

# MISSING!

A Splendid Long Complete Story, dealing with the Adventures of JIMMY SILVER & Co., at Rookwood School.

By OWEN CONQUEST,  
(Author of the Famous Tales of Rookwood appearing in The "Boys' Friend.")

## THE FIRST CHAPTER. Missing!

"SILVER!"

"Yes, Bulkeley!" Jimmy Silver did not answer in his usual cheery tones. His face was darkly overcast.

His chums, Raby and Newcome, were looking as glum as Jimmy Silver himself.

Bulkeley, the captain of Rookwood School, looked at them rather curiously as he came up.

"You're wanted, Silver," he said. "Raby and Newcome, too. Head's study."

The three chums of the Fourth looked eager for a moment.

"News of Lovell?" they asked, all speaking together.

Bulkeley shook his head.

"No. Lovell's father is with the Head, that's all. I think you're going to be asked about young Lovell, and you'd better tell the Head all you know about it. I suppose you know it's a serious matter for a fellow to run away from school," added Bulkeley rather grimly.

"Lovell hasn't run away from Rookwood, Bulkeley," said Jimmy Silver.

"Eh! You know he's gone."

"He hasn't run away," said Jimmy firmly. "I don't know what's become of him, Bulkeley, but I'm certain he never left Rookwood of his own accord. Why should he?"

"I don't know why he should," said the Sixth-Former. "But it's pretty clear that he has, and as you three are his chums, it's probable that you know something about it. I fancy the Head thinks so. You'd better not keep anything back."

"We've nothing to keep back," said Raby. "Well, cut along!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. moved off towards the School House glumly.

Arthur Edward Lovell was their best chum, and his disappearance from the school troubled them greatly, as well as amazed them.

What had become of Lovell was a mystery, and the only explanation seemed to be that he had run away from school; but that his chums did not believe for a moment.

They could, however, offer no alternative theory, for they were quite at sea.

The mystery of his disappearance simply beat them.

"Hallo, there's Lagden!" muttered Raby, as a thick-set man with the right sleeve of his coat hanging empty by his side, came along the path.

Captain Lagden paused as he saw the three juniors.

"What's this I hear about a boy having left the school last night," he asked—"a boy named Lovell?"

The chums did not answer him.

They did not like Captain Lagden, though they had been prepared to like him very much when he came to Rookwood as football coach, partly on account of his record in the war, and partly because he was a distant connection of their chum, Arthur Edward Lovell.

But the captain had fallen in their esteem since then, and they could not forget that Lovell, the missing junior, had owed a severe punishment to the captain's interference.

"Has anything been heard of him?" asked the captain.

"No!" said Jimmy curtly.

"It is pretty clear that he has run away from school."

"We don't believe that."

The captain smiled, though, perhaps, owing to the scars that disfigured his face, his smile was not a very pleasant one.

"But if the lad has not run away, what has become of him?" he asked.

"We don't know what's become of him," said Jimmy Silver gruffly. "But there's no reason why he should run away from school. He wouldn't have done such a thing; and, anyway, he wouldn't have kept it secret from us. Come on, you fellows; the Head wants us."

"The Fourth-Formers walked on.

They entered the School House, leaving Captain Lagden standing by the steps, rubbing his chin thoughtfully with his left hand.

"I don't believe he cares a twopenny rap about poor old Lovell!" growled Raby, as they went down the big corridor towards the Head's study. "It's partly his fault what has happened, too, though I suppose he doesn't know that."

"I suppose we shall have to tell the Head," said Jimmy Silver uneasily. "Now Lovell's gone we can't keep it dark that he went down from the dorm to play a trick on Lagden."

"Better tell everything, I think," said Newcome. "It can't hurt Lovell now, and we can't very well keep anything dark."

Jimmy tapped at the Head's door.

Dr. Chisholm's deep voice bade them enter, and the chums of the Fourth entered the Head's study.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### Before the Head!

DR. CHISHOLM was looking very grave and stern.

A glance at his severe face was sufficient to show that he took a very serious view of the strange occurrence, and that he laid the blame upon the absent junior.

Mr. Lovell, who was with the Head, was looking pale and distressed.

The disappearance of Arthur Edward had brought him to Rookwood, but he had no explanation to suggest of his son having vanished from the school.

That the boy had run away he did not believe, especially as he had not been heard of at home, and if he had run away, where else could he go?

That explanation, which was sufficient for the Head, was not sufficient for Mr. Lovell, but he had no other to suggest.

"You sent for us, sir?" said Jimmy Silver.

Mr. Lovell gave the juniors a kind nod. He was well acquainted with the three.

"I sent for you, Silver," answered the Head. "I desire to question you, in the presence of Mr. Lovell. You three boys, I understand, were on terms of close friendship with Lovell."

"Yes, sir."

"Did he ever speak to you in a way to suggest that he contemplated leaving the school?"

"Never, sir."

"Had you any idea that he intended to do so?"

"Certainly not!"

"Then his departure came as a surprise to you?" asked the Head, scanning the faces of the three juniors intently.

"A very great surprise and shock, sir."

The Head pursed his lips.

"You have no knowledge where he is gone?"

"None at all."

"Did you miss him before the morning? He appears to have left the dormitory some time during the night."

Jimmy Silver & Co. looked at one another, and hesitated. Dr. Chisholm knitted his brows as he noted it.

"Come, I see you know something of the matter!" he exclaimed sharply. "You will have the goodness to tell me all you know. You are surely aware, too, that Mr. Lovell is exceedingly anxious about his son."

"I am sure you will give us any assistance in your power, my boys," said Mr. Lovell kindly.

"Certainly we will!" said Jimmy Silver. "We know nothing whatever about what has become of poor Lovell. I happen to know at what time he left the dormitory, that is all."

"Proceed!" said the Head.

"I woke up about two in the morning, and heard him," said Jimmy Silver.

"You were aware, then, that he was going to leave Rookwood, and you did not interfere!" exclaimed the Head sternly.

"Nothing of the sort, sir! I am quite certain that he never intended to leave Rookwood! He went down for quite a different thing."

"You knew why he went?"

"Yes, sir."

"And his reason?"

"It—it was a jape!" faltered Jimmy Silver.

"A what? Oh, a practical joke! Is that it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you mean to say that Lovell left the dormitory in the middle of the night for some folly in connection with your disputes with the Modern juniors?" the Head exclaimed.

"It wasn't that, sir. It was—was—was—"

"Well?"

"Captain Lagden, sir," said Jimmy at last.

"Captain Lagden!" repeated the Head, in angry amazement. "Lovell intended to play some trick on Captain Lagden?"

"Yes, sir."

"Bless my soul!" murmured Mr. Lovell. "Who is Captain Lagden?"

"Captain Lagden," said the Head grimly, "is a gentleman who was once at Rookwood School, and had a distinguished record when a schoolboy here. He has since distinguished himself in the Great War, where he lost his arm in battle. He has accepted the post of football coach to the school. That honourable gentleman, sir, is the person upon whom, according to this boy, your son intended to play some trick in the dead of the night."

Mr. Lovell looked distressed.

"Lovell wasn't to blame, sir!" exclaimed

THE POPULAR.—No. 193.

A—SPLENDID STORY OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL.  
By OWEN CONQUEST.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"BY WHOSE HAND?"

Jimmy Silver, quick in defence of his chum. "He was only going to ink the captain."

"Ink him!" repeated the Head, in a terrifying voice.

"Yes!" gasped Jimmy.

"And for what?" thundered the Head.

"What flimsy excuse, Silver, had Lovell for planning to perpetrate such a trick?"

"It was Captain Lagden's fault!" said Raby sturdily.

"Silence, Raby! I am questioning Silver! Explain the matter at once, Silver, if there is the remotest excuse to be offered for Lovell's conduct!"

Jimmy flushed a little. His own anger was rising.

Lovell's disappearance, and the possibility that he was in trouble or danger, made the Head's anger seem quite out of place to Lovell's chums, at least.

"Please tell us all, Silver," said Mr. Lovell gently.

"I will, sir, certainly! Yesterday afternoon we went exploring in the old abbey vaults, and Captain Lagden followed us there, and reported us to the Head. Of course, it was wrong, as the vaults are out of bounds; but we thought it wasn't Captain Lagden's business to interfere. Lovell told him so, and he was caned for speaking plainly to Lagden."

"He was caned for gross impertinence to Captain Lagden!" snapped the Head. "Is that all?"

"That is all, sir."

"And for that reason Lovell left the dormitory in the night to visit Captain Lagden's quarters, and play a trick on him?"

"Ye-es, sir."

"As Lovell is not here I will not pursue that matter," said the Head, after a pause. "My present object is to discover what has become of the boy. Did he return to the dormitory?"

"No, sir."

"Did you remain awake?"

"I fell asleep after a time. When I woke up I called to him, and thought he had come back and turned in as he didn't answer. When I woke in the morning I found his bed empty."

"Is that all you know?"

"That is all, sir."

"Perhaps Captain Lagden could let in some light upon the matter," said Mr. Lovell, after a pause. "My son may have carried out his intention of visiting his quarters, and in that case Captain Lagden will be the last person to have seen him."

"Captain Lagden would certainly have mentioned the matter to me," said the Head impatiently. "However, I will send for him. Silver, kindly find Captain Lagden, and request him to step here. You boys may remain for the present."

"Yes, sir."

Jimmy Silver left the study, and there was grim silence while he was gone, broken only by the Head drumming impatiently upon his desk.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER. Dark Doubts.

CAPTAIN LAGDEN entered the study in a few minutes, followed by Jimmy Silver. Jimmy had found him outside the School House.

"Pray excuse me for troubling you, Lagden," said the Head.

"I am always at your service, sir."

The captain did not appear to observe Mr. Lovell's presence.

Jimmy Silver & Co. could see that he had no desire to claim the relationship of which Arthur Edward Lovell had spoken.

But the Head proceeded to introduce him to the visitor, a ceremony indispensable under the circumstances.

Mr. Lovell then shook hands with the captain very warmly, regarding him with some interest.

"It is a great pleasure to me to meet you, Captain Lagden," he said. "Although we have never met, we are, I believe, distantly connected."

"Your son said something of the kind, Mr. Lovell, when I arrived here," said the captain dryly. "The connection, if it exists, is very distant, I believe."

"Oh, decidedly distant!" said Mr. Lovell, chilled by the captain's manner. And he sat down again, without making any further reference to that matter.

THE POPULAR.—No. 195.

NEXT  
TUESDAY!

Captain Lagden looked inquiringly at the Head.

Dr. Chisholm had been about to make some polite remark on the subject of the relationship which had transpired, but the captain's dry manner checked it.

It was clear enough that Basil Lagden did not want his distant connection with the Lovells to ripen into acquaintance.

"Please sit down, Lagden," said the Head. "I am afraid you will be surprised by what I am going to say. You heard of the disappearance of Mr. Lovell's son last night?"

"I have heard it spoken of, sir."

"It appears, according to Silver, that Lovell bitterly resented what he was pleased to consider your interference with him yesterday."

"I am sorry," said the captain. "Knowing, from my old experience here, of the dangers of the abbey vaults, I felt bound to see that the reckless boys did not risk themselves in such a place."

"Quite so. You acted quite rightly, and I thank you for it," said the Head. "The boy Lovell took a different view, and it seems that he meditated playing some disrespectful trick upon you."

"Indeed!"

"Silver informs me that Lovell left the dormitory last night to visit your room and throw ink over you, or something of the kind."

The captain raised his brows.

"That is news to me!" he said.

"Mr. Lovell thinks he may have carried out his intention, and that you may have seen something of him. Did he come to the Oak Room?"

Captain Lagden shook his head.

"I am sure not," he said. "Certainly I am a very sound sleeper; but if he came I was quite unaware of it."

"He did not, at all events, play the trick he contemplated?"

"No. I should have laid the matter before you, sir, if anything of the kind had happened, naturally."

"Then you did not see or hear anything of my son during the night?" asked Mr. Lovell.

"Nothing."

The old gentleman looked disappointed. "That is all, Captain Lagden," said the Head. "I am sure you will excuse us for having troubled you."

"Not at all, sir," said the captain. And he left the study.

Dr. Chisholm glanced at the juniors. "You have nothing more to tell me?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"You maintain that you know nothing of Lovell's intention of leaving the school?"

"Nothing at all, sir."

"Very well, you may go."

Jimmy Silver & Co. left the study with downcast faces.

A crowd of the Classical Fourth met them at the end of the passage—Mornington, Erroll, Conroy, Oswald, and half a dozen more.

"Any news?" they asked all together. Jimmy Silver shook his head.

"I suppose Lovell's pater's cut up?" remarked Mornington.

"He looks it," said Raby.

"But what the thump's become of Lovell?" exclaimed Oswald.

Jimmy Silver shook his head again hopelessly. He gave that problem up.

"Why should he run away?" said Townsend, the Nut of the Fourth. "Has he been backin' gee-gees and got landed?"

Jimmy gave Townsend an angry look. "Lovell wasn't your sort!" he snapped.

"Nothing of the kind!"

"Looks as if the chap went off his rocker!" remarked Peele. "That's the only way of accountin' for it!"

"That's it!" chimed in Gower. "He's gone potty and gone wanderin'!"

"Rot!" growled Jimmy Silver. But, as a matter of fact, that surmise worried the three chums a little.

If Lovell had deliberately left Rookwood, hatless and partly dressed, certainly he could not have been quite in his right senses.

And if he had not left Rookwood, where was he?

Was it possible that he had gone, as Gower expressed it, "potty," and that he was wandering somewhere at that very moment, incapable of taking care of himself?

It was an unerving thought.

A little later the station cab bore Mr. Lovell away, and Jimmy's heart was heavy

as he noted how distressed and harassed he looked.

Mr. Lovell had had no choice about assenting to the Head's belief that his son had run away from school, and his intention now was to have inquiries made for the missing boy.

Jimmy Silver, Raby, and Newcome watched the cab roll away from the gates, and then they went to their study to tea.

A surprise awaited them when they entered the end study.

It was not empty.

Captain Lagden was seated in the armchair, smoking a cigarette, and he smiled genially at the surprised juniors as they stopped and looked at him.

### THE FOURTH CHAPTER. A Friend in Need.

JIMMY SILVER & CO. waited for the captain to speak.

He removed the cigarette with his left hand, and the action drew their attention to the empty sleeve on his other side, and unconsciously they softened a little.

In spite of their vague dislike of the man, they remembered what he must have been through, and they tried to feel cordial.

"Surprised to see me here—what?" asked the captain, with a smile.

"Yes, a little," said Jimmy.

"Excuse me walking in. I came here to speak to you, and decided to wait," said the captain. "If you're going to have tea, don't mind me. I'm afraid, my boys, that I've got on the wrong side of you somehow since I came here. I'm sorry for that."

The juniors felt more cordial. There was a frankness in the captain's manner that appealed to them.

"About that affair of the vaults yesterday," continued the captain. "You blamed me for reporting you. Now, when I was a boy at Rookwood I was lost in those vaults once, and might have died there, and when I found young fellows like you taking the risk I was disturbed—perhaps angry. It was no business of mine, as you told me, but I was thinking of your safety. Do me the credit to believe that."

"Of course, sir," said Jimmy Silver, quite disarmed now. "We've heard from the sergeant how you were shut up in the vaults once, sir, by a chap named Baumann."

"Oh! Is Baumann still remembered here?" asked the captain, looking at him curiously.

"Sergeant Kettle remembers him, and I suppose the Head does," said Jimmy. "Of course, that was years and years before our time here."

"Well, it's a fact. That fellow Baumann shut me in the vaults, and I was lost there a day and a night," said the captain. "It was an experience I haven't forgotten yet. I was alarmed for you when I saw you venturing into such a place. That's why I chipped in. I'm sorry it seems to have made you dislike me!"

"Oh, no, sir!" said Jimmy. "It's all right! We were rather ratty at the time, that's all!"

"All serene, sir!" said Newcome. "Never mind it!" said Raby.

The three juniors were quite cordial now. "If—if you haven't had your tea yet, sir—" said Jimmy diffidently.

The captain smiled. "Tea in the study?" he said. "Begad, quite like old times, when I was a youngster here like yourselves! Do you know that this was my study?"

"Was it?" said Jimmy, greatly interested. "Yes. Baumann was my study-mate. Not that we were friends. I had rather a prejudice against people of German descent even in those days, though we never dreamed of war then. You can give me a cup of tea, if you like. I'd help you, begad, if I had my fin to help you with!"

Good feeling was quite established by this time.

The chums of the Fourth prepared tea, while Captain Lagden smoked cigarettes in the armchair.

He joined them at the table, when tea was ready, in the most genial way.

"Now, about Lovell," he said presently. "I know you three youngsters are worried about him."

"Naturally, sir."

"You can't think of anything that can be done?"

"Oh, yes, rather!" said Jimmy at once. "We're going to find him somehow!"



"Leaving Rookwood to look for him, do you mean?"

"No; we can't leave the school."  
 "But where are you going to look for him, then?" asked the captain, with an air of perplexity. "Let me hear what you think. I have a good deal of time on my hands here, as you know, and if there is anything I can do I shall spare no trouble to help the poor lad."

"Well, we can't think what's happened, sir," said Jimmy slowly. "But we don't believe Lovell was light-headed, or anything of that kind. If he was going to run away he wouldn't have gone partly dressed, and without even his cap. Yet he's gone. The only explanation is that he was taken away by force."

"Kidnapped?"  
 "Yes," said Jimmy.  
 "Who should kidnap him?"  
 "I don't know. But it's the only explanation. He may have run into a burglar when he went down last night, for all we know, or—or anything may have happened. It beats us, I admit that. But—"

"It wouldn't be easy for a kidnapper—admitting that theory—to get the boy out of the school," remarked the captain. "The gates were locked. Lifting a boy over the school wall into the road, when anybody might have passed—my dear lad, it sounds steep, doesn't it?"

"It sounds impossible," said Raby.  
 "Then what do you surmise, Silver?"  
 Jimmy hesitated.

He had no hesitation in confiding to the captain, so far as that went, but the vague idea at the back of his mind seemed so wild that he hardly cared to put it into words.

"I see you have some idea," said Captain Lagden, lighting a fresh cigarette, as he finished his tea.

"Well, suppose he isn't gone away from Rookwood at all?" said Jimmy Silver at last.

The captain started.  
 "Surely you don't think he's hiding somewhere about the school?" he exclaimed.

"No, no. But—"  
 "Not hiding—hidden," said Raby quietly.  
 "Come!" said the captain, laughing. "This is steeper than ever! Where could he be hidden?"

"I know it sounds wild," said Jimmy. "But—but we simply don't know what's happened, and so we must think that anything may have happened. There are no end of nooks and crannies about Rookwood—the old clock-tower and the school vaults and the vaults under the abbey."

"What do you think of doing, then?" asked the captain.

"Searching for him," said Jimmy Silver.  
 "About Rookwood?"  
 "Yes."

"The vaults are out of bounds. I am afraid," said the captain, "that I have, in a manner, forced your confidence, for I cannot help guessing now that you intend to explore the abbey vaults again. But you must not do so without permission, and if you like I will ask your headmaster's permission for you. I am sure he will grant it if I offer to accompany you in searching the vaults."

"Thank you very much," said Jimmy gratefully. "We meant to do it, but it would have meant a row if we'd been seen there. If you could get us permission—"

"Quite easily," said the captain, rising. "And I am very glad to be of service to you, dear boys. I hope our little disagreement of yesterday is quite forgotten now?"

"Oh, quite, sir!" said the three together at once.

"Good! By the way," added the captain thoughtfully, "if I may offer you a word of advice—"

"Yes, please."

"Well, I should not talk too much of this queer theory that Lovell may still be somewhere about Rookwood. It will excite a great deal of comment, and may lead to a lot of excitement, and I fear that your headmaster would be annoyed."

"We weren't thinking of telling anybody, sir," said Jimmy, with a nod. "It sounds a bit too steep to talk about, really. The fellows would laugh at the idea."

"I will speak to Dr. Chisholm at once, and you'll find me in the quadrangle in ten minutes' time," said the captain.

"Thank you, sir!"  
 Captain Lagden left the study.



**WHAT HAS HAPPENED?** The captain looked at Mr. Bootles, with the two startled juniors behind him, in surprise. "Excuse me, Captain Lagden," said the Form-master, "but I came up here on account of what these two boys told me. They fancied you were ill." (See Chapter 7.)

The three juniors looked at one another.  
 "He's a jolly good fellow," said Jimmy Silver. "We were a bit rough on him, I think, you chaps."

"One of the best!" said Newcome heartily. "And he'll be jolly useful, helping us to look for Lovell."

"Yes, rather!" agreed Raby.

The three chums were feeling in better spirits when they went out to join the captain in the quadrangle.

Captain Lagden greeted them with a smile and a nod.

"I've spoken to the Head," he said. "I am afraid he is a little annoyed by the suggestion that Lovell may be still somewhere about Rookwood; but he has consented to let the vaults be searched, on condition that I accompany you. I am ready."

"We're ever so much obliged, sir!" said Jimmy gratefully.

"Not at all. I see you have a lantern, so let's start."

And the one-armed gentleman and the three juniors started for the abbey ruins.

### THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

#### Three on the Track.

**J**IMMY SILVER & Co. were late beginning their prep that evening.

They came in to it tired and dusty. In company with the captain they had spent long hours in the old vaults under the abbey, searching.

It was with little hope that they had begun the search, if any, and what faint hope there was had now died away.

In those long hours they had explored every recess of the abbey vaults, and they had found nothing.

They had scarcely expected to find anything, but it was a disappointment, all the same.

The hope had been vague, and now they could not help admitting to themselves that it was pretty clear that Lovell had left Rookwood.

Yet the total absence of any motive their chum could have had for doing so perplexed

them, and left them in much the same state of mind as they were in at first.

The three chums worked at their prep in a desultory fashion that evening.

They could not put their minds into their work, and, indeed, that day Mr. Bootles had had to be very forbearing with them.

The mystery of Lovell's fate haunted them, and was never absent from their minds.

It was understood that Mr. Lovell was to telephone to the school at once if he received news of his son, but no news had come as yet.

Fellows of the Fourth dropped in to chat over the mystery with Lovell's chums. Even Smythe of the Shell came along to express his sympathy.

But it was a sad evening to the three.

They left their prep unfinished, and after their callers had gone they sat round the table discussing the matter wearily.

Raby had been silent for some time while Jimmy and Newcome were speaking. But he broke in suddenly:

"There's one thing we haven't thought of, you fellows."

"What's that, kid?" asked Jimmy.

"Lovell went down last night to ink the captain in his room. He told you so when you woke up."

"That's so."

"He must have had the ink with him," said Raby. "In fact, I remember seeing him put something under his bed last night, and I suppose it must have been what he had ready for Lagden."

"Very likely."

"Well, he took it down with him," said Raby. "What happened after that nobody knows. The open window looks as if he went out; but—but it may mean that somebody had come in—some burglar, perhaps—and Lovell met him. Well, if old Lovell was collared, isn't it jolly likely that he spilt the ink he was carrying? It was a can I saw him shove under his bed; and if he dropped that can there would be no end of a muck. What about looking for traces of it all the way from the dorm to the Oak Room—Lagden's room?"

THE POPULAR.—No. 193.

A SPLENDID STORY OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL.  
 By OWEN CONQUEST.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"BY WHOSE HAND?"

"The maids would have seen it and cleared it up," said Newcome.  
 "H'm! Yes," admitted Raby. "But some sign might be left, all the same. And if we find a trace of it we'll question them downstairs."

"Well, it's something to do, anyway," said Jimmy Silver. "I'll get my flashlamp; there's no lights in the upper passages now since the order about saving gas, you know. There'll be nobody about up there, and we may as well do some scouting."

The hope, however faint, of finding some trace of their chum after his departure from the dormitory excited Jimmy Silver & Co. a little.

Jimmy put his electric flashlamp in his pocket, and they left the study.

It wanted yet half an hour or more to bed-time and there was no one on the upper staircases, which were in darkness.

From the dormitory corridor two or three passages and several steps led to the somewhat secluded corner of the building where the Oak Room was situated, in which Captain Lagden had taken up his quarters. Starting from the dormitory, the three juniors went along the well-swept passage, where they did not expect to discover any traces.

They began a keen scrutiny, however, as they turned into a little, winding passage leading to an old oaken staircase, seldom used, and seldom visited by the broom of the housemaid.

It was one of the oldest parts of the ancient rambling building.

Jimmy Silver kept the light on the stairs as they descended the oaken staircase, where Lovell must have passed the previous night on his way to Captain Lagden's room.

"Look here!" muttered Raby. Jimmy flashed the light on the handrail beside the narrow stairs.

A dry smudge of ink showed there. It had wetted the dust and dried there, and it was evidently left by an inky hand, which had caught at the rail for guidance in the darkness.

Their hearts throbbed as they looked at it. For the stain was not old; that was evident at a glance. And they knew that it had been made by their chum not twenty-four hours earlier.

"He got some of the ink on his hands, of course!" muttered Raby. "We know now that he came as far as this."

With great excitement now the juniors pressed on.

They scanned the stairs, the rail, and the wall for further traces, and at the bottom of the little stair they found a smudge on the wall.

Quietly, but with beating hearts, they turned into the lower passage, which led into the wide corridor where the Oak Room was situated.

Near the end of the passage a clot of ink was found close to the wall—a thick clot that was not quite dry.

Thence they turned into the big corridor, upon which seven or eight rooms opened.

One of the doors belonged to the captain's room.

The others, as the juniors knew, were unoccupied. There were a good many rooms in the old School House that had no tenants.

The corridor was unlighted, and there was no light under the door of Captain Lagden's room.

As far as this Lovell had evidently come the previous night. Whatever had happened to him had happened close to Captain Lagden's quarters.

And this much proved that he had not left the House of his own accord. For why should he have come so far if his intention was merely to go down and let himself out by the hall window—which he could have done easily by the main staircase?

With beating hearts the three juniors moved on down the corridor towards the door of the Oak Room—the captain's sitting-room.

Jimmy Silver flashed the light over the door.

Then he uttered a faint exclamation: "Look!"

It was easy to imagine how Lovell, carrying the can of ink in the dark, had stained his hands with the liquid, and with the wet ink on his hands he naturally left traces behind him.

The door-handle was brightly polished. If there had been any inky trace upon it, it had been cleaned off by the housemaid.

But on the oaken door itself, near the handle, was a slight smudge of black ink. On the dark old oak it was almost imperceptible, and it was no wonder that it had escaped the housemaid's eyes.

It would have escaped Jimmy Silver's eyes, too, but for the fact that he was looking for it with the keenness of a hawk.

The light of the flashlamp gleamed on the smudge on the oak, and the juniors caught their breath as they looked at it.

Lovell, the previous night, had plainly come as far as the captain's room, and had turned the handle of the door.

That much they knew now as certainly as if they had watched him.

"He was here!" muttered Jimmy, under his breath.

"He had to pass through this room to get to the captain's bed-room, where Lagden was," whispered Raby. "The bed-room has no door on the corridor, you know. Lovell had to go through the sitting-room—this room."

"And he came as far as this door!" muttered Newcome.

The juniors stood still.

On that very spot where they were standing Lovell must have stood the previous night in the darkness; and there, whatever happened to him must have happened—there, with his hand on the captain's door.

"Unless—" muttered Raby.

"Unless what?"

"Can he have gone in?"  
 "He couldn't without waking up Lagden."  
 "Lagden was in the bed-room farther on," said Newcome. "Lovell might have gone into the sitting-room without awakening him. But—but nothing could have happened to him there."

"Nothing."  
 "I—I'd like to go on," said Raby. "Would the captain mind, do you think? We could tell him what we've done so far."

"Lovell may have come as far as this, and gone back."

"Why should he, without doing what he came to do? And we know he didn't do it," answered Raby. "He came to this door; we know that now. And he went into the room—unless he was stopped on this very spot. Who could have stopped him? What could have happened?"

The juniors glanced round them in the darkness uneasily.

What had happened there in the dead and silent hours of the night?

"It—it's uncanny!" muttered Newcome.

"We ought to tell Captain Lagden this," said Jimmy Silver, after some thought. "He's been helping us in the search, and we trust him. He may be able to make some suggestion. I'm sure he'd like to know what we've found so far."

"That's right enough."

"He's not in his room," said Jimmy. "There's no light. We can't go into his quarters without his permission. Let's go and look for him."

"Hold on though! He may be in his bed-room. Let's knock."

"Right!"

Jimmy Silver tapped at the door of the Oak Room.

There was no response from within.

Jimmy knocked again, and as there was no reply he turned the handle of the door to open it and glance into the sitting-room.

From the open door he could have seen whether there was a light under the communication door of the captain's bed-room.

But, to his surprise, the door did not open to his touch.

"My hat! It's locked!"

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Mysterious!

"LOCKED!" repeated Raby and Newcome, in a breath.

"Locked!" said Jimmy.

The three juniors stared at the door, and at one another, in surprise. Why the captain should lock the door of his sitting-room was not easy to guess.

He could not have retired for the night at that early hour, and even had he done so there was no reason why he should lock the door of the outer room, even if he locked the bed-room door.

If he was absent from his quarters, it was still more inexplicable why he should lock his door on leaving and take away the key. It was impossible that he could suppose there were thieves in the school.

The latter theory, indeed, was inadmissible, for Jimmy Silver, turning the light on the keyhole, discerned the key there inside the room.

It had been turned, but the end of the key was quite easy to see. The door was locked on the inside, proof that Captain Lagden was in his quarters.

"He's there!" said Jimmy.

"Blessed if I know what he's locked the door for!" said Newcome. "Even if he's gone to bed, a soldier isn't likely to be nervous. What the dickens should he lock the door for?"

"There's no light in this room," said Jimmy. "He must be in the bed-room. Shall we knock again?"

"May as well."

Knock!

Jimmy Silver gave quite a sounding knock upon the dark oaken panels.

It was more than loud enough to be heard in the inner room.

The captain should certainly have heard it, unless he was gone to bed and fast asleep, which was scarcely possible before nine o'clock in the evening.

But there came no answer, and the juniors waited in vain for any sound of footsteps in the Oak Room.

They looked at one another in astonishment.

BEST Boys' Books on the Market!

THE BOYS' FRIEND LIBRARY. Fourpence Per Volume.

- No. 630.—THE BLACK BUCCANEERS. A splendid long complete yarn of the footer field. By J. W. Wheway.
- No. 631.—RAILWAY AND RING. A grand long complete story of the boxing ring. By Reginald Wray, author of "The Hidden World," etc., etc.
- No. 632.—THE SCHOOLBOY MULTI-MILLIONAIRE. A topping tale of schoolboy fun and adventure. By Victor Nelson, author of "The Boy With Fifty Millions," etc.
- No. 633.—THE IDOL OF ST. FRANK'S. A magnificent school yarn, introducing Nelson Lee, Nipper & Co., Handforth & Co., Timothy Tucker, and the other juniors of St. Frank's.
- No. 634.—THE IMPOSSIBLE CHANGE. A superb long complete story of life and adventure on the racecourse. By John Hunter, author of "The Smasher," etc., etc.

THE SEXTON BLAKE LIBRARY. Fourpence Per Volume.

- No. 248.—THE GOLDEN GODDESS. A magnificent story of London and the East, introducing GUNGA DASS.
- No. 249.—THE CASE OF THE BOGUS LAIRD; OR, THE MYSTERY OF DUNSTREATHY CASTLE. A story of SEXTON BLAKE v. GEORGE MARSDEN PLUMMER.
- No. 250.—FINGERPRINTS OF FATE. A wonderful story of baffling mystery. By the author of "The House of Ghosts; or, The Case of the Spurious Spiritualist."
- No. 251.—THE BRIGAND'S SECRET. A fascinating story of SEXTON BLAKE and TINKER in Italy and London. By the author of "The Lama's Secret."
- No. 252.—THE MYSTERY OF THE CLOCK. A tale of thrilling adventure, featuring SEXTON BLAKE, PROFESSOR KEW, COUNT IVOR CARLAC, and ADRIAN STEELE, Newspaper Correspondent.

NOW ON SALE! GET A COPY TO-DAY.

THE POPULAR.—No. 193.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"BY WHOSE HAND?"

A SPLENDID STORY OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL By OWEN CONQUEST.



"He can't be deaf all of a sudden," said Raby.

"May have fallen asleep."  
"Hold on!" said Jimmy. "I'll see whether there's a light in the bedroom."  
He put his lamp into his pocket, and hurried along the corridor to the big bay window at the end.

From there the window of the captain's bedroom could be seen, and it would be easy to see whether there was a light in the room.

Jimmy Silver looked out of the big window, and in the starlight he could see the balcony outside the Oak Room, with the french windows; and, farther on, the window of the captain's bedroom.

All was dark.  
There was not a glimmer of light to be seen at either window.

Greatly puzzled, Jimmy Silver returned to his chums.

"Blessed if I understand it!" he said. "There's no light. If the captain's there he must be there in the dark!"

"He must be there, as this door is locked on the inside."

"Right! What the thump is he in the dark for? He may have fallen asleep in his chair, but it must have been dark when he came up. He dines with the Head, you know, at seven, and it gets dark early now."

"It beats me!" said Newcome. "He can't be ill, I suppose? His old wound, you know—he may have fainted, or something."

Jimmy Silver looked concerned.

The state of affairs was so curious that some such supposition seemed to be the only possible explanation.

"It's possible," he said. "I can't help feeling uneasy, and if he should be ill—locked in there—"

"Better speak to somebody," said Raby. "We'll speak to Mr. Bootles," said Jimmy Silver decidedly. "If he's ill, he can't be left. He may have fainted on the floor. Come on."

The three juniors left the door of the Oak Room, and hurried down the corridor towards the lower staircase.

But Raby paused.

"Hold on," he said. "One of us had better stay. If he's in a fit or something he may call out."

Jimmy nodded.

"Yes, you cut back," he said. "If you hear him, call out through the keyhole, and tell him we're gone for Bootles. There's no doubt that there's something wrong with him."

Raby returned to the door of the Oak Room, while his chums ran downstairs to find Mr. Bootles.

Raby waited in the unlighted passage, outside the door, listening painfully for any sound from within which might indicate that the captain was there in the throes of some seizure.

All his former dislike of the captain, founded chiefly upon Lovell's unlucky trouble with him, had vanished long ago; he was anxious and concerned for the one-armed man.

He realised that the terrible injuries the captain had received must have left their trace upon him, though he had recovered, and it was quite possible that the unhappy man lay helpless in a seizure.

Suddenly, to his surprise, there was a footstep within.

A glimmer of light came from the keyhole. Raby rubbed his eyes.

The gas in the room had been lighted; there was no electric light in that part of Rookwood.

Raby, almost dazed, heard someone moving about in the room, and a low, tuneful sound from within—someone humming a careless tune.

That certainly did not sound like illness. He tapped at the door.

"Hallo!" came from within. "Who's that?"

The key clicked, and the door opened. Framed in the light, Captain Lagden stood there, presenting his usual aspect, and staring out at the startled junior, startled himself.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.  
What Has Happened?

"MR. BOOTLES!"  
Jimmy Silver and Arthur Newcome spoke together, breathlessly.

In their hurry they had entered the Form-master's study without knocking; and Mr.

Bootles, laying down his book, blinked at them severely over his spectacles.

"Silver! Newcome!" rumbled Mr. Bootles. "What does this mean?"

"If you please, sir—"  
"Are you not aware, Silver and Newcome, that you should knock at a Form-master's door before entering?" demanded Mr. Bootles majestically.

"Yes, sir. But—"  
"If you are aware of it, Silver and Newcome, you appear to have forgotten it," said Mr. Bootles. "This is very careless, and most reprehensible."

"Sorry, sir—very sorry! But—"  
"The fact is, sir—"  
"I am glad that you are sorry," said Mr. Bootles stiffly. "I am glad to see that you are aware, Silver and Newcome, that you have acted in a way that is nothing short of disrespectful. Now, if you have anything to say to me, you may say it," added Mr. Bootles.

Jimmy Silver was almost gasping with impatience. He could not venture to interrupt his Form-master, but never had Mr. Bootles' long-winded stateliness seemed so out of place.

"If you please, sir, we came in a hurry, because—"

"That is no excuse for disrespectful carelessness, Silver!" said Mr. Bootles, in his ponderous manner. "However, you may proceed."

"We're afraid Captain Lagden is ill, sir."  
"What?"

Mr. Bootles blinked at them in surprise. "That's it, sir," said Newcome breathlessly. "We've been to his room to speak to him, sir—"

"And the door was locked on the inside, sir," said Jimmy Silver. "There was no light in either room, and he didn't answer our knock."

"Dear me!" said Mr. Bootles. "As—as I believe he still suffers from his old wounds, sir, we thought he might be ill—in a fit, or something," said Jimmy Silver. "We thought we'd better tell you, sir."

Mr. Bootles rose to his feet. "Quite so," he assented. "You have done rightly, my boys. You are sure there was no light in the rooms?"

"I looked at both windows, sir, from the corridor."  
"And you knocked loudly enough to be heard in the inner room?"

"Quite, sir."  
"The captain may merely have fallen asleep in his chair," said Mr. Bootles.

"I don't see how it can be so, sir," said Jimmy. "It must have been dark when he went up, after dining with the Head, and he would have lighted the gas. So if he fell asleep in his chair the gas would be still burning."

"That is very true—and very acute of you, Silver, to think of it," said Mr. Bootles approvingly.

"Besides, sir, if he were only asleep, our knocking at the door would certainly have woken him up."

"I will proceed to his apartment at once," said Mr. Bootles. "I must obtain a lamp. I think the upper passages are unlighted—"

"My flash-lamp, sir," said the captain of the Fourth, holding it out.

"Thank you, Silver. That will do," said Mr. Bootles, taking the lamp. "You may accompany me, my boys."

The master of the Fourth left his study with a look of concern upon his kind face, and the two juniors followed him upstairs.

In a few minutes they reached the door of the Oak Room; but, to the surprise of Jimmy Silver and Newcome, Raby was no longer there.

"What are you looking for?" asked Mr. Bootles, as the two juniors stared up and down the passage in surprise.

"We left Raby here, sir," said Jimmy Silver. "He was to listen if Captain Lagden called out."

"Apparently he did not trouble to wait," said Mr. Bootles dryly. "Why, bless my soul, there is a light in the room, Silver! What nonsense have you been telling me?"

Jimmy Silver stared at the dim streak of light which he now observed under the door.

"Oh!" he said.

Mr. Bootles made a gesture of irritation. It was plain that he now believed that he had been brought upstairs on a fool's errand.

He raised his hand and tapped at the door of the Oak Room.

"Come in!" called out a cheery voice within.

Mr. Bootles opened the door.

Captain Lagden was seated at the table in the oak-paneled sitting-room, reading a novel.

He rose to his feet with a look of surprise as he saw Mr. Bootles, with the two startled juniors behind him.

"Pray come in, Mr. Bootles!" he said cordially. "Take a seat, my dear sir!"

"Excuse me, Captain Lagden," said the Form-master. "But I came up here—I apologise for disturbing you—on account of what these two boys told me. They fancied you were ill."

"Ill!" exclaimed the captain.

He glanced past the Form-master at the two juniors in the doorway.

Jimmy and Newcome coloured.

It was only too evident that Basil Lagden was not ill, and that their alarm had been groundless.

"You thought I was ill, my boys?" said the captain, with a good-natured smile. "What put that idea into your head, may I ask?"

"We—we thought—" stammered Jimmy. "We—we came here to speak to you, sir, but couldn't make you hear, and there was no light in either room."

"You must be mistaken about that, Silver!" snapped Mr. Bootles.

"No, no; the boy is quite right!" said the captain, smiling. "I felt very tired when I came up after dinner, and decided to have a nap. So I turned out the gas and laid on the bed for a time. I must have slept very soundly, if the boys tried to make me hear, for I certainly did not hear them."

Jimmy and Newcome looked—and felt—very sheepish.

That simple explanation, which accounted for everything, made them realise how they had put their foot in it. And they were conscious, too, that Mr. Bootles was very irritated.

"Oh!" gasped Jimmy.

"I suppose that is why Master Raby was standing outside my door!" said the captain, laughing. "I came back into this room when I woke up, and lighted the gas, and heard someone knocking, and when I opened the door your young friend was standing there staring at me."

"How absurd!" exclaimed Mr. Bootles.

"I fear that I spoke rather sharply to Raby," said the captain. "Finding him there, with apparently nothing to say, I could not help suspecting that he had come here to play some trick, such as Master Lovell intended to play upon me last night."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "Nothing of the sort, sir! We only thought you were ill, and we were a bit alarmed."

"I am very much obliged to you, then," said Captain Lagden, still smiling. "If I ever fall ill, I shall know that my young friends will feel concerned about me. Come, come, don't look so troubled, my lads! I understand. You found the door locked, and you could not make me hear. That is it, I suppose? Locking my door is an old habit, learned in billets in Flanders, where you never knew what may happen in the night."

"We—we're sorry, sir!" stammered Newcome.

"Not at all, my boy. I am much obliged to you. Will you tell Raby that I am sorry I spoke to him sharply and sent him away? I did not understand."

"Certainly, sir!"

"You will excuse these boys, Mr. Bootles, I am sure. They meant well, as you see," said the captain.

"They have acted very absurdly, and disturbed you," said Mr. Bootles. "However, nothing more shall be said about the matter. Good-night, Captain Lagden!"

"Good-night, Mr. Bootles; and good-night to you, my lads!" said the captain kindly. "Don't forget to tell Raby I am sorry I was a little abrupt with him when I found him at my door."

"Yes, sir! Good-night!" said the juniors.

"Go to your dormitory!" said Mr. Bootles, as they left the Oak Room. "It is your bedtime. And kindly do not act in such a ridiculous manner again."

Mr. Bootles went downstairs, and Jimmy Silver and Newcome hurried away by the little oaken staircase to the dormitory passage, where they met the Classical Fourth coming up to bed.

(Continued on page 28).

THE POPULAR.—No. 193.

A SPLENDID STORY OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"BY WHOSE HAND?"

By OWEN CONQUEST.

**"MISSING!"**

(Continued from page 23.)

There was no opportunity that night to explain to the captain why they had wanted to speak to him, and the story of the inky finger-prints that had led them to his room.

That could be done on the morrow. "Hallo, here you chaps are!" said Mornington. "Where did you vanish to? Bulkeley was asking where you were, you bouncers! It's bed-time."

"Well, here we are!" said Jimmy. The chums went into the Fourth-Form dormitory with the rest, looking about for Raby.

Raby was not in the dormitory, however, neither was he with the crowd of juniors that poured in.

"Seen Raby, anybody?" called out Jimmy Silver.

"Not since I was in your study," said Mornington.

Bulkeley of the Sixth came in. "Now, then, turn in!" he said. "All here?" He glanced over the crowd of juniors. "Hallo, Raby's not here!" "He hasn't come up yet," said Oswald. "He'd better come up before I come in to turn out the light!" said Bulkeley, frowning. "Five minutes!"

Bulkeley left the dormitory, and the juniors turned in, rather puzzled by George Raby's failure to put in an appearance.

There was one empty bed in the room when the captain of Rookwood came back to turn out the light.

Bulkeley's eyes rested on it at once. "Hasn't Raby come up?" he exclaimed.

"No," said Jimmy, with a faint, vague apprehension in his breast, for which he could hardly account.

"By gad! I'll warm him!" Leaving the light still burning, Bulkeley hurried out, frowning.

The juniors waited, discussing the absence of Raby, in great wonder.

The dormitory door opened at last, but it was not Raby who came in—it was Mr. Bootles, with a troubled and perplexed face.

"Silver," he said quietly, "do you know where Raby is?"

"No, sir."

"Or you, Newcome?"

"No, sir," said Newcome, his face paling.

"You have not seen him since Captain Lagden sent him away from his room?"

"No, sir!" said the two juniors together, and their voices were husky now. A nameless dread was tugging at their hearts.

"I will put your light out," said Mr. Bootles, in a low voice. "Go to sleep, my boys."

"But Raby, sir!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "It is very strange, Silver, but there can be nothing to be alarmed about," said Mr. Bootles. "You are forbidden to leave the dormitory, any of you!"

"But, sir—"

"Raby cannot be found!" Mr. Bootles retired, leaving the dormitory in darkness and Jimmy Silver with a chill at his heart.

THE END.

(There will be another splendid Rookwood story next week!)

**12/9 Monthly**

is all you pay for a superbly made Mead Gramophone with massive, highly polished solid oak cabinet; gigantic richly coloured horn; extra large silent running motor, unusually loud rubber insulated Sound Reproducer; brilliantly nickelled seamless tapered tone arm and all other up-to-date improvements. Sent packed free and carriage paid with 26 Tunes and 400 Silver Steel Needles on **10 DAYS FREE TRIAL**. Fully warranted. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Exquisitely designed Portable Hornless, Table Grands and Drawing Room Cabinet Models at 40% below shop prices. Write TO-DAY for the biggest and most beautifully illustrated gramophone catalogue in the world.

**Mead**  
Company (Dept. G105),  
Balsall-Heath,  
Birmingham.



**SUITS ON EASY TERMS.**

Ready to wear and made to measure, on Easy Terms, 7/6 monthly. Write for Patterns to-day. We have all the new shades in Tweeds, Serges, etc. Fit and wear guaranteed. Our Easy Terms allow you to dress well by paying a little each month. Write for PATTERNS now and see what wonderful value we are giving.

**MASTERS, LTD.**  
32, HOPE STORES, RYE. Estd. 1869.

**BE TALLER.**—Height will make you respected in business and private life. Students of the Girvan Scientific Treatment report from 2 to 5 inches increase, with far better health. These advantages can be yours also if you are under 40. Over ten years' unblemished reputation. The increase is quite permanent. Send F.O. to-day for particulars and our £100 guarantee to ENQUIRY DEPT. A.M.F., 17, STROUD GREEN ROAD, LONDON, N.4.

**CINEMA FILMS, MACHINES, SPOOLS, SCREENS, SLIDES, etc.** Everything stocked for the Amateur. 50-foot Sample Film, 1/3, post free. 100-foot, 2/3, post free. Stamp for Illustrated Lists. **TYSON & MARSHALL (Dept. A), 89, Castle Boulevard, Nottingham.**

**FREE FUN!** Our Funny Novelty, causing roars of laughter, FREE to all sending 1/- for 70 Cute Conjuring Tricks, 12 Jolly Joke Tricks, 6 Catchy Coin Tricks, 5 Cunning Card Tricks, 5 Mystifying Magic Tricks, 250 Riddles, 13 Games, 10 Funny Readings, 15 Funny Recitations, 21 Monologues, 73 Toasts, 52 Wealth Secrets, Easy Ventrioloquism Secret, and 1,001 Stupendous Attractions. Thousands delighted! Great Fun!—C. HUGHES, 15, Wood St., Edgbaston, Birmingham.

**DON'T BE BULLIED!**—Learn the Wonderful Japanese Art of Self-Defence without Weapons. For small boys and men (also women). Send NOW Four Penny Stamps for Splendid ILLUSTRATED SAMPLE LESSONS, or 3/6 for Large Portion of Course.—Dept. P.R., SCHOOL OF JUJITSU, 31, Golden Sq., Regent St., London, W.1. Personal Tuition also given.

**FATHER XMAS "LETS OUT" HIS SECRET**

"PAIN'S is Where I Buy My Biggest Bargains from, so get their New Illustrated Catalogue, Post Free, of Biggest Bargains, 7d. to 70/-, CASH OR 1/- WEEK. Clocks, Watches, Jewellery, Gramophones, Accordeons, Novelties, Cutlery and Plate, Leather and Fancy Goods, Toys, Xmas Cards, Etc. For 'Satisfaction or Money Back' write to PAIN'S PRESENTS HOUSE, Dept. 9X, HASTINGS." Signed—Father Xmas.



**STAMMERING.** "HOW TO CURE YOURSELF." Book FREE.—FRANK B. HUGHES, 7, Southampton Row, LONDON, W.C. 1.

**NORTH BORNEO PKT., 51d.**—60 Stamps—French Sumia, Ivory Coast, Madagascar, Br. Nth. Borneo, 10 Argentinia, 4d. 10 Persia, 6d. 12 Russia, 4d. 12 Portugal, 4d.—Jimmex, 14, Scotney St., Peterborough.

**BUILD YOUR OWN MOTOR.**—Electric or Water Motor directions, 1/- each, post free.—FRANK, 67, Saltmarket, Glasgow.

**BLUSHING.**—Famous Doctor's recipe for this most distressing complaint, 6d. (P.O.). Never fails. Testimonials daily.—MR. P. GEORGE, Fairhaven, Clevedon, Somerset.


**YOURS for 1/-**

This handsome full-sized Gent's Lever Watch sent upon receipt of 1/-. After approval send 1/- more, the balance may then be paid by 6 monthly instalments of 2/- each. Guaranteed 5 years. Chain offered Free with every watch. Cash returned in full if dissatisfied. Send 1/- now to Simpson's Ltd. (Dept. 2) 94, Queen Rd., Brighton, Sussex



**HEIGHT INCREASED IN 30 DAYS. 5/- Complete Course.**

No Appliances. No Drugs. No Dieting. The Melvin Strong System NEVER FAILS. Full particulars and Testimonials, stamp.—Melvin Strong, Ltd. (Dept. S.), 24, Southwark St., S.E.



**MOVIES AT HOME.**—Projectors and Real Cinema Films. Lists Free.—Deal H. DEAN CINEMA CO., 94, Drayton Avenue, West Ealing, London, W.15.

**FUN FOR ALL!**—Ventrioloquist's Voice Instrument. Invisible. Astonishes. Mystifies. Imitate Birds, Beasts, etc. 1/- P.O. (Ventrioloquism Treatise included).—Ideal Co., Clevedon, Som.

**CUT THIS OUT**

"The Popular." **PEN COUPON.** Value 2d.

Send 7 of these coupons with only 2/9 direct to the Fleet Pen Co., 119, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. You will receive by return a Splendid British Made 14-ct. Gold Nibbed Fleet Fountain Pen, value 10/6 (Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib). If only 1 coupon is sent, the price is 3/9, 2d. being allowed for each extra coupon up to 6. (Pocket Clip, 4d.) Satisfaction guaranteed or cash returned. Special New Offer—Your own name in gilt letters on either pen for 1/- extra.

**Lever Self-Filling Model, with Safety Cap, 2/- extra.**

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention This Paper.