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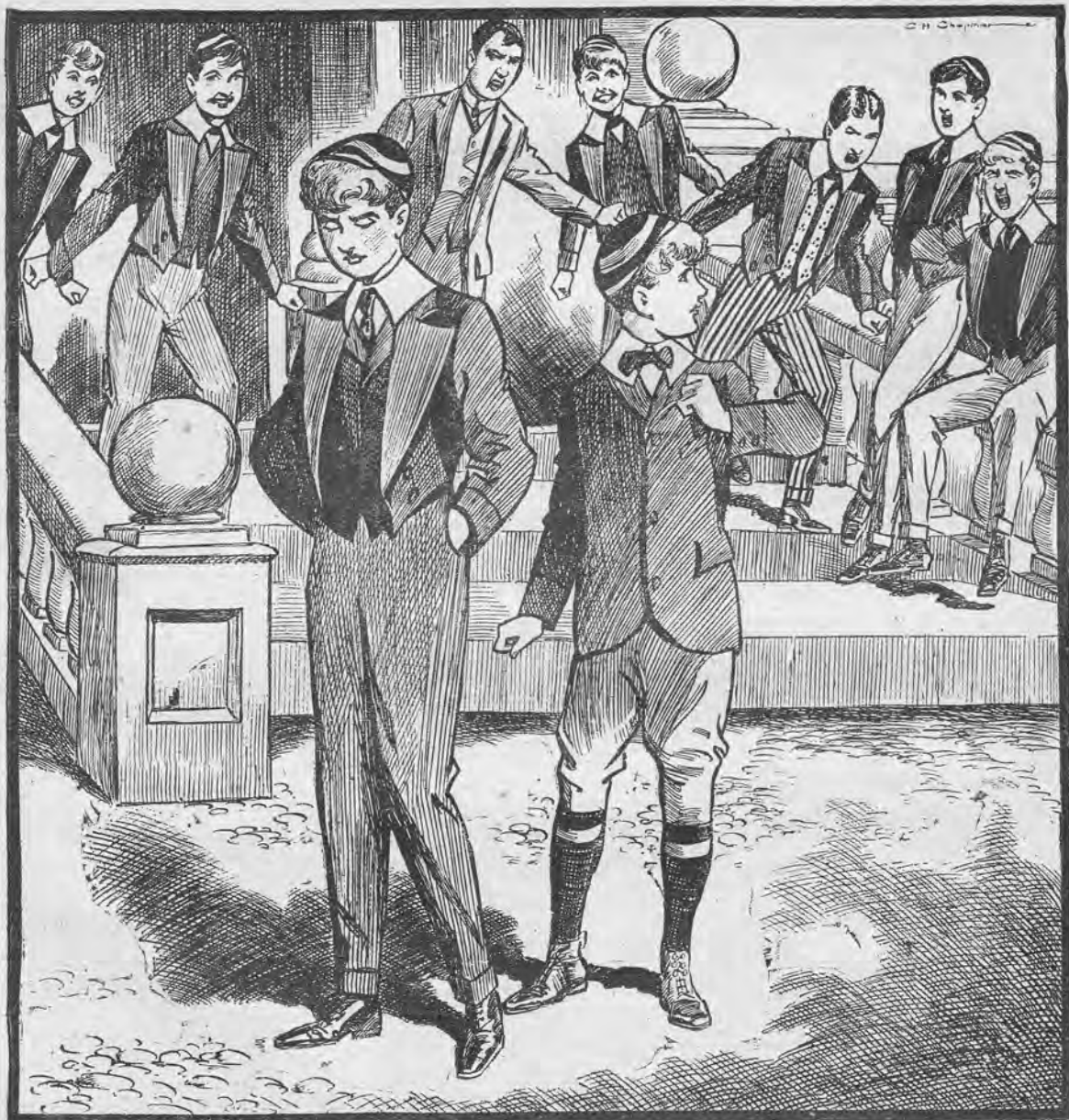
Greyfriars

The POPULAR

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Stories, Jokes & Pictures
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SCORNE BY 'THE SCHOOL!

(A dramatic episode in the long complete tale of Greyfriars in this issue.)



Their Honour at Stake!

A Magnificent Long Complete
Tale of Harry Wharton & Co's.
Early Schooldays at Greyfriars.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Loder Backs Out!

IT was a miserable evening enough for Harry Wharton. Nugent was his oldest and best chum at Greyfriars. What had happened was almost as bad for Harry as for him. If Frank could not explain, there could be only one end to the matter—the whole thing would be taken before the Head, and Nugent would be expelled from the school. Lord Mauleverer had placed a fifty-pound banknote in a book, and Nugent had borrowed the book. Since then the note had been reported as being lost. Vernon-Smith said bluntly that Nugent had stolen it.

But what could be done? Unless Nugent could explain, certainly the whole school could form only one opinion upon the subject. If Harry and Bob continued to believe in him, it would be by instinct, not by reason, for all the reasons were against his innocence.

Nugent quitted No. 1 Study after the tea had been consumed. He was glad enough of the faith and trust that Wharton and Bob Cherry showed in him. But he did not want company just then. Bob Cherry went to his own study, and did his prep in company with Mark Linley. They were both looking decidedly downhearted. But the Lancashire lad was of Bob's opinion—Frank Nugent was innocent—and believed the Bounder's accusation would recoil upon himself.

Prep over, Bob Cherry strolled into No. 1 Study. Wharton was there, and he had finished his preparation, and was standing leaning on the mantelpiece in an attitude of gloomy thought. He nodded gloomily enough to Bob Cherry.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob, without the usual cheery ring in his voice, however. "Where's Nugent?"

"I don't know. I think he wants to be alone."

"Poor old Franky!" said Bob. "Of course, every word he's said is perfectly true. He hasn't seen that banknote!"

"I'm quite sure of it."

"You remember that time when they had something up against me?" said Bob Cherry, colouring a little. "Since then I've made up my mind jolly well never to believe in circumstantial evidence. Stealing's too horrible for you to believe it against a chap, unless it's proved right up to the hilt. But why won't Frank explain what he was doing in Mauly's study while he was waiting for Mauly to come in?"

Wharton shook his head.

"I can't understand it," he said. "If it was Snoop, or Skinner, or Vernon-Smith, I should think he had been spying—reading letters, perhaps—or if it were Bunter, that he had been stealing

grub from the cupboard; but Frank Nugent wouldn't do any of those things. So far as I can see, he has no reason whatever for concealing what he was doing during those six or seven minutes. Unless—"

"Unless he had heard about Mauly's banknote, and was looking for it," said Bob Cherry, in a gloomy tone.

"That's it! But I'll never believe that for a moment."

Bob Cherry made a restless gesture.

"No. It's horrible, though; nearly all the other fellows believe it. It's weighing on my mind horribly. Do you feel up to a game of chess?"

Wharton made a grimace. He did not feel up to it; but he did not feel up to anything else, either, and the time had to be passed somehow. He drew out the chessboard, and set out the pieces.

The chums tried to bury themselves in the game, and to exclude the matter that was worrying them from their minds, with very ill-success. Bob Cherry's king was in check most of the time, and as Wharton never noticed it sometimes both kings were in check together, which was certainly a surprising state of affairs from the chess point of view. Wharton did not even make a remark when the worried Bob made a knight's move with his rook in a moment of absent-mindedness.

Skinner looked into the study while that remarkable game of chess was still in progress. There was a grin on Skinner's face; not a good-natured grin.

"I say! Loder's calling fag," he remarked.

Bob Cherry grunted.

"Let him call," he replied. "It was settled once for all that the Remove don't fag for the Sixth; and Loder knows that well enough."

"He's on the war-path again now, then. He told you and Wharton to go and get his tea."

"He can go and eat coke."

Skinner chuckled.

"Well, there will be ructions," he remarked.

Russell came in a minute later, looking a little alarmed.

"Loder's coming upstairs," he said.

"Let him come!" said Harry Wharton. A moment more, and little Wun Lung, the Chinese junior, scuttled into the study in great alarm, his pigtail flying behind him.

"Loder's coming!" he announced. "Loder's coming down passages! You look out! What you tink?"

"We're looking out," said Bob Cherry. "Check!"

There was a heavy tramp of footsteps outside, and Loder, the prefect, hurled the door open and came in. His face

was very red and angry. He had asked three fellows to a late tea, and he had taken them to his study and found that there was not a sign of tea there. Fagging the Remove had certainly been abolished, but Loder did not care for that. He intended to have his own way, and under the peculiar circumstances now he expected to be able to bend the juniors to his will.

"I told you I wanted you!" he exclaimed angrily.

Wharton looked at him steadily.

"I know you did, Loder."

"Why didn't you come?"

"Because we're not going to fag for you!"

Loder gritted his teeth. He took a flying kick at the chess-table and knocked it over. Table and board and pieces went rolling on the floor. The juniors sprang to their feet with exclamations of anger.

"You rotter!" shouted Bob Cherry.

"Your cad!"

Loder grasped the two juniors. With a swing of his powerful arms he brought their two heads together with a sounding concussion.

Crack!

"Ow!"

"Yow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Russell and Skinner and Wun Lung burst into a laugh—they could not help it. But Bob Cherry and his chum did not laugh. They roared—in a different way. Loder brought their heads together again, but they dragged back, and the concussion was not so hard. Then Harry tore himself from the bully's grasp and hit out fiercely, straight from the shoulder.

Loder caught the blow on the chin, and gave a gasp and staggered back, only the wall saving him from falling. Wharton could hit hard when he liked. The juniors faced the bully of the Sixth, their fists clenched, their eyes blazing. Russell ranged up alongside Wharton and Cherry at once, and little Wun Lung joined them, with a gleam of battle in his almond-like eyes. Skinner retreated into the furthest corner of the study. He was not looking for trouble with the Sixth.

"Now then, you cad!" panted Wharton. "Come on, if you like!"

Loder gasped with rage.

"You—you insolent young scoundrel! I'll take you straight to the Head!"

"And tell him you've been trying to fag us after his orders on the subject!" said Harry caustically. "You dare not!"

The prefect ground his teeth. He knew that that was perfectly true—he dared not. The Head's anger would have been turned upon him quite as much as upon the juniors for opening

afresh that old trouble between the Remove and the Sixth.

"You'd better get out!" said Bob Cherry, with a grin. "You've woke up the wrong passenger, Loder, and you had better slide."

"Look here!" said the prefect, in a savage tone. "I—I—"

"I—I—," mimicked Bob Cherry.

"Go it! I—I—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Loder clenched his hands hard. But he did not care to rush upon four juniors, all ready for battle. Powerful fellow as he was, he was not a match for four of the Remove—at all events, the tussle would have been a harder one than he cared to undertake. He gave the juniors one last furious look, and turned and strode from the study.

"We don't fag this time!" said Bob Cherry, with a grin.

And the juniors, very much cheered up by their victory over Loder, laughed. But they were not done with the bully of the Sixth yet.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

In the Second Form-room!

FRANK NUGENT went slowly down the passage towards the door of the Second Form-room. Dicky Nugent, his minor, belonged to the Second Form at Greyfriars, and he was the most unruly and troublesome, and at the same time most popular, member of it. Dicky Nugent had a fair, handsome, innocent face that disarmed people who did not know him well, for a wilder young scamp there never was, at Greyfriars or anywhere else. And Dicky was to some extent spoiled by a fond mother. Frank had often realised, not without bitterness, that his mother's affection for him was as nothing to her affection for her younger son. Perhaps it was because Dicky needed more care than Frank that his mother cared for him more; perhaps because he was the "baby" of the family. Certain it was that he was the apple of his mother's eye, and that nothing was too good for Dicky, and if any pleasure had to be foregone at home it was certainly not Dicky that was likely to be the sufferer.

Many lads in Frank's position would have taken a dislike to the wilful and irresponsible boy for the reason that his mother loved him better; but that was not Frank's way. He was very fond of his mother, and very fond of his minor. He had long ago made up his mind that he must be content to take second place in his mother's regard, though he prized her affection far more than Dicky did. Not that Dicky was wanting in affection, either, but he had not Frank's steady and thoughtful nature.

Frank had cheerfully undertaken the extremely difficult task of looking after his minor at Greyfriars. And a difficult task it had been at first, when Dicky first came to the school. The spoiled boy had made enemies on all sides, and had come dangerously near being sent home in disgrace, but at last, with Frank's help, he had shaken down into his place. Now he was the acknowledged leader of the Second Form. But with all his faults, at his worst time, though he had been passionate and obstinate, and even violent, he had never been dishonourable. Frank, in spite of the chilling doubt in his heart, could not quite bring himself to think that Dicky had visited Lord Mauleverer's study for a dishonest purpose. But he knew Dicky's wilful nature. He knew that Dicky had been asking for too much pocket-money lately and had had a refusal from home, and he knew that fifty pounds would be a terrible temptation to a fag who had never pos-

sessed so much as fifty shillings at a time if he allowed his mind to run on it.

There was a buzz of voices in the Second Form-room as Frank Nugent approached it with slow and heavy steps. Preparation was over for the evening, and the fags had the room to themselves. The Second Form did their preparation in the presence of a master, and so Frank had had no opportunity of speaking to his brother till it was over. The door of the Form-room was partly open, and there was a smell proceeding from the room which Frank could not quite make out at first. It was a smell of cooking, but what it was that was cooking, was a mystery. Nugent minor's voice was audible among the others as Frank reached the door.

"I haven't got it, Myers!"

Frank started. But he smiled the next moment. Nugent minor could hardly be alluding to the banknote in the crowded Form-room without lowering his voice.

Frank looked into the room. Gatty was kneeling before the Form-room fire, with a very red face, cooking. Frank could not help grinning, in spite of the worry upon his mind. Gatty was cooking a sparrow, probably the victim of a catapult, and there was a great smell of burnt feathers. The culinary efforts of the Second were frequently offensive to the sight, the taste, and the smell, but Gatty was really reaching the limit this time. There were expostulatory voices from all parts of the room.

"Chuck it, Gatty!"

"Kill the blessed thing!"

"Throw it in the fire!"

"You can't possibly eat those feathers, you ass! Stop it!"

Gatty, with a very red face and a frowning brow, continued his cooking. He was not to be turned from his purpose, though it was extremely doubtful whether he would be able to eat that dainty morsel when he had finished it.

"Yes, better chuck it, Gatty," said Nugent minor. "It was a rotten trick catapulting the poor old sparrow, in any case—"

"I didn't do it!" snapped Gatty. "It was Snoop of the Remove. I picked it up."

"Well, Snoop ought to be made to eat it, that's all," said Dicky Nugent. "He was a rotter to do it! Phew! I wish Snoop had it in his study, anyway!"

"Oh, shut up!"

"But, look here! That's a bit too thick—"

"Shut up!" roared Gatty.

"Dicky!"

Nugent minor turned round at his brother's voice. He grinned at Frank. All the ill-humour of their last meeting had vanished on both sides. Besides, Dicky was rather pleased with the success of that ju-jitsu trick by means of which he had laid his major on his back.

"Hallo, Franky!" he exclaimed. "You're just in time for the feed!"

"Feed?" exclaimed Sammy Bunter—Bunter minor—the younger brother of the Owl of the Remove. "I say, I'm on, Nugent! I—"

"I'm referring to Gatty's pheasant there."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh!" said Sammy Bunter, in great disgust. "Oh, rats!"

"Not that you'd have any knife and fork at my feed, if I gave one, you fat rotter!" said Nugent minor, surveying the fat fag with great disfavour. "You haven't accounted for that tin of sardines—"

"Oh, blow your old tin of sardines!" said Sammy, turning away with a grunt.

"I want to speak to you, Dicky."

"Go ahead, my son!" said Dicky Nugent affably. "No laws against it. Chap who has a major in the same school

expects this kind of thing. I'll give you five minutes. Go ahead!"

The fags chuckled.

"It's a family matter," said Frank awkwardly. "I can't talk to you here, Dicky. Come out of the Form-room."

"Anybody ill at home?" asked Dicky, rather anxiously.

"Oh, no!"

"Governor in one of his tantrums?"

Frank frowned.

"Not that I know of, Dicky."

"Then what on earth is it?" said Nugent minor. "You're such a blessed solemn old judge, Franky, you know. You make mountains out of molehills, and you worry over nothing—and you worry me over nothing, which is a jolly great deal worse. Better go and think it over by yourself, whatever it is, and give me a look-in to-morrow."

Nugent major did not laugh.

"I want you to come with me, Dicky," he said.

Nugent minor assumed a very resigned expression.

"Oh, all serene!" he said. "I suppose I'm in for it. Try and get that sparrow finished and buried before I come back, Gatty."

"Oh, go and eat coke!" said Gatty.

Dicky Nugent followed his brother from the Form-room. The resigned expression was still upon his face, but it was a humorous look. Frank, looking at him, could see that the fag was not feeling the slightest alarm or uneasiness, unless he was a consummate actor.

Frank hesitated a moment or two in the Form-room passage. He could not talk to Dicky before anyone else, and so it was impossible to speak in the Form-room, and Wharton was most likely in Study No. 1. Frank opened the door of the Remove-room, which was dark and empty. The Removites used the Juniors' Common-room in the evening, and the Form-room was generally deserted. Frank lighted the gas.

"Come in here," he said.

"You're jolly mysterious," said Dicky.

"Come in."

"What's the matter?"

"Come in."

"Look here, it's not a licking, is it?" said Dicky apprehensively. "None of your larks, you know, because I downed you in Mauly's study."

"Of course not, Dicky."

"Oh, all right, then!"

Dicky Nugent followed his brother into the study. Frank closed the door. They stood in the radius of the gaslight, with shadows filling all the dim corners of the Form-room, and the desks-looking up like ghosts. Dicky Nugent was beginning to feel uneasy.

"Look here, Frank, what's the matter?" he exclaimed.

"Dicky, what were you doing in Lord Mauleverer's study to-day?"

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Price of Silence!

DICKY NUGENT stared at his brother blankly for a moment, and then burst into an angry laugh.

"My only aunt," he exclaimed, "have you got me here to begin that again? Are you going dotty, Frank?"

"I want you to tell me, Dicky."

"Well, I'll answer you the same as before. Find out!"

"Why won't you tell me?"

"Because I don't choose. You looked at me when you found me there as if you thought I was stealing something, or spying, or doing something cadish," said Dicky savagely, "and you can go on thinking so, for all I care! I won't say a word!"

"You must, Dicky. You haven't heard what's been going on in the Remove."

"I don't care a twopenny rap what's been going on in the Remove. Blow the Remove! Let me pass, Frank. I'm going back to the Form-room."

"Stop a minute, Dicky. It's serious—horribly serious! Can't you see that it's serious?"

Dicky looked at his brother's face, and noted, for the first time, how pale and haggard it was. He started, and his own expression changed.

"What's the matter, Frank? I—I don't understand! Why does it matter what I was doing in Mauleverer's study, or whether I was there at all?"

"Because a banknote has been stolen from Lord Mauleverer, and it was stolen from a book that was in the table-drawer, Dicky."

The boy staggered back.

"Frank! Stolen! A—a banknote stolen!"

"Yes."

Dicky's face was as white as his brother's now.

"But—but—but Frank, they—they don't think I took it, do they?" he asked, in a strained, harsh, unnatural voice.

Frank shook his head.

"They don't know you were in the study, Dicky."

Dick drew a breath of relief.

"Thank goodness for that. There are plenty of eads who would be willing to make a rotten story out of it, if they knew—fellows like Sammy Bunter, I mean, or Snoop of the Remove. Of course, it would look suspicious if the banknote doesn't turn up again."

"Dicky!"

Nugent minor stared at Frank.

"Hang it all, Frank, you don't think I took it, do you?" he shouted.

"No, no, no!"

"That's all right, then," said Dicky.

"Don't say a word about my being in the study. I can see it would look horribly suspicious, especially as I was at the table drawer when you saw me. I'm jolly glad that it was you, Frank, and not somebody else."

Nugent major groaned.

"Dicky, can't you see—"

"Can't I see what?" asked Dicky testily.

"If suspicion doesn't fall on you, it falls on me."

"Oh—on you!" muttered Dicky.

"Yes. Mauleverer had put the banknote in the book. He lent me the book. It was the Caesar I had come for, when I found you there. I was in the study—they knew that—six or seven minutes before Mauleverer came in. Loder has questioned me about it—about what I did all that time while I was waiting for Mauleverer."

"And—what did you say?" whispered Dicky, in a frightened voice.

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"I could say nothing without mentioning that you were there. I did not mention it, and the result is that—"

"They suspect you?"

"Yes. They think I was in the study looking for the banknote, and that I had either taken it before Mauleverer came in, or else that it was still in the book when I took that away from the study. They think I've got it."

"Oh, Frank!"

"Dicky, what were you doing in the study? If it was innocent, you can explain it, and perhaps I may be able to explain then," said Frank. "It's no time now for getting your back up over nothing. Tell me what you were doing there."

Nugent minor nodded.

"I don't mind telling you," he said. THE POPULAR.—No. 121.

"I wouldn't tell you, because you looked as if you suspected me of something rotten, that's all. I was looking for a tin of sardines."

"What! Dicky!"

"I know it sounds ridiculous," said Dicky, colouring.

"But Sammy Bunter will bear me out. He took a tin of sardines belonging to me that we were going to have for tea in the Form-room. You know what a pig he is, like his major, always after other chaps' grub. Two or three of us got on his track, but he ran through the Remove passage, and dodged us somewhere. When I tackled him about it afterwards, he said he had hidden it in Lord Mauleverer's study. He'd shoved it in the table-drawer to hide it, so as to be even with us for not letting him scoff it. So I went to look."

"Was it there?"

"No, it wasn't," confessed Dicky ruefully. "Of course, the fat brute had scoffed it, and he was only lying, thinking that I shouldn't have the cheek to go and look in a Remove study for it. If Mauleverer had been there, I should have asked him; but as the study was empty, I went in to look. When you opened the door, it struck me all of a heap how rotten it would look if Mauleverer came in and found me looking in his table-drawer. I hadn't stopped to think, you see, or I shouldn't have done it. There were letters in the drawer, and all that, and it flashed into my mind that he might think I was spying, and—and that made me feel horrible when you came in, and I dare say I looked as if I had been caught doing something wrong."

"You did, Dicky."

"As for the banknote, I never thought of it. I never knew there was one there. How should I? What was the value of it?"

"Fifty pounds!"

"Great Scott! A banknote for fifty quid!"

"Yes."

"What a silly fathead not to lock it up in safety!" exclaimed Dicky Nugent.

"Why, if a fellow like Bunter got on the track of that nothing would keep his hands from it. You remember the time he scoffed Wingate's banknote, and that was only a fiver."

"That was different, Dicky. He fancied it was his, or he made himself imagine so. But in this case there isn't any suspicion about Bunter. He doesn't appear in the matter at all. He was with the crowd who went to ask Lord Mauleverer to show them the fifty-pound banknote, and that was all. Dicky, suspicion is on the fellows who went into Lord Mauleverer's study—either you or me."

"Frank!"

"It's on me at present," said Frank.

"If I mention that you were there before me, and I caught you, it will turn from me to you. But I don't see how it can go any further, unless the thief is discovered, and he will lie pretty close, you may be sure."

Dicky looked scared.

"I—I say, Frank, are you going to give me away?"

Frank set his lips.

"No."

"Thanks, old man. You—you see, it would look blacker against me than against you," said Dicky miserably.

"You were only in the study, and you went to borrow a book, and really borrowed it. It's all clear about it. But I went to the actual drawer where the banknote was, and where the thief must have gone, and—and they'll laugh when I say what I went for. Sammy Bunter will very likely deny saying anything of the sort; he'll only think of keeping clear himself, and he won't admit anything that might raise a suspicion that

he'd been to the study. But even if he admits telling me that yarn, it will only prove that I went to the drawer where the banknote was. Oh, Frank! I—I didn't take it—honour bright, I didn't!"

Frank was silent.

He believed Dicky's statement so far—that Sammy Bunter's story had led him to visit Lord Mauleverer's study. Whether Sammy corroborated it or not, Frank believed that much. But when the fag was rummaging over the drawer, what if he had seen the banknote, and the temptation had been too strong for him? Was it possible? Could his brother be a thief? Frank felt his very flesh creep at the thought, and yet—and yet—

The expression upon his face frightened Dicky.

"Frank," he gasped out, in hoarse, broken tones—"Frank, you—you don't believe me a thief, do you Frank—oh, my God! If you believe that, what will the others believe?"

And the miserable fag broke down, and covered his face with his hands. Frank looked at him with stoney eyes. The tears were forcing themselves through Dicky Nugent's fingers; but were they tears of scared innocence, or of fear and remorse? Frank did not speak; his brain was in a whirl. His own name was clouded with black suspicion; but the thought that was torturing him was—was Dicky Nugent guilty?

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Makes a Suggestion!

"YOU think I did it?"

Dicky Nugent blurted out the question in a choked voice.

His pale, tear-stained face glimmered miserably in the light of the gas-jet overhead. Frank looked at him long and hard.

"Dicky, did you do it?"

"I didn't—I didn't! Good heavens, Frank, how can you think it for a moment!" groaned Dicky. "I couldn't have done it."

"I believe you, Dicky," said Frank suddenly; and he grasped his minor's hand. "I believe you. I know you couldn't have done it; but—but who did?"

Dicky shook his head. That problem was too much for him.

"Don't say a word," said Frank.

"Neither of us did it, but one of us is bound to be suspected, till the thief is discovered. The Remove have fastened it on to me—they can let it stick there. I sha'n't say a word."

Dicky groaned.

"Oh, Frank, if you told them that I was in the study, they'd know it wasn't you!"

"I know that. But they'd think it was you, Dicky. And that would be as bad—or worse!"

There was a catch in Frank's voice.

"If it comes to being sacked from the school, Dicky, mother would feel it far more if you went than if I went."

"Frank!"

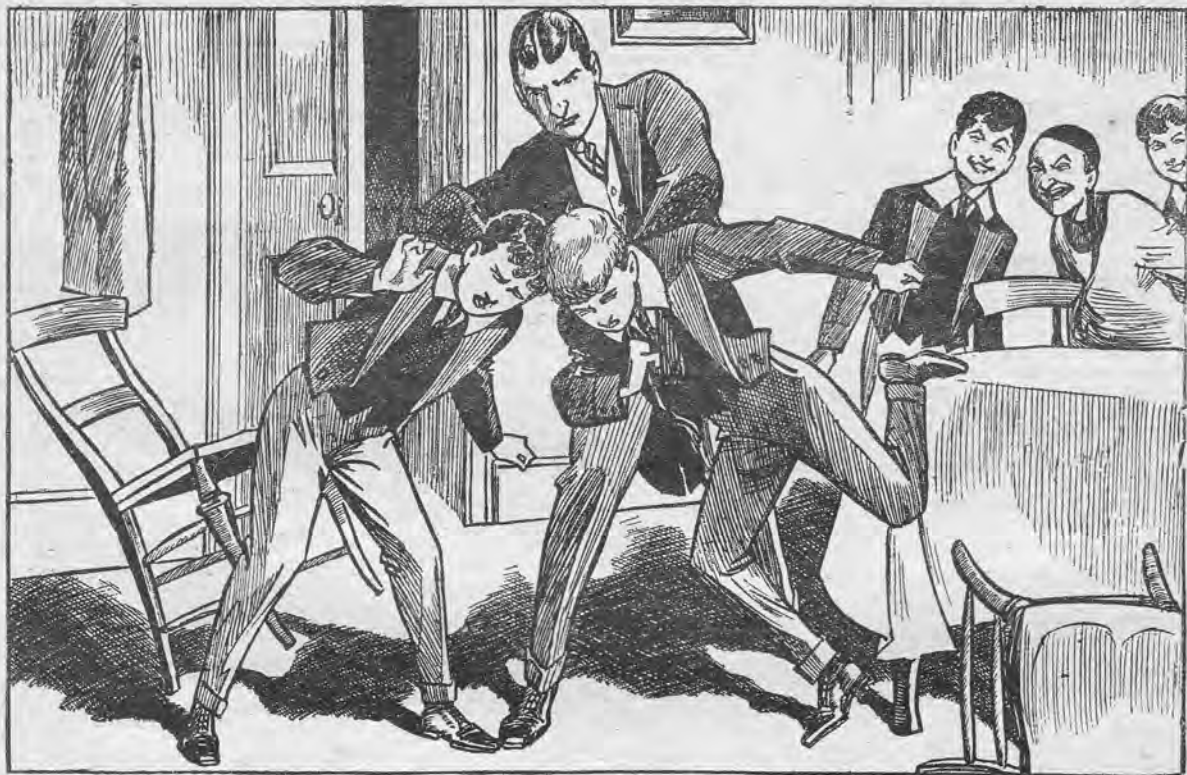
"It's bound to come to that, unless the truth comes out, Dicky."

"I—I ought to speak out. It would clear you, anyway."

"You're to do nothing of the sort," said Frank sharply. "Never mind yourself; think about the mater. Leave matters as they are."

And without another word he quitted the Form-room. Dicky Nugent slowly made his way back to the Second-Form-room. He had had a terrible shock, and all his lightness of spirit was gone.

He was only too glad to leave matters as they were. It was terrible to have Frank suspected of the theft. But to be himself suspected, and found guilty on circumstantial evidence, and driven



The two juniors sprang to their feet with exclamations of anger. "You rotter!" shouted Bob Cherry. "You cad!" Loder grasped the two, and with a swing of his powerful arms he brought their heads together with a resounding crack. "Ow!" "Yow!" (See chapter 1.)

from school, he felt that he could not bear it. After all, he was justified in holding his tongue, and Frank had told him, too, and—there was his mother! As Frank had said, she would feel his disgrace far more than she would feel Frank's. He would hold his tongue. But there was a gnawing, miserable feeling in the fag's breast all the time that he ought to speak out, and that he was a coward if he did not.

Frank Nugent was not feeling any more cheerful than his minor. He went back to his study, and found it unoccupied. He threw himself into the armchair, his hands deep in his pockets, to think. What had become of the banknote? Careless and forgetful as Lord Mauleverer was, there was no doubt that he had really left the banknote in the *Cæsar*, just as he stated. Now that matters had turned out so serious, the schoolboy earl was serious enough, and he had been very careful in his statements. Where was the missing banknote, then? If Dicky Nugent had not taken it, who had? If it was still in the book when Frank took the latter from the study, it must have fallen out when Frank dropped the book in the Remove passage. But in that case, why had not the strict search revealed it? Had someone picked it up and kept it? The last thought made Nugent start. If the banknote had lain about the passage, anybody might have caught sight of it and picked it up, and there were several fellows in the Remove who were by no means above suspicion, in the matter of personal honour—Bunter for one, and Snoop for another, and perhaps Skinner or Vernon-Smith, if the last-named had been in need of money. But the gleam of hope passed from Frank's face. Anybody in Greyfriars might have passed up and down the passage in the time that had elapsed, and if anyone was keeping the note, he

was certain to keep it pretty close. There was no hope in that direction. But that somebody had the banknote was certain.

Harry Wharton came into the study. His face became very grave immediately at the sight of Nugent. Frank's face was haggard. He looked up quickly at Wharton.

"They haven't found the banknote, Harry?"

"No."

"Nor heard anything about it?"

"Nothing."

Frank's head sank lower.

"Then I suppose I shall be up before the Head to-morrow morning," he said. "Well, it can't be helped."

"Frank," said Wharton gravely, "I don't know what you're hiding, but you're hiding something. Why can't you speak out? What were you doing in Mauleverer's study while you waited for him?"

Nugent did not answer.

There was a painful silence, but it was clear that Nugent did not mean to speak. Wharton was glad when bedtime came and the miserable evening came to an end. In the Remove dormitory, when the Lower Fourth went to bed, few fellows spoke to Nugent. He was believed guilty by nearly all the Form, only a few of the more steady friends he had in the Form sticking to him in spite of appearances.

Vernon-Smith was triumphant. He took credit to himself for having been the first to discover the thief. Lord Mauleverer was the most miserable fellow in the school, not even excepting Nugent. His carelessness with his money had been the cause of all the trouble. If he had locked up his banknote it certainly could not have been stolen, if stolen it had been. And it was a shock to his lordship to come into contact with dishonesty at all. He knew that there

were thieves in the world, just as he knew that there were rattlesnakes and crocodiles, but he had never expected to come into contact with one more than with another of them.

And Lord Mauleverer was one of the few who believed in Nugent's innocence. He could not account for the missing banknote, but he was sure that Frank had not taken it, and he said so plainly. But that was generally taken as a fresh proof of the "softness" of his lordship.

"It's all rot," said Lord Mauleverer crossly. "My dear fellows, Nugent isn't such an ass, for one thing. Even if he were wicked enough, which I will never believe, he would not be so silly as to take the banknote if it lay under his fingers."

"Oh, really, Mauleverer," said Billy Bunter. "Why not?"

"Because he could not change it. No one could change it," said Lord Mauleverer. "I was going to ask the Head to change it for me; but the thief can hardly do so. I suppose. And any tradesman in the country would hesitate about changing a fifty-pound note for a boy. And to-morrow it will be too late to change it."

Bunter blinked at him.

"I don't see why," he said.

"You mean the number is known?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Yaas."

"What was the number?" said Bulstrode.

"I don't know."

"Then, if you don't know the number—"

"I don't know it, my dear fellow, but my guardian does," Lord Mauleverer explained. "And if he does not know it, the bank he had it from can tell him. I wrote to Sir Harry immediately after the note was lost, and he has my letter by now. I told him the note was lost,

and asked him to notify the police to have it stopped. After to-morrow morning the number of that stolen note will be known everywhere, and anybody attempting to change it will be arrested."

"Phew!" said Bunter.
"You may as well hand it over, Nugent," said Vernon-Smith, with a laugh. And some of the juniors chuckled.

Whiz!
Nugent's pillow came whizzing through the air, and it caught the Bouncer full in the face, knocking him over backwards like a skittle. He went to the floor with a crash. There was another laugh, but it was against Vernon-Smith this time.

The Bouncer staggered up furiously. Nugent stood with clenched fists, waiting for him to come on. But at that moment Wingate, the captain of Greyfriars, came into the dormitory.

"Bed!" he exclaimed. "Tumble in!"

And the juniors tumbled in. Wingate extinguished the light, and retired from the dormitory. A buzz of voices followed.

"Look here, Mauly," exclaimed Skinner, "if you don't think Nugent took the note, whom do you think did take it?"

"I really do not know, my dear fellow," said his lordship. "But I am certain Nugent did not. He is not fool enough. Anybody with any brains would have thought immediately of the impossibility of getting the note changed. It is not as if it were a five, that anybody would take. Nobody would take a fifty-pound note unless he were quite sure it had been come by honestly, and I think nobody at all would take it from a boy. Nugent has sense enough to think of all that."

"I suppose I should have thought of it if I had thought of stealing the note at all," said Nugent. "Anybody would, I think, but an utter ass."

"Oh I don't know!" said Skinner. "Chaps don't always stop to think when they get a chance of collaring fifty quid."

"I guess not," said Fisher T. Fish.
"My dear fellows—"

"Then you think, Mauly, that the thief is more fool than rogue," said Harry Wharton, very thoughtfully.

He could not help thinking that there was something in his lordship's idea, and he wondered that the simple junior had thought of it. But Lord Mauleverer, like many fellows who look simple enough, had a quiet way of thinking things out, for which he was not always given due credit.

"Yaas, my dear fellow."

"Well, there's Bunter," suggested Bob Cherry. "He's made up of about equal halves—fool and rogue! Have you got that fifty-quid note, Bunter?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"If Bunter hasn't it, I give it up," said Bob Cherry. "But if Bunter's got it, he'll try to cash it at the tuckshop to-morrow to get some grub, so we shall jolly soon bowl him out."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, Bob Cherry—"

"It's all right, Bunt. I shall have my eye on you to-morrow morning, and if you look fatter and greasier than usual—"

"Oh, really, you know! Look here, my opinion is that Lord Mauleverer ought to offer a reward for the discovery of the note," said Billy Bunter. "That would start the whole school looking for it, and if it's blown into some odd corner, where we can't find it, it may be routed out. If Lord Maul-

everer offered a reward, say, of ten pounds, I am sure the whole school would turn out to hunt for the note, and if Nugent hasn't got it, it would be found."

"Rats!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Go to sleep!"

And Bob Cherry set the example himself. But it was long before Frank Nugent slept. The thought of the morrow haunted him, and midnight had tolled out from the old tower of Greyfriars before he closed his eyes.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

The Shadow of Guilt!

FRANK NUGENT had been one of the last to sleep in the Remove dormitory, but he was one of the first to wake. He was down very early, and in the Close, tramping to and fro aimlessly with his hands deep in his pockets. Anyone watching Nugent at that time might easily have formed the conclusion that he was guilty, and was oppressed with fear of the consequences of what he had done. Unfortunately, the signs of troubled innocence and those of guilt are very much the same, and it is very inadvisable to jump to conclusions in such matters. Frank Nugent was tramping to and fro with a gloomy, wrinkled brow because he was feeling keenly the shame that had been fastened upon him, and looking forward with anxious uneasiness to the undeserved punishment which was now practically certain to be meted out to him.

Unless the banknote was discovered by the morning Loder was to place the matter before the Head. The prefect would not fail to make the case as black as possible; but even without his spiteful rendering of it, it was black enough to get Nugent expelled from the school. The banknote had not been found—there was a thief in the Remove! The evidence pointed conclusively to the boy who could not explain what he had been doing in the study from which the note had been stolen, at the time when it must have been stolen, or very near the time. There was only one way in which he could save himself—and that was by inculpating his brother! And that he was determined not to do!

That Dicky might speak, was a thought that hardly crossed Frank's mind. If it had come, he would have dismissed it with a bitter smile. Dicky, the spoiled and petted darling of the family, was not likely to face so terrible a punishment if he could help it. Dicky had been spoiled too much for that.

Neither did Frank want him to do it. If one was to suffer unjustly, he was the elder, he was the stronger, and he would take it upon himself.

The junior turned towards the School House at last, with a pale, unrested face. There were many fellows in the Close now, but few of them came near Nugent. Some made a special point of ostentatiously keeping clear of him. Tubbs, of the Third, called out "Stop Thief!" from the Cloisters, and bolted. Temple, Dabney, & Co. went through the gestures of buttoning up their pockets as they passed Nugent; but the Removeite was too deeply buried in painful reflections to notice what the Fourth-Formers did, and Temple & Co.'s witticism was wholly lost upon him.

The story was all over Greyfriars now, and all the Forms knew about it, and had discussed it at great length, coming to the general conclusion that Frank Nugent had the banknote, and that he and his belongings ought to be searched for it.

There was a group of fellows on the school steps—seniors and juniors—and all of them looked towards Frank Nugent,

as he came up to the House. There were derisive grins on most of the faces.

"Here he comes!" said Bolsover of the Remove. "Mind your pockets!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Dicky Nugent was just coming out of the House. He started as he heard Bolsover's words, and flushed crimson. He turned towards Bolsover with blazing eyes.

"What do you mean, you hound!" he shouted.

Bolsover stared at him.

"Oh, Nugent minor!" he exclaimed. "Another of the family! I was speaking of your precious major, my son. Has he ever done this kind of thing at home?"

"Oh!" muttered Dicky.

For the moment he had imagined that Bolsover's jeering words were directed against himself. He had not noticed his brother in the Close.

"Did your major ever pinch the parlour clock, or the family washing, at home?" asked Skinner, who had a reputation as a humorist.

There was a laugh.

"My brother's never stolen anything, your rotten cad!" said Nugent minor. "And you wouldn't dare to say that to him!"

"Why, you cheeky rat—"

"Let him alone, Skinner," said Hoskins of the Shell. "He's only telling you the truth. You wouldn't have said that to his major."

Dicky gave a savage glance round. Then he strode down the steps and joined his major in the Close.

"Mind your pockets, kid!" sang out Snoop.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Frank Nugent started and looked towards the group on the steps. His face flushed crimson, and his eyes flashed.

Dicky gave a groan.

"Frank! Do you hear them?"

"Yes," said Frank, between his teeth. "I hear them. But it won't last long. I shall be up before the Head this morning."

"Frank! I can't let it go on! I shall have to own up about being in Mauleverer's study before you got there," said Dicky miserably.

"Rot! What good would that do?"

"It would clear you, anyway."

"And fix it on you."

"Oh, Frank, what's to be done?"

"Goodness knows! If we could find the thief—but that's hopeless. I haven't the faintest suspicion of a clue. Keep a stiff upper lip, Dicky, and—and you'd better not be seen with me too much, either. You'll have to live this down when I'm gone."

"Oh, Frank!"

"Keep your pecker up."

Dicky Nugent did not look like keeping his pecker up. He thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and walked away with an air of the utmost dejection. There was a yell from the crowd on the steps.

"Hallo, have you stolen his watch, Nugent major?"

Nugent's eyes gleamed.

He faced the mocking, jeering crowd, his fists clenched, and fire in his eyes.

"You cads!" he exclaimed.

"Yah! Thief!"

"Where's the banknote?"

"Where are the quids, you burglar?"

Frank looked at them as if, for the moment, he thought of charging up the steps, and hitting out right and left among his tormentors.

But he did not.

What was the use? He turned, and strode away, with tingling cheeks and beating heart, followed by a howl of derision from the fellows at the door.

THE END.

(You must not miss next Friday's exciting story, "A Brother's Sacrifice!" By Frank Richards. Order to-day.)



CLARENCE, OF GANDER'S GREEN!

A Splendid Long Complete Tale, dealing with the Adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co. of Rookwood.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Tommy Dodd is Not Pleased!

"YOU Modern bounders ready?" Jimmy Silver asked the question as he came into Tommy Dodd's study.

The three Tommies—Dodd and Cook and Doyle—were there. Tommy Dodd was looking morose and exasperated, and Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle were looking sympathetic. Jimmy Silver glanced from one to another.

"Anything up?" he asked.

"Yes!" growled Tommy Dodd.

"I see you're not ready, anyway," said Jimmy. "What is it—letter from home? Chuck it into the fire, and come on. We're waiting!"

"Wait, then!" grunted Dodd.

"What about the Bagshot Bounders?"

"Blow 'em!"

Jimmy Silver laughed. For once the Classics and Moderns of Rookwood were not at loggerheads. On that half-holiday, the Fistical Four and the three Tommies had agreed to unite their forces for the purpose of paying off some old scores against Bagshot School.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome were waiting in the quad, and Jimmy Silver had come up to remind the Moderns that it was time to start, and he found Tommy Dodd with a letter in his hand and a lugubrious expression on his face.

"It's rotten!" said Tommy Dodd. "Why couldn't Uncle Dodd spring this on somebody else?"

"Echo answers phwy!" said Doyle.

"Write and tell him you can't do it."

"I can't, can I, fathead? Besides, the howling ass will be here this afternoon! The letter's been delayed in the post!"

"Is your uncle a howling ass?" asked Jimmy Silver.

Tommy Dodd snorted.

"Fathead! I'm not speaking of my uncle! It's that image!"

"What image?"

"That howling duffer!"

"What howling duffer?" asked Jimmy Silver, in astonishment. "Do you mean Cook or Doyle? The description applies to both!"

"Ass!"

"Well, are you coming out, when you've finished making polite and agreeable remarks?" asked the Classical junior.

"How can I come out, fathead, when I've got to meet that howling duffer and bring him to Rookwood in a handbox?" howled Tommy Dodd.

"Who?" yelled Jimmy Silver.

"Clarence Cuffy."

"Ye gods!" ejaculated Jimmy Silver. "Is that a name?"

"It's a shrieking ass! Read that letter, fathead!" said Tommy Dodd, throwing it across the table to Jimmy Silver.

Jimmy Silver picked up the letter and

read it. Then he understood why the Modern junior was worried; but, instead of looking serious, he grinned. The Classical appeared to see something humorous in the matter which had quite escaped Tommy Dodd. The letter ran:

"My dear Nephew,—You will remember meeting Clarence Cuffy, the son of my old friend and neighbour, Obadiah Cuffy, when you were staying with me last vacation. You will be very pleased to hear that Clarence has been entered at Rookwood, and will arrive at the school on Wednesday. He will belong to the Modern side, and you will, of course, see a great deal of him. I am sure, my dear Tommy, that you will do everything you can to help Clarence on, and make a special friend of him. He remembers you very kindly. He will arrive by the three o'clock train at Coombe on Wednesday, and I am sure you will meet him at the station, and take him to the school, and make his reception at Rookwood as pleasant as possible.—Your affectionate uncle, JOHN DODD.

"P.S.—Currency note for £1 enclosed."

"Well, that's a jolly nice postscript, anyway," said Jimmy Silver. "I don't see anything to grumble at in that!"

"I'm not grumbling at the postscript, ass! Of course, I can't refuse Uncle Dodd. He's a good sort, and always whacks out a tip!" groaned Tommy Dodd. "But—but that ass Cuffy is—"

"What's the matter with Cuffy?"

"He's a born idiot!" groaned Tommy. "The howlingest ass you ever saw! When I was staying with my uncle I saw him every day, and I was pulling his leg all the time. He never knew it. He's got the brains of a bunny rabbit, and not a very intelligent bunny rabbit. His father intends him for the Foreign Office when he grows up, and that's exactly the place for him! Meanwhile, he ought to be in a home for idiots!"

"Well, it amounts to the same thing, if he comes into the Modern side here," said Jimmy Silver comfortingly.

"Oh, don't be a funny ass!" growled Tommy. "I'm going to have him planted on me, and he's greener than cabbages, and can't say 'Bo!' to a goose!"

"Do you fellows want him to say 'Bo!' to you?"

"Chuck it!" roared Tommy Dodd. "Can't you be serious, you silly ass? I'm not going to stand it, only—I've got to!"

Jimmy Silver grinned, and looked at his watch.

"You'd better cut off, if you're going to meet him at the station," he remarked. "Our expedition's off for this afternoon, then?"

"I suppose so."

"I'll tell you what," said Jimmy. "I'll go and meet him if you like, and save you the trouble."

Perhaps Jimmy Silver expected an outburst of gratitude for that kind offer. If so, he was disappointed. Tommy Dodd snorted.

"You won't do anything of the sort, you rotter! I know your little game! You think you're going to jape him at the start, because he's a verdant ass! Yah!"

Jimmy chuckled.

"Well, I wish you joy of him," he said. "It's pretty rotten, I admit, but matters might have been worse!"

"How could they have been worse, fathead?"

"They might have put Clarence on the Classical side, you know!"

"You ass!" roared Tommy Dodd.

"Here he'll be quite in his element," said Jimmy consolingly. "If he's an ass, as you say, he'll find lots of assine company. If he's an idiot—well, this side of Rookwood is practically a home for idiots. If he's a howling duffer, he'll be quite at home among the others! In fact, you'd better ask him to stick in this study—a most appropriate place for a howling duffer! Yaroooooh!"

There was no appreciation of Classical humour in Tommy Dodd's study just then. The three Tommies made a sudden rush at Jimmy Silver, and collared him.

Jimmy's flow of humour came to a sudden stop, and he yelled.

"Yarooo! Hands off! I'll—Yah!"

Bump!

"Oh, my hat! I'll—I'll—Yah! Oh!"

Bump—bump!

"Now roll him downstairs," said Tommy Dodd.

"Oh, crumbs! Yah! Ah!"

With arms and legs wildly flying, Jimmy Silver was rushed out of the study by the three exasperated Moderns, and rolled over the landing, and tumbled down the stairs, three boots helping him to start.

Jimmy rolled down, grasping wildly at the banisters.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the three Tommies from the landing.

"Yaroooo!"

"Hallo! There's Manders! Cut!" ejaculated Cook.

And the three Moderns melted away.

Mr. Manders came up as Jimmy Silver righted himself on the stairs. The Modern master had a cane in his hand. He glared at the Classical junior.

"Silver!"

"Yow-ow!"

"So you are not content to keep your horseplay to your own side of the school, Silver—"

"Groogh!"
 "Cease those ridiculous noises, Silver, and hold out your hand at once!"
 "Oh, dear!"
 "Do you hear me, Silver?" thundered Mr. Manders.

Swish—swish—swish!
 Mr. Manders pointed to the door with his cane, and Jimmy Silver limped out into the sunny quadrangle.

THE SECOND CHAPTER. Jimmy Silver Has an Idea!

"H A, ha, ha!"
 That was the greeting Jimmy Silver received from his devoted chums, as he limped out of Mr. Mander's House—dusty, dishevelled, and squeezing his hands.

Jimmy's hair was like a mop, his waistcoat buttons had burst, and his jacket was covered with dust. He was crimson and untidy. All his chums did was to roar.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 The captain of the Fourth glared at them.

"You cackling asses! What are you cackling at?"

Lovell and Raby and Newcome only cackled the more.

"I thought you were going in to call Tommy Dodd!" gurgled Lovell. "Did you meet an earthquake on the way?"

"Or a wild, untamed cyclone?" giggled Raby.

"Or a merry Hun on the warpath?" yelled Newcome. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, rats!"

Jimmy Silver dragged his collar straight, and smoothed his ruffled hair. Then he strode away to the Classical side to get a brush-up. He needed it. Lovell and Raby and Newcome followed him, still grinning.

Jimmy Silver was quite a humorous fellow; but the humour of the situation was, for the moment, lost on him.

"Hallo! Is that a wild Hun you fellows have caught?" asked Conroy of the Fourth, as the four came in.

"By gad! What a picture!" chimed in Mornington. "Is that Jimmy Silver or the Wild Man from Borneo?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jimmy Silver strode on regardless. Townsend and Topham cackled at him on the stairs, Peele and Gower cackled on the landing, Oswald and Flynn roared at the sight of him in the Fourth Form passage. Even Rawson, generally a serious youth, looked out of his study and grinned.

Then Jimmy shut himself in a bathroom for repairs.

He had finished towelling, and was combing and brushing, when the door was pushed open, and Lovell grinned in.

Jimmy met him with a glare. Lovell tried to look repentant, but his eyes were dancing.

"Too bad, old chap!" he said, with much sympathy.

"Oh, rats!"

"We're awfully sorry——"

"Br-r-r-r!"

"And we'll come with you and mop up the Modern cads, if you like, instead of going for Bagshot," said Lovell.

Jimmy Silver's face broke into a grin as he combed his hair.

"Never mind the Modern cads," he said. "There's something better on—if you are quite sure you've done gurgling like a set of geese!"

"Any old thing!" said Raby, over Lovell's shoulder.

"What was the row about, anyway, Jimmy?"

Jimmy explained.

His chums listened to the description

of Clarence Cuffy—second-hand from Tommy Dodd—with deep interest.

"My hat!" said Lovell. "What larks! We'll get no end of fun out of a merchant like that! He'll be a prize-packet to us! That's why Tommy Dodd was so wild, of course."

"That's the idea!" said Jimmy Silver.

"He's coming by the three train. Tommy Dodd's going to meet him. My idea is that we should meet him instead, and pull his leg. If he's the kind of verdant idiot Tommy described, there's no end of fun in him."

"But if the Modern rotters are there you——"

"They won't be. I can fix that! If you're quite sure you've done cackling, we'll get off!" said Jimmy sarcastically.

Jimmy put on his jacket, and the Fistical Four started. In the quadrangle Jimmy stopped to speak to Conroy and Pons and Van Ryn, the three Colonial juniors, who were coming out of the tuckshop.

"Halt!" said Jimmy. "You're wanted!"

"Going for Bagshot?" asked Pons.

"Bother Bagshot! We're going to the station to meet a new Modern kid——"

"Oh, crumbs!"

"And we don't want Tommy Dodd to come. I want you fellows to lay for him, and see that he doesn't come. Savvy? It's a jape!"

"Right-ho!" said Conroy. "I'll call Oswald and Flynn, and we'll collar them and sit on them!"

"Topping!"

The Fistical Four hurried out of the gates, and took their way to Coombe. About three minutes later the three Tommies came sauntering down to the gates.

Exasperated as he was by his uncle's request, and by the arrival of Clarence Cuffy, Tommy Dodd intended to do as he was requested. But his kindly programme was not destined to be carried out.

As the three Moderns walked down the lane six Classical juniors detached themselves from a fence by the roadside. They were the Colonial Co., and Flynn, Oswald, and Jones minor of the Fourth.

They lined up in the path of the trio with grinning faces.

"None of your larks now!" growled Tommy Dodd. "We've got to get to the station!"

"Not at all necessary," smiled Conroy.

"Jimmy Silver's gone for you."

"The cheeky ass!" roared Tommy Dodd. "If he begins any japes on Cuffy, I'll slaughter him! Let us pass, you jabberwocks!"

"Won't ye come for a little walky-walky with us intaiely?" grinned Flynn.

"No, you howling ass! Lemme pass."

"I think you will!" smiled Conroy.

"Come on!"

"Look here, you kangaroo——"

"Collar them!"

There was a scene of great excitement in Coombe Lane for a few minutes. But two to one were long odds.

The scuffle ended with three Modern juniors arm-in-arm with six Classics. Each of the Tommies had a Classical on either side of him, with a firm grip on his arm.

"Now will you come walky-walky?" grinned Conroy.

"Leggo, you chump——"

"March!" said the Australian junior.

Tommy Dodd & Co. had to march.

And the Classics turned their backs on Coombe, so the three Tommies had to march in the opposite direction. It was only too painfully clear that Tommy Dodd would not meet Clarence Cuffy at Coombe Station that afternoon.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Greener Than Grass!

"LOTS of time!" remarked Jimmy Silver.

The Fistical Four had arrived at the station, and the train was not in. They nodded to the ancient porter, and went on the platform.

The train was signalled, however, and they had not long to wait.

When it rolled in the four Classics watched for the new boy. They were very curious to see the youth of whom Tommy Dodd had given so unflattering a description.

If Tommy's description was anything like accurate, Clarence Cuffy would be, as Lovell remarked, a gold-mine to the Classics.

There were a good many passengers who alighted from the train, but only one who, by any possibility, could be the new fellow for Rookwood.

That was a youth of about their own age, in Etons and an overcoat, who stepped from the train, and blinked up and down the platform owlishly.

The juniors blinked, too, as they looked at him.

The new-comer had a round, open, innocent face, with big blue eyes, that looked almost like saucers. They looked all the larger, because he wore big round spectacles. His cheeks were plump and rosy, and his person was what the French politely call inclined to "embonpoint"—what the Rookwooders would have termed, less elegantly, "podgy."

There was an innocent and expansive smile upon his face, which beamed like unto a full moon.

"My hat!" said Lovell, in an ecstatic whisper. "That must be the merchant! My only Aunt Selina Ann! You can almost hear the hayseed growing in his hair!"

"Shush!" said Jimmy Silver. "Put on your sweetest smiles! Remember, we've come here specially to meet him!"

Jimmy stepped towards the guileless stranger, and raised his school-cap very politely.

"Master Cuffy?" he asked.

The youth blinked at him.

"That is my name," he said. "Are you Tommy Dodd?"

"Ahem! No, not exactly! But we've come to meet you and welcome you to Rookwood," said Jimmy.

Clarence Cuffy beamed upon him.

"How exceedingly kind of you!" he exclaimed. "My dearest auntie will be so pleased when I tell her of this!"

Lovell and Raby and Newcome turned their faces away. But Jimmy Silver smiled gravely.

"Our chief object is to please your dearest auntie, Cuffy," he said. "By the way, does your aunt know you're out?"

"Oh, yes, indeed! She saw me off at the station," said Cuffy innocently. "I understood that Thomas Dodd would meet me here, but——"

"You haven't heard?" asked Jimmy sadly.

"Goodness gracious! I hope nothing has happened to Thomas Dodd!" exclaimed Clarence.

"Don't be alarmed! He's quite well," said Jimmy. "Only—perhaps I'd better tell you at once—he's just a little——"

"You understand?" Jimmy tapped his forehead in a significant way.

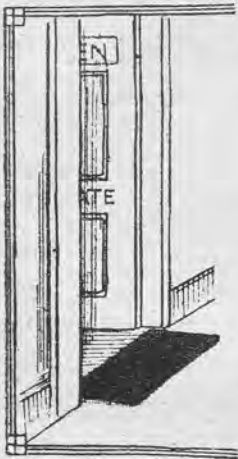
"Oh, gracious!" said Clarence.

"I understand that it runs in the Dodd family," said Jimmy, with owl-like seriousness. "Hadden't you heard of it?"

"Oh, dear!" said Clarence, in great distress. "Now I come to think of it. I remember many strange actions of Thomas Dodd when I saw him last. He

(Continued on page 9.)

SPECIAL SUMMER NUMBER!



BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY!

Edited by WILLIAM GEORGE BUNTER.



ASSISTED BY FATTY WYNN AND BAGGY TRIMBLE OF ST. JIM'S.
SAMMY BUNTER OF GREYFRIARS, AND TUBBY MUFFIN OF ROOKWOOD.

SUMMER SNAPSHOTS!

By PETER TODD.

Summer has got fairly into its stride now, and the weather is delightfully warm. In the Remove Form-room this morning, however, there was a bit of a "breeze"!

The Remove cricket eleven is going great guns. We licked St. Jim's on Saturday last, and Jack Drake hit up 50. You could hardly expect a fellow with a name like Drake to get a "duck"!

Boating on the River Sark is the order of the day. There have been many casualties and capsizings, and our sympathy goes out to Bolsover major, who sustained a fractured "scull"!

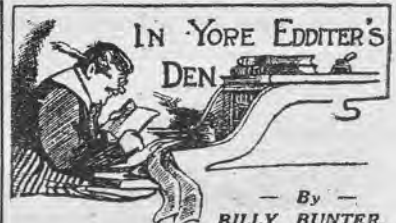
Amateur fishermen have been meeting with great success. When Coker of the Fifth was rowing on the sea the other day he caught a "crab"!

And when we raided the Shell dormitory the other day, we surprised the Shell-fish!

Nugent minor tried a number of herrings a short time back. They were devoured, with their roes, in the fags' Common-room. We wonder if they were "the last roes of summer"?

Which reminds us of the joke about young Tubb purchasing herrings in Courtfield. "Have they roes?" he inquired of the fishmonger. "No, sir," was the reply. "The price is still the same!"

It is rumoured that Lord Mauleverer has invented a mosquito-net, so that he may sleep undisturbed on the bank of the river until winter comes round!



My Deer Readers,—Summer is hear!

The long and dreery winter has gorn; the spring has sprung, and summer is hear in all its majlisty and bewty.

When I take a walk threw the plezzant feedls of waving corn, I kanrt refrane from bersting into poortery at the splendor of the seen around me.

"O summer, you are topping!"

A lump comes in our throtes
When we survey yore new-moan hay,
Yore barley, and yore oats!"

That, deer readers, wood do credit to Tennysspear or Shakeson. In factt, if I had more time at my disposal I'd flood my paper with bewtiful poortery simmlair to the above.

Now that summer is with us wunce more, I felt that it was up to me to perduce a Speshul Summer Number of my "Weekly"—a number that will go down to prosperitty; a number that will be spoken of by jenny-rations to come with reverence and oar.

Have I not suxceeded? When you have read the fine stories and artikles in this isswe, you will have to admitt that you've never read anything kwite like it before.

My four fat subbs and I have been working with mite and mane, and hear is the rezult of our labers. Could the Edditer of the "Greyfriars Herald" perduce anything like this? No jolly fear!

Bob Cherry says that the avveridge English summer is so beastly cold that I ought to have a Speshul Snowbawling Number. But, of corse, Bob's pulling my legg.

Their has been a grate falling-off in the number of letters I have been reseiving from my readers—unless Sammy has been pinching them to see if their were any postle-orders inside!

Don't be afrade to write to me, deer readers, arsking queschuns on any toppick. Don't hezzitate to pore all your trubbles into my simperthettick ear. I shall at all times be willing to give you the bennfyit of my advice. You must regard me as a big brother, boys and girls, and a chaumpyua of the depressed.

Rest assured that you will always enjoy the fool frendshipp of

Yore Edditer

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AN ESSAY ON SUMMER!

By SAMMY BUNTER (Subb-Edditer).

Their are five seezons in every year—spring, summer, autumn, winter, and Krissmuss.

Of these five, my favorite is the summer, although it comes and goes so kwickly that you hardly no it's hear!

The first sine of summer this year was when mister twigg, my respekted Form-master, bort himself a new overcoat and a pear of guyls. Then I new that we were about to have a best-wave!

Summer is a grate boon to the majority of people, bekwase they take there hollerdays. After hunting for employment for 52 weeks, the yung men need a rest and chanje.

The seaside landlads love the summer, bekwase it is then that they make their prophets.

Other people who love summer are the ice-creem venders. If the day happens to be chilly, you find ice-creem at one end of there barrows and hot baked chesnuts at the other. I am very fond of ice-creem, but it is cold comfort, as it affords very little nurishment.

The cheef atherletick sports indulged in during the summer munfs are kricket and tennis. The upper classes play crokey—in other wurdz, they chase a bawl round a lorn with a mallet.

Of resent years, however, the summers

have been so cold that snowbawling and skating are the prinssiple pursoots.

At Greyfriars we all prefer summer to winter, although a lot of feloes loses their tempers bekwase they kanrt keep cool.

The one grate drorback to summer is that we have to bathe in the river. The water is very damp, and not a bit enjoyable.

Those who love bottany are very fond of the summer, bekwase all the flours and froots durrish, and the countryside is fool of wonderfuf sites (the Guvverment having desided to bild more houses).

My brother Billy does not care for the summer, bekwase he always loses several stoan in wate, owing to the eggessive heat. Besides, it's no joak to sit in a stuffy edditorial sanktum wile the rest of the feloes are out in the fresh air enjoying themselves.

All things konsidered, I think that summer nocks the rest of the seezons into a kocked hat!

But I must buck up and finnish this essay of mine, or else it won't appeer until Krissmuss, and then it will hardly be toppikal!

I don't suppoze all my readers will agree with what I have ritten, bekwase summer is faver of summer, and summer not!

TEACHING SKIMMY TO BOWL!

By FATTY WYNN.

"What we want," said Tom Merry, "is a fast howler—a fellow who can bang them down with the speed of sky-rockets, and send the middle-stump spinning to the boundary-line!"

"Fatty Wynn's a fast bowler," said Figins loyally. "What's wrong with Fatty?"

"Nothing," but one fast howler isn't enough. We want a couple. Talbot and Blake and Koumi Rao and the rest of our bowlers are medium-paced. We want another lightning bowler to keep Fatty Wynn company.

"Better train one, dear boy," suggested Cardew. "There isn't a ready-made one, so you'll have to get hold of some raw material and develop it."

"Good wheeze!" said Monty Lowther. "What price Skimmy?"

"Don't talk rot!" growled Tom Merry. "Skimpole can't play cricket for monkey-nuts! He doesn't know the difference between a longstop and a late-cut."

"But we can train him!" persisted Lowther. "At the present moment he's a rank duffer at cricket; but in a week's time he'll be taking wickets with every ball he bowls. He'll become as famous as Bill Hitch!"

"Always provided that everythin' goes without a hitch!" murmured Cardew.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But, my dear duffers," protested Tom Merry, "you can't change the Ethiopian's skin or the leopard's spots, and you can't turn a hopeless swot into a first-class athlete! Besides, fast bowlers are born, not made!"

"Skimmy possesses all the qualities of a fast bowler," said Monty Lowther. "They've been lying dormant ever since he left the cradle. All we've got to do is to bring 'em out."

At that moment a scraggy youth in spectacles came drifting towards us. It was Herbert Skimpole, the brainy man of the Shell.

Under Skimmy's arm was a huge volume—the works and writings of Professor Balm-crumpet. Evidently Skimmy intended to re-clone on the grass and instil the precepts of Balm-crumpet into his balm-crumpet, so to speak.

"Skimmy!" shouted Monty Lowther. "You're just the man we want! We're going to give you a course of instruction in bowling."

Skimpole paused.

"I am sorry to disappoint you, my dear Lowther—" he began.

"You're not going to disappoint us, old chap," said Monty. "You're going to begin right away. Catch!"

And the speaker tossed a cricket ball to Skimmy, who caught it all right—with his chin!

"Yaroooooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Off with your coat, Skimmy!" said Monty Lowther, picking up a cricket-bat and taking his stand at the nets. "Now, let's see if you can bowl me out!"

"Really, Lowther, I am afraid—"

"Nothing to be afraid of. Every time you knock my middle-stump down, you get your penny back! Ready?"

Very reluctantly, Skimmy laid down his volume of Balm-crumpet. Then he removed his coat and rolled up his sleeves, revealing a pair of very bony arms.

Skimmy had often seen fellows bowl, and he imagined that it was fairly easy. A grinning crowd watched him as he took his preparatory run.

Whiz!

The ball flew from Skimmy's hand like a live thing. Unfortunately, it flew in the wrong direction. It shot off at a tangent, and was cleverly stopped by Knox of the Sixth, who happened to be standing about twenty yards away. Knox headed it as one would head a football. Then he sat down

very suddenly, with his hand clasped to his forehead.

"Ow!" he roared. "Skimpole, you clumsy young rascal, you've nearly brained me! Take a thousand lines!"

"Make it a billion, Knox!" murmured Manners.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Skimpole looked utterly bewildered.

"Oh dear!" he gasped. "My aim appears to be a trifle erratic!"

"Just a trifle!" chuckled Monty Lowther. "I shall do better next time," said Skimmy, recovering the ball.

With an almost ferocious expression on his learned face, Skimmy took another run, and the ball came whizzing down.

But not towards the batsman. It flew straight as a die towards Tom Merry, who ducked in the nick of time. Jack Blake, however, was standing immediately behind the captain of the Shell, and the ball thudded against his chest, fairly doubling him up.

"Hellup!" gasped Blake.

"Casualty number two!" chuckled Monty Lowther. "Wonder who'll be the next victim?"

Skimmy looked quite distressed.

"I do not seem to be able to get the range!" he remarked. "But it is only a question of time. Are you ready, Lowther?"

"I've been ready for the last ten minutes!" said Monty.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

For the third time, Skimmy took a fierce run, and his arm swerved round like a Catherine-wheel.

Whiz!

Crash!

It was the crowning calamity of all!

Ratty, our Housemaster, was entertaining a couple of lady friends to an alfresco tea on the cricket-ground, and he happened to be passing with a laden tray. The ball crashed on to it, and for several seconds it seemed to be raining crockery.

The tea was ruined—and so was Ratty's Norfolk jacket!

"Ye gods!" gasped Monty Lowther. "Mechanics that's done it!"

It had!

"Skimpole!" thundered Ratty, his face livid. "How dare you? How dare you assault a Housemaster in that manner?"

"It—it was a pure accident, sir!" faltered Skimmy. "I was endeavouring to capture Lowther's wicket."

And when the next cricket eleven was drawn up by Tom Merry, it was observed that we were still short of a fast bowler. No doubt we shall find somebody to fill the bill in due course—but it won't be Skimmy.

THE END.

SCENES AT ST. JIM'S.



No. 1. — THE FOUNTAIN.

WHERE I SHOULD LIKE TO SPEND MY SUMMER HOLIDAYS!

Some Curious Whims of Curious People.

TUBBY MUFFIN:

I should like to spend summer at the North Pole. That beest Jimmy Silver says their wood be no need for me to travel that far, as I'm "up the pole" already!

TOMMY DODD:

I get so jolly thirsty in the hot weather that I should like to spend the summer in a mineral-water factory!

TOMMY DOYLE:

Faith, an' I should like to spend summer in the tuckshop, with my head buried in Sergeant Kettle's ice-cream tub!

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MR. BOOTLES (in a poetic mood):

Ah, me! What prospect could be glimmer

Than staying here throughout the summer?

I'd like to travel through the doorway, And make my way with haste to Norway!

Or, if I journeyed into Sweden, I'd find the place a perfect Eden.

But, 'pon my soul, I couldn't stand a Terrific heat-wave in Uganda!

VAL MORNINGTON:

If I had my own way, I'd prefer to spend the summer in Chili. You see, I'm such a "chilly" mortal!

SERGEANT KETTLE:

Some people say as how there's only one place where I ought to be made to spend the summer, and that's Colney Hatch. But what I say is this here. If I'm a lunatic, I'm at least a harmless one, and there ain't no reason why I shouldn't stay on at Rookwood with the rest of the lunatics!

MARK CARTHEW:

Greenland's icy mountains would suit me down to the ground—especially if they provide playing-cards and cigarettes in that lofty eminence. I've got such a violent temper that it's quite impossible for me to keep cool at Rookwood!

ALGY SILVER:

"A" summer would "B" nice if it could be spent swimming in the "C." In fact, it would be "D" lightful. "E" ven a fag like me would enjoy it. I shall make an "F" ort to do this. "G" -ee! Won't it be great?

A TRAGIC TELEGRAM!

A Short Story of Jack Drake, of the Fourth Form at Greyfriars.

Jack Drake was in clover. He had been selected to go up to Lord's to play cricket for a Public School eleven against the Strolling Players.

The selection of Drake caused great surprise at Greyfriars. He's certainly a rattling good player, being very strong in the batting department. But it was bowlers that the Public School eleven stood in need of, and we couldn't understand why a deadly bowler like Luky had been overlooked.

However, we didn't begrudge Drake his good fortune, and when he left for London we wished him the best of luck.

Dick Rodney had received permission from the Head to accompany his chum to London, and there was a troubled expression on Rodney's face as he came out into the Close, carrying Drake's cricket-bag.

"What's the trouble, Rodney?" asked Bob Cherry.

"I'm worried about Drake."

"You're afraid he'll be a failure?"

"No, it isn't that. The fact is, Jacky isn't well. He declares there's nothing the matter with him—but just look at his flushed cheeks!"

"That's excitement," said Johnny Bull.

Rodney shook his head.

"The fellow isn't well, I tell you," he said. "I noticed it directly he got up this morning. He's feverish. I insisted on his seeing the matron."

"And what did she say?" asked Wharton.

"She said his temperature was nearly a hundred, and that he ought not to go to London."

"My hat!"

At that moment Drake himself stepped up to the group of juniors.

"Buck up, Rodney!" he said. "We shall miss our train if you hang about like this."

"Look here, Drake," said Harry Wharton, "you're not fit."

"Rats! Who says I'm not?"

"We can see it for ourselves. You oughtn't to go up to town if you're feeling below par."

"Bosh!"

"You're determined to go?"

"Of course!"

Harry Wharton shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, look after him, Rodney," he said. "We don't want the silly chump brought home on a stretcher."

Drake and Rodney took their departure, and we gazed after them rather anxiously. We didn't like to think that Jack Drake was unfit, and we were afraid that an afternoon's fielding in the broiling sun would make him worse.

The two chums caught the train by the skin of their teeth, and were soon speeding away towards the metropolis.

As the journey proceeded, Jack Drake bucked up tremendously. The unhealthy flush left his cheeks, and he confided to Rodney that he felt as fit as a fiddle.

"To tell the truth, I did feel rather off-colour first thing this morning," he said. "But I'm as right as rain now."

"That's good!" said Rodney, in great relief.

On reaching London the two chums had a light snack, and then chartered a taxi to Lord's cricket-ground.

It was to be a single-innings match, starting at midday, and there was quite a big crowd present.

The Strolling Players batted first, and they ran up a huge score, the Public School bowling being rather weak.

Jack Drake was given plenty to do in the field. He brought off two champion catches at mid-on, and created quite a favourable impression.

It was not until half-past three that the Public Schools went in to bat, and they found themselves up against a total of 250. It seemed morally certain that they would be beaten.

A couple of Harrow boys opened the



The wicket-keeper and short slip bumped into one another in attempting to catch, and Drake had a lucky let-off.

innings, and by cautious and careful cricket they took the score to ninety before they were separated.

Then the "rot" set in, the next three batsmen only scoring a dozen runs between them.

When it came to Jack Drake's turn to go in he felt decidedly nervous. This was his first appearance before a big crowd.

The very first ball he received he spooned miserably into the air. But the wicket-keeper and short-slip bumped into each other in attempting to make the catch, and Drake had a lucky let-off.

After this blunder Jack Drake's confidence came back to him, and he batted briskly and soundly. Once he had played himself in, the bowlers could do nothing with him. His powerful drives earned him rounds of applause.

Dick Rodney looked on with a happy smile.

"If only Jacky can get enough support," he muttered, "he'll pull the game round!"

Drake was scoring at a hurricane pace now. He had got the measure of the bowling, and he punished it without mercy.

To cut a long story short, the Public Schools won with a couple of wickets in hand. And Jack Drake had made 105 not out.

Dick Rodney's delight knew no bounds. And none cheered louder than he as his chum was carried back to the pavilion in triumph.

"Oh, well played!" said Rodney, when he had a chance to speak to his chum. "I've scribbled out a wire which I'm going to send to Greyfriars."

And he showed Jack Drake a sheet of paper, bearing the following message:

"Greyfriars Remove, Friardale, Kent.—Jack Drake played a magnificent innings, and won the match for his side. He scored 105 not out, and there was quite a demonstration at the end of his innings. Wish all you fellows had been up here to see the sport.—RODNEY."

"You silly ass!" said Drake, laughing. "There's nearly fifty words there! It'll cost you a small fortune to send that telegram!"

"Oh crumbs!" said Rodney. "I didn't think of that."

"It's absurd to spend more than a shilling on a wire," said Drake. "See if you can compress it into a few words."

Dick Rodney puckered his brows, and re-wrote the telegram.

The revised version ran as follows:

"Greyfriars Remove, Friardale, Kent.—Drake 105. Carried off field.—RODNEY."

"That's better!" said Jack Drake. "You don't want to go into hysterics over a small thing like this. Any ass could have made a century against such bowling."

Dick Rodney despatched his telegram, and then he and Drake set out to see the sights of London. There was no train back to Greyfriars for a couple of hours.

Harry Wharton & Co. were in the Junior Common-room when Rodney's telegram arrived.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob

By
H. Vernon-Smith.

Cherry. "A wire addressed to the Greyfriars Remove! Who's it from, I wonder?"

"Wharton had better open it, as he's skipper of the Form," said Nugent.

Harry Wharton ripped open the buff-coloured envelope, and drew out the flimsy sheet of paper. The next moment his face fell—in fact, he looked gravely alarmed.

"Anything wrong, Harry?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Yes. It seems that Drake's seriously ill."

"My hat!"

"His temperature's 105, and he had to be carried off the field," said Wharton, who had completely misunderstood Rodney's message.

There was great consternation in the junior Common-room.

We were all very upset to hear that poor old Drake had been bowled over.

"It's not altogether surprising," said Tom Brown. "Drake was far from well when he started out this morning, and I expect the heat of the sun caused him to collapse."

"Will he have the sense to go to hospital, I wonder, or will the silly duffer try to get back to Greyfriars?" said Peter Todd.

"I expect he'll come back on the eight o'clock train," said Wharton, with a worried frown. "But it's jolly risky to travel with a temperature of 105! Drake will be more dead than alive by the time he gets here. I really think we ought to arrange for an ambulance to meet him at the station."

"Hear, hear!"

Mr. Quelch was informed of Drake's condition, and the Form-master agreed that it would be a sensible plan for us to fetch the ambulance from Friardale, and meet Drake at the station.

We did so. And when the train came in we had the shock of our lives.

Drake and Rodney jumped out of a first-class carriage, and the former looked anything but an invalid with a high temperature. He was frisking about on the platform like a young lamb.

"Drake, old man!" said Harry Wharton, going forward. "Give me your arm, there's a good fellow. The ambulance is outside."

"The—the ambulance!" stuttered Drake.

"Yes. We were awfully sorry to hear you'd been bowled over."

"He wasn't bowled over!" exclaimed Dick Rodney. "And neither was his wicket, for that matter. He made 105 not out."

"Oh!"

"And he was carried off the field—in triumph!"

"Great Scott!"

At last we began to see daylight, and to realise that a wrong interpretation had been put upon Rodney's telegram. The 105 meant Drake's score—not his temperature. And the expression "carried off the field" did not mean that Drake was unconscious, or anything of that sort!

Of course, we were greatly relieved to find that Jack Drake was perfectly fit and well, and we were awfully bucked to think that he had won the match for the Public Schools.

As for the ambulance, it came in useful after all. Jack Drake was compelled to ride on the top, and he was driven back in triumph to Greyfriars, where he met with a rousing reception.

Jack Drake laughed heartily about the misunderstanding which had arisen. But Rodney scowled, and said that if he had been allowed to send off his original telegram the trouble would never have happened.

But the fact that Jack Drake had covered himself with glory on the cricket-field soon made us forget Rodney's tragic telegram!

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A DREDFUL DIZZASTER!

By BAGGY TRIMBLE.

It was Billy Bunter's idear.

All the braceless, senseless, idiottick idears come from Billy Bunter.

Billy konseived the brilliyunt notion of a boat-race, and he invited Fatty Wynn, Tubby Muffin, and myself to join him.

"We'll make a crew of four," he said, "and after we've put in a bit of practtiss we shall be able to lick all comers."

"But we shall be too hevvy a crew!" protested Fatty Wynn.

"So much the better. If you'd studded boat-race fax and figgers, like I have, you'd no that the hevviest crew always wins. Cambridg won the Boat-race this year. Why? Bekawse, in the lump, they were hevviest than Oxford. It's wate that tells, every time."

Fatty Wynn raised fetherly objection-shuns, but Billy Bunter pade no heed to them.

"I want you felloes to come over to Greyfriars neckst Saterdag," he said, "and we'll put in sum practtiss on the Rivver Sark. Then, as soon as we've become eggspert oarsmen, we'll challenge another crew of four—Wharton, Cherry, Bull, and Nugent."

Well, we dewly turned up at the appoynted time, and found Billy Bunter waiting for us on the bank. Billy was attired in shorts and a rowing jersey, and the eggspression on his face showed that he meant bizziness.

"Now, you felloes," he said briskly, "give me a hand, and we'll lornch the boat."

Their was a four-seeter rowing-boat in the boat-howse, and we prosceeded to dragg it down to the water's edge.

Billy Bunter was the first to get in. Instead of stepping in the middle of the boat, he got in at the end, and the sudden pressure of fourteen stoan kawsed the kraft to kapsize.

Splash!

Billy Bunter disappeared into the icy depths, and try as we wood, we couldn't help larfing. In fact, the tears were streaming down Fatty Wynn's cheeks.

When Billy Bunter came to the surfiss, he was spluttering like a soder-water siphon.

"Gug-gug-gug! Help me out of this, you grinning assees! Karn't you see that I'm drowning by inches?"

We heeved our edditer and frend out of the water, and he shook himself like a drenched porpusse.

"That finnishe the practtiss for to-day, I suppose?" I said.

"Not at all!" said Billy Bunter. "The sun will soon dry my toggs. Now, Wynn, you get into the boat first this time."

Fatty Wynn had the sense to step in the middle, and the boat remaned perfectly steady. Then Tubby Muffin got in, and I folloed soot.

The seets groned and creeked beneath our yewnited wate.

Lastly, Billy Bunter got in, and the boat's powers of endurancse could not hold out any longer. The beestly thing sank like a stoan!

Wurds cannot deskribe the seen wich folloed. We all looked like drowned rats when we bobbed up to the surfiss, and if we hadn't been good swimmers we should all have been drowned, and this narratiff wood never have been ritten.

As it was, we manmiggid to skramble ashore. Slimy reeds were clinging luv-

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vingly round our nex, and we no longer looked like the hansom felloes we reelly are.

"Ow! That's enuff for to-day!" gasped Billy Bunter. "We'll meet agane neckst week."

"Meenwhile, you'd better get hold of a stronger boat!" grouled Tubby Muffin. "Any ordinary rowing-boat will kol-lapse like matchwood beneeth our wate."

We dreyed our toggs in the boat-howse, and after a feed at the villidge bunshop we went back to, our respectiff skools.

A week later we met agane, and this time Billy Bunter had got hold of a much stronger boat, wich was able to bare our wate.

Progress was very slow at first, for I was the only desent oarsman of the four. But after a time we got into our stride, and were able to row six strokes to the minnit, wich I beleieve is very good going.

And then Billy Bunter issewed his challenge to Harry Wharton & Co. It was axcepted, and a big crowd terned out to see the race.

The corse was to be a mile in length, and Wingate of the Sixth was to be the judge. Mity cheers went up as the rival boats rowed out into mid-stream.

Crack!

The pistle went off—and so did we!

"Pool, you felloes—pool! Heeve, you duffers—heeve!" panted Billy Bunter.

"Save your breth, fathead!" said Fatty Wynn. "You'll need it, I'm thinking."

Rowing with mite and mane, we shot threw the water in grate stile.

At the end of the first kwarter-mile we were leeding by one length. At the half-way mark we were leeding by two. A kwarter of a mile from home we had inkreased our leed to six!

Harry Wharton & Co. seemed to have rowed themselves to a standstill, so to speak. They were puffing for breth, and leening limply on there oars. Our own crew, on the other hand, was as fresh as daisies.

"We've got 'em wacked!" cride Billy Bunter joyfully. "Hooray! Row up, my fat subbs!"

When we were about twenty yards from home, it seemed to be all over bar shouting, for we were leeding by a duzen lengths.

And then Harry Wharton's crew, wich we thort was eggstorsted, sprang suddingly into life. With strong, swinging strokes, they swept down upon us, every man working like a nigger.

"They're gaining! They're gaining!" gasped Tubby Muffin. "The rotters! They were only pretending just now!"

"Pool! Pool like the very dickens!" panted Billy Bunter.

We put hart and sole into a last despritt spurt, but it was in vane. Wharton's boat shot threw the water like a live thing, and it flashed past us before we had time to say, "Fansy being beeten on the post like this, after we were leeding all threw the race!"

Loud cheers greeted the vicktorious crew. As for ourselves, we were the larking-stock of the specked taters.

We simply mobbed Bunter when it was all over. And if ever he tries to get his fat subbs to form a rowing crew agane, he'll find himself in Kweer Street!

A SUMMER IDYLL!

By KIT ERROL.

O summer, thou art sweet!
I love thy scorching heat.
And really, it's a treat
That's very hard to beat,
To rest one's weary feet
In restfulness complete,
Amid the meadow sweet.

To bask beneath the shade
With pints of lemonade
Is lazy, I'm afraid,
When cricket's being played.
But here I've often stayed
Within the forest glade,
By all my chums mislaid.

O summer, thou art "It!"
I would not care a bit
If I could always sit
And hear the skylark twit,
Or exercise my wit,
Or doze, or dream, or knit,
As sure as my name's Kit!

"HOWLERS" FROM RECENT ESSAYS

:: ON SUMMER. ::

"Summer is noted for cricket, heat-waves, and gnats."—Arthur Edward Lovell.

"Our English summer is longer than usual, owing to some clever barber having introduced the Daylight Shaving Act."—Tommy Dodd.

"It is sumtimes so hot in summer that when I am writing my artikles for 'Billy Bunter's Weekly' I am thrown into a state of inspiration."—Tubby Muffin.

"Sum-mer is another name for arithmetic."—Tommy Doyle.

"The English summer begins on June 21st, and ends on the same day. Guide-books of seaside resorts, however, tell us that summer begins in March, and ends in the following February."—Jimmy Silver.

"CLARENCE, OF GANDER'S GREEN!"

(Continued from page 8.)

actually put a frog down my back on one occasion."

"Oh, my hat!"
"And when I reproached him, thinking that it was a foolish practical joke, he told me that he was only thinking of the frog's comfort, and wished to place him in a nice, warm, cosy place," said Clarence. "Of course, this was exceedingly kind of Thomas Dodd, but—now you speak of it—"

"You mustn't think he's violent, or anything like that," said Jimmy reassuringly. "Only a little bit potty in the crumpey, you know. I'm warning you so that you'll know him. He's pretty sure to ask you to tea, and you want to know how to treat him. At present he's being actually held by force, to prevent him from committing a violent assault upon me, his best—ahem!—pal."

"Good gracious!"
"But he's only like that sometimes. You'll find him quite calm when you get in. He always calms down at tea-time. You simply have to humour him. You don't mind my giving you the tip?"

"It is exceedingly kind of you."
"Right-ho! Well, Tommy Dodd's chief mania is a desire to be treated very affectionately," Jimmy watched the simple face of Clarence Cuffy keenly as he made this statement. But there was no sign of suspicion there. "When you see him, don't simply shake hands with him. Put your arms round his neck and kiss him."

"How very odd!" ejaculated Clarence. Lovell and Raby and Newcome appeared to be suffering from internal spasms. But Jimmy Silver was as grave as a judge.

"Unless you do that, he may think you unfriendly," said Jimmy. "You don't mind my telling you?"

"I am exceedingly obliged, my dear, kind friend," said Clarence gratefully. "My dear auntie would be so pleased—"

He paused and blinked at Lovell.

"Have you a cold, my dear fellow?"

"N-not at all!" gasped Lovell.

"By the way, I haven't introduced myself," said Jimmy. "Jimmy Silver—that's me. Arthur Lovell, the chap with the ears. George Raby, the fellow with the nose. Arthur Newcome, the chap with the feet."

"You silly ass!" said three voices in unison.

"This way," said Jimmy. "You can leave your box with the porter. Better shake hands with him. You don't mind?"

"Not at all, my dear James. I shall call you James. Is it a custom here to shake hand with the porter?"

"Well, if you don't mind. We're rather Socialistic here, you know," said Jimmy calmly. "Of course, if you object—"

"Oh, no, not at all."

Clarence Cuffy crossed to the porter, who was trundling away his box on a trolley.

The Fistical Four watched him as if fascinated.

If Clarence did shake hands with the porter, what the porter would think was a very interesting problem. And certainly it would prove that Clarence was as green as grass, or greener, and that he would be a gold-mine to the cheery Classical juniors of Rookwood.

"Please have my box sent to Rookwood School, my good man," said Clarence, blinking at old William.

"Yessir."

Clarence held out his hand, and William, supposing that it meant a tip, stretched out a horny hand to take it. The new junior clasped his hand and shook it cordially. The expression upon old William's face at that moment was simply extraordinary.

Clarence rejoined the Fistical Four, old William blinking after him as if mesmerised.

"My heye!" murmured the porter. "Mad! Mad as a 'atter! My heye!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. walked Clarence out of the station, with happy smiles on their faces. Clarence wore a happy smile, too. He was thinking how exceedingly lucky he was to have met these exceedingly nice boys on his arrival.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Exceedingly Kind!

"HALT!"
The Fistical Four halted, with their new friends, as they were passing Mrs. Wicks' little shop in the old High Street of Coombe. Jimmy Silver's eyes were dancing, but his face was otherwise grave.

"Now, about your arrival at Rookwood," he said musingly. "I understand that you're in the Modern Fourth, Cuffy."

"Yes, with my dear friend, Thomas Dodd."

"You'll be in Mr. Manders' House. Do you know anything about Mr. Manders?"

Clarence shook his head.

"He's a bit of a Tartar," said Jimmy. "But there are ways of getting round him. The question is, whether you'd like to spend a little money in making Mr. Manders a present? In fact, I'd stand the tin with pleasure, for the sake of—ahem!—seeing you please Manders."

"I should be exceedingly delighted, my dear James."

"Manders dotes on cauliflowers," said Jimmy Silver. "A new kid couldn't do better than take him a really first-class cauliflower as a present."

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled ovell and Raby and Newcome involuntarily.

Jimmy looked at them severely.

"I am sure it is exceedingly kind of you," said Clarence, beaming. "I shall certainly expend two pence on a cauliflower for Mr. Manders."

"Ahem! Cauliflowers have gone up, you know. You may have to spring a tanner for a good one."

"Dear me! They are twopence each at Gander's Green," said Clarence.

"Eh! Where?"

"That is my dear native village," explained Clarence.

"Oh! I—I see. Well, here's the greengrocer, and you can leave the purchase to me. I'm going to stand the tanner."

"Not at all, my dear James, I—"

"My dear chap, I insist."

"But, really—"

"Leave it to me, Cuffy, old chap."

And Jimmy stopped at the greengrocer's next door to Mrs. Wicks, and the purchase was made forthwith. It was a really handsome cauliflower, and was nicely wrapped up in paper and tied. Clarence Cuffy took it under his arm, and again thanked James for his kindness.

The Fistical Four were on the verge of explosion now. But they contrived to moderate their transports, so to speak. That any fellow could be so green as this was a discovery to them. It was evident that in the rural seclusion of Gander's Green, the innocence of the dove far outweighed the wisdom of the serpent.

It was an interesting question exactly how far the cheery, chubby Clarence

could be "stuffed." Certainly a fellow who would present his master with a cauliflower on his arrival at school, might be supposed to be capable of anything.

"By the way, what about your school colours?" asked Jimmy suddenly, as he walked down the lane to Rookwood.

"Goodness gracious, what is that?" asked Clarence.

"You know the sides at Rookwood have different colours—red for Classical, and blue for Modern. School colours, pink and white," said Jimmy seriously. "You have to show your colours when you arrive. I suppose you haven't any coloured ribbons about you?"

"Nunno!"

"All serene. I've got some crayons in my pockets. You see, it doesn't really matter where you show the colours, so long as you show them," explained Jimmy. "On your face is best."

"Goodness gracious!"

"If you'd like me to see to it for you, it might save you from—ahem!—being called over the coals for neglect. That would be hardly fair, as you're a new chap. But Manders is very strict. It's not true that he slaughtered a Fourth Form chap once, and hid the body in the water-butt—"

"D-d-d-dear me!"

"But he's a bit of a Hun, and you can't be too careful. The cauliflower will set you right with him, perhaps; but you can't be too careful. Shall I fix you up with the crayons?"

"My dear James, it is exceedingly kind of you."

"Done, then."

Jimmy Silver extracted the crayons from his pocket, and proceeded to fix up Clarence in the Rookwood colours. He crayoned his nose a bright blue, the Modern colour, and he made his cheeks a brilliant pink, and his chin a glaring white with chalk—pink and white being the School colours.

Clarence Cuffy's aspect, when he had finished, was extraordinary. If there had been a looking-glass at hand, Clarence would have been startled himself.

"Oh, my hat!" mumbled Lovell.

Raby and Newcome coughed hard.

"There!" said Jimmy. "Now you're all right! Now, there's Rookwood, and you go straight on to the gates and walk in. Ask any fellow you meet to show you to Mr. Manders' House. By the way, don't forget to bow to Mr. Manders when you're taken to his study!"

"Thank you so much!"

"You will have to bow twice, placing your hand on your heart—like that!"

"I will remember."

Clarence marched on, with his bag and umbrella in one hand, and the cauliflower under the other arm.

Jimmy Silver & Co. controlled their internal convulsions till he had passed in at the gates.

Then they threw themselves down on the grass by the roadside, and kicked up their heels and roared.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Mr. Manders Gets a Shock!

"MY heye!"

Old Mack, the porter of Rookwood, nearly fell down as he gasped out that ejaculation. Old Mack had seen all sorts and conditions of fellows arrive at Rookwood, but he had never seen anything like this.

For a youth to walk in at the gates with his face crayoned pink and white, and his nose crayoned blue, was something quite novel. Old Mack stared at him as if he could hardly believe his eyes.

Clarence Cuffy blinked round him

through his large spectacles as he came within the gates. Old Mack staggered out of his lodge.

"Who the—what the—" gasped Mack.

Clarence blinked at him.

"My good man—"

"You clear hout!" said Mack. "This 'ere ain't a circus!"

Clarence blinked seriously at him. He seemed surprised.

"You appear to be labouring under a misapprehension, my good man," he said. "I am a new pupil for this scholastic establishment!"

Clarence had apparently learned a fine flow of English in Gander's Green.

"My heye!" stuttered Mack.

"Will you have the exceeding kindness to direct me to Mr. Manders' House?" asked Clarence politely. "I entirely fail to see, my good man, to what to attribute this extraordinary outbreak of risibility!"

"Oh, 'old me!" gasped Mack.

"Dear me! I fear the man has been drinking!" said Clarence. "I must pursue my inquiries elsewhere."

He walked on, leaving old Mack rooted to the ground. There was a howl in the quadrangle as he was sighted.

Classicals and Moderns came up with a rush from all directions to behold this unique new specimen.

"By gad! What is it?" yelled Mornington.

"Something quite new!" grinned Townsend. "I say, what are you?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Clarence blinked at them in surprise. "I am delighted to meet you, my dear schoolfellows!" he began.

"Oh crumbs!"

"Will you have the exceeding goodness to direct me to Mr. Manders' House?"

"Are you a new Modern?" yelled Topham.

"Yes, my dear friend. My name is Clarence Cuffy," said the new junior.

"I have just come from my home at Gander's Green."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What's the matter with your face?" shrieked Smythe of the Shell.

"Is anything the matter with my face?" asked Clarence, in surprise. "Oh, I perceive that you allude to the school colours!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My dear friend, James Silver, was kind enough to do this for me—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"In order to please Mr. Manders," the juniors yelled.

"Are you going in to Manders like that?" roared Tracy.

"Certainly!"

"I'll show you the way!" chortled Mornington. "Come with me, Duffy, and—"

"Cuffy!"

"Yes, I mean Cuffy. I'll show you in to Manders!"

"Thank you so much! This is exceedingly kind!"

Clarence gratefully followed the dandy of the Fourth into Mr. Manders' House. He left half Rookwood yelling behind him.

"My dear schoolfellows appear to be in a somewhat merry mood this afternoon," Clarence remarked.

"Oh, don't mind them!" said Mornington. "They're taken like that sometimes. This way!"

"Thank you so much!"

"There's Mandy's door. Knock at it, and you'll be all right!"

"How exceedingly kind of you!"

Mornington retreated, gasping. He would have liked to see Mr. Manders' face when the new junior presented him.

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self; but he prudently decided not to be on the spot. There was no telling what might happen.

Clarence trotted on to the Modern master's door, and tapped.

"Come in!" said the thin, acid tones of Mr. Manders.

Clarence opened the door and went in. Mr. Manders was busy at his table.

He glanced up in his usual irritable way.

He was expecting a new boy, and did not want to be bothered with him; but certainly he was not expecting anything like Clarence.

As his eyes fell upon the youth from Gander's Green, Mr. Manders' features became fixed, as if petrified.

His eyes almost started from his head. Clarence stood before him with a meek smile on his crayoned face.

Mr. Manders found his voice at last. "Boy!" he gasped.

"Yes, sir."

"Who—who—what are you?"

"Clarence Cuffy, please, sir," said the new junior meekly. "I understand you are Mr. Manders?"

"Bless my soul! Are you mad, boy?" shouted Mr. Manders.

"Oh, no, sir!" said Clarence, in surprise.

"Why is your face painted in that ridiculous way?"

"They are the school colours, sir," said Clarence simply. "James Silver was so exceedingly kind as to arrange it for me!"

"Upon my word!"

Mr. Manders glared and gasped. Then Clarence, remembering James' instructions, proceeded to bow twice, with his hand on his heart. That proceeding seemed almost to hypnotise Mr. Manders.

"May I have the pleasure, sir, of presenting you—"

"What!"

"With this cauliflower, sir?" said Clarence.

"Wha-a-a!"

Clarence ripped open the paper, and laid the handsome cauliflower on Mr. Manders' writing-table, with a beaming smile.

Mr. Manders gasped for breath.

"A—a—a—cauliflower!" he stuttered.

"Yes, sir. I understand that you are exceedingly fond of that succulent vegetable!" said Clarence. "It is not equal to the cauliflowers we produce at Gander's Green—"

"Boy!"

"But I trust you will like it, sir—"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Manders. "Either the boy is mad, or this is a piece of the most unexampled impertinence!"

Clarence looked dismayed.

"I—I trust there has been no mistake," he faltered. "My dear friend James Silver assured me that you were fond of cauliflowers—"

"Silver! Oh, now I understand! You incredibly stupid boy!" gasped Mr. Manders. "You—you—extraordinarily idiotic dolt—"

"Eh?"

"I refuse to believe that such stupidity is natural!" roared Mr. Manders. "I believe this is an impertinent trick."

"Goodness gracious!"

Mr. Manders jumped up and seized his cane. The dismayed Clarence backed to the door. Jimmy Silver had warned him that Tommy Dodd was not quite right in the head. Clarence began to think that his dear friend James had forgotten to warn him that Mr. Manders was in the same unhappy mental state.

"Come here!" shouted Mr. Manders, flourishing the cane.

"B-b-but—" stammered Clarence, backing through the doorway.

Mr. Manders rushed at him, with the cane in the air. Clarence did not wait for him. He fled down the passage.

"Come back!" shrieked Mr. Manders, from the study doorway.

But Clarence did not come back. He might be green, but he was not green enough to come back just then. He vanished.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

A Surprise for Tommy Dodd!

"HA, ha, ha!"

"Here he is!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

A roar of laughter greeted Clarence's reappearance in the quadrangle. The Fistical Four had just come in, their faces wreathed in smiles, and a little breathless.

"Seen Manders?" gasped Jimmy.

"Yes," stuttered Clarence. "He—he is a most extraordinary man. He did not seem pleased when I presented him with the cauliflower."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Who on earth is this?" exclaimed Bulkeley of the Sixth, coming up.

"What the dickens—"

"If you please, I am the new boy."

"What have you been doing to your face?" roared Bulkeley.

Clarence blinked at him.

"If you please, they are the school colours—"

"The—the what?" gasped the captain of Rookwood.

"The school colours, please, James Silver was so exceedingly kind—"

"You young rascal, Silver! Take the young idiot away and get him washed at once!" said Bulkeley, trying to frown.

"What's your name, you young ass?"

"Clarence Cuffy, please."

"You seem to be a green young idiot," said Bulkeley. "Don't believe everything you're told. Get your silly face washed at once."

"Goodness gracious!"

Jimmy Silver marched the new junior into the House to a bathroom, leaving the Rookwood juniors howling with merriment. Jimmy left him there, scrubbing his highly coloured features, in a state of great astonishment. Mornington met him as he came downstairs.

"Bootles wants you," he grinned.

"Manders is there."

"Oh, my hat!" said Jimmy.

It occurred to the captain of the Fourth that there was a serious side to his joke on Clarence.

He was in a less merry mood as he presented himself in Mr. Bootles' study. The master of the Fourth gave him a severe look, and Mr. Manders scowled.

"Silver," rumbled Mr. Bootles, "Mr. Manders informs me that you have played a most absurd and reprehensible trick upon a new boy—"

"Only a little joke, sir," pleaded Jimmy Silver.

"Mr. Manders does not regard it as a joke, Silver; he regards it as an act of disrespect towards himself."

"Oh, sir!" said Jimmy meekly.

"Mr. Manders knows how much we all respect him, sir."

Mr. Manders' eyes gleamed. He could see the double meaning of that remark, though it was lost upon the unsuspicious Form-master.

"You may hold out your hand, Silver," said Mr. Bootles, taking up his cane.

Swish! Swish! Swish! Swish!

"Yow-ow-ow-ow!"

"You may go, Silver."

Jimmy went, with his hands tucked under his arms, and his face contorted into a most extraordinary expression.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Lovell, as he came

out into the quad. "Is that a new thing in gymnastics, Jimmy?"

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"Licked?"

"Yow-ow-ow! Yes. Manders has been grousing to Bootles—yow-ow!—about that little—yow-ow!—joke."

"Well," said Lovell after some thought, "you might really have expected that, Jimmy. I wonder you didn't think of it."

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"Come to think of it, Cuffy might have been licked, and that would have been a shame," remarked Lovell. "So it's all to the good, really."

"Yow-ow! You silly ass!" grunted Jimmy Silver.

"Well, better you than Cuffy, you know, under the circumstances," said Lovell argumentatively.

"Fathead!" was Jimmy Silver's reply.

No doubt Lovell was right; but Jimmy Silver was not able to see eye to eye with his chum for the moment. Jimmy had had the licking, and Lovell had not, and that accounted for the difference.

"Hallo! Here comes Tommy Dodd!" grinned Raby. "He looks wrathful."

Jimmy Silver ceased rubbing his hands and grinned. The three Tommies had come in at the gates, looking very red and excited. They had had quite a long walk that afternoon with Conroy and Co., and they had not enjoyed it. Tommy Dodd came wrathfully up to the Classical Four.

"Where's Cuffy?" he roared.

"All serene," said Jimmy Silver. "He's all right. We've looked after him. He's just washing the school colours off."

"The what?" howled Tommy Dodd.

"He didn't know a chap had to arrive at Rookwood in the school colours, so I crayoned his face for him."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Cook and Doyle.

"And he took a cauliflower as a present for Manders, Tommy. It was my suggestion."

Tommy Dodd's face was a study.

"You—you—you Classical rotter!" roared Tommy Dodd, while his chums yelled. "You—you—you—Oh, here he is!"

Clarence Cuffy came out of the School House with his face newly swept and garnished, so to speak.

His face lighted up at the sight of Tommy Dodd, his old acquaintance, and he came towards him smiling expansively. A crowd of Rookwood fellows gathered round Clarence. They were quite interested in him.

"My dear Thomas!" exclaimed Clarence effusively.

Tommy Dodd grunted.

Mindful of Jimmy Silver's instructions, Clarence did not neglect to greet Tommy Dodd in an affectionate manner.

He threw his arms round the astonished junior's neck.

"What the—" spluttered Tommy Dodd.

Smack! Smack!

Clarence kissed him on both cheeks, with reports like a pistol. There was a wild howl from the juniors.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tommy Dodd struggled wildly in Clarence's affectionate embrace.

"Leggo!" he roared.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tommy Dodd shoved Clarence off so violently that the new junior sat down in the quad with a bump. He sat there looking astonished, while the enraged Tommy glared down at him.

"You silly idiot!" raved Tommy Dodd. "What do you mean by kissing me like a silly schoolgirl, you silly guy?"

"Groooh!" gasped Clarence.

"You howling jabberwock, what do you mean by it?" yelled Tommy Dodd.

"G-g-goodness gracious!" stammered Clarence. "James told me that it would please you, my dear Thomas."

"Eh? James! Who's James, you owl?"

"Your dear friend, James Silver."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tommy Dodd turned a Hunnish look upon Jimmy Silver.

"You—you—you spoofing Classical rotter—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I'll—I'll—"

Tommy Dodd made a rush at Jimmy Silver, his fists thrashing out.

Clarence jumped up and rushed between.

"My dear Thomas, do not quarrel with dear James—Yaroo! Yooop! Yah!"

Peacemakers are blessed sometimes. Clarence did not see where the blessing came in, however, as he received the

Mr. Manders again, and that gentleman, having "taken it out" of Jimmy Silver, had let Clarence down lightly. Indeed, Mr. Manders was almost grateful to Clarence for having been the means of getting Jimmy Silver licked. Clarence had been assigned to Leggett's study, which was a great relief to the three Tommies. They had dreaded having him inflicted upon them.

Partly from a desire to carry out his Uncle Dodd's wishes, and partly from relief that Clarence was not planted in his study, Tommy Dodd determined to do the best he could for the verdant youth from Gander's Green.

Clarence was brought into the study to tea, and the three chums expended what remained of their pocket-money in a "spread" of unusual magnitude to do honour to the occasion.

Clarence was eyeing Tommy Dodd a little dubiously.



"My heye!" Old Mack stared hard at the youth with the cauliflower and the painted face who came in through the gates. "Who are you?" "My good man," said the new boy, "will you have the exceeding kindness to direct me to Mr. Manders' House? I am a new pupil, Clarence Cuffy, for this scholastic establishment." (See Chapter 5.)

terrific punches that were meant for Jimmy Silver. He was bowled over like a skittle.

"Yow-ow! Yah! Oh! Yawp!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You silly ass!" shrieked Tommy Dodd. "What did you get in the way for?"

"Yow-ow-ow-ooop!"

The Fistical Four strolled away, leaving Tommy Dodd gathering up the unfortunate youth who had been confided to his protection. Tommy Dodd led him away amid a shrieking mob of juniors.

Jimmy Silver rubbed his hands.

"It was worth a licking from Bootles," he remarked. "Pity you didn't get the licking, Lovell. But it was worth it."

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Dangerous!

"SIT down, fathead!"

"Thank you, Thomas!"

Thomas snorted.

The three Tommies had brought Clarence Cuffy into their study on the Modern side. He had interviewed

He had not forgotten Jimmy Silver's kindly warning as to Thomas' mental state. Tommy Dodd's outbreak in the quadrangle was taken by Clarence as a signal proof of Jimmy's statement—if proof was needed. But proof was not needed for Clarence.

In that delightful rural spot, Gander's Green, practical jokers and jaspers were unknown, and Clarence had hitherto lived under the care of his dear auntie, and a mild, benevolent tutor, and the ways of the wicked world were hidden mysteries to him.

His tender heart was touched by Tommy Dodd's unhappy mental condition, and he would not have hurt Thomas' feelings at any price by a reference to it.

He remembered, too, that Jimmy Silver had warned him to humour Tommy in everything, as the safest way of keeping him calm. Besides, Clarence had heard that humouring lunatics was the best way of dealing with them, and he was prepared to humour Tommy Dodd to any extent. He only hoped that there

would be no more violent outbreaks, and he did his best to conceal his nervousness.

He started up from his chair when Cook and Doyle left the study to visit the tuck-shop for tea supplies. Affectionate as he felt towards Thomas, he was a little uneasy at being left alone with him.

"You stay here, duffer," said Tommy Dodd. "You needn't show up again for a bit. You've caused enough giggles."

"Certainly, Thomas."

Clarence sat down again, eyeing Tommy Dodd all the time while the Modern junior laid the table. He started nervously as Tommy brought the bread-knife out of the cupboard.

"Hallo, what's the matter?" asked Tommy.

"N-n-nothing, Thomas."

"Got a pain anywhere?"

"Nunno."

"Well, keep still, and don't give a fellow the jumps."

"Ye-e-e-es."

"You are a howling ass, you know," said Tommy Dodd, unconsciously keeping the big knife in his hand while he addressed Cuffy across the table, blissfully unconscious of the terror that the knife was causing Clarence. "I suppose you can't help it; but you must learn better. Don't believe everything a chap tells you."

"N-n-no, Thomas."

"What are you stuttering for?"

"Nun-nun-nothing."

"Well, don't! You won't find Rookwood much like Gooseberry Green—is it Gooseberry Green you came from?"

"Gug-gug-Gander's Green, Thomas."

"Well, Gander's Green. If you don't learn to keep your eyes open, you'll be japed right and left, and that will be up against the Modern side—see? We're at war with the Classical bounders all the time."

"Oh, dear!"

"They'll get at us no end, with a howling duffer on our side," said Tommy. "Jimmy Silver is a japing beast. He was stuffing you up."

"Goodness gracious!"

"Always do as I tell you, and never think for yourself, and never believe anything anybody says to you," said Tommy Dodd, rather largely. "Then you'll be all right."

"Ye-es, Thomas. I—I'm going to—to humour you."

Tommy Dodd stared.

"You're going to what?"

"H-h-humour you," stammered Clarence.

"Blessed if I know what you mean! If you mean you're going to do as you're told, that's all right. Next time you meet Jimmy Silver, punch his nose."

"Good gracious!"

"If you don't, I shall have to do it for you—see?"

"Oh!"

Tommy Dodd flourished the bread-knife to express his feelings towards Jimmy Silver and the Classics generally. Clarence watched him, wide-eyed with terror. After the flourish, however, Tommy only cut the bread for the toast, much to Clarence's relief. He had been half expecting a rush.

Clarence did not breathe freely till Cook and Doyle came back into the study with supplies.

"Here ye are, bedad," said Tommy Doyle. "Sure you can make the toast, young 'un."

"I shall be exceedingly pleased!"

"Well, don't burn it, or we sha'n't be exceedingly pleased."

Tommy Dodd held out the bread-knife towards Clarence, who jumped back with a howl.

"D-d-don't!" he yelled.

"Eh? What's the matter? Take it!"

"T-t-take it?"

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"Yes, ass. You have to toast the bread on it. We haven't a toasting-fork."

"Oh, I—I see!" gasped Clarence.

"Did you think I was going to chuck it at you, you ass?" growled Tommy Dodd. "For goodness' sake, make the toast, and don't be a bigger born idiot than you can help!"

Clarence was glad to get that dangerous weapon safe in his own hands. It was no joke to have a big bread-knife lying about, with a lunatic in the study. The youth from Gander's Green proceeded to make the toast, every now and then blinking over his shoulder to ascertain whether Tommy Dodd was behind him. He did not want to be pitched into the fire by a sudden mad rush of the lunatic.

The toast was finished at last, however, and the four Moderns sat down to tea. Clarence wondered how Cook and Doyle could be so easy and careless in their manner, with an insane study-mate. Perhaps they were not aware of Thomas' sad condition, he reflected, or perhaps they had grown accustomed to it. Clarence wondered whether he, too, would grow accustomed to it in time.

Tommy Dodd recovered his good humour over tea, and even chuckled over the incident of the cauliflower. Clarence was greatly relieved to see him in good humour.

"You are feeling better, Thomas?" he inquired.

Thomas stared at him.

"Eh? I'm all right! Never better!"

"I am so exceedingly pleased to hear it, Thomas!"

"Look here, if you call me Thomas, I'll biff the jam-pot at you!" said Tommy Dodd. "Can't you call me Tom, or Dodd, like a sensible chap?"

"Yes, certainly, Thomas—I—I mean Tom!" stammered Clarence. "I—I will do anything to humour you!"

"That's the second time you've talked about humouring me," said Tommy Dodd, staring at him. "What do you mean by it?"

"Nun-nun-nothing, Thomas!"

"There you go again!" howled the Modern junior. "Do you want this jam-pot at your napper?"

"N-n-noo! I—I mean, Thomas—that is to say, Dodd!" gasped Clarence.

"Pray—pray do not be violent! I—I know you cannot help it, my dear friend, but—but try hard—"

"Cannot help what, you babbling ass?"

"N-n-nothing!" babbled Clarence.

"Blessed if I don't think you're off your rocker!" said the astonished Tommy Dodd. "Are there any lunatics in your family, Cuffy?"

Clarence groaned. The lunatic was approaching the subject himself! Clarence cast a wild eye on the bread-knife.

"Pass that knife this way, pip-pip-please!" he whispered to Tommy Cook, who was next to him.

"Eh? What knife?" asked Cook. "You don't want a bread-knife to stir your tea with, do you?"

"Nunno! But—b-b-but—"

"Is it wandering in yer mind ye are?" asked Tommy Doyle. "Chuck him over the bread-knife, if he wants it, Duddy!"

Tommy Dodd picked up the knife. Clarence could bear it no more. He kicked his chair away behind, and jumped up.

"Take it away from him!" he yelled. "Phwat!"

"D-d-don't let him have the knife! I—I can't stand it— There'll be murder done—"

Tommy Dodd stood petrified.

"Is he mad?" he gasped, at last. "What's the matter with you, Cuffy? Are you dotty? Here's the knife, if you want it!"

He came round the table, knife in hand. Clarence fled wildly round the table in the opposite direction.

"Keep him off!" he yelled.

"Phwat the holy Moses—"

"What's the matter?" yelled Cook.

"Keep him off! Help! He's mad! Keep him off!" yelled Clarence.

"M-m-mad!" ejaculated Tommy Dodd.

He stopped, rooted to the floor with astonishment and rage. Clarence did not lose the opportunity. He bolted to the door, tore it open, and rushed into the passage.

"Come back, you dotty idiot!" roared Tommy Dodd, rushing out after him.

"Help!" shrieked Clarence.

"Come on, you chaps!" panted Tommy. "Collar the babbling idiot before he alarms the House—"

The three Tommies, utterly astounded, dashed in pursuit of the terrified Clarence. Clarence went down the stairs like a deer, sprinted along the passage, and scudded into the quadrangle. Fear lent him wings. The three Tommies were first-rate sprinters, but Clarence beat them easily.

He looked back in the quadrangle, and his eyes almost started from his head at the sight of Tommy Dodd in pursuit. The fury of the lunatic had evidently been aroused.

Clarence dashed off towards the School House, and rushed into the building for shelter. Again he looked back, to see the three Tommies rushing in after him.

In desperation, Clarence tore open a study door, and dashed in. There was an exclamation of angry surprise from Bulkeley of the Sixth. It was the study of the Rookwood captain the terrified Clarence had rushed into.

"What the dickens—" shouted Bulkeley.

"Help!"

"What?"

"He's after me!" yelled Clarence, dodging behind the stalwart captain of Rookwood, as footsteps rang in the passage. "Keep him off! He's mad! He's got a knife! Oh, goodness gracious!"

The astounded Bulkeley grasped him by the shoulder, and shook him. The three Tommies arrived breathless in the study doorway.

"What does this mean, Dodd?" thundered Bulkeley.

"I—I'm blest if I know!" panted



Tommy Dodd. "I think he's potty—" "He's mad! Keep him off!" "Eh? Who's mad?" demanded Bulkeley, shaking Clarence vigorously.

"Thomas Dodd—poor, dear Thomas—he's dangerous!" sobbed Clarence.

"He can't help it, but I don't want to be murdered— Oh, dear!"

"You howling idiot!" roared Tommy Dodd, a light breaking on him. "Has anybody told you I'm mad?"

"Yes, dear James warned me—" "Oh, my hat! I'll dear James him! The spoofing bounder—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Cook and Doyle. Even Bulkeley grinned. He gave Clarence another shake.

"You utter little ass!" he said. "Jimmy Silver was pulling your leg, you crass young idiot! Dodd's as sane as you are—sane, by Jove!"

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" gasped Clarence.

"Ha, ha! Get out of my study, and if there's any more of this, you'll get a licking!"

And Bulkeley pitched Clarence out among the Tommies.

"I—I—I'm exceedingly sorry, my dear Thomas!" gasped Clarence.

"James seems to have made a mistake! I am sure he meant well! Where are you going, my dear Thomas?"

Thomas made no reply. He was scudding up the stairs, with the other two Thomases after him. The trio were bound for the end study.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were at tea in the end study, and still chuckling over the adventures of Clarence, when the door burst suddenly open.

Then an earthquake occurred. At all events, it seemed like an earthquake to the Fistical Four.

The three excited youths burst in, the table was whirled over, and the four Classics knocked right and left by the charge.

Four roaring youths were strewn upon the floor, rolled over and bumped and punched, and the table and the chairs were pitched upon them, almost before they knew what was happening.

Jimmy Silver felt something sticky on

his face. It was jam, and it oozed in between his lips. Jimmy Silver liked jam, but he did not like it in that manner. He roared and spluttered.

Raby felt something trickling down his neck, and that something was hot. He correctly surmised that the teapot had been turned over on top of him. He followed Jimmy Silver's example, and roared.

Newcome's head came into violent contact with the leg of the upturned table, and he roared and rubbed the injured part. Suddenly his hands were knocked aside, and a liberal supply of butter was thrust into his face and hair.

Arthur Edward Lovell might have been yelling for help. There was no saying exactly what Lovell was doing, for he was underneath Jimmy Silver. But if Lovell could not make his presence known by means of his voice, he had other means at his disposal.

Jimmy Silver felt a set of hard teeth bite into the soft part of his leg, and he roared again. Lovell could not be blamed for that, for he could not see who was sitting on him.

The three Tommies grinned, but they did not speak. They were too busy. They looked about for things to pile upon the luckless Fistical Four. A bottle of ink at Tommy Dodd's elbow caught their attention. They took out the cork, and Jimmy Silver & Co. were liberally splattered with the ink.

Then the three Tommies fled. Jimmy Silver sat up amid the wreck, gasping.

"Wha-a-at—" he spluttered. "Oh, yow!"

"Those Modern bounders— Groo-hoo-hoo!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

"After them!" gasped Jimmy Silver. But the three Tommies were gone. They had taken Clarence back to their House with them at a run. And tea in Tommy Dodd's study finished quite cheerfully, after all.

THE END.

(Another splendid story of the Rookwood Chums next Friday, entitled "At Feud with the Fifth!" By Owen Conquest.)

POPULAR FAVOURITES!

No. 15.
VAL MORNINGTON.



In this junior we find one of the strongest characters among the Rookwood "celebrities." In fact, so strong is it that it was for a long time a serious menace to Jimmy Silver, the now junior captain.

The one great difficulty with Morny is that he is still liable to fall into his bad ways of a few years back.

When he first appeared at Rookwood it was as Lord Mornington. However, to cut a long story short, the real Lord Mornington turned up, and Morny discovered that he was in reality a nobody, and an extremely poor one at that. He now exists on the charity of his guardian.

Morny's life at Rookwood can be divided into three distinct periods. The first, when he was Lord Mornington, was spent mostly in smoking, gambling, and pub-hunting. The second, when for a time he turned partially straight, and for a very short while, and by rather shady means, became elected as junior captain. In the process of election he caused Jimmy Silver to be wrongfully accused of theft and other crimes. This, however, was all put right in the end, and Silver won the captaincy, which he still holds. After this Morny, to use a colloquialism, "took a back seat," and although he has since figured in many japes, both shady and otherwise, has not been to the fore to any great extent.

It is his unreliability, and this alone, that keeps him from becoming a very serious obstacle in the smooth-running path of Jimmy Silver. If Morny could become absolutely straight, and with no fear of his falling back into his ways of a time ago, there is little doubt that one of these days he would fill Silver's place as junior captain at Rookwood. As it is, with a very little temptation, Val Mornington is always quite ready to participate in any breaking of the rules as to smoking, gambling, etc.

As to the lesser side of his character, it may be likened to that of the renowned "Gussy" of St. Jim's. Morny's fancy waistcoats, "toppers," and dress generally are certainly on a par with Gussy's, and his outward behaviour and manner of speech are certainly as polished and grandiloquent.

To sum up, then, Morny, or, to give him his full title, Val Mornington, of the Fourth Form at Rookwood, must figure among the first of the school's "celebrities." He comes fifth on the list, and if only he would become absolutely straight, all the fellows would "extend the friendly mitt" to him, and his place on the list would be decidedly nearer the top.

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By PAUL PROCTOR.

THE OPENING CHAPTERS.

Dick Trafford, a high-spirited, fearless boy of St. Peter's School, brings about the downfall of Jasper Steele, the unscrupulous headmaster, and is expelled by the latter out of revenge.

Dick is wandering along the country road, driven from his father's house in disgrace, when he comes in touch with the World-famed Cinema Company on "location" near the railway. The "stunt" actor jumps the dangerous jump over the bridge at the last moment, and Dick comes forward and offers to take his place. The producer sees at once that Dick is no ordinary boy, and accepts the offer. Dick, dressed in the uniform of a convict, waits on the parapet for the train on which he is to jump. The train comes roaring through under the bridge, and Dick, at the signal from the producer, jumps. He lands on the tender, and is surprised to see the driver and stoker lying unconscious on the platform. At a great risk Dick crawls forward and stops the train just in time to avoid a crash with another in front. Among the passengers whom Dick has saved is the manager of the World-famed Cinema Company, Mr. Henderson. This man comes forward to congratulate Dick on his bravery, and also offers him a job in his firm.

The next day Dick calls at Mr. Henderson's private office. It is arranged for the signing of the contract to take place at the Cinema King's home during the week-end.

With the lawyer, Dick travels down to Shoreton Towers. There the contract is fixed up. The next day, whilst rambling through the grounds of the Towers, Dick meets Jasper Steele. Both being guests of Mr. Henderson, they decide not to mention their former acquaintance, to avoid a scene. That evening Dick notices that Steele is very strange in his manner, and he wonders what next the doctor has up his sleeve.

(Now read on.)

The Henderson Pearls!

DURING dinner Dr. Steele asked to be excused for a moment.

"I have just remembered," he explained, "that I promised to ring up a friend upon the telephone, and," he added, glancing at his watch, "unless I go at once I shall miss him. You will excuse me, won't you?"

Mrs. Henderson nodded, and the doctor rose to his feet and hurried from the room.

Five minutes later he returned, a self-satisfied expression upon his face.

"Thank you, so much," he remarked. "I just managed to catch him and ask him to do what I required."

Dinner at an end, Mrs. Henderson led the way into the drawing-room again as she had done upon the previous night, and after the coffee had been served she was about to seat herself at the music-stool, when there sounded a sudden and excited knocking upon the drawing-room door, and the next instant a daintily-dressed maid hurried into the room.

She was obviously French, and her face was

now flushed and anxious—a strained, half-frightened expression showed in her eyes.

"Why, what is it, Annette?" exclaimed Mrs. Henderson, rising to her feet, and coming towards the girl. "What ever is the matter?"

"Oh, madam," replied the French maid, in broken English, "zee pearls! Madam's wonderful pearls—zee are gone!"

This time Mr. Henderson also sprang to his feet.

"Eh—what's that?" he demanded. "What are you talking about?"

"Zee pearls," repeated the French maid. "Madam 'ad zem out to choose between zem and zee diamonds to wear at dinnair to-night. She chose zee diamonds, and zee pearls were left upon zee dressing-table. Just zis minute I go into madam's room to prepare zee bed for zee night, and Voila! Zee pearls 'ave gone!"

"Impossible, Annette!" exclaimed Mrs. Henderson. "You must be mistaken! Who could have taken them?"

Annette spread her hands aside as a sign of her ineptitude to answer such a question, but she shot a quick glance in the direction of the only person in the room whom she had not seen before—Dick Trafford.

"But this is all nonsense!" expostulated Mr. Henderson, chiming into the conversation. "Lead the way, Annette. We will search madam's room, and see if they have not fallen down somewhere at the back of the dressing-table. Excuse me," he added, turning to Dick and Dr. Steele. "Will you wait here for us?"

Both Dick and the doctor nodded. It was all most unfortunate and unpleasant.

Mr. and Mrs. Henderson hurried from the room after the French maid, and the doctor and Dick were left alone in the room.

The doctor walked across to the door, and, closing it, turned the key in the lock, which he then withdrew and slipped into his pocket. Dick regarded him in amazement.

"What's the idea of that?" he asked, in surprise.

"Just to make sure you don't escape!" remarked the doctor, in an off-hand tone.

"Escape! Me—escape!" exclaimed Dick.

"What on earth are you talking about, Dr. Steele?"

"It should be perfectly clear to you," retorted the doctor, with a sneer. "You have just heard that a valuable rope of pearls is missing from this house. You are the latest comer to the house, and a comparative stranger. I am merely taking a wise precaution to ensure that the thief of my friend's property does not escape."

"How dare you!" cried Dick, now thoroughly roused to anger. "Do you dare to insinuate for one moment that I know anything of the disappearance of these pearls? Do you suggest that I have stolen them?"

"I neither insinuate nor suggest," retorted the doctor. "I assert most emphatically that if you do not prove to be the thief I shall be greatly surprised."

"Open that door immediately!" cried Dick. "I will have you repeat that statement before Mr. Henderson. If those pearls have been stolen, and not merely mislaid, it is far more likely that you, Dr. Steele, are the thief. I have already found you out in a conspiracy against the governors of St. Peter's School—an act tantamount to theft. Why, your very name is Steele and if you ask me you're still living up to it. Open that door immediately, before I ring for the servants! I am not anxious to cause a scene in Mr. Henderson's house, but I do not intend to be insulted by a man already found guilty

of fraud. Do you hear me, Dr. Steele? Open that door at once!"

Dr. Steele gave a dry chuckle. "All in good time!" he sneered. "All in good time!"

Now Dick could hear the sound of Mr. and Mrs. Henderson's returning footsteps, and once more he appealed to the doctor.

"Look here," he said. "We don't want a scene here; and to avoid it, kindly unlock that door—and quickly, too! If you do not I shall make it my duty to reveal to Mr. Henderson just what sort of a man in Dr. Steele he is entertaining in his house."

These words of Dick's seemed to act like magic, and the doctor sprang quickly forward, with a smothered oath, to obey.

He slipped the key into the lock, and turned it back.

The next instant Mr. and Mrs. Henderson re-entered the room.

"Have you found them?" asked Dick anxiously; and, as he did so, he heard a derisive laugh come from the doctor.

Mrs. Henderson shook her head.

"No," she said. "Annette was quite right. They really have gone. I can't understand it; it's a mystery!"

Dr. Steele stepped forward.

"If I may make a suggestion, Mrs. Henderson?" he said.

"By all means!" answered Mrs. Henderson, turning towards the doctor in surprise.

Dick held his breath.

"Well," went on the doctor, "this is all really most unfortunate and awkward for us—I mean, for Mr. Trafford and myself. And if I may suggest it, I should like my own room and personal luggage to be searched, and I have no doubt Mr. Trafford will have the same wish."

Dick hesitated for a fraction of a second.

Was this a trap, he wondered, to in some way try and implicate him with the theft? And yet he did not see how it could be.

He knew that he was perfectly innocent of any connection with the disappearance of the pearls, and so, of course, he could have nothing to fear.

"By all means!" he said quickly. "I am quite ready that my room and suit-cases should be examined."

"Nonsense!" cut in Mr. Henderson. "This is preposterous! Do you think for one moment that I would accuse any guest in my own house of stealing my wife's jewels? It is unheard of!"

"Nevertheless," interjected the doctor, "I am sure Mr. Trafford and I would prefer that my proposal were carried out. After all, we suggested it—it is our wish."

Mr. Henderson shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, very well," he said reluctantly. "If you insist! Only I tell you I don't like the idea at all!"

"We will take my room first, then," went on the doctor, almost ignoring the host's last words. "Will you all come up to my room, please?"

Mr. and Mrs. Henderson and Dick Trafford followed the doctor up the wide oak staircase in the direction of the room in question.

Arrived there, the doctor entered and approached his trunk.

Opening it with his keys, he ruthlessly tipped it up on end and shot the whole of the contents on to the floor in a heap.

Then he proceeded to take one garment after another and turn all the pockets inside-out until they were all exhausted.

At length Mr. Henderson had no further patience to watch this.

"Enough of this tomfoolery!" he exclaimed. "I'm sick of it. Much better let me telephone the police and get them on the track of some gang of professional thieves

who are, I feel sure, responsible for the theft!"

"Just a moment!" remonstrated the doctor. "There is still Mr. Trafford's luggage."

"Yes, yes!" added Dick. "I would like mine to be examined!"

Again Mr. Henderson shrugged his shoulders, and with slow, unwilling footsteps made his way in the direction of Dick's room, which was next door to that occupied by the doctor.

Upon entering this, Dick opened his two suit-cases, and proceeded to act in a similar manner to the doctor.

He, too, took out his garments one by one and showed the pockets to be empty.

He had almost finished the first suit-case, when, in picking up a boot from the floor to replace it in the suit-case something fell from inside the toe of the boot and struck the carpet at his feet.

It was a rope of pearls!

The pearls which Mrs. Henderson had worn about her throat upon the first night of Dick's arrival.

Dick gazed down stupefied at the pearls, his face draining of all its colour.

He stooped and picked up the rope of pearls and turned towards his host and Mr. Steele; but the expression upon their faces showed that they were already suspecting him of the theft.

Their doubting looks caused Dick to flame into a temper.

"I can see by your faces," he cried, "that you believe me guilty of trying to steal these pearls, but as sure as there is a Heaven above us, I swear to you that I knew nothing of their presence in my luggage. I was as surprised as you when they fell from this boot. I tell you I am innocent. Someone must have taken them and then hidden them in my suit-case to try and incriminate me—and," added Dick, as he shot a savage glance in the direction of Dr. Steele, "I think I know who that was. I don't think we have far to look for the real thief!"

He paused for breath, and clenched and unclenched his hands.

And then it was that Dr. Steele cut in. "What did I tell you, Henderson?" he said,

turning towards the cinema magnate. "Did I not warn you this afternoon that you were entertaining a thief in your house? Did I not tell you that he was expelled from St. Peter's for theft? As soon as I heard the pearls were missing I suspected this young scoundrel. Once a thief, always a thief, you know!"

"It's a lie!" snapped out Dick. "It's a lie! I was not expelled from St. Peter's for theft!"

"I suppose next you'll try and tell us that you were not expelled from St. Peter's at all?" sneered the doctor.

Dick was about to answer when Mrs. Henderson spoke.

"If I may say a word," she said, "I should like to tell you all that I do not believe that this boy here stole the pearls. How they got into his suit-case I cannot pretend to understand any more than he can, but I do not believe him guilty."

(To be continued.)

(Is he guilty, or is it another trick of Dr. Steele? Read the long instalment of this splendid serial in next Friday's issue.)



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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. 4.

For next Friday we have another splendid programme. The first story is of Harry Wharton & Co., the chums of Greyfriars, and is entitled:

"A BROTHER'S SACRIFICE!"

By Frank Richards.

This story deals with the further misfortunes that befall the brothers Nugent in consequence of Lord Mauleverer's loss of a fifty-pound banknote. Mrs. Nugent arrives on the scene, and in face of what follows, Frank is compelled to sacrifice himself.

The second grand complete school story is of Jimmy Silver & Co., which is entitled:

"AT FEUD WITH THE FIFTH!"

By Owen Conquest.

Hansom & Co., of the Fifth Form at Rookwood, start a campaign for "taking down" the Fourth-Formers. How Jimmy Silver & Co. eventually succeed in getting their own back will be told in next week's story.

"POPLETS" COMPETITION No. 15.

Here are the examples for this week's "Poplets" Competition. Study the rules carefully, and have a shot at winning our money prizes!

Examples.

A Good Name.	Cousin Ethel's Birthday.
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Read the following rules carefully, and then send in your postcard. Readers should particularly note that TWO efforts can be sent in on one card, but no effort may contain more than FOUR words.

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.

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1. All "Poplets" must be written on one side of a POSTCARD, and not more than two "Poplets" can be sent in by one reader each week.

2. The postcards must be addressed "Poplets" No. 15, The "Popular," Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4.

3. No correspondence can be entered into in connection with "Poplets."

4. 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.

5. 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.

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RESULT OF "POPLETS" COMPETITION No. 9.

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