

WIRELESS FOR BEGINNERS! The First of a Splendid New Series of Articles in This Issue!

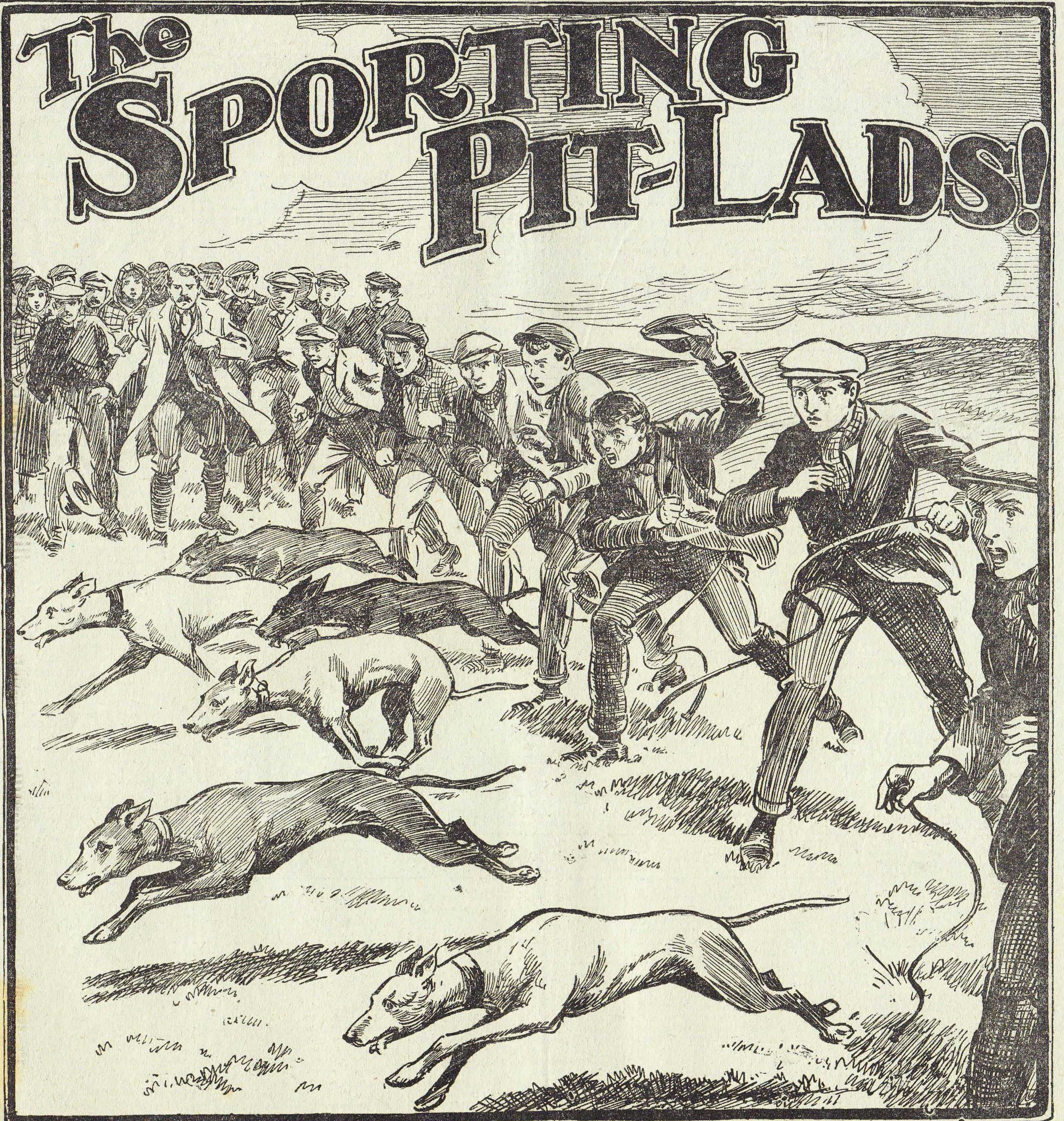
The BOYS' FRIEND 1^{1d}/₂

ON SALE EVERY MONDAY.

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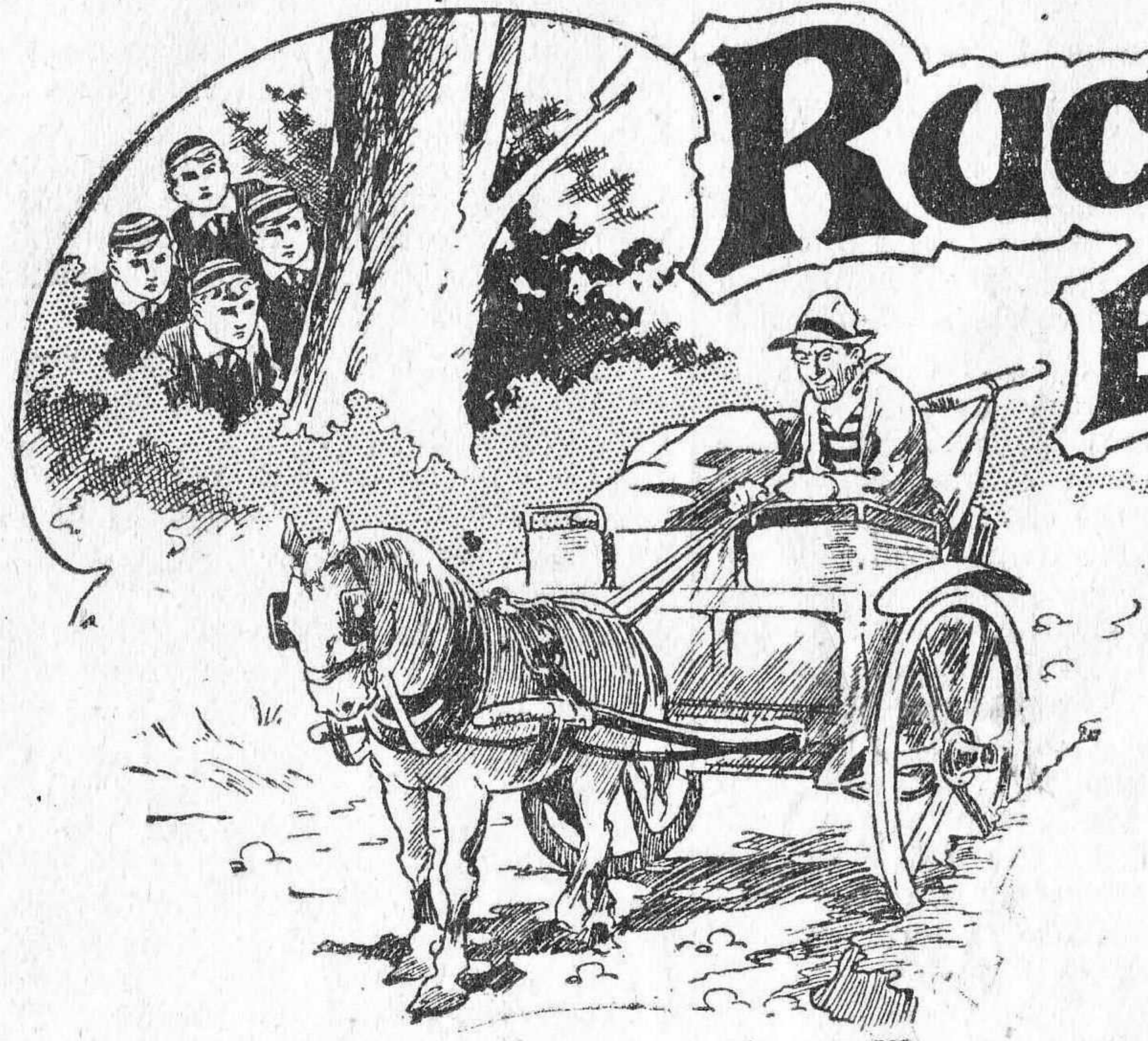
THE BEST BOYS' PAPER IN THE WORLD!

[Week Ending September 16th, 1922.]



THEY'RE OFF!—THE START OF THE GREAT TRAIL-HUNT!
(An exciting incident from the magnificent story of the North included in this number.)

ANOTHER TOPPING ADVENTURE OF JIMMY SILVER & CO.!



Ructions En Route!

By Owen Conquest.

(Author of the Tales of Rookwood appearing in the "Popular.")

**The 1st Chapter.
Lovell Loses a Bargain!**

"Old on, sir!" Jimmy Silver held on. He was leading Trotsky, the pony. His comrades were walking with the baggage-cart behind. It was high noon, and the sun blazed down on the Berkshire lane. A man detached himself from the grassy bank by the hedge as the Rookwooders came along, and stepped out into the lane, holding up his hand Jimmy Silver & Co. stopped to see what he wanted. He was rather a shabby man, with a stubby face, looking as if he were on bad terms with his barber and had ceased to have any dealings at all with his soap-merchant. He had a pedlar's haversack on his back and a big stick in his hand. He looked certainly a rather tough customer, but he touched his ragged hat very respectfully to the Rookwooders.

"Skuse me, young gentlemen," he said. "P'raps you'd like to buy some things—watches and clocks—" Jimmy Silver shook his head. "Thanks—we've got all we want." "P'raps you'd like to buy a bicycle?" "A—a what?" "Bicycle, sir," said the pedlar. "I've got some machines I bought cheap—party wanted to get rid of 'em. 'Taint my usual line of business, and I got 'em cheap, and I'd be willing to let 'em go at a bargain." Jimmy was shaking his head again, when Arthur Edward Lovell interposed. Lovell had a keen eye for a bargain—at least, he was firmly convinced that he had.

"What do you call a bargain?" he asked. "I'd let 'em go at two pun', sir." "Can't be any good at that price," said Raby. "Anyhow, we don't want any bikes, Lovell. Let's get on." "Hold on!" said Lovell. "Might as well look at 'em. I've thought several times a bike would come in useful on this tour." "You'd like them machines, sir," said the pedlar. "Good make—good condition. The poor man had the brokers in, sir, and was glad to get rid of them. That's how I got 'em cheap. Take my word for it, they're good machines, sir. If you know this part, any bloke will tell you about me—Honest John Williams, the pedlar. They call me Honest John in these parts, sir." "They don't judge by appearances, then!" murmured Putty of the Fourth. "Let's see them, anyhow," said Lovell. Honest John, the pedlar, went through a gap in the hedge under which he had been resting. He wheeled three handsome bikes, one after another, out into the lane. "There you are, gents!" he said. "Look at 'em! Good value for the money, gents!" There was no doubt that the bicycles were good value for the money. Not one of them had cost less than ten guineas—one of them looked worth fifteen. They were dusty, and scratched here and there, but in quite good condition. The pedlar eyed the juniors expectantly. Lovell looked over the machines and nodded. "We don't want three," he remarked thoughtfully. "We don't want any!" remarked Putty of the Fourth. Lovell grunted. "Don't be an ass, Putty! How often do you get a chance of bagging a bargain like this?" "Not often!" grinned Putty. "If I bagged a bargain like that I should expect to feel a policeman's hand on my shoulder soon afterwards, old bean!" The pedlar started a little. Four members of the Rookwood party were looking—and feeling—suspicious. But Lovell was not suspicious. "Look 'ere, young gents!" said the pedlar warmly. "If you don't think I come by them machines honest—" "What rot!" said Lovell. "The man's told us how he came by them! Straight enough!" "But we don't want any bikes, old top!" said Jimmy Silver. "And it's not safe, buying bikes from strangers." "That's all rot!" said Lovell. "Why, this Sunbeam is better than my old bike—lots better. If this chap is really selling it for two pounds—" "That's the price, gov'nor," said Honest John. "I don't mind owning that

I give only a pound each. But a man's got to make his profit." "That's fair enough," said Lovell. "But—" "I'm having that Sunbeam." Arthur Edward Lovell spoke very decidedly. His comrades looked at one another. Lovell knew best; it was a way he had. But Jimmy Silver & Co., though they often gave Lovell his head, were quite determined that Arthur Edward Lovell should not have his head on this occasion. Honest John might have been as honest as his name implied; but he did not look it. If he was a gentleman of sterling integrity, there was no doubt whatever that appearances were against him. "So you're buying that bike, are you?" exclaimed Newcome. "You bet!" "You couldn't do better, gov'nor," said Honest John. "I know that!" said Lovell. "And I'm going—" "You are!" said Jimmy Silver.

a sulphurous voice. "It was the bargain of a lifetime—" "We know your bargains, old chap!" grinned Raby, and the Rookwooders chuckled. "Anybody but a silly dummy could see that that chap was quite straight!" hooted Lovell. "Then we're all silly dummies! Come on all the same." And Arthur Edward Lovell came on; his devoted comrades gave him no choice about that. But for the next half-hour Lovell was eloquent; and the Rookwooders listened patiently with smiling faces, while Arthur Edward told them, at great length and with emphasis, what he thought of them.

**The 2nd Chapter.
Missing Bikes!**

"You silly owls!" "I say—" "That's what you are—owls! Silly owls! Frabjous owls! Blithering, burbling owls!" "I know that sweet voice!" murmured Jimmy Silver. The Rookwood party grinned. The loud, booming voice came to their ears through a fringe of hawthorns; the speaker was only a few yards away. Jimmy Silver & Co. could have heard him if he had been fifty yards away. The Rookwood tramps were camped on

side of the hawthorns. Jimmy Silver rose to his feet. It was obvious that Grundy & Co.'s bicycles were in the possession of Honest John, and it was less than an hour since Jimmy Silver & Co. had seen the pedlar. So he had valuable information to give. Jimmy Silver dragged aside a branch and looked through the thicket. "Hullo, you fellows!" he said cheerily. Grundy & Co. started, and looked round quickly as the thicket rustled. Then they stared at the captain of the Rookwood School. "Hullo!" said Grundy, gruffly. "Who the dickens are you?" "It's Silver," said Wilkins. "I've played him at cricket. You'd know him if you played for St. Jim's, Grundy." "If I don't play for St. Jim's, Wilkins, it's because a fool of a skipper is idiot enough to put you in instead of me!" Jimmy Silver grinned. "We have heard Grundy talking through the megaphone," he said. "So—" "Megaphone!" said Grundy, staring. "I wasn't talking through any megaphone!" "Ha, ha, ha!" came from the other side of the hawthorns. "Sounded like it," said Jimmy sweetly. "My mistake, Grundy. But you were talking about having lost three bikes—one of them a Sunbeam!" "Yes, we were!" growled Grundy. "But we've no time to waste talking to a Rookwood fag. Come on, you fellows!" Jimmy blinked at him. He had seen Grundy of the Shell several times, while on visits to St. Jim's, and had not been struck by his good manners, certainly. But he had not expected manners like this even from Grundy. "You silly chump—" began Jimmy. "None of your fag cheek!" said Grundy. "I've no time to waste, or I'd pull your ear." "P-p-pull my ear?" stammered Jimmy. "Yes!" said Grundy. "Hard! Mind your own business, and don't butt in where you're not wanted!" "My only hat!" "Come on, Wilkins! Come on, Gunn!" "I was going to tell you—" shrieked Jimmy. "Shut up!" Grundy strode away, followed by his unwilling comrades. Wilkins dropped a pace behind, looked back at Jimmy Silver, and tapped his forehead with his finger, at the same time making a gesture towards Grundy. This apparently indicated that George Alfred Grundy was not to be considered fully responsible for his actions. Unfortunately, Grundy turned round at the same moment. "Wilkins!" he roared. "Eh? What—yes—" gasped Wilkins. "What are you doing?" "S-s-scratching my head, old chap!" "Oh! If I thought you were being cheeky, Wilkins, I'd pulverise you!" Grundy fixed his eyes on Jimmy Silver, whose cheery face was framed in the hawthorns. "Young Silver— Is your name Silver?" "Yes, young Grundy— Is your name Grundy?" "None of your cheek!" roared Grundy. "I'm in a hurry, but I could find time to thrash you!" "Go ahead, then! I've got time, too!" "Ha, ha, ha!" "We're going to put up at the Red Cow, in Weedede, till we get our bikes back!" hooted Grundy. "It's a village across the common. If you see anything of a tramp with our bikes, leave word for us at the Red Cow. Understand?" "Are you asking me to do that or ordering me, dear old bean?" inquired Jimmy Silver. "Telling you!" said Grundy. "Oh, my hat!" "Now come on, you pair of silly owls!" said Grundy to his comrades. And the three Shell fellows of St. Jim's marched away.

**The 3rd Chapter.
Lovell Keeps Watch!**

"Ha, ha, ha!" Jimmy Silver & Co. fairly roared. Even Arthur Edward Lovell, who had been feeling rather worried about the wonderful bargain he had nearly secured, roared with merriment. Grundy of St. Jim's had had a wonderfully cheering effect on them. They laughed till they had to wipe away their tears. "Jevver come across a chap like that?" gasped Raby. "Never!" chortled Putty. "Well, hardly ever!" chirruped Newcome. "The dear fellow wouldn't let me tell him about the giddy pedlar!" said Jimmy, wiping his eyes. "No time to listen to a straight tip where to find his jigger!" "Ha, ha, ha!" "And the Rookwooders roared again. It had not even occurred to Grundy that the Rookwood junior had had a motive in hailing him. Grundy was cross—in fact, in a savage temper—and he had had no politeness to waste on a Rookwood fag. That was how it was. And Grundy had gone off to hunt for his bike without waiting to be told that it was in the possession of a pedlar a mile away. "Fools are born, not made—nascitur non fit!" remarked Jimmy Silver. "Grundy's about the completest specimen I've ever run on! But I suppose we ought to lend a hand?" "Let him go and eat coke!" said Lovell. "Well, there's the other two fellows," said Jimmy Silver. "They can't be having a happy time with Grundy, and they've lost their bikes. We've got plenty of time on our hands, and that sneaking thief ought to be made to give up his plunder." "Hear, hear!"



AMBUSHED! Four pairs of hands clutched Honest John, and with a wild howl of astonishment he went staggering back, with the four juniors clinging to him like cats!

"You're going on! You're not buying bikes to-day, old bean! Collar him!" "Look here—" roared Lovell, in great wrath. Raby and Newcome took Lovell by either arm. Putty Grace fixed a firm grip on the back of his collar. Arthur Edward Lovell was marched on, resisting and protesting, fairly shouting in his wrath and indignation. Jimmy Silver led Trotsky on. And Honest John, with his three bicycles stacked round him, blinked at the Rookwooders in great annoyance. "Look 'ere! Ain't it a trade?" he demanded angrily. "Yes!" roared Lovell. "No!" said Jimmy Silver. "Leggo!" howled Lovell. "Raby, I'll punch your silly head! Newcome, if you want a thick ear—" "Come on!" "I'm having that bike—" roared Lovell. "You're not, old top! Come on!" Arthur Edward Lovell struggled in the grasp of his comrades. But he marched on, notwithstanding. He had to. Jimmy Silver followed with Trotsky and the baggage-cart. Honest John Williams was left standing in the lane with his three handsome bargains, and a very peculiar expression on his stubby face. The Rookwood party wound on down the lane, and vanished from the sight of Honest John. "You silly dummies!" said Lovell in

the edge of a common. The baggage-cart was at rest. Trotsky, the pony, having cropped till he could crop no more, had lain down and gone to sleep in the grass. The weather was warm, and the chums of Rookwood School were taking it easy. As Lovell remarked, they were going nowhere in particular, and there was no hurry to arrive at that destination. The Fistical Four were stretched in the grass, with their hands behind their heads, staring dreamily at blue sky and green tree-tops. Putty Grace was sitting up, rescuing an ant that had crawled into his collar. Putty of the Fourth did not like ants inside his collar; but he removed the obnoxious insect with a gentle hand and dropped him into the grass. There was no reason, so far as Putty could see, why the ant should not enjoy life that sunny afternoon, as well as the Rookwooders. Through the sweet peace of the dreamy afternoon came that booming voice from beyond the hawthorns; a voice the Rookwooders thought they knew. It was not a Rookwood fellow's voice, and they were puzzled a little at first to "place" it, but they knew they had heard it before. Those powerful and strident tones once heard were not easily forgotten. And the voice went on, loudly and wrathfully: "Owls! Fatheads! Chumps! You needn't scowl at me, Wilkins! If you

that his comrades had overruled him on that point. "The bikes have been stolen!" resumed Grundy. "It was all your fault, you two. When I left the camp, I naturally supposed you fellows were somewhere about keeping your eyes open." "We supposed you—" "You'd no business to suppose anything of the sort. But for goodness' sake don't argue. Some tramp's pinched those bikes and we've got to get them back." "We've fagged about for hours," said Gunn, still plaintive. "I can tell you I'm jolly tired, Grundy." "Think I'm not tired?" snorted Grundy. "But I shall keep going till we get those bikes back, and you're going to do the same! Pair of silly blithering owls letting a tramp sneak the machines under your very noses." "We'd gone for a swim—" "Oh, don't argue!" "You shouldn't have left the camp till we came back, Grundy." "If you try to put it on me, Wilkins, I shall punch you—hard!" I'm getting fed-up with a pair of arguing, blithering owls! Now, we've got to get on the track somehow. No good sticking here." "I want a rest—" "There's no time for a rest, Gunn." Grundy & Co. were evidently unaware that there was a camp on the other

"Of course, if we'd let Lovell make a bargain, he would have Grundy's bike here now to hand over—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "And Honest John would have two quid, and only two bikes to sell!" grinned Jimmy Silver.

"Oh, dry up!" grunted Lovell. "I—I—you see—"

"One of us had better stay with Trotsky," said Jimmy. "The rest come with me, and we'll look for the pedlar merchant. He may still be where we left him. He was resting there. Who's hanging on in camp? We don't want Trotsky bagged like Grundy's bike!"

"I'd better stay," said Lovell decidedly. "You know what you fellows are. We don't want Trotsky to get loose, or the baggage-cart to be stolen, or—"

"Bow-wow!" As a matter of fact, Jimmy Silver was glad to leave Lovell on guard. He thought it doubtful whether Honest John would be captured if Lovell lent his valuable assistance in the task.

So four of the Rookwooders tramped back the way they had come, generously giving up their afternoon in the service of the stranded St. Jim's fellows, in spite of Grundy's beautiful manners. They hoped to find Honest John in the shady lane where they had passed him—or, at least, to pick up his track there.

Arthur Edward Lovell stretched himself in the grass again, keeping watch and ward over the camp, and the baggage-cart and Trotsky.

He watched his comrades out of sight, and then took a "Gem" from his pocket to read. Having finished his "Gem," Lovell began to nod. It was a warm and drowsy afternoon. Trotsky was sleeping peacefully, the surroundings were soporific, and Lovell was tired with tramping. He resolved not to sleep, however, as he was on guard. He simply rested his head on a cushion, and rested with his eyes shut.

In a few minutes more he was in sound slumber. Naturally, being fast asleep, he did not see a head in a ragged hat that poked through the hawthorns and surveyed the camp.

Had Lovell been awake, and looking in that direction, he would have recognised the shiny, stubby face of Honest John, the pedlar. Being fast asleep, naturally he did not do so.

Honest John surveyed the camp cautiously and grinned. He came very carefully through the thicket. "This 'ere is luck!" murmured Honest John. "Real luck! Spiffing luck! Four on 'em gone rambling, and the other silly fool fast asleep! That there pony and cart is jest what I want to get them bikes away! This 'ere is a good day's work, this is!"

Lovell slept peacefully. He was awakened suddenly. He started up with a grip like iron on his neck, and glared up to see a stubby face and a brandished cudgel over him. "Quiet!" said Honest John grimly. "The—the pedlar!" gasped Lovell. "If you wants your brains knocked out, you've only got to give a 'owl!" said Honest John.

Arthur Edward Lovell did not give a howl. The cudgel was too heavy and too close for that. Resistance was out of the question, for it was clear that the ruffian would have stunned him without remorse. With feelings that could not have been expressed in speech, even if he had been allowed to speak, Arthur Edward Lovell submitted to his fate. With a length of cord the footpad bound his wrists together and then his ankles, and then stuffed his own handkerchief into his mouth. Then his light fingers ran through Lovell's pockets, relieved the Rookwood junior of his watch and loose cash. If looks could have slain, Honest John would have dropped in the grass beside Lovell, slaughtered! But looks could not—though Lovell's looks just then might have been envied by a Prussian Hun.

The ruffian grinned, and rolled him out of the way into the shadow of the hawthorns. Then he jerked up the pony and harnessed him to the cart. He led the pony and cart off the common, mounted into the cart, and drove away. Lovell, wriggling in the grass, listened to the dying sound of hoofs and wheels until they faded away in the distance.

The 4th Chapter. On the War-path!

"Here's the place!" said Jimmy Silver. The four Rookwooders were dusty and perspiring a little, after their tramp in the hot sun. They had reached the spot in the lane, about a mile from the camp on the common, where they had met Honest John and Lovell had so nearly secured Grundy's bike at a bargain.

There was no sign of Honest John to be seen. Jimmy Silver & Co. had hoped to find him still there; but he was not there. The lonely lane was silent, solitary. In the grass by the road they found tracks of the bicycles, which Honest John had brought out for their inspection. That was all.

him, their aid; but at the end of the search they had to confess that they were as wise as when they had started. "Might have cleared off anywhere," said Raby hopelessly. "There's another lane yonder, and he might have crossed the field to it. And there's the high road across that other meadow. No chance, old chaps!"

"Looks like it!" agreed Newcome. "What do you think, Putty?" asked Jimmy Silver.

Putty of the Fourth was looking very thoughtful, and not taking part in the discussion.

"I've been thinking," said Putty. "Three bikes are rather a handful for a man to wheel away."

"But he's done it," said Raby. "You see, a man like that, wheeling three bikes, would attract a lot of notice," said Putty. "Looks to me as if, after bagging them this morning, he got them into this shady spot to hide them. More likely to take them away one at a time. I should think, and most likely to do it after dark. He must know that Grundy & Co. would be hunting up and down for their property."

Jimmy looked at him curiously. "What have you got in your noddle?" he asked.

and stretched themselves in the grass near the gap to rest and to watch. Sooner or later the thief was certain to return for his plunder; for the bicycles, though carefully hidden from passers-by on the road, might have been seen and found by a farm-hand attending the cattle in the field. Honest John was not likely to leave his plunder longer than he could help; indeed, it was probable that he had gone in search of some conveyance for removing his booty and might be back any minute.

There was a sound of wheels in the lane.

"Somebody's coming!" murmured Putty. "Don't show your heads, you chaps!"

"Only a farm-cart, most likely." Jimmy Silver peered cautiously through the gap. The approaching vehicle was as yet unseen. If it stopped at the gap, the juniors were prepared. Closer and closer came the tattoo of hoofs and the rumble of wheels. The vehicle came to a halt just opposite the gap in the hedge.

Jimmy Silver jumped. There—within three yards of him—stood Trotsky, the pony, whom he had left tethered on the common a mile away. Behind Trotsky was the baggage-

for his plunder. Certainly it had not occurred to them that the conveyance would turn out to be their own travelling outfit.

They fairly blinked at the pony and cart and the pedlar. Honest John secured the reins to a branch. Obviously he had no suspicion that the Rookwooders were on the scene. He stood behind the cart, and shifted the ground-sheets that lay in it. His muttering voice reached the dazed ears of the junior.

"Orlright, and no bloomin' error! Them bikes will jest go in, and them sheets will cover 'em up beautiful! Couldn't 'ave been better! This 'ere is my lucky day!"

And Honest John chuckled.

Leaving the cart, he came tramping through the gap in the hedge. Jimmy Silver made a signal to his chums; they were ready. They had been anxious before to get at close quarters with the bicycle-thief. Now they were simply yearning to get their hands on him.

As Honest John came tramping through the gap, four active figures leaped out of the grass.

Four pairs of hands clutched Honest John, and with a wild howl of astonishment he went staggering back into the

"Oh, lor! I don't want either!" groaned Honest John.

Whack, whack, whack! As Honest John seemed unable to make up his mind, Jimmy Silver decided for him. He laid on the stick till the dust rose from Honest John's baggy trousers in clouds.

Whack, whack, whack, whack! The yells of Honest John woke the echoes of the fields. But the ruffian needed a lesson, and Jimmy Silver did not spare the rod. He laid on the stick, while Honest John squirmed and wriggled in the grasp of Putty and Raby and Newcome, and roared and howled and yelled. Not till his arm was aching did Jimmy Silver cease.

"There! I think that will do!" gasped Jimmy. "I think that's about enough!"

"I'm sure our friend agrees!" said Putty cheerily. "He really looks as if he thinks it more than enough!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Honest John was released, and he squirmed in the grass and groaned, while the Rookwooders unhitched the pony and drove away in triumph, with three bicycles stacked in the baggage-cart. Honest John stared after them lugubriously, a sadder if not a wiser or more honest footpad.

Jimmy Silver drove the pony and his comrades trotted beside the baggage-cart, and they lost no time in getting back to the camp on the common. They were rather anxious about Lovell. They found that helpless youth rolling and wriggling in the grass, trying vainly to gnaw away the handkerchief that was stuffed in his mouth. Lovell blinked up at them as they gathered round him.

"Mmmmmmmmm!" was all he could say.

Jimmy Silver, grinning, opened his pocket-knife and cut the prisoner loose. Lovell jerked the handkerchief from his mouth.

"Groooooooogh!" was his first remark. "This is how you keep guard?" asked Jimmy.

"Groogh! You—you've got the pony and cart back?" gasped Lovell.

"Looks like it!" "How—how did you do it?"

"You see, you weren't there to help, old chap! That's how it was!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

Arthur Edward Lovell scrambled to his feet. He was feeling very stiff, and, to judge by his looks, he was not in a good temper. But he was immensely relieved to see Trotsky again.

"I didn't go to sleep!" he said defensively.

"No?" grinned Jimmy. "No! I just closed my eyes for a minute! Not more than a minute—less, in fact!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "And there's nothing to cackle at!" roared Lovell.

But the rest of the Rookwood party evidently thought that there was, for they yelled.

In the summer dusk a pony and cart, laden with three bicycles and five dusty schoolboys, stopped outside the Red Cow, in Weedgee. Three Shell fellows of St. Jim's were refreshing themselves with ginger-beer at a bench in front of the inn, and the powerful voice of George Alfred Grundy could be heard as Jimmy Silver & Co. came up.

"Of all the blithering owls, you two fellows take the cake! Stupidity isn't the word for it! I've always told you you were a silly ass, Gunn! I've mentioned to you lots of times, George Wilkins, that you haven't the sense of a bunny-rabbit! Haven't I?" "Hallo, old tops!" said Jimmy Silver cheerily.

Grundy glared round. "Hallo! There's that cheeky Rookwood fag again! I warn you, young Silver, that I'm not in a temper to stand any of your cheek! I'd whop you as soon as look at you!"

"Dear old Grundy!" said Jimmy. Grundy jumped up. "I'll jolly well—"

"Hallo! What have you got in that go-cart?" exclaimed Wilkins suddenly.

"Your bikes!" said Jimmy, laughing. "We've got them back for you, and here they are—if Grundy doesn't think it's cheek on our part to bring them back!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" The Rookwooders handed out the bikes. Wilkins and Gunn received their machines with heartfelt thanks; they had fairly given up hope of seeing them again. Grundy took his handsome Sunbeam with quite a peculiar expression on his face.

"Well," he said at last, "I'm obliged!" "Go on!" said Jimmy.

"And you're a cheeky young cad, Silver—"

"Eh?" "But I won't lick you!" said Grundy generously. "There you are! I won't lick you! You can book it!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. looked at Grundy. Then, with one accord, they fell upon him, and Grundy, roaring, was swept off his feet.

Bump, bump, bump! Grundy roared. Wilkins and Gunn roared, too, with happy merriment. But Grundy's roars were not of merriment. They were of mingled wrath and anguish.

Bump, bump, bump! When Jimmy Silver & Co. marched on their way with Trotsky, they left Grundy of St. Jim's sitting outside the Red Cow with a dazed look on his face, struggling spasmodically to get his second wind. And the Rookwooders chortled as they went cheerily on their way.

THE END. (In next Monday's magnificent story, which is entitled "The Rookwood Recruits!", Jimmy Silver & Co. again meet Grundy & Co., of St. Jim's. Don't miss this excellent episode of the holiday tramps!)

A WONDERFUL NEW COMPETITION. "SILHOUETTES."

FIRST PRIZE - £25, TEN PRIZES OF £1, and TWENTY PRIZES OF 10s.

HERE IS A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY FOR YOU TO WIN ONE OF THE ABOVE GENEROUS PRIZES!

INSTRUCTIONS.

On the right you will find six silhouettes, each showing a person doing something, and what you have to do is to write in the space under the picture the exact action portrayed. All the actions can be described in one or two words, but not more than two words.

When you have solved this week's picture-puzzles, keep them by you in some safe place. There will be six sets in all, and when the final set appears you will be told where and when to send your efforts. This is the second set in the competition; the first set appeared in the Boys' FRIEND last week, and can still be obtained from the Back Number Dept., Amalgamated Press, Ltd., 7-9, Pilgrim Street, London, E.C.4.

You may send as many complete sets of efforts as you please. The First Prize of £25 will be awarded to the reader who succeeds in submitting a set of solutions exactly the same, or nearest to, the set of solutions in the possession of the Editor. In the event of ties, the prize will be divided. The other prizes will be awarded in order of merit. No competitor will be awarded more than one share of the prizes.

This competition is run in conjunction with the "Gem," the "Magnet," and the "Popular," and readers of those journals are invited to compete. It must be distinctly understood that the decision of the Editor is final and binding.

Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

"Well, I think very likely the dear man has shoved the bikes out of sight and left 'em around here," said Putty. "Any bobby meeting a tramp with three valuable bikes would stop him. More likely to ride them away one at a time to a distance, or try to get a cart to carry them off in. He hasn't had time yet for all that, and I don't suppose he's met another Lovell to sell 'em to."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "He yanked them out of that field to show us," continued Putty. "Let's look."

"Oh! Good!" said Jimmy Silver. He followed Putty through the gap in the hedge. The field was hilly pasture and thickly growing. Putty went along inside the hedge, and the other juniors, with rather doubtful looks, followed him.

"Eureka!" exclaimed Putty suddenly. "What—"

"The giddy bikes!" There they were—three machines, laying flat in a little hollow, and covered with loose branches and brambles. They were quite secure from general observation, but not from a close scrutiny. Jimmy Silver & Co. promptly dragged them out.

"Good old Putty!" said Jimmy. "Well, here are the bikes! I jolly well wish that footpad was along with them. I'd like to hammer him!"

Putty grinned. "We're in no hurry. He's bound to come back for them. Let's wait."

Jimmy reflected. "Well, we're in no hurry," he said. "May as well take a rest. The camp will be all right with Lovell there."

"I'd like to catch the rotter when he comes back!" remarked Raby. "It will be no end of a giddy surprise for him."

"We can give him a couple of hours, anyhow," said Newcome. "If we get back to the camp for supper, that will be all right."

"Right as rain!" said Jimmy Silver. The Rookwooders returned to the gap in the hedge on the lane. They left the bicycles on the inner side of the hedge

cart. For a single instant Jimmy supposed that Lovell, tired of waiting, had driven after his chums. But it was only for an instant; the next his eyes were on the man who held the reins. And he fairly gasped at the sight of Honest John.

The 5th Chapter. Not Honest John's Lucky Day! Honest John drew the pony to a halt and jumped down. Jimmy Silver & Co., through the grassy gap in the hedge, blinked at him, almost like fellows in a dream. They had supposed it probable that the pedlar had gone for some conveyance

lane, with the four juniors clinging to him like cats. Crash! Down went the footpad on his back, with Jimmy Silver & Co. sprawling over him.

"Oh! Ah! Ooh!" spluttered Honest John. "Strike me pink! Gerroff! Oop!"

He struggled desperately. But Jimmy Silver's knee was on his chest, and Raby and Newcome had his arms; and Putty Grace, with a grip on his collar, was banging his head on the hard road. Honest John bellowed with anguish.

"Yoop! Whoop! Chuck it! I gives in! Yow-ow-ow-ow-ow! My blooming napper! Ow, wow, wow!"

"Got him!" chuckled Jimmy. "Chuck it, guv'nor!" groaned the footpad. "Oh, lor! Oh, crumbs! Ow!"

"You measly thief!" said Jimmy. "You've stolen three bicycles, and now our pony and trap! What you want is hard labour, and plenty of it!"

Honest John groaned dismally. It was not his lucky day, after all. The prospect of hard labour seemed to have a very dispiriting effect on him.

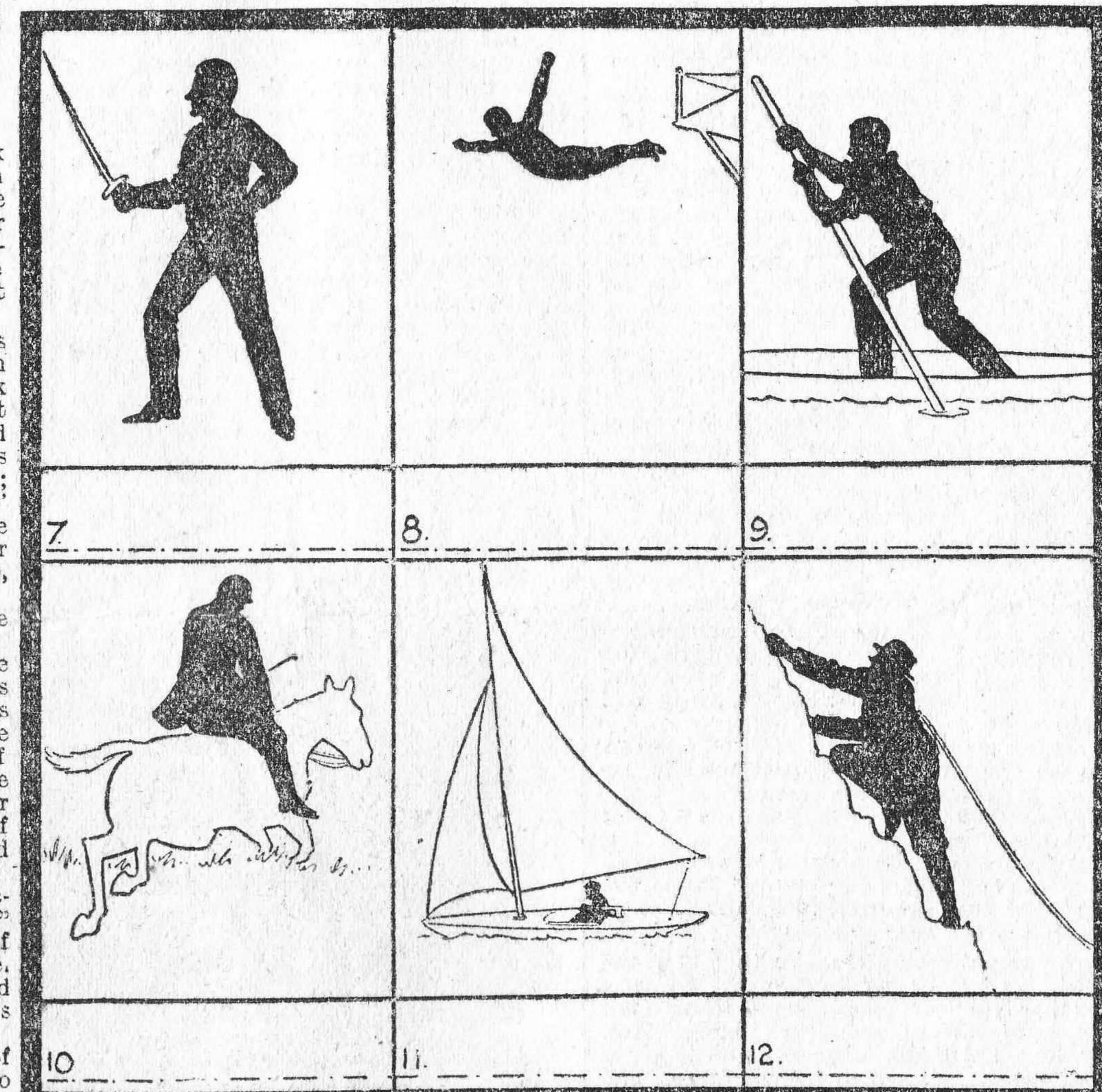
"Let a bloke off, guv'nor!" he groaned. "Oh, lor! I ain't 'urt the young gent—only tied his 'ands up! Jest woke him up and tied him! Wouldn't 'ave 'urt him for love or money! And 'ere's the tucker, sir, and the spondulics! Let a bloke off!"

"Woke him up!" murmured Putty. "Dear old Lovell! That's how he keeps watch!"

Jimmy Silver turned out the tramp's pockets. Lovell's watch and cash were recovered, and then Honest John was turned over in the grass, and Jimmy picked up the big stick the footpad had dropped. Honest John turned his head and blinked up at him in great alarm at these preparations.

"Wharrer you going to do, guv'nor?" he gasped.

"Give you a lesson, old top!" said Jimmy cheerily. "Would you rather have a hiding or be marched off to the police?"



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