

A CLEAN SWEEP!

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

By OWEN CONQUEST.

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Tommy Dodd's Idea!

"I'VE got it!" Tommy Dodd of the Modern Fourth grinned as he made that announcement.

And Cook and Doyle, his loyal chums, said simultaneously:

"Go it, Tommy!"

And the half-dozen other Modern juniors gathered in Tommy Dodd's study echoed:

"Go it!"

Thus encouraged, Tommy Dodd went

it: "You know those Classical duffers have got up a fatheaded dramatic society they call the 'Classical Players'—a rotten imitation of our Stage Society—"

"They started the Classical Players first," remarked Towle, rather unfortunately.

Tommy Dodd paused, to bestow a glare on Towle.

"You silly ass, Towle!"

"Well, they did, didn't they?" protested Towle.

"Order!"

"Dry up!"

"Oh, all right!" said Towle. "Only, I don't see how it was an imitation if they started first!"

"Towle had better go and join the Classical side," suggested Cook sarcastically.

"Oh, draw it mild!" said Towle indignantly. "I was only pointing out—"

"I'll go on, if Towle doesn't mind shutting up before bed-time!" said Tommy Dodd, in a tone of patient politeness.

"Oh, rats!" grunted Towle. "I only said—"

"Order!"

"Cheese it!"

"Pile in, Tommy!"

Towle gave another grunt, and subsided into silence, and Tommy Dodd went on victoriously:

"The Classical Players is a rotten, spoofing, spurious imitation of the Modern Stage Society—"

"Hear, hear!"

"And it's no good—"

"Hear, hear!"

"And it's up to us to see that the Classical duffers don't make themselves and Rookwood ridiculous by playing the giddy ox in what they call amateur theatricals—"

"Oh!"

"Moreover, they mucked up our last play with their pea-shooters—"

"The rotters!"

"Jimmy Silver and his fatheaded pals came over in a gang and did it. Well, I've found that the Classical Piffers are—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Are getting up a new play, and they have their rehearsals in the box-room. According to what I hear, it's something quite new—a modern play, but on Shakespearian lines, and the silly chumps seem to think an awful lot of it—"

"Silly asses!"

"They lock themselves in the box-room for rehearsals, in case we should raid them and interrupt," continued Tommy Dodd. "I scouted round last evening, but there was no getting at them. But I've been thinking it over, and I've got it!"

"Go it, Tommy!"

"They've shoved all the boxes and trunks to one end of the room, to give 'em space for their fat-headed rehearsals. Well, all those boxes and trunks are empty, of course."

"Of course!" said Towle. "Boxes in the box-room generally are empty."

"Shut up, Towle!"

"On the ball, Tommy!"

Tommy Dodd gave the interrupter a withering look, and proceeded:

"My idea is to sneak along to the box-room on the Classical side, and take cover there some time before the rehearsal. Then they come in and rehearse the—"

"Can't take cover behind the boxes," said Towle. "They're not piled up; only shoved to one end of the room."

"Oh, sit on him, somebody!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd. "We're not going to ambush behind the boxes, ass; but in the boxes, fathead!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"That's the idea," said Tommy Dodd; "and with us in the boxes, the Classical asses can rehearse their giddy play that they're keeping so dark, and we shall hear every blessed word—"

"Hear, hear!"

"And then, when I whistle, we come out and mop them up!" said Tommy Dodd. "We'll make an example of the whole gang—"

"Bravo!"

"And Jimmy Silver can go home and hide his diminished napper. The Classical Piffers have got to be sat on—heavy! We're the fellows to sit on them!"

"Hear, hear!"

"We'll take a rope along, and tie 'em all up in a row!" pursued Tommy Dodd. "We'll tie up their right legs, and make them hop out—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And if that don't make Jimmy Silver sing small nothing will. Now, they are meeting at seven, and it's half-past six now. You've got to wedge along to their old box-room one at a time without being seen."

"Easy enough if we can get there," said Towle. "What about the door in the passage leading to their side, though? It's kept locked."

"Fathead!"

"Well, I can't get through a keyhole, for one!"

"Do you think I hadn't thought of that, ass? Leggett's got a key to that door."

"Oh, good!"

"Jolly good wheeze, bedad!" said Tommy Doyle heartily. "It's a janius ye are, Tommy darling!"

"Bravo, Tommy!"

"Right-ho!" said Tommy, much gratified by this hearty approval from his loyal followers. "We shall make the Classical asses look small this time, and no mistake! I'll go first, and you come after me, one at a time, a few minutes after one another."

"Good egg!"

And Tommy Dodd quitted the study.

THE SECOND CHAPTER. The Rehearsal.

"TIME for the rehearsal!" remarked Jimmy Silver, the captain of the Fourth, as seven rang out from the clock-tower of Rookwood.

"Ready!" said Lovell and Raby and Newcome together.

The chums of the end study were quite keen on the new play, which had been planned, written, re-written, and revised in the end study. It was a stunning play, as all the Classical Players were agreed. It was really Jimmy Silver's idea.

The Classical Players had done Shakespeare many a time and oft—in first-rate style, as they all agreed.

But they agreed, also, that something a bit more modern was wanted by way of a change, and Jimmy Silver had designed a drama on Shakespearian lines, dealing with modern events.

Hence the play, which was written upon the lines of "Julius Caesar"—an old favourite with the Classical Players, and which they knew by heart.

The Classics all agreed that the idea was a real "corker," and they were very careful to keep it to themselves. For their deadly rival, Tommy Dodd of the Modern side, would certainly have "lifted" that stunning idea, if he had had wind of it.



Jimmy Silver & Co. marched. Like a long serpent winding its length away, the file of Classics "processed" out of the box-room and into the passage. A howl of laughter from the Moderns greeted them. (See Chapter 3.)

"I've been thinking," remarked Raby. "Don't!" said Jimmy.

"But it's the First of April in a few days!"

"Never mind your birthday now, old scout!"

"You silly ass!" roared Raby. "It isn't my birthday."

"My mistake!" said Jimmy Silver blandly. "Judging by appearances, I—"

"Oh, ring off, you funny ass! I was thinking that we ought to take a rise out of the Modern cads on the First of April."

"So we ought," said Newcome. "We oughtn't to let that date pass without spoofing Tommy Dodd. And I've got an idea, too."

"You starting ideas?" said Jimmy Silver, in surprise.

"Fathhead! I've got an idea for dishing those bounders on the First. What about getting them to a spoof footer match?" said Newcome. "If we could think of a way of fixing it up, and sending them somewhere to play footer with a team that doesn't exist!"

"How?"

Newcome sniffed.

"That's got to be thought out, of course. It would make a ripping wind-up of the footer season, if we could work it."

Jimmy Silver nodded.

"Might think over it," he agreed. "But never mind the First of April now.

The rehearsal's the order of the day. Here's Oswald."

"Ready?" said Dick Oswald, looking into the study.

"You bet!"

"The other chaps are coming in," said Oswald.

"Right-ho!"

The Fistical Four followed Oswald to the box-room.

The gas was lighted there, and the blinds were drawn. Flynn and Conroy, Rawson and Pons and Van Ryn were already there. The boxes and trunks having been shifted to one end of the room, there was ample space for the rehearsals of the Classical Players—a study not being quite large enough.

Jimmy Silver turned the key in the lock after they had entered.

It was always necessary, on such occasions, to take precautions, in case of a raid by the rivals on the other side of Rookwood. The warfare between Classics and Moderns seldom slept.

The box-room was empty when the Classical Players came in; at all events, it looked empty. But, as with the jam in the story, there was more in it than met the eye.

"Well, here we are!" said Rawson. "I say, Jimmy, the Modern cads have got on to it that there's something on. Tommy Dodd's awfully curious about it."

"He won't guess the idea in a month of Sundays," said Jimmy Silver. "Tain't everybody who's got brains enough to

think of a parody of Shakespeare. Tommy Dodd won't know anything about it till the play comes off in the Form-room. Hallo! Who's that sniggering?"

"Not a dress rehearsal this time?" asked Oswald.

"No; we haven't got the stuff ready yet. Next time. I hope you fellows have got your lines by heart?"

"Pretty fair, I think," said Conroy. "You haven't given me such a lot. This edition of 'Julius Cæsar' won't take more than a quarter the proper time."

"Well, we don't live in the spacious days of Queen Bess, as old William did. Life's short, you know, and fellows won't sit down to a play for more than an hour, if they can help it. 'Tain't like the Sixth Form play on Speech Day, when chaps have to stick it out, whether they like it or not. We give the whole bizney in half a dozen telling scenes. It's an improvement."

"I've no doubt Shakespeare would think so," grinned Oswald.

"Never mind Shakespeare now," said Jimmy Silver. "We can give Shakespeare a rest for a bit. I suppose you fellows know there's been a war?"

"I believe I've heard a rumour to that effect," said Conroy, with a thoughtful look. "Now, where did I hear that rumour?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Don't be funny, Conroy. This isn't a time for jokes," said Jimmy Silver.

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severely. "We shall simply knock the Moderns with this play. Who ever thought of producing a real live war play on Shakespearian lines?"

"Nobody outside the end study," said Lovell.

"And nobody outside the end study seems to be gettin' much of the play, by jabbers!" remarked Patrick O'Donovan Flynn. "You fellows have it jolly nearly all among you."

"I've noticed that," grinned Oswald.

"Well, that had to be so," explained Jimmy Silver. "We couldn't have so many characters as Shakespeare. The thing had to be boiled down a bit; and, of course, for the leading parts, the best actors in the Classical Fourth had to be selected. That was only sense."

"Oh! You were going to select the best actors for the principal roles?" asked Conroy.

"Exactly."

"Then why didn't you?"

Jimmy Silver's reply to that question consisted of a glance, while the rest of the Classical Players chuckled.

"I've warned you not to be funny, you ass!" he said. "Let's get on with the bizney. We're going to give the Moderns the kybosh with this play, and make the Fifth Form sing small with their precious Thespian Society, as they call it. Mind you don't let Tommy Dodd get wind of it, that's all. Who was that sniggering?"

"Oh, get on!" said Lovell.

"I thought I heard someone sniggering," said Jimmy Silver, looking round suspiciously. "Never mind. Let's get on! Lend me your ears."

"Is that the play?" asked Conroy innocently.

"No, fathead, that isn't the play! I'm just trying to draw your fatheaded attention. Now, I'll give you one of my speeches."

"What for?"

"To show you how it goes, ass! Who's stage-manager of this theatrical company, I'd like to know?" said Jimmy Silver warmly. "Now, where do I begin? If you don't leave off sniggering, Conroy—"

"I wasn't sniggering!"

"Well, somebody was. This is a rehearsal, not a sniggering match! Now, shut up and listen!"

Jimmy Silver sorted out his script, and prepared to deliver his lines, and the Classical Players prepared to listen to him, with varying expressions of resignation upon their faces.

"Friends, Britons, countrymen, lend me your ears!" began Jimmy.

"Sure that sounds like Shakespeare himself, bedad!" said Flynn.

"Of course it is, fathead!" roared Jimmy Silver. "Haven't I told you this play is on Shakespearian lines, adapted to modern events?"

"But sure, people don't spake like that in real life!"

"Ass! People can speak how they like in a play," snorted Jimmy Silver. "You dry up, and listen!"

"Mark, learn, and inwardly digest," grinned Conroy.

"On the bawl!" said Pons.

And Jimmy Silver restarted, after the interval, so to speak.

"Friends, Britons, countrymen, lend me your ears!"

I come to call my countrymen to arms! The Hunnish foe is thundering at the gate

In myriads unnumbered. Shall the proud

And noble flag on which no sun has set

Retreat before the Kaiser's savage hordes?

Perish the thought! The British Empire stands

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Firm, and four-square to all the winds that blow."

"Bedad, and it's foine!" said Flynn, as Jimmy paused. "But where do we come in, Jimmy darling?"

"That's where you cheer!" explained Jimmy. "You yell 'Hurrah' at that bit!"

"Oh! Hurrah!" roared Flynn.

"What next?"

"Then I go on!"

"Oh, do you, bedad!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yes, I do!" roared Jimmy Silver.

"It's rather a long speech—the best thing in the play, really. Dry up!"

The Classical Players dutifully dried up, and the captain of the Fourth, having resumed his dramatic attitude, was about to recommence, when there came a sudden and startling interruption.

There was a sharp whistle in the box-room, and as if moved by the same spring, the lids of several boxes and trunks flew up.

From the boxes and trunks Modern juniors jumped like jacks-in-the-box.

"Give 'em socks!" roared Tommy Dodd.

"My hat! What the—"

"Great Scott!"

"Go for 'em!" yelled Tommy Dodd.

"Down with the Classics!"

And there was a rush.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

A Classical Procession.

JIMMY SILVER & CO. were completely taken by surprise by the enemy.

The sudden and unexpected charge of the Moderns bowled them fairly over.

Jimmy Silver went down, and Tommy Dodd sat on his chest, and the rest were bowled over by the Moderns like skittles, and a grinning Modern sat on each of them to keep him down.

Like Cæsar of old, Tommy Dodd came, and saw, and conquered.

The Moderns were there in force. The odds were against the Classics. And the surprise did the rest.

Almost before Jimmy Silver & Co. knew what was happening, they were pinned down, and the Moderns were yelling with triumph over them.

"A clean sweep!" chuckled Cook.

"Hurrah!"

"You silly chumps!" roared Lovell.

"Lemme gerup, and I'll pulverise you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, you rotters!" gasped Jimmy Silver.

"So that's the merry secret, is it?" grinned Tommy Dodd, as Jimmy wriggled under his weight. "That's the merry play that's going to knock spots off creation. I don't think much of it myself!"

"Rotten!" agreed Towle.

"Jimmy Silver does all the jaw, and the other asses stand round like a lot of moulting hens!" grinned Doyle. "Do you call that a play intirely?"

"Still, we'll take it in hand, and see whether we can make a play of it," said Tommy Dodd considerably.

"Oh, you Modern rotter!" groaned Jimmy. "Just like a Modern trick, hiding yourself in the trunks—"

"Yes; a Classical wouldn't have the brains to think of it!" agreed Tommy Dodd. "This is where we smile."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Trot out the rope, Lacy!"

Lacy trotted out the rope.

"Look here!" panted Jimmy Silver.

"Dry up, dear boy! You're dead in this act! Tie 'em up, Lacy!"

"What-ho!" chuckled Lacy.

The Classical Players struggled desperately.

But it was no use. They were too

firmly held. They were dealt with one by one, and their wrists were tied together behind their backs.

Then they were allowed to rise to their feet.

"Look here! What's the game, you fatheads?" demanded Jimmy Silver savagely.

"You are!" chorled Tommy Dodd. "Stick 'em in a row!"

"Oh, you rotters!"

The Classics were slammed into a file, Jimmy Silver at the head, and the other fellows behind. They were secured one behind another by several cords, every fellow's arms being tied to those of the fellow behind him, leaving them just room to walk.

The Classics almost raved.

But there was no help for it. They were in the hands of the Philistines, and they had to stand it.

"Don't they look a pretty set?" said Tommy Dodd admiringly. "You'll find the paper caps in that box, Cooky!"

Tommy Cook brought out the paper caps. They were fools' caps, and they were arranged on the heads of the Classics.

Then Tommy Dodd groped in the chimney for soot. With the soot he daubed the noses of the Classical juniors, one after another.

Those who opened their mouths to remonstrate received a little of the soot in the opening, and thereafter they closed their lips and endured in silence.

"Unlock the door!" grinned Tommy Dodd.

"Oh, you rotter!" stuttered Jimmy Silver. "You're not going to send us out like this?"

"I rather think we are!"

"Look here, you Modern worm—"

"March!" rapped out Tommy Dodd.

"I'm not going a step!" roared Jimmy Silver furiously.

"Anybody got a pin?"

"Ha, ha! Here you are!"

"Are you going to march, Jimmy?"

"No!" yelled Jimmy. "Oh, my hat! Keep that pin away, you beast! Yaroooh!"

Jimmy Silver marched; there was no arguing with a pin at close quarters. His comrades followed; there was no choice about that. Like a long serpent winding its length away, the file of Classics "processed" out of the box-room and into the Fourth Form passage.

The Moderns followed them with yells of laughter.

Never had the Classical Players presented so absurd an appearance. The funniest comedies they had represented on the amateur stage were nothing to this.

A howl of laughter in the Fourth-Form passage greeted them.

Mornington & Co. were chatting near the landing, and they yelled at the sight of the procession, in fools' caps and with blackened noses.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, by gad!" gasped Townsend.

"Come and help us, you cackling chumps!" bellowed Lovell.

"Keep off!" rapped out Tommy Dodd.

"Don't interfere with the procession!"

"Ha, ha!" roared Mornington.

"We're not goin' to interfere. Is this a rehearsal of somethin' specially funny, Jimmy Silver?"

"A dress rehearsal, by gad!" chorled Topham. "I must say your cap suits you, Silver."

"Quite the thing, by gad!" chuckled Peele.

"Ha, ha!"

There was no help from the Nuts of the Fourth. Jimmy Silver & Co. paraded down the corridor in unhappy procession.

The yells of laughter soon drew the rest of the Classical Fourth to the spot.

Jones minor and Hooker rushed to the rescue, but they were hurled off by the Moderns.

Most of the fighting-men of the Classical Fourth were tied up in the scoty-nosed procession, and Mornington & Co. remained neutral, and Jones and his friends were quite outnumbered. There was no rescue for the unhappy victims of Tommy Dodd's jape.

"Take 'em down to the Common-room!" suggested Towle.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ahem! We don't want to run into Bootles," said Tommy Dodd. "Bootles mightn't see the joke. You know these Form-masters."

"Right wheel, Jimmy Silver!"

"Oh, you rotter!"

Jimmy had to turn, and the procession wound round from the landing, and marched back along the passage, amid shrieks of laughter.

"When father says turn, we all turn!" chortled Doyle.

"Look out! Here comes Bulkeley!" yelled Peele suddenly.

"Oh, my hat!"

The yells of laughter had brought the captain of Rookwood upstairs. The Moderns vanished down the passage leading to Mr. Manders' house like magic. They had disappeared by the time Bulkeley of the Sixth came striding on the scene.

The captain of Rookwood gasped at the sight of the wriggling procession.

"What the—what the—what the dickens—" he stuttered.

The procession groaned in spirit.

"I—I say, Bulkeley—" stammered Jimmy Silver.

"What do you mean by this?" roared Bulkeley. "What have you young idiots tied yourselves up like this for?"

"We—we—we didn't—"

"It's a rehearsal of the Classical Players, Bulkeley!" chuckled Mornington. "They're going to stagger humanity with it!"

"It isn't!" roared Lovell. "We've been tied up! Oh crumbs!"

Bulkeley's face relaxed.

"Oh! Some of your rot with the Moderns, I suppose?" he said.

"Ahem!"

"But this is rather past a joke," said Bulkeley, frowning. "You can be heard nearly all over the house. Stop it at once, and go and clean your faces!"

"Please, we—we can't!" gasped Jimmy Silver. "We're tied up!"

"Cut them loose, then," rapped out Bulkeley to Mornington & Co., and the Nuts of the Fourth unwillingly obeyed. Mornington & Co. were quite enjoying the discomfiture of Jimmy Silver.

Bulkeley strode away, grinning in spite of himself. Jimmy Silver & Co. were set loose at last. They scuttled away to the dormitory to wash off the soot, followed by a howl of laughter from the other Classics.

In the dormitory Flynn shook a set of knuckles under Jimmy Silver's nose.

"Ye omadhaun!" he roared.

"Oh, go and eat coke!"

"Ye call yerself a leader intirely, and ye lead us into this!" roared Flynn.

"Jimmy, you chump!" yelled Lovell.

"Jimmy, you ass!"

"Jimmy, you duffer!"

"You grouching chumps!" exclaimed the exasperated Jimmy. "You didn't see the Modern cads in the trunks any more than I did!"

"We're not leader!" howled Flynn. "Faith, and it's a precious leader ye are!"

"Ass!"

"Fathead!"

"Oh, go and eat coke!" growled Jimmy.

The Classics agreed that it was all Jimmy Silver's fault. A leader's place certainly was not to lead his devoted followers into a trap, and to have them "guyed" unmercifully by the enemy. Jimmy Silver retreated from the dormitory with a heightened colour. When his chums joined him in the end study Jimmy met them with a glare.

"Of all the asses—" began Lovell.

"Chuck it!" said Jimmy. "I'm fed up!"

"Mornington's proposing to get a new captain for the Fourth," growled Raby. "Blest if I don't think it's a good idea!"

"This study has been let down," said Newcome, with a shake of the head. "You will really have to brighten up a bit, Jimmy."

"Was it my fault, you chumps!" howled Jimmy.

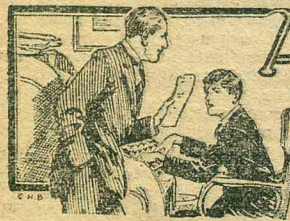
"Well, you're leader."

"Oh, rats!"

And with that the Fistical Four sat down to their prep.

THE END.

WRITE TO YOUR EDITOR ABOUT IT!



A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR

YOUR EDITOR IS ALWAYS PLEASED TO HEAR FROM HIS READERS. ADDRESS: EDITOR, THE "POPULAR," THE FLEETWAY HOUSE, FARRINGTON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

FOR NEXT FRIDAY:
I have not very much space in which to tell you about next week's programme, my chums, but this much sums the issue up—it's absolutely grand!
The story of Harry Wharton & Co. is entitled

"THE BOY WITH A SECRET!"
By Frank Richards.

and is a story which will set you wondering what the secret is.
The second long complete school story is of Jimmy Silver & Co., and is entitled

"SPOOFED!"
By Owen Conquest,

and deals with the manner in which Jimmy Silver and his chums of the Classical Fourth get their own back on Tommy Dodd & Co., their rivals of the Modern House.

There will be another magnificent four-page supplement of

"BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY,"
which will be packed full of fun and fiction contributed by boys of Rookwood, St. Jim's, and Greyfriars.

"POPLETS" COMPETITION No. 8.
Here are the examples for this week's competition:
Led Into Trouble. A Good Tale.
Constantly in Way. Coker's Motor-Rike.

Being Bunter's Friend. Listening at Keyhole.
The Uninvited Guest. Bumping Billy Bunter.
Wangling a Feed. Avoid Knox When.
When Words Fail. Mrs. Mimble's Tarts.

Now, select Two of the examples, and make up a sentence of TWO, THREE, or FOUR words having some bearing on the example. ONE of the words in your sentence must commence with ONE of the letters in the example.

You must study these rules carefully before you send in your effort:

- All "Poplets" must be written on one side of a POSTCARD, and not more than two "Poplets" can be sent by one reader each week.
- The postcards must be addressed "Poplets," No. 8, The "Popular," Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4.
- No correspondence can be entered into in connection with "Poplets."
- The Editor's opinion on any matter which may arise is to be accepted as final and legally binding. This condition will be strictly enforced, and readers can only enter the competition on this understanding.
- I guarantee that every effort will be thoroughly examined by a competent staff of judges, PROVIDED that the effort is sent in on a POSTCARD and that it is received on or before the date of closing.

All efforts must be received on or before March 31st, 1921.
TEN PRIZES OF FIVE SHILLINGS EACH to senders of the TEN BEST "POPLETS."

RESULT OF "POPLETS" No. 2.

The Ten Prizes of Five Shillings each have been awarded to the following readers:
Irene Hyde, Redhill Road, Lower Gornat, near Dudley.

Example: Billy's Fat Subs.
"Poplet": A "huge" family circle.
F. G. Shaw, 61, Pontypridd Road, Porth, Glam.

A Late Pass.
Attracts yell from touchline.
Miss Maudie Kelly, 6, Harrison Place, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Billy's Fat Subs.
Are the "big four."
S. Bartlett, The Trench, Wem, Salop.
Bunter on Horseback.
Look better on elephant.

Jessie S., 94, Grafton Road, N.W. 5.
Mr. Railton's Cane.
Often makes an "impression!"

F. G. Bissenden, 36, Nightingale Road, Dover.
Bunter on Horseback.
Only "rocking-horse."

G. W. Porteous, 192, Mackintosh Place, Roath Park, Cardiff.
Mr. Railton's Cane.
Not "Popular" "Boys' Friend."

A. Wylie, 2, Greenside Cottages, Cardenden, Fifeshire.
Mr. Railton's Cane.
Is a "striking" tonic.

J. Borwick, 74, Welbeck Road, Walker, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Montie Lowther's Puns.
Raise "Peele's" of laughter.

B. Smart, 25, Chelsea Road, Southsea, Hants.
Towerer Growths When
D'Arcy appears in gaiters.

The last-named reader won a prize in the first competition, and I must really congratulate him. His effort earned a prize, and the fact that he had one last week did not make me push his postcard aside. What he has done, other readers can do!

Your Editor