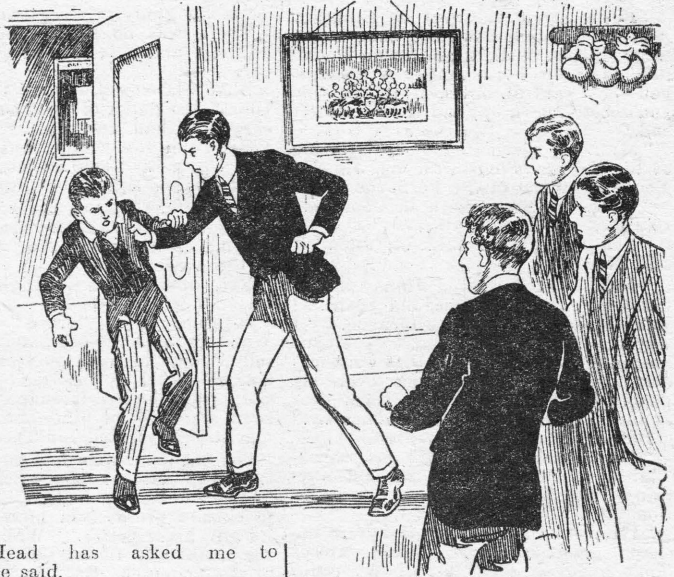


**CLARENCE, THE HERO!**

*True heroes do not seek the limelight, but try rather to hide their light under the proverbial bushel. But it is NOT modesty that keeps Clarence Cuffy from revealing to all Rookwood an act of heroism!*

# The MISSING HERO!



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

BY  
OWEN CONQUEST.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.  
Not Guilty!

**B**ULKELEY of the Sixth, the captain of Rookwood School, came along the Fourth Form passage and stopped at the end study.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were at tea in that celebrated study.

The four juniors jumped up at once as Bulkeley looked in.

"Trot in, Bulkeley!" said Arthur Edward Lovell, with hearty hospitality.

"Trot right in!"

"Just in time!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Just!" said Raby. "We've got a ripping cake, Bulkeley."

"And meringues!" said Newcome.

Nothing could have been more hospitable than the welcome of the Fistical Four.

Bulkeley frowned, and then he smiled.

It was not a custom of the great man of the Sixth to "tea" in junior studies, as the chums of the Fourth knew very well. Certainly, they would have been very pleased to have Bulkeley to tea. It would have been a distinction for the end study. But they were quite well aware that that was not why he had come.

"You cheeky young sweeps!" said the captain of Rookwood. He stopped in the doorway, quite regardless of the cake and the meringues. "I've come here to make some inquiries."

"I'd rather you'd come to tea," said Jimmy Silver, with a faint grin.

"What have we done this time, Bulkeley?"

"If you mean Peele—" said Lovell.

"Peele?" repeated Bulkeley.

"He fairly asked me to knock his head on the banisters," said Lovell.

"Besides, even Peele oughtn't to sneak to a prefect."

"I haven't come here about Peele, you young ass; but since you've mentioned the matter, you will take fifty lines for knocking his head on the banisters."

"Oh!" ejaculated Lovell. Arthur Edward realised that he had been a little hasty—not an uncommon occurrence with Arthur Edward Lovell of the Classical Fourth.

"Sure you won't sit down to tea, Bulkeley?" murmured Jimmy Silver persuasively.

Bulkeley did not heed.

"The Head has asked me to inquire," he said.

"Oh dear!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. were a trifle apprehensive. They were rather lively youths, and there were times when they kicked over the traces. They wondered what it was this time. No serious sins could be laid to their charge, but some matters, which to the juniors seemed trifles light as air, assumed a more grave aspect in the eyes of authority. Even such a harmless and necessary diversion as ragging the fellows on the Modern side of Rookwood was liable to be found fault with.

Bulkeley read the expressions in the four youthful faces, and laughed.

"It's not a row this time, you young asses. It's about that affair of Sir Theophilus Pratt, of Coombe Lodge."

"Oh, that!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver, in relief.

"We don't know anything about that," said Lovell.

"Well, that's what I want to know," said Bulkeley. "The Head is rather annoyed, and we've got to get at the facts. You kids know what happened, I suppose? Old Pratt was being robbed by a hefty tramp in Coombe Wood, and a Rookwood fellow chipped in and helped him. It seems that the kid was up a tree, and dropped on to the tramp's head and knocked him out—stunned him. It was a plucky thing to do."

"Jolly plucky!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Quite up to the form of this study."

"Hear, hear!" grinned Lovell.

"Must have been a rather reckless ass, though," said Newcome. "He might have broken an arm or a leg, chucking himself down from a branch on a man's napper."

"It showed a lot of presence of mind," said Bulkeley. "It was the only way he could help the old gentleman—a Rookwood junior would have been no use in a scrap with a hefty tramp. By the way he acted, he knocked the man right out, and few fellows, I think, would have had nerve enough to do it. You young rascals are pretty well known to have plenty of nerve—too much, in fact. That's why I've come here."

The Fistical Four grinned.

"It seems that the old gentleman left him to watch the brute while he went

for the police," resumed Bulkeley. "When he got back with the village policeman both of them were gone. The tramp hasn't been found. I dare say he's two counties off by this time. But the Rookwood kid must be here, and he's got to be discovered. The Head insists upon it."

Bulkeley eyed the juniors keenly.

"For some reason he hasn't come forward. Sir Theophilus Pratt can't come here and identify him, as he's laid up with the shock, and likely to be kept to his bed for a long time to come. He's standing a presentation gold watch to be given to the fellow, whoever he is. The Head is to present it. They've been talking on the telephone, and Pratt is disappointed and puzzled that the fellow can't be found. Of course, it's simply ridiculous!"

"It's jolly odd!" agreed Jimmy Silver.

"There's been a notice on the board for days, but the fellow hasn't played up," said Bulkeley. "He must have some good reason for keeping himself dark."

"Looks like it."

"Modesty, perhaps," suggested Lovell.

"Nonsense! No reason why he shouldn't own up to having done a plucky thing. The Head is annoyed. He feels that it makes him look rather an ass, to have to tell Sir Theophilus that he can't find the fellow. He's got to be found, and I've got to spot him."

"I hope you'll have luck," said Jimmy.

"Well, what about you?" asked Bulkeley.

"Little me?" ejaculated Jimmy Silver, in surprise.

"Yes, you, you young sweep! You were detained in your Form-room that Wednesday afternoon; I've heard so from Mr. Dalton."

"Yes."

"Well, it's occurred to me that that's the reason why the giddy hero doesn't own up. If he had broken detention, he wouldn't want to own up to having been out of gates just then. Is that it?"

Jimmy Silver grinned.

Bulkeley's theory was rather a cute  
THE POPULAR.—No. 495.

one; indeed, it seemed the only way of accounting for the fact that a boyish hero, for whom glory and a gold watch waited, refused to come forward and reveal his identity.

"That's my idea," went on Bulkeley. "You're the fellow to have done such a thing, Silver. Well, if you broke bounds that day your Form master will excuse you—he's said so. So, if it was you, you'd better own up, and let the matter end."

"My hat!" ejaculated Lovell, staring at his chum. "So it was you, Jimmy! You bunked out of the Form-room—"

"While we were down in Coombe!" said Raby. "I see it all now!"

"You might have told us, Jimmy!" said Newcome.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Jimmy Silver. "But it wasn't little me, old beans. I was detained all that afternoon. I stayed in the Form-room. I stayed longer than I needed, as that ass Cuffy came in and upset the ink over my papers, and I had to write them over again. I didn't get out till about six."

Bulkeley looked at him hard. "You're sure of that?" he asked. "Mind, you can own up without anything being said about breaking detention."

"I'd own up fast enough if I were the chap," grinned Jimmy. "Gold watches don't grow on every bush. We could do with one in this study. But I wasn't the jolly old hero. Not guilty, my lord!"

Bulkeley looked disappointed. Apparently he had felt fairly sure that he was on the right track. But Jimmy Silver's denial was not to be doubted.

"Sorry!" grinned Jimmy. "I'd claim the gold watch if I could. In fact, if you want to make out that I'm the giddy hero I'm rather tempted to take your word for it and claim the goods, anyhow. But I suppose a chap must draw the line at that."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Try Tubby Muffin!" chuckled Lovell. "Give him a hint, and he'll claim the gold watch fast enough, and anything else that's going."

"Well, if you say it wasn't you, I suppose it wasn't, Silver," grunted Bulkeley. "Was it one of you three? I believe you were all out of gates at the time."

Lovell & Co. shook their heads regretfully. They were quite willing to receive a presentation gold watch from Sir Theophilus Pratt. But really they could not say that they had any claim to it. "You'll have to look farther, Bulkeley," said Raby.

Bulkeley nodded and quitted the end study, puzzled and annoyed. That study had been drawn blank, and the captain of the school had not the remotest idea in what direction to pursue his inquiries.

That the wanted hero must have some powerful motive for keeping his identity a secret seemed clear. But what that motive was Bulkeley could not fathom.

Only Jimmy Silver, of all the Fourth, had been detained that Wednesday afternoon. Any other member of the Rookwood Fourth was free to roam Coombe Wood that day, perform heroic stunts, and own up to them. Yet the doer of the gallant deed was still unknown, and seemed determined to remain unknown.

It was difficult for the Head to explain such a strange circumstance to the old baronet, who was eager to testify his gratitude. The Head was annoyed; in fact, there was a good deal of annoyance all round, as well as wonder and surmise and perplexity.

THE POPULAR.—No. 495.

"Who the thump was the chap?" said Jimmy Silver when Bulkeley had gone. "I've asked every fellow in the Fourth who'd be likely to do such a thing, and they all deny it."

"It's a giddy mystery," said Lovell. "There was no doubt that it was a mystery, and it seemed likely to remain one."

That Clarence Cuffy, of the Modern House, the duffer of Rookwood, was the chap who had rescued Sir Theophilus Pratt from the tramp, was a thought that was never likely to cross any mind at Rookwood School.

Certainly, Clarence Cuffy was not of the stuff of which heroes are made, and was never likely to occur to anybody as the wanted hero.

Yet, amazing as it might be, so it was!

Clarence Cuffy, "treed" in Coombe Wood by a party of playful Bagshot fellows, had been on the scene when the tramp attacked the old baronet—in sheer panic he had fallen on the tramp's head and stunned him—and so had all unwittingly rescued Sir Theophilus.

The old gentleman had supposed that it was intentional on his part, and was full of admiration and gratitude for his pluck and presence of mind.

Cuffy knew better. While all Rookwood discussed the mystery, Cuffy kept his own counsel. But it worried him.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### The Hero at Last!

"O H, bother!" growled Bulkeley of the Sixth.

His chum, Neville, grinned. Carthew of the Sixth chuckled.

Bulkeley had just come into the prefect's room, after a visit to the Head's study. Five or six of the Classical prefects were there, and they were all a little entertained by George Bulkeley's expression.

Bulkeley seemed cross. "What is it—the giddy hero again?" asked Neville.

"Yes, bother him! I think I'll give the young sweep a jolly good licking if he ever does turn up!" growled Bulkeley. "The Head's asked me again whether I've found him. He's keen on it."

"What on earth does it matter?" yawned Carthew.

"He's just had another telephone call from old Pratt. The old johnny can't catch on to it," said Bulkeley. "He's got tons of gratitude and a gold watch all ready, and nobody seems to want them. I suppose it annoys him. I know it annoys the Head. And I've got the benefit of it. Dr. Chisholm thinks the prefects ought to be able to find out who the chap is."

"Was it a Rookwood kid at all?" said Neville.

"That much seems clear—old Pratt says the kid told him he was in the Rookwood Fourth."

"Classical or Modern?" asked Lonsdale.

"He doesn't seem to have mentioned that. I can't imagine why the kid doesn't own up. Why doesn't he?" growled Bulkeley. "If old Pratt could come here and identify him, it would be all right. But the old man is laid up, and seems likely to be on his beam-ends for a long time. And it seems that he can give only a hazy description—he saw the kid only for a minute or two on a shady footpath, and he was tremendously excited at the time and never noticed his looks specially. Might not even be able to identify him if he saw him. Blessed if I see how the Head

can expect me to root out the young ass. But he does."

"Isn't the head prefect of a school the Head's right-hand man?" grinned Carthew. "You're expected to play up, of course. You can't have the job without the work."

Bulkeley gave the cad of the Sixth a rather grim look.

"Do you think you could do it?" he snapped.

Carthew shrugged his shoulders. "I'm not head prefect," he said. "When I am I'll do the head prefect's work for him. Not till then."

Bulkeley opened his lips, and closed them again. He did not want an altercation with the bully of the Sixth, whom he disliked and despised. Carthew jumped up suddenly and made a stride to the door, and caught a junior by the jacket and dragged him in.

It was Leggett of the Modern Fourth. He yelled as Carthew grabbed him and dragged him bodily into the room.

"You young cub!" said Carthew. "You've been listening at the door!"

"Ow! I—I haven't—"

"Let him alone, Carthew," said Bulkeley, frowning. "No harm in his hearing what we said—and I don't suppose he did—"

"He was standing there as stealthy as a cat," said Cardew. "He has no business here, anyhow. Bend over, Leggett!"

"Let him alone. He may have come with a message. What do you want here, Leggett?"

"I—I came to speak to you, Bulkeley."

"Rot!" grunted Carthew. "I know that young sneak—he's always spying and prying."

"Well, there's nothing here for him to spy and pry on," said Bulkeley. "and we shall soon see whether he's got anything to say to me. Let him go."

Carthew scowled, and reluctantly let go Leggett's collar. Leggett gave the bully of the Sixth an evil look, and straightened his collar and tie.

"Well, what is it?" asked Bulkeley impatiently.

"I—I've come here to tell you, Bulkeley—I think I ought to own up," said Leggett.

"What have you been doing, you young rascal?"

"About that affair in Coombe Wood."

"What?"

"I was the chap," said Leggett. "There was a buzz among the Sixth Form prefects, and they all stared at Albert Leggett."

Leggett of the Modern Fourth was about the last fellow at Rookwood to be pictured as a gallant hero, excepting, perhaps, Clarence Cuffy.

"You!" exclaimed Bulkeley. "Yes."

"Rot!" snapped Carthew. "I say, that's rather thick!" grinned Neville.

Leggett looked sullen. "You can believe me or not, as you like," he said. "I think I ought to speak out, that's all."

"Give him a chance," said Bulkeley quietly. "Nobody else has put in a claim, anyhow. If you're the fellow, Leggett, why haven't you owned up before? It's several days now since the Head put up his notice asking the fellow to come forward."

Leggett licked his lips. "I never expected a fuss to be made about it," he said. "I didn't want to seem to be bragging of what I'd done. It was nothing, after all. I shouldn't come forward now, only my Form master, Mr. Dalton, has



told us that the Head is angry about it, annoyed at the chap not coming forward. Some of the chaps say that if the fellow was found out, he would be flogged for having bothered the Head so much. So I thought I'd better own up before it was too late."

All the Sixth Formers regarded Leggett very curiously.

"Just modesty, what?" sneered Carthew.

"Yes," said Leggett defiantly.

"You don't mean that you were wait-

"Lies!" snapped Carthew.

"I don't see that," said Bulkeley coldly. "Go on, Leggett."

"Then the old gentleman came along the footpath, and the tramp went for him," continued Leggett. "I—I was in a bit of a funk at first, he looked such a—a ruffian. But I couldn't let him smash at that old man with his stick without doing anything."

"I should think not. And then?"

"Well, I knew it was no use a kid

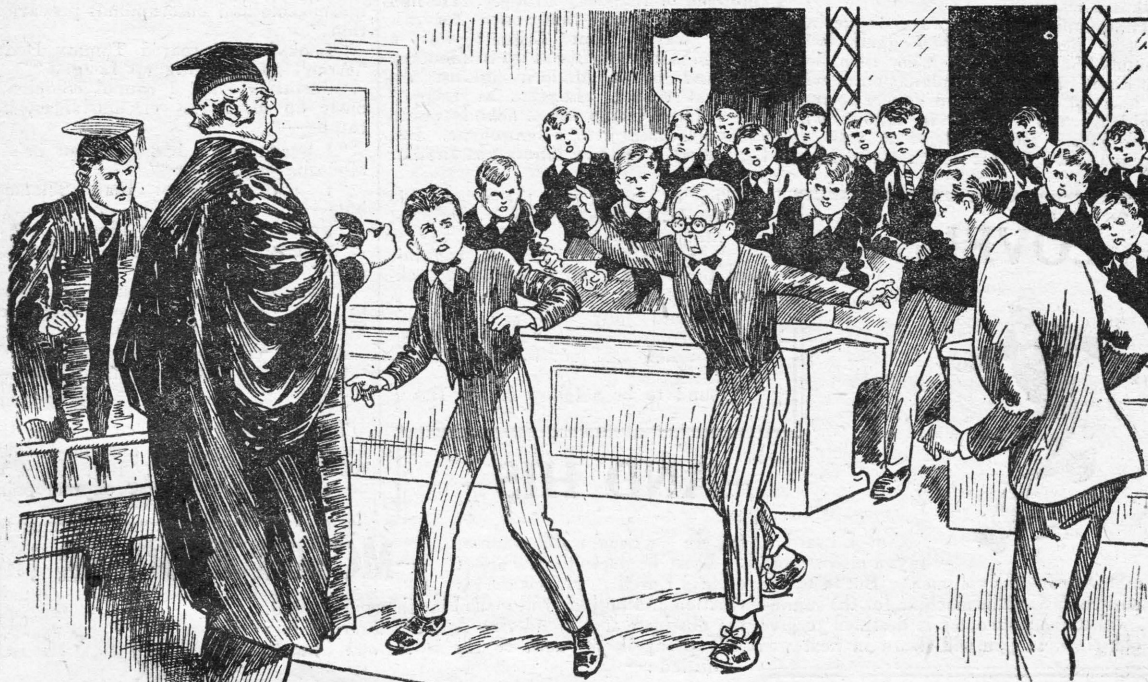
And with a quiet assurance of manner, Leggett of the Fourth walked with Bulkeley to the Head's study. In the passage they passed Jimmy Silver & Co.

"Booked for a licking?" asked Arthur Edward Lovell, glancing at Leggett.

Leggett grinned.

"Oh, no! It's all right."

And he walked on cheerfully, and the door of the Head's study closed behind him and Bulkeley.



**STOPPING THE PERFORMANCE!** Just as Dr. Chisholm was about to present the gold watch to Leggett, there came an interruption. It was a shout from Clarence Cuffy, who started forward from his seat, his face crimson with excitement. "Stop!" he cried. "I am exceedingly sorry, sir, but I am bound to speak!" (See Chapter 4.)

ing all this time to see whether the genuine claimant would turn up?"

Some of the prefects grinned.

"That's not quite fair, Carthew," said Bulkeley. "According to what Leggett says, he's the genuine claimant."

"According to what he says!" jeered Carthew.

"Well, the fellow, whoever he is, had a reason for not coming forward, and Leggett has given a reason," said Bulkeley. "It's natural enough for a decent kid not to want to show off as a hero. But I shall want to know a little more, Leggett. You were in the tree when that tramp stopped Sir Theophilus Pratt on the footpath in Coombe Wood?"

"Yes."

"How did you happen to be there?"

"It was due to Carthew," said Leggett, with a sidelong evil look at the bully of the Sixth. "Carthew had been bullying me, and I was keeping out of his way."

"Oh!" ejaculated Bulkeley, and Carthew coloured and scowled.

"He had licked me," went on Leggett. "I thought I'd keep out of his way that afternoon, and I went into Coombe Wood. I heard somebody coming along the path, and thought it might be Carthew after me, so I shinned up the tree. It turned out to be that tramp, and he looked such a ruffian that I thought I'd better stay where I was till he'd gone. That's how I came to be in the tree."

like me tackling that hefty ruffian. Then I thought of a dodge. He was just under me, and I dropped down on his head. I hoped it would knock him out, and that then the old man and I, between us, could handle him. Luckily, the crash on his head stunned him, and it was all right."

"That's how it happened," assented Bulkeley, "and why did you clear off afterwards? I understand Sir Theophilus left you to watch the man, while he went for the village policeman."

"Yes, but—he came to," said Leggett. "He jumped up, and—and, of course, I couldn't handle a man like that. So I bolted."

"Well, I suppose that was all you could do," assented Bulkeley.

"You see, I knew that the old gentleman would be safe at the village by that time," said Leggett. "There was no reason for me to stay, except to see that the tramp didn't get away. But he'd have got away after smashing me up, if I'd hung on. I couldn't stop him."

Bulkeley nodded.

"Blessed if I believe a word of it," sneered Carthew.

"That's nothing to do with it," said Bulkeley. "Leggett's given a good explanation—and it's known that the fellow was in the Rookwood Fourth. No other fellow owns up to it. Leggett, you'd better come with me to the Head at once."

"I'm ready!" said Leggett.

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.  
A Difference of Opinion!**

**L**EGGETT!"

"Rats!"

"A Modern chap—"

"And Leggett at that!"

"Rot!"

It was amazing news. On the Classical side comments were frequent and painful and free.

Leggett of the Modern Fourth was the man!

He was the missing hero!

The news spread through Rookwood like wildfire. On all sides it was soon known that the missing hero had been discovered at last, and that it was Albert Leggett of Mr. Manders' House.

Jimmy Silver & Co. simply stared. Mornington laughed. All the Classical Fourth were incredulous.

They knew Leggett! They required convincing that the Leggett they knew was cast in heroic mould!

They had seen Leggett's cap knocked off in quad by fags of the Second, and Leggett taking it quietly. They had seen Leggett in full and ignominious flight from small village boys. Leggett drove hard bargains with fellows who were hard up. Leggett was more than suspected of "sneaking" to Mr. Manders.

Leggett, in fact, was not a nice fellow in any way. The Classics despised him, and the Moderns were ashamed of him.

And he was the hero! And he had

hitherto concealed his heroism from motives of modesty—becoming, certainly, in a hero, but astounding in a fellow like Leggett.

"This wants some believing!" said Jimmy Silver.

"It do—does!" grinned Lovell.

"Never heard such a thin story!" yawned Valentine Mornington. "I'd rather believe the giddy hero was Tubby Muffin."

"Only," said Rawson, "if it wasn't Leggett, who was it? Nobody else makes a claim."

That, undoubtedly, was staggering. If the hero was not Leggett, who claimed the distinction, who, then, was the hero? Leggett's explanation of why he had not come forward earlier seemed decidedly too "thick" to fellows who knew him. But at least it was an explanation. If his claim were false,

## LOVELL—



shared in the Classical Fourth. But in the Modern Fourth a very different view was taken.

Tommy Dodd & Co. were astonished. They could, indeed, scarcely believe their ears at first. Indeed, Tommy Dodd's first remark was:

"Leggett! What utter rot! That funk! Bosh!"

But Tommy Dodd soon modified that hasty opinion.

He did not like Leggett. He disapproved of him very strongly. He had licked him more than once for his rotten ways. But Leggett was a Modern. After all, it was up to Moderns to stand by a Modern against the Classical crowd. Leggett as Leggett was a dingy scamp whom nobody would willingly touch with a barge-pole. But Leggett as a Modern fellow was another proposition.

"They're saying on the other side that it's all bunkum!" said Towle of the Modern Fourth. "They say it wasn't Leggett, and that it couldn't have been a Modern at all. I'm backing up Leggett."

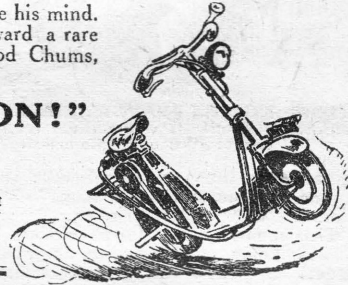
"I should jolly well say so!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd. "I felt all along that it would turn out to be a Modern chap."

"Bound to be a fellow in our House

## —AND HIS—

Arthur Edward Lovell, in his usual wilful manner, buys a motor-scooter. What he doesn't know about motors would fill volumes. But that doesn't worry Lovell. He has set his mind on using this machine for the summer vacation and nothing will make him change his mind. That motor-scooter is destined to give the obstinate and blundering Arthur Edward a rare old time, as you will learn in next week's Topping Long Yarn of the Rookwood Chums, entitled:—

## —MOTOR-SCOOTER!



## "LOVELL'S LESSON!"

By OWEN CONQUEST.

Don't miss it, for it is the first story of Jimmy Silver & Co.'s holiday adventures.

what was the explanation of the genuine hero's silence?

If heroic modesty kept the real hero silent, modesty might have kept Leggett silent. And the genuine article—if not Leggett—had an additional reason for coming forward now. If Leggett's claim were false, every consideration of honour and right feeling demanded that he should be prevented from bagging the presentation gold watch.

That, the Classics considered, was what Leggett was after. And they realised that if he were allowed to capture it, it would be practical proof that he had a right to it.

"He never did it!" declared Lovell.

"But who did?"

"Goodness knows!"

"Perhaps it wasn't a Rookwood chap at all!" said Mornington. "It looks like that to me. And it looks as if Leggett thinks so, too, and so he thinks it's safe to put in."

"But the chap told old Pratt he was in the Rookwood Fourth," said Jimmy Silver. "That's known."

"The old ass might have made a mistake. Perhaps the chap said the Bagshot Fourth."

"Well, it's possible, I suppose," said Jimmy Silver slowly. "But it's not likely. I think it was a Rookwood chap did the trick."

"Leggett doesn't, anyhow," grinned Mornington. "If he thought that, he wouldn't put in for the giddy gold watch!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mornington's scepticism was widely

bringing credit on the school and all that," said Tommy Cook.

"That much is absolutely certain, bedad," said Tommy Doyle, "and sure I've asked every fellow in the Form, excepting Leggett and Cuffy and Muffin, and they all say no."

"It was Leggett," said Tommy Dodd. "The Modern Fourth bags the giddy kudos. Leggett isn't such a rotter as we've always supposed!"

"Even a rotter might play up decently at times," said Lacy.

"Of course! Like the cheek of those Classical cads to say it wasn't Leggett!" said Tommy Dodd warmly.

"Yes, rather!"

"We're backing up Leggett on this side."

"Hear, hear!"

But there was one Rookwood fellow who heard the news with something like stupefaction. The astonishment of Clarence Cuffy passed the astonishment of any other Rookwood fellow.

Clarence Cuffy was simply dazed by it. He was astounded.

He caught Tommy Dodd by the sleeve as Tommy came in from an exciting discussion in the quad.

"My dear Thomas—" gasped Cuffy. "Leggo!"

"What is this I hear, my dear Thomas?"

"I don't know; but I know what you'll feel if you don't leggo!" howled Tommy Dodd. "You'll feel my boot! Leggo, you thundering ass!"

"Is it possible that Leggett claims—"

"Yes, he does, ass! He's the man!"

"But it's impossible—"

"Rats! Don't worry!"

"Leggett's claim is a most reprehensible fabrication, my dear Thomas—an inexcusable and unscrupulous prevarication!"

"Look here!" roared Tommy Dodd. "Aren't you backing up Leggett?"

"Certainly not! I cannot conscientiously do so in the circumstances, because—"

"I know he's a bad hat; but he's a Modern, you dummy!"

"I am aware of that, Thomas; but—"

"You've got to back him up, see?"

"Impossible, my dear Thomas! I—"

"Then sit down, if you're not going to stand by your own side," exclaimed Tommy Dodd indignantly.

And he collared Clarence Cuffy and sat him down with a terrific impact on the floor.

"Whooooop!"

Tommy Dodd strode on, leaving the hapless Cuffy gasping and in a more dazed state than ever. But, dazed as he was, Cuffy was clear on one point

—Leggett's impudent claim to the gold watch had to be stopped. To allow such prevarication to succeed would have been, as Cuffy realised, very, very wrong, and so he was bound to chip in, though it was very, very distressing.

### THE FOURTH CHAPTER. Not Leggett's Lucky Day!

"HALL!" said Mornington.

"What for?"

"The jolly old presentation!"

"What utter rot!"

"The Head's swallowed it, really and truly!" ejaculated Arthur Edward Lovell.

"Looks like it!"

It not only looked like it, but it was so. Dr. Chisholm, the headmaster of Rookwood, had swallowed it whole, as he was really bound to do. Certainly he did not know Albert Leggett quite so well as the Lower School knew him. He did not know how very unlikely it was that Leggett would ever distinguish himself in the heroic line.

He saw no reason to doubt Leggett's claim. Leggett's reason for not coming forward earlier was a little far-fetched,



perhaps; but it was a reason, far-fetched or not; and there seemed no reason at all why the right fellow should not come forward if Leggett wasn't the right fellow.

Rookwood School marched into Big Hall, to take their places, and wait for the Head to arrive by the upper door.

Bulkeley of the Sixth and the other prefects walked up and down with their canes under their arms, keeping order. There were rather warlike glances exchanged between the Fistical Four and Tommy Dodd & Co. They were all showing very visible signs of one or two arguments that had taken place that day.

Many curious glances were turned on Albert Leggett.

He was calm and quiet and demure. Even Mornington had to admit that he did not look like a fellow who was undertaking the rather risky business of pulling the headmaster's leg. Pulling the Head's leg was not a more attractive proceeding than pulling a tiger's tail. Leggett certainly would never have had the nerve to do it, unless he felt quite certain of his ground.

As a matter of fact, Leggett felt absolutely certain.

Days had elapsed, and nobody had stepped out to claim a gold watch worth twenty pounds. That convinced Leggett that the chap who had helped the old baronet was not a Rookwood fellow at all.

Had he been a Rookwood fellow he would have bagged that gold watch—Leggett was certain of that. Leggett was prepared to bag it without having earned it, so he was not likely to think that the fellow who had earned it would neglect to bag it.

The explanation was simple enough to Leggett's mind. The old donkey—thus he characterised Sir Theophilus Pratt—had made a silly mistake in thinking that his rescuer was a Rookwooder.

Evidently the rescuer wasn't—or the gold watch would have been claimed.

Having waited long enough to make absolutely certain that the real party was not in Rookwood at all, Leggett had advanced his claim, with a cool certainty of success. Had it been only glory that was to be captured, Leggett would not have taken the chance. It was the presentation gold watch that did it! Being quite an unscrupulous young rascal, Leggett was after the presentation watch, and he was unscrupulously ready to pocket it and the glory along with it.

He smiled and nodded demurely in answer to whispered congratulations from the fellows round him as he took his place with the Fourth in Hall. Only Clarence Cuffy gazed at him with sorrowful, shocked eyes.

But Leggett did not heed Cuffy. The buzz of voices died down as the Head entered Hall with Mr. Manders and Mr. Dalton.

Dr. Chisholm addressed the assembled school.

He told them—what they already knew—of the incident in Coombe Wood—of a plucky Rookwood junior who had brought credit on himself and his school by gallantly helping an old gentleman attacked by a tramp.

He told them that the brave youth had modestly desired to hide his light under a bushel, but had owned up at last in obedience to the command given him by his headmaster that he should make himself known. Then he called out:

"Albert Leggett, stand forward!"  
"Go it!" whispered Tommy Dodd encouragingly.

And Leggett of the Fourth walked up the crowded Hall.

"Oh, my goodness!" mumbled Cuffy. "Shurrup, ass!" breathed Tommy Dodd.

"Albert Leggett," said the Head, beginning on the few, well-chosen words he had selected for the auspicious occasion, "you stand before your school-fellows distinguished by an act of courage and devotion. You stand here to receive, from my hands, a token of the gratitude of the gentleman whom you saved from injury, at great risk to yourself. Sir Theophilus Pratt, is, unfortunately, unable to be present. In his name I present you with this testimony of his gratitude, and I call for cheers from all Rookwood for a boy who has brought credit both upon himself and upon his school."

"Stop!"  
It was a shout from Clarence Cuffy. There was a buzz of amazement as the duffer of Rookwood started forward, his face crimson with excitement and nervousness. He fairly sprinted up to the Head. Dr. Chisholm fixed him with a glance of cold ferocity.

"Boy, how dare you! How dare you interrupt me!"

"I am exceedingly sorry, sir, but I am bound to speak," said Cuffy. "I cannot allow this bad and unscrupulous boy to take possession of a gold watch that does not belong to him!"

"Go back to your place!" thundered the Head.

"Certainly, sir! I trust you will excuse me for interrupting you, but knowing that Leggett was speaking untruthfully, I felt bound to acquaint you with that circumstance, sir."

Leggett stared at him, his face almost green. What on earth could Cuffy know about it? he wondered, with a quaking heart.

"Hold!" said the Head, as Cuffy was retreating. "Cuffy, do you mean to say that you were a witness to what happened in the wood?"

"Yes, sir." "Sensation!"

For a full minute the prefects called in vain for silence. All eyes were on Cuffy's crimson face.

Leggett's knees were knocking together now.

"Cuffy," gasped the Head, "you tell me that the boy who assisted Sir Theophilus Pratt was not Leggett?"

"Yes, sir."  
"Then you know who it was?"  
"Yes, sir."

"His name?" snapped the Head.

"It was I, sir."  
"You!" gasped Dr. Chisholm. "You lay claim—"

"I make no claim, sir," said Cuffy meekly. "I am not entitled to the gold watch, and should refuse to take it, sir. It was quite by accident that I helped the old gentleman. That is why I have not come forward before, sir, to explain. I thought all the fellows would laugh when they heard that I fell on the tramp's head by accident."

"Wha-a-t?"

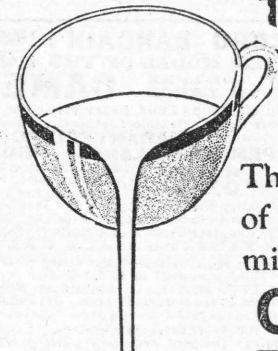
"Oh crumbs!" muttered Tommy Dodd. He began to understand.

Leggett was quite livid now. He would have given a dozen gold watches to be safe back among the Fourth, his impudent claim unmade. But repentance came too late for the young rascal. He was "for it" now.

"Cuffy," gasped the Head, "tell me exactly what happened?"

(Continued overleaf.)

# ATHLETES TRAIN ON IT.



There is half a cup of English full cream milk in every

**CADBURY BIG MILK BAR 2<sup>D</sup>**

## MY CYCLE BARGAINS

**ONLY 2/6 A WEEK**

Brand New 1928 Coventry Models. Fully Guaranteed. Sent on 15 Days' approval. Packed free and Carriage paid. Only a small deposit. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Write to-day. Established 30 years.

**George King LIST**  
Dept. C.U.  
**COVENTRY. LTD**

**2/6 A WEEK**

**FREE**

"Certainly, sir!" said Cuffy distressfully. "I had been chased that afternoon, sir, by some thoughtless youths belonging to Bagshot School, and I took refuge in the tree. Then that dreadful-looking tramp came and sat under the tree. I was so frightened—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence! Go on, Cuffy!"

"Then the old gentleman came along the path, sir, and the tramp attacked him to rob him. I was so alarmed that I fell off the branch, sir, right on the tramp's head."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Cuffy had kept his story dark in the belief that all Rookwood would roar when it was heard. Cuffy had been gifted with foresight in that matter. Certainly all Rookwood roared.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence!"

"And then?" gasped the Head.

"The crash on his head stunned the wicked man, sir," said Cuffy. "The old gentleman supposed I had done it on purpose. He really did not give me a chance to explain, sir. He left me to guard the mau, sir, while he went for a policeman; but while he was gone, sir, the dreadful man opened his eyes, and I—I—I went away rather quickly, sir."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bless my soul!" said the Head. The Head turned to Leggett. His look made that shady youth quake.

"Leggett, do you still persist in your story that you were the Rookwood boy who rescued Sir Theophilus Pratt from the tramp?"

Leggett licked his dry lips.

"I—I yes, sir!" he gasped desperately.

"Very well! Are you prepared to be taken to Coombe Lodge in company with Cuffy for Sir Theophilus Pratt to see you both and identify the boy he saw in the wood?"

There was a hush. Leggett's face was white now, and his teeth chattered in his head. He did not dare to face such a test. He knew what the result must be.

"Answer me, Leggett!"

"No, sir!" said Leggett, almost in a whisper.

"Then you admit that you have made a false claim?" thundered the Head, towering in wrath over the wretched Leggett.

Leggett groaned.

"Very good!" said the Head. "This presentation watch will be returned to Sir Theophilus Pratt. It cannot be awarded to Cuffy for an accident due to a discreditable fright. At the same time, Cuffy, I commend you very much for your integrity. You may go to your place."

"Thank you, sir!" said Cuffy meekly. Cuffy went.

"Bulkeley, will you kindly summon the porter? Before the school is dismissed, a flogging will be administered to Leggett."

Rookwood School had gathered for an imposing little ceremony. They remained to witness a ceremony of quite another sort. Leggett had come to capture a gold presentation watch which he did not deserve. He stayed to capture a terrific flogging that he thoroughly deserved.

That evening was spent by Leggett of the Fourth groaning in his study. But nobody wasted any sympathy on Leggett. While Leggett groaned, all the rest of Rookwood laughed—at Cuffy. Only too well-founded had been Clarence Cuffy's apprehensions. The true story of the rescue of Sir Theophilus Pratt appealed irresistibly to Rookwood's sense of humour. From the Sixth to the Second all Rookwood roared over it, and it was quite a long time before they forgot it.

THE END.

(There will be another rollicking long story of Jimmy Silver & Co., of Rookwood next week, chums.)

## GREAT RECORD BARGAIN!!

### THE NEW 1928 IMPROVED MODEL OF THE FAMOUS "MONARCH" DE LUKE CAMERA

Fitted with genuine GUARANTEED MENISCUS LENS, Reflex Viewfinder, Nickel-plated Spring Lever Shutter, Lever Guard, Flexible Leathorette Handle, and absolutely GUARANTEED TO TAKE

PERFECT LARGE PHOTOS. BRITISH MADE and supplied complete with all

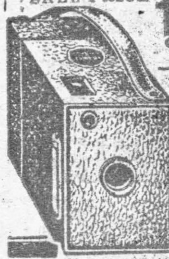
ONLY! Accessories—Best Quality Plates, Developing and Printing OUTFIT with easy instructions for use. Send P.O.

7/- to-day for complete Camera and Outfit! Selling in Thousands! TESTIMONIALS GALORE!

W. J. Thomas, Esq., writes:—"Developed and printed photo, and think it as good as if taken with a Camera which cost £3. Miss E. L. Chomiment writes:—"I was astonished to see the result of my first effort. The picture is as good as that done by a proper photographer."

Write for Richly Illustrated Catalogue, hundreds of Big Bargains, Drapery, Jewellery, Cutlery, Novelties, etc. POST FREE!

THE LEEDS BARGAIN CO. (V.J.), 31, Kendal Lane, Leeds.



FREE! (Abroad 6d.) Scarce Set of 6 Japan EARTHQUAKE STAMPS and 25 different BRITISH COLONIALS, to all asking to see Approvals—W. A. WHITE, Egoine Lane, LYE, Stourbridge.

## XMAS CHOCOLATE CLUBS

SPARE TIME AGENTS WANTED

Fry's, Rowntree's, Cadbury's, etc. Excellent Commission. No Outlay. Particulars Free.

SAMUEL DRIVER, South Market, LEEDS

MAGIC TRICKS, etc.—Parcels, 2/6, 5/6. Ventriloquist's Instrument, Invisible. Imitate Birds. Price 6d. each, 4 for 1/-.—T. W. Harrison, 239, Pentonville Rd., London, N.1.

HEIGHT INCREASED 5/- Complete Course In ONE MONTH.

Without appliances—drugs—or dieting. THE FAMOUS CLIVE SYSTEM NEVER FAILS. Complete Course 5/- P.O. post free, or further parties, stamp. P. A. CLIVE Harroch House, COLWYN BAY, North Wales.

COLLECTOR'S STAMP OUTFIT FREE!! Incl: 60 diff stamps. Send postcard requesting approvals. LISBURN & TOWNSEND (V.J.S.) London Rd., Liverpool.

Make The DAILY SKETCH YOUR Picture Paper.



## 2/6 DEPOSIT

ensures delivery of a world-famed 400A Mead "Marvel" Bicycle. Nothing more to pay till you have ridden the machine one month. "MARVEL" 400—£4-7s 6d CASH. We pack FREE, pay carriage and guarantee satisfaction or refund your money. Factory-sold cycles CHEAP. Accessories at popular prices. Write TO DAY for illustrated Catalogue, Testimonial Budget and special offer of 15 Days Free Trial.

Mead CYCLE COMPANY (INC.) Dept. B 611, BIRMINGHAM.



## GROW TALLER!

I have increased the height of a client (Mr. Hiron, N. Zealand) by 5 INCHES IN A FEW MONTHS. I can help you in a similar way. Write for my Booklet, "How to Increase Stature," sent Post Free for 2d. stamp.—PERCIVAL GARNE, Lincoln Street, Cardiff, S.W. (Est'd, 21 years.) Phone: Cardiff 1042.

## AUSTRALIA

150 BOYS WANTED to sail on White Star s.s. "Vedic," 6th October. Salvation Army auspices. Enter for preliminary farm training during August. Outfits provided. Assisted passages. Also 150 YOUNG WOMEN WANTED for domestic service. Free passages. Work guaranteed. Write or call: Branch Manager, 31 Upper Thames Street, London, E.C.4; 12, Pembroke Place, Liverpool; 203, Hope Street, Glasgow; 44, Royal Avenue, Belfast.



## DON'T BE BULLIED

Send Four Penny Stamps for TWO SPLENDID LESSONS in JUJITSU and Handsome Photo Plate of Jap Champions. The Wonderful Japanese Self-Defence without weapons. Take care of yourself under ALL circumstances, fear no man. You can have MONSTER Illustrated Portion for P.O. 3/9. SEND NOW to "YAWARA" (Dept. A.P.), 10, Queensway, Hanworth, Feltham, Middlesex. Practical

Tuition, Richmond and London Schools Daily.

STOP STAMMERING! Cure yourself as I did. Particulars Free.—FRANK E. HUGHES, 7, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.1.

£2,000 worth Cheap Photo Material and Films. Samples Catalogue Free.—12 by 10 Enlargement, any photo, 8d.—HACKETT'S, JULY ROAD, LIVERPOOL.

All applications for Advertisement Space in this publication should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, UNION JACK SERIES, The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4.