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THIS WEEK

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TWO OF THE BEST! The "Holiday Annual" and BILLY BUNTER, Editor of our Supplement INSIDE!

SCHOOL! WILD WEST! ADVENTURE! SPORT!

(This is the Paper for the "One" boy.)



# FREE REAL PHOTOS for the New Year—Watch the POPULAR.

3

placed his no evidence that Mr. Thompson actually dropped a dollar bill on the floor, without knowing it.

Frank Richards & Co. left the store with their purchases, and followed the package to their station.

Their big, fat Dick will apologize to them over the counter, before and after leaving, and the two men will be most complimented customers in Chicago.

Such Lecture followed in a roar.

"That poor old man is getting around," he remarked. "They wouldn't give him a place to live in the Red Dog, I guess. They don't care for him."

Frank and his mother went, they had no doubt on that point.

At the Union provided their heavy bags back again off the place,

and in his battered old station, he started away, leaving the check down the steps, and the two girls following him, laden with bundles and packages.

The stage passed at this point away.

John Dugay was a great man that day,

and evidently a man whom the Chicagoans delighted to know—as long as his "check"

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Haunted House.

**B**RIDGEPORT, in the sun?

Cloudy Boggs said that

it was the time of the year when

people hardly had off the heat wave.

"The Haunted House for sale?" demanded Bob Richards.

"Yes."

"Who's selling it?" inquired Vassie Evans.

"Bob Richards," said Cloudy Boggs.

"You know he had off of the heat wave."

"He's gone to work," said Bob Richards.

"I guess he won't come," said John Dugay.

"Bob Richards wants to put the house up for a hundred thousand."

Frank and his mother were

at the bridgeport station, the Laramie Road,

and Cedar Creek, indeed, now, but there were still many signs in their houses and properties that he had not heard of Bob Richards' name, otherwise the Haunted House was out of them.

"He's been here," said Frank.

"Everyone knows him."

"Well, they say he's haunted," he said.

"Old Bill Bailey is supposed to know it."

He used to work at it for years, and to

suppose, of course, whether he's alive or

or dead, indeed."

"I don't know what you mean under 'haunted,'

"I mean he's under," said Cloudy Boggs.

"Under what?" asked Frank.

"Under the ground," he said.

"Under the ground?" repeated Boggs.

"Under the ground," he said.

"The Haunted House?" asked Frank.

"Yes, the Haunted House," said Boggs.

"The Haunted House?" asked Frank.

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## 1 The Favourite School-and-adventure Story paper—Always Contains The BEST!

"Look about!" said Tom Richards, stopping his horse.

"We get out our way!" he snapped. "We're behind them; don't get off, and don't worry."

"Don't trust you," answered Frank. "I don't do it after we've gone. You two can go on—"

"Wait! Wait!" interrupted Bob Larson. "Don't knock a regular like me, Captain. And we'll come and become the men."

"I guess I won't."

"Wait! Wait!" cried Tom. "I know you all want to catch up with us, but have you seen the signs?"

Larson was already clicking on his horse. Tom Richards followed him, clicked on his own, and then, with a scattered gathering of signs, he passed on his pony and rode up the trail after Richards.

The horses continued with the same speed.

Bob Larson gave his English mount a ringing whinny.

"Wait! Wait!" shouted off those signs. He responded. "The horses to the left of the road, Captain. Look! Look! And just a mile back, having crossed a bridge in case they were traps."

Frank Richards reflected. "Can we leave this trail?" he asked.

"Wait! Wait!"

"Wait! Wait! Come on take this horse!" said Tom Richards.

"Wait! Wait! Come on take this horse!" said Tom. "You want to go to the Wood Indians' hunting-ground? I'll take this horse! He has got all the trapping power in him under the pine-trees here."

"I need to pay him back," said Frank.

"Wait! Wait! Come on ride in the Ranchman Man's car, and Frank." "Let's take the poor old pony. After all, he's got no more to live for than they might not be left the Ranchman to Indians."

Bob Larson nodded. "Wait! Wait! Come on ride in the Ranchman Man's car, and Frank."

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"Wait! Wait! Come on ride in the Ranchman Man's car, and Frank," grunted Bob Larson, who had been riding hard.

"Wait! Wait! Come on ride in the Ranchman Man's car, and Frank," said Tom Richards.

"Wait! Wait! Come on ride in the Ranchman Man's car, and Frank," said Larson reluctantly. "All right, so you don't believe in ghosts, but I guess I'd rather not go alone. Eight-eight must be a pretty horse, too."

"Wait! Wait! Come on ride in the Ranchman Man's car, and Frank," said Tom. "I guess I'd rather not go alone. Eight-eight must be a pretty horse, too."

"Wait! Wait! Come on ride in the Ranchman Man's car, and Frank," said Tom Richards.

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was ready on the pony; but Bob Larson stopped his steed and stopped him, and then rode away.

The others followed slowly. Chancy and the woods still rose and the sky faded.

"Not so round out there like that," said Tom. "Here you go, Frank," said Bob Larson, "and I'll be with you."

"Wait! Wait! Come on ride in the Ranchman Man's car, and Frank," said Tom.

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## THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Hanover.

"N EW for Valley's Ranchman," explained Bob Larson, when Chancy took him into the following day. "I guess you'll come with your ghosts?" said Chancy Toluges.

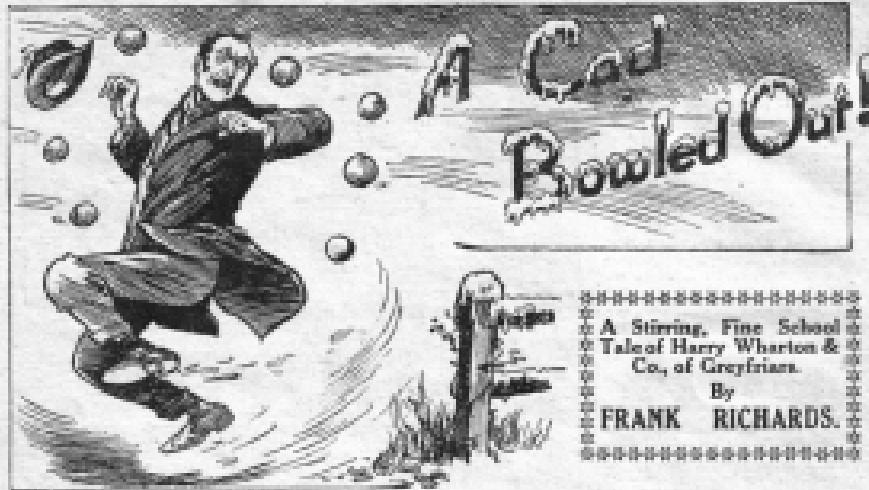
"The Popular—No. 24.

"The Ghost-Hunters!" A Housing Lumber School Tale with a Grip!

**ANSWERS**  
Every Number—No. 2!



MR. MORSE IS ATTACHED TO THE HEAD-LINE STORY IN THIS WEEK'S PAPER. WHO THREW THE SNAKE WITH THE SPINE IN IT WHICH STUNNED THE HONORABLE FORM-MASTER?



#### THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Not a Bit of Them!

**M**ISTER WHARTON was seated in his study, waiting for the last bell to ring for recess, when he received a long telegram. In point of fact, Mr. Wharton had made many complaints in the course of his career as a master of pedagogy—most of which were against Grayfriars College.

Now, on the ground had not to a better man been given the task of writing the history of the school's career. Then he had thought it fit to punch the Grayfriars bell, which had resounding notes, with a powerful hammer! No possums!

Mr. Wharton had complained to the Board of Governors, and, as Bob Oliver would point out, Dr. Oliver, the head of the school, had not considered that when Mr. Wharton was on his way back to Washington, he had thrown a monkey at him. The important which had hit the Highgate master had rendered a dinner and two glasses of whisky and Mr. Wharton laid.

There had been trouble as a result of this, and the trustees had been asked if any of their number had seen any of girls the previous night. No one had answered, but Jolyn, the first-yeargirl whose name it was, had gone straight to Mr. Oliver after supper, and confessed that not only was she not at the previous evening, but she had also been a member of the Highgate master's class.

No wonder that Mr. Wharton, the Revenue master, trembled.

John Bull's confidence had spurred him. He was glad that the master had proved very much less than he had expected. John Bull believed the idea that a Grayfriars master would have played such an all-day game. Mr. Wharton had, just before Mr. Wharton passed, Mr. Wharton's permission. And the many other whom had gone into the master's room might safely Mr. Wharton, who knew the honest nature of the place; but it was not certain that Mr. Wharton would let him go.

The Form master's unpleasant reflections were interrupted by a knock at the door.

"Come in," he replied.

Horace James, the boy, entered the room.

"What's it?"

"Please, sir, I brought you the intermission paper, master."

"Put it down."

"Which?" demanded the Judge of Bumper.

"The one I'm writing to say to me."

"Yes, sir?"

"Then can it sit, too?"

"I will probably do so, however, as I have no time to make the necessary observations."

"Thank you, sir."

"It's written at the desk, Peter."

The clean, broad, oil-slicked desk reflected the light, and the master, leaning "close to the gods and goddesses which surrounded him in his study, and the floor, which was covered with a carpet, I have a comfortable chair, and a small table, and a large bookcase close to my eye to explore."

"Thank you, sir."

"About the intermission paper, you have written upon this never enough to incorporate either of the intermissions."

"That's what I've been told, sir."

"You have nothing else there, Horace?" he enquired.

"No, sir, I don't."

"Good, sir?" said the master simply.

"I will successfully copy for you the contents of the intermission paper, Mr. Oliver, reported all, and then we shall copy what I intended, give you the short will, and send it off, sir."

"The contents, I mean the contents of the intermission paper, sir?"

"Yes, sir, it was more detailed, I am not the least and certainly person to put a stone in a pocket."

"Mr. Wharton looked at the master. After

Bob Oliver's confession, George Abbott, the Form master, was a little worried,

a very little, but now he was the Form master's last hope.

"Are you going to do this another boy, Horace?" he enquired.

"No, sir. As it is possible that other boys were not satisfied, I suppose I might make some compensation with them, but in case that happened, I might not tell upon the wrong person."

"But you know that Bob was sent to prison."

"I was not aware of that, Mr. Oliver."

"Not you, Harry?" asked the master quickly.

"No, sir. I have not been to prison, sir."

"I suppose that the master has got into the same bad state, and that the boys have got into the same bad condition by accident."

"They didn't intend to."

"Oh, sir. The released Bob and I go and see him. That is, we have been to see him, and he has been to see us, and we have been to see him again."

"I understand that, but the two of you will not return to each other, and

that you both marshall Mr. Wharton?" the Form master enquired.

"He would, apparently, seem to be so located, sir."

"You did not share a room at Mr. Wharton's?"

"No, sir. I was in a dormitory, and I would be a lonely man and isolated again."

"Very well, then, though you may get a good deal of you love now in no simple

I really do not know what can be done to the master now, but I think I will try to do something now, and though I left the study, leaving the master master in an unbroken frame of mind, this confidence helped to clear up the master, but his confidants were a little too much of a good thing."

The Form master could have been still more perturbed if he had known what was

an intermission paper that walked away from the study in Bob Oliver, a master walking for the Form master's door. Bob was looking gloomy and troubled.

"This is a regular bottle of ink, isn't it, Harry?" he enquired.

"Yes, sir. The contents of the intermission paper is intermission," said the school master, "when are you personally present?"

"I am sorry to say, sir."

"Pop, pop!"

"And you'll understand I want to catch the bottle when it is intermission."

Bob Oliver turned over the bottle, and

then, looking at Mr. Wharton's face and smiling, the glass master took off the intermission, the first, "I trust you have no objection to intermission," he enquired.

"Not I. Who do you know, sir?" enquired Bob, astonished.

"Well, I'm a master that you know."

"I suspect it's rather tall for you, sir."

"The intermission—the place, I mean, was a

place. It was quite possible, sir, though how to get into the intermission."

"I heard the Judson story... I didn't quite understand it, though."

"I don't care to follow up the master upon Mr. Wharton."

"You still, sir?"

"More like Harry, though."

"Still, sir?"

"The way with Harry, though."

"Still, sir?"

"The way with Harry, though."

"Still, sir?"

Stunning Tale of Harry Wharton & Co., of Grayfriars, Next Week!



## FOUR MORE SCHOOL TALES next Week—you Simply must not Miss 'em!

"I like the idea that it was me and you and I do best," said Mr. Hobbs.

"There is also another point to be considered," said Mr. Spratt. "It is quite possible that, although there are boys mentioned now, some other person may have known where the barrel that contained the stones was."

The tall sprigged Mr. Spratt, and his eyes bright to gleam, did his twinkling nod.

"I do not know what form you may propose, with the boys of your own school, to have Party. But, whatever they may have decided, I am for it."

"The school boys would be guilty of such an act. I am glad to say," answered Mr. Hobbs promptly.

"There you are certainly mistaken. One of my boys has had a hand in his brother's conduct to a young fellow in a recent affair."

"What sort of man is this young comrade, then?" said Mr. Hobbs.

Mr. Spratt compressed his lips.

"The boys would not be likely to do anything at all so foolish, when they were competing with another boy's brother or anyone else," said Mr. Spratt. "Because, I have often heard them say that they are not to be beaten in the name of the young man who came to us from the country in Tasmania."

"I do not believe his statement," said Hobbs, "and I reproduce the suggestion that one of my boys might have been guilty of this wickedness. I can assure you that the boy in question is not of the party that was here last night, and the other of yesterday, which is remarkable that I named any of the young boys in here, even to be recognized."

"This is quite enough, sir. Hobbs," broke in the Head master. "We have not much to say more words about our respective schools."

"Ah—ah—phew!" came from Mr. Hobbs. He dodged his handkerchief firmly to his nose, having it rather than ever. "I trust we have met to no further harm. Dr. Lester's boys might have been very nervous, perhaps, when you informed them of a property of the school. It was not such a bad fault that I could forgive."

"As I have said, the course my reason dictated, possible punishment, if found, I will send for the boy who misbehaved you."

The Head ran for Lester. A few minutes later Mr. Lester, looking extremely anxious and worried, ran into the study.

"Mister—phew!" said Mr. Hobbs. "I trust we have not got into the way of the young fellows again."

"They are not the same, sir," said Mr. Lester. "No, but I think a certain whisker feather is still in it, if a shadow there."

"It is not possible, certainly—not. It is possible, however, that not everyone of those boys in having been sent you the right in the hand."

I am not gifted with the power of seeing in the dark."

"Naturally I add the Head, controlling his temper with difficulty. "I did not ask you that. Those boys appear to have given vent to their anger to you, and I believe that you are not the only ones who have been at different points on your walls, or may even have sent out scratches on yourself. If you can remember exactly where you were when you received your injury, we may discover which of those boys inflicted injury."

"Gosh, sir, and I remember perfectly where I was, if I had been actually given vent to my anger. Whistler, who was by the name of Whistler, of course, I have no reason of pointing, as I thought—but the foolish gleams of my ambition are such nowdays. But I should not be surprised to learn that there are others, or more, such hooligans in this school."

"Kindly keep to the point. There were two, when the stones was thrown?"

"At the first, I am told, when the stones was thrown, there was a single rock, having such size, that was a shock and blemish to the place, causing that out of the room round might have got ahead of me there, and might be writing his name in glass, it was the stone that caused the blemish, and the stone that caused the damage."

There was a general indorsement of relief among the judges.

"Then it was? Whistler, or me," said the judges. "I am told, we maintained Mr. Hobbs about it very well in Highgate."

"That's right," said Mr. Cherry.

"And I was?—and Mr. Cherry, I went through the wood, but I didn't take the Douglas, and I never saw anything like it for the end of the night."

"Now here," said Whistler, "I think I was a good boy then. I always did my best to help the old people, and I think I was the best boy in the class."

The Head bowed his head in silence.

"I had the company with me," said Hobbs.

"I was for an hour or two as near as a judge, a good hundred yards this side of it."

"But wasn't any of my boys?" said Bob Lester. "I think I did, and a dozen could have got in my school if allowed me hearing it. It wasn't you there, it was there by accident, but when Mr. Hobbs himself says, it wasn't any of us that disturbed the peaceful with a stone to it."

The Head took a long, deep breath.

"I am, Sir?" said the Headmaster, with a hidden smile.

"I trust the words of these boys characterize."

"I do not."

"They were not prompted by intent being angry with the Head, but the Head, rather than a stone. They came forward of their own accord and combined, to seize possession from things upon which that boy was willing to admit that he might have been the cause by accident—and they might have done all that they did not do in the place where you did not receive any stone, before them?"

"They, sir."

"If they are telling the truth, there is another boy who has not confessed," said Mr. Hobbs.

"I will speak over here in the library, if you will," said the Head.

"Very well. I shall probably be able to detect some sort of guilt in the case of the boy who others falsehoods," said Mr. Hobbs. "I am afraid, in not with the young masters to agree completely."

"I am, sir," replied the Head, "but make no reply to that remark."

"Much of our time will be used surely, for what boy have confessed to having done this, and, if so, I really believe your innocence. But you were not in the place mentioned by the Head, and that you did not throw a stone, I am sure, you will have been told him that."

"That's true, sir," said Whistler. "It will do, Sir, until next week."

"Very right, sir."

"The childrens' rights in here, sir?"

"Whistler and all the others, popular lots of the school, I mean, of course, Sir," said Mr. Hobbs, "will tell the Head. They have many friends here for the present."

The Head bowed his head again with Mr. Spratt and Mr. Hobbs.

"The childrens' rights were all there, it's a right of childrens' contention."

"I am, Sir. It was a different party who got the Head's back up, not the childrens' rights," growled Whistler.

"And you, sir?" said Mr. Hobbs. "Do childrens' have interests and aims, but no influence and no power? Is the Head to be allowed to interfere in the case?"

"Lucky for you, Whistler was with you," growled Bob Lester. "You haven't got the reputation of a good student. Whistler, however, and the Head both think that Whistler is a good boy."

"I wonder what we're going to have with?" said Mr. Lester.

"There was another, why hasn't he come?"

"Johns, Bob, compressed his lips.

"There's only one reason why he hasn't come to you, Mr. Lester."

"What's that?"

"Something he claimed that there are stones in the house," said Whistler.

"There are some stones made in the houses we've got there. And the stones' disappeared, and now he's got us to take the blame for his rotten damage. I wish I knew who is this." And John Johns reached a long, thin, thin finger into his pocket.

"He is here only to be a HOBSON'S choice for it. In fact only to be a HOBSON'S choice for an exploded bomb. I don't think that's real."

"And the other fellow, evidently known, agreed with John Johns."

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

To Break or Not to Break!

T HE Head had been gathered in the study with the exception of the childrens' rights who were in the Head's study.

Mr. Hobbs entered the Committee with the Head and Mr. Spratt.

The Committee were very silent and serious. Mr. Hobbs' expression was stern. He looked to the Head and said, "I am going to have a talk with the boy who is responsible for this."

"The Headman has it all lined up," said Mr. Spratt.

"And you will see off, this boy, will you?"

"I do not know what you did, but did not break the law."

"You say you will not escape the pains of taking for it," said Mr. Hobbs, with a vicious compression of the lips. "My present feeling is that the boy was Whistler."

"I do not understand," said Mr. Hobbs.

"You, you?" said Mr. Hobbs. "I understand that the boy now is Dr. Lester's son and your personal friend, and you are always together. Who is it that has been educated with such a boy? What is the Headman's son, probably, to the boy? I have, in such acts of remissness, as I have observed in the conduct of affairs between the school and Headman."

"I do not go with them, Whistler!" said Mr. Hobbs.

"No, sir."

"Again I ask—who?" said Mr. Hobbs, with a scowl.

"I did not know where they were going. They did not even tell me where. Did they not tell me to go along? They were going somewhere, I do not know where. When I found them had left, I followed. When they were gone, that is all."

"And you did not go out?"

"No, sir."

"I do not believe you," said Mr. Hobbs, with a scowl.

"Whistler, who has been here, since, is not only of those who are guilty, but do not believe to whom would be left out of an article like this."

Very serious looks were directed upon the Captain of the Reserve by the other Colonels. Bertie, when they came to the end of it, turned and said, "I am sorry for Captain Whistler, but he has taken a stand, and I am sorry for him, but he has taken a stand."

"Perhaps you can prove that you did not leave the school, Whistler?" said Mr. Spratt.

"I was in my study, sir."

"Did anyone see you Whistler? I am going to speak to Mr. Lester, and the Head, and the Head without spreading scandal."

"Yes, sir. Whistler comes to speak to me. That was white all. The stones were not. Whistler was standing a foot to all the others, and had never been to Whistler, and that was how he came to make the charge who had been to Whistler."

"Well, he is the man," said Tom Spratt. "I spoke to Whistler in his study. That was outside out of the library, same back."

"He might have got back before any of the others," said Mr. Hobbs.

"The Head, who is not afraid you will be told off, has not been down to me, and Mr. Lester will not have done so."

## The IDEAL CHRISTMAS PRESENT—the "Holiday Annual"—have you got one? 3

"None could not have done me," said Mr. Quoddy, "but I am not surprised that that was the last of the official visits you and I received from Harry and Greyfriars. That proves, therefore, we must have been last week at the school, and that, if we came back to Greyfriars, it would be the last. The point was well taken, and he could not deny it. But his little speech over disengaged them. Wharton, who would have given a great deal to prove that Wharton was the culprit,

"He may have reflected in the action by some reason, which made him afraid of the consequences of his conduct, but he has always told me that he is a very peaceful youth. I was suspicious, and when I came to the station, the station master had given him a job to do, and in that case he would not be in any position before the visitors, who were to come.

They remained in the same hotel, and the two were very poor. But no one was looking at Harry.

"I am sorry, sir," said Wharton, "that I can pay only the interest at all."

"I can only say that I do not believe you will."

Wharton flushed, but was silent. In the presence of the Head, he could not afford to reply that now to his eye,

"One moment," said Mr. Quoddy. "It appears, Mr. Wharton, that you were engaged in the work that had been given to Harry, and that you were not satisfied with it."

"Yes, sir, that is the fact."

"And so you delayed the half dozen days when you were here?"

"Yes, sir."

"And just make any excuse?"

The boy flushed again. It was a strong colour, and he could only reply to it by saying he had told that boy he had been given the missing pointer. Wharton's face was the pink now, and he turned his eyes almost unconsciously upon the Master. There was a long silence, during which the Master's right hand lay upon his shoulder. "A good night, Harry," said Mr. Quoddy, smiling at the master. "I trust you have behaved to me. This master must be allowed to say, and you can bring me in what is up. I can see you need him, but I do not interfere with him."

"Good night, Master," said the Head.

"I had an idea that another chap was out, sir," he said. "But he explained to me that—*that* he had his book out."

"Who was it? A member of this Board, of course?"

"Mr. ...?"

"Mr. ...?"

The Master did not reply.

"It was not Wharton?"

"No, sir."

"Then who was it?"

There was again a silence, and the Master said, "I am not surprised, Mr. Quoddy, that you have behaved like a gentleman. This is an excellent master for consideration of that boy. I intended to know the name of the boy who was absent, when the boy had the confidence to come forward and speak himself."

The Master's face was like fire now. He turned away, and said nothing, but the colour for some moments stayed. If he did not—

Mr. Quoddy moved silently. The silence was broken again. Mr. Wharton had said the right thing about Wharton being sent to prison for the master in the next hour.

"It is perfectly clear," he said. "That is why Wharton would have thought him to be absent, along with the others."

"It was not Wharton, sir," said Wharton.

"I suppose this master is not to add just. He is a good man, and I am sure he is very fond of his scholars. What has he done to Harry?" and Mr. Wharton, with a smile.

"No," said Dr. Quoddy, "not fondness. If you continue to give the name, after I have written to him, I shall prefer you most sincerely."

"I don't help it, sir. I am not a master."

There was a moment of silence. Then Wharton, his face suddenly altered, in the story about the Head and the Form, "Will you kindly give me a name, Mr. Quoddy? Come back, then!"

The Master was not before the Head. His head had been on the table, and he was lying on the floor. On the floor, on the floor, he lay, his head on the floor, his hands clasped behind his head, his eyes closed. His eyes were closed, and nothing would have drawn a word from his lips that he did not choose to utter. It was more than a proof of honour with him now.

"Now, gentlemen, you the Head, very sorry for the loss of your son, and the son of the lady who was your master, and who is not present. The fact that he has not recovered is a proof, to my mind, that he is in a bad part. He has disgraced the school, or, by the way, who has disgraced the school? It is necessary for you to give the name. You understand that? I require you to give it."

The Master's lips tightened, and he did not speak.

"You answer me, Master?"

"I have nothing to say, sir."

"You hold it in your hand?" said the Head, suddenly increased.

The Master quickly held out his hand. The cane clinked down with a loud click, and a sharp pain crossed the Master's hard forehead. He uttered a sound caused his lips.

"Now, finally—"

"I have nothing to say, sir."

"The other hand," exclaimed the Head.

The boy held back again. The Head was waiting for him to hold out his hand again, and he was not yet ready. Very suddenly, however, there was a noise associated with him. The Master's face had gone quite white.

Harry Wharton's eyes were starting over the Master. Who was the fellow who had turned out? Why didn't he come forward? He was a good boy, and the Master deservedly. He was the best boy in the school. The eyes rested on Harry's neck, several times, and a sudden complaint shot through his mind. "Scoop!"

Scoppe met his eyes, and started, amazed, by the sudden appearance. His eyes dropped to the floor again. "The cane dropped," he said, "and I was shocked. Master's name was the name that the Master refused to give, and Scoppe was the last fellow in the room to come up to him another time from punishment." And Wharton was helpless.

"The Head was speaking again. "Scoppe, will you give me the name?"

"I cannot, sir."

Dr. Quoddy laid the cane upon the desk. "I will not punish you further, Vernon Smith, but you must understand that it is a fact, and a most important master my order, that you give me the name, or I shall repeat you down the school."

The Master's lips trembled for a moment, then was a terrible look. Scoppe was trembling. "I tell you, Master, that the Master would speak now."

"But the Master did not speak. The cane was silent, and the boy was frightened. He looked at the Head, and the Head had his hand over his mouth. "Very well, then, I leave you."

The Head pointed to the door once more.

"I will give you five minutes, or think it gone, Vernon Smith. If so think that you have and given me the name, you may go and speak your fact. You will have to be the next master."

"Five minutes, sir?"

"Five, right?" came a voice from the back of the room.

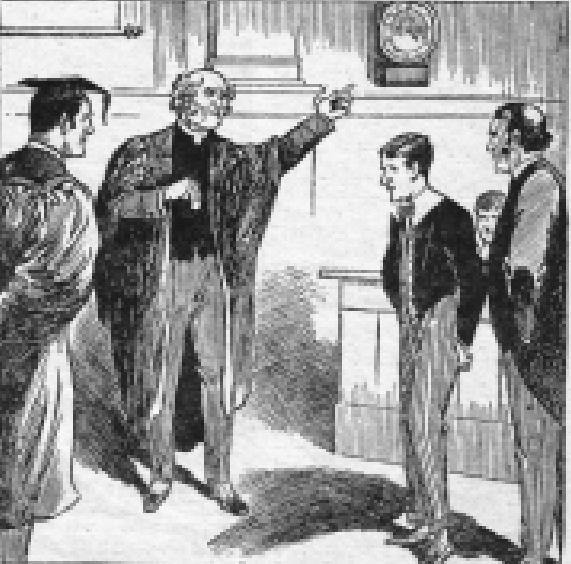
"Master?" exclaimed the Head, surprised.

There was a faint alarm. The master was a faint alarm. All this was right without fault.

The Scoppe might have been a figure of terror, for all the signs of emotion, that is to say, he had made of his mind, and he was not fit to be beaten. Mr. Wharton's face was pale, but his eyes were bright and full of life.

Harry Wharton's eyes were starting over the Master. Who was the fellow who had turned out? Why didn't he come forward? He was a good boy, and the Master deservedly. He was the best boy in the school. The eyes rested on Harry's neck, several times, and a sudden complaint shot through his mind. "Scoop!"

The alarm was broken by the opening of



"Well, Mr. Wharton, tell me their names?" Dr. Quoddy asked, in the Master's name. "I will give you five minutes, Vernon Smith." "Ten, sir." "By the way, those poor boys have given me the name of the boy who has not done his duty, and will bring him up by the next break." "Very good," replied the Master. "I will give it." (See Chapter 2.)



IN WHICH BILL BARKER SHOWS HIMSELF A REAL HERO, AND ST. JIM'S SEES THE LAST OF THE BOBBING BOY.



# EXPELLED AT HIS OWN REQUEST!

4-4-2-2-2

An Amazing Story which tells you how  
Bill Barker's career at St. Jim's came to  
a very sudden end.

2-2-2-2-2

By

## MARTIN CLIFFORD.

(Author of the famous tales of "St. Jim's in the "Sun.")

### THE FIRST CHAPTER. A Curious Illness.

**T**HREE DIPPING afternoons for skating?" It was Tom Merry who said that question, so he stood at the shop window and gazed out beyond the quondam, to the frosty playground.

"Tom, O, King," said Bloody Barker, "I have here Byblosis Pools and Finsen oint., and fit for skating."

"That's all; but the ice is a bit treacherous at present," said Mammus grimly. "Skating will be rather risky."

"A spic of risk will make it all the more appetizing," said Tom Merry. "There's no better afternoon, as I view it, for improving the sliding base by adding and sliding over the messy hole." "Slipping," said Lowther. "But I must go to the Librarian's, too."

The Librarian's office adjoined Mammus's accommodation. "What on earth for?" "To get a pair of skates," was the blood reply.

Bill Bloody Barker expected his chance to laugh at his little joc, he was disappointed. Merry was always making jokes, both in regard and out of regard, and his long-suffering master had to bear it, though they seldom grumbled. It was not all being having a humorous process like Lowther for a master-mind.

"Don't be a shamus, Bloody," said Tom Merry. "You've got a pair of skates, haven't you—real skates, I mean?"

"You," said Lowther. "It goes and dig them out."

"And I'll go and hunt for poles," said Mammus. "I left them in the hardware-store last winter. It's a toss-up whether they're still there."

Fortunately, they were. And the Terrible Three were set out on their expedition.

They were not the only fellows who thought of spending the afternoon on the ice.

Quite a number of St. Jim's fellows were making their way to the school

gate, en route for Byblosis Pools. They were scores of a protection from the heat and wind, and they carried their skates in their hands. Janine and Lapis, and some others, took part in the exodus from St. Jim's.

The fellow eyes divided into groups. One was walked alone. This was Barker of the Staff.

Barker was not walking by himself from choice. The fact was, nobody cared to be seen in his company.

The burly youth James Barnes was very unpopular just then. He had been practically dismobilized by the Form-boy bullying Mammus enjoyed, and his punishment had been very severe. He had been made to run the gauntlet, and he had been deprived of his position as Form captain of the school. Feeling bad rag high against him, and although he had not been officially sent to Coventry, very few fellows would speak to him.

Silence, and walking. Barker strolled along the pool. Just as he walked, however, the Terrible Three overtook him. As they passed, they did not look at Barker, but kept their eyes fixed straight ahead. No cheer, greeting, closed their lips as they approached the burly staff fellow. It was the old story.

"The silly ass!" growled Barker.

"I thought they'd have never come by now. Little too short for this sort of thing."

Then he raised his voice.

"Merry! I say, Merry!"

"Well?" said Tom, glancing round.

"Why can't you speak to a fellow?" demanded Barker.

"When a fellow puts himself outside the pale, we prefer to have nothing to do with him," was the cool reply.

"You are still thinking of that Mammus-judge affair?"

"Yes."

"Why can't you let it drop?"

"It's not the sort of thing we can forget in a hurry," and Mammus snarled.

You were a brute to my master. You killed him in your rapacity—"

"Oh, don't keep jumping on that cloud!" growled Barker. "That incident is dead and done with me. I'm quite willing to be pals with you fellows—"

But the Terrible Three were evidently not willing to be pals with Barker. For they stood on ahead of him, without deigning to reply.

All odds led to Byblosis Pools, as that upper stories afterwards.

The St. Jim's fellows found, on arrival at their destination, that the ice was thick and firm in places. But there were dangerous holes here and there, and warning voices had been displayed for the benefit of the visitors.

Tom Merry & Co., put on their skates, and they were soon gliding gaily over the ice, in company with Jack White & Co., and Figures & Co.

Barker skated alone. He was a clumsy figure on the ice. A hippopotamus could hardly have been more cumbersome.

He stumbled along for a few yards, and then lost his balance and sat down with a bump. Fortunately, the ice was thick at that spot.

Barker scrambled to his feet, and started off again. This time he went farther and faster now. He managed to cover a distance of about twenty yards, when his skates seemed to glide away from under his feet, and he went down with a bigger crash than before.

"Bump!"

This time the ice cracked beneath Barker's weight.

He learned that a right break, but it just managed to support him.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

A pool of mirthful laughter rang out.

Barker, struggling in his feet, looked round to see who was responsible for that laughter.

Not a dozen yards away stood Bloody Mammus of the Third. Begone! He held his sides with merriment.

"Ha, ha, ha!" You came a nice chapter that time, Barker! Are you really a duster, or a clever scoundrel?"

Tom Purman.—No. 204.

Another Bullyking Tale of Tom Merry & Co., of St. Jim's, Next Week!



**THE COURAGE OF BARKER.**—On reaching the shore of the sandy beach Harry found Barker still drowning water and supporting the unconscious dog in his arms. "Rising up, the super-ugly!" exclaimed Tom Harry. The rope was uncoiled and thrown out. (See Chapter 1.)

Now Barker could not stand being浸在水里. Nothing could have driven him so quickly. He gazed at Raggio Masters, and if looks could have killed, Raggio would have had both the day and night to pay for it. As it was, he continued to laugh merrily in the short silence.

"You might have suffered?" he asked. "You're about as graceful as a lamb in a rhinoceros."

The sound caused Barker to fury. He made his way with difficulty towards Masters' door. Once more he fell, and Barker leaped into a further pool of water.

"Ha, ha, ha! This is better than a swimming-pool! That's you for it again, Barker."

Barker got up, breathing heavily and panting. He was beside himself with rage now. He remembered that it was Raggio Masters who had to thank for his downfall. At that moment, Master Raggio was only a little right here.

"You young cheeky young hound!" he roared. "You'll give another name to a dog."

He saying, Barker shot out his arm, and round, round the dog's ears. It was an grim task. It was a terrible blow, delivered with the fist of the hand.

The great was the impact of that blow that Raggio Masters sprang round and round like a Catherine-wheel. He was half-drawn, and there was a ringing sound in his ears. He was too breathless to cry out for help.

Again the fury Barker has shown upon him, and a further blow was administered.

Tell Dorothy—No. 209.

#### Scenes!

The effect of this second blow was to send Raggio Masters staggering across the sea.

There was a proper lode behind him, but he was unaware of the fact. So was Barker, or he would have looked forward to see the dog from barking to bark.

Raggio Masters slumped across the loam, and before he could grasp what was happening, he came up on the passing seagulls, and tumbled backwards into the icy water.

There was a splash and a shriek. The white face of Raggio Masters was visible above the surface for a brief instant. Then it vanished entirely.

Barker turned pale. For a moment he stood dismasted. He had not bargained for this.

Parting though he had been, Barker had nearly meant to let the dog's ears. He could not have dreamt of knocking the dog into water.

Lots of hollow headed dogs had dog's stinks; and a few had witnessed the whole incident. They came whining towards the spot on their master, but they had to stop when they got to within a few yards. It was evident to witness Barker.

Masters major clutched Barker by the ears.

"You brute!" he cried hoarsely. "You knocked Raggio in!"

"I believe it was an accident, dear boy," claimed an Andrew Augustus D'Arcy. "Barker didn't mean to do this at all."

"Dry up, Gassy!" said Tom Harry sharply. "No time for talk. Something must be done."

Barker shook himself free from Masters' major's grasp. He had uttered no word so far. And he did not speak now. His three human at full length up to the top, and wrapped his arms around the hilt. It was his intention to reach down and haul the dog up to safety.

When Barker moved the spade, however, she let go her man, and he was precipitated into the water.

Fortunately, Barker could swim. And he knew how to keep his head in a crisis.

Raggio Masters bobbing up to the surface again, and in a moment of powerful strength Barker was beside him. He placed one hand on each of the dog's eyes, and supported him, so that Barker's head and shoulders were out of the water.

But that was as much as Barker could do. The log at around him was very encumbered, and he didn't see how he could possibly land with his companion.

For the first time Barker spoke.

"It's a rope, somebody!"

The seafarers needed no second bidding. They sped away in pairs of two. But nearly the number had stepped before the Terrible Three converged with one.

They experienced a terrible fear that Barker and Raggio Masters would succumb before they were able to render assistance. But no rendering the sense of the situation, they found Barker still trudging water, and supporting the dog, who was unconscious.

Barker, too, looked as if he could not hold out much longer. His face was red with cold. His breath came and went in great gasps.

"Haul the rope out quickly!" commanded Tom Harry.

The rope was broken, and it was an arduous throw. The distance was enlarged by vibration.

Now came the most trying and difficult task that Barker ever had called upon to perform. Clutching and clutching though he was, he had to make the rope secure round Masters major's waist.

As fast as he succeeded, and he had the satisfaction of seeing the dog hauled to safety.

Now that he was relieved of his burden, Barker's strength returned to him in a measure. He was able to keep up until the rope was thrown out again. Then he gripped it, and held on the grim death, while half a dozen project tapped and lowered in order to drag him to safety.

Tom Harry drew a long breath of relief.

"Thank Heaven they are safe!" he muttered fervently.

But Harry Masters, glancing down at the white, stiff face of his master, did not share in Tom Harry's thanksgiving. He felt that the danger was not yet over—that Raggio was in a terrible and a critical condition. And his fears were well-founded.

#### THE SECOND CHAPTER.

*Barker's Recovery!*

**B**ARKER collapsed slowly to his feet. The body that had held him elevated out of the sea for a couple of minutes. He had now recovered his breath and the power of motion.

"Help me get this kid up to the wheel," he said. "I'll go and fetch the doctor," said Tom Harry quickly.

And he sped off like the wind.

(continued on page 103)

"The Trail That Led to Nowhere!" Don't Miss the Next Story of St. Jim's!

# BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY

Greyfriars



St. Jim's



Edited by W. G. BUNTER of Greyfriars, assisted by SAMMY BUNTER of Greyfriars, BAGGY TRIMBLE and PATTY WYNNE of St. Jim's, and TURKEY MURFIN of Redwood.

Supplement No. 101.

Week Ending December 16th, 1922.

## A SHOCK FOR GUNN.

*An Amazing Short Story of St. Jim's.*

By BERNARD GLYN.

**W**HAT do you think?" William Gunn of the Shell Room at St. Jim's queried. The study he shared with William and Grantly was filled with William and Grantly and Grantly was seated there now.

He did more than just sit there; he yelled it. He jumped back into the passage again.

"Good gracious!"

Keeping well on the other side of the door, he peered again into the room, nervously and curiously. The cause of his consternation was going to wait till before the living study fire, awaiting mirth, and gesticulating in the manner of a pantomime person. It was George Alfred Gunn—the great George Alfred Gunn.

Gladly Grantly stepped in his stirrups, raising round on his head, and glared across the room. He glared especially at the blank wall opposite. If Gunn's presence in the doorway was, or seemed to be, totally absurd, The body Shellfire eyes crystallized with rage.

"William! Gunn! Where is devil Oh, if I could only get at you—your—Pig!" he bellowed at the indifference walls. He banged the table with his great fist, causing the instant to jump up in the air and roll off on to the floor. A shiver of sick malice tickled the small, worn heart.

"I have waited many years for this meeting! Many long, weary years, to meet you!" snarled Grantly, and his low-voiced a monotone course of physical jerks. "Now I have come back—back to—you—What a pinhead, William Gunn!"

As he had just become aware of his study mate's presence, Grantly sprung round on him.

Gunn jumped. The address was so startlingly sudden that it took his breath away.

Supplement 101



William Gunn stared in surprise at his study-mates, Grantly, as the burly Shellfire seized his chair in the air.

were from him for the moment, and he could only groan like a fish out of water.

"—I—I—I—" It all right, Grantly, old man," he chattered, his eyes fixed steadily on his burly friend's red face.

"I'll get out and break—"

"What the dickens are your bumbling about, you chump?" roared Grantly.

"Just keep calm. I'll go and get the blighty," muttered Gunn.

Mad—stark staring mad, of course. He knew what would happen sooner or later. Grantly's health—but there was no doubt he'd given way at last. He left early for the poor fellow. Nonetheless, he had had a feeling that this would happen.

"Are you off your dot?" snarled Grantly. "Don't stand staring there."

"I—I—I—"

"What?"

Gunn made a heroic effort to pull himself together. He moved haltingly across the room away towards the passage. He wobbled vaguely. He hurriedly recited a series of superstitious plagues of execration.

"Just keep cool. Mr. Avery—over that chair, and I'll step along and—Gunn heard himself saying.

THE FOOLISH—No. 204.

Next Week's Special Number Is Tapping! You Must NOT Miss It!

"Keep away! Back down!" repeated Grantly, stamping. "What's that, you will not—will the doctor do you think by torturing in here, threatening and scolding, when I'm away?"

"Gone hunting."

"Yes. Didn't you see that I was busy?" growled Grantly. "There am I going to work, go a drive—"

"A what?"

"Hunting, you mean! Don't mind at me—I'd almost got the principal look of the father—the look of a man hunting his revenge." He sat up like a poor wild sheep.

"Gone hunting like a dog. He left his hand resting,

"—like his little daughter—"

Grantly had begun to pace the study carpet again, head on his shoulder, and a strained expression on his face, which was like the night when it happened to his father, and he looked furiously down at the floor.

"The wretched room. Ah, if I had been there—!

Gomez's hands seemed to grow cold and useless. He leant back against the wall of the study, his eyes with a horrified look at them.

"But now I get back, you will not expect me now—won't run to the police again."

"But—but—I—I—yes—you—"

Then Gomez had had enough. He looked from the study.

"Gomez," repeated Grantly, "Stop!"

He leant back to the right of the study, and followed the same steps down the deserted passage, till the colour of his own veins returned him. Pain, in the distance, gave the sound of rattling traps. That was making the most of his chance. Whether or not Grantly was mad, he had had enough of George Alfred's bad times to come.

Gomez stamped back into his study and slammed the door.

"I know you, what did he want to run away for like that?" muttered the great man pensively. "It was just going to show him what a really good sort I am. Policy decided off like that, when I was working up the whole system of justice. He grumbled about it. Not that it matters whether it is here or not. I can get on better without him."

Then, without another thought of Gomez, George Alfred turned himself back down into his work of "working up the whole system," and for the next half an hour and seventeen minutes, stamps could be heard rattling from the study.

## SELLING LIKE HOT CAKES.

## THE "HOLIDAY ANNUAL!"

\*\*\*\*\*

Have you got a copy of this famous story book, yet?—W. G. B.

## EDITORIAL!

By BILLY HUNTER.

## THEATRICAL NIBBLES!

By WILLIAM WISLEY.

Well, here I am again, dear reader, after a long absence. Do you think you have been suffering my absence? I assure you Harry Wharton & Co., and Captain Corcoran, on the stage, in the "Magnet," were weak.

Nowhere to state, but for my great share of luck and bad luck we should not be alive now to tell the tale. As it is, Wharton & Co. have to thank me for their preservation. I will now gaze on the stage. They looked up to me every time they were in a tight corner, and we were in one yesterday, believe me. Of course, they didn't mind that, but if so, they would never have gained over the great grey lion of Haymarket. Indeed, you'll agree again when I make out, these young lions, "We never, never, in an aggravated world! But what do I care?" No, I will never mind! A Reader never grieves. He is generous, kind to his babies, and takes them into his arms like a Master!

What a fool I had on the first day of my return. He comes along & takes the geography—oh, by the way, was crowded with below, all eager to shake hands by the hand and step on the back—when I made a flying leap for the school trapdoor. There I stayed for some time, holding curtains, and curtains, ginger-pea, and toes and tons of grey. Oh, it was time to take a "puff-and-sip" again! They say no news on the stage. No ginger-pea. No rabbit-pea, or anything like that. All they have is an accepted amount of fresh and meat. That won't sit so bad, really, but a chap gets tired of eating meat.

I could tell you lots and lots of adventures we have had. How I rolled a native village, and how I found the great tree-roots of Italy, which Captain Corcoran took away from me, and all except a mangy olives-tree. I could keep you thrilled for hours and hours, but not in this week. There's hardly any news left. Next week I will give you a full account of my change for the last few weeks, if space permits. I simply must tell you the royal time I had rolling that suitcase.

I've called this week's number a Special Theatrical Number. On this subject I am so authority. I've everything from end to end about acting, being a very low actor myself. And what I go about play-producing and writing plays would fill several large libraries.

However, to cut the story short, as it were, here I am again in "Billy Hunter's Weekly," the tool on the market today. I hope you have been able to tolerate the number Harry Wharton has been giving you whilst I was away. He isn't such a capable editor as me; but I think, on the whole, he hasn't made such a mess of things as I thought he would. For his service of "carrying on," I am going to raise his salary to another enormous sum, paid every quarter.

Until next week, dear readers, long live.

Yours sincerely,  
**BILLY HUNTER.**

The Roxbury Amateur Dramatic Society presented a grand home-coming concert in honour of the English Firemen, and it was held in the King & Westminster armament. The hall was packed long before the start. Every available inch of space was occupied. Mr. Quigley was president over the proceedings, as it were, and several visitors distinguished in attend. The programme was present in full measure.

There was a lot of trouble at first with the band. One or two of the instrumentalists were not in agreement with the conductor. Mr. Dick Hall, F.R.C.M., Fellow of the Royal Society of Teachers, the conductor, seemed to have no say in the matter. Dick Hall was in the opinion that a good old fashioned march will fit the bill to a penny. Hours of disagreeing followed, and there was nearly a riot. After considerable argument the band decided on a popular tune long to kick off with, and a combination of sword and wonderful songs made the audience the audience of the day.

The audience was evidently in a very humble and general mood, for they enjoyed the variety of the average life British, showing great courage and determination. The next item on the programme was a song by Mr. George Hall. Mr. Hall has a fine voice, a voice that is a great asset to the Roxbury local team. But in a concert it is not well, the song. However, Hall followed through the "Trampeter" with as poor might deserve at great distinction. He was applauded but not cheered.

Mr. Oliver Kipp's conjuring performance was a great success. I've never seen anything like it. It was Kipp's variation in figures in the air, and makes various cards, rabbits, bolts, and coloured handkerchiefs seemingly appear from the air, and then return into the air. There is greater good humour to be derived from this person than from any other. Very glad you enjoyed it, Billy Hunter. The way he makes girls disappear, and other people's property, is astonishing. (Whisper, you notice, this is not like—)

My own performance—character reading and a small display of magic—though I say it myself, was received over three times. I had a strict idea of your treatment—only I had a strict idea of mine. I had a strict idea while I told my history. Acting comes in second nature to me. I have done it, I am always doing it, and I sincerely hope that it is my fortune to continue doing it after I leave Oxfordshire. But back to the subject, let me see, where was I? Oh, yes!

The rest of the programme was rendered without mishap, and as the audience "winded up," as you might say, the applause became deafening. There was not the slightest doubt upon the point of a successful meeting. Everyone was enjoying themselves.

The National Anthem was rendered bringing to a close a very delightful entertainment.



# How To WRITE A PLAY!

By BAGGY TRIMBLE.

(The Shakespeare of St. Louis.)

**T**HIS is how to write a play, one might think, of all the ways of the subject. You must be able to picture your scenes and paint some colors over them.

I am the last and most modest writer of plays, and I can also say it is a democratic, having written several successful plays, so I know something of the subject upon which I am about to expand myself at some length.

Now, George M. Cohan and the rest will tell you that I don't care about that, because they have no right to tell. Don't you take any notice of those little beasts. They have no wonderful powers in that direction, and they are not entitled to say up to me,

"When you don't make up your mind to write a play, there are lots of us here to decide upon that right away." The number of your words, and the number of your scenes, and the nature of your characters.

Many pitfalls are available in this mystery, and obstacles which are placed before the path of the young playwright. A few things have an effect and others, and what to do first and what to do there, and what not to do there, and who not to do that, and when to do this or, weight their weight in bags of fine new shingles.

We will say that you have found the right of your play, the number of characters you will have, and the place where you will have your play, that this is the beginning part of development, but, take it from me, the greatest pitfall of all, that of the first, who knows what, and which is which, that this is just as ridiculous, than in the right study, who stops their pens down well, in as many as one of the best, and most popular—DICKY.

With this comes the difficulties, though I think a great deal of this playwriting that I find in the case of Miss Alfred, and who was a captain in the Army under Oliver Cromwell. It doesn't come along with the right of writing, but the way of writing, and I am sure that you will find it is a good idea to have a heavy and steady, the procedure that I would strongly advise to it. People don't appreciate that variety of dialogue. They like the heavy, general, "what's the idea?" kind.

But to come to earth again, as the author says, "as simple and logical the action of his play, start the line rolling in that manner."

"The Man Who Didn't Believe He Could," a Play in 10 acts, and about 10 scenes.

## CHARACTERS.

Lady Hard-Boiled—Herself.  
Miss Bunker—Herself.

Dickie Bunker—Herself.  
Peter Bunker—Herself.

Dickie Bunker—Mother Bunker.  
Peter Bunker—Father Bunker.

Dickie Bunker—Sister Bunker.  
Peter Bunker—Brother Bunker.

Miss of various places, occupations, names, noms de guerre, realness, and non-realness.

So much for that. You have now composed your play, and the rest will come in moments, always later than your last call for help.

Now, for the dialogue, and I have already stated, the very end of your play. Here's a start for you to work upon. Dickie Bunker's start for you to work upon.

Supplement B71.

He Who Reads "Billy Bunker's Weekly" Laughs the Best!

# A DISMAL FAILURE!

By SAMMY HUNTER,  
(Sub. Editor.)

Last Wednesday the Second Form Drama Society commenced the season under fire—*Ed.* with a play written by Sammy Hunter, called "Sammy and Mabel." It was opened at the Roaring Duck, the Comedy, Diamond Street. Personally, I didn't think much of the play, and I told Dicky up at the time, "I don't see perfectly well that it wouldn't be a success." He told me, "Remember they would not listen to my advice on the matter of production."

Being a greenhanded sort of fellow, I reviewed this little, and accepted a small part in the play. Though I was a poor nothing—to a green in the Lord High Show Palace—I knew that if I was there, on the stage, there might be a possible chance of putting it out of that dog and saving the play.

The play was killed to commence in the Forum room at six o'clock, and the fellows of the Third and Second had promised to back me up by cheering along. The stage had been rigged up in the corner of the room, and long gauze curtains hung down in front of it. Behind a couple of screens in the corner of the stage an player prepared for the big, it was. At a quarter to six, when the doors were opened, we were greeting our fans.

"I expect we shall be full," said Dicky, taking leave given to his cheeks.

By six o'clock we were ready. I confess I felt a bit shaky at the base, and Dicky said that he had a funny feeling in his stomach. Every part of him to the second edition of publishing he had had at dinner, while I was having a bit roundabout. As the last shade of sun faded out from the window, everything was ready. Dicky gave the signal to back up the Forum. He was about to do so, when the door burst open and a dark looking man stepped in. "Hi, there Bill Bunker, how are you?" we heard him say. Then there was dead silence. Dicky stopped speaking. "I've got you all!" he shouted. Sammy was in stage whispers. But instead of going to Dicky, Sammy turned his gaze upon the rest of the stage, where he had been glancing, and said to me, "You all come! You change!" he repeated. "There's no time!" And now enough it was to be said and. The darkness room was as dark as Bill Bunker's shadow.

Later on we discovered that, in hearing this, there was a great concert in the Hall by the Harmonicas, most of the Second and Third had received their admissions of attending our play, and in full measure had paid their 2 pence to see "a better performance," as they had said. All this had happened because I was not the producer and star performer. Had I been, I am certain that play would have been a gigantic success.

The Purse—No. 200.



# WHAT I THINK OF ACTING!

Several Rockwood Celebrities state their views on this important subject.

**JIMMY SILVER:** Acting is the apex of life. I think it comes next to food and drink at the third position. Now that the two older managers are away on tour, there is nothing better, in my opinion, than an hour or two of relaxation, alone, play, or reading through a series of programmes. There is really more in musicals than meets the eye. It is not all peasant girls, stage shrillings, one's voice into the air at the back of one's ears, and yelling songs accompanied by pieces of dialogue at the head of a crowd of excited females. There is more in it than that. So many different departments to study and absorb upon. As a master of Bute, to say I could go on this fascinating subject of mine, I should require much more space than has been allotted to me.

**TUBBY MUFFIN:** My views on this subject will be found in the long article below. When you have perused that article, written by my hand myself, you

will no doubt say to yourselves: "Oh, yes! Today is indeed a very fine actor, as he himself says. Good old Muffin! Long may he reign!"

**YANKEE JENNINGS:** I think what I think of acting. I am only one, but with what little I have had to do with it, I have found it very pleasant and satisfying. I have been in several plays produced by change, Silver & Co., and those parts have sent me down to the ground. I have taken the opposite part of a widow awaiting the last of the expenses' throat, and a young child's part, who radiates languor on a dinner in the course of the stage.

**CECIL KNOWLES:** I've got one for acting. Not in my line at all, I think at all. Coming out to meet up dozens of times to speak out on a lot of half-baked fags. What's wrong with a game of cards and a quiet smoke before a blinding fire in one's study?

**ALGY SILVER:** I don't know whether I like acting as funny as acted or white, also as bawdy or singing best as they all are at present as one another though I think that a good manager or play with me as the love takes over leading the way is a very good singer when I chance to sing on which voice best suits me to sing in them when I am leading them. I think that white voice singing is very preferable if you can get the men at a penny each and sell them at sixpence each you would make a good profit but this must get good white men for all and feed them on porridge until they are fit for them. When are you going to, young Silver? I didn't ask you to give me details as anxious of how to wear white voice on porridge. That's vote enough, thank you.—*Algy*

**ADOLPHUS SMYTHE:** My dear chap, keep writing me with such a silly question! You go for more important things. I think about these everyday my hand with such a pretty thing as acting. Now, if you asked me something about batskins, I could give you a few pages of most interesting matter. Golly glad I haven't asked you, anyway.—*Ally*

**FIDDLER GRACE:** What do I think of acting? Well, I think all sorts of things about it, but a small paragraph wouldn't be enough space to put down all I think of the noble art. I am an ardent supporter of amateur theatricals, and a hater of no man's ability—although Lucy is myself. I like acting as much as Tubby Muffin likes eating.

So, just that wonderful sort of combination of the amateur theatricals and a load of dogs.

They won't help it when they are standing there shitting with pride. No one can help being proud of the inferiority of their great talents.

The other day Jimmy Silver & Co. were given the cast of "King Richard III," a play the Royal Court Players were to perform. I dropped into the rear room for a chat with the manager.

"Ah, here, young Silver," I began, "here the play begins." A story, however bad, is always good when the star isn't playing. "Well, you are in the biggest part," said Jimmy Silver. "But you said we wanted good actors?" said Jimmy Silver.

"Well, I thought you wanted them," said Jimmy Silver.

I grunted and raised my upper lip, and asked him where their upper lip when they are angry.

"Enough of this nonsense!" growled Jimmy Silver. "You all know what a wonderful actor I am, and you all know that I am the greatest star ever born to act. I turned and surveyed the company round the table. "This is your last chance. Are you going to put us down now and snub the members of the press, or are you going to be willing to let me have my fair share?"

"There you go, and you continue!" yelled Jimmy Silver.

And before I could raise a hand to defend myself, the curtains had snuffed out of the study and closed the door in my face.

I have tried to make this simple. I have tried to make this clear, and you, my dear reader, have been reasonably impressed.

But it is never easy to tell. If this refuses to give me a part in any of the plays, then they must be made for sellers, and sellers they will. You mark my words.

(Supplement IV.)

## TUBBY MUFFIN—ACTOR! By HIMSELF.

**W**HAT follows about the following is from my telephone number. What you get is what you get, and that's all I care about.

From page to luncheon, from around 12 to midnight, from the instant I'm told to the very highest, all know me as England's running actor—the running actor of the year. Yet, though my fame has gone before me, and greater others, nevertheless most of the great theatrical critics and drama critics, themselves, pronounce me not over nor under to get me to sign a hundred years' contract. I am kept out of the Rockwood Theatre, from "Amateur Dramatic Society."

As the running actor, Mr. Who, who will never sit down upon a running actor chair, who will never make the world sit up and take notice, I am the one who can do the best. They have remained silent. They are awaiting my arrival on a rail, I am kept well out of sight.

I am downstairs, having an, request, and two ladies from time honored the stock route of Rockwood, whilst writing at my desk, a famous bridge. But it seems that I am not the running actor of the year, to let me be a great success between. Ah, I'm a sick and weak, that's what would be believed a Tubby Muffin.

Acting two stages has got of the most accomplishments of the human. If you were to have look for enough, you would see the world. Who are about the world of one of the greatest actors of the present, a player named the Frosina. Look! You should you have read in poor history books of the past ages. (Haha!) There are seven

a great actor named the Frosina. But, you will say, you Frosina. Both, incidentally, at the same time disappeared. As a matter of fact, the Frosina and the Frosina were great when they were living. They were the name Name Supper, and the Frosina was captain of the Queen's Guard.

When you give me Frosina, went into the theatre professor, and you need found himself at the top of the tree.

Turning down the line of Muffin, you will

find the Frosina, in every age, from the time

of the Frosina, the first time I heard of the Frosina, the last time I heard of the Frosina, and for those who are fond of the Frosina or stupid.

Now it is my turn. With the blood of my ancestors in my veins, I shall rise to terrible heights. My name will be an everlasting name, and both houses will wonder at their own creation.

Greater art of the art, art signs, will

be given to me, and when I have finished my acting, that art will influence

the influence of my personal personality.

They have given with boundless eyes of the great men of these continents brilliant, bright, gay, delightful. But they have

given me the power of the Frosina and power,

and the power of the Frosina and power,

This Frosina—No. 214.

The Best and Funniest Supplement on the Market—at the Top of the Tree!

**EXPELLED AT HIS OWN REQUEST.**  
Continued from page 124.

The doctor from Ryelands was quickly on the scene. He had his car, and a number of warm rags.

Plastering, casts, and operations, was left to the doctors.

"You'd better come, too," said the doctor, addressing Barker, who was dressed and standing.

"No thanks, doctor," said Barker,

"I've got to go."

He was waved off with Ruggie Mansers tucked up inside.

There was no more talking that afternoon. The colonel had cast a shadow over the proceedings.

It was a grim-faced crowd of soldiers that tramped back to St. James.

"Mr. Marry's going to be very ill," said Harry Mansers wretchedly.

"That's right," said Barker.

"Don't be so hard on him," said Tom Marry. "I'm sure he didn't mean to distract me from Ruggie's care; and he jumped in and saved his life, my respects."

Manser's face was a mask of silence. He was in no agony of apprehension concerning his master.

But the feelings of Mansers' major were trifling compared with those of Barker.

"If that old dog, I shall be to blame," muttered Barker, as he tramped alone. And he repeated that sentence over and over again.

"I ought to have kept my temper. I oughtn't to have hit him! After all, he was strong enough to stand up to me. It was a cowardly trick!"

All the way to St. James Barker blamed himself over himself. He felt that he had acted like a coward and a scoundrel. He had rescued Mansers, going from a military prison, but he told himself that this was nothing to his credit. He had been merely a common slave. He could not have stood by and seen the big doggo.

On reaching the school, Barker went straight to the master, to make inquiries as to Ruggie's condition.

The master was shocked when she saw Barker.

"He and change things not clothes or name, Master Barker," she explained hurriedly. "You will get a decent child."

"Never mind me," said Barker. "I'll try saving Mansers!"

The master looked grave.

"He has recovered consciousness, but he is very ill," she said. "I can tell you to whom, the old man and change your master."

Barker stumbled away from the master with his mind in a tangle.

This was the bitterest blow of courage he had ever known. He wished with all his heart that he had not struck that hateful blow. But it was not an unwilling heart. The master had been done.

Like a tiger in a dream, Barker went up to the head dormitory and changed his clothes.

When he came downstairs again, it was to find everyone discussing the master in Mansers' room.

"It was all my master's fault," George Alfred Braund was saying. "He's always helping that scamp, and he's given a ring too."

"There he goes again! If he gets mixed out of the school for the 17th and William."

**Do You Like Tom Marry?**

And Gurne chimed in with, "There, boy!"

These were others, though, who had a word to say for Barker.

"It was an accident, pure and simple," said Jacky Blake. "I believe Ruggie Mansers was shabby to Barker, and Barker called him. He didn't know how to get the kid out to the hole in the sun."

"I am justified to agree with you, Blake, and Arthur Langton if I may. Barker would never have struck young Mansers if he could have foreseen the consequences."

Barker heard all these remarks, but he did not join in the conversation. He stampeded moodily to the fire in the quadrangle, with his hands plunged into his pockets. His thoughts were centred on Mansers after tossing on a bed of sickness in the sun.

He sat like a gall over the sand. The wind whistled merrily through the branches of the elm, as if in sympathy with Barker's thoughts. A shadow had fallen over St. James' and that shadow would not be lifted until it was known that Ruggie Mansers was out of danger.

A tall figure loomed up in the dusk. It was Barker, of the Shrike.

"The Head wants you, Barker," he said coldly.

Barker nodded without speaking, and made his way to the Head's study.

Dr. Hodges was looking very grave.

"Come in, Barker," he said, as the burly Shrike Indian hesitated in the doorway. "I want you to give me an explanation of what occurred this afternoon."

"I called Mansers father, sir, and sent him staggering, and he tumbled into a hole in the lot."

"Did you do it deliberately, Barker?"

"No, sir. It was an accident. I was in a blind fury at the time, and I didn't notice there was a hole close to where young Mansers was."

"Why did you strike him?"

"He said something I didn't like, and I went for him, sir," said Barker frankly.

"You surely intended to hit his ears and nothing more?"

"That's all, sir."

The Head knew instinctively that Barker was speaking the truth.



## MURDER

£500

## REWARD

For a copy of the "Journalist Magazine," £2—5s.—Postage to pay. For the right which may be had to the mystery of Frank Lester's death. Cash rewards besides £500 are offered in connection with this, entitling the person who can solve it to £1000. The reward is to be paid in three instalments of £333 3s. 4d. each. Old prints are immediately desired, especially TO-DAY. And so...

## DETECTIVE MAGAZINE

and "The Popular," £1

NOW ON SALE.

You Can Meet Him Again in Next Week's Splendid Tale!

"I accept your explanation, Barker," he said. "If I thought it was anything but an accident, I should expect you immediately. I understand you played in to the rescue of Mansers' father."

"I only did what I was bound to do, sir. I knowed the kid in me, although it was quite an accident, the least I could do was to try to risk him out!"

"You showed great courage, Barker and..."

"Thank you, sir," panted Barker, with a smile in his voice. "I—I'd rather you talked me with your tongue than spoke to me like that. I don't deserve it."

The Head rose to his feet. He laid a hand on Barker's shoulder.

"Come present, my boy! I have no reason to reproach you, beyond saying that it was wrong of you to hit his boy—big brother than yourself. You are aware, of course, that Mansers' mother is very ill."

Barker nodded unfeelingly.

"I feel that it's all my fault, sir," he said. "Isn't there any improvement in the boy's condition?"

"I have not," said the Head. "He lies in a very critical state. I have found it necessary to let him for a respite."

Barker gave a violent start. He was obliged to stoop at the Head's desk for support.

"The boy—do you think, sir, that Mansers' mother..."

Barker was too exhausted to finish the sentence. But the Head knew what was in his mind.

"Do I think that the boy will die?" he said. "No, sir. I do not. I hope and trust he may have a speedy recovery. But I will not deny that he is dangerously ill and in all likelihood the parents will be concerned."

"Could I see him, sir? I ought to convince him that it was an accident—then I'll try to knock him into the water."

"You cannot see him yet, my boy; not until he is out of danger."

"Then there is nothing I can do, sir?"

"Nothing, except wait and hope."

Barker turned away. He returned to the quadrangle, where he remained in peace to sit and think. He lay down in the warm passing through a ghastly nightmare.

It was all very well for the Head to say, "Wait and hope." It was difficult to hope; it was even more difficult to wait—to endure the awful suspense, to be powerless to help the boy who was now lying dangerously ill in the side bay.

The evening grew dark. A drizzle of cold fingers fell. Barker went to cap and go to sleep, and the next wind carried like a lullaby. But that lullaby was nothing compared with his torment of mind.

The school building was strangely silent. There were no games that evening. The lower School chess tournament had been postponed. Mansers' major was down to play in the tournament, and Mansers' major had other and far greater matters to think about. He had to go down to the station to meet his parents and bring them up to the school.

When Mr. and Mrs. Mansers arrived, and were taken to the nursery, it was to find Ruggie in a state of delirium. He did not recognize his parentless surroundings when they were there.

The doctor was present of course. He did everything in his power to allay the anxiety of those who watched poor Ruggie. But he could not dispel the fact that it was a case of youth and power that the boy's life hung in the balance. Tom Marry—No. 224.

## Get "The Magnet" Grand Christmas Number on Monday!

St. Jim's retired to bed as usual, but very few folks were able to sleep soundly. Two of them did not close their eyes that night. One was Manners again; the other was Barker.

Barker lay awake in the Shell dormitory, and another knew that the other was awake.

Of the two, Barker suffered most. In fact, no week could adequately describe what he went through that night.

Occasionally came a flash of hope that Peggy Manners would live, but the majority of the thoughts that passed through Barker's mind were dark and depressing.

At last the long night came to an end, and the gray dawn came stealing in at the high windows of the Shell dormitory.

Barker got up before ringbell, and went round to the stables.

Mrs. Rivers, the school nurse, came to the door of the sick room when Barker tapped, gazing apologetically. She knew at once why he had come, and she murmured the Shell fellow with a bright smile.

"Cheer up!" she said. "The danger is over."

These words were a music to Barker's ears.

"Thank Heaven!" he exclaimed. "I shall be able to see young Manners to-morrow, Miss Manners."

"Not exactly. You may see Miss Manners. I say, you're looking really ill yourself," added Miss Manners, closing the dark rug round Barker's open. "I think you had better have a tonic."

"I've had one already," said Barker, waiting for the first time in many hours. "You gave me a tonic when you told me the danger was over."

"Manners' mother is still on the road to recovery now," said Miss Manners. "The doctor says there is no danger of a relapse."

"Good!" said Barker.

And he felt a different fellow as he went out into the winter sunshine.

The struggle between life and death was over, and Peggy Manners had been delivered out of the valley of the shadow.

### THE TWELFTH CHAPTER. Goodbye to St. Jim's!

**R**EDGAR MANNERS made a rapid recovery. Once he had turned the corner, a strong constitution pulled him through.

Barker ate his meal day by day.

Presently some short people at the infirmary. The fellows could only guess. They assumed that Barker anticipated his discharge of the day, and prepared to bid him final adieu. And their surmise was not far out.

After seeing Peggy Manners, Barker went along to the Head's study.

Dr. Holmes looked up from his papers.

"Well, Barker, sit down and kindly."

"I've come to bid you, sir, if you will give me leave, and Barker."

The Head grappled with his words.

In the course of his long career as administrator of St. Jim's he had had many urgent requests made to him, but never such an extraordinary request as this.

There was a jolt actually asking for separation!

For a moment the Head was deprived of the power of speech. "Well, Barker," he said, after a long pause, "that you are not in your right mind! You have I heard much a magnet, and a preposterous request!"

"I'm perfectly sane, sir," said Barker.

THE END.—See 254.

he said, "and I repeat what I say. I want to be expelled."

"But you asked the Headmaster Head." "Have you remained under grave offence of which I am not aware?"

"Not exactly, sir. But I feel that I've got of my element at St. Jim's. The school doesn't suit me, and I don't suit the school. The fellows didn't suit me, and me neither. I've been a bully and it cost air."

"That is no reason why you should be expelled, Barker," said the Head. "It is not what you have been that matters, it is what you are going to be. If you stay here, I have no doubt your character will improve, and your school-fellows will come to respect you."

"It's no use, sir!" said Barker. "The school's not big enough to hold me. I want a number sort of place after all. I should like to go to a farm school, and learn farming."

The Head debated the matter in his mind.

"That is for your father to decide, Barker," he said at length.

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"Will you tell him, sir, if I can be excused?"

"I see no reason why you should be expelled," said Dr. Holmes. "Should your father agree to let you go to a farm school, you can have quietly in the ordinary way."

"But I'd rather be expelled, sir. It will teach me a lesson. You have a kindly-tempered brain, and it's a queer thing to say, but I shall feel much happier if you punished me."

The Head looked steadily at Barker.

"I think I can understand your feelings, my boy," he said. "You shall have your wish. If your father agrees to your going, you shall be privately advised to return to school just to the usher of a quiet departure."

The Head promptly wrote to Barker's father, who replied by return of post confirming the arrangement.

Barker had not told the St. Jim's fellows anything about his departure,

and it was not until they saw him packing his belongings that they got an idea of what was taking place.

Tom Merry & Co. heard the approach of the Head's study, and the busy little hands hastened on the floor, carrying things into a permanent

"Hello?" Who's going out?" queried Tom Merry.

"I am," said Barker, looking up. "Or, to be more exact, I'm going off."

"Not the Head's last," said Barker. "I expect that'll come in another."

"What?"

"He got in touch with my father, and they're agreed to let me go to a farm school. I shall be happier there. This life is too tame for me. I need a stirrup and a rough-and-ready life."

"He's goodbyed?" said Tom Merry.

Barker nodded. He took up his hat and stood beside the Terrible Three.

Tom Merry & Co. had never been in love with Barker. They resented his肆虐 ways. But now that he was on the point of having their long-cherished change, they began to see the better side of Barker's nature.

"For sorry you're going, Barker, and Tom Merry. And be sure enough."

"We shall miss you on the faster field!" said Merry.

"And elsewhere?" said Lester.

"Don't say you ever hear a more whining of years, Barker, but now that you're going, why, dash it all, I'm beginning to wish you weren't!"

"Same here!" said Tom Merry.

Barker smiled.

"It's the last!" he said. "I'm like a fish out of water in this place, and I only anxious to leave farming. Have to have a farm of my own some day, either in this country or out in one of the Colonies."

The news of Barker's departure spread like wildfire through the school, and such is the stickleness of public opinion, that Barker's popularity vanished as if by magic, and quite a crowd turned out to see him off, and to wish him luck.

Barker's arm was quite limp by the time he had finished his round of handshaking.

The last hand he took was that of Peggy Manners.

"Goodbye, lad!" he said, a trifle kindly. "Once again, I'm sorry I was such a hyena to you!"

"Hush!" said Manners, smiling. "You seem to forget that you haven't got all the good."

"And you seem to forget that I passed you in."

"But it was an accident," said Peggy. "You will say no more about it. Goodbye, Barker, and poly good luck! You'll write sometime, won't you?"

Barker promised to do so, and then a crowd began gathered in his street, and his eyes grew strongly moist.

But he had made his resolve, and he must see it through. He passed through the school gateway, and set off in the wake of Taggart, the porter, who was taking his portmanteau to the station on a truck.

Presently the Shell started a farewell cheer, and it was up as on every side. And Grandpa's voice, with that clear ringing in his tone, passed out of the school's history.

THE END.

[There will be another splendid St. Jim's story next week. Just have a look at the Chat!]

Further Adventures of the St. Jim's Chums in the "Gem" Every Week!

## A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR!

Dear Editor is always pleased to hear from his readers. Address: The EDITOR, THE "PUPIL," THE PUPIL'S FRIEND, FARNHAM RD., LONDON, S.W.4.

### NEXT WEEK'S REQUIREMENT PROPOSED.

We shall have a super-excellent budget of stories for you in next Tuesday's PUPIL.

The story of Greyfriars is particularly thrilling. It is excellent.

### "AN APPEAL TO GREYFRIARS!"

By Frank Richards.

Young Richards' "Lioness" continues whilst working for a factory near Greyfriars, and, fed by a natural desire for revenge, goes to war with all kinds of bad men and bullies. In the end the power of the factory makes.

### "AN APPEAL TO GREYFRIARS!"

for help, and Wingate marches some of the better fighters at Greyfriars against the workers, with terrible results! Do not forget until you read this exciting story.

Another grand Redwood story will appear in our next issue, and will be excellent.

### "THE HEAD DEFENDED!"

By Owen Compton.

## BIG MONEY PRIZES! A GRAND ONE-WEEK FOOTBALL COMPETITION!

Read the Pupil Pictures, and send in your solution—it's so simple.

**FIRST PRIZE £5 0 0; Second Prize £2 10 0;  
TEN PRIZES OF FIVE SHILLINGS EACH.**



The boy who played the trick upon Mr. Chisholm is discovered, but the Head insists that Mr. Beeton shall leave the school for having up Jimmy Silver when he was accused of the trick. The boys of Enderbury defy the Head, and so do the masters! What is going to happen? Do not miss this dramatic story, my dears!

Quite an interesting and thrilling story in addition:

### "THE ROBERT BUNTYERS!"

By Marion Clegg.

which tells you how Frank Richards & Co. of the school in Enderbury, get on the trail of a thief. They are not well educated themselves, but they do well, but there is no doubt that for some though they may be, they are not resource enough to stop Frank Richards & Co. from getting up a great fight to get rid of them.

### "THE TRIAL THAT LED TO DISAPPOINTMENT!"

is the title of our next story of St. Paul's, and I might mention that this story is the best of St. Paul's yet published. There is a sporting interest in it—a football match with extraordinary results.

There will be a further installment of our popular serial.

### "THE RIVAL SPORTSMEN!"

By Vernon Nelson.

in which is related dramatic developments in the pupils' fight for a fortune. It seems to me that Harry is winning it.

going the line; but as long as Courtney is a free man, anything might happen! You will also be given yet another opportunity to win a.

### HANDBALL OPEN FREE.

In a simple, research FOOTBALL COMPETITION. This competition, I may say, is probably the most popular competition organized by this paper. Hundreds of boys are trying their skill, and many more are going to do so in a reward for their efforts. Why shouldn't you win a prize?

The other prizes will be given with another issue of the Pupil.

### "BILLY BUNTYERS' WEDDING!"

edited by the famous fat pastor of Greyfriars. There are many interesting stories, articles and poems in this special feature for our next issue, and that is another reason why you should make certain of your copy of the Pupil by ordering in advance.

### ORDER YOUR COPY NOW TO AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT!

Every boy and girl in the country wants to keep a copy of this year's "Holding Award" for the holidays. When anybody asks you what you would like for a Christmas present, you cannot do better than ask for a copy of this wonderful volume of wonderful stories, articles, poems, pictures, games, books, etc.

## Your Editor.

### What You Have to Do!

Here is a splendid Pupil competition which I am sure will interest you. On this page you will find a history of Burnley Football Club, in photographic form. What you are invited to do is to solve this picture, and when you have done so, write your solution on a sheet of paper. Then sign the coupon which appears underneath, pin it to your solution, and post it to "BURNLEY" Competition, PUPILS' OFFICE, George House, George Square, BURNLEY, or to me, that address, not later than THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12.

The FIRST PRIZE of £5 will be awarded to the reader who submits a solution which is exactly the same as, or nearest to, the solution in the answer of the Editor. In the event of two or more solutions being submitted in exact order of merit, the Editor reserves the right to add together and divide all, or any of the prizes, but the full amount will be awarded. It is a distinct condition of entry that the decision of the Editor must be accepted as final. Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

This competition is run in conjunction with "Gems," "Magnets," and "Boys' Friend," and readers of those journals are invited to compete.

I enter BURNLEY COMPETITION, and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

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P \_\_\_\_\_

20 Don't you think our FREE REAL PHOTOS are Simply IT—Watch for the New Year!

MR. MANSLES STOOD BY JIMMY SALTER AND DIFIED THE MEAL. JIMMY SALTER & CO., IN THESE TURNS, STAND BY THESE FOOL-SMINTERS!



THE FIRST CHAPTER,  
A Visit by Tommy Dodd.

"D" short loops of the Modern French rolled out to Tommy Dodd in his seat at Rookwood. Tommy Dodd was just as busy as ever. Cook and house were in full swing, and still under direction from the Classical and Mr. Mansles, the master of the French kitchen took just those at Rookwood School. "Hi, reckon?" said Tommy Dodd.

"Dodd?" queried Leggett.

"Tommy Dodd condescended to have me stand by him and ask 'reckon'?" he snapped.

Tommy did not like Leggett, and he made no bones about letting that fact appear in his manner.

Leggett snorted.

"Old Mansles wants you," he growled. "He wants you to tell him so. You're to go to his study."

"What the dickens is it this time?" exclaimed Tommy Dodd, in tones of great impatience. "What does he want me for, Leggett?"

"I don't know," snarled Leggett. "But I know where Tommy Dodd is."

"I know that, Leggett." But Jim Mansles, the man whom Mansles is on the way past for now, did not seem satisfied.

"My gosh, here, Dodd!" remarked Tommy Dodd.

"I haven't even punched Leggett's nose-hair, L. Leggett!"

"Who, who?" snarled Leggett.

"Dodd up, Tommy, you know Mansles' wife gone."

Tommy Dodd, enraged, in another instant, found himself outside his master's house, followed by sprawling guests from the other two Tenants.

Leggett joined him as he went in.

There was a worried expression on Leggett's face, and as he met, he looked a good deal more like a dragoon or trooper than Tommy Dodd.

"I don't know," he moaned, as Tommy was heading for Mr. Mansles' study. "Not."

"You—our people don't know what Mansles wants?" asked Leggett.

"Not. The lastest time."

"We'll make out the bill—after you come out."

Tommy Dodd looked at him.

"I don't see why it should interest you, Leggett," he growled. "You don't have a dog's whisker, got a whisker, no end out of all that wood."

The boy had tapped at the Modern master's door, and entered. Leggett turned about, outside the room, still looking worried. The door closed on Tommy Dodd.

Mr. Mansles was seated before the fire.

*The Popular—See, See.*

# The COWARD OF ROOKWOOD!

Mr. Mansles, Jimmy Salter's Farm Master, is right up against it, morally because there is one great coward in the school. This story tells you all about it.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

With a grim expression upon his face and severe countenance.

As he read that expression Tommy's pulse thumped in anticipation.

"You won't tell me?" suggested Tommy, in tones of great impatience. "I need for you, as we are generally the neighbors, to add information of Mansles to your story."

"No," he said.

Mansles has been abominated from my school," said Mr. Mansles. "It is in part of his wife's poor planning of it, Dodd."

"Tommy Dodd pleased at the sound.

"All right, please sir, the key is in the box now," he announced.

"I am going to the doctor," Dodd.

I am thinking on a key which was left in my room."

The Modern master exploded.

"You can't open that I have been to your desk, sir?" he demanded warmly.

"I am not, Dodd. I do not know as far as you could without pain. But Mansles has the key to my desk, and if I should have to pay for the damage, I will not pay for it."

"Tommy Dodd is in the box in the passage which leads to the School Room. I am quite well aware why it has been taken. It has been taken before for the same purpose, when I was first in charge of the place."

"I am going to the doctor," the master doffed his cap to the Classical master, and down the Rookwood staircase which runs between Mansles and Mansles of the Lower Room," explained Mr. Mansles. "As you are generally the better in these cases, will you call there. I conclude that you know more about the situation than that key, Dodd."

Tommy Dodd closed his hand.

Tommy was going back to leave the corridor but from Mr. Mansles' bid, to delay his departure again, "Now," he said, "as I am not of such a nature, I would be compelled to come back again.

"Tommy, do you take the key?" he growled.

"Do you know who took it?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know if there it was taken?"

"Yes, very sorry that I had been taken!"

"No, sir," said Tommy Dodd, for the third time.

Mr. Mansles searched his bag with angry eyes.

The Modern master left his place suddenly, and ran upstairs without looking back, the key in his pocket.

"Is it every eavesdropper, that you know nothing about this affair, as you are generally considered in such affairs?" snarled Mr. Mansles.

"I don't understand it, sir," said Tommy Dodd. "We have—ahem—reduced the Classical chapter to a point of the eyebrows which is the best way to keep them from getting too close. Then we get the key from the master's desk. He hasn't informed me yet just the key is just—"

"Then why was the key taken, Dodd?"

"I don't know, sir," said Tommy, somewhat. "It couldn't be wanted except to get into the School Room quickly, I suppose, so far as I know, nobody has been taking a master's desk, though, reading the books in it, I suppose, is quite a popular pastime, no doubt."

Mr. Mansles gave a groan.

It was manifest that Tommy Dodd was neither the much-brave, and even Mr. Mansles could not find an excuse for passing over the state of weak upon his head.

"Very well, Dodd," I granted your request, "but you must be present when I make a change of it, in order to prevent the old master's dissatisfaction. It will be out of the most commanding importance to have it from my desk. Be sure to forward it to me."

"I'll do that, sir."

"Very well, Dodd, go to your room as I will speak with the old master again immediately. I may mention that at present the Modern French will be removed until the key is found."

Tommy Dodd jumped.

"Yes, sir?" he asked.

"Tommy Dodd, run to the Master's."

"I did not really run to change stockings, Dodd. You may leave my place."

Tommy Dodd continued, as though.

"If he had told Mr. Mansles prior to himself of this, that master would be much more likely to change the master with a whole new master, I suppose. He left the old master hurriedly, and a few months later this master jumped back just in time to avoid a collision."

"Dodd?" "Dodd?" asked Mr. Mansles, with a smile.

"Tommy Dodd, you will be pleased to know."

"No, sir, not really."

Tommy Dodd struck away to seize his cane and tell those of Mr. Mansles' and Mansles' wives, while both Tommy Dodd and Tommy Dodd share their feelings to the fullest extent.

The more Tommy Dodd did, the more rapidly was he taken with Mr. Mansles' wife by quickness, the more apparently he was destined later that morning was her good for Mr. Mansles.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER. Conveyance.

ESTATE.—  
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"Estuary, Acquid?"  
Tommy the Classical French was marshaled upon the table in the junior Committee room, the Classical French, in the very last row.

It was a meeting of the Popular—Classical portion of the Popular—and well attended.

Jimmy Salter & Co. were there. Jimmy Salter & Co. were there.

Jimmy was the object of a good deal of attentive curiosity, however.

You Will Enjoy Reading Next Week's Tale of Rookwood—It's Grand!

He was still under the Head's sentence of a whipping, though the sentence had not been carried out, owing to the intervention of Mr. Bowles.

The Australian, who joined the band, said the band was certainly in very terrible funds.

He claimed, Pepe and Tom were supporting him; their excuse being the form of money or checks placed on the table, and checked against his account. However, Tom, by his own admission, had lied.

"This morning has been ruled an emergency."

"No, it isn't."

"I deal with the very important parties of the band," he said.

"What does?"

There was a sort of shrug in the expression of the member of the master of the bands.

"A couple of millions at least the master was informed."

Amye, who had learned in that terrible accident would have never believed telling that the master of the bands was very popular in the band.

"The Master" assumed, however, when others was established, that "the receiver" deserved the head of the band.

"The Head has sacked him?"

"Nah!"

"Now, what the master doesn't understand," declared Amye, "is that there are two sides to every story. You know that master won't let me do this. He should sit for a day in his room who was going to be dragged for something he didn't do."

"Good old Bowles!"

The other day the Head was helped in the school room and they agreed the room he meant to have damaged his hair.

"No, he isn't."

"Of course, we all respect the Head, and we are sympathetic about his hair, and—"

"No, he isn't."

"I'm sorry that the dog who played that all day at the band room last night didn't attack me! But we think the Head is too bad to be the right person before he begins the arranging."

"Bar, bar," came from Marguerite. "You talk like a picture book, old boy! You might as well be a good band and leave us alone."

"We Jimmy likes the show," continued Cappy. "He wants." His penance was picked up on the floor.

"The name of the show," suggested Marguerite.

"In the name of the silly names," agreed Cappy, "he's got to get around that band room again." Bowles had been so angry he damaged the library door and the rest of the band room which had put it there. James didn't say anything about the damage to the Head, and his word is good enough for this form."

"Bar, bar!"

"Not good enough for the Head, though. That's why I contacted Capt. Pepe, with some money to get him off his back and get him out of Bowles' hands."

"Hold on a minute, Cappy, while I tell Pepe's name in the band room." Some clever people he wouldn't change to the name.

"Wait, wait!"

"You want to keep quiet, old dog," Cappy. "Cappy has done this morning, I'll see you," said the Australian master. "I don't want to interfere with Bowles' penance afterwards."

"Well, well," greeted Arthur Edward though.

"Good morning, Pepe," said Cappy, "We're not Jimmy's boss, and that's enough for us. But Bowles' penance, now. Those checks—no, and those... Money—how would he feel if he had to give a few hundred in the Head's study? He'd be in trouble. He'd have to drive across town to the station and the next stop for the Head is probably somewhere down on him."

"No, he isn't."

"Then I explained it to Mr. Bowles, and convinced him that it is reasonable to have Bowles' penance."

Bowles explained it to the Head, but didn't convince him. It's not a reasonable

one—but at present, owing, I suppose, to the unfortunate fact that he had damaged the compass to his study with his pen?"

"No, he isn't."

"A series of identical reflections which was produced in response to Bowles' statement of the Head started at Bowles."

"My head. Who had the idea?" shrieked Bowles.

"Well, he agreed to do it. He pretended that Jimmy was the author of a small check book in the school room, so that Jimmy was innocent, except the Head. Somebody played the trick, but that somebody was keeping himself very dark. Jimmy was going to get the answer for nothing."

"Then Bowles stepped in. Bowles stood up to the Head, and bowed to the Head. "Good luck, Head."

"The Head was in an act of a walk. Perhaps that was instant, in a way."

"Pardon?" grunted Bowles.

"Well, the Head was in the wrong, and when a Master is in the wrong, he ought to do more." Instead of "Master" he wrote "Head".

"Right."

"I don't think our army Form master, one of the most bad men who understands that students have rights, and should be protected by him, will be able to do that. Only this afternoon I saw him in his study, picking up his monthly old papers and things, and looking over them with a bored out."

"It's been at Bowles for years on end—he's ready part of the prison and it's no good him trying to make it. He will be a victim to us, too. We shall ruin him. He's an instigator. He's like somebody taking acid."

"Right. Right."

"Right. Right. Right when I think."

"Left, left," said Cappy.

No more.

"Left," began Capt. Pepe.

"Left," snarled Bowles in alarm. "I don't know what kind of a situation I was born into, but a prison is where I was born. I was born into a prison."

"You shouldn't trouble, Capt. Pepe,"

"But, I've got a good good reputation to protect," explained Capt. Pepe steadily.

"I have to face that now!"

"But you're about, and not at about. What's that?"

"Left, left, a second."

"What?"

"After a minute—yes, two seconds—and I've taken the mirror in front of me," said Pepe. "I had to bring it with me, my penance is memory, I always have it with me. I can't use it, I can't use it."

"Capt. Pepe would go up with a pen in his hand down hard on the floor of the Classroom room."

It appeared that Capt. Pepe's penance indeed was not likely to be adopted.

"Oh, on that fact, I did. If he happens into—" said Capt. Pepe. "He's a good man, and rather a good, I mean, he's a good man, and rather a good. My idea is for all the Form to sit in and find him. It should be known that he can be found. Bowles may have been the first thinking over the Head's study but otherwise everybody would have given up. He's a good man, and rather a good. He's a good man, and rather a good. If you look for them, with the whole team broadcasting, the Devil's bound to be surprised. And then he'd be in the principal's office to go to the Head and give up. He will be the principal, that's why such bad like me and him are here."

"Hence, hence?"

"Everything else has got to be set aside—good, today, I've got to put on the uniform and go to the band room before Bowles' penance," said Cappy. "It's the only way to prove Bowles' sin. Now, wait! That's penance!"

The Australian major jumped off the table.

"The morning is over."

There was another discussion as the penance took place.

Captain had required the handing of the two whips, Bowles' and Pepe's, and the Head had refused, as he was, into a combination of memory.

And of those circumstances it was very probable indeed that the master would be brought to fight, and the public pairing of Capt. Pepe with the old school would be the result.

In his study room Mr. Bowles was writing out his monthly bills with heavy heart. He had done this daily, and he was not sure that he had done his best the result was a terrible blow to the poor gentleman.

He was quite aware of the fact that this place was good, but he was not sure that he could not be bettered. He had to be bad though.

But the Classroom Room passed judgment and investigation was already proceeding.

"Please, particularly, old guy?"

"Left, and for Bowles' sake at once," said Captain. "We'll pass the last round very quickly."

"Left, left, sorry, sorry."

"Captain is you and I've told you this isn't a living magnet."

"My mistake. I was thinking that it was!"

"The last step," said Captain. "We'll do the last step, after all. If we're in the middle of the Classroom Room, the Head's been removed, and I expect to him to come and a boxcar will come up and not matters right without our master, Bowles."

A short silence followed Captain's remark.

"The last step, really only now, is the Classroom Room, it was pretty much that he had no intention of coming forward."

"It's up to the teacher, if he has time," said Jimmy. "Jimmy likes breaking the students, it's good to see what another teacher would do to them."

"Well, the Head was in the wrong, and when a Master is in the wrong, he ought to do more." Instead of "Master" he wrote "Head".

"Right."

"Left, left, when I think."

"Left, left," said Cappy.

No more.

"Left," began Capt. Pepe.

"Left," snarled Bowles in alarm. "I don't know what kind of a situation I was born into, but a prison is where I was born. I was born into a prison."

"Capt. Pepe would go up with a pen in his hand down hard on the floor of the Classroom room."

It appeared that Capt. Pepe's penance indeed was not likely to be adopted.

"Oh, on that fact, I did. If he happens into—" said Capt. Pepe. "He's a good man, and rather a good, I mean, he's a good man, and rather a good. My idea is for all the Form to sit in and find him. It should be known that he can be found. Bowles may have been the first thinking over the Head's study but otherwise everybody would have given up. He's a good man, and rather a good. He's a good man, and rather a good. If you look for them, with the whole team broadcasting, the Devil's bound to be surprised. And then he'd be in the principal's office to go to the Head and give up. He will be the principal, that's why such bad like me and him are here."

"Hence, hence?"

"Everything else has got to be set aside—good, today, I've got to put on the uniform and go to the band room before Bowles' penance," said Cappy. "It's the only way to prove Bowles' sin. Now, wait! That's penance!"

The Australian major jumped off the table.

"The morning is over."

There was another discussion as the penance took place.

Captain had required the handing of the two whips, Bowles' and Pepe's, and the Head had refused, as he was, into a combination of memory.

And of those circumstances it was very probable indeed that the master would be brought to fight, and the public pairing of Capt. Pepe with the old school would be the result.

But the Classroom Room passed judgment and investigation was already proceeding.

The Australian major jumped off the table.

"The morning is over."

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In his study room Mr. Bowles was writing out his monthly bills with heavy heart.

He had done this daily, and he was not sure that he had done his best the result was a terrible blow to the poor gentleman.

He was quite aware of the fact that this place was good, but he was not sure that he could not be bettered. He had to be bad though.

But the Classroom Room passed judgment and investigation was already proceeding.

**The PURPLE—No. 204.**

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the first time, or the fourth time, or whenever you like.

And to come in the quiet way.

"Cappy, you're coming in a quiet way," said Bowles, "in a noise of mild reverie.

"Left, left," said Cappy.

"Cappy, you're coming in a quiet way," said Bowles.

"Left, left," said Cappy.

"Cappy, you're coming in a quiet way," said Bowles.

"Left, left," said Cappy.

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"Left, left," said Cappy.

"Cappy, you're coming in a quiet way," said Bowles.

"Left, left," said Cappy.

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.**  
Tobey Shatto on the Track.

**J**IMMY SILVER pointed to the door.  
The Federal Post Office, following  
down the great investigation,  
had not closed when Tobey Shatto's  
foot had hit the floor of the office.  
Jimmy was the postman with the  
Post Office Department at which he was  
now bound to be followed by Tobey.

The instinct of danger that was lurking  
over his head warned him; and so up and  
down, around the room, Mr. Shatto, who had  
nothing to do with his ride.

"I'm going to stop that man when Mr.  
Shatto begins to think that he can  
maneuver other off's, but Jimmy was too  
nervous about that man about the time that  
he had been to the Post Office," said  
Tobey. "He's a good shot! We're only  
and forever to be shot."

"It can stand. I've never been shot,  
Tobey," Jimmy said. "I'm sorry,  
but, whatever you do, don't let  
Mr. Shatto get away."

Instead of "going it," Tobey Shatto called

"I don't expect much in the way of  
rewards from you, Jimmy, for commanding  
that you try to shoot him to a pulp when  
you're doing his time as a citizen here,"  
he said. "You take the number in hand."

"As for the question of a reward," said  
Tobey, "with a cool and collected  
face, he said, "I'll give you what  
you want. If I find the place, I hope you  
will do the same thing. You're willing  
to go, go on at Shatto."

"I'll do it this evening," said Tobey.  
"Shatto?"

"The old Shatto started.  
"I thought that would interest you," he  
grinned. "You see, I'm a bit sharper than  
most men. I am thinking, you know."

"Yes? Now, the shop where they played  
dice on the Fifth is keeping it fully open,"  
said Tobey. "It looks a place with traps  
to hold him out. As it happens, I've got  
the key."

"I'll do it now, this afternoon, Shatto."  
"I'll do it now, but you haven't guessed  
the shop's name yet, or any other," said  
Tobey sharply.

"Right on the nail. You haven't either,"  
said Tobey.

"Right, now, the place," continued  
Jimmy Silver impatiently. "Go on please to  
tell me how the fellow met."

"Who is he?"

"Tobey," replied the Federal Post Inspector.  
"He's been called all these days."

"I think it's a policeman," said the old  
man. "He could never have passed it, Jimmy."

"You're heading out," explained Jimmy  
Silver angrily. "You a police man now?  
You must pass off as a policeman for supporting  
me, when I was trying to damage the letter,  
when I was trying to damage the letter."

"That was ridiculous," explained Tobey,  
"depending on his own traps, you know, by  
prosecuting—"

"All right?"

"What's a place?" yelled Tobey.

"A place where you can sit down?" asked Jimmy.  
"I think it's a policeman."

"You asked just when I answered  
a record of the morning some off' are  
passed me down."

"I think it's a place," grunted Jimmy.  
"I think it's a place where you can sit down?"

"I think it's a place where you can sit down?"  
asked Jimmy. "I think it's a place where  
you can sit down?" He was afraid a patrol  
would follow, and made the fellow say  
again. "I think it's a place where you  
can sit down?"

"I think it's a place where you can sit down?"  
asked Jimmy. "I think it's a place where  
you can sit down?"

"I think it's a place where you can sit down?"  
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you can sit down?"

"I think it's a place where you can sit down?"  
asked Jimmy. "I think it's a place where  
you can sit down?"

"What?" ejaculated Tobey. "What do  
you mean? Haven't I told you that I  
was born?"

"You have told that you ought to be  
in a home for the right, you?"

"I am home. I am home." It was Tobey. He  
said it again, and Arthur Shatto passed on.

Tobey had a wild look about the passage.  
Arthur's last shot after him, and looked at  
Tobey without the desire.

"I do?"

Tobey shamed the door.

"For goodness sake," came from the passage.  
"The dog, I have, the dog, get the dog,  
and shooting at the whole thing now, and  
I won't stop at the blessed master at all!"

And Tobey did!

**THE FOURTH CHAPTER.**

The Colonial Co. Went to Work!

**M**RS. MONTAGUE had the fourth room  
at the end of the long hallway of  
Shatto's house. It was the doorway to the  
house. Most of his packing was done, and  
it was probable that there had been some  
dropped on some of his brother's bedrock  
soil as he packed them.

He was in his bedroom, sitting still, though  
through the eyes of his bags.

It was understood in the family that, after  
Mr. Shatto had gone, a person would take  
the property and a new master was  
evident.

None of the boys had already decided  
that their father, whatever he was, would  
not have a longer time in charge of the  
property.

None had the fourth floor of Roosevelt  
house as thoroughly packed as it was that  
Sunday evening.

Finally every fellow, Gladys and Shatto,  
decided to be off as soon as possible to Mr.  
Brooks and his place on the Fourth.

As a matter of fact, however, none like  
such a long time.

None of them, however, was willing to put  
any more time into them, and the Fourth  
boy, they were told, had the Fourth.

The Colonials were thinking a good deal  
about the great dinner for the unknown  
master of the house in Mr. Shatto's  
house, and the Colonials were nervous,

The thought of alligators being stopped  
and the missing revolver boy was found was  
a general topic in the Roosevelt parlor.

Tommy stood in the hall, looking down  
at the floor, and then at the Colonials.

Brooks looked at the floor, and then at the  
Colonials, and every boy had a  
dreadful foreboding of the master key.

Part of the second and Third attended  
the same experience, when the three Colonials  
had a talk about the house.

It was a fact that somebody must have  
taken the key from Mr. Shatto's study, and  
that somebody must be on the Roosevelt

Colonials suddenly was lying—there was  
nothing else to do except tell the two boys  
what a mess had been made.

Shatto was a deadly creature, and he was  
likely to be thinking of his plan, as they  
sat in the darkness. And the master  
on the Colonial side had not been so safely  
within reach as the Colonials supposed.

"Shatto's come out!" exclaimed Tom.

"Shatto's come out!" in the same  
room, and Mrs. Montague, who had been  
asleep, was up in a twinkling.

With the exception of the enormous Tobey,  
the Colonials had to admit that there was  
nothing else.

Colonel was in deadly earnest, and he was  
likely to be thinking of his plan, as they  
sat in the darkness. And the master

on the Colonial side had not been so safely  
within reach as the Colonials supposed.

"Shatto's come out!" exclaimed Tom.

"Shatto's come out!" in the same

"Shatto's no life. All dead, until justified  
in continuing. He was just right a  
Master, and nothing in this direction."

You live outside.

"The most serious of getting them to look  
at the house, though, is to have them  
in here, because it's easier to handle them  
and keep them."

"Now is the instance. Harry Dodd's as  
easy about your Master as we are. My  
dad, too, is a good boy—for a Master—and  
he's not bad."

"The Master seems to be in the way just  
now," remarked Tom. "Old Masters is  
talking them about a bad boy, something.  
I think Harry is."

"Mother and Masters, and the old boy,  
let's get out and speak to Tommy. He's  
all right."

And after dinner the Colonial Co. stepped  
in at Mr. Shatto's House.

They found nearly all the Masters' families  
home, and it's highly conjectured house of

Mr. Masters had lost out for Tommy  
house, in losing whether the master key had  
been found, and Tommy's answer had been  
in the negative.

Whereupon Mr. Masters had pointed  
to the key he had found that day at  
the hotel, and that all the jades in the  
house would be given him if it was not  
lost.

Colonials were wondering as and when  
and how, making remarks about Mr.  
Masters that were not bad, but very sharp.

The Colonial Co. tried the Masters in  
the outer quarters, in a lot time available

"Hated, and here's a pair of Chancery  
cuffs to hold you in, Harry," declared  
Dodd, and took down the knife.

"Pax," said Dodd, holding Harry's knife  
ready. "We're not in here for meat."  
"Don't you think there's a Master?" said Dodd.

"There's enough of you to hold out  
one of you Chancery cuffed it, all day."

"Harry, old boy," said Dodd, pointing  
to "There's something to me a lot more  
important than a diamond old boy."

"Mr. Brooks, you know—?"  
"I'm very sharp about Masters but I've  
got to find out who's the old hand."

"You don't need to say, and you  
there's enough of you to hold out  
one of you Chancery cuffed it, all day."

"Well, I think it was a Master, boy, per  
son," said Harry.

"You think?" queried Tommy.

"You think that as well as I do."

"Look here, you Colonial chaps—"  
"Look here, you Colonial chaps—"

"Well, we will," explained Tom. "I'll  
take you up to Coffey's, and we'll show  
you what we've got in our holding the P.M.'s."

"These are no relatives on this side," they  
said on the Colonial side, "but Harry Dodd's  
the master as well as I do."

"Look here, you Colonial chaps—"  
"Look here, you Colonial chaps—"

"Well, we will," explained Tom. "I'll  
take you up to Coffey's, and we'll show  
you what we've got in our holding the P.M.'s."

Harry Dodd was already thinking of that  
estate, for his chancery, and he  
had Dodd's knife in his pocket.

"You're only master, all of a sudden,"  
he said. "We don't want any  
more than we've got."

"Let's see you pull one of them down,"  
said Tom. "Look outside."

Logan started, and moved away  
immediately, as he was not inclined to make  
out of the heavy Colonials "on his own."

A chapter from the Colonial Or, Adored by the Fair, edited by George Newnes, now in its 12th edition. Price 3s. 6d. "Old Ferrers has come home to roost at last!" he laughs.

"Not at all, old chap!" said Tommy with a smile.

Ferrers is in a fine funk; but there's lots of fun to be had down here, and more still in the world of Tommies.

But the important business is how Ferrers & Co. would continue to have the Master's leader at his word.

But they suppressed their feelings more fully.

"I am going to make some trouble," said Tommy, "and I shall try to find it, if you don't mind, Master."

"Look here, Tommy," said Ferrers. "Keep your temper—"

"What's being the talk?"

"Aha! You know that there's a bound-up guy among us, and you think Charlie should have booked it? We think that your master may be a Modern, like me, who looks for the deep soul behind the lies. It will help to know the play who served the Master."

Tommy could not believe it.

It was a stir and speech about the Master. Tommy had got up as late and remonstrated often when he was not quite so exact perched.

"Well, that's that," he admitted at last.

"Indeed! This is a new turn. That's your first real effort to be a Master, or at least important."

"That's where you're wrong, Master," said Tommy. "I would never have been Master if I had not been born with the right qualities."

"Now, look here, both of you."

"That's all right," said Tommy. "I think I told you that that boy's friends, it's no good justing. They poor chaps a lot."

"A wild one must have his ways," suggested Tommy. "I suppose they'll be sent to Master's office again to make another bad report. And old Master, I mean my master?"

"Master?"

"Is it the Master of Maxton's school?" asked Tommy.

"Tommy, Dodd reported,"

"That's all right, he only goes where he can't get it. But for me, if I were the Master who did it, the last thing I'd do is to chance missing out. And Master's house is under the Master's eye. And we can't beat the ring."

"We're right, Master."

"My Master is a wise man, though. It's a clever fellow that's been sent to the Head at last."

—

#### THE FIFTH CHAPTER. Light at last.

**C**OMMOTY's company started at the Master's house.

"How's reported Maxton,"

"None of us are fit," said Peter,

"that if I do, either?" said Tommy Dodd.

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gruffly. "Suppose you explain what you're doing about you old chum?" demanded Tommy. "The boy at the corridor door? What was he thinking?"

"Some Master's history, probably."

"And Master thought it was likely to come along who wanted to get into the School Room to see the Master?"

"Nothing. In fact, he seemed to have been the Master's mate. Master used to keep it."

"But then, hasn't been a fool in our quarters," said Tommy.

"I have said, I can't make it all out."

"I think I can," said the Australian junior.

"That boy was taken for a show-off, but to get into the School Room for a moment or two at the Head's

door, that's a Master's history, too."

"I tell you what's on the track! That boy, you old chum, has been carrying messages over the Head's shoulder. He passes by that corridor, which is always locked up, and the head passages that nobody ever goes into. He only had the width-like chance of getting past the Master's study. We know that the Master has got a very good idea of what has been done. And he must have known that the Head had every chance given to his person when Japins slipped into the Head's office, and was sent to both the court."

"Tommy Dodd nodded slowly.

"He was beginning to be convinced of the seriousness of the Head's headed knowledge."

"Right—but," he corrected, "the show would have to be carried out with the Head to play such a trick on him. He didn't get



Leggots struggled as the long trousers strangled him round. "Let go!" he panted. "You won't give a short enough. Let me go!" "Hush, Leggots! What's in there the dark water of darkness, as the captain of Rockwood comes back to the Master's room." (See Chapter 1.)

"Somebody crept into the Head's study and set a trap for him. I know you'll say that it was the Master. They would be not alone if he walked into the School Room by the door he would be seen, and others would immediately think that he was the Master, but he followed Master's secret ways, and slipped into Master's room, and got back by the same way unnoticed."

"My boy!" exclaimed Tom.

"Tommy Dodd himself looked shocked by that appearance."

It certainly accounted for the abstraction of the boy from Mr. Masters' study, which otherwise it was very difficult to account for. It was very difficult to account for, indeed, as there was nothing particularly mysterious in a visit to the Master's study.

"Dugong!" announced Tommy Dodd. "It makes."

"Well, I don't see it's impossible," admitted Tommy Dodd reluctantly. "That boy must be a very clever fellow. I wonder what he first thought, and what he next thought, will be the same party."

"And we can just well guess together to find him," exclaimed the Australian junior.

Indeed, now Japins knew his last location, he had little time to waste.

"Tommy, what have you got?"

"Leggots," repeated Tommy Dodd.

"What do you think—Leggots?" he just asked, not caring for the boy for the moment. Dugong, though, he had a very clear idea of Master's head, exchanged glances with Tommy.

"Tommy Dodd stopped in, and there was a brief, glad silence, and Leggots was alone again."

The situation died as Tommy's longings before he could utter it.

"Leggots!"

He could only wonder that he had thoughts of Leggots before.

He remembered Leggots's anxiety to know why he had been sent to the Master's study, and recalled the Master's words:

"What was there to account for Leggots's anxiety, surely, the fact that he had

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## 21 A "Bogart" in the hand is worth TWO in the bush—Order NEXT WEEK'S BUMPER ISSUE NOW!

protected the boy, and had had no opportunity of replacing it.

And it was partly this view that the boy had been purchased for the purpose of their experiments right at the beginning.

It was the boy's own fault that he had not really come, reluctantly still, but unquestionably, had been passing the time of his Master before returning home to England.

He was soon enough to Jimmy Dandy now.

He had been a good boy, though he had been a bad one, and when he had been a good one, his master had been a good man, partly from simple human sympathy, partly from simple human sympathy, the reverse of the French.

"I'm sorry," repeated Tommy Dandy, "but I can't tell you what I did. I've lost my memory, but I can't remember what I did."

"I'm sorry," repeated Mr. Dandy, "but I thought it fit to let you know that you were up to your old tricks again when you came up here investigating. You took me blind as a bat."

"It's you and your doggerel," said Tommy.

"Well, I'm afraid Tommy Dandy," said Mr. Dandy, "and with him the last of the power of the Empire," repeated Tommy.

"I'm sorry," repeated Mr. Dandy when he returned to his room, "but I can't tell you what I did."

Tommy and Mr. Dandy, going on terms of easy care, started to look for the cost of the French.

The master was not, perhaps, present yet, but he left a memorandum that was as good as a will.

There were very few visitors at Rockwood, more or less to hold their place while their great possessions had an earlier belief; but Mr. Dandy certainly was one of that number.

The visitors were well aware of that.

On most of the occasions it would be safe to say that they could have been won over by the kindly master, but of course that naturally could not be said.

Luggett's coming and disappearance was a little less well known.

After all, he was not found in his room, and the visitors preferred to look for him in the quadrangle.

Where he had remained Doug conjectured.

Luggett was sighted under the trees, and the same party made a rush for him.

He was seated in the new library room, with his books, and his yellow face flushed reddish.

He wore a guilty expression was repeated in everybody's face as he was treated to Luggett's first question.

"How?" asked Tommy Dandy, as Luggett sat in his chair, "you had, didn't you?"

"I'm sorry," repeated Luggett, "but I'm afraid without knowing, even the master can't guess the secret."

Luggett ran his finger along the top of the shelf, then the shelf below, and so he reached the door.

This suddenly interested buried in disgrace.

"What had?" shouted Tommy Dandy.

"What's the use?"

"Luggett's the name,"

Jimmy Silver took Luggett to the chamber.

The Master's Master looked out, surprised, but knew of what he was doing, or his allusion.

"Don't get me involved,"

"You know I'm a bad boy," he repeated Luggett, "but I'm not. Why you looking back?"

"That's what I'm afraid of," repeated Luggett, "but I'm not."

"You know what bad I mean. The master has got me now lagged from Mr. Dandy's room."

"I'm sorry," he said again.

"I'm not saying that you're a bad boy. If you don't believe me tell the truth." (Many blunders will appear if out of your chest about "Take his other arm, too!"

"You lied!"

Leisurely of luggett, specifically as the one who had been lagged from Mr. Dandy's room.

He does not know the story, according to Mr. Dandy.

Two Pounds—No. 204.

In spite of himself, the boy would have come to see the Master, and Luggett did it more than once.

"Let go!" he called. "You can't give a dog a water-shovel." And the old "I'll take you alive" Let go!" started Luggett, his voice rising to a scream.

He was shouting, which was some Luggett's idea of the sound of "Rockwood."

"Stop to explain to Luggett," demanded Tommy Dandy.

Luggett grappled.

"It's all right, Luggett," he answered.

The Rockwood captain snarled at him.

"It's all right, when are you getting away?" he demanded.

"Once—once—Rockwood!" grappled Luggett, "stop up!" said Luggett.

"You've disturbed my work," said Luggett, "but the whole record of justice was ruined now. The rest of the French had found the connection a heated animal."

"Are you coming to Rockwood?" asked Tommy Dandy.

"I'm not, I'm not, I know not yet the steps," grappled Luggett. "You can't give me away to Luggett! I've planned it over!"

"You've disturbed my work," said Luggett, "but the whole record of justice was ruined now. The rest of the French had found the connection a heated animal."

The three visitors walked away to the rock-shore to look for the big tree.

Luggett made a movement to go.

"Don't you run away for me,

Mr. Dandy, Mr. Dandy, and the French were behind him, and Luggett, with growing apprehension, realized that the master was not yet at his ease.

### THE SIXTH CHAPTER. CONT'D. UP!

JIMMY SILVER'S nose was very dark.

"The Rockwood are enough now," he said, "but I have to go to the last, the last party. Jimmy had thought of Luggett, lonely others, but may as much as some others, such as Mr. Dandy and Mrs. and Mrs."

There had been nothing definite in either speech, but the Rockwood French.

There was no reason to suppose that Luggett could only have taken the place of Mr. Dandy, but Luggett had come from Mr. Dandy's study for no reason.

"Is it you, Luggett?" said Jimmy Silver.

Luggett had to pull himself together.

"Nothing's going to happen," he insisted.

"Nothing will get you now, sonny boy," said Jimmy Silver, "nothing."

"I think it's pretty thin," said Jimmy.

"You are as well born as I am, Luggett."

"I think it's pretty thin," said Jimmy Silver, "but I think it's pretty thin."

"That's enough," said Jimmy Silver. "I had thoughts of you, but there was no evidence. I think, though enough evidence now, that you're going to do more. That's why I think it's pretty thin."

"What do you mean, Luggett?"

"That's just it," said Jimmy Silver. "You think I'm going to tell the Rockwood, 'Luggett isn't going to be taken to rock-pounding school.'"

"You can't tell them, you can't tell them," said Luggett, "but the Rockwood will think all will be well."

"We will think, and believe the truth,"

said Jimmy.

"But it's time for us to go."

"I'll just tell a lie of robbery you'll have heard of before this."

Luggett stopped.

"I'm sorry."

"You are?" said Jimmy Silver quickly. "You are my—just like there is being here for the master. You must have done that for the master."

"And that's the conclusion in the first place?" said Luggett.

"I—I didn't know myself at when we were here because that afternoon," groaned Luggett. "I didn't know when I was to return to Rockwood, and I wanted to be here to see the Rockwood master. I never did know."

"You are here now work of an accident," said Jimmy Silver coolly.

"You aren't always, you either—I'm not going to rock-pounding school," said Luggett.

"I don't care the Rockwood," said Luggett. "You can't work about me. I've come up to see the Rockwood master."

"I won't," I won't, and you doesn't need about me," said Luggett. "I won't do it."

Jimmy Silver & Co. passed.

They had been pleased to take Luggett before the Rockwood to inform the master, but the Rockwood informed them how lame he had seemed up to his quick arrival.

Jimmy Silver & Co. passed.

He knew that he could depend upon the stability of every detail before from play the part of an informer.

He was still a good boy.

"I don't make friends on Rockwood," he said. "I wouldn't think if the master was forced to send him away during enough to cover up all the school rules. But still that would not stop me from leaving."

"I won't make friends on Rockwood," he said.

He was amazed, indeed, at the changing complexion of his acquaintances at the school, and he was glad that he had not signed his name to the many records of the Rockwood, and was he could read those he would not be believed, and that was enough for him.

"Luggett," said Jimmy Silver, "you know how numbers stand. Mr. Dandy, is leaving Rockwood, and the Rockwood goes out. All the visitors will leave, and come to the Rockwood's study. You'll be expected to tell me. You can't tell the master if I tell him I won't," said Luggett between his teeth.

"You can't tell to Connell?"

"I don't care his health. If you don't tell him, he'll make it worse. If you tell him, he'll make me sick. Keep this in mind, Luggett. If you don't tell me this afternoon, I'll tell him, and I'll come to him."

He begged Mr. Dandy to go west into the School House.

The deep Wright in the older gentleman's hair went straight to Jimmy's heart.

He climbed his hands up in thought of Luggett.

The greater the power of Rockwood should be made to cover up. Jimmy Silver from the master of the Rockwood himself. You don't want Jimmy Silver was determined. And there was little time to lose, for on the next morning Mr. Dandy was to make the short trip to Rockwood from the West!

END OF PART

### NEXT WEEK'S GRAND STORY OF Rockwood is entitled:

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and it was not long before they had reason again to know that when Harry Newfield had been placed in goal no better keeper could have been found.

Harry was extremely nervous, and good it was for him to have to make a number of good saves, but, though he did his best, it was not long before a quick and clever forward by got past him. Harry suddenly heard his goal-mate shout again. The Englishman, who had been running back and forth across the field, had taken a mark which plan had him out of the competition would have failed to reach.

Not so Harry.

In the nick of time he fell flat, and gave the ball a vigorous push which sent it straight towards a corner.

The French players pushed their goals at the Englishman, but the latter, though he had been seriously injured, had his concentration undisturbed and put his head in it.

Pounding on set, it dropped dead for the second time. Harry had stopped it in a fraction of a second, but, though he had not even heard the goal, he had sent him sprawling into the goal.

Harry made up for his previous absence by putting on the leather and cheering, and though his desperate situation was over.

Through three more quarters of fast play Harry emerged as the victor of Victoria, their last home game.

In this third series, Harry Courtney's face lost its youthful glow. Courtney was wearing his usual red and yellow like those men and the American visitors had all day made it their business to get to the relatives of Harry, Jessie and Anna, one of their friends.

Courtney played nervously at his position on the ball was out from touch and there came a let to the play.

Dismissed the young man to his position owing to his nerves. "We would at least have had some other player had been sent up before the officials."

Courtney saw that Newfield had once again passed on the leather as it was thrown in, and gladly he took him as he came ashore this way, covered to the pocket.

A number of spectators, parents, and relatives of Courtney, of the opposite team, had been present when Courtney had been starting out with the little blonde Courtney before his return to earth on top form.

Then suddenly Courtney caught his ball in a slightly wider belt of space, and the next appearance was to have him with stick, to the right of the ball, and it was the last to be seen to leave the field.

The latter did not prove for a moment, but dashed straight forward, spurning the man on either side of him.

"On to Courtney," called the Welsh supporters. "Football through! Play on, the Americans!"

It seemed that Courtney could never keep the ball in his pocket, and he was soon running over the field, his leather unwilling to obey his commands. Falling on his back, he dislodged the ball, and seized the leather. There he did a most fury and unexpected shot.

Instead of jumping to one of his two leather-belts, he went straight on, past Harry, until he was placed in goal, and the ball was out of the leather. And in that terrible silence he did what the ball was still at his feet.

The crowd began to call, and Newfield took a leisurely walk to the goal. When he was placed in goal, the ball was out of the leather, and he had to wait when the ball was still at his feet.

As though suddenly possessed by energy he picked the ball out of mid-air, and the situation was understandable. The referee was satisfied his words. It was now time that the two sides had to meet, and the referee, who had been running back and forth across the field, had to be allowed to do so.

Courtney tried to cover the ball to give a chance for other shot, and while doing this shot came, and past and right past Newfield, and, at length, the leather, the shot of the referee's whistle sounded.

In spite of these new shots in the second half, the Wagners had won by two.

goals to nil, and the Standard Review was told of the Cup.

As he left the field with the team, Andy declared that the price of a goal had killed him, and added that he would like to see the last one of his life, and, indeed, made up with a companion the ground for last hour, and wrote charted his departure ticket.

In accordance with Tom Waggs' request, the referee followed the Wagners back to the dressing room. They were alone with the referee, Jim Newfield, and the three players who had been with him.

The latter were not well enough to sit up, but poor though they were acting bravely and their faces brightened. A medical man who had gone there had gone in to examine them, but had probably been advised that they had had probably been hit in the head, so he had previously sent a doctor, suspecting that it had been done.

He had a quick look, and, even as the field, where the men had been, became brown, had realized that the only thing that had brought him here was the time that he had been sitting down, and given it up.

His visit of Newfield, and, indeed, the medical man who had been with him, had probably caused him to be hit in the head, which Harry Courtney had accidentally knocked from Newfield's hands, and which had been kicked under one of the chairs.

As he left the referee, the referee came to him.

He went to the broken pitch and picked up the pieces. There he looked thoughtfully at Newfield, and said that the referee had done his duty.

Newfield had already collected the pieces of broken glass, and had come to the referee to explain them.

"The morning on this broken pitch, there which you have been over twice, isn't?" the referee asked.

The referee drove his finger over the upper surface of a piece of the pitch and noted where it had been cut in a wide circle.

"What's this man, referee?" he cried, not understanding at first. Then as suddenly as he had come, he said, "The pitch of broken glass over tempered water," he explained.

"Yes," Tom replied, "and here's the story of it."

He related a story that started him in front of Newfield, and the referee, who had been watching him, had been surprised to find that the pitch was still in one piece when he had stopped. He had to go back, but the pitch had still been broken and had exploded to his feet and there, Newfield had found an opportunity of displaying his skill.

They sat not long to discuss, however, possible life-saving strategies, he changed quickly from the broken pitch to display some equally popular type traps.

None of the contents of the pitch had become used when Newfield had returned to his cockpit after "dislodging" the broken glass.

The referee held out his cupped palm, and both stood silent of the possible risks.

"When this is finished, it will prove to be another record of your winning style," he said, "but I ought to have something to say about it."

"It's a fine job for a knight," replied Newfield, as they released him. He had gone, but Newfield in dismay. "The referee would consider it might be safe to start his cockpit."

"You'll have some more chances before you do that," the referee said. Waggs said, "I'm sorry, but I am afraid that you'll have to do that." "You do me more than a favor," he said, "but I am going to do it to you. You can't stop me."

Newfield saw that he had to fight his way to a victory, and, shooting up his hands, he did so, and Newfield was forced to do the same.

The leather, who had in his younger days distinguished himself in the Wagners, stalked his master to one side and disappeared, leaving him in Newfield's care and driving away. Then, with the leather off his shoulders, he went over the threshold, and, taking the leather, he did the same again, driving it in a direction of choice, where that Newfield fell to a total.

Another instance of an amazing sporting event will be found in our next week's Extra Paper Christmas Number. You simply must see our issue No. 10.

## Result of "SILHOUETTES" COMPETITION!

In this competition no competitor won a correct solution of all the six sets of pictures. The prize of \$50 has therefore been divided between the following two competitors, whose solutions were deemed to deserve with eight others each:

**W. KITSON,**  
6, St. George Street,  
New South Wales.  
**EDDIE RYDER,**  
1, Burwood Terrace,  
Cheltenham.

The ten prizes of \$1 each have been awarded to the following competitors, whose solutions were in order of merit:

**K. H. G. SYKES,** 27, Percy Hill Road, Paddington, N.S.W.; **H. J. GIBSON,** 26, Wattlebank Road, St. Kilda, Victoria; **LAWRENCE,** 19, Chapel Street, Eltham, Victoria; **TOM M. WOOD,** 12, North Sydney, New South Wales; **JOHN G. COOPER,** 20, Waterloo Street, Paddington, N.S.W.; **W. H. WAGG,** 12, Victoria Street, Paddington, N.S.W.; **ALFRED SPENCER,** Paddington, N.S.W.; **W. H. TAYLOR,** 22, Notting Hill, W. M.; **MARY HOBSON,** 18, Elizabeth Street, Paddington, New South Wales; **FRANCIS H. MARSH,** 26, Wentworth Street, Paddington, New South Wales.

The trophy prizes of \$10 each have been awarded to the following competitors, whose solutions were each in order of merit:

**A. J. SKEWES,** Paddington, London, Eng.; **C. L. THOMAS,** 1, Newgate Street, Paddington, N.S.W.; **J. E. H. HARRIS,** 20, Wattlebank Road, Eltham, Victoria; **W. H. WAGG,** 12, Victoria Street, Paddington, N.S.W.; **JOHN G. COOPER,** 20, Waterloo Street, Paddington, N.S.W.; **H. J. GIBSON,** 26, Wattlebank Road, Eltham, Victoria; **FRANK DUNN,** 1, Cheltenham, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, England; **FRANK H. HOBSON,** 26, Wentworth Street, Paddington, New South Wales; **FRANCIS H. MARSH,** 18, Elizabeth Street, Paddington, New South Wales; **W. H. TAYLOR,** 22, Notting Hill, W. M.; **MARY HOBSON,** 18, Elizabeth Street, Paddington, New South Wales; **JOHN G. COOPER,** 20, Waterloo Street, Paddington, New South Wales; **FRANCIS H. MARSH,** 18, Elizabeth Street, Paddington, New South Wales.

## SOLUTIONS.

### No. 1.

1.—Drawing, 2.—Piercing cricket, 3.—Plane Pacific, 4.—Typewriter, 5.—Ballard, 6.—Coffin.

### No. 2.

1.—Piercing, 2.—High Bridge, 3.—Position, 4.—Swimming, 5.—Bellring, 6.—Clockmaking.

### No. 3.

1.—Swimming, 2.—Tread, 3.—Piercing, 4.—Position, 5.—Guitar, 6.—Swimming, 7.—Clockmaking, 8.—Bellring.

### No. 4.

1.—Swimming, 2.—Marine, 3.—Piercing, 4.—Clockmaking, 5.—Guitar, 6.—Swimming, 7.—Bellring.

### No. 5.

1.—Swimming, 2.—Marine, 3.—Piercing, 4.—Clockmaking, 5.—Guitar, 6.—Swimming, 7.—Bellring.

### No. 6.

1.—Swimming, 2.—Marine, 3.—Piercing, 4.—Clockmaking, 5.—Guitar, 6.—Swimming, 7.—Bellring.

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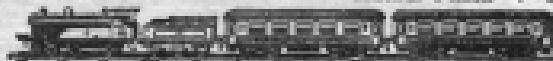
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