's all true."

"But it doesn't suit me to have you blowing it round the school, Bob Cherry. If you say it often enough, the fellows will begin to believe you."

"I hope so."

"That's what you intend?"

"Certainly!"

"And when I'm well you've got a big

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licking saved up for me?" said the Bounder, with a sneer.

"You're well now. I've got a big licking saved up for you when you've left off pretending to be ill!" said Bob grimly.

"And you mean business? You won't change your mind?"

"No."

"You're going to be a thorn in my side all the time? You're not going to give me any peace?"

"Quite right!"

"You mean that?"

"Every word!"

"Very well," said the Bounder, with a yawn—"very well. Now its plane sailing. I know what I've got to expect."

"Yes, you know what you've got to expect," said Bob Cherry. "Have you done?"

"Not quite. As you won't come into line, I'm going to serve you as the others were served. I'm going to get you kicked out of the school."

Bob Cherry laughed contemptuously.

"I'm not afraid," he said.

"You think I can't do it, after what I've done?"

"You admit, then, that you got the others out by foul play?" asked Bob Cherry, his voice trembling with rage.

Vernon-Smith nodded calmly.

"I shifted them out," he said. "I'm going to shift you out after them. I'll drive you out of the school like a dog!"

"Do you want me to give you a hiding now, without putting it off till you've done malingering?" asked Bob Cherry thickly.

"You dare not touch me!"

"What?"

"You dare not!" said the Bounder tauntingly.

Bob Cherry gritted his teeth.

"Say that once again," he said, "and I'll take that dogwhip, yonder, and give you the biggest hiding you ever had in your life!"

The Bounder sneered.

"You dare not!" he said calmly.

Bob Cherry kept his word. He made one spring towards where the dogwhip lay upon the table, and grasped it. He made another spring towards the Bounder, and grasped him by the collar and dragged him off the sofa.

"Now, you cad!" he shouted.

Lash, lash, lash!

### THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Called to Account.

**L**ASH lash, lash!  
Bob Cherry's blood was up, and he had forgotten everything now—everything save that his enemy was in his grasp—his enemy who had driven his chums in shame and disgrace from the school.

Lash, lash!

Vernon-Smith writhed in the grasp of the sturdy junior as the dogwhip lashed fiercely across his back.

"Take that, you cur! Take that, you hound! Stand up, like a decent chap, and put up your fists if you don't like it!"

"Help, help!"

"You'll get the licking before you get help!" panted Bob Cherry.

"Help, help!"

Lash, lash!

There was a rush of footsteps in the passage.

The door was thrown open, and half a dozen excited juniors looked in.

"Faith, what's the row?" exclaimed Micky Desmond.

"Bob Cherry!"

"Let him alone!"

"Stop!"

"Stand back!" yelled Bob Cherry.

"Let him alone!" shouted Bolsover major, dashing into the study.

"Keep off! Then take that!"

The dogwhip lashed across Bolsover's face, and he reeled back with a yell.

Then the lash descended upon Vernon-Smith's back again.

"Let him alone, Bob Cherry!"

"Stop it!"

"You know he's ill!"

"I know he's pretending to be ill!" said Bob Cherry. "I know he's lying, as usual! I know that—"

"Cave!" shouted Ogilvy from the passage.

Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, strode through the crowd of juniors into the study. His face was dark with anger.

"Cherry!"

Bob Cherry's arm dropped to his side.

"Yes, sir!"

"How dare you!"

Bob Cherry released the Bounder.

He realised that his anger had carried him away, that it had placed him in a very awkward position.

As soon as Bob Cherry's grasp relaxed, Vernon-Smith fell helplessly upon the study carpet, and lay there.

His eyes closed, and he seemed scarcely to breathe.

"He's fainted!" cried Bolsover major.

"Rot!" said Bob Cherry bitterly.

"He's shamming!"

"Cherry!" said Mr. Quelch sternly.

"You have come here and assaulted Vernon-Smith—assaulted a boy not yet recovered from a serious illness, and in the most brutal manner!"

"He has recovered, sir. He's only malingering."

"How dare you say so! The doctor has said that he is not yet fit to attend his lessons," said the Remove master.

"He's taken the doctor in, sir. He's cunning enough to take anybody in, as he took the Head in about Wharton."

"I am not likely to pay much attention to your opinion upon that point!" said Mr. Quelch harshly. "Go out of this room, and wait for me in the passage."

"Yes, sir."

Bob Cherry quitted the study.

The Removites crowded in the passage gave him dark looks as he came out.

Bob Cherry had always been a popular fellow in the Remove, but of late his popularity had suffered, through his loyalty to the banished Wharton.

Mr. Quelch knelt beside the Bounder.

"Water!" he said.

"Yes, sorr!" said Micky Desmond. And he rushed away. The juniors crowded round anxiously.

"Is he hurt, sir?"

"Has he fainted?"

Mr. Quelch waved his hand.

"Stand back!" he said. "Give him air!"

The Removites crowded back.

Micky Desmond dashed into the study with a jug of water, and the Remove master bathed the face and forehead of the Bounder.

Vernon-Smith opened his eyes.

"What is it?" he asked feebly.

"You are all right now, my boy," said the Remove master gently.

"Did I—did I faint?"

"Yes."

"I—I'm sorry to give you this trouble," said the Bounder. "I—I'm not quite well yet, sir, and I—I had a shock—"

The Form-master frowned.

"I know the shock you had, Vernon-Smith," he said. "I saw Cherry in the act of striking you."

The Bounder gasped.

"I—I don't want to say anything against Cherry, sir," he said. "I—I dare say he lost his temper, and—"

"It is not necessary for you to say anything against him, Vernon-Smith!" said the Remove master grimly. "I shall report his conduct to Dr. Locke."

"I—I only want him to let me alone, sir, till I'm well, and able to take care of myself," muttered the Bounder feebly.

"You will be safe from him after this, Smith. Dr. Locke is not likely to allow such a dangerous young ruffian to remain at Greyfriars."

The Bounder groaned.

Mr. Quelch helped him up on the sofa, and the Bounder sank down with an air of exhaustion.

"Stay with him, Bolsover major," said Mr. Quelch. "Cherry, you will come with me to the Head!"

"Yes, sir!" said Bob miserably.

"Follow me!"

And the Remove master stalked away with rustling gown. Bob Cherry followed him in silence.

He knew that he was in for it now.

That the Bounder was quite well, he knew; that the cunning schemer had been malingering, and that he had deliberately provoked the hot-headed junior into thrashing him, Bob understood now quite clearly.

It was the Bounder's last blow, and it meant the finish of Bob Cherry's career at Greyfriars.

He saw it all clearly enough now.

That was why the Bounder had sent that message by Bunter; that was why he had taunted him in the study, and Bob Cherry had fallen blindly into the trap.

Bob's heart was heavy as he followed his Form-master.

Mr. Quelch walked on without a word, and without turning his head. He knocked at the Head's door, and the deep voice of Dr. Locke bade him enter.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

To Go, or Not to Go.

**D**R. LOCKE looked up in surprise as the Remove master entered, with the downcast junior following at his heels.

"Dear me!" he exclaimed. "What has happened, Mr. Quelch?"

"I have to report Cherry's conduct to you, sir."

"What has he done?"

"He has attacked Vernon-Smith—"

"What? Vernon-Smith is ill!" the Head exclaimed, aghast.

"That did not prevent this young ruffian from attacking him, sir, and thrashing him with a dogwhip!"

"Good heavens!"

"Vernon-Smith fainted in his hands!"

"Bless my soul!"

"I leave you to deal with him, sir. He belongs to my Form, but I have not one word to say in extenuation of his infamous conduct."

Dr. Locke fixed his eyes upon the Removite.

"Have you anything to say, Cherry?" he asked. And his usually kind voice was like iron.

Bob Cherry panted.

"Yes, sir."

"Well?"

"Smith is only malingering. He is as well as you or I, sir, and he provoked me into going for him, to get me into this scrape."

"Indeed! You are aware that he is excused lessons because he is unwell?"

"He is malingering!"

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## 8 Another Grand Free Coloured Engine Plate in Next Tuesday's Issue!

"Dr. Short is still attending him, and has not suggested that he is affecting to be ill!"

"He has fooled the doctor."

"Indeed! You expect me to take your opinion before that of a fully qualified medical man, Cherry?"

"Dr. Short does not know how cunning he is."

"Have you any other defence to make?"

"No, sir! I'm sorry I lost my temper with the cad, but he deserved all he got, and more. He got my chum expelled from the school; he sent a false telegram to Mark Linley, and made him lose the exam—"

"Have you any proof of these statements?"

"How could I have, sir?"

"Do you expect such terrible accusations to be believed without proof?"

Bob Cherry was silent.

He was quite certain of the truth of his statements in his own mind, but his assurance upon the point could not, naturally, carry conviction to the doctor's mind.

"Very well, Cherry," said the Head sternly. "You have acted in a way that I will not attempt to characterise in words. I do not think there are any words that would adequately describe your conduct. After what you have done, you do not expect, I suppose, to remain at this school?"

"Oh, sir!"

Dr. Locke raised his hand.

"You are expelled from Greyfriars, Robert Cherry!" he said.

"Dr. Locke!"

"You will leave this school by the first train in the morning. A prefect will take you to the station. I shall write to your father to-night."

"Oh, sir! I—"

"Not a word! Go!"

"I—I can't leave Greyfriars, sir."

The Head almost jumped.

"What!" he thundered.

Bob Cherry stood like a rock.

"I cannot consent to be expelled from the school, sir," he said respectfully, but firmly. "There's been enough of that. Smith got Wharton expelled by trickery, but he's not going to make a clean sweep of us."

"Robert Cherry!"

"I've done nothing to deserve being sacked for, sir, and I can't go!"

"Boy!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

"Cherry!" gasped the Head.

He stared at Bob as if he could hardly believe his ears.

Bob Cherry's face was hard and grim. The good-natured, easy-going junior could be very determined when he liked. There was an iron determination in his face now.

"You will leave Greyfriars by the first train in the morning," said the Head at last. "I shall send Wingate and Gwynne to the station with you."

"I shall not go, sir!"

"You will not go!" exclaimed the Head in a terrifying voice.

"No, sir!" said Bob undauntedly.

"Cherry! Do you know what you are saying? Do you know that you are speaking to your headmaster?"

"I'm sorry if you think me disrespectful, sir. But I can't be sacked from the school when I've done nothing to deserve it. There was a time before, sir, when a rascal got up a scheme against me, and I was nearly sacked. You admitted that I was wronged that time. Cannot you believe the same now?"

"I cannot! The case is entirely different. You will leave Greyfriars in the

morning, and if you should have the utter folly to resist, you will be taken away by force."

Bob Cherry gritted his teeth.

"Somebody will get hurt, then," he said.

Dr. Locke rose to his feet.

"Leave my study!" he thundered.

"Take him away, Mr. Quelch!"

"Certainly, sir! I have never heard of such unpardonable insolence," said the Remove master, with a glare at Bob Cherry. "Go, you young scoundrel—go!"

Bob Cherry left the study.

A crowd of fellows were waiting in the hall for him as he came down the passage.

A loud hiss greeted him.

"You rotter!"

"You cad!"

"Smithy's been taken to bed!"

"You've damaged him!"

"Rotter!"

And there was a chorus of groans and hisses.

Bob Cherry faced the hostile crowd coolly.

"You're a set of silly asses!" he said contemptuously. "Smithy has taken you all in! He's no more ill than I am! He's lying."

"Faith, and it's thure that he's an awful loyer!" said Micky Desmond thoughtfully.

"You ought to have let him alone, Bob," said Tom Brown, the New Zealand junior. "I believe he's only humbugging myself; but the look of the thing—"

"He taunted me into it," said Bob.

"That would be his little game, if he's shamming," said Russell doubtfully. "But you should have had too much sense to lay hands on him."

"I know that, now," said Bob bitterly. "I walked into the trap, like a giddy fly into the spider's web!"

"And you're going—eh?" said Snoop.

"No," said Bob calmly, "I'm not going."

"Not sacked?"

"Yes, I'm sacked."

"Well, I suppose you're going, if you're sacked," said Snoop.

Bob Cherry's lip curled.

"That's just where you make a mistake, Snoop," he said. "I'm sacked; but I'm not going."

"But—"

"Oh, rats!"

And Bob Cherry walked away, leaving the juniors in a buzz. He returned to Study No. 13 with a gloomy brow. Hurree Jamset Ram Singh followed him there. The dusky face of the nabob was very disconsolate.

"All up now, Inky," said Bob Cherry, forcing a smile.

"The upfulness is terrific, my esteemed chum," said the nabob dismally.

"Sacked!" said Bob. "Me! Sacked, by gum!"

"And after the sackfulness, there is the go-fulness!" groaned the nabob.

"The 'ast of the esteemed Co.!"

"But I'm not going, Inky."

"My esteemed chum—"

"You heard me say so!"

"But when my esteemed chum is sacked—"

"Do you remember the time the Head was away, and we had a rotten master," said Bob Cherry—"you know what we did?"

The nabob nodded.

"My esteemed friend refers to the honourable barring-out?"

"Exactly. We barred the bounder out, didn't we?"

"Yes; but—"

"Well," said Bob Cherry, "that's what I'm going to do."

The nabob opened his eyes wide.

"But the barring-out requires many esteemed persons," he murmured. "It is impossible for you to bar out the school, my dear chum."

"I'm going to, impossible or not," said Bob Cherry grimly. "Do you think I'm going to wait till morning, and then be chucked out?"

"I fear that the chuckfulness will be terrific!"

"Well, it won't happen! I'm going to have a giddy barring-out, all on my lonesome," said Bob Cherry.

The Nabob of Bhanipur opened his eyes wide.

"My esteemed chum—" he murmured.

"I mean it, Inky."

"But how—"

"I've got till to-morrow morning," said Bob Cherry determinedly. "To-morrow morning they'll find me barred in, in the old tower, and the school barred out."

"Alonefully?"

"Yes."

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh shook his head.

"Not aloneful, my worthy chum. I shall stand by you stickfully."

"No, you won't, Inky! You can help me to get ready, if you like, but you're not going to stand by me when I stand up against the school. I'm not going to drag you into my troubles."

"The dragfulness will not be needed," said the Indian junior quietly. "The stickfulness of my worthy self to my chum will be ludicrously terrific."

"Can't be did!"

"I mean also the business," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "I shall not part from you, my august chum!"

"Look here, Inky—"

"I will not look, and likewise I shall not listen. If my worthy chum bars out the school, I bar out the school, also."

"Inky, old man—"

"It is settled!" said the nabob.

"I sha'n't let you, you ass!"

"I shall not wait for the letfulness."

"I tell you—"

"The ratfulness is terrific!"

And Bob Cherry gave it up.

### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

#### Great Preparations.

**B**OB CHERRY appeared in the Common-room that evening as usual.

The fellows looked at him very curiously.

Most of them were sorry for him. Even the Bounder's own friends knew how utterly unreliable his word was, and doubted whether he was not, as Bob Cherry declared, malingering. It was easier for the Bounder to deceive the masters than to deceive the fellows he mixed with, and worked and played with, day by day.

Some of the Remove believed that Bob Cherry had attacked a sick fellow, who could not defend himself, and condemned him without stint. Others guessed that he had fallen into a trap of the cunning Bounder. But, whatever the truth was, one fact stood out clearly enough—that Bob Cherry was expelled, and would have to go.

And knowing that, even his enemies refrained from chipping him. Snoop, the sneak of the Remove, ventured upon his unpleasant snigger, as Bob Cherry came into the Common-room, and unexpectedly found Bolsover major's heavy hand upon him.



"Shut up, you cad!" said Percy Bolsover roughly.

Snoop stared at him angrily.

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed.

"Cherry's sacked—"

"Yes; and now you can let him alone."

"You—you rotter!" exclaimed Snoop,

simply glaring at the bully of the Remove.

"You've been as much down on him as anybody."

Bolsover major nodded.

"I know that; I'm up against them all.

But there's such a thing as not hitting a fellow when he's down."

"Oh, rot!" said Snoop.

"Rot or not, look out for squalls, if you don't shut up," said Bolsover major.

And Snoop thought it best to shut up.

Tom Brown and Micky Desmond, Russell and Morgan and Ogilvy, and a few more of the fellows, were sympathetic towards Bob.

Little Banthorpe, who Bob had protected from many a bullying was almost in tears.

And the usual grin had faded from the face of Wun Lung, the Chinese junior.

Lord Mauleverer, the dandy of the Remove, joined Bob Cherry as he sat staring gloomily into the fire.

Bob looked at him, as the schoolboy earl tapped him gently upon the shoulder with a slim, white finger.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" he said.

"Begad, old man, this is rotten, you know," said Mauleverer.

"Yes, isn't it?" said Bob, with a grunt.

"You're going to-morrow morning—what?"

"No!"

"I hear you're sacked, don't you know?"

"That's so."

"But you're not going?"

"No!"

"Begad!" said Lord Mauleverer, in astonishment.

He could say no more, he was too amazed.

Bob Cherry wrote four letters that evening.

One was to Harry Wharton, the late captain of the Remove; another to Frank Nugent, the first of the famous Co. to leave the old school; one to Johnny Bull; and the fourth to Mark Linley, the Lancashire lad, who had been Bob Cherry's best chum at Greyfriars.

Bob posted the letters in the school letter-box, and then strolled into the little tuckshop in the corner of the Close with Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Mrs. Mimble looked at him sympathetically.

"I hear you're going, Master Cherry," she said.

"I'm so sorry!"

"That's all right," said Bob Cherry.

"I'm not going."

"Master Hazeldene was saying that you are expelled."

"That's so."

"Then you must go," said the good dame, opening her eyes.

"Well, I'm not," said Bob.

"Master Cherry!"

"I'm going to hang on, and give the Head a chance to come round and find Smithy out," Bob Cherry explained.

"But never mind that now. I want some tuck."

"Yes, Master Cherry."

Bob Cherry laid five pounds on the counter.

"That mush!" he said.

"Five pounds!" gasped Mrs. Mimble.

"Exactly."

And Bob Cherry rattled off a list.

Mrs. Mimble served him in a dazed frame of mind.

Bob Cherry had seldom expended more than two or three shillings at a time in the little tuckshop

before. It was a shipping order this time.

Bob Cherry had raised the money by means of a loan from Lord Mauleverer, Hurree Singh, and little Wun Lung, three of the richest fellows at Greyfriars. They would have lent him twice as much if he had asked for it.

Mrs. Mimble handed out the articles that Bob Cherry named, and Bob and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh crammed them into a couple of cricket-bags.

Then they left the tuckshop.

"Where nowfully, my esteemed chum?" asked the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"We'll take them into the tower."

"Good!"

The juniors skirted the School House in the deepening dusk.

The old tower of Greyfriars was a ruin, but the lower part of it stood firm and sound; the walls, several feet thick, were of huge blocks of stone, and the old oaken door was strong and intact.

A spiral stair led upwards into roofless chambers and shattered walls.

On the ground floor were two narrow windows.

Bob Cherry opened the creaking old door and entered, followed by the nabob.

The two bags were deposited in a shadowy corner.

"That's done!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully as they quitted the tower.

"We shall want something to drink, my worthy chum, as well as for the eatfulness," murmured the nabob.

"Well, there's plenty of ginger-pop in that little lot," said Bob Cherry thoughtfully.

"But we shall have to have water. Water-cans will do to keep it in, and we can get them out of the

woodshed and fill them at the fountain to-night."

"Right!"

"There will be a surprise for the giddy school to-morrow morning," said Bob Cherry, with a chuckle.

And the nabob grinned, and remarked that the surprisefulness would be terrific.

The two juniors returned to the School House and strolled into the Common-room.

Coker of the Fifth was there, with Potter and Greene, and he was evidently waiting for Bob Cherry.

"Oh, here you are!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, here I am," said Bob.

"I hear you are not going to go," said Coker severely.

"I'm not going," said Bob calmly.

"Going to go isn't good English, Coker."

There was a chuckle, and Coker glared. He wagged his forefinger at Bob Cherry disapprovingly.

"Kids must obey orders," he said.

"Likewise goats, I suppose?" said Bob Cherry.

"Shut up! That's an order."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, you young sweep—"

"Can't!"

"What!"

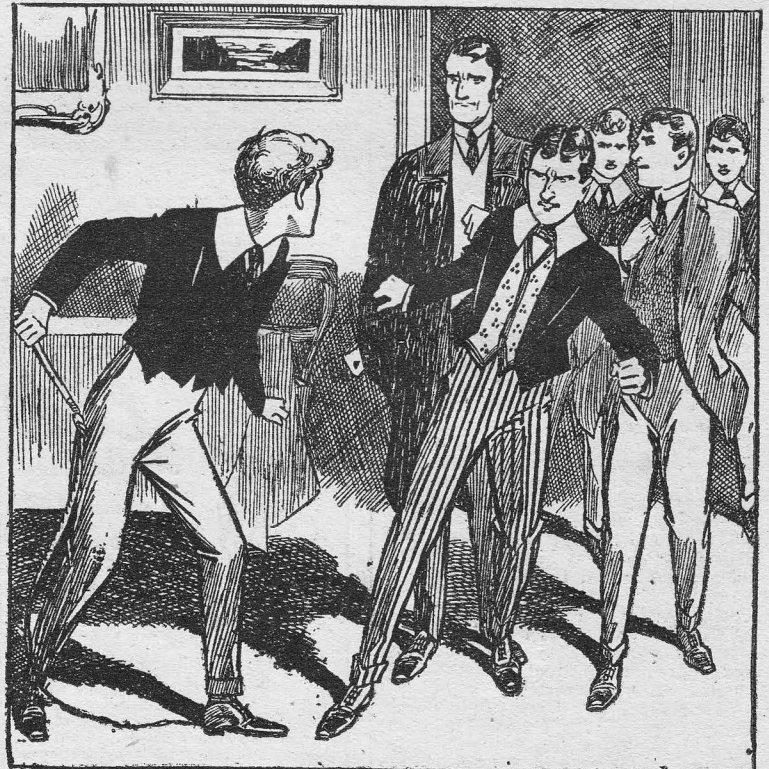
"Not unless you get behind a mask, or a fire-screen, or something!" said Bob Cherry.

"With a face like that, Coker, you shouldn't ask me to look. It's cruel!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here," roared Coker. "I don't want any of your cheek!"

"Well, I don't want any of yours, if you come to that," said Bob Cherry, "but I'm getting it. Exchange no robbery, you know."



A DOG-WHIPPING FOR THE BOUNDER!—"He's pretending to be ill!" said Bob Cherry, brandishing the dog whip. "He's a lying cad, that's why I'm licking him!" "Cave!" shouted Ogilvy. Mr. Quelch strode through the crowd of juniors into the study. His face was dark with anger. "Cherry, how dare you!" he thundered. (See Chapter 2.)

## 10 A Splendid Series of Camping-out Articles Written by The Greyfriars—

"I'll jolly well—"  
 "Bedtime, you kids!" said Wingate of the Sixth, putting his head in at the door.

"Right-ho, Wingate!" said Bob Cherry.

The captain of Greyfriars looked at him sternly, but did not reply. The Remove went up to bed, and Bob Cherry went with them, looking not at all like a fellow who was under sentence of expulsion.

### THE FIFTH CHAPTER. Camping Out.

**W**INGATE extinguished the light in the Remove dormitory, and the juniors were left to slumber.

There was the usual buzz of talk, and the talk mostly ran upon the subject of the expulsion of Bob Cherry, and his declaration that he did not intend to go.

"It's all gas!" Bolsover major opined. "He'll climb down in the morning, and go!"

"I guess so," remarked Fisher T. Fish, the American junior. "The prefects will sling him out on his neck if he doesn't, I reckon."

"Hear, hear!" said Snoop. "How are you feeling now, Smithy?" asked Bulstrode.

"Pretty rotten," said the Bounder, in a feeble voice.

Bob Cherry snorted. "Bob Cherry says you're malingering, Smithy," said Hazeldene.

"Bob Cherry can say what he likes while I'm in this state," said Vernon-Smith.

"Oh, go and eat coke!" said Bob Cherry. "Half the fellows know you're shamming, Smithy."

"I shall not argue with you," said the Bounder loftily.

"Oh, rats!"

And Bob Cherry did not speak again. The Nabob of Bhanipur remained equally silent, but neither of the chums of the Remove went to sleep.

They intended to be busy that night. One by one the Removes dropped off to sleep, until, when eleven o'clock rang out through the night, only Bob Cherry and Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh remained awake in the Remove dormitory.

Bob Cherry sat up in bed as the last stroke of eleven died away.

"You awake, Inky?" he murmured. There was the sound of a movement.

"Yes, my esteemed chum!" came back the nabob's whisper.

"Good! Are you game?"  
 "The gamefulness is terrific."  
 "Then up you get!"

Bob Cherry slipped quietly out of bed. Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh followed his example. His dusky face was quite invisible in the darkness of the dormitory, but his eyes were gleaming.

"Inky, old man," murmured Bob Cherry, as he laced his boots, "you're doing a fat-headed thing in sticking to me like this."

"My worthy chum—"  
 "You'll get sacked as well!"

"I do not wish to remain if my esteemed chum is sacked."

"But what about your people?"  
 "I am the head of my family!" said the nabob proudly. "I am the Prince of Bhanipur! The esteemed India Office has the guardianship of my honourable self, and I do not care an august sixpence what they think about it."

Bob Cherry chuckled softly. "If you're made up your mind, Inky, and you're quite sure—"

"The surefulness is great."  
 "All right, then."

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The two juniors finished dressing in the dark. There was a sound of steady breathing from the other beds, and a deep, unmusical snore from Bunter's. The Remove were fast asleep, with the exceptions of the expelled junior and his chum.

"The bedclothes, Inky," murmured Bob Cherry.  
 "Good!"

The two juniors rolled up their bedclothes into bundles, with the pillows and bolsters in them. Bob Cherry had placed a rope under his mattress in readiness, and the two bundles were tied up tightly, to render them easy for carrying.

Then the two juniors quitted the dormitory. The passage was in deep darkness.

Downstairs there was a light in the Head's study, and some of the masters were still up; but the boys' quarters were dark and silent.

"This way!" murmured Bob Cherry. "Follow your giddy leader."

He led the way to the back of the house into a box-room, where the window opened over an outhouse.

Bob Cherry deposited his bundle on the floor, and Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh followed his example.

"Now to get the rest of the things," said Bob.

"Right-ho!"  
 They crept back to the dormitory, and this time the mattresses were taken, and a couple of overcoats and a rug or two. The articles were deposited in the box-room, and then the chums descended to the Remove passage to their study.

A couple of bags were filled with articles they required, and carried to the box-room. Then Bob Cherry closed the box-room door and opened the window.

There was a grey mist outside, that had rolled up from the sea. Dimly through the mist the stars were twinkling.

The School House was very silent. Bob Cherry climbed cautiously through the window, and stepped upon the roof of the outhouse.

"Shove the things out, Inky."  
 The nabob passed the bags and bundles through the window.

Bob Cherry took them from his hands, and laid them upon the roof. Then the nabob climbed out, and the window was softly closed.

The nabob dropped lightly to the

ground. Bob Cherry tossed down the bundles one after another, and the nabob caught them, and lowered them to the ground. Then Bob Cherry dropped from the outhouse and joined him.

"So far, so good!" murmured Bob.  
 "The goodness is great!"

In a few minutes they were in the old tower. Bob Cherry fumbled in his pockets, and produced a matchbox.

Scratch!  
 A light glimmered out in the dimness. It showed the juniors to one another, their eyes gleaming with excitement.

"Here we are!" muttered Bob Cherry.  
 "Yes, ratherfully!"  
 "Get in the other bundles, Inky, while I get the lamp going."

The nabob nodded, and hurried out. Bob Cherry took a lamp from his bag, filled it from the oilcan by candle-light, and trimmed the wick. He lighted it, and strange lights and shadows danced in the old room.

The lowest apartment of the ruined tower was square in form, with the stone stair at the back leading upwards.

Bob Cherry set the lamp upon an old stone seat, and gazed round with considerable satisfaction. A more secure fortress for the barring-out it would have been difficult to discover within the walls of Greyfriars.

There were only two windows to guard and both of them could be closed with strong shutters if needed. There were iron bars to the door.

Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh returned with the bundles and tossed them upon the floor.

"Now for the giddy water supply, Inky!"

"Right-ho!"  
 With a bicycle lantern in his hands, Bob Cherry led the way. The woodshed, where Gosling kept his belongings, was closed, but not locked. The water-cans were easy to find, and they were washed out at the fountain in the Close, and filled with water and conveyed safely into the tower.

"I think we can close up now," Bob Cherry remarked.

Midnight tolled out from the clock-tower.

Bob Cherry closed the massive oaken door. The iron bars were dropped into their sockets. From among the supplies the juniors had placed in readiness in the old tower, Bob Cherry drew a tin pail, with holes knocked in the sides. He lighted sticks in it, and piled on coal from a sack, and there was soon a cheerful fire burning. It diffused light and heat through the chilly old room.

Meanwhile, the nabob had unpacked the bedclothes. With rugs and coats and bedclothes the juniors soon made themselves comfortable, lying with their feet to the fire in the tin pail.

"This is as good as the dorm," said Bob Cherry drowsily.

"The goodfulness is terrific!"  
 "Comfy, Inky?"  
 "Quite comfy, my worthy chum."  
 "Good-night!"  
 "Good-night!" mumbled the nabob. Silence.

"You asleep, Inky?"  
 Snore!

Bob Cherry chuckled sleepily, and he was soon fast asleep, too.

The great barring-out had commenced. Bob Cherry was fighting for his chums—absent chums—and Hurree Singh was fighting with Bob Cherry. It remained to be seen whether they could fight the whole school and come out victors.

(Next week's story will be entitled "Bob Cherry's Barring-Out!" By Frank Richards. Out on Tuesday.)



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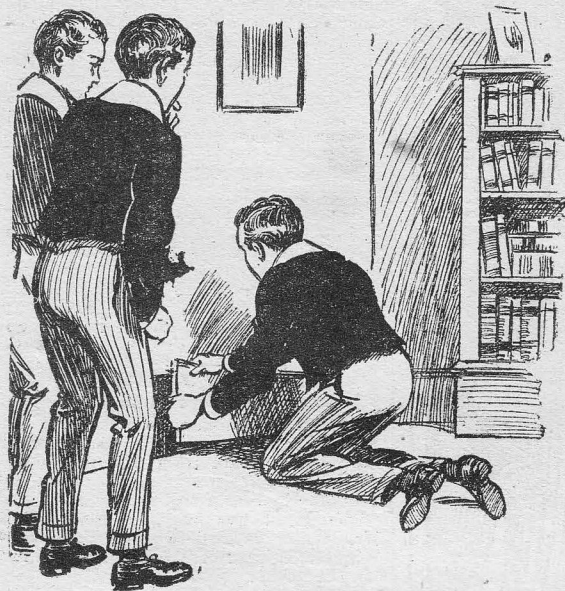
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THE CHUMS OF ST. JIM'S TRY TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY SURROUNDING THE STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF LESLIE OWEN.



# THE MYSTERY OF OWEN!

A Dramatic Long Complete Tale of Tom Merry & Co., The Famous Chums of St. Jim's.

BY . . .

Martin Clifford.

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

The Search for Owen!

**C**HOWLE'S lost his cash! Owen's done a bunk!" said Racke of the Shell. "I'm not sayin' more than that."

"Best not!" snapped Dick Redfern, who was Leslie Owen's chum.

Quite a crowd had gathered in the quad to discuss the problem of the disappearance of Owen. The Terrible Three—Tom Merry, Monty Lowther, and Harry Manners—were there, with Talbot and Kangaroo, Jack Blake and Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, Digby and Herries, Figgins and Kerr and Fatty Wynn, Racke and Crooke, Mellish and Trimble, Redfern and Lawrence, Koumi Rao, Dick Clarke, and others from both Houses.

"Still, it's true what Racke says," spoke George Gerald Crooke. "An' a fellow can't help puttin' two an' two together."

"No harm in that, as long as a fellow doesn't make five of them," said Tom Merry, with obvious significance.

No decent junior there was ready to condemn Leslie Owen without proof, for they had all counted him of their own sort. And the decent fellows there were in a big majority.

"Chowle's lost his money. Racke's got a new topper," said Lowther, the humorist of the Shell. "Thomas, does that make four or five?"

"It's beastly personal!" answered Tom.

"Not any more than what Racke said was," remarked Edgar Lawrence.

"Not so much," said Jack Blake. "We all know that Racke's got more money than manners."

"That," Lowther said, "is more personal than ever. Let us admit that, by comparison with the plutocratic Racke, our pal Manners might be termed poverty-stricken. Yet—"

"Ass! I didn't mean Manners. I meant manners, with a small 'm,' and you jolly well know it!" snorted Blake.

"Pardon! I agree. When writing of Racke's manners a very small 'm,' likewise a small 'a,' and so on, would serve. Racke's manners are negligible, his customs are nasty, and his mind is nastier," Lowther said.

"Don't wot, Lowthah!" spoke Arthur Augustus, glancing uneasily at Redfern and Lawrence.

"I assure you, my dear old top, that when I say things of that kind about Racke it isn't fair even to suspect me of rotting," replied Lowther.

But he was japing, more or less, and even his chums did not quite like it. For this was a serious matter.

Chowle of the Fourth Form and the New House had lost three pound Treasury notes from his desk. Leslie Owen of the same Form and the same House had bolted. There could no longer be any doubt about that. He had not been seen since the night before in the dormitory, and now morning classes on the next day had finished.

Mr. Ratcliff, the tyrannical master of the New House, had attempted to make out that Owen had been gambling with Lawrence, Redfern, Figgins, Kerr, and Wynn, and had stolen the money to pay his debts. But the Head of St. Jim's had been convinced that this was not the case, and Mr. Ratcliff, who refused to give up his suspicions, was in high dudgeon.

But the money had gone. Chowle was not above lying, but there seemed no reason to doubt what he said this time.

The money had gone, and Owen had gone, and Owen's chums—not only Redfern and Lawrence, but Figgins & Co., and others of the New House, besides quite a crowd of the School House—while they refused to believe Owen a thief, could not help feeling that the case looked black against him.

He had left no word, not even to Redfern and Lawrence, with whom he had shared a study. Those two had noticed the day before that he seemed very troubled, but they had not been able to induce him to say what his trouble was. He had gone, and Chowle's money had gone, and it was not quite easy for fellows who knew how hard up Owen generally was to feel certain that he had not yielded to the temptation to take those three Treasury notes for the necessary expenses of the road home—if he was going home.

The Head had wired to Owen's people, but as yet had received no reply.

"Look heh, deah boys!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, always loth to think evil. "I vote that we wefwain fwom sayin' things, good or bad, about poor old Owen, an' that we all turn out this aftahnnoon to look for him."

"Hear, hear!" cried Digby, and a dozen others echoed him.

"You don't dashed well catch me on that hop!" sneered Racke.

"Nor me," chimed in Crooke.

"You are not wequiahed," answered Arthur Augustus. "When I said 'all' I mewely meant all the decent fellows."

"I know jolly well what you'd think, Gussy, if I were in Owen's place," squeaked Baggy Trimble.

"Yaas, deah boy? What should I think?"

"You'd jolly well think I was a thief!"

"Yaas, deah boy. An' I should vewy probably be wight, though I twust I could westwain myself fwom passin' hasty judgments even in your case."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"There's a lot of difference between a straight fellow like Owen and a sweep like Baggy," remarked Jack Blake, who was nothing if not candid.

Owen's special chums shot Blake grateful glances. They were glad to find their comrade not universally and immediately condemned. None the less, the poison was working in their minds, as in the minds of others. If the disappearance of Owen and that of Chowle's cash at the same time was no more than a coincidence it was certainly an awkward coincidence.

"We'll go," said Tom Merry, knitting his brows a trifle. "I don't think that we can do much good. Owen's got too long a start. But we'll go."

It was a half-holiday, and the greater part of the Shell and Fourth gave it up to the search. Before they started they knew that Owen had not yet arrived home. The Head had had a wire from his mother, and had let it be known what it contained.

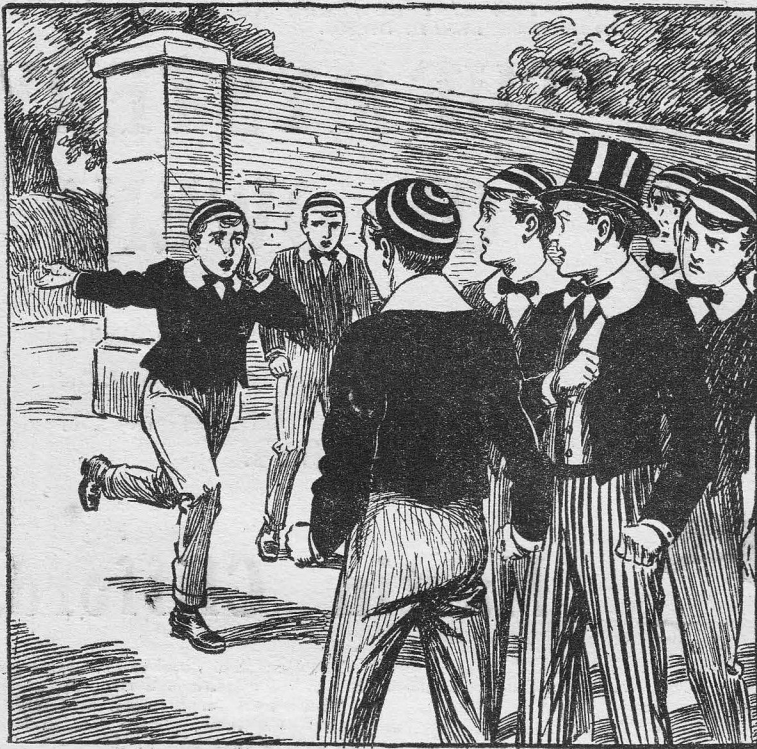
The Head approved of the search. Mr. Ratcliff did not. Mr. Ratcliff had quite

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NEXT TUESDAY!

"A MYSTERY CLEARED UP!"

A NEW LONG TALE OF ST. JIM'S. BY MARTIN CLIFFORD.



**BEARER OF EVIL TIDINGS!** Redfern's hands dropped to his side and Racke stood breathless, purple, his fingers at his collar when Joe Wynne, of the Third, pale and agitated, came running in through the gates. "They've found him! They've found poor old Owen—in the river!" (See Chapter 3.)

made up his mind that Owen was guilty. He had, furthermore, made up his mind that Redfern, Lawrence, Figgins, Kerr, and Wynn were all guilty in a less degree. According to Mr. Ratcliff those five had gambled with Owen, won money from him, and put pressure on him to pay that money, with the result that the unfortunate junior had stolen Chowle's money and bolted. It did not occur to Mr. Ratcliff—though Kerr saw it plainly enough—that if Owen had bolted in consequence of gambling debts, stealing money in order to pay them and then not paying them was an unnecessary complication. Kerr's mind was more logical than the Housemaster's.

But Kerr had his doubts. He confided them to Figgins and Fatty.

"I'm game to hunt for Owen with the rest," he said. "But I'm pretty sure we sha'n't find him. He's nearly home by this time, I'll bet. But he must have been jolly desperate, to bone Chowle's cash to get there."

"You don't mean to think that Owen's a thief?" gasped Fatty.

"No, I don't. I think he may have taken Chowle's money, but I don't believe he's a thief in intention. Look here, Fatty! If there was something desperately wrong at your home, and you felt you were bound to get there as soon as poss, and you hadn't any money, and—"

"I should ask you or Figgy for it," broke in Fatty. "If you hadn't got it I should go to Tom Merry, Gussy, Talbot, Blake—oh, anybody! I'd get it all right."

"Yes, if you explained. But suppose it was quite out of the question that you should explain? What then?"

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NEXT TUESDAY!

"A MYSTERY CLEARED UP!"

Fatty looked doubtful. So did Figgins, who was listening intently.

"I—I don't know," admitted Fatty lamely. "It might hit a chap hard, and tempt him hard, too, if it was like that. And, of course, he'd think he could return the money later," he added, brightening. "I guess that's what Owen did think."

"Then I wish he'd taken ours or somebody's decent!" growled Figgins. "We'd have kept dark about it."

"It does puzzle me why he should have boned Chowle's," said Kerr. "He must have known that Chowle would yelp at once. He's that sort. But perhaps he knew that Chowle had a whack and didn't think any of the rest of us had."

Kerr had guessed very shrewdly in one particular. Judging from what Redfern and Lawrence had told him, he had felt sure that there was trouble at Owen's home, which was exactly the thing Leslie Owen had desired to conceal from everyone, even his study-mates.

That Kerr should not have been able to reason out the rest of it was hardly wonderful. Even Owen himself, who had done this thing, would never have thought of it had another fellow done it. "Necessity is the mother of invention," says the old saw, and Owen had felt his necessity great.

All that afternoon, split up into parties, they searched for Owen, but they did not find him.

**ANSWERS**  
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That, indeed, was not to be expected. He had had too long a start.

Some of them got clues, however. Levison, Cardew, and Clive had taken their bikes, and, disregarding the immediate neighbourhood of the school entirely, had pedalled hard for some miles north before beginning on their inquiries. They had heard of a boy on foot, in Etons, whose description answered to that of Owen.

There was no doubt that Owen had passed that way. But his having done so was a mystery in itself.

Almost beyond doubt he was making for home. But, if he had stolen the money Chowle had lost, why was he on foot? No one could imagine any satisfactory reason for his having taken it except his urgent desire to get home; but, having it, why should he not go by rail?

**THE SECOND CHAPTER.**

**More Mysterious Than Ever!**

**S**OME of them were not back till after the gates were closed. But those absent from call-over found themselves excused on reporting that they had been on the quest.

The Head was very much worried. Mr. Railton seemed to share his worry. Wingate, skipper of St. Jim's, and many of the other prefects showed their anxiety.

But Mr. Ratcliff went about with a self-satisfied look on his sour face.

"Hang the old beast!" said Redfern bitterly. "He'd be horribly disappointed if he found that after all Les' was straight!"

"I wish I could believe that," returned Lawrence hopelessly.

"Believe what, duffer? That Ratty would be disappointed? Surely that's easy enough to believe?"

"No, that Les was straight. I'd give all I've got to be able to believe that! If he's a thief it's just as though—as though things could never be the same again at St. Jim's!"

Redfern looked hard at him. Lawrence was less tough and wiry than Dick Redfern. He was utterly tired out now, and fatigue acts upon mind as well as upon body.

"Edgar!" said Redfern.

"Well, Dick?"

"You reckon you're a pretty good chum, don't you?"

"I hope so."

"Would you believe me a thief?"

"No. I know you couldn't be, Dick!"

"Well, what's the difference between me and Les?"

"He—oh, dash it all, it seems to be proved that he boned Chowle's cash, doesn't it?"

"It does seem so. But it might seem so if I had gone instead of Owen. It might seem so if you had gone. Have you thought of that?"

"Yes. I'd thought of everything till my head buzzes. I wouldn't steal, and you wouldn't steal, and Les wouldn't steal. But Les has stolen. So I suppose you or I might have done if we'd been hard up against it enough. And yet—"

"When does a fellow need his pals most, Lawrence?"

"When he's down, of course."

"Well, Les is down. I'm not giving him up. I won't say I'd do it if the thing was proved beyond all doubt. I should want to know why he did it. But it isn't proved yet, is it?"


"Pretty nearly, Dick."

"Oh, buck up! Come in! That you, Kerr?"

(Continued on page 17.)

A NEW LONG TALE OF ST. JIM'S.  
By MARTIN CLIFFORD.






# BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY

St. Jim's      Greyfriars      Rookwood

Edited by W. G. BUNTER of Greyfriars, assisted by SAMMY BUNTER of Greyfriars, BAGGY TRIMBLE and FATTY WYNN of St. Jim's, and TUBBY MUFFIN of Rookwood.



## IN YOUR EDITOR'S DEN!

By BILLY BUNTER.

My Dear Readers,—Spring is here at last! Here, here!

The grass is green; the daffodils are yellow; and no one is feeling blue. For all of which let us be trooly thankful!

I like the Spring. In fact, it is my favorite seezon. It isn't too hot, and it isn't too cold. I can't stand eggstreams, and Spring is just the happy medium.

Of course, there's one drawback to Spring. It is responsible for a crop of Spring poets. They come pouring into my sanctum at the rate of a duzen a minnit. I simply can't cope with them.

Alonzo Todd has written an "Ode to a Blooming Crocus." He asked me to publish it in this issew. I jolly soon showed him the door!

Then that ass Skinner comes on the seen with an "Ode to a Green-eyed Grasshopper." I told Skinner to follow the grasshopper's eggssample, and hop it!

Even Lord Mauleverer, who is jenerally asleep on his study sofa, has bestirred himself to write a set of verses dealing with Spring Fashions. If I were to publish all the kontributions I have been offered during the last few days, they would fill a hole issew of the POPULAR, and severral more issews besides!

Bother these Spring poets! They ought to be muzzled, just like rapid—or is it rabid?—dogs. They ought not to be aloud out unless they are on a lead.

The Spring poet is a plaig worse than all the Plaigs of Egypt. And he ought to be eggsterminated. That's my opinion anyway.

Of course, I mean no offense to Dick Penfold. Pen writes poetry all the year round. Some of it is good stuff, too, although I don't say I couldn't do it better.

Well, dear readers, I've got nine hundred and ninety-nine manuscripts to read, so you mustn't detain me any longer, as the man said when he was in prison, and the order for release came through.

Fair thee well until next week, when I shall be bobbing up again, as large as life and twice as natcherall!

Your sinseer pal,

**Your Editor.**

## THE JOYS OF ROLLER-SKATING!

By DICK PENFOLD.

To Courtfield Rink I love to slink,  
Without a pass or permit.  
I cannot stay indoors all day  
And be a blessed hermit.  
To sit and swot is tommyrot,  
And jolly aggravating;  
I take delight both day and night  
In skating, skating, skating!

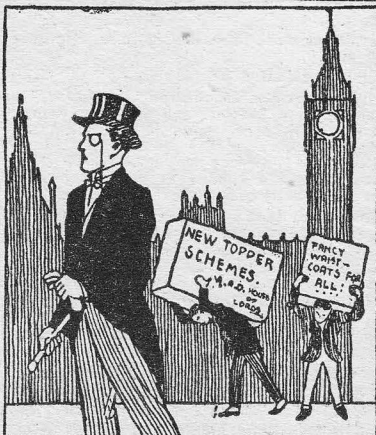
Some fellows like to run or bike  
Along the pleasant highways;  
They love to rush through mud and slush  
On rutty, rain-soaked byways.  
Whilst Skinner and his precious band  
Are mildly dissipating,  
I always find great joy of mind  
In skating, skating, skating!

The footer field has oft revealed  
Full many a stirring tussle;  
That winter game, of world-wide fame,  
Is fine for nerve and muscle.  
But when the rain comes down again,  
No sign of it abating,  
You'll see me run, to get my fun  
In skating, skating, skating!

When, armed with skates, I leave the gates  
I'm happy as a linnet.  
Away I race, with eager pace,  
To fill each fleeting minute.  
They give me lines, they give me fines,  
A licking, and a gating;  
But spite of this, I'll find my bliss  
In skating, skating, skating!

## PEEPS INTO THE FUTURE!

By George Kerr.



ARTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY.

## THE WHEEZE THAT WOULDN'T WORK!

By SAMMY BUNTER  
(Subb-Editor).

Piece, perfect piece is impossible when old Twigg is on the warpath.

Practically every day last week he licked my hands. Not as a terrier would lick them, with devotion, but with a formidable cane!

By the end of the week, my hands were one mass of wheels.

"I'm going to put a stop to this tirranny!" I said, addressing Nugent miner.

"How?" asked Dicky.

"On Monday mourning, before going in to lessons, I shall tie bandages on both hands, and pretend I've met with an accident. Then Twigg won't be able to lick me."

So when Monday mourning came, I went along and interviewed my majer.

And he tyed two enormous bandages round my hands.

When I went into the 2nd Form-room, there was quite a sensation.

"Bless my sole, Bunter!" said Twigg.

"What is the matter with your hands?"

"I fell on some broken glass, sir, in the Close," I eggsplained.

"Oh!"

"I'm afraid I sha'n't be able to do any lessens, sir."

"Nonsense, Bunter! Trew, you will not be able to write, but the fact that you have cut your hands has not robbed you of your eyesight. You will study a histery-book."

Halfway through mourning skool, I nodded off to sleep.

I didn't care what happened, bekwase Twigg wouldn't be able to chastise me. So I thought, anyway.

But prezzently I had a rood awakening. I opened my eyes, and found Twigg glaring down at me.

"Boy!" he thundered. "How dare you go to sleep in the Form-room? I will punish you severly!"

"You won't be able to administer corporal punishment, sir, that's one blessing," I said. "I've hurt my hands!"

Twigg, however, was not to be denied.

The beestly tyrant hauled me out in front of the class, and commanded me to bend down. Then he prosceeded to tan my hide.

So my wonderful wheeze for dodging a licking didn't work, after all!

Oh dear! Afraid old Twigg's one too meny for me!

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## ADVICE ON FASHIONS!

By the Famous Fashion Expert,  
**Arthur Augustus D'Arcy**  
(Fourth Form, St. Jim's).

"Baggy" (School House).—Sorry to hear you have been having so much trouble with your clothes. But it was absurd of you to go to the tailor in Wayland and buy a ready-made suit. You must remember that you are twice the size of a normal fellow. I don't wonder that the seams of the coat split, and that the trousers felt like a pair of tights! Your only remedy, dear boy, is to have your togs specially made. You will be charged twice as much as an ordinary individual on account of your bulk. But that is one of the penalties of being corpulent!

"Figgy" (New House).—You say you have worn the same football-jersey for three seasons. You ought to be ashamed of yourself! No wonder the colours have been washed out! You should take a leaf out of my book, and wear a brand-new jersey once a month. How can you expect the ladies to admire your exploits on the football-field unless you are smartly attired?

"George Alfred" (School House).—Afraid I cannot give you any hints on "how to make your figger attractive." You happen to be one of the most clumsily built fellows at St. Jim's, and even all the finery of King Solomon would not make you look smart. I sympathise with you in your affliction, and regret I can do nothing to help.

"Reddy" (New House).—Yes, dear boy, a frock-coat and a topper ought to suit you very well. And don't forget to sport a carnation in your buttonhole. On what occasion do you propose to wear these "glad rags," pray?

"Skimpy" (School House).—If, as you say, your trousers are too long and too loose, I can only remark that you've got a shocking tailor! Get hold of a man who knows his job.

"Monty" (School House).—No, butterfly collars do not suit you. They make you look several years older than you really are. Take my advice, and stick to an ordinary Eton collar. It is more becoming. With regard to spats, I consider they should be worn on all occasions—except, of course, when playing football!

G. F. K. (New House).—If your bowler hat is soiled and battered it should be sent to the Society for the Renovation of Bashed Bowlers. I think their premises are in Savile Row, London. But why wear a bowler? It's hardly the right sort of headgear for a schoolboy, you know!

Gerald K. (Sixth Form).—If you tore your coat whilst clambering through the box-room window prior to going on a midnight excursion, then I have no sympathy to waste on you!

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— By —  
**Ratty Wynne**  
(Sub-Editor).

**T**HERE were six of us under detention—Figgins, Kerr, Redfern, Pratt, Koumi Rao, and your humble servant.

What had we been up to? Oh, nothing much! We'd been playing football in the Close, and Figgy had the misfortune to put the ball clean through the window of Mr. Ratcliff's study. Whereupon, Ratty had ordered the six of us to stay in until four o'clock. And it was a half-holiday, so you can guess the state of our feelings.

We writhed and chafed in detention until four o'clock came. And then Ratty refused to dismiss us.

"It is raining in torrents," he said, glancing out of the window. "If I release you boys, you will only go out on to the playing-fields, and get drenched to the skin. Then we shall be having an epidemic of influenza or something equally contagious."

The six of us groaned in chorus.

"It is not a bit of use groaning," said Ratty. "You must stay here. Your punishment, however, is ended. We will beguile the time in as pleasant a manner as possible until it leaves off raining."

We stared at Ratty in amazement.

How did he suppose we could beguile the time pleasantly, whilst he was with us? It was like shutting half a dozen fellows up with a lion in its cage, and telling them to be happy and enjoy themselves!

Ratty placed the blackboard on the easel, and picked up a piece of chalk.

"I am going to initiate you to a new pastime, my boys," he said. "It is a pastime which will greatly improve your mental powers. Now, you take a word, and from the letters of that word you construct a phrase. I will show you what I mean."

So saying, Ratty inscribed on the blackboard the word "RAIN."

"Now, Figgins," he said "I will make a sentence from that word, as follows:

"Really An Immense Nuisance."

We were inclined to think that the rain wasn't the only thing that was an immense nuisance. Ratty himself came in that category.

"Bother his beastly pastime!" muttered Kerr.

"Seems more like a lesson to me!" growled Figgins.

Ratty raised a warning hand.

"Pray cease this unseemly muttering!" he said. "Now, I want each of you to compile a list of phrases similar to the one I have shown you. You may take any word you like, and construct a phrase from it. It will make the time pass pleasantly whilst you are waiting for the rain to stop."

We were each given a sheet of paper and a pen, and we set to work. I say "work" advisedly, because it didn't seem much of a pastime to us. Might as well have beguiled the time doing Latin or Greek.

After a great deal of thought, I managed to produce a dozen phrases myself. And in each case I used the name of a St. Jim's fellow, as follows:

MERRY: Makes Everybody Rally Round, Yes!

TALBOT: Toff's A Leader—Best Of Them!

BLAKE: Born Lucky And Knows Everything.

D'ARCY: Dons Appalling; Rig-out—Cries "Yaas!"

DIGBY: Detained Indefinitely—Greedy Boy Yesterday.

CARDEW: Complete Aristocrat—Renews Dress Every Week.

CLIVE: Conduct Lately Is Very Exceptional.

PRATT: Pitches Rather A Tall Tale.

KERR: Keeps Everyone Rallying Round.

WYNN: Wishes You Nothing Nasty.

LOWTHER: Lots Of Weird Things He's Eternally Relating.

CUTTS: Can't Use Telephone Till Saturday.

Not bad, eh? You'll notice I included my own name.

The beastly things took me nearly an hour to write, and, meanwhile, the rain was still pelting down. It showed no sign of abating.

I happened to glance at Figgy's sheet of paper, curious to know what he had written.

Then I had quite a shock.

Figgy had also been making up phrases from people's names; but he had been more personal than me.

Glancing down the list, I espied the following choice piece of libel:

RATCLIFF: Really A Tyrant—Chief Line Is Finding Fault.

Figgy caught my eye, and grinned.

"Sums Ratty up to a T, doesn't it?" he muttered.

"I say, old man!" I said, in a fearful whisper. "You'd better scrap that before Ratty sees it!"

But alas! Ratty was already bearing down upon us.

"I will now collect your lists, and see what progress you have made," he said.

Kerr and Redfern handed up their lists. Ratty glanced at them, and nodded approvingly.

"Very commendable," he observed. "You have more brains than I gave you credit for. Now, Figgins, let me see your list."

"Ahem!"

"Come, Figgins!"

"Ahem!"

"You appear to be troubled with a cough!" said Ratty. "Are you aware that I am speaking to you? Give me your list at once!"

Poor old Figgy! He had no option but to hand over what he had written.

You ought to have seen Ratty's face when he perused the list! I thought he was going to have an apoplectic fit.

No such luck, however.

Spitting with fury, Ratty went to his desk and produced his most formidable cane.

"Stand out, Figgins!" he snarled. "You have been guilty of gross impertinence! I shall not spare you!"

And he didn't. He gave Figgy three stinging cuts on each hand, and saddled him with five hundred lines into the bargain.

Altogether, I consider that was the most melancholy afternoon we had spent this term. Figgy subscribes to that opinion, anyway!



# A TREAT FOR TEN!



## A Humorous Short Story of Greyfriars: By GEORGE BULSTRODE (Remove Form.) Greyfriars.

"**C**AVE, you fellows!" It was Billy Bunter who uttered the warning.

The Famous Five were in Study No. 1, changing into footer togs, when Bunter hailed them from the doorway.

Harry Wharton paused in the act of lacing one of his boots.

"What's wrong, porpoise?" he demanded. "Hide yourselves—quickly! Prout's on the warpath!"

"Eh?"

"He's looking for ten fellows to take for a walk—one of his botanical excursions, you know. Sniffing about after choice specimens of fern, and all that sort of thing."

The Famous Five looked genuinely alarmed.

Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth, was very keen on botany and natural history. He loved to take a party of Greyfriars fellows for a ten or a twelve-mile tramp, and to point out to them the various interesting features of plant and insect life. Interesting, that is to say, to Mr. Prout. His victims found it a frightful bore.

Harry Wharton & Co. had planned to devote the Wednesday afternoon to footer. They had no wish to fall into the hands of the Philistines—the "Philistines" being represented by Mr. Paul Pontifex Prout.

Billy Bunter, in the doorway, raised a warning hand.

"Shush! I can hear Prout's footsteps!" he exclaimed. "Make yourselves scarce!"

There was only one thing to be done, in the circumstances. And the Famous Five did it. They promptly dodged behind the screen. It effectively hid them from view, and the study, to all intents and purposes, was deserted when Mr. Prout glanced in a moment later.

"Wharton! I wish to take you and your friends on a little expedition— Why, bless my soul, there is nobody here!"

Mr. Prout paused on the threshold, and blinked around the apparently empty study. Then, after a moment—which seemed like an eternity to the juniors behind the screen—the Form-master withdrew.

"Thank goodness!" muttered Bob Cherry, in tones of relief, as he emerged from his ambush. "It would have been simply awful to have fallen into Prout's clutches."

"Yes, rather!"

"We should have had a twelve-mile slave drive, and it would have put years on us!" said Johnny Bull.

Mr. Prout was determined to collect ten juniors somehow. On leaving Study No. 1 he stepped into No. 2.

The occupants of the latter apartment had been duly warned by Billy Bunter. And Tom Brown, Hazeldene, and the writer of this story were concealed behind the screen when the Form-master looked in.

"Dear me! Everybody seems to be on the football-ground!" murmured Mr. Prout. "There is no sign of Brown, Bulstrode, and Hazeldene. I will see if Dutton and the two Todds are in."

But the occupants of Study No. 7 had also been warned by Billy Bunter of Mr. Prout's intentions, and they had taken sanctuary in the school tuckshop, until such time as Mr. Prout was out of the way.

The master of the Fifth was baffled and exasperated. But he did not abandon his quest. As he could not obtain the ten fellows he wanted, he decided to collect another ten. And this, after a prolonged search, he succeeded in doing.

He rounded up Skinner and Snoop and Stott and Bolsover major. And Billy Bunter, who had been so busy warning his school-fellows that he had forgotten his own safety, was gathered into the net.

Trevor and Treluce were caught. So were Fisher T. Fish and Wun Lung. And, lastly, Oliver Kipps fell into the trap.

Mr. Prout had no right to command these ten fellows to accompany him on an expedition. It was a half-holiday, and the fellows could please themselves whether they went or not. Mr. Prout merely requested the pleasure of their society. But they knew better than to refuse. To ruffle a master's feathers often meant getting into his black books.

Mourningly, as if they were going to a funeral, the procession trooped out of the school gateway.

The Famous Five were watching from the window of Study No. 1.

"Lucky escape for us, by Jove!" said Frank Nugent.

"Yes, rather!"

"I pity those poor beggars from my heart," said Bob Cherry, pointing to the retreating figures of the kidnapped ten. "They'll have to tramp till they're footsore, and they'll have to listen to old Prout explaining the different species of fern and fungus. A pleasant half-holiday for 'em—I don't think!"

"Billy Bunter's one of the victims," said Harry Wharton. "Poor old Bunter! It was jolly decent of him to warn us."

"I bet Bunter's wishing he'd looked after himself a bit more," said Johnny Bull. "He was so jolly busy warning other people that it didn't occur to him that he might get collared himself."

"He'll be half-dead by the time he gets back," said Nugent. "Bunter hates physical exercise like a plague."

The procession of juniors gradually disappeared from view.

Mr. Prout, attired in very baggy trousers and a sports coat, brought up the rear of the procession. He carried a stout walking-stick, and gave the impression that he was taking pigs to market.

The juniors ahead of him shuffled along in a state of resignation. Skinner was mournfully whistling "It's a long way to Tipperary!"

Harry Wharton & Co., congratulating themselves on their escape, made their way to Little Side.

There was no match to be played—merely a practice. But everybody agreed that it was far better to punt a football about than to accompany Mr. Prout on one of his harebrained excursions.

It was at two o'clock that Mr. Prout's party had left the school.

Harry Wharton & Co. played footer until five. Then they went in to tea.

The "kidnapped ten," as Bob Cherry insisted upon calling them, had not returned.

"Not back yet," remarked Harry Wharton. "They must be having an awful time!"

"Jogging along the highway, with old Prout coming along behind with his arms full of ferns," said Nugent. "What a picture!"

An hour passed—and then another—and darkness began to creep over the countryside. But still the unfortunate juniors had not returned.

"Seven o'clock!" said Johnny Bull, as the school clock chimed the hour. "And those fellows have been on the tramp since two!"

"Five solid hours on the road!" said Bob Cherry. "Let's thank our lucky stars that we dodged it in time!"

"The thankfulness is terrific!" said Hurree Singh.

It was very late indeed when the wanderers returned.

Contrary to expectation, they looked anything but tired and footsore. Their faces were glowing when they came in. They looked as if they found the world a very pleasant place to live in.

Harry Wharton & Co. had gone into the hall to meet the returned juniors. They beckoned to Skinner, whose face wore an expansive grin.

"You seem to have enjoyed your botanical excursion!" said Harry Wharton.

"Not much botany about it," said Skinner, with a chuckle. "We've had the time of our lives!"

"What!"

"Prout took us along to a charming old farmhouse not very far from here, and stood us a tip-top tea."

"My hat!"

"It was a glorious spread!" said Skinner, his mouth watering at the recollection. "And we had parlour games, and romps, and all sorts of things after the feed. That's what has made us so late."

"Well, I'm jiggered!" gasped Bob Cherry.

The Famous Five were fairly flabbergasted. They wished now that they had not been to such pains to dodge Mr. Prout. The glorious feed at the farmhouse might have been theirs, had they not been so eager to hide from the master of the Fifth.

"If only we had known what was in Prout's mind!" said Nugent.

"How could we guess he was going to do the Good Samaritan stunt?" growled Johnny Bull.

"This will be a lesson to us," said Harry Wharton. "We won't be so ready to jump to conclusions next time."

They certainly won't!

THE END.

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## THE SORROWS OF SPRING!

By **TUBBY MUFFIN**  
(Sub-Editor and Rookwood Representative).

Say what you like about the Spring, but I consider it's a rotten season! I've no patience with it. It makes me feel sick and sad and sorry.

To begin with, everybody is brimful of energy. And a fellow like myself, who prefers to take life quietly, finds himself rushed off his feet.

Yesterday was a typical Spring day. The sun was shining; there was a nip in the air (good job Pussyfoot wasn't present, or he might have objected!) and everybody was full of life and vigour.

That beast Jimmy Silver dragged me out of bed at six o'clock in the morning. He made me go round the quad six times with a skipping-rope. I was half-dead by the time I had finished, I can tell you!

As if that wasn't enough eggserise for one morning, I quarrelled with that beast Lattrey, and he insisted on my having the gloves on with him.

At brekker, thinking Lattrey was off his feed, I took his rasher of bacon when he wasn't looking. That's what all the trouble was about.

When brekker was over, we went along to the gym, and for a quarter of an hour we were engaged in trying to wipe each other off the face of the earth.

Of course, I gave Lattrey a fearful licking. That goes without saying. I biffed him, and bashed him, and upper-cut him, and then I sat on his head. But it was jolly strenuous work, and I was glad when it was all over.

But I am wandering from the point—as the recruit said when he shrunk away while being inoculated.

I set out to tell you about the sorrows of Spring. Well, the chief sorrows may be summer-ised as follows: Too much footer; too much hockey; too much cross-country running; and too much eggser-tion jenerally.

But the reason why I hate Spring, above everything else, is that bathing begins. It ought not to begin till June by rights, but fellows like Jimmy Silver are always taking Time by the forelock.

I dislike cold water intensely. I think it's horrible. And to have to plunge into an icy river, in April, is the giddy limit!

Jimmy Silver declares he's going to make a really first-class swimmer of me this season. He's going to make me a Wolf and a Webb rolled into one.

This means that I shall have to turn out early every mornning, and accompany Silver and his energetic pals to the river. Oh, what an ordeal! Even as I write, I can feel the icy waters closing over my head.

How I wish it was winter all the year round! Then there would be no open-air bathing, and life would be worth while.

As it is—well, in the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love—and fresh water bathing! Groo!

I seriously think they ought to abolish the season of Spring. Let Winter end on June 30th, and let Autumn commence on July 1st. That would be an ideal arrangement, from my point of view. But perhaps the readers of BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY don't agree!

Prate not to me of the joys of Spring, or I shall start singing a Hymn of Hate!

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## OUR AGONY COLUMN!

Conducted by  
**BAGGY TRIMBLE**  
(Sub-Editor and St. Jim's Representative).

(NOTE.—Advertisements for this column will be accepted from fellows at Greyfriars, St. Jim's, and Rookwood, at the rate of a farthing a word (minimum 25,000 words). Checks to be crossed and made payable to W. G. Bunter. The Editor will not be responsible for any fights, scraps, quarrels, or libel actions that may arise as the result of an advertisement in this column.)

A. A. A.—ALL who wish to get rich quick should send for my new free booklet on "Fortune Finding." "Mine was made in two jiffs," writes "Millionaire." Free to all who enclose a half-crown postal-order.—Apply Fisher T. Fish, Study No. 14, Remove Passage, Greyfriars.

DO YOU WANT A DOMESTIC SERVANT in place of your unsatisfactory fag? If so, apply to the Wayland Domestic Service Agency. (Proprietors, Messrs. Seacombe & Fyndham.)

TO GEORGE BLUNDELL.—I will meet you behind the chappel at two o'clock on Saturday afternoon, when we will settle our differences. You are rekwested to bring your own 2nds, and your own stretcher-barers. Prepare to receive a terribul licking. You will get no mersy at my hands!—HORACE COKER.

GUINEA PIG FOR SALE at only half a guinea! This is a bargain which will never be repeated.—ALGY SILVER, ROOKWOOD SCHOOL.

CORNET PLAYING IN SIX LESSONS! Fee, twopence a lesson. I will guarantee to make you a roof-raising expert in no time. Place yourself in my hands, and await the results with confidence.—GEORGE HERRIES, Fourth Form, ST. JIM'S.

BANKRUPTCY CASES. TO-DAY'S HEARINGS. At Greyfriars—BUNTER, W. G. At St. Jim's—TRIMBLE, B. At Rookwood—MUFFIN, R. Creditors are earnestly requested to refrain from throwing bad eggs during the proceedings.

SPRATS, WINKLES, CRABS, and other forms of HERRING served daily in Gatty's Fish and Oyster Bar, Fags' Common-room, Greyfriars School. Every fish guaranteed to have been caught by the Greyfriars Deep-sea Fishing and Angling Association.

MOTOR BIKE FOR SAIL! Only been ridden once, and nothing wrong with it apart from the fact that the engine won't function, and the tires are punctured—these defects being due to fair wear and tear. A real bargain. Going for FIFTEEN BOB.—Apply EDWARD HANSOM, Fifth Form, Rookwood School.

DON'T TAKE YOUR PLEZZURES MEEKLY! Read "BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY!" Then you'll laugh until you burst. My wonderful "WEEKLY" always comes first! (The Editor has made no charge for this advertisement.)

## EXPELLED FROM THE SCHOOL!

By **DR. CHISHOLM**  
(Headmaster of Rookwood).

On referring to my records, I find that during my fifteen years of office as Headmaster of Rookwood, I have found it necessary to expel forty-five boys.

This works out at an average of three expulsions per annum, which is not, I believe, a high percentage by comparison with other public schools.

Of the forty-five expulsions in question, thirty-six were of a public nature, and the remaining nine were private.

Expulsion is, of course, the severest punishment that can be visited upon any boy. It is always with extreme reluctance that I impose such a punishment; and I go very carefully into all the facts of the case before administering such a terrible punishment. For terrible it truly is, when one considers that many expelled schoolboys are, in a sense, branded for life.

I find that no fewer than twenty boys have been expelled by me for the grave offence of breaking bounds at night. This would seem to be the most popular form of offence in the whole category of misdemeanours.

There is a very stringent rule which forbids boys to break bounds after locking-up time. If they persist in disregarding this rule, they must face the consequences.

I need not enlarge upon the evils of breaking bounds. It ought to be perfectly patent to anybody that a boy who breaks out at night and consorts with shady companions is going the right way to ruin his life.

Other offences which have demanded expulsion are stealing, planning a rebellion against those in authority, striking a master, and being persistently slack and insolent.

Theft naturally calls for instant expulsion. One cannot suffer a thief to remain in the school.

Inciting others to rebel is also a very serious offence, though sometimes, when there are extenuating circumstances, expulsion is not resorted to.

Striking a master is almost as heinous an offence as for a private soldier to strike his superior officer. Here, again, unless there has been grave provocation, the offender is invariably expelled.

Then we have the type of boy who is known as incorrigible. Although not guilty of any particularly flagrant offence, he will cause annoyance in a hundred and one small ways. He will be insolent and inattentive in class, and will refuse to take steps to improve himself. That type of boy must be shown the door.

Some people seem to think that a headmaster takes a positive delight in expelling boys. Far from it. Of all the duties which fall to the lot of a Head, I consider that is by far the most painful. Often one feels that one would like to shirk it. But a man who shirks his duty is not fit to govern a public school.

I would urge all the boys under my charge to carefully study the school rules—to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them. To break a rule, and then plead ignorance of it, will be futile.

Rules are made to be kept.



**The Mystery of Owen!**

(Continued from page 12.)

A tap at the door had sounded, and now the door opened to disclose the shrewd, freckled face and sandy hair of George Francis Kerr, than whom none among the New House juniors had better brains.

"Like Paul Pry, I trust I don't intrude," said Kerr. "Yes, it's me; that is to say, it is I. Let us be grammatical if we're nothing else."

Lawrence gave a pale grin. Kerr's coming somehow did him good.

"My pal's pretty nearly down and out," said Redfern. "We went a long way this afternoon, and didn't find out a thing. I suppose it's right that those School House bounders did get on Owen's track, Kerr?"

"I should say there's very little doubt of it. Can't be two fellows in Etons making in the same direction. But it rather spoils a theory of mine, and I've come to you fellows to see whether you can tell me anything that might help me."

"What's your theory?" asked Redfern. "Never mind that. Tell me this first—but I'm not asking you to give away any secrets—do you know of any home trouble of Owen's?"

"We don't," replied Redfern frankly. "All the same, we thought there might be something of the sort, he was so jolly queer in his manner."

"And why Chowle's cash? He'd know that cad would have no mercy on him," said Lawrence wearily. "Why couldn't he come to his pals for what he wanted?"

"Just because he couldn't or wouldn't explain."

"That's an idea, Kerr," said Redfern. "I should have thought that you were right, only it doesn't fit in with his walking. A chap in a hurry doesn't bone money for his rail fare and then walk."

"No. You're right there. That was what spoiled my theory, Reddy. But cheerio! I'm sure Owen's no thief."

The keen eyes of the Scots junior were wandering round the study as he spoke and listened. No one at St. Jim's had better developed powers of observation than Kerr.

He got up from the chair he had taken now, and walked over to a corner of the study. There he stood looking down at a few fragments of plaster that lay near the skirting-board. None of the New House studies were oak-wainscoted, as were some of those in the School House.

To the surprise of Redfern and Lawrence he knelt and tugged at the skirting-board from the corner, where it joined that of the adjacent wall. It gave a little to his pull.

"There's something here," he said. "I can't get at it with my fingers. Got a pair of tweezers, Reddy? Or scissors would do."

Redfern came over to him, produced a pocket-knife, pulled out from it the instrument meant for taking stones from horses' shoes, and used that. It brought from behind the skirting-board an envelope.

"Addressed to me!" said Redfern. "And in Les' handwriting, Edgar!"

Lawrence fairly woke up then. His fatigue was forgotten.

Redfern slit open the envelope. Inside

were three Treasury notes and a scrap of paper.

Dick Redfern had as much pluck as most, but his hands fairly trembled as he held that scrap of paper so that Kerr and Lawrence might read with him.

And this is what the three read:

"Dear Dick,—Very likely you will never see this. If you ever do, you will know that I am not a thief, and that when I took Chowle's cash I didn't take it for my own benefit. You will know by that time, too, why I had to go home, and why I could not let anyone even suspect the reason why I bolted. So I let them think that I'd bagged Chowle's rotten money. I knew he would kick up a dust.

"You will never find this without word from me, I am sure. And when I write—if I ever do—I shall explain. So I am not going to explain here—see?"

"It makes me sick to think that you and Edgar—the rest, too, but you matter most—should imagine me a thief. But I can't help it.

"Yours always,

"LESLIE OWEN."

"Well, I'm jiggered!" said Redfern. "I think I'm right, after all," said Kerr.

"What's to be done?" asked Lawrence, twittering with nervous excitement.

Then the three looked at one another, and Redfern said:

"You're a wonder, Kerr!"

"Oh, it was only a guess, and when I noticed that little dust of plaster, it was only because I can't help noticing things, not because I was really all out for clues."

"I don't know whether we oughtn't to keep this dark," said Redfern. "I think Les might want us to."

Kerr shook his head.

"I sha'n't let on if you make up your minds to keep it dark," he answered. "That letter wasn't to my address. But if you take my advice you won't. Owen wasn't in any state to think clearly, or he wouldn't have done such a rotten silly thing. I should clear his name the moment I was able. He's an ass if he thinks anything seriously wrong can be concealed this way. But—well, Reddy—well, Lawrence—he's the kind of ass a fellow might feel jolly proud to have as a chum!"

"I think so," replied Redfern.

"Hear, hear!" chimed in Lawrence, beaming now.

Whatever might be wrong—however big an ass Leslie Owen might have made of himself—their chum was straight. That was what mattered most to Redfern and Lawrence.

"If it was any decent fellow who had lost the money," said Kerr, "I should say take it to him, show him the letter, and ask him to pretend he'd only mislaid the notes. He'd have to lie; but I'd tell that lie for Owen's sake, I know that. Chowle wouldn't, and it's no use trying Chowle."

"Not a scrap," agreed Redfern. "But I'm not going to take this to Ratty. He's as big a rotter as the pink-eyed ferret!"

"No. Take it to the Head. And I'll come with you," said Kerr.

And, never even giving a thought to the fact that they should have been at prep, the three went over to Dr. Holmes' quarters in the School House and told him.

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.  
The Tragedy!**

"LOOK here, Dick!" said Lawrence next morning.

He held an open letter in his hand.

The letter was from his mother. It was very short. Plainly the writer had been agitated when she wrote it. The Owens and the Lawrences had been close friends in the days when they had lived in the same town, closer than either had been to Dick Redfern's family.

Redfern read, and as he read he understood the desperate mood in which Leslie Owen had made exit from St. Jim's.

For Owen's father had been arrested at Sarlbridge on a charge of embezzlement, and was in prison!

"Do what you can to help Leslie bear it, Edgar," Mrs. Lawrence had written. "Poor boy, it is not his fault, and this is just the time when he needs friends. I am certain that you and Dick Redfern will stand by him, even if the rest of the school despises him for what is no fault of his."

Lawrence's eyes were moist, and there was a lump in Redfern's throat as he said:

"Your mother's a good sort, Edgar—the best sort! My word, I wish that we had the chance of standing by Les here! But the silly idiot hasn't let us have it. And he can't do any good at home."

"You'd go if it was like that. So should I," replied Lawrence.

"Are we going to say anything about this?" inquired Redfern.

"No. What's the use? The Head said that for the present we might as well say nothing about Owen's letter to me, though of course Chowle must have his precious money back soon."

But the story leaked out without their telling it.

Mellish heard something. Mellish, of the Fourth, was always hearing things. His family seemed to be much of his own type. They did not know the Owens, but they lived not very far from them, and the local paper which they had sent their dear Percy contained news of Owen's father's arrest.

"Can this be the parent of the vulgar boy in the New House of whom you had told me?" wrote Mrs. Mellish to her hopeful son. "If so, I think it serves Dr. Holmes right for agreeing to

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A NEW LONG TALE OF ST. JIM'S.  
By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

**A BUMPER EASTER NUMBER**

OF

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NEXT TUESDAY!

**"A MYSTERY CLEARED UP!"**

admit boys from Council Schools to St. James'. He might have known that no good would come of it."

Mellish took paper and letter to Racke and Crooke.

Racke and Crooke chortled, as might have been expected of them.

"Oh, by gad!" said Racke. "Isn't this a dashed joke, Gerry, what? You did quite right to let me know, Mellish. Don't you breathe a word yet. Just you leave it to me to make those low cads sit up!"

Racke left his operations until after morning classes. Then he joined a crowd in the quad. The crowd was discussing the Owen mystery in the light of the latest revelation. Dr. Holmes, who detested concealment, had told Redfern and Lawrence that they might make public Kerr's find, and now all the Shell and Fourth knew that Owen had not taken Chowle's money with him, and Chowle had his money back, but seemed less pleased than might have been expected.

"What was in the letter, Reddy?" asked Dick Roylance of the Fourth.

Redfern shook his head. "I don't think I'm entitled to tell that," he answered. "Sorry, Roylance. I know you didn't ask just out of curiosity."

"Still, some people here not quite so superior as Roylance may feel curious," struck in the harsh voice of Racke. "An' I really don't see that there's any reason why it should be kept dark, dashed if I do! If you want to know the truth—"

"Do you really know anything about it, Racke?" demanded Tom Merry.

"I happen to know all about it," answered Racke, with sneering importance. "Owen bolted because his pater had come a most awful cropper—embezzled thousands of quids!"

Redfern sprang forward, his face aglow with indignant rage, and got his hands to Racke's throat, well nigh throttling him.

"You liar! You'll take that back!" he cried.

"Steady, old top!" Kerr warned him. "He can't take it back after you've choked him, you know."

Something in the tone rather than in the words had its effect upon Leslie Owen's indignant chum. He remembered what Kerr had said about Owen having trouble at home to face. After all, there might be truth in Racke's yarn.

His hands dropped. Racke stood breathless, purple, his fingers at his

collar, when Joe Frayne of the Third, pale and agitated, came running from the gates.

"They've found him! They've found poor old Owen—in the river—drowned!" he faltered.

Upon the crowd there fell a terrible silence. For a moment no one could find words. Lawrence clutched at Redfern's arm, and out of Redfern's face the colour slowly faded. Fatty Wynn's china blue eyes filled with tears.

"How did you hear about it, kid?" inquired Tom Merry.

"We were down by the river, Frank Levison and Reggie Manners and I, when they pulled him out. I cut away. I couldn't stand it. They'll be here directly."

"You're quite sure Owen was dead?" asked Lawrence hoarsely.

"Oh, yes. His face—it was awful—you couldn't have told him by that. The man said he must have been drowned twenty-four hours or so, and it looked as though he'd smashed against something when he went in, and— Oh, I can't talk any more about it!"

Little Frayne broke down, and none there—not even Racke and Crooke—despised him for it. Tom Merry put a comforting hand on the fag's neck, and Joe buried his face on Tom's jacket and cried without disguise, his shoulders shaking with his sobs.

Then the crowd broke up, Trimble, Mellish, and a few of their like made a rush for the two Houses, more eager to carry the news of the tragedy than really upset by it. But most of the others went towards the gates, and behind them came more as the news spread.

Frank Levison and Manners minor were within twenty yards of the gates when the first of the crowd reached there.

Both looked awed and frightened, but it was plain at a glance that Frank had kept his head better than Reggie.

"They're bringing him—on a hurdle," said Frank. "Oh, there can't be any doubt that it's Owen. He had a letter in his pocket, and the Eton jacket and all that. But his face was smashed in. Oh!"

And Frank's turn came for a breakdown. The sight had been a ghastly one for these three youngsters. They had come up just as the body had been dragged from the water.

Now down the road came two men carrying a hurdle between them, and on the hurdle, covered by sacking, lay that which had been taken out of the Ryll.

Lawrence took a step or two forward as if to meet it, but Dick Redfern pulled him back.

As if by instinct, the crowd at the gates fell into some sort of rough order, not as if at drill, but more or less lined up. Those who came to swell it lined up with the rest. Every head was bare. No one spoke.

The Head and Mr. Railton arrived together, as the men with the hurdle entered the gates. They stopped dead, and their mortar-boards came off. At the door of his lodge stood Taggles, gaping, round-eyed. From the New House hurried Mr. Rateliff, his gown fluttering round his knees.

The hurdle was set down at the Head's feet.

"Tain't rightly fit for the boys to see, sir!" muttered one of the men. "Horrid sight it is. Pretty near frightened the life out of three of the little 'uns."

"Stand back, all of you!" commanded Dr. Holmes.

Kildare and Darrell and Monteith had joined him and Mr. Railton. Mr. Ratcliff bustled up in time to see. Some of those nearest may have caught a glimpse, but most averted their eyes.

Very reverently the Head lifted the corner of the sackcloth for a second. When he put it back again his face was working with emotion, and the faces of those around him reflected it. Even Mr. Ratcliff passed his hand across his forehead as though badly upset.

And Lawrence and Redfern thought of Leslie Owen's poor mother, and wondered how she could possibly bear up under such a load of trouble.

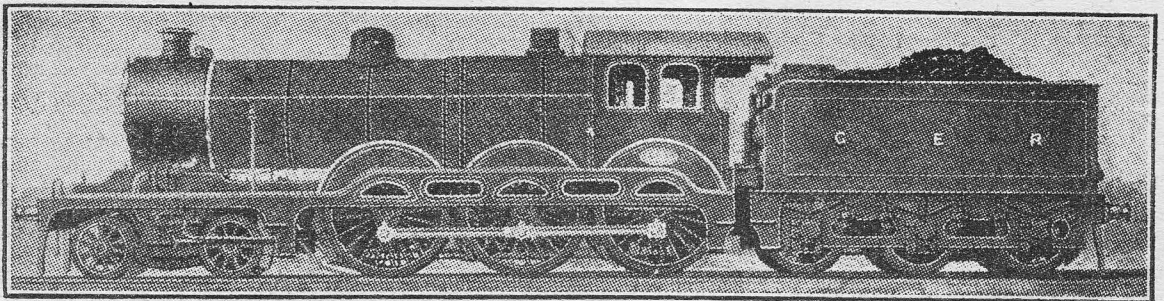
Racke's story had been true, of course. And Owen had not been able to bear it, and had drowned himself!

He had not meant to do that when he left St. Jim's, they were sure. But he had been desperate then. Something must have happened to drive him farther.

There would be an inquest. Then there would be a funeral. Gloom must overhang St. Jim's for the next few days. But would the gloom which must overhang the distant home that Leslie Owen would enter no more ever lift?

*(Next week's grand long, complete story is entitled "A Mystery Cleared Up!", by Martin Clifford, and deals further with the New House chums of St. Jim's.)*

## THIS GRAND COLOURED ENGINE PLATE GIVEN AWAY



Subject: The Latest Type of Great Eastern Railway Locomotive

# IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE.



—Scouts, Starting in This Week's Issue of the "Magnet" Library! 19

FOR HIS GALLANT ACT IN SAVING THE LIFE OF MORNINGTON, JIMMY SILVER & CO.  
TRY TO GET MARK LATTREY BACK AGAIN.



A Splendid Long Complete Story dealing with the Adventures of JIMMY SILVER & Co. at Rookwood School.

## By OWEN CONQUEST

(Author of the Famous Stories of Rookwood now appearing in The "Boys' Friend.")

### THE FIRST CHAPTER. Just Like Jimmy!

"JIMMY!"  
"Come on, Jimmy!"  
Jimmy Silver hesitated. There was a thoughtful wrinkle in Jimmy's Silver's brow. Apparently he was in the throes of reflection.

"If we're going down to Coombe before lessons, we've got to hustle," said Lovell.  
"What are you scowling about, Jimmy?" inquired Raby.

"I was thinking."  
"Well, don't," remarked Newcome. "Come and get your bike out, instead."  
Jimmy Silver shook his head.  
"You fellows get off," he said. "I was thinking of dropping in to see Lattrey."

"Oh, bother Lattrey!"  
"The chap's been in sanny for weeks," said Jimmy Silver. "He can receive visitors now. I don't think he's had many, so far."  
"Well, nobody wants to see him," said Arthur Edward Lovell practically. "Why should they?"

"Echo answers why!" grinned Newcome.  
"Well, he's down on his luck," said Jimmy slowly. "Yes, I know what you're going to say, Lovell—he's a shady rotter, and he's been sacked from Rookwood, and he's going as soon as he comes out of sanny. But—"  
Lovell gave a deep groan.

"And I know what you're going to say, Jimmy, you ass! Just because the chap's down on his luck, we're to forgive everything, and forget what a beast he is, and take him to our waistcoats, and weep over him! B-r-r-r!"

"Just like Jimmy!" grunted Raby.  
"The poor beast has been through it," said Jimmy Silver defensively. "And you can't deny that he did a jolly plucky thing in getting Mornington out of that railway accident. It was a surprise to all of us; but there you are, he did it."  
"I should think he owed Mornington that much!" snapped Lovell.

"Well, perhaps so; but—"  
"But the long and the short of it is that you're going to fool over him instead of coming out for a spin!" growled Lovell.  
"Well, go and do it, ass; don't ask me to come! I'm off!"

"Same here!" said Raby and Newcome.  
"All serene! Cut off!" said Jimmy. "I think I'll drop in and speak a word to the chap."

Lovell & Co. walked away to the bike-shed, and Jimmy Silver, his mind made up now, started for the school sanatorium. Jimmy had been thinking a good deal about Mark Lattrey lately.

The fellow was a rank outsider, there was no mistake about that.  
Nobody at Rookwood had been able to see any good in him.

Jimmy, least of all, had any reason to feel kindly towards the fellow.  
Lattrey had always been his enemy—and a bitter, unscrupulous enemy.  
But one act of bravery outweighed many

sins, in Jimmy's opinion; and, besides, Lattrey had been lying ill for weeks.

He had "been through it," as Jimmy said. It could not be pleasant to lie in sanny, ill and restless, knowing that his sentence of expulsion was to be carried out as soon as he was able to move.

In fact, it must have been distinctly unpleasant.

Jimmy wondered, too, whether he had been a little hard even upon Lattrey.

A fellow capable of even one act of unselfish courage could not be all bad. And it could not be a trick, this time—one of Lattrey's many tricks.

He had run a fearful risk to save Mornington of the Fourth in the railway accident, and he had received injuries that had laid him up for weeks afterwards.

That counted in his favour.  
Jimmy Silver was thinking it out as he let himself into the garden and walked towards the sanatorium—at some distance from the rest of the school buildings.

Lattrey was a bad egg, but—  
There was a "but."

By an act of sheer ruffianism he had blinded Mornington of the Fourth; an accident, certainly, but Lattrey had acted like a reckless ruffian.

No doubt he owed Morny what he had done for him since.

Still, that did not detract from the credit due to him.

Valentine Mornington had recovered his sight, and, although no credit was due to Lattrey for that, it seemed to make his offence less, somehow.

Jimmy was admitted to the sanatorium at once to see the invalid.

He found Lattrey sitting up in bed, propped on pillows, with a book open on the counterpane.

He was not reading, however.  
His eyes were fixed upon a window that gave a view of the garden, where the trees were showing the green of spring.

He started at the sight of Jimmy Silver. Jimmy started a little, too. Lattrey was much changed.

His face was thin and worn and pale, his eyes hollow, and the hard lines of his face seemed to have been almost effaced by illness.

It was not easy at first to recognise the cool, cynical blackguard of the Fourth, whom Jimmy had known and disliked.

"You!" said Lattrey. "You've come to see me?"

"They told us you could have visitors to-day," said Jimmy, colouring a little. "I—I thought I'd look in, Lattrey."  
"You're very good! There's a chair there."

The captain of the Fourth sat down.  
"You're my first visitor," said Lattrey grimly. "I didn't expect any at all, as a matter of fact."

"I—I hope you're better."  
"Oh, I'm mending!" said Lattrey, with a shrug. "It will be another week or two before I'm well enough to be kicked out. But don't be afraid. I'm going."

"I—I—"

"Sorry I'm going?" asked Lattrey, in his old sardonic manner. "Thanks!"  
Jimmy did not answer.

He was feeling the awkwardness of the interview, and was beginning to wish he had not followed his kindly impulse.

But Lattrey's manner changed the next moment.

"Oh, what a fool—what a fool I've been!" he muttered. "I thought I was the sharpest chap at Rookwood. I used to laugh at you, Silver, for being such an ass, and—look where it's landed me! Look where you are, and where I am! What a fool I've been!"

Jimmy Silver looked hard at Lattrey.  
That outburst evidently came from his heart. The outcast of Rookwood was not playing a part now.

During the long weeks that he had lain there he had had time to think, and it had been borne in upon his mind that the game of rascality did not even pay.

It was an obvious enough reflection, for, as Lattrey said, he could see where all his sharpness and cunning and unscrupulousness had landed him.

"I'm glad—" began Jimmy, and then he paused.

He did not want to seem to be "preaching." Lattrey gave him a gloomy look.

"I've had time to think," he said. "Goodness knows, I've had precious little else to do. I thought I was so jolly clever! And here's the net result of all my dashed cleverness! Kicked out of the school—and serve me right! I could have come to that without taking so much trouble about it, couldn't I?"

Jimmy hardly knew what to say.  
He was glad to see that change in Lattrey's views, though whether it would be a lasting one he could not even guess.

"Morny's back?" asked Lattrey suddenly.  
"Yes."

"How did he get on with the operation?"  
"Splendid! He's all right now," said Jimmy. "Not quite all right, perhaps. He's got to be careful for a time. But he's recovered his sight, and that's everything."

"I'm glad of that!"  
"We're all jolly glad!"

"I never meant to hurt him like that," said Lattrey, his pale cheeks reddening. "I know I was a brute; but I never meant that. I'd have given anything to undo it afterwards. But what's the good of making excuses? I know what you all think of me, and you can't think worse of me than I do myself. I—I wish sometimes that—I'd been finished under that train."

"Don't say that," said Jimmy Silver. "You did a splendid thing! You've made it up to Morny!"

"Does he think so?"  
"I think he does."

"Well, I'm glad that's set right. But—"  
Lattrey's lips curled. "I suppose it was a surprise to you, Silver, when you heard what I'd done? You didn't think I was the kind of fellow to risk my life for anybody?"

"Well, no," admitted Jimmy.

THE POPULAR.—No. 169.

NEXT  
TUESDAY!

"ALGY'S PRECIOUS PAL!"

A GRAND TALE OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL.  
By OWEN CONQUEST.

## 20 Another Grand Free Coloured Engine Plate in Next Tuesday's Issue!

"You were astonished, of course?"  
Jimmy was silent.  
"And you were right," said Lattrey. "I'm not that kind of chap."  
"But you did it!"  
"Yes, I did it. And while I was doing it, it was in my mind that it might make a difference for me here—might make the Head change his mind, and let me stay," said Lattrey.

"But you might have been killed!" exclaimed Jimmy.  
"I know that. It wasn't all selfishness. I wanted to save Morny. It was an impulse, and it surprised me, myself," Lattrey grinned. "I'd have laid ten to one, myself, against my doing such a thing. But when I did it, it was partly because I was thinking that it might pay. That's my way."

Jimmy looked at him curiously.  
Lattrey's confession was evidently true. But why was he making it? Why was he detracting from the credit he had earned by devoted courage?

It was a sign that the change in him had gone deep.  
"You're surprised to hear me telling the truth?" said Lattrey.

"Well, I—I—"  
"I've had time to think," said the out-cast junior. "When I get out of this I'm going to make a fresh start. I've got a cheery time to look forward to. My pater's hard as nails, and he's frightfully down on me for getting expelled. I shall have to go through it. But I'm going to play the game on different lines in the future. I can see what a fool I've been!"

"I—I wish you could stay here!" said Jimmy.

Lattrey shook his head.  
"No chance of that! The Head's too jolly glad to get rid of me! I don't believe he half liked my being brought here when I was hurt. He couldn't refuse, that was all. He's anxious for me to be gone. I don't blame him, either."

"Well, I—I—"  
"I don't know that I want to stay, either," said Lattrey moodily. "I was thinking of that when I saved Morny in the railway accident. But I've been thinking since then, while I've been lying here. The fellows are all down on me, and they've got reason. I—I can't go back to my old life! I haven't got the nerve, somehow. I can't stay here with all the fellows looking down on me, and wishing I was gone. I couldn't!"

Jimmy was more and more surprised.  
"If I had to decide I'd let you stay, Lattrey," he said.

"After what I've done?" asked Lattrey, looking at him curiously. "I know what I've done. I can see it clearly enough now. There's your cousin, young Algy. He is a rascal, and I made him worse. I did it deliberately, because I was a rotter. It amused me. I never got much out of him. It was one up against you. No good saying I'm sorry now, I suppose?"

"I believe you are," said Jimmy, much moved. "I'm glad you can look at things like that now, Lattrey."

"Not much use now, as far as Rookwood is concerned. What a thumping fool I've been. And I thought myself jolly clever!" said Lattrey miserably. "I was too clever by half. I could have gone in for games like you. I could do it. I could have got prizes like Rawson, if I'd liked. Lots of things I could have done. I've got brains. And I chose to play the silly fool, and get a rotten reputation, and the boot at the end of it. Pah!"

He broke off suddenly.  
"I—I didn't mean to jaw to you like this, Silver. It's been bottled up, you see, a long time, and I've just let it go. But, of course, you think I'm spoofing, same as before!"

"I don't!" said Jimmy earnestly. "You are a clever chap in your way, Lattrey—clever enough to see when you've made a bad break. You could do better if you had a chance."

"Well, I sha'n't have a chance here, and I don't specially want it. When they sent me to Coventry before I just sneered, and stood it. I couldn't do that again."

"But—"  
"You'd let me stay if you could," said Lattrey, "and you had a barring-out to force the Head to expel me!"  
Jimmy smiled.

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"Yes, I know. But that was before you risked your life for Morny."  
"A lot Morny cares!" said Lattrey. "I'll bet you're the only chap at Rookwood who'll take the trouble to give me a look-in!"

There was a step in the ward.  
"Hallo, old scout! How are you gettin' on?"

It was Mornington of the Fourth, as he came in with Erroll.  
Jimmy Silver rose, with a smile, to make room for the new visitors.

Mornington and Erroll came to the bedside, and Jimmy Silver left quietly.  
He was thinking deeply as he walked back to the School House.

He wondered whether, after all, there was a chance for Mark Lattrey at Rookwood.

### THE SECOND CHAPTER.

#### Jimmy Takes the Plunge.

"WHAT'S ON?"  
"What's the little game?"  
A number of juniors were gathered round the notice-board, the day after Jimmy Silver's visit to Lattrey.

There was a new paper on the board, in the handwriting of the captain of the Fourth. It ran:

"Form-meeting in Common-room at 5.20. All members of the IVth Form are expected to attend. Important!"

"J. SILVER."

"Blessed if I know anything to call a Form-meetin' about!" yawned Townsend.  
"Somethin' to do with footer, I suppose. Yaw-aw!"

"Then they won't see me there!" remarked Cyril Peele.  
"Can't be footer, or Silver would say so," said Conroy. "Hallo, Lovell! What's the merry meeting about?"

Arthur Edward Lovell stopped.  
"What's that about a meeting?" he asked.  
"Haven't you seen this notice?"  
Lovell looked at the paper.

"Not before. What is Jimmy calling a meeting for, I wonder? Do you know, Raby?"  
"No more than you do," answered Raby.  
And Newcome shook his head.  
Jimmy Silver's chums were as much in the dark as the other fellows.

"The Moderns will be coming, as it's for all the Fourth," remarked Van Ryn. "Somethin' awfully important, I suppose. We'll turn up."

Lovell went up the staircase with his chums.  
Jimmy Silver was in the end study, very busy.

There were kippers for tea, and Jimmy was cook.  
He turned a ruddy face to his chums as they came in.

"Just in time!" he said cheerily.  
"By gad, you're doing well!" said Lovell. "Six kippers!"

"Two visitors," explained Jimmy Silver.  
"Who are the happy guests?"  
"Mornington and Erroll."  
"Oh, all serene!"

"What's that on the board about a meeting of the Form, Jimmy?" asked Newcome.

"I'll tell you over tea."  
"Why can't you tell us now?"  
"Little boys shouldn't ask questions," answered Uncle James serenely.

"You cheeky ass!"  
"Shush! Lend a hand with the kippers."  
"But look here—" began Raby.  
"Wait and see, old chap!"

Jimmy's chums had to wait and see, though they were feeling very curious.  
Erroll and Mornington came in, the latter looking very bright.

Since the recovery of his sight Morny had looked the happiest fellow at Rookwood. Just to be able to see the sun again made him happy.

"I see you've got a notice on the board, Silver," Mornington remarked as he sat down.

"Something awfully important—what?" asked Kit Erroll, with a smile.

"It's rather important," said Jimmy Silver. "I want you fellows to come, all of you, and back me up."

"Rely on that!" said Erroll.

"Not another barring-out?" grinned Mornington.

"Ha, ha! No!"  
"Then what on earth is it about?" demanded Lovell restively. "You've got something up your sleeve, Jimmy!"  
Arthur Edward Lovell was looking suspicious.

"Well, I—I want you fellows to back me up," said Jimmy Silver. "I'm going to put it to the Form! I—I think the Head might be asked to let Lattrey stay at Rookwood."

The cat was out of the bag now.

That was what Jimmy Silver had had "up his sleeve."  
And there was a silence of astonishment in the end study, while Jimmy's friends stared at him blankly.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### "Hands Up!"

"MY hat!" ejaculated Raby at last, breaking the silence.  
"Great Scott!" murmured Newcome.

Snort from Lovell. He had suspected it. "I—I talked to the chap yesterday," said Jimmy. "He's changed—changed a lot since his illness."

Snort!  
"You can trust my judgment, and take my word, really. He's not spoofing this time. He's really in earnest," said Jimmy Silver, his own voice very earnest now.

"I believe he would do better if he could start afresh. He's had a lesson. After all, it isn't a light thing to get expelled from school. He's been ill a long time, and he's thought over things."  
"He's told you so," grunted Lovell.

"I believe him."  
"Well, I don't!"

Raby and Newcome were silent.  
They were more inclined to agree with Lovell than with Jimmy Silver, however, as their looks showed.

But Jimmy found support, rather unexpectedly, in the visitors.  
Erroll gave an approving nod, and Morny spoke out cheerily:

"I think the same as you, Silver. I had a jaw with Lattrey yesterday. He's not like the same fellow at all."

"I agree," said Erroll quietly.

"After all, it's possible for a fellow to reform," went on Mornington, with a laugh. "Look at me! Consider what I was, and consider what I've become under Erroll's benign influence—a regular model! Why shouldn't Lattrey follow in my footsteps, and become a model, too?"

Jimmy Silver laughed.

"I don't think Lattrey's likely to become a model," he said. "But I think he's had his lesson, and that he's going to try to do better if he's given a chance. His pater was very rough on him when he went home. I know he'd rather be ill here in sunny than go home again. Dash it all! He would be a fool if he hadn't learned, by this time, that being a rotter doesn't pay—and he's no fool, whatever he is!"

"Them!" murmured Raby.  
"My idea is for all the Fourth to ask the Head to let him stay," continued Jimmy Silver. "He's done a plucky thing—"

"Once in his life!" snapped Lovell.

"Well, that's a beginning. I think the fellows would be willing to give him a chance, and I'm sure he would do better next time. If the Head won't agree, that settles it, of course; but I think he would, very likely. After what Lattrey did in the railway accident, Dr. Chisholm can't want to be hard on him, and if he knew we were willing to receive him back—"

"We're not willing," said Lovell grimly.

"Now, look here, old chap—" said Jimmy Silver persuasively.

"Let me speak!" roared Lovell, laying down his fork, and fairly glaring at his study leader. "I don't agree. I think you're an ass! Lattrey did a plucky thing once. That's so. But one swallow doesn't make a summer. He's a sneaking cad and blackguard, and a disgrace to Rookwood."

"Yes; but—"  
"Oh, don't start butting! He's talked you round, laughing at you in his sleeve all the time. He's done it before. Didn't you go easy with him, and take him home for the Christmas vac? What did he do then? Took your young cousin Algy under his wing, and gambled with him, and so on, and you had to turn him out of your house."



"I—I know; but—"  
 "He's simply fooling you, as he's done before. If he stays at Rookwood, he'll start his old games again. Sneaking and lying, and breaking bounds at night, and gambling and smoking—same old game. He's a disgrace to the school!"

"But—"  
 "And there's your young cousin, too," snapped Lovell. "You'd like to see him under Lattrey's influence again—what? Don't you think he's a horrid enough young waster without that?"

Jimmy reddened.  
 "I tell you Lattrey's changed!"  
 "And I tell you he hasn't."

"I know—"  
 "You can't know. You only know what

he's told you, and he was lying, as usual," said Lovell angrily.

"He's trying to work it to stay at Rookwood, and then he'll begin again—get the name of the school into the newspapers, very likely, in the long run. How would you like that?"

"But suppose he has changed," said Erroll mildly.

"Rot!"  
 Arthur Edward was very angry.

His anger was really not without reason.

He had seen Jimmy Silver taken in before by the cad of Rookwood, and matters had turned out just as he expected.

It was really too exasperating to see Jimmy walking into the same trap again—for that was how Lovell regarded it.

"Well, if you're against it—," said Jimmy at last.

"I jolly well am!"  
 "Then you won't back me up?"

"No; I won't!"  
 "Order!" murmured Newcome. "No rags in the family circle."

Jimmy Silver rose.

Tea was finished, and it was time for the meeting.

Lovell gave him a glare.

"You're going to hold the meeting?" he demanded.

"Yes."  
 "Well, I sha'n't come. I won't stand up against you, but you can leave me out of it."

"Better come," said Newcome uneasily.  
 "I won't; and that's flat!"

Lovell ended the discussion by striding out of the study in great dudgeon.

Mornington coughed.  
 "Let's go down to the meeting," he suggested.

"Come on," said Jimmy, rather ruffled.  
 The juniors descended to the Common-room.

That apartment was already filling, Moderns as well as Classics coming in, curious to know what the gathering was about.

Smythe & Co. of the Shell had looked in, too, and Algy of the Third had turned up with some of the fags.

The room was getting crowded when Jimmy Silver & Co. came in—without Lovell.

Jimmy Silver was not feeling wholly easy in his mind.

He was well aware that he erred a little on the side of good nature, and that he had a disposition to forgive a fellow anything if the fellow was down on his luck.

Lovell's determined opposition wearied him, and he could not help seeing that Raby and Newcome were only giving him a very lukewarm support.

But Jimmy remembered Lattrey's earnestness in that talk in the sanatorium, and it made him firm.

He felt that he was doing right.  
 "Here's the giddy oracle!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd, the Modern. "Get up on your

hind legs, Jimmy, and tell us what it's all about!"

"All here?" asked Jimmy, looking round.

"Nearly all, head!" said Tommy Doyle.  
 "Get on with the washing, Jimmy darling, and cut it short!"

"The shorter the better!" remarked Tommy Cook.

Jimmy Silver mounted upon a chair.

Townsend & Co. lounged in at the last moment, and nearly all the Fourth were present.

"Go ahead, Jimmy!" sang out Conroy encouragingly.

Jimmy Silver went ahead.

"It's about Lattrey—" he began.  
 "Oh!"  
 "What on earth about Lattrey?" yawned

Mornington's hand went up first, and Erroll's next.

Raby and Newcome followed, and the three Colonials.

Then there was a whole forest of hands. Jimmy Silver looked over the crowd, quite elated.

There were not more than three or four dissentients in the Common-room.

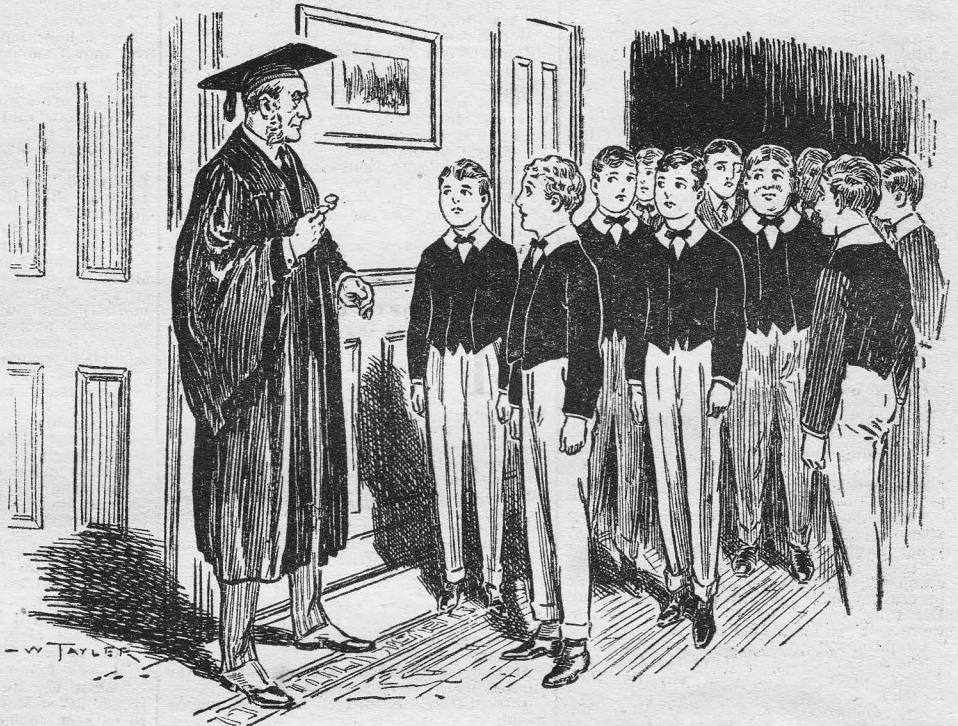
"Passed unanimously—or nearly," said Mornington. "It's a go!"

"It's a go!" said Jimmy Silver, stepping down from the chair, with great satisfaction.

"We'll put it to the Head."

"Suppose he won't listen?" suggested Oswald.

"Well, if he won't, he won't. But I think



**FOR LATTREY'S SAKE!**—"If you please, sir, we want to make a petition," said Jimmy Silver. "Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Head of Rookwood. "About Lattrey, sir," continued Jimmy. "We—hope that, considering how he risked his life for Morny, sir, you—might overlook some things, and let him stay at Rookwood, sir!" (See Chapter 5.)

Townsend. "Is he well enough to be kicked out yet?"

There was a laugh.  
 Jimmy Silver went on speaking quietly and earnestly, and the Fourth-Formers listened in astonishment when they saw his drift.

Jimmy told concisely of his view of Lattrey, and the change that had taken place in him.

He dwelt at some length on the act of courage by which he had saved Morny's life; and he expiated, too, upon the fact that Morny, the fellow Lattrey had most injured, was willing to give him another chance.

But there was a buzz of surprise when he came to the point; the suggestion of a petition to the Head to allow Lattrey to remain at Rookwood.

There were a good many grim looks at that.

But Jimmy Silver was a great power in the Rookwood Fourth; the fellows were accustomed to following the lead of Uncle James.

And there was no doubt that Lattrey's one generous act had made a great impression upon his schoolfellows.

Conroy & Co. started a cheer as Jimmy Silver concluded, and it was echoed by the three Tommies of the Modern side.

Jimmy had succeeded, after all, in carrying the meeting with him.

Jimmy's face brightened.  
 "Hands up for giving Lattrey another chance!" he exclaimed.

he will. Anyway, we shall have done all we can."

And so it was settled.  
 Many of the fellows agreed with Jimmy Silver, and those who were indifferent were ready to leave it to his judgment.

But when Arthur Edward Lovell heard the verdict he gave a snort like an angry warhorse.

The Fourth Form might be satisfied; but Arthur Edward Lovell certainly was not.

**THE FOURTH CHAPTER.**

**Morny Takes a Hand.**

"**A**LL together, I think," remarked Jimmy Silver thoughtfully. "We'll catch him in the corridor, when he's coming away from the Sixth."

"Any old thing!" yawned Raby.  
 "No, I'm going over to Bagshot to-day?" said Newcome.

The chums of the Fourth were discussing the question of the petition to the Head, or, more correctly, Jimmy Silver was discussing it, and Raby and Newcome were yawning.

"No hurry," said Jimmy. "Lovell's not here yet."

"Here I am!" said the voice of Arthur Edward, in the doorway.

"Time we got off," remarked Raby.  
 "Anything the matter?" inquired Newcome, staring at Lovell's thunderous brow. "Been rowing?"

## 22 A Splendid Series of Camping-out Articles Written by The Greyfriars—

"I've just seen Lattrey," said Lovell grimly. "He's out in the garden now. Your cousin was with him, Jimmy."

"No harm in that," said Jimmy, a little uneasily.

"Lattrey was pitching into him."

"What?"

"Because Algy wouldn't play cards with the cad!" shouted Lovell, with a red face. "How do you like that? Still want to petition the Head to let that blackguard stay at Rookwood?"

Jimmy sat very still, and Raby and Newcome grinned a little.

They were not surprised at the news.

"How do you know?" Jimmy asked, at last.

"I came on them. I heard Algy yelling from the quad. He told me."

"If that's true—" began Jimmy slowly.

Lovell crimsoned.

"Can't you take my word?" he roared.

"Yours, yes; but Algy might have been pulling your leg. He's rather a young spoofer."

"Well, that's so," agreed Raby.

Lovell gave an angry snort.

"You mean, you'd believe, or disbelieve anything rather than admit that Lattrey has fooled you, Jimmy Silver!" he said bitterly.

"You're wrong, and you know you're wrong, and you won't own up."

"I don't know I'm wrong, Lovell. I'll see Algy, and hear what he has to say," said Jimmy, with a worried look.

"Ahem!"

It was Mornington's polite cough in the doorway.

Lovell broke off, and gave Morny a grim look.

"Sorry to interrupt," smiled Mornington.

"If you're havin' a row, I'll look in again."

"Oh, don't be an ass!"

"Erroll wants to know whether we're bikin' it over to Bagshot," yawned Mornington.

"Tell Morny, and see what he thinks," suggested Raby.

"Tell him, Lovell," said Jimmy.

Lovell burst out again with his story.

Mornington listened, with a slight smile on his handsome face.

"What do you think, Morny?" asked Jimmy Silver uneasily. "I'm sorry to say that my young cousin's word can't always be taken."

"Let's have a pow-wow over it this evening," said Mornington. "I've got an idea in my head; it will want thinkin' out. It's time we got off to Bagshot now, if we're goin' to tea with Pankley."

"Right-ho!"

The matter was shelved for the time, and Jimmy Silver & Co. went out for their bicycles.

But Jimmy Silver was very thoughtful during that visit to Pankley & Co. at Bagshot.

The thought that he might have been the victim once more of Lattrey's cunning and duplicity was a troublesome one.

And yet, if the rascal of Rookwood had really repented, as Jimmy hoped and believed, it was hard that he should not be given another chance.

How the matter could be settled beyond doubt was a puzzle, and Jimmy was anxious to hear Morny's idea, whatever it was.

He was glad when the party returned to Rookwood, and gathered in the end study for the "pow-wow."

"I can't help thinking," said Erroll, in his quiet way, "that Algy was spoofing Lovell, and don't like to tell a lie out direct. But he won't own up."

"Oh, rot!" said Lovell.

"You said you had an idea, Morny," said Jimmy Silver.

Mornington nodded.

"Yaas, I've been thinkin' it out. Lend me your ears, and I'll explain. I think I know the way to get at the facts."

Mornington went on to explain.

Jimmy Silver & Co. listened quietly.

There was an expression of distaste on Jimmy's face at first, but he nodded at last.

"We'll try it," he said. "Under the circe, it seems to be the only way. There's a doubt, and we can't afford to give Lattrey the benefit of the doubt."

"I should jolly well say not!" hooted Lovell.

"Well, it's a go," said Jimmy. "It will prove the matter one way or the other. That's settled."

And the pow-wow in the end study broke up.

### THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

#### Put to the Proof!

"MERRY an' bright—what?"

Lattrey was coming down the garden-path from the sanatorium the following afternoon, when

Mornington's voice greeted him.

Morny was seated in a little summer-house beside the path.

Lattrey halted at the trellised doorway.

"Yes, I'm gettin' on," he said.

"Come in and squat down. I want to talk to you, old scout."

Lattrey sat down in the summer-house.

Mornington opened a cigarette-case, and Lattrey started a little.

"Smoke, old man?"

"No, thanks."

"Too soon after your illness?" queried Mornington. "You don't mind if I do?"

"You can do as you like, of course."

"Thanks, I will."

Mornington lighted his cigarette, and smoked for some moments in silence.

Mark Lattrey seemed to be in an uneasy mood.

"I suppose you're rather surprised at my bein' friendly?" smiled Mornington. "You served me a rotten trick, Lattrey. But what you did in the railway accident wipes that

out. Bygones are bygones, as far as I'm concerned."

"I'm glad of that, Mornington. You'd hardly understand how glad I was when I heard you'd got your sight back," said Lattrey, in a low voice.

Morny gave him a rather curious look.

"Well, that's all over now," he said. "I had a bad time; but I'm goin' to make up for it. My uncle came down handsome in the way of tips, and I'm well-heeled—jolly well-heeled. How do you stand?"

"I've some money," said Lattrey.

"If you stay at Rookwood, I don't see why we shouldn't be friends again," resumed Mornington. "I'm goin' to make up for lost time. I've been pinin' for a little excitement long enough. It will be like old times again—you an' I together, an' Peele an' Gower, an' the rest."

"I thought you'd chucked all that."

"So I had; but what's bred in the bone, you know," smiled Mornington. "What's the good of strugglin' with fate? I tell you I'm simply longin' for a burst, on the old lines! That doesn't surprise you, surely?"

"Well, no," said Lattrey. "I never thought it would last."

Mornington laughed.

"We must work it for you to stay at Rookwood," he said. "We can't spare you, Lattrey. Joey Hook has been inquiren' after you; there's a merry little circle at the Bird-in-Hand will be glad to see you again."

Lattrey's face clouded.

"I shall never go to the Bird-in-Hand again, Morny," he said quietly.

"Eh? Why not? It's a half-holiday to-morrow," said Mornington. "You could slip away—I'd pick you up in a trap outside. What do you say to a jolly afternoon? It will buck you up no end."

"Thanks, no."

"You really wouldn't care for it?"

"No."

"Well, tastes differ," said Mornington, blowing out a little cloud of smoke. "I'm simply longin' to get on the warpath again."

Lattrey did not answer.

The dandy of the Fourth slipped a pack of cards from his pocket, and began to shuffle them carelessly.

Lattrey's eyes rested upon the shining cards, and his eyes glistened.

It was evident that the cards had not lost their old attraction for the black sheep of Rookwood.

"Nap?" asked Morny, looking at him.

"I won't play, Morny."

"Oh, come! It's safe enough here."

"I wasn't thinking of that."

"What the dickens are you thinking of, then?" asked Mornington testily. "You used to be keen enough on a little flutter."

"It would have been better for me if I hadn't been," answered Lattrey moodily.

"Oh, don't moralise! It's safe enough here, I tell you; and I'm not likely to give you away, like young Algy," grinned Mornington.

"Algy! What do you mean? How could he give me away?"

"He told Lovell what you were handlin' him for yesterday."

"No harm in that, I suppose. The young rotter got my wool off," said Lattrey. "Perhaps I oughtn't to have touched him, but a fellow don't like being called names. I suppose I can't expect anybody to believe me; but—"

"He told Lovell what you were handlin' him because he wouldn't play cards with you."

"Oh!" exclaimed Lattrey, with a start. "Does Jimmy Silver know?"

"Naturally."

"And—and he believes—"

"What do you think?" laughed Mornington.

Lattrey sat silent for some moments, his face darkly clouded.

"Then Silver won't try to do anything for me, after all?" he said, in a low voice.

"He won't believe me if I explain. I can't expect him to. I—I did hope he would—"

He paused again.

"Do you mean that young Algy was lyin'?"

"Yes."

"You can't expect Jimmy Silver to think so."

"I don't," said Lattrey miserably. "Why should he take my word—against his cousin, too? You wouldn't, either."

"Ahem! It is rather thick, isn't it?" grinned Mornington. "But we'll manage it with the Head somehow. Now, then, shall I deal?"

"Don't deal to me, Morny. Look here!" Lattrey paused a moment. "Put those rotten

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NEXT TUESDAY!

"ALGY'S PRECIOUS PAL!"

A GRAND TALE OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL.  
BY OWEN CONQUEST.



cards away, Morny! It's a mug's game, and a cad's game, and I've done with it. It's brought me pretty low—about as low as I can get, I think. Why don't you chuck it? What's the good, anyway? You'll end up as I've ended—it's bound to come, in the long run."

"Preachin' by gad!" said Mornington. "I don't mean to preach," said Lattrey, flushing. "But if you'd been through what I've been through, you'd see it for yourself. You have made a fresh start. Why don't you stick to it? Play the game, and keep straight. I only wish I'd had sense enough to do it myself, when I had the chance." His voice faltered. "It's all over now, and I can't grumble. If ever a fellow asked for it, I did."

Mornington quietly slipped the cards into his pocket, and threw down his cigarette, crushing it under his heel.

Lattrey's eyes were moist. Mornington had never seen the outcast of Rookwood moved like this before, and it moved him strangely himself.

"Show up, you fellows!" he called out hastily.

Lattrey started, as there was a rush of footsteps round the summer-house.

Jimmy Silver stood in the doorway, with Lovell and Raby and Newcome and Erroll behind him.

Lattrey stared at them blankly. "Excuse this little game, Lattrey," chuckled Mornington. "Only a little game, to see whether dear Algy was lyin' or not, an' to put you to the proof, old man. I'm not a giddy gay dog. I'm not goin' on the tiles, an' I only wanted to know whether you were. Savvy?"

"Oh!" gasped Lattrey. He rose unsteadily to his feet. "You—you heard?" he stammered. "Yes," said Jimmy Silver quietly. "And we know now that you're true blue, Lattrey, and we're standing by you."

Lovell's expression was very curious. Mornington's "wheeze" had worked like a charm; its results had fulfilled Jimmy Silver's hopes, but it had been a great surprise to Arthur Edward Lovell.

He blinked at Lattrey. But Lovell was convinced now, and he was ready to own up.

"I'm sorry, Lattrey," he said frankly. "You can't quite blame a chap for not believing in you, considering. But—well, I'm sorry."

"Morny, you—you were leading me on?" gasped Lattrey.

"Meca culpa!" said Morny. "I was, old scout! Puttin' you to the proof, you know. I'm sure you'll overlook it, under the peculiar circumstances."

"I—I—I—"

"We're going to see the Head to-day," said Jimmy Silver quietly, "and all we can do is going to be done."

Lattrey did not speak; he could not. But his look was eloquent.

And when Jimmy Silver & Co. left him, the heart of the outcast of Rookwood was lighter than it had been for many a long day.

"If you please, sir—"

Dr. Chisholm stared. The corridor was crowded with Fourth-Formers, all of them looking decidedly nervous.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Head of Rookwood. "What does this mean?"

"Go it, Jimmy!" murmured several voices. Lovell nudged his chum encouragingly.

"Go it, Jimmy!"

Jimmy Silver cleared his throat, and "went it."

"If—if you please, sir—"

"Well, Silver?"

"We—we want to make a petition, sir."

"Bless my soul!"

"About Lattrey, sir. We—we hope that, considering how he risked his life for Morny, sir, you—you might overlook some things, sir; and—and let him stay at Rookwood, sir!" gasped Jimmy Silver.

"If you please, sir—" chorused the juniors.

"He's changed a lot, sir," went on Jimmy Silver hurriedly, before the Head could speak. "He's going to play the game, if he gets a chance—we all believe him, sir. If you could give him a chance—"

Dr. Chisholm's expression was very kindly. "As a matter of fact, Silver, I have been thinking about Lattrey's case," he said.

"He acted very bravely, and very generously, in rescuing Mornington from danger; and he has suffered severely for his courage and devotion. I was, however, very doubtful as to how he would be received in his Form if I allowed him to remain at Rookwood. I am glad you have spoken to me. I will consider the matter."

The Head made a gesture of dismissal, and the deputation of the Fourth disappeared.

"That means that it's all right!" Jimmy said confidently.

And it was! The next day it was known to all the school that Mark Lattrey's sentence of expulsion had been rescinded, and that he was to be given another chance.

It was glad news for the outcast of Rookwood, and most of the fellows were glad to hear it.

Lattrey of the Fourth had another chance, and it remained to be seen what he would make of it.

But Jimmy Silver had no doubts, since that little scene in the summer-house, when the outcast of Rookwood had been put to the proof.

THE END.

*(Another grand, complete story of Rookwood next Tuesday, entitled, "Algy's Precious Pal!" by Owen Conquest.)*

## TALES TO TELL.

### MOST UNCALLED FOR.

An aviator fell from his machine into a river, and was pulled out by a man passing by. "Oh, my preserver—my preserver!" cried the airman. "Stow it, guv'nor!" replied the rescuer. "Don't chaff a chap because he works in a jam factory!"

### HIS OCCUPATION.

"The prisoner refuses to give his occupation, sir," remarked a policeman to the magistrate. "Why don't you say what you are?" asked the magistrate of the man in the dock. "Cos it's superfluous," was the reply. "You're as bad as the police, if you'll excuse me saying so. What's the charge? Stealing two chairs and a table. There you are! What's the plainer? I am a furniture remover!"

### ONE WAY.

"I say," queried the visitor from town, "can you tell me how to make a slow horse fast?" "Certainly," was the reply; "don't feed him."

### PLAIN ENGLISH.

"What's that strange bird?" asked an old gentleman of a longshoreman who was standing by him. "That's a halbatross," was the reply. "A rara avis, I presume?" "No; a halbatross." "Yes, yes, my dear fellow; but I call it a rara avis, just as I would call you a genus homo." "Oh, you would, would you?" retorted the longshoreman. "Well, I call that bird a halbatross, just as I would call you a blank idgit!"

### GOOD COMPANY.

A fresh boy at the school had a queer way of talking to himself, and one day a Sixth-Former tackled him on the subject. "Why on earth are you always talking to yourself?" asked the senior. "I have two reasons for doing that," was the reply. "Well, what are they?" "One of them is that I like to talk to a sensible man, and the other is that I like to hear a sensible man talk."

### WISE BRIDGET.

Mistress: "Why, Bridget, you surely don't consider these windows washed?" Bridget: "Sure, I washed 'em on the inside, mum, so ye can look out. But I intentionally left them a little dirty on the outside, so them dirty, agnerant children nixt door couldn't look in."

### THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

"I'm sorry I cannot give you a bun," said the small boy's mother. "I've lost the key of the pantry, and the buns are on the pantry shelf." "That doesn't matter," said Horace. "If I go round to the back, and climb on to the top of the water-butt, and reach right into the pantry window with the toasting-fork, I can get them." "That's just what I wanted to know," said the mother. "Now you can go right up to your room till your father comes home."

*All about the Famous Engine which forms the subject of Our Free Plate.*

## "IN THE PATH OF THE SUN" EXPRESSES.

By A RAILWAY EXPERT.

THE L. & S.W.R., whose London terminus is at Waterloo, the reconstruction and enlargement of which is approaching completion, merits much consideration. First and foremost, it is the railway for Southampton Docks, from which boats for far-distant climes set sail, and at which they arrive. The Southampton boat-trains have therefore a special interest. Beyond Southampton lies Bournemouth, the famous South Coast winter and summer resort, amid the pines, and still farther south-west, Weymouth—the English Naples. This is the original limb of the L. & S.W.R. The Portsmouth Direct line, through Haslemere, is another, with the mighty dockyard and the Isle of Wight steamers at its extremity. By far the longest section of the L. & S.W.R., however, is the line through Salisbury to Exeter, which runs westward "in the path of the sun." Beyond Exeter the line serves North Devon, and, skirting Dartmoor, it brings one to Plymouth, or by taking the North Cornwall branch, the district of the West Country, the home of Arthurian legend, is served.

The several routes are far different in character, but none can be described as easy; mostly the gradients are severe, some more severe than others. Specially sturdy locomotives are required for working over the line to Portsmouth, and also on the "path of the sun" section between Salisbury and Exeter, a distance of 88 miles.

The type of engine that has been evolved to perform this arduous duty is illustrated in the plate presented with this issue. No. 736 is of the 4-6-0 type, with 6-coupled wheels 6ft. 7in. diameter, the two cylinders each being 22in. diameter by 28in. stroke. The superheating surface is 308 square feet, apart from the 1,878 square feet of heating surface of the boiler and firebox.

The gigantic tender of No. 736 is a noticeable feature. Gradients are so frequent on the L. & S.W.R. that water-troughs are not provided; therefore, to enable non-stop runs of fair length to be performed, a big receptacle for water is required. The double-bogie tender holds 5,000 gallons of water (weighing nearly 23 tons) and 7 tons of coal. These big reserves of water and fuel bring the total weight of the engine and loaded tender up to about 135 tons.

The post-war longest non-stop run of the L. & S.W.R. is between Salisbury and Exeter—88 miles performed in 1 hour 44 minutes, an average speed of 50.8 miles an hour. The fastest run is from Basingstoke to Surbiton—35.8 miles in 39 minutes, equal to just over 55 miles an hour.

The L. & S.W.R. has not so far reverted to her best pre-war performances. In those days 57.4 miles an hour was the highest speed, the 65 miles from Andover to Vauxhall being covered in 68 minutes, start to stop; whilst the longest non-stop run was from Waterloo to Bournemouth Central (108. miles), performed in 126 minutes. This time was, however, six minutes longer than that previously booked, when the average speed was as high as 54 miles an hour.

Here is a secret of the L. & S.W.R.'s history. When Sir Sam Fay was appointed superintendent in 1899, and the non-stop Bournemouth expresses were first introduced, he proposed the time should be only 1 hour 55 minutes, but at the last moment the time was extended to 2 hours.

In next Tuesday's "Popular" I shall have something to say about the Great Eastern Railway, whose famous expresses transport vast crowds of holiday-makers in speed and safety to the popular East Coast seaside resorts every summer. One of this company's fine 4-6-0 express engines forms the subject of next week's splendid free coloured plate.

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A Magnificent New Serial of Adventure, introducing Ferrers Lord & Co., and Gan Waga, the Eskimo.  
By SIDNEY DREW.  
Author of "The Invisible Raider."

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE.

FERRERS LORD, having cleared up the mystery of the great German treasure trove, decides to make tracks south for an island he has bought from the Portuguese Government. The island is named Desolatia, and the millionaire adventurer puts it up for sale between his friends, PRINCE CHING LUNG, RUPERT THURSTON, HAL HONOUR (his engineer), and GAN WAGA, a fat Eskimo attached to the crew of the Lord of the Deep.

The money from the four friends is given to Rupert Thurston's little hospital, and they agree to play "Put and Take" for the ownership of Desolatia. After once tying with Ching Lung, Gan Waga has the great luck to win the island. On the way south the yacht is overtaken by a terrific storm. They are swept far out of their course, and the yacht runs foul of a gigantic iceberg in the intense darkness. The ship crashes through the side of the hollow berg, and the entrance freezes up, imprisoning them. They discover a small tunnel leading out of the iceberg, and they find themselves on the shore of Gan Waga's island. Ferrers Lord, Ching Lung, and Gan Waga are scouting on the island when they are held up by a Mexican millionaire, who tells them he has taken possession of the island, and orders them off. Ferrers Lord & Co. leave the island and return to the camp, which is being built on the ice-floe. Castora sends Dan Govan with a letter to Ferrers Lord, telling him to surrender while he has the chance, but the millionaire refuses the Mexican's offer and decides to fight for possession of the island.

In the English camp there is a wild scene when Gan Waga steals food belonging to O'Rooney and the bo'sun, and decamps with it to his snow hut. The two seamen, seeking revenge, run full tilt at the Eskimo's igloo with the idea of wrecking it.

(Now read on.)

Up For Trial.

AS O'ROONEY and the bo'sun crashed feet-foremost through the roof of the igloo, bringing that charming but rather flimsy mansion down in white ruins, Gan Waga rolled out of his tunnel. O'Rooney and his house-breaking accomplice were up to the neck in snow, and the angry owner grabbed them by the ears and was about to hammer their heads together, when suddenly he jumped back and stared into the mist with round eyes.

"Hush!" he whispered tensely. "Hush and listens! That what I hear before. It notes a bear, and it not a walrus, and it not a whales. What make that noise, hunk?"

Maddock and O'Rooney struggled up as a hoarse, bellowing roar came rolling out of the blinding fog across the floe, the voice of some unknown beast.

By the time O'Rooney and the bo'sun had hauled themselves out of the snow Gan Waga had brought Ching Lung to listen to the mysterious sound. All was perfectly still. They listened in vain. All they heard was the voice of Barry O'Rooney talking to Maddock as the two wreckers of Gan Waga's happy home came nearer. Up to the present the mariners continued to be in the best of health.

"'T was only an ould whale blowin' bubbles, pretty bubbles in the air, bho, as the song puts it," said the man from Ballyunion Castle. "He'd got a bad cowlid and a sore throat, and that's why he was a bit shaky on his top note. He'd do better after a dose of cough lozenges."

"Souse me, I've heard a few whales in my time, but never did I hear one of the oily brutes with a voice like that!" said the bo'sun. "A bit of sand-papering would have improved it. P'raps it was the fog, for fog does make noises sound queer. If it wasn't a whale or a walrus, I give it up."

They passed Ching Lung and the Eskimo without seeing them. Gan Waga shook his head solemnly.

"Old Barry he looping the loop, Chingy," he said. "That row not a whale or a walrus

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or a bears, Chingy. I know betterer than that, old top."

"Well, the bounder doesn't seem inclined to give an encore for my benefit," said the prince, "and I've still got sense enough to go in when it rains. It may have been a blower in the ice, Gan. A hole in the ice, you know, with air under it. When a certain wave comes along it forces the air through with a roar."

"It might have been that, Chingy," said the Eskimo hesitatingly. "I heard plenty of ice-blowers, but not not likeness that chap, not the sameness. They goes 'hoo-ooo-ooo-ooo!' and then the water go back 'sweesh-glug-glug.' I not like that rows. I looks fo' that blow-icers in the mornings."

The warm rain had given place to sleet, but the snow underfoot was still firm and crisp. Gan Waga followed Ching Lung into the cosy hut, where Thurston was jotting down a brief account of the day's adventures in his diary. The homeless Eskimo was provided with a cigar.

"I sorryness that noise came so soonful, Chingy!" he said. "I just gotted Barry and Ben by the necks to bash their heads together when it started. They jumped on top of my butterful igloo and busted it with their big ugliness feet. What we going to do about it, hunk?"

"So they jumped on your igloo and busted it, did they? What heartless monsters!" said Ching Lung. "Rupert, do you hear that? Poor Gan is a homeless outcast in the cold, cold snow. Those heartless rascals, O'Rooney and Maddock, have been jазzing on the roof of his igloo and smashed in the ceiling."

"Dear me!" said Thurston. "Those fellows require a severe talking to. It's a mercy it didn't take fire and burn to the ground. Was it a reprisal, Gan?"

"Not know him, Rupert," said Gan Waga. "Who Mister Prisals, hunk?"

"A reprisal isn't a person, O fat one!" said Ching Lung. "Supposing Rupert came across now and hit you on the nose, and loving Rupert as I know you do, and you picked up the gramophones and gave him a gentle biff over the head with it, that would be a

reprisal. What Rupert wishes to know is what you did to Maddock and O'Rooney in the first place to make them come and dance on your roof and make such a mess of your nice home?"

"I not know, Chingy," said Gan Waga. "I did pinch some neggs and bacon, only why they get ratty fo' that, hunk? Old chef he oughts to get ratty over that, not Barry and Ben. He lose his hairs because he gotted to cook morer. What his silly neggs and bacon matter to those two rogues, hunk?"

"My dear Rupert, this is a diabolical crime!" said Ching Lung. "This is not a reprisal, but sheer barbarity. Even though they have the appetites of sharks, these two blackguards could not have eaten more than five-shillingsworth of eggs and bacon. For the sake of a miserable dollars'-worth of pig and hen-produce they deliberately wreck and destroy a gentleman's cuntry mansion. Did they loot it, too, and rob you of your jewels and family plate, Gan?"

"I not know 'bout the family plates, but if they dropped on the chef's plate with their great feets, Chingy, they busted that, sure," said the Eskimo.

At that moment Joe the carpenter looked in to ask if they had sufficient oil to keep the heating-stove burning all night.

"Plenty, for I filled it myself," said the prince. "Don't go for a second. We must have an inquiry, Rupert. You're second in command. Give the carpenter a chit to Prout telling him to bring Maddock and O'Rooney here under arrest. The charge is wilful destruction of private property. Discipline must be upheld."

Thurston chuckled as he wrote out the order, and five minutes later Prout arrived with his prisoners, and Mossco, the chef, Prout had brought a rifle with him as a precaution: He put his back to the closed door and stood on guard.

"Serious as the matter is, I don't intend to make a long job of this," said Thurston. "Gan Waga has lodged a charge against you, Benjamin Maddock, and against you, Barry O'Rooney, that you did maliciously, spitefully, illegally, and wantonly jump on, deface, damage, and destroy, a certain valuable

A MAGNIFICENT STORY OF FRANK RICHARDS & CO. By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"BY SHEER PLUCK!"



property of his, to wit and namely, an eligible igloo or snow dwelling-place, being the exclusive personal property of the aforesaid Gan Waga, and of his heirs and assigns, situate on the Saurian ice-floe, and that you did assemble together with malice prepense to plot and conspire for the fulfilment and carrying out and unlawful execution of this crime. In answer to this grave charge, do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

"Badad, Oi don't quite know plwat it's all about; sor, but av you mane did we bust the blubberbiter's ould snow-shack, Oi plade guilty," said Barry O'Rooney. "And av the baste builds another Oi'll bust that, too!"

"Same here, souse me!" growled Maddock. "Busted it was—and the more the merrier. I only wish the fat heathen had been underneath!"

"M'lud," said Ching Lung, "I appear for the unhappy Eskimo. Never in my long experience at the Bar, never since I first took up the study of the law, have I prosecuted in a case of such monstrous cruelty. At the moment, my lord, my client is a poor man. Certainly he owns an island that may bring him in enormous wealth, but for the time being it is in the possession of a gang of bandits, as cruel and black-hearted as those two despicable wretches who stand in the dock before you. Look at their criminal faces—their shifty eyes, their hangdog expressions, and know them! Convict is stamped upon them. They are of the lowest type; brute beasts, so ignorant, so greedy, so revengeful—"

"Ho, ho, hoo, hoo!" laughed Gan Waga. "Keep it up, Chingy, old top! That the trueness stuffs to give them, Chingy!"

"If you are not silent, sir, I'll give you seven years for bigamy!" said Rupert sternly. "The verdict of the court is—"

"Bedad, go aisy, sort!" protested Barry. "Give us a chance to commit the crime afore you hang us. We're very much obliged, me and Ben, to the gentleman for the few kind remarks he's made about us. Oi claim the right of a free-born Briton to spake afore Oi'm hanged, for Oi believe hanging gives a man a sore throat, which makes spache a bit difficult afterwards. We did bust up the haythen's snow-shack—but why?"

"Call a witness, souse me!" said the bo'sun. "Mossoo is our witness. Come and tell 'im all about it, chef!"

"It's not worth while swearing in this witness, for we're sure to be swearing at him before he has given his evidence," said Rupert Thurston. "Step forward, witness, and tell the court exactly where you were, and what you were doing when the burglary actually took place."

"Et vas eggs," said the chef. "I am ready to cook ze eggs and bacon. I hear ze shot—bang!—and know ze launch come back, and zat ze men vill be hoongry. I haf eggs zat are young—seex veeks, eight veeks young. I haf also eggs zat are old—two, tree years old."

"M'lud," interposed Ching Lung, "I submit that if this man has eggs in his possession two and three years old, he is the biggest criminal of the three, and should be placed in the dock with the other prisoners. He ought to be compelled to eat these eggs."

"Proceed, witness," said Rupert Thurston. "As the court has now run out of gas-masks, I cannot accept your suggestion. Proceed, Mossoo."

"I cook ze eggs, and I vry ze bacon, saire," went on the chef. "For Prout and Maddock and O'Rooney I vry ze seex, eight veeks' young eggs. For ze Eskimo I cook ze two, tree year old eggs. Zen I am beesy, and not look. Ze best deesh he gone—he stole. Gan Waga he sneak eet. Prout he is lucky, but ze bo'sun and O'Rooney zey eat ze two, tree year old eggs. I point out ze fact kindly—zen I t'ink zey feel ver' seek."

"And we was, souse me!" growled the bo'sun. "We're sick now. That's why we did in that fat thief's home. I wish we'd done him in!"

"And, bedad, we will, bhoy, wan of these darrk nights!" said Barry O'Rooney. "We'll lay up for the oily spalpeen, and catch him bending!"

"It seems to me that this case is not so serious as I took it to be when counsel began his opening statement," said Thurston. "Though you lost your eggs, you appear to have saved your bacon! I find that although Gan Waga stole the youthful eggs, he was a very good judge! I further find that the two prisoners swallowed eggs of ancient

lineage, and enjoyed them, until their antiquity was pointed out to them by the cook. This is no excuse for playing hopscotch on the roof of a man's private house. I have no intention—I mean, I have no hesitation in saying that a deliberate attempt was made by the cook to poison Gan Waga. For having failed to do so, I order him to pay Gan Waga the sum of one pound of tallow candles!"

"Hoorays!" cried Gan Waga. "Yo' a most butterfuls judges, Rupert. Yo' morer butterfuls if yo' make it two pounds of callow tangles, old bean!"

"Silence! I now come to the wanton destruction of the villa," continued Rupert Thurston. "It is difficult to place a value on it. Let me see. I understand there were seven bed-rooms, dining-room, drawing-room, billiard-room, bath-room, with hot water laid on, and central heating, and electric light throughout."

"Don't omit the garage and the rabbit-hutch, my lud," said Ching Lung, "and the grand piano. I ask for heavy damages and the full cost of the trial."

"Certainly not. I assess the whole damages at fourpence, to be paid in sixteen monthly instalments of one farthing, the plaintiff, Gan Waga, to be bound over to keep the pieces, but not to throw them at anyone in the shape of snowballs. There will now be the usual interval for refreshments."

Gan Waga shook hands with the prisoners and the witness, justice having been carried out in this satisfactory manner, and Ching Lung started the gramophone. When O'Rooney, Maddock, Prout, and the chef had gone, Thurston opened the window to let out some of the tobacco-smoke, and admit a little air.

"It's almost too hot to keep that stove going, Ching," he said. "What do you make of this kind of weather, you plump rascal?"

"I not knows, Rupert," answered the Eskimo. "I jolly hotness. Phew! I too warmful fo' my snealskin suit almost. I go and looks, and tell yo' betterer."

Harold Honour came in as the Eskimo went

out. He had to stoop to pass under the top of the door. He nodded to Ching Lung.

"Wanted," he said briefly. "Chief," answered the millionaire. "As you have been before, you have an advantage over Thurston. I'm afraid of that corner in this thaw. The floe has melted, Ching. It has moved nearly thirty feet the last hour."

"Honour tells me you want me, Chief," he said.

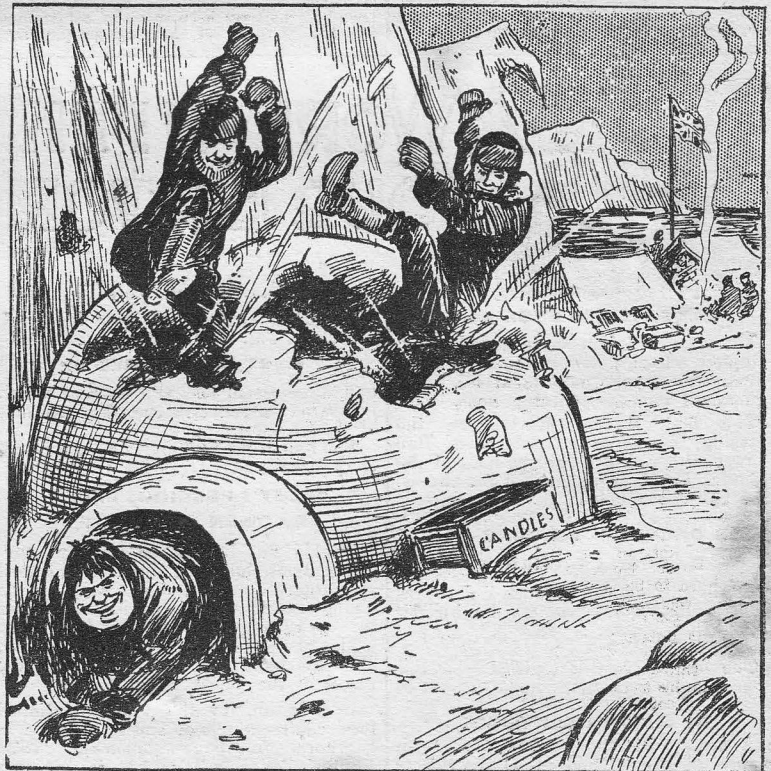
"Yes. I'm going across the floe, and I'd like your company, if you are not too tired," answered the millionaire. "As you have been before, you have an advantage over Thurston. I'm afraid of that corner in this thaw. The floe has melted, Ching. It has moved nearly thirty feet the last hour."

"In which direction, Chief?"

"In the direction we are going," said the millionaire. "That great fall of ice took an enormous weight off the base of the iceberg. The base was resting on the sea-bottom, and was one of the keys that locked up the floe. The second key is Desolatia; but that, as you know, is a weak one—only the narrow strip of ice Esteban Castaro tried to break away with his bombs. We know nothing about the drift of the current. If the drift is north, or north-east, we may anchor up against the island more firmly than ever. Should we swing that way, and those big floating icebergs fail to hold us up, as likely as not Saurian Camp will bung up outside the harbour and bottle up the yacht. The floe might remain there for several generations."

"And if the drift is south we may get as far as the Polar ice, or miss it, and start climbing up the other side of the map," said Ching Lung. "Rather a joke, Chief, if the floe pulled round and jammed what's left of Saurian Land right into Mexican Steve's front parlour window, so to speak. But that's about the last thing that will happen. She'd have to comb in all those floating bergs as she veered, and push them along in front of her. She's a fine big floe, but she's not strong or heavy enough to shove those great mountains of ice. She'd split wide open if she tried it."

They waited there until Harold Honour



**THE HOUSE-BREAKERS!** "Murder and gridirons!" roared Barry O'Rooney, as he and Maddock leapt into the air. "Away wid the Eskimo!" As the two seamen crashed through the roof of the igloo, Gan Waga rolled out of his tunnel on the other side! (See page 24.)

## 26 A Splendid Series of Camping-out Articles Written by The Greyfriars—

joined them. The surface of the snow was still fairly crisp, and Ferrers Lord and the prince had little difficulty in keeping their old track till they reached the chain of jutting ice. Progress became slower then, and the big electric torch the engineer had brought with him proved useful. As they emerged on the neck of the floe they stopped, with the black cliffs of Gan Waga's island looming up. The ice beneath them seemed to be as solid as granite, but ominous creaking and rustling sounded.

"She's holding tight yet, Chief," said Ching Lung, "but she's beginning to feel the push of the current, by the way she wheezes and grunts."

"Down!" said Hal Honour's warning voice. "Quick!"

They dropped to their knees behind a sheltering hummock of ice. A beam of light swept forward from the dark cliff, and began to search the neck of the floe. It passed over them, and nosed along the ridge of broken ice. Don Esteban Castaro was keeping a good watch. Until the searchlight had gone they remained motionless, and then hurried back over the open space into cover at a run.

"Dangerous quarters!" said Ferrers Lord. "If he had picked us out with his searchlight, and turned a machine-gun on us, he would have registered a hit. Rough ice is abominable stuff to cross with a machine-gun in play, for it splinters so abominably. It's obvious that Castaro has closed the ravine to us, Ching. He has that place well guarded."

### Balloon Photography

**T**HAT night Saurian Camp was also guarded, for it was quite possible Don Esteban Castaro might not be content to remain on the defensive, but share the opinion of a good many eminent military officers, that the most successful defence is to attack the enemy.

There was no alarm. Whether the strange sounds Gan Waga, O'Rooney, and Maddock had heard were caused by some animal or by air being blown through a hole in the ice by the action of the sea, no such noises were reported by the sentries on watch.

With the dawn, Ferrers Lord and Harold Honour scaled what was left of Saurian Head. Quite a third of the berg had gone. The tunnel that had led down to the ice-cavern had caved in.

When the two men looked down, the ice-cavern was no longer there. The lazy sea was choked with splintered ice, that tinkled as the sluggish waves rolled over them and washed them against the base of the berg.

There was not a vestige of wreckage to be seen, not an atom of flotsam that might have come from the yacht. Apparently she had gone down in the way the Hun submarine captains liked their victims to go down in the war—sunk without leaving a trace.

"How much did the floe move during the night, Honour?" asked Ferrers Lord, as quietly as if the loss of the Lord of the Deep meant nothing to him.

Four times the engineer opened and shut his left hand. Twenty feet did not seem a very serious movement, but the thermometer was scarcely at freezing-point. The slide had brought Gan Waga's island into view. They surveyed it through their binoculars, but saw nothing stirring there, and no open water between the neck of ice and the cliff.

The floe behind had changed colour in places. It was no longer perfectly white, but speckled with brown where the snow had thawed from the top of the dunes, giving glimpses of the seaweed beneath.

Ferrers Lord shrugged his shoulders, and led the way down. He spoke to Maddock as the bo'sun saluted him.

"Please tell the prince and Mr. Thurston that I would like them to breakfast with me, Maddock," he said.

Thurston brought his diary with him, and, after glancing at it, the millionaire added a few notes in the margin.

"And the films, Ching?" he asked.

"Not dry yet," answered Ching Lung.

"They look good, but I'm not so sure that they will be very useful. That hole in the cliff does not seem any wider than the other one. Friend Castaro is not likely to overlook it now that he has seen our motor-launch and potted at her. Gan Waga's island might have been specially constructed for the purpose of keeping people out.

Unless there's some kind of a gap on the other side, Esteban seems to have got that chunk of rock for keeps. I'm no pessimist, Chief, but we're up against something tough and hard!"

"We must film the other side to-day if the light is good enough, and, if possible, get an air-photograph of it," said Ferrers Lord.

"Myes," said the prince, "I dare say we can arrange some scrappy ones; but if we'd brought an aeroplane with us it would have made a lot of difference. For air-photographs we want the right wind. How do we get on for small balloons and cameras?"

"Leave that to Honour, Ching. He'll arrange it for the cameras to work automatically!"

At nine o'clock the weak sun was shining. Thurston, Ching Lung, Gan Waga, Maddock, and two sailors put off in the launch. Those on the floe quickly lost sight of her behind the floating bergs.

It was nearly three in the afternoon when Prout knocked at the door of the millionaire's hut.

"They're shooting over there, sir," said Prout saluting. "We can hear them peppering and banging at something, but it's coming over hazy."

The breeze was very slight, and blowing from the island. As he climbed the berg, Ferrers Lord could hear the faint popping of rifles.

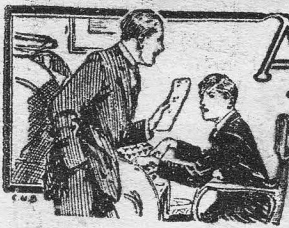
"Balloon," said the engineer, searching the hazy sky with his glasses.

The fusillade increased. At last a grey floating ball showed through the haze. It was one of the balloons released from the launch, and Castaro's people were attempting to bring it down by rifle-fire.

Probably it was not worth bringing down, for it was unlikely that the automatic camera attached to it could have registered any photographs of much value in the poor light. The balloon was collapsing. It came down on the ice-floe a mile away.

"Send Prout and O'Rooney to bring that in, Honour," said Ferrers Lord. "I hardly think Thurston will send another over; the light is so bad."

(Another grand long instalment of this splendid serial next week.)



## A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR

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

### NEXT WEEK'S STORIES.

There will be four more grand, long, complete school stories in our next issue, which will appear on sale at all news-agents on Tuesday morning next.

The first story will concern the amazing, humorous adventures of Bob Cherry, the stalwart fighting-man of the Remove Form, in defence of his chums. The story is entitled

### "BOB CHERRY'S BARRING-OUT!"

By FRANK RICHARDS,

and tells you how the staunch Bob means to help his chums, though he himself suffers in doing so.

The second story is entitled

### "BY SHEER PLUCK!"

By MARTIN CLIFFORD,

and deals with the further adventures of famous Frank Richards at the School in the Backwoods. These stories are deservedly popular, and our next story will be one of the best so far published.

The third story is penned by Martin Clifford, and deals, in a dramatic way, THE POPULAR.—No. 169.

NEXT TUESDAY!

### "A MYSTERY CLEARED UP!"

with the adventures of Tom Merry & Co. at St. Jim's. The story is entitled

### "A MYSTERY CLEARED UP!"

and, needless to say, the mystery which is cleared up concerns the disappearance of Leslie Owen.

The fourth grand, long, complete school story is entitled

### "ALGY'S PRECIOUS PAL!"

By OWEN CONQUEST,

It would not be fair to tell you anything about this story, for it might spoil your interest. Algy, as you know, is the young rascal who owns Jimmy Silver for a cousin—and Jimmy Silver, as leader of the Fourth Form at Rookwood, finds his hand full in dealing with the rascal of the Third.

In addition to the above-mentioned four complete school stories, there will be another four-page supplement, "Billy Bunter's Weekly," which is growing more and more popular with each succeeding issue. Billy is proud of his "Weekly," and I really think the fat junior is doing his work extremely well.

There will also be a further "Letter" in our grand competition, and another splendid, long instalment of Sidney

Drew's greatest serial, "Gan Waga's Island," which he is writing especially for the POPULAR.

### ENGINE PLATES—MORE TO COME!

So great has been the popularity of our magnificent free engine plates, I have come to the conclusion that I cannot serve my chums better than to continue to give away similar plates. I am therefore making arrangements to present still more plates with the POPULAR, and, in searching for subjects likely to be of the greatest interest to my readers, I find myself confronted with the difficulty of getting exact reproductions of famous express engines on railways other than those in the British Isles.

However, that will be managed, and I have no hesitation in saying that the plates that are to come are every bit as interesting as those which have been given away every week since the middle of February. Cinema lovers have seen the grand engines used on the Canadian Pacific Railway and other railways of great importance in other parts of the world. Those are the engines I want to show you in true colours—and I mean to do it.

Will you therefore spread the news amongst your chums that the grand series of English plates in the POPULAR is by no means finished, and that they still have a great chance of collecting a magnificent set of plates, if only they take the precaution of ordering their copies in advance?

Thank you!

Your Editor,

A NEW LONG TALE OF ST. JIM'S.  
By MARTIN CLIFFORD.



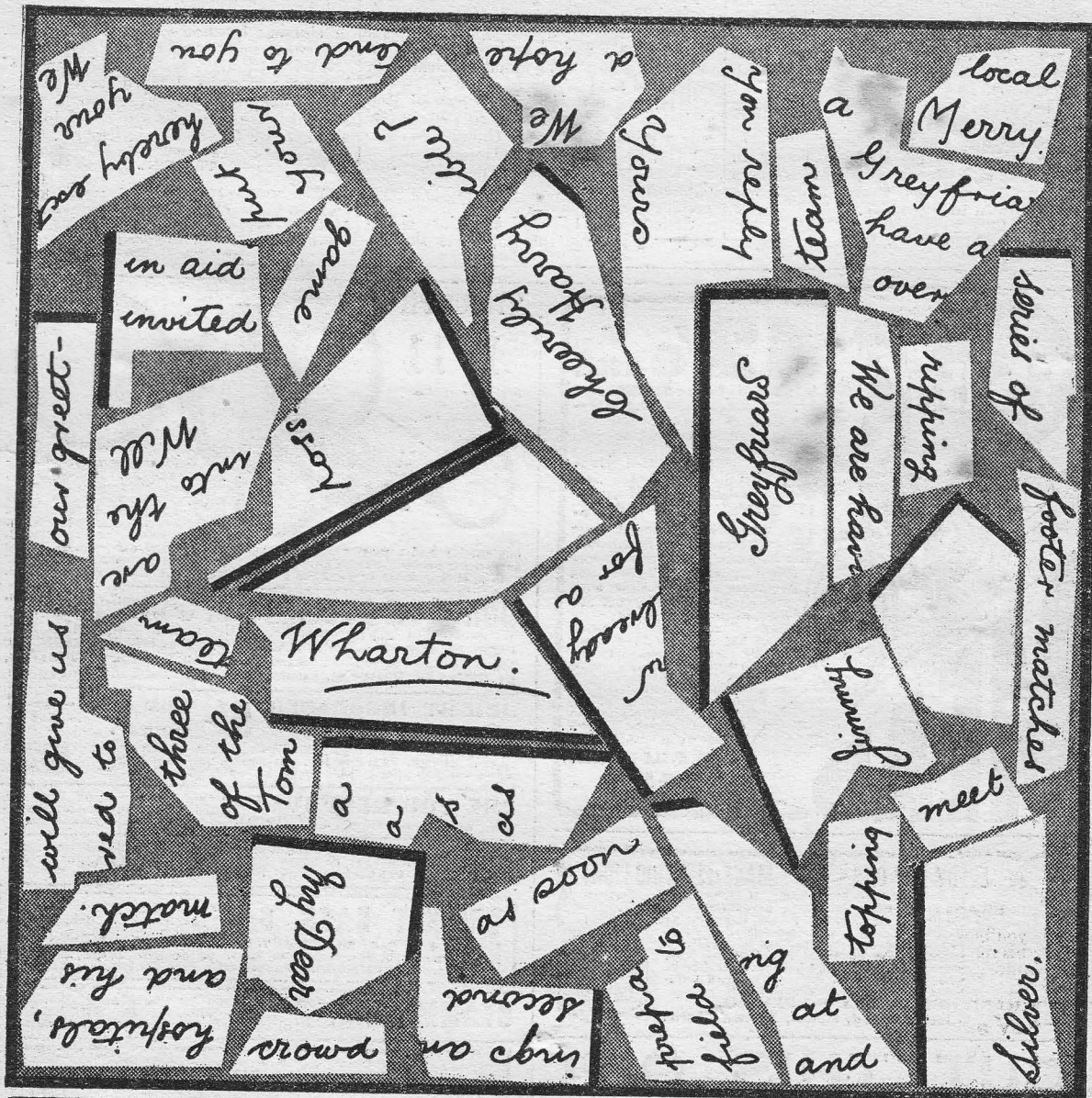
# CAN YOU READ THIS PUZZLE LETTER?

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To win one of the above magnificent money prizes, all you have to do is to cut out the pieces of the letter printed below, put them together so as to form a letter, and write your solution on a sheet of notepaper. **KEEP YOUR SOLUTION** by you until you have instructions where and when to send it, for there will be another letter published next week. The Competition will consist of eight letters in all. The Coupon below must be affixed to every solution.

There is **NO ENTRANCE FEE**, but readers must agree to abide by the Editor's decision, which is final and legally binding. That is the express condition of entry.



Puzzle Letter No 4.

(Fill in this Form before sending in.)

Name.....

Address.....

**THE CEDAR CREEK COCKNEY.**

(Continued from page 5.)

Frank Richards & Co. were almost doubled up with laughter. This outcome of Chunky's jape was so totally unexpected that it overcame them.

Instead of frightening the Cockney schoolboy out of his wits, poor Chunky had only turned him into a terrific fighting-man with deadly intentions. Chunky was no match for the Cockney, and he was encumbered by his blanket and moccasins. He had simply no chance. With a rush, Hopkins brought him down the sloping bank to the water.

"Great Scott!" gasped Beauclerc. "We mustn't let him drown poor Chunky! Come on!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The three chums rushed down the bank after the ferocious Cockney.

But Hopkins was not to be baulked. He raised the fat Redskin bodily in his arms, and Chunky, with his feathers and arms and legs wildly flying, was rushed down to the water.

Splash!  
"Gug-gug-gug!"

Chunky Todgers went bodily into the shallow water by the bank, and Harold Hopkins stood panting.

Chunky's head came up, and his face showed with half the Redskin complexion washed off it as he struggled wildly towards the shore.

"Keep him in!" roared Hopkins. "Keep him in there, and let him drown! Anybody got a gun? Why ain't somebody got a gun?"

Frank Richards grasped Hopkins, and fairly dragged him back, while Bob Lawless and Beauclerc helped Chunky out of the water.

"Groogh! Hoooh! Whoooo! Oh dear! I'm all wet! I'm soaking! Yow-ow-ow!" wailed Chunky.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Frank Richards & Co. laughed till they wept. They could not help it. It was such an unexpected ending to Chunky's great jape, and he looked such a dragged object as he stood squelching in water and mud.

"Oh, you ass, Hopkins!" gasped Bob at last. "I tried to tell you that it was only a joke. It was only Chunky—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Hopkins.

"You jolly near drowned me, you dangerous idiot!" howled Chunky Todgers.

"No, I didn't," said Hopkins, chortling. "I knew the water was shallow

there, my tulip. I knowed there wasn't any danger, 'cepting to your Injun complexion. Ha, ha, ha!"

Frank Richards jumped.

"You knew it was, Chunky all the time?" he yelled.

"Ha, ha! 'Old me, somebody!' gasped Hopkins. "Of course I knowed! I'd know that fat little hoyster anywhere if he was dressed as a Red Indian or a pink nigger. Ha, ha, ha! Still, he wanted me to take him for an Injun, so I took him for an Injun. See?"

And, with a chuckle, Harold Hopkins walked away, leaving Frank Richards & Co. blinking at one another.

"Oh my hat!" said Frank at last.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The chums of Cedar Creek, laughing hysterically, marched Chunky away to get him dried. They were rather late in starting for home that evening, but they went in a merry mood.

As for Chunky Todgers, his sense of humour was quite damped for the time, and it was probable that he would think at least twice before he attempted to take another rise out of 'Arold 'Opkins.

THE END.

(You must not miss next week's grand long, complete tale of Frank Richards & Co. of Cedar Creek School, entitled, "By Sheer Pluck!" By Martin Clifford.)

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