

**SOMETHING LIKE A HUMOROUS STORY!**

One can sympathise with Arthur Beresford-Baggs in his latest trouble. Arthur had passed over a series of embarrassing moments with amazing success, until now. He is up against the wall, and even the great "Uncle James" of Rookwood cannot give him the helping hand. The whole of Baggs' amazing relations decide to pay him a visit at the same time! What is he to do?

# A Family Affair!



A Rollicking, Long, Complete Story of JIMMY SILVER & CO.,  
and ARTHUR BERESFORD-BAGGS, of Rookwood School!

By OWEN CONQUEST

(Author of the famous stories of Jimmy Silver & Co. now appearing in the "Boys' Friend.")

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

### Tubby Muffin Means Business!

**J**IMMY, old chap—"  
Tubby Muffin tugged at the sleeve of Jimmy Silver, the captain of the Fourth Form at Rookwood.  
Jimmy was in the quadrangle with Lovell and Raby and Newcome when Reginald Muffin thus made himself observed.  
"Jimmy, come with me, will you?"  
Jimmy Silver jerked his sleeve away.  
"That depends," he answered. "I'm not coming to the tuckshop, Tubby. I don't want to stand treat, you know. I'm not wealthy enough."  
"Tain't the tuckshop this time; it's business," said Tubby Muffin earnestly. "I want you to come with me to speak to the new chap, Beresford-Baggs."  
"Can't you speak to him without my help?"  
"Well, he might cut up rusty," said Tubby cautiously. "You never know how to take the fellow, you know. He's rather low, in fact—like all these dashed war-time millionaires! I've got to talk business with him, and—and if he cuts up rusty and—"  
"Well, suppose he cuts up rusty," demanded Jimmy Silver, "what am I to do?"  
"Oh, you can give him a licking, you know!" said Tubby. "I'm not in form just now to lick him myself."  
"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"Come on, old fellow!" urged Tubby Muffin. "He's in his study now, and I want to catch him while Towner and Topsy and Rawson ain't there. You might oblige me, Jimmy. Just for a few minutes."  
"Blessed if I can catch on!" said Jimmy Silver, quite mystified. "Still, I'll come if you like. Anything for a quiet life!"  
"That's right, old top!"  
Jimmy Silver nodded to his chums and followed Tubby Muffin into the house.  
What the fat Classical's "business" with Beresford-Baggs might be Jimmy could not guess, neither was he very much interested in the matter. But Jimmy always found it easier to say "Yes" than to say "No." And so he followed Muffin up to the Fourth Form

passage and stopped at the door of Study No. 5.

Tubby Muffin tapped at the door, opened it, and blinked in.

Arthur Beresford-Baggs, the new junior in the Fourth, was there. He was walking about the study with his hands in his pockets, with a worried wrinkle in his brow. He did not seem quite at his ease, and it was plain that he was thinking disagreeable thoughts.

Arthur stopped his walking to and fro as the two juniors entered, and fixed his eyes upon them inquiringly. To Jimmy Silver he nodded in a friendly way, but on Reginald Muffin he bestowed a look that was far from cordial. And he seemed surprised to see them together.

"Come in, Jimmy!" said Tubby Muffin. "Better shut the door. We don't want all the fellows to hear."

"What the thump—" began Arthur Beresford-Baggs.

"Don't ask me!" said Jimmy Silver. "Tubby asked me to come here, because he's got something to say to you, and he thinks you might pitch into him. I'm to protect him, as far as I can make out. I suppose he's wandering in his mind, as usual."

Arthur knitted his brows. Perhaps he had some anticipation of what Master Muffin was going to say.

"Now we'll come to business!" said Tubby Muffin, keeping Jimmy Silver between himself and Arthur. "The other day, Baggs, your cousin came to see you."

"No business of yours!" said Arthur gruffly.

"I saw him!" continued Tubby Muffin. "You got leave from classes, and so did I. You locked me up in this study so that I couldn't see him. But I saw him from the window."

Jimmy Silver interrupted.  
"Is that what you've got to say to Beresford-Baggs, Tubby?" he inquired.

"Yes, and some more!"

"Then I'll get out!"

"Hold on!" exclaimed Muffin, in alarm. "I

want you to see me through, Jimmy. You can see that Baggs is looking rather ratty already."

Jimmy burst into a laugh.  
"I don't see why Baggs should mind if you saw his cousin," he remarked.

"He was spying!" growled Arthur.  
"Other fellows don't mind their relations being seen!" said Tubby Muffin loftily. "You've got an awful crowd of weird relations, Baggs! There was your Uncle Bill. I saw him, and the fellows wouldn't believe my description; and Jimmy wouldn't corroborate me, though he saw him, too—"

"There's such a thing as a fellow minding his own business, Tubby," suggested Jimmy Silver.

"Then there was Aunt Sarah," pursued Tubby, unheeding. "The fellows were made to believe that it was Peele got up for a practical joke; but it wasn't. And then there was that weird cousin. Jever see such a necktie as that chap wore? Uncle Bill mentioned his name. I know who it was—cousin 'Erb! He, he, he!"

Arthur made a step towards the fat junior, who promptly dodged behind Jimmy Silver.

"Keep him off, Jimmy!" he howled.  
"You silly ass!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "Do you think I'm going to stand guard over you while you slang Beresford-Baggs about his relations?"

"Yes, that's it," said Tubby Muffin. "Keep him off! You keep off Baggs! You licked Mornington, but you couldn't handle Jimmy. You stand back now! As I was saying, there's—"

"You've said enough!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "Too much, in fact."

"I'm coming to the point," said Tubby eagerly. "It's about cousin 'Erb. Beresford-Baggs don't want the fellows to know about cousin 'Erb. I saw him! Well, for Baggs' sake, I'm going to keep it dark. I've offered Baggs to keep it dark, and he kicked me, Jimmy!"

"Oh!"

"He did, really! I simply asked him for a

THE POPULAR.—No. 274.

loan at the same time, and he said I was trying to get money out of him—

"What?"

"Would you believe it?" said Muffin, more in sorrow than in anger. "He did really, you know. Of course, I thought a quid pro quo was fair. I keep his rotten cousin dark, and he lends me five pounds."

Jimmy Silver stared blankly at the fat

Classical. He could scarcely believe his ears. Tubby Muffin had brought him there as a protection while he "squeezed" cash out of the schoolboy-millionaire in consideration of keeping dark what he had learned by prying!

It was incredible. But it was true. Tubby Muffin did not seem to think there was anything extraordinary in his remarkable line of action—in fact, he was appealing to Jimmy Silver for a candid opinion.

"That's how it stands—I keep his relations dark, and he stands me five pounds," he said. "Do you think that's fair, Jimmy?"

"Fuf-fuf-fair!" stuttered Jimmy Silver.

"A tenner would be nearer the mark," said Tubby Muffin. "But I'm a fellow of my word; I'll make it four pounds ten shillings, if you like. I always was too generous. What do you say, Jimmy?"

Jimmy Silver gasped for breath.

"I—I—I don't quite know what to say," he stuttered; "I—I don't think it's much good saying anything to you, Muffin. Actions are better than words, in your case. Have you a cricket-stump in your study, Baggs?"

"Yes."

"Would you mind giving Muffin a dozen, while I hold him over the table?"

"With pleasure."

"Here, I say!" roared Tubby Muffin, in great alarm. "Wharrer you at, Jimmy Silver? I brought you here to keep him off—yaroooh—Leggo! I—I—I'll take three pounds—Yaroooh!"

Jimmy Silver's grasp had closed on the fat Classical. Tubby Muffin found himself whirled upon the study table, face downward, with Jimmy's iron grip on the back of his neck, pinning him there. Arthur Beresford-Baggs, grinning, picked a stump out of a corner.

"A dozen, well laid on!" said Jimmy. "You bet!"

Whack, whack, whack!

"Yow-ow-ow-ow-woooooop!"

There were sounds of anguish in Study No. 5.

Tubby Muffin had thought it very astute to bring Jimmy Silver with him, as a protection while he carried on his negotiations with the millionaire's son. But it was not turning out much of a success. His protector's hand gripped his collar and pinned him to the table, while the stump rose and fell with great vigour.

Whack, whack, whack!

"Ow, ow, ow! Yooooooop!"

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### A Peculiar Predicament!

ARTHUR BERESFORD-BAGGS laid on the dozen, with undiminished vigour. He seemed to find some solace in it. It was quite otherwise with Tubby Muffin; his yells of wrath and anguish ran along the Fourth Form passage from end to end.

When the punishment was completed, Jimmy Silver jerked him off the table and whirled him to the door.

"Now, you fat rascal—"

"Yarooooooh!"

"Let me catch you trying to squeeze money out of Baggs again, and I'll make it really warm for you."

"Woooooooph!"

"Now get out!"

Arthur opened the door, and Jimmy, with a whirl of his arm, sent the fat Classical spinning into the passage.

Jimmy felt it was time Tubby Muffin had a lesson; he certainly needed one. Tubby spun across the passage, and brought up against the opposite wall, and collapsed there.

"Hold on a minute, Silver," said Arthur, as the captain of the Fourth was following Muffin out.

"Yes, old scout."

Jimmy turned back into the study. Arthur closed the door, and stood looking at him with a worried brow.

"You've been pretty decent to me, ever

since I came to Rookwood, Silver," he said, in a low voice.

"No reason why I shouldn't be," said Jimmy cheerily.

"You've seen my relations—"

Jimmy smiled.

"Don't you worry, old top!" he said. "We're not all Muffins, you know. Besides, your relations are all right. Uncle Bill is a good old sort, and Aunt Sarah is quite nice. I haven't seen your cousin."

"I—I—I've been rather a fool," muttered Arthur. "When I came here, it seems that my father never let them know I was at Rookwood. But—but I wrote to them; I didn't want to give them the go-by. I—I never thought about them visiting me here. Of—of course, I'm not ashamed of my relations; but—but they're low, there no getting out of that. And—and there's more to come."

"Oh!" said Jimmy.

He hardly knew what to say.

He rather liked Beresford-Baggs personally; and certainly the schoolboy millionaire had made plenty of friends at Rookwood, as well as the Fistical Four.

Smythe & Co., the nuts of the Shell, were like brothers to him. Towny and Toppo, the gilded youths of the Fourth, were his study mates and his staunch admirers. Arthur had basked, as it were, in the sunshine of the smiles of the wealthiest and nuttiest fellows at Rookwood. Even fellows in the Fifth and Sixth had been very civil to him.

He was quite aware that it was the millions that did it; but for his ample cash resources, Smythe & Co. could scarcely have overlooked certain shortcomings in their new pal, which indicated that in many respects he lacked the repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

Jimmy Silver & Co. did not care twopence about his money, or about the repose of Vere de Vere, for that matter; but it was otherwise with Arthur's nutty pals.

Undoubtedly, all his wealth would not have compensated for his terrible relations, if the nuts of Rookwood had come in contact with them.

Hitherto, a series of strokes of luck, as it were, had saved Arthur from the exposure of the true facts of the case.

He realised that his father, Sir Japhet, had acted wisely in leaving his present address unknown to his affectionate uncles and aunts. But that wise precaution had been nullified by Arthur himself, who in the innocence of his heart had written to them from the school, blissfully unconscious of the possible results.

Arthur Beresford-Baggs took a turn or two up and down the study, while Jimmy Silver stood silent, rather perplexed in mind. The new junior's situation was peculiar; and if he wanted Jimmy's advice, even Uncle James of Rookwood hardly knew what advice to give.

"It's getting too 'ot," said Arthur, unconsciously dropping into old modes of speech, as he often did when worried.

"Altogether too 'ot. Uncle Bill was kep' off, and Aunt Sarah was explained, in a way, and cousin 'Erb got rusty and cleared hout—only that cad Muffin saw him. But—but father's got to 'ear of it. He sees them sometimes, you know. I—I'm afraid he rather patronises them. And they've told him about 'aving come 'ere, and he's wrote to me in an awful wax."

"That's rather bad," said Jimmy sympathetically.

"That isn't all," said Arthur restlessly. "I—I've had some letters from my other relations. Uncle Peter wants to see me, and—and Aunt Jane! And my cousins, the Hopkinses, and—and—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"And father's in an awful wax, and he's coming down to see me about it," said Arthur dismally.

"Oh!"

"The worst of it is, that father's coming on Wednesday afternoon, as it's a half-holiday," said Arthur, "and—and—and they're coming the same day."

"Phew!"

"Uncle Bill's written to me, too. He says 'Erb came back in a rotten temper, saying that I was stuck-up, and all that. Uncle Bill thinks he's mistaken, and—and he's persuaded 'Erb to come here again on Wednesday, with all the rest, just to show him he's wrong. They're making up a family party of it!" groaned Arthur.

Jimmy Silver was silent.

It was an extraordinary situation, and undoubtedly very awkward for the son of the war-made millionaire.

"There'll be seven or eight," said Arthur. "I—I can't tell 'em to keep away. I'm not going to wound their feelings. They was kind to me when I was a nipper, and they're fond of me now. Even 'Erb's a good sort, though he's bitter and jealous now. But—but what is a bloke to do?"

"Blessed if I know!" said Jimmy Silver candidly. "I suppose your father was right in keeping your address here a secret, considering."

"I suppose so; but I've been and gone and let it out. I—I think I'll write to Uncle Bill, and tell him my father's coming here on Wednesday, and so it will be better for him to put off bringing his party."

"That's a good idea!" said Jimmy.

Arthur sat down at the table, with pen and ink, and Jimmy left the study. He was feeling very sympathetic towards Beresford-Baggs; but he could not help smiling. Japhet Baggs, the financial genius of that remarkable family, had risen wonderfully in life, chiefly owing to the war; he had become Sir Japhet Beresford-Baggs, Baronet and millionaire. But his family circle remained Baggses, without a trace of Beresford. It was not an uncommon phenomenon in the days of sudden riches due to war conditions, and certainly it had its drawbacks. The most abundant war-profits did not always bring happiness.

Three years with an expensive tutor had "foned down" Arthur; but his hapless relations were still utterly wanting in "tone" of any sort; they were diamonds in the rough—very rough. And poor Arthur did not know which irked him most—the effusive good-nature of Uncle Bill or the bitter, socialistic jealousy of cousin 'Erb. Hitherto they had visited him one by one, now they were all coming together, doubtless curious to see the big school and the "swells" by which they supposed it to be inhabited; doubtless on the watch, too, for any sign of being "stuck-up" on the part of the unhappy Arthur, and ready to resent anything of the kind. That family party at Rookwood was really an appalling prospect.

Jimmy Silver found Townsend and Topham in earnest conversation at the end of the passage. They stopped him as he came by.

"Is there anything in this, Silver?" asked Towny.

"In what?"

"Muffin's yarn."

"Bother Muffin!"

"We know he's an awful fibber," remarked Topham. "But—but—we've made friends with Beresford-Baggs. We took him at face value. He's a fellow worth knowin', in a way—"

"In a way!" agreed Townsend.

"But—but if it's true that he's got such a crew hangin' on to him—"

"Then we couldn't know him!"

"Impossible!"

"Oh, quite impossible! What do you think, Silver?"

Jimmy Silver snorted.

"I think you're a pair of silly asses and snobs!" he answered, and he went down-stairs, leaving Towny and Toppo to digest that candid reply.

## THE THIRD CHAPTER.

### The Cold Shoulder!

WHAT'S the matter with Smythe?" Lovell of the Fourth asked that question with a grin.

It was the following day, and Jimmy Silver & Co. were walking in the quadrangle after lessons.

Smythe, Tracy, and Howard of the Shell were sauntering elegantly under the beeches, when Arthur Beresford-Baggs came by.

On all previous occasions when Adolphus Smythe had encountered the millionaire he had smiled his sweetest smile and nodded his gracefulest nod. But now there was a change.

Smythe glanced at the millionaire's son and slightly changed his direction, so as to pass him without meeting him.

Arthur noted the movement, doubtless without comprehending it; for he also changed his direction a little, so as to meet the nuts of the Shell face to face as he came up.

Then Adolphus Smythe took another turn to starboard, as it were, and sheered off once more.

Arthur, still not comprehending, took a turn to port, so that he was still coming on directly towards the nuts of the Shell.

Jimmy Silver & Co. stopped to observe these peculiar evolutions.

"Smythe's dodgin' him!" said Raby.  
 "Oh, he don't see it!" grinned Newcome.  
 "But what the thump is he dodgin' him for?" asked Arthur Edward Lovell, perplexed. "They were as thick as thieves! Smythe was his giddy shadow, followin' him everywhere!"

"There he goes again!" murmured Jimmy Silver.

Adolphus Smythe turned several points to the starboard now, and was walking away from the schoolboy millionaire.

This was too plain for Arthur to misunderstand, and he stopped, a flush creeping into his cheeks.

Having thus shaken off the "bounder," Adolphus Smythe strolled on elegantly with his comrades, all three of them smiling.

Arthur glanced round, and saw the Fistical Four, and his flush deepened. Then, after a moment or two's thought, he quickened his pace and overtook Adolphus Smythe & Co. "Smythe!" he exclaimed.

Adolphus seemed deaf. "What about a walk out of gates, you fellows?" he said to his comrades.

"Good egg!" said Howard.

"Oh, come on!" remarked Tracy. "Too many bounders trottin' about in the quad."

"Smythe!" shouted Arthur.

Smythe & Co., still hard of hearing, walked towards the gates.

The next moment Smythe met with a surprise. A hand grasped his shoulder from behind, and he was spun round, so suddenly that he nearly collapsed.

"Oh gad!" ejaculated Adolphus.

Arthur glowered at him.

"Now, I'd like to know what this 'ere means!" he exclaimed hotly.

"This 'ere!" murmured Howard. "Oh gad! This 'ere!"

"Dreadful!" murmured Tracy.

"You jest tell me what this game is!" said Arthur angrily. "You 'eard me! I was speakin' to you!"

"Ahem!"

"You don't want to speak to me—what?"

"The fact is, dear boy, that your society has palled," said Adolphus Smythe, recovering his coolness, and his insolence at the same time.

"You mean Muffin's been tellin' you—"

"What with one thing and another, dear boy, we've grown rather fed with your acquaintance!" said Adolphus, with cheerful impertinence. "Come on, you fellows!"

He dusted his shoulder with his handkerchief where Arthur's grasp had fallen. Arthur's face was crimson.

He had expected to be "dropped" by the nuts of Rookwood if the facts with regard to his "people" came to light. And it was clear that Tubby Muffin's yarns, disregarded at first, had had a culminative effect, as it were. There were many little circumstances which corroborated Muffin's yarns, in the long run, and convinced Adolphus & Co. that the fat Classical was not wholly drawing the long bow. And, moreover, Arthur Beresford-Baggs had steadily declined to play nap or banker in Smythe's study. He was not so useful to the nutty circle as a millionaire ought really to have been.

But to be dropped in this marked way was distinctly unpleasant; it could have been done a little less offensively. But that was Adolphus's way; he seldom let slip an opportunity of displaying his lofty insolence.

"Old on!" said Arthur, as his nutty friends—friends no longer—were moving away. "I've got somethin' to say to you, Smythe."

"Sorry, I've no time, dear boy!" "You'd better find time!" said Arthur



**THE INVASION!** Poor Arthur looked a picture of misery and confusion as his affectionate Aunt Sarah embraced him. The rest of his relations stood round in an admiring group. Sniggers broke from the juniors who were spectators of this touching scene. (See Chapter 5.)

grimly. "You take another step till I give you leave, and I'll wipe up the ground with yer!"

Adolphus stopped then.

He had seen Arthur handle Mornington, who was a great fighting-man in the Fourth, and he realised that if the combat passed from tongues to fists he would be at a disadvantage.

"Oh gad!" he murmured. "What manners! What a dashed ruffian, dear boys! And we were thinkin' of takin' him up!"

"You did take me up!" said Arthur savagely. "I never asked you. You'd be just as friendly now if I'd play cards in your study an' lose money—you know you would!"

"Hear, hear!" chortled Jimmy Silver & Co., looking on with great interest.

"As for speakin' to you, Smythe," went on Arthur scornfully, "I don't want to, nor to your pals neither! But you've insulted me, and I'm not standin' that! See?"

Adolphus lips curled. Howard and Tracy exchanged glances of superb contempt.

"I'm going to pull your nose, Smythe, and if you don't like it, you can put up your 'ands—see?" continued Beresford-Baggs truculently.

"Oh gad!" ejaculated Smythe, jumping back. "Keep off, you low cad! Ooooooch!" Adolphus put up his hands as his nose was seized. Howard and Tracy, feeling strong in numbers, rushed to his aid.

"This is where we chip in!" murmured Jimmy Silver. "Fair play's a jewel!" "You bet!" grinned Lovell.

And Howard and Tracy were promptly colared by the Fistical Four, and spun away whirling under the beeches. Adolphus Smythe was left to deal alone with Arthur. He did not have good fortune. The schoolboy millionaire drove him back with a series of taps upon his aristocratic features till he stumbled over his sprawling comrades under the beeches, and fell across Tracy, gasping.

Then Arthur drove his hands into his pockets, and walked away, with a moody brow.

Jimmy Silver & Co. sauntered on, grinning. Adolphus Smythe and Tracy and Howard sorted themselves out, and scrambled up.

"Oh gad!" moaned Adolphus, feeling his nose. "Jever hear of such an awful cad—such a rotten outsider? Ow!"

"Such a beastly ruffian! Wow!" mumbled Tracy.

"Wow-ow!" said Howard. "Those beasts were backin' him up—ow!—or we'd have handled him! Ow! I'm goin' to cut him dead after this! Wow!"

"Same here! Ow!"

Adolphus & Co. kept their word. The hapless bounder of Rookwood was cut dead by that select company. And in his own study he found Townsend and Topham decidedly standoffish. They seemed to be taking their cue from Adolphus.

Poor Arthur felt that it was the beginning of the end, and that the end would come with a crash when the "family party" arrived at Rookwood. After that—He did not like to think of his career at Rookwood after that!

**THE FOURTH CHAPTER.  
 Many Visitors!**

**N**ONSENSE!" Jimmy Silver glanced up. It was Wednesday afternoon—a half-holiday at Rookwood. And it was fine spring weather, and the Fistical Four of the Fourth were feeling very cheery. They were debating what they were going to do with the afternoon, when their discussion was interrupted by a powerful voice, pronouncing emphatic accents "Nonsense!"

A tremendous motor-car was standing on the gravel, which everybody guessed to belong to Sir Japhet Beresford-Baggs. That tremendous car had been seen at Rookwood before. And it was Sir Japhet who was entering the house in company with his hopeful son, to whom he was expressing his opinion in such emphatic accents.

"Nonsense! Utter nonsense!" "But, father—"

"Nonsense!" "Will you come into the visitors' room, father?" asked Arthur, with a rather uneasy glance round.

"Yes!" snapped the baronet. Arthur led the stout, red-faced gentleman into the visitors' room, and closed the door. He did not want his talk with his father to be heard by the smiling juniors.

Sir Japhet Beresford-Baggs sat, or, rather, plumped into a seat.

It was evident that the baronet was angry. He raised a podgy forefinger and shook it at his son.

"Nonsense!" he said. "I took every precaution to inform your relatives of nothing in connection with your school; and you must write to them from here! And you did not think! You ought to have thought! Haven't you any brains?"

"But, father—"

"Nonsense!"

Arthur was silent. There was no arguing with the noble baronet in this mood.

"My brother William," pursued the baronet, "has been here, William, whose utterly low tastes and manners were a disgrace to the family in the days when we were not as we are now. And Sarah—Sarah, who persists in keeping a small greengrocer's shop and in refusing my offer to pension her in a comfortable seaside home at a safe distance. And my nephew Herbert—a low, young rascal! What do you expect a school like Rookwood to think of you, with such relations coming here? Nonsense!"

The angry gentleman puffed and blew.

"You were popular, I understand, when you first came here, Arthur?"

"Yes, dad."

"Have any of your schoolfellows changed to you since your poor relations came?"

Arthur hesitated. He thought of Smythe & Co., and of the growing distance in the manners of Towney and Topsy.

"You need not answer!" snapped the baronet. "I can see that there is a change. With a little sense, you would have expected it. Uncle Bill, Aunt Sarah, cousin Herbert! Aunt Jane and Uncle Peter next, I dare say!"

Arthur lowered his eyes.

He simply dared not state that those undesirable relatives might quite possibly turn up at Rookwood School that very afternoon.

True, he had written to Uncle Bill to postpone the family visit, but he was not at all sure that Uncle Bill would take the hint. Uncle Bill could be very obtuse sometimes.

If they came—

"Nonsense!" grunted Sir Japhet. "Really, it looks as if I shall have to take you away from Rookwood. You were sent here, sir, to get polish and to make desirable acquaintances. Instead of that, you allow a band of undesirable relatives to follow you here and disgrace you! I am ashamed of you! Pah!"

And the baronet puffed and blew again; and, indeed, at that moment looked so like his brother William, that, save for the expensiveness of his clothes, it would have been difficult to distinguish the baronet from the fish-merchant.

"I shall have to consider about this," said Sir Japhet. "It may be necessary to remove you to another school. Then, I trust, you will be sensible enough not to write to your poor relations; at all events, not to give them your address."

"Yes, father," said Arthur, in a low voice. He gave a violent start the next moment. From where he stood before his father he had a view of a window, and the window gave a view on the school gates. The gates were open, and several fellows were loafing there.

In from the road came a fat, red-complexioned man, and Arthur's heart almost stood still as he recognised his Uncle Bill. Following Uncle Bill came a striking-looking lady in an immense hat with nodding botanical adornments. It was Aunt Sarah. The baronet, fortunately, had his back to the window, and did not see the visitors. He was still speaking, but his dutiful son was no longer listening. His eyes were fixed on the distant gates, as if by fascination.

Uncle Bill and Aunt Sarah had come in merrily, and the juniors at the gates were "capping" them with smiling faces. Following them came a youth in a loud, emphatic necktie, and pimples, recognisable as cousin 'Erb.

And even that was not all.

There now appeared an angular gentleman in rusty black clothes and a rusty silk hat, known to Arthur Beresford-Baggs as his Uncle Peter. With him was a stout lady with a very high complexion, whom he had known in the old days as Aunt Jane.

The family party had evidently decided upon that afternoon.

Two youths of about thirteen completed the party. These were the Hopkins cousins. Both of them had plump, red cheeks, bulging with toffee; but they were dressed in their

best. The cut of their best clothes was not exactly what Towney or Topsy would have regarded as "the thing."

Arthur hardly breathed.

He was in terror lest his father should glance round at the window and behold the happy family party.

Fortunately, the baronet was too deeply interested in his own remarks, which he was firing off at a great rate, without noting that his son and heir was failing to pay him proper attention.

Sir Japhet jerked to his feet at last.

"Remember all I have told you, Arthur!"

"Ye-es, father."

"I am now going to see the Head," said Sir Japhet. "I shall see you again before I leave."

"Ye-es!" gasped Arthur.

His heart almost failed him as Sir Japhet looked round for his shining topper; but still the millionaire did not glance at the window. With a warning frown at his son, Sir Japhet Beresford-Baggs quitted the room.

Arthur stood perplexed and undecided. The family party had come; they were visible from the window of the Head's study. If only he could get them out of sight before his father spotted them or before they spotted his father! It seemed a hopeless attempt, but it was all he could do. With a worried brow, the heir of millions hurried from the room and into the quadrangle.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### The Family Party!

"Hi, young shaver!"

That elegant address was directed to Jimmy Silver, in the powerful tones of Mr. William Baggs. The Fistical Four had gone out into the quad, intending to go out of gates. But the sight of the newly-arrived family party stopped them.

"Oh, my hat, they've come!" murmured Jimmy Silver.

"Baggy's people?" asked Lovell, with a stare.

"Yes."

"Oh, my hat!"

"What a merry crew!" grinned Mornington of the Fourth. "Young Baggs will be pleased!"

"Poor old Baggy!" murmured Raby.

"His father's here, too!" chuckled Tubby Muffin.

"He, he, he! I say, do you think old Baggs will be glad to see the other Baggs? He, he, he!"

"Hi, young shaver!"

"He's calling you, Jimmy!" chortled Lovell.

"Go and see what he wants! Dash it, let's all go! We know the gentleman."

"He, he, he!"

Smythe & Co. were looking at the family party from a distance, with almost breathless horror. Townsend and Topham were regarding them from Little Quad archway.

In all directions fellows were looking at them. Uncle Bill & Co. might have been a visiting circus, from the interest and entertainment they were exciting.

The Fistical Four bore down upon them. Whatever Smythe & Co. thought, Jimmy Silver saw no reason for lacking civility towards the visitors. He raised his cap gracefully to the ladies, and his comrades followed his example, and he had the gratification of hearing Aunt Sarah whisper to Aunt Jane: "What a nice little boy!"

"Remember me—what?" said Uncle Bill in his hearty tones.

"Oh, yes, rather, sir!" said Jimmy.

"We've come to give young Art a look-in!" said Uncle Bill affably. "Where's young Art?"

"I'll go and call him," squeaked Tubby Muffin.

"Thank you kindly, young gentleman!" Tubby cut off, in huge delight.

"Fine old plice this!" said Uncle William, pushing his bowler-hat back on his head, and taking a survey of the great facade of Rookwood.

"Topping, isn't it?" said Lovell.

"Nice for young Art to be 'ere!" said Mr. Baggs.

"I believe you," said Uncle Peter. "Bit of a change from old times, Bill!"

"You may lay to that!" agreed Uncle Bill.

"Something for me to do, in my line 'ere," continued Uncle Peter. To Jimmy Silver's amazement, he took hold of the junior's jacket, and appeared to examine it with great care. "I dessay Art would put in a word for me, for the sake of the

family," he went on. "You young gents ever sell your cast-off clothes?"

"N-n-unno!" gasped Jimmy.

"More's the pity!" said Uncle Peter.

"I'd give you good prices. I'd make it worth your while if you ever thought of disposing of them. That's my line, you know—gents' cast-off wardrobe."

"Gents' cast-off wardrobe!" murmured Lovell dazedly.

"That's it!" said Uncle Peter cheerily.

"I'd make you a good price for them jackets when you've done with 'em. Clothes is fetching big prices now. By gum, if I'd the refusal of all the second-hand clothes in a school like this, it would be the making of me in my trade! Praps the 'Ead would be willing to 'ear a business proposition on the subject."

"I don't s'pose the 'eadmaster sells his clothes to a dealer, Peter," said Aunt Jane, with a shake of the head.

"I don't see why not," answered Uncle Peter. "These are 'ard times, and we give a good price, Jane! You see, young sir," continued Uncle Peter, addressing Jimmy, "my idea is this—give a good price for a good article. You can't beat that. I'm open to look hovey any gents' or boys' left-off wearing apparel. You rely on me to give you full value."

"Oh! Ah! Yes! Thank you!" stammered Jimmy.

"Sale or exchange," explained Uncle Peter further. "You can come and look over my stock, and anything you sees, you pints it out—see? I've got a lounge suit in grey that would jest suit you. I bought it of a young nobleman only last week. It would s'prise you, the people that are selling their left-off wardrobe in these 'ere days. Rich folks, you know—really grand people, what wouldn't look at the likes of you or me!"

"Oh!" gasped Jimmy.

Lovell chuckled helplessly. Jimmy's civility to Uncle Peter had the rather inevitable result that Uncle Peter cheerfully reduced him to his own level at once.

"I got a young gent's overcoat," pursued Uncle Peter, who evidently had an eye to business wherever he found himself, "practically noo, that would suit you down to the ground. Only been worn about three times."

"I—"

"Sold to me by the son of a big fish dealer in 'Igh Street, Camden Town," said Uncle Peter impressively. "Real 'Igh-class young gent, what wouldn't wear anything that wasn't real nobby, I can assure you! I'd let you have that overcoat—"

"Here's Art!" exclaimed Aunt Sarah.

"This way, Art!" bawled Uncle Bill.

Arthur came hurrying out of the School House. Tubby Muffin met him outside the door, and started to speak; but the worried junior gave him a push, which made Tubby sit down all of a sudden. Then the school-boy millionaire came scudding across the quad to meet his relations.

He was immediately embraced and kissed by his affectionate aunts, and shaken hands with by uncles and cousins. Even cousin 'Erb shook hands, though with a rather reserved air. Cousin 'Erb was on the watch for any trace of "stuck-up," and prepared to take mortal offence at the slightest sign of it.

"Ow well the boy do look, to be sure!" said Aunt Jane. "You find this place good for your 'ealth, Art?"

"Oh, yes—yes!"

"Thought we'd come, as you said my brother Jap was 'ere to-day," said Uncle William. "No need to put off a visit on that account, like you suggested in your letter, Art. I says to the old woman, says I, 'Why, with Jap there, we'll be quite a 'appy, united family, same as in the old days, afore Jap made 'is money and became so grand,' says I. 'Right you are, Bill,' says the ole woman!"

"Oh dear!"

"Erb," continued the hearty uncle—

"Erb comes round t'other day, and says, says 'Erb, that you'd grown stuck-up,' 'ere at the big school, among all the swells, says 'Erb. 'Not a bit of it,' I says. 'I have been down to see Art,' I says, 'and I found him all right,' I says; 'and I speak as I find,' I says. 'You're mistook, 'Erb,' I says, 'and you come alonger me and see Art again,' I says, 'and you'll find 'im jest the same old Art what used to sweep out the fishshop,' I says."

Jimmy Silver & Co. retreated a little. They could not help Arthur Beresford-Baggs, and they realised that their presence added to his discomfort.

Other good-natured fellows sheered off.

and displayed a polite unconsciousness of the family party; but all the fellows were not good-natured.

Peele and Lattrey and Gower were enjoying the scene, and Smythe & Co. were exchanging scornful smiles. Towny and Topsy were looking as if they would faint.

What to do with his cheery relations was a puzzle to Arthur. It was pretty clear that there was no getting rid of them. Uncle Bill was leading the way towards the House, and did not even seem to hear the stammered remarks of his nephew.

"Where's Jap?" he inquired.

"I—I think he's with the Head!" mumbled Arthur.

"Good! We'll see the 'Ead now we're 'ere!" said Uncle Bill heartily.

"Hallo, here's Uncle Jap's car!" said cousin 'Erb, with a bitter admiration. "Ain't we nobby?"

The family party gathered round the tremendous car to admire it. Cousin 'Erb was bitter, but the rest of the party were in high good-humour, and evidently out to enjoy themselves.

Arthur, feeling as if all the eyes at Rookwood were upon him, but unable to desert his happy relations, stood in the noisy crowd with a scarlet face.

And just then a portly form appeared in sight, and Sir Japhet Beresford-Baggs, Baronet, stepped out of the house, and met his charming family circle face to face.

### THE SIXTH CHAPTER. Exit Arthur!

"E'RES Jap!"

"Howdy do, Jap, old man?"

"My! Ain't we dressed up!"

Sir Japhet Beresford-Baggs gave the family party a frozen look. He seemed rooted to the old stone steps.

His expensive chauffeur was surveying the party with a lurking grin. It was borne in upon Sir Japhet's mind, even at that moment, that he would have to sack the chauffeur.

The unfortunate millionaire was simply overwhelmed. He seemed only able to blink at his relations, and gasp for breath like a fish out of water.

"S'prised to see us—what?" said Uncle Bill heartily. "We come down to see Art at 'is grand school. We 'eard you was 'ere, Jap, old boy, and glad I am to see you, for one."

"Upon my word!" gasped Sir Japhet, at length.

Mr. Bootles loomed up in the doorway behind the baronet. Mr. Bootles was in a state of amazement. He had seen the invasion from his study window, and he wanted to know what it was about.

"Who—who—who are these—these persons?" stammered Mr. Bootles. "Do you know them, Baggs?"

"Persons!" sneered cousin 'Erb. "That's what we are—persons! Ho!"

"They—they—" stammered Arthur. "They—they're my relations, sir."

"Bless my soul!"

"Young At's uncles and aunts and cousins, come to see 'im among the swells!" said Uncle Bill heartily.

"Dear me! I—I—"

Mr. Bootles did not feel himself equal to the situation. He beat a hasty retreat into the house. In his haste he almost collided with the Head, who was coming downwards.

"Who—who are these people, Mr. Bootles?" ejaculated Dr. Chisholm.

"They—they appear to be the—the—the relatives of Beresford-Baggs, of my form, sir!" babbled Mr. Bootles.

"Oh!"

Uncle Bill's voice was heard again.

"What's the matter with you, Japhet? I'd like to know why you're standing there like a stuck pig instead of speaking a word to your own flesh and blood?"

The baronet seemed to wake up suddenly, as from a trance.

"Arthur!" he gasped.

"Yes, dad?" mumbled Arthur.

"Get into the car!"

"Ye-es."

Arthur Beresford-Baggs stepped into the big car. His father followed him in. He rapped out one fierce word to the chauffeur:

"Home!"

The car throbbed.

"My heye!" exclaimed Uncle Bill. "Not goin' without a word to your own flesh and blood, Jap?"

"What did I tell you?" sneered cousin 'Erb bitterly.

"Japhet—"

"Look here—"

"I'd like to know—"

The car moved forward along the gravel. Sir Japhet sat bolt upright in it, looking neither to the right nor to the left. Arthur sat by his side, his eyes cast down, his face like a beetroot.

"Well, my heye!" said Uncle William.

"Yah! Stuck up!" howled cousin 'Erb.

"Jever see the likes of it, Jane?"

"No; I never did, Peter!"

"Yah! Stuck up!"

The car disappeared out of the gates of Rookwood, carrying away the schoolboy millionaire and his father. Beresford-Baggs' place in the Fourth Form at Rookwood was to know him no more.

"Well, my hat!" said Jimmy Silver.

That was all Jimmy could say.

It was over. Beresford-Baggs and his father, the baronet, were gone; and the family party departed in a very dissatisfied and indignant frame of mind.

Probably the schooldays of Arthur Beresford-Baggs were to be continued in another quarter—of which the precise address would not be known to his affectionate relatives.

At all events, Rookwood saw him no more. His belongings were sent after him the next day, and that was the last of Beresford-Baggs, so far as Rookwood School was concerned.

THE END.

(There will be another topping, long, complete story of Jimmy Silver & Co. of Rookwood, entitled: "Morny's Little Way!" by Owen Conquest, in next Tuesday's issue.)



## The Secret of 'Bobbed' Hair Beauty.

### How "Harlene-Hair-Drill" will Feed, Strengthen and Beautify Your Hair.

#### 1,000,000 Hair-Beautifying and Hair-Growing Outfits FREE

HERE is good news and a gracious gift of Hair Health and Beauty for the "bobbed," those who think of "bobbing" and, indeed, all interested in their hair.

Women of all ages are having their hair "bobbed." In fact, there is ample evidence that "bobbing" is, or is becoming, "epidemic" to-day.

Some assert that "bobbing" is non-injurious to the hair. Some contend that it is helpful. Some, again, argue that it actually injures and ultimately destroys the hair.

But—and it is a very important but—whether it be innocuous, injurious, or beneficial, there is no blinking the fact that many things may—and often do—happen if and when the hair is cut short, in part or as a whole—suddenly. The texture and colour may both be affected and even altered. Sometimes it becomes dull or greyish coloured. In many cases there is no doubt that "bobbing" impoverishes the hair, accentuates, if it does not actually activate, loss of quality as well as quantity, dullness, coarseness, loss of lustre, weakness, brittleness, and "falling out."

#### SPLENDID TONIC FOR "BOBBED" HAIR.

In all such cases the adoption of "Harlene-Hair-Drill" is of the greatest value, and every woman interested in her hair—especially every woman who has "bobbed" her hair or is thinking of having her hair "bobbed"—will find in this wonderfully successful treatment a splendid tonic and food for the hair.

To assist all such women in particular, the announcement is made here to-day of a great Free Gift Distribution of no less than 1,000,000 "Harlene-Hair-Drill" outfits containing—

1. A BOTTLE OF "HARLENE." The Hair Food and Tonic with a reputation of upwards of 40 years to prove its efficacy. It is used by leading Actresses, Cinema Queens, and Leaders of Society all over the World, and is the only Hair Food and Tonic which works Nature's Way.
2. A PACKET OF "CREMEX" SHAMPOO. This is an antiseptic purifier, which thoroughly cleanses the hair and scalp of all scurf, etc., and prepares the hair for the "Hair-Drill" Treatment.
3. A FREE TRIAL BOTTLE OF "UZON," a high-class Brilliantine that gives to "Harlene-Drilled" Hair the radiant lustre of perfect health, and which is especially beneficial in those cases where the scalp is inclined to be "dry."
4. THE SECRET MANUAL OF "HARLENE-HAIR-DRILL," containing the discoverer's detailed instructions for the most effective method of carrying out the "Hair-Drill."

"HARLENE" FOR MEN ALSO.

All men will find "Harlene-Hair Drill" a pleasant and highly-beneficial Toilet exercise, and they are cordially invited to participate in this great FREE offer.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1/1, 2/9, and 4/9 per bottle; "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1/1 and 2/9 per bottle; "Cremex" Shampoo Powders 1/6 per box of seven shampoos (single packets 3d. each); and "Astol" for Grey Hair at 3/- and 5/- per bottle from Chemists and Stores all over the world.

#### "HARLENE" FREE GIFT FORM

Detach and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd.,

20, 22, 24 & 26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs.—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit as described above. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing of parcel.

POPULAR, 19/4/24.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above. Mark envelope "Sample Dept."  
N.B.—If your hair is GREY, enclose extra 2d. stamp—6d. in all—and a FREE bottle of "Astol" for Grey Hair will also be sent you.