

# A HUSTLER AT ST. FRANK'S!

Meet Ulysses Spencer Adams, the dynamic American boy with the peppy ideas, in this week's lively long complete school yarn of Nipper and his cheery chums.

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U. S. Adams peps up St. Frank's—and give it the pip!

# PEP FOR THE



## CHAPTER 1.

### The Downfall of Nipper!

"WHAT you guys need is pep!" said Ulysses Spencer Adams loudly. The American boy in the Remove at St. Frank's was standing on the platform in the big lecture hall. Practically the entire Remove and Fourth were present.

"This old dump is dead from the neck up," continued Adams firmly. "And

most of you birds are sure dumb. What you need right now is a break."

"As we're so frightfully slow, dear old fellow, don't you think that a brake is unnecessary?" asked Vivian Travers.

"Aw, gee! Cut out the wisecracks," retorted Adams. "I mean a break—a chance! Don't you guys understand English?"

"I beg your pardon," said Travers gracefully. "I'm glad you've told me that it's English. I didn't know."

Hustle into reading this lively complete school yarn, chums.

# SAINTS!

By EDWY  
SEARLES BROOKS

There were a few chuckles, and Adams pursed his thin lips. There was a determined light in his eyes, behind the horn-rimmed spectacles. The Removites and the Fourth-Formers didn't know it, but it was he who had called this meeting. With real American "smartness" he had passed the word round the Junior School

Nipper, the late Junior captain, was desirous of saying a few words. But Nipper was just as much in the dark as anybody.

"Listen, fellers!" said Adams impressively. "Maybe you're thinking that I've got a crust for standing here and giving you the works? Well, I guess it's up to



— quite casually — that there was to be a full meeting of the Remove and Fourth immediately after lessons. Nearly everybody had turned up — believing that

The  
**BIG BOSS**  
of the Remove makes a  
**BIG NOISE**  
and comes a  
**BIG CROPPER!**

somebody to start something! So I'm starting it right now. Gee! I guess I've stood around too long."

"You've stood on that platform too



long!" said Edward Oswald Handforth aggressively.

"Dry up, Handy—let him speak!"

"Yes, rather!"

"Go it, U.S.A.!"

Most of the juniors were amused. Ulysses Spencer Adams was worth listening to—if only for his accent. He was the son of Mr. Otis Spencer Adams, the millionaire president of the Adams Pimento Cheese Company Incorporated of Troy, N.Y. Mr. Adams had made so many millions of dollars out of cheese, in fact, that he was known in America as the Cheese King.

"I'm putting it to you right now, fellers, that Nipper has sure pulled a bone!" said Adams firmly.

"He's done what?"

"Aw, gee! Don't I speak plainly?" asked Adams. "I'm telling you that Nipper has pulled a bone—he's fallen off his horse!"

The Removites and the Fourth-Formers agreed readily—at least, the majority of them did.

"Blow Nipper!" said Boots of the Fourth. "Where is he, anyhow? We thought he was going to speak to us——"

"I'm doing all the speaking," interrupted Adams. "I'm putting it to you right here and now that you're in need of a new captain. And I'm the little guy for that job!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Good old Adams!"

"Nipper's finished—he's sunk," shouted Adams. "What happened last week? Those town guys got us in Dutch with the Head. And if that wasn't Nipper's fault, I'm the ghost of Abraham Lincoln!"

There were murmurs of assent. Nipper's stock, at the moment, was very low. The rank and file of the Remove and Fourth condemned him.

Since the beginning of the week they had been recovering from black eyes, swollen noses, thick ears, and similar minor injuries. Every minute of their spare time had been occupied in writing the thousand lines which had been imposed upon each one of them by the headmaster.

For there had been hectic doings in Bannington on the Saturday. Nipper had insisted upon taking the Junior XI over to play the League fixture against Bannington Hotspurs; the game had been only half played, and a riot had followed. Bannington had not seen anything like it for years. St. Frank's, to be bluntly truthful, was in disgrace.

Nipper was blamed because there had been some previous trouble with the local

boys; and popular opinion in the Junior School had been all against that fixture being kept. Nipper, as Junior captain, had insisted.

Yet Nipper was not to blame. He had done his best to keep the peace. That violent quarrel had been as much the fault of the schoolboys as the town boys; it was one of those things which just happened. But nothing could alter the fact that Bannington was out of bounds, that every junior boy had had to write a thousand lines, and that most of them were so bruised and sore from the effects of the fight that several days had elapsed before they recovered their normal appearance.

Now, in mid-week, the Junior School was beginning to recover its spirits; and Nipper was condemned more than ever. Only a few staunch comrades, such as Tommy Watson, Tregellis-West, Handforth, Church, McClure, Travers, Archie Glenthorne and Reggie Pitt, stuck to him. Most of the others were ready enough to listen to the first bold spirit who got on his feet to address them.

And Adams, the supremely confident American boy, was grabbing his chance. Until now he had been compelled to remain in the background; but he was an opportunist.

"If you guys had any sense you'd elect me captain!" he shouted. "I'm on the level. I'm on the up and up."

"You're not on anything!" shouted Handforth derisively. "You're off! You're off your rocker!"

"Nix on that stuff!" bellowed Adams. "Say, listen! Give me a break, and I'll pep this old dump up so's you won't know it!"

"My only hat! He might be a good skipper," grinned De Valerie.

"Why not give him a chance?" suggested somebody else.

"Hear, hear!"

"We're fed up with Nipper, anyhow!"

"Go it, Adams!"

"Show us how to get out own back on the town rotters!"

"Aw, forget it!" retorted Adams quickly. "Leave those suckers alone!"

"Leave the town boys alone?" shouted Boots wrathfully. "After what they did to us?"

"Yes, sir!" replied Adams promptly. "Say, you've seen the Head's notice, haven't you? Any guy who starts trouble with the town boys will get fired! Guess we'd best take notice!"

He was right. Mr. Nelson Lee, the famous detective-headmaster of St. Frank's, was determined to have peace. Not only had he placed Bannington out of bounds, but he had threatened the boys



with expulsion if they were mixed up in any further fighting. The Head's drastic order had very effectually dampened the ardour of those valiant juniors who desired vengeance.

"Leave things to me, and I'll pep up the old dump so much that you'll never miss going into the town," went on Adams enthusiastically. "Say! After a week or two the Head will see that things are going smoothly, and I guess he'll remove the ban. It's cream in the can, fellers!"

The Removites and Fourth-Formers, much amused, laughed and cheered.

"I'm a guy with ideas," went on Adams, following up his advantage. "Give me a chance to show you what I can do, and—well, I'll hand you a surprise! Let's have it right now. I'm a feller who likes things to be slick and snappy. Up with your hands! Who's voting for me as skipper? Skipper of the Remove, and Junior skipper generally, with full power!"

"I say, let's give Adams a chance!"

"Hear, hear."

"Hands up for Adams!"

"Hurrah!"

Most of the boys, grinning and shouting, raised their hands. Nipper, Handforth, Travers, and their own crowd, stood by helplessly. Nipper, in fact, was rather pleased. He was out of favour, but he had no reason to blame himself. And perhaps it would do the Junior School good to have Adams as a leader.

"You're not going to allow this, are you?" asked Tommy Watson, tugging at Nipper's sleeve and looking at him in amazement.

"How do you propose that I should stop it?" asked Nipper calmly.

"But—but——"

"It's all right," murmured Nipper. "Let them get on with it! After all, why shouldn't Adams have his chance?"

There was such a show of hands that counting was unnecessary. By a large majority Ulysses Spencer Adams was elected captain of the Remove.

"I guess that's good enough," shouted Adams coolly. "But say, fellers—listen! If I'm going to put pep into this one-horse place I'll sure need to snap into it. And I'll need a free hand. Get me? You guys have got to promise me that you'll follow my lead without any kicking."

"That depends where you're proposing to lead us," said Bob Christine of the Fourth.

"Well, I can tell you right now that I'm full of snappy ideas," replied Adams promptly. "Yes, sir! Maybe you won't care a heap for some of them—at first.

But if I'm to do this job thoroughly I shall need your unquestioning support."

"That's fair enough," said De Valerie. "What about it, you chaps? Supposing we promise to follow Adams' lead for two weeks, say?"

"Good idea! We'll have him on trial!"

"Two weeks certain."

"Good egg!"

"I second the proposal," said Duncan, grinning. "I put it to the meeting. We'll pledge ourselves for two weeks to support Adams in all his proposals and plans."

"Carried!" went up a roar.

Ulysses Spencer Adams, on the platform, flushed with triumph. He was captain now—and the juniors had pledged themselves to follow him!

"Gee!" he breathed, his eyes burning. "I'm sure sitting on top! From now on what I say—goes!"

## CHAPTER 2.

### The Bodyguard!

THE meeting dispersed noisily. There were many chuckles, and many fellows were laughing outright.

Ulysses Spencer Adams was taking himself very seriously; but the Removites and the Fourth-Formers, generally, were amused. Adams as skipper was a novelty! It would be rather good fun to see what kind of a job the hustling American boy made of the captaincy.

Edward Oswald Handforth was bubbling with indignation when he reached Study D with his two chums. He had attempted to make himself heard at the end of that meeting; but even his noisy voice had been drowned.

"It's no good blinking at the fact, Handy, old man," said Church gently. "The chaps gave you the bird."

"They're dotty—they're off their rockers," said Handforth excitedly. "Electing Adams as skipper! And there was I willing enough to accept the captaincy!"

"The trouble is, old man, that the rest of the chaps don't think much of you as a captain," said Church, shaking his head. "Funny, but there it is!"

"And what about Nipper?" demanded Handforth, glaring. "What the dickens was he doing? He didn't even get on the platform and utter a protest. By George! I'm beginning to think that the chaps were right. Nipper is a wash-out!"

He stormed out of the study and barged into Study C, next door, where Nipper and Tregellis-West and Watson were preparing tea.



"Come in!" said Nipper politely. "Tea, Handy?"

"I don't want any tea!" roared Handforth. "I want to know what you mean by letting the Junior School go dotty! Why didn't you stop the fatheads from electing Adams?"

"That's an easy one," replied Nipper calmly. "I wanted the fatheads to elect Adams."

"What!"

"Why not?" asked Nipper. "If they want novelty, Adams will give them novelty! He's not a bad sort, and he's certainly full of pep—American pep. Whether St. Frank's will like it—after sampling it—is another question."

"But—but are we going to let this American ass boss over us?" asked Handforth indignantly.

"We're helpless in the matter, old son," replied Nipper. "The majority is against us. The fellows turned on me—they blamed me for all that trouble in Bannington—and, in Adams' words, I'm sunk."

"Nipper is a brainy chap, dear boy," said Sir Montic, with a chuckle. "The dear chappies desire a change—they do, really. Let them have it! It won't be long before they come to their senses—and then Nipper will be back in his old place."

"By George!" said Handforth, with a start. "I hadn't thought of that! Perhaps it's not such a bad wheeze after all!"

He went back to Study D in a thoughtful mood.

"If it comes to that, these idiots aren't worth leading!" he said tartly. "They want American pep, do they? Huh! I've got plenty of English pep, but it's not good enough for 'em!"

His chums grinned.

"We're in the happy position of being spectators, Handy," said Church, as he opened the cupboard and took out the bread and butter. "We didn't vote for Adams—we didn't pledge ourselves to anything. We'll just stand by and see how things go. It ought to be as good as a pantomime!"

**M**EANWHILE, Ulysses Spencer Adams was acting with true American hustle.

The die was cast; he was skipper. Well, he would not allow any grass to grow under his feet.

He was out in the Triangle now, in the dusk, talking to four juniors. They were Timothy Armstrong and Louis Griffith of the East House Fourth; and Percy Bray and Walter Denny of the Modern House

Fourth. Adams had whispered to them earlier, saying that he desired to speak to them privately.

"Well, what's the idea?" asked Bray suspiciously.

"Yes, buck up!" added Armstrong, in his truculent way. "I suppose you know that you're keeping us from tea?"

"Aw, gee! We don't have tea in the United States!" said Adams scornfully. "I guess we've no time to waste on that junk. Listen, fellers! I've got a sure-fire proposition."

"What about?" asked Denny.

"Now that I'm captain of the Junior School, I guess I'm going to run this joint at some speed," said Adams briskly. "I'll be needing a bodyguard."

"A which?"

"A bodyguard—and you four guys are it."

"But—but——"

"Listen," said Adams. "Wherever I go, you guys go with me. You'll just hang around and be useful when you're wanted. Get the idea?"

"You've got a nerve, haven't you?" asked Armstrong, staring. "You, a giddy Removite, telling us Fourth-Formers——"

"Aw, snap out of it, brothers!" protested Adams. "Aren't you sure honoured to be offered the job? I'm a regular feller, and I'm telling you——"

"I suppose you're telling us that it's cream in the can for us to be at your beck and call?" asked Denny sarcastically. "Nothing doing! Get some of your own Form fellows to act as a bodyguard! Of all the nerve!"

"What does he think he is—a gangster chief?" asked Bray.

"Don't get me wrong," urged Adams, lowering his voice. "I'm not expecting you guys to do this for nothing."

"Eh?"

"What?"

"Say that again, Adams!"

"Here's a five-dollar bill each," said Adams. "At least, these pound notes used to be worth five dollars, but I guess things are changed now."

"A quid each!" ejaculated Armstrong, staring at the pound note which the American boy had thrust into his hand.

"You said it!" grinned Adams. "A week's wages in advance."

"Wages!" gurgled Bray.

"Every week, as long as you remain on the job, you'll get your wages," said Adams comfortably. "How's that? Say, this is on the level! An honest-to-goodness job! It's a lucky break for you four guys!"



The Fourth-Formers changed their tone. The offer of a pound a week made all the difference!

"Wait a minute before we accept this," said Armstrong cautiously. "What's the idea? What are we supposed to do—exactly?"

"Nothing—except hang around," replied Adams. "Be on call when I want you. Mebbe some of these fellers will jib, and that's where you'll come in. Aw, it's nothing! I'm pretty sore at you guys for not accepting the job without pay, but I guess I'm reasonable enough. When I want a thing—I get it!"

He was proving his shrewdness by selecting his "bodyguard" from the ranks of the Fourth. For the Fourth, after all, was the natural enemy of the Remove.

"Out with them!" U. S. Adams commanded his bodyguard, and Duncan and Gresham hurtled out of their study into the corridor with painful effect.



The four juniors were willing enough to stick to their job—so long as they received their salary. They were sworn to secrecy—they promised that they would not reveal a word to any of the others. Ulysses Spencer Adams was beginning his reign with real American slickness.

### CHAPTER 3.

#### The Order of the Boot!

"WE'D better start without him," said Harry Gresham, seizing the teapot.

He and Alec Duncan were in Study J, and the tea table looked invit-

ing. A cheerful fire was glowing in the grate, and a kettle was singing, in a very homely fashion, on the top bar.

"Our one and only Ulysses is very much in the limelight," laughed the New Zealand junior, as he helped himself to the fish-paste.

"Somehow, I don't think he'll last long," said Harry Gresham. "He may

have fooled most of the other chaps, but we know him. A great chap at bluffing, eh?"

"Well, that's typically American," said Duncan. "They live on bluff over there. The fellow who bluffs the hardest gets the furthest."

"The funny thing is, bluffing seems to pay," remarked Gresham. "I say, about Adams," he added seriously, with a thoughtful frown on his brow. "He was so different this afternoon that I hardly knew him!"

"Different?" repeated Duncan. "How?"

"So much more masterful," said the other junior. "He's always been full of bluster—he's always trotted out his yarns that everything is better in the States—



but he's never been really aggressive. This afternoon he was a totally different chap."

Duncan grinned.

"Just the effects of having the lime-light on him," he replied dryly. "I can't quite believe it, even now. Adams—Form captain! What shall we come to next? By Jove, we'll chip him when he comes in to tea!"

The door opened and Ulysses Spencer Adams stepped briskly inside. His very bearing was forceful, even truculent. He cast a disparaging glance at the tea table.

"Just in time, old man," said Gresham invitingly.

"Suffering cats!" ejaculated Adams. "You don't think I've time for this bolony, do you?"

"Bolony?" repeated Gresham. "Do you mean tea?"

"Say, listen! Can you imagine me sitting down to this punk meal?" asked Adams contemptuously. "I'm through with that racket. I guess I'm a busy man from now on."

His studymates grinned.

"Come off it, Adams," chuckled Duncan. "Don't let this thing get into your head. A Form captain is very much the same as any other fellow. Even Form captains need tea."

Adams carefully closed the door.

"Listen, brothers," he said. "You've got me wrong. Form captains, until now, have been content to let things drift on in the same old way. I guess Nipper's all washed up—and so is the old order of things. I'm gonna put pep into this dump—and I don't mean maybe! I guess I'm different from any other Form captain who ever held the job down. I'm a fast worker."

"What's the work at the moment?" asked Gresham interestedly.

"I sure hate to tell you, buddy," said Adams. "I guess we three have been—well, kind of pals. I sure hope we'll remain pals. If you're sensible, you'll see this thing in the right light. Anyway, I'm not counting on having any trouble."

"Which, being translated, means?" asked Duncan.

"It means that I need this room for myself," said Adams bluntly. "A Form captain can't have other guys knocking around. This is going to be my office—and I need all of it."

Gresham and Duncan were so surprised that they sat back in their chairs, staring blankly at their studymate. The coolness of his proposition startled them.

"My only sainted aunt!" ejaculated

Gresham, at length. "Are you telling us to clear out?"

"Sure!"

"Why, you—you——"

"I'm telling you to quit," said Adams coolly.

"Well, of all the nerve——"

"Say, don't get sore over this," urged Adams. "I guess it's a bit fierce for you guys, but it's necessary. There are other studies at the end of the passage, and you can have one of them."

"Oh?" said Duncan coldly. "And what's the matter with your having one of those studies at the end of the passage?"

"Nothing doing," said Adams curtly. "This is my study, and I'm staying. You guys are quitting."

"My poor ass," said Gresham sympathetically. "I was afraid that this thing would get into your head. Why should a Form captain have a study all to himself? What do you think a Form captain is—a tin god?"

"Listen! I don't want to be unreasonable——"

"My dear ass, the best thing you can do is to go up to the bath-room and put your head under the cold tap," said Gresham kindly. "Your brain is overheated. When you've cooled off, come back and we'll talk to you again."

Adams did not move a hair.

"You guys make me tired," he said shortly. "I take it that you refuse to quit?"

"You slobbered a bibful, baby!" nodded Duncan.

"Gee! I hate to go to extremes, but I'm giving you just ten minutes to quit," said Adams, moving towards the door. "Get that, brothers, and get it good! Ten minutes! If you're not outside by then—well, you'll go out on your necks."

He nodded, left the study, and closed the door after him. Gresham and Duncan looked at one another across the table.

"Funny how power affects some people," said Gresham, with regret. "Now, Nipper remains just the same when he's Form skipper—as cheery and as breezy as you like. If Handy gets command of anything, he needs a larger size in hats. But poor old Ulysses is suffering so much from swelled head that unless he's careful it'll bust!"

"The nerve of it!" said the other junior. "Calmly ordering us out of our own study! He wants it for himself, if you please!"

They went on with their tea, and after a while they saw the humour of the situation. But it was not quite so humorous after all. For at the end of the stipulated



ten minutes, Ulysses Spencer Adams came briskly into the study again.

"Time's up," he announced. "You guys ready to quit?"

"No, we're not," roared Gresham, exasperated. "Look here, Adams, we're getting fed-up with you and your——"

He broke off as Adams made a signal; and four stalwart juniors entered the study. They were Armstrong, Griffith, Bray and Denny of the Fourth.

"What the dickens——" began Duncan.

"This is sure tough," said Adams. "I hate to do it, fellers, but you've got to realise right now that what I say goes. And when I say that you've got to quit I mean it—and how!"

"Why, you—you——"

"Out with 'em," said Adams, addressing his bodyguard. "Make it snappy!"

The bodyguard, grinning, entered upon the task with enthusiasm. They were acting with the full authority of the Junior skipper, and they felt they were on safe ground.

"Hi! What the—— Leggo, blow you!" roared Gresham, as Armstrong and Griffith fell upon him.

"Rescue!" howled Duncan. "Hi, Remove! Help!"

But they were taken unawares; and it was a case of two against four. They were seized, dragged to the door, and hurled bodily out into the passage—on their necks, exactly as Ulysses Spencer Adams had threatened.

And Adams himself, like a general watching the development of a battle, stood in the doorway with a calm, complacent smile on his lean face.

## CHAPTER 4.

### The Big Bots!

**C**RASH! Thud!

"What's that?" asked Handforth, setting down his teacup.

"Sounds like a bit of bother," said Church.

Handforth pushed back his chair.

"Better not butt in, old man," advised McClure carelessly. "You'll only make things worse——"

Handforth was not listening. He had gone to the door, and he had opened it.

"Great Scott!" he ejaculated excitedly.

Only two or three doors away, Harry Gresham and Alec Duncan were slowly and painfully picking themselves up. It was only too obvious that they had just been hurled out of Study J. But what really made Handforth excited was the sight of four aggressive-looking Fourth-

Formers. Fourth-Formers always invaded the Remove passage in the Ancient House at their peril. A dozen or so might come, yes; but four—— It was asking for trouble.

"Hi! Back up, Remove!" yelled Handforth, dashing out. "Raiders!"

"What on earth——" began Church, running to the door.

"Look! Can't you see?" bellowed Handforth. "Fourth-Formers! Out with 'em—on 'em!"

He dashed enthusiastically to the attack, and Church and McClure, ever loyal, backed him up. At the same moment other study doors were opening, and more Removites came out to see what all the noise and shouting was about.

"Here, hold on!" gasped Armstrong, in alarm. "Cheese it, Handy! This isn't a Form raid! We're acting under orders from the Remove skipper."

But Handforth refused to listen. There were Gresham and Duncan on the floor, and they had been thrown on to the floor by these Fourth-Formers. What else mattered?

"Come on! We've got 'em," yelled Handforth. "Down with the Fourth!"

Biff! Crash! Thud!

He sailed in with devastating effect. Church and McClure also did excellent work. Travers and Jimmy Potts and Skeets Rossiter, bursting out of Study H, piled in without asking any questions.

Armstrong and the other Fourth-Formers were overwhelmed. They were pounced upon and bowled over, and Ulysses Spencer Adams, thoroughly startled, found it impossible to make himself heard. He shouted and he danced about, but it was all to no purpose.

The Fourth-Formers, battered, bruised, and bedraggled, were frog's-marched to the lobby. They were whirled through the lobby, and they were sent hurtling out into the cold, chilly November night.

"That's where you belong—outside!" bellowed Handforth. "And you can jolly well stay outside!"

Armstrong picked himself up painfully. He was bubbling with indignation and excitement.

"You silly asses!" he gasped. "You don't know what you've done! We were not on a raid! We were only turning Gresham and Duncan out of their study, and we were acting under Adams' orders."

"What?"

"It's a fact!" roared Armstrong. "We four chaps are Adams' bodyguard!"

"His—his what?" went up a yell.

Adams was pleased with the impression he had made



"Say, you guys ain't seen nothing yet," he said coolly. "I've sure got a swell bunch of nifty ideas that'll knock you cold. You've got these fellers wrong. Come in, fellers."

Armstrong and his three companions—the "fellers" in question—hesitated.

"We're not coming in to be thrown out again!" said Armstrong truculently. "We're fed up with you and your stunts, Adams."

"Aw, forget it!" said Ulysses. "These birds didn't understand. You'll be safe enough after this."

"Just a minute," said Handforth fiercely. "What's all this piffle about our not understanding? What's all this tommy-rot about a bodyguard?"

"These four guys are my special personal attendants," said Adams calmly.

"Great Scott!"

"A sort of staff, if you get me," went on the American boy. "They were acting under my orders, and I guess you owe them an apology."

"Rats!" stormed Handforth. "Rot! Piffle! Drivel! Do you think we're going to let these silly Fourth-Formers run all over the House? You can go to the dickens with your bodyguard!"

"Say, listen, brother——"

"I'm not your brother!" roared Handforth. "The chaps were dotty when they elected you skipper."

"You poor fish," said Adams sympathetically. "I guess you're feeling sore because you got the air. But I'm an honest-to-goodness skipper, and I guess I'm going to run this dump in my own way. Any more wisecracks from you, buddy, and you'll be sorry for yourself. I guess you're only a cheap skate, anyway."

"Why, you—you——"

"Get going," interrupted Adams briskly. "On your way, Unconscious!"

"What!"

"I guess you heard me the first time."

"Look here, you blithering American fathead!" bellowed Handforth, red in the face with wrath. "I didn't vote for you, so you needn't try that stuff with me! You think you're smart, don't you? You and your bodyguard! Huh!"

Adams' eyes glittered. He could see that he was going to have some trouble with Edward Oswald Handforth—unless he put Handforth in his place right away.

"Listen, sap!" he said grimly. "I was elected captain of the Remove by a big majority. I'm the Big Boss! Get that, and get it good! The fellers pledged themselves to follow my lead—without butting in."

"Yes, that's right," supported Armstrong warmly. "You mind your own beastly business, Handforth! Adams is Form captain, and if you start any of your rot——"

"I didn't promise not to butt in," interjected Handforth, with a glare. "What does Adams think he is? A giddy gangster chief?"

"Say! Cut that out!" said Ulysses Spencer Adams sharply. "Aw, gee, you make me tired——"

"Perhaps this will make you more tired!" retorted Handforth, leaping forward.

Crash!

His famous left swung round, and Ulysses Spencer Adams hit the floor with a thud. Handforth glared down at him defiantly.

"I don't accept you as my skipper, and I'm not fooled by your bluff!" he roared. "You can go and cat coke—you and your bodyguard, too! If the fellows hadn't been half-witted they would never have elected you."

Adams rose slowly to his feet.

"I guess it's beneath the dignity of a captain to engage in a brawl," he said coldly. "But believe me, you sap, you'll get yours! When a guy asks me for trouble, I'm ready to oblige him. You'll be seeing me again, boy friend!"

And Ulysses Spencer Adams, with his bodyguard acting as escort, marched off.

## CHAPTER 5.

### A Close Shave!

THE incident was regarded by the Remove as a joke. Nobody took much notice of Handforth and his complaints; Armstrong and the other Fourth-Formers were accepted without further hostility. If it pleased Adams to fool about with a "bodyguard" it was his own affair.

The only two juniors, other than Handforth, who felt like protesting were Harry Gresham and Alec Duncan. They had been thrown out of their study, and they were feeling sore—in two senses.

"Blow Adams!" said Gresham, as he collected his books. "Let him have the rotten study! We'll move into one of the empty ones at the end of the passage."

"We might just as well," agreed Duncan. "We mustn't be too hard on him—his head is affected."

They resented being turned out of Study J, and but for one fact they would have resisted to the last ditch. But it so happened that all the furniture in



Study J belonged to Adams. The American boy's millionaire father had furnished the room lavishly, and Gresham and Duncan had, so far, enjoyed the many comforts. But after Adams' unfriendly attitude they had no desire to be under any obligation to him.

"Everybody's mad," said Gresham gruffly. "We need a level-headed skipper—like Nipper. All this fuss over a quarrel with the town, and look what happens! We get Adams as captain!"

"He won't last long," said Duncan placidly. "Let him have his fling!"

And philosophically accepting the situation, they shifted into another study.

Handforth had no further appetite for tea. In Study D he excitedly told Church and McClure exactly what he was going to do. Ulysses Spencer Adams, it seemed, was in for a hectic time.

"I'm going to fight," Handforth said loudly. "What's become of the bulldog spirit of the Remove? Are we going to be ruled and brow-beaten by an ass like Adams! I'm disappointed in Nipper."

"Rats!" said Church bluntly. "Nipper is a sensible chap. The tide turned against him, so he gracefully retired into the background. It's no good messing about with the tide. Anyhow, tides have a habit of turning."

"It'll do the Remove good to have Adams at the head of things for a bit," added Mac shrewdly. "Adams is going to spring a few surprises, I believe—and by the way he's started, he'll soon find out that he's bitten off more than he can chew."

"Why couldn't the Remove elect me as skipper?" demanded Handforth, glaring.

"Ahem! Of two evils——"

"If you're going to start quoting proverbs, I'm clearing out," interrupted Handforth tartly. "I'm fed up with the Remove—fed up with the Junior School in general! St. Frank's is going to the dogs!"

And with that weighty, if hackneyed, pronouncement, Handforth stormed out of the study. He had no particular place to go, but he was fuming with impatience and irritability.



With one eyebrow shaved off, Handforth's face had a lopsided appearance. Adams surveyed his handiwork appreciatively. "That looks swell!" he remarked to his grinning bodyguard.



He thought about getting out a special édition of his own precious "Weekly," and he would devote all its pages to a violent wordy attack upon Ulysses Spencer Adams. Yes, it was a good idea——

"Hallo! What's all this?" demanded Handforth, with a start.

He had just reached the lobby, and suddenly, unexpectedly, he found himself surrounded by seven or eight grim-faced figures.

"Got him!" whispered a hoarse voice.

Handforth recognised Armstrong and Griffith and Bray and Denny; and there were some Removites, too, including De Valerie and Claude Gore-Pearce.

"Here, I say!" ejaculated Handforth, in alarm. "What's this?"

"You're on the spot!" said Armstrong impressively.

"Spot?" gasped Handforth, looking down at his feet. "I can't see—— Eh? What the dickens——"

The rest of his words were muffled. A travelling rug had been flung over his head, and with a quick movement it was drawn tight. Strong arms clutched at his legs, he was bumped over. He tried to struggle, but the odds were too great. He felt himself being whisked along.

The rug was suddenly removed, and at the same moment a strap was buckled tight round his body, pinioning his arms. Another strap was placed just below his knees. He was jerked roughly to his feet.

"Good work, boys," said a cool voice.

Blinking in the sudden light, Handforth found that he was in Study J. The door was closed, and his recent assailants were ranged round the room in such a way that there was no possibility of escape—even if he broke free from those stout straps. Ulysses Spencer Adams sat at the table, leaning back in his swivel chair.

"So it was you, was it?" gasped Handforth indignantly. "Why, you—you——"

"Hold it!" interrupted Adams.

"Eh?"

"Listen, sap," said the Remove captain, leaning forward in his chair. "You and me are going to have a talk. So just get a load of this."

"Rats! You don't think I'm scared of you, do you?" asked Handforth sourly. "You and your fathcaded American ideas——"

"Shucks! I guess you gab like you'd been vaccinated with a gramophone needle," snapped Adams. "I've had enough of your hoocy, buddy!"

"Enough of my what?"

"Your hot air," explained Adams. "See here, Handforth, you needn't think that you can run around this dump doing just as you please. So paste this into your bonnet, and paste it good. I'm the Big Boss. I've been given full power, and what I say goes! I'm giving you a fair warning——"

"I don't want to hear your rotten warning," interrupted Handforth defiantly. "All this bunkum leaves me stone cold. And now let me tell you something, you prize idiot. I refuse to recognise you as Form captain."

Adams' expression hardened.

"Is that so?" he retorted. "Get an earful of this, Handforth! There'll be no squawk coming out of you by the time I've done! I'm one jump ahead of you all the time!"

"Oh, yeah!" jeered Handforth.

"Yeah!" roared Adams, annoyed by the chuckles of his followers.

"Sez you!" grinned Handforth.

"It sure seems I'll have to get busv." said Adams, with regret. "I'm gonna show you that I mean business."

He leapt up from his chair and crossed over to Handforth. At a word of command, Armstrong and Bray—who, like Denny and Griffith, had a strip of linen round their bodies on which was the word "Bodyguard" — g r a b b e d Handforth roughly, and forced him back into a chair. From the rear they held him, while Adams bent over Handforth in front. Edward Oswald's eyes opened wider when he saw that the American boy held a safety razor in his hand.

"What are you going to do—give me a shave?" asked Handforth sourly. "You needn't think you can scare me——"

"Hold him tight, boys," said Adams crisply.

Scrape—scrape—scrape!

With two or three strokes of the safety razor, Ulysses Spencer Adams performed a quick ceremony. He was so quick, in fact, that Handforth had no time to realise what was being done until it was done.

"Hi!" he howled wildly. "What have you done to my eyebrow?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the bodyguard.

Handforth certainly looked funny—with one eyebrow on and with one eyebrow off. His eyebrows were fairly prominent, and as a result of Adams' handy-work, he now looked decidedly lopsided. He was more than startled. A large amount of his aggressiveness had gone. For Adams' drastic action had shown him, plainer than anything else, that the American boy was in deadly earnest.



"That looks swell," said Adams, grinning.

"Why, you—you—you——"

Scrape—scrape—scrape!

The safety razor was at work again. Handforth bellowed wildly, but all to no purpose. He was held so securely that his struggles were of no avail. His other eyebrow was removed as neatly and as rapidly as the first.

## CHAPTER 6.

### Hard Lines, Handy!

THERE was something ludicrous in Handforth's appearance. The removal of his eyebrows had lent his face a look of permanent comical surprise. Ulysses Spencer Adams surprise. Ulysses Spencer Adams and his bodyguard yelled with laughter. They hadn't seen anything so funny for weeks.

"Gee, I'm sure getting a kick out of this!" said the American boy cheerfully. "And maybe this guy will guess what's coming to him."

"It's already come, hasn't it?" asked Gore-Pearce.

"Shucks! This is only a beginning," retorted Adams promptly. "Listen, you poor fish," he went on, turning to Handforth. "I guess you know where you get off now. I got a line on you, buddy! Any more wisecracks from you—any more defiance—and you'll sure get what's coming to you. Savvy? I'm a regular feller so long as you treat me right. Nix on the opposition junk. Now scram out of here."

He gave a signal to his henchman, and Handforth's straps were removed.

"By George!" snorted Edward Oswald. "You rotter! I'll get even with you——"

"Scram, kid!" interrupted Adams curtly.

"If you're telling me to get out, I'll get out when I like," bellowed Handforth. "Before I go, I'm going to smash you to pulp!"

"For the love of Mike," sighed Adams, "does this bonehead want another beating up?"

There was something so aggressive and determined in his bearing that even Handforth saw the danger signal. The bodyguard was closing round him again. He realised that he stood no chance against so many enemies.

"All right," he said thickly. "You're jolly clever, aren't you? Eight against one is just about your mark! But, by George, wait until the rest of the chaps see what you've done to me! You won't be captain of the Remove for another minute! We're not going to stand this sort of American rot at St. Frank's!"

"American rot—nothing," retorted Adams. "You guys need pepping up, that's all. I guess I'm going to put some snap into this dump."

Handforth escaped, and, breathing fire, he burst into Study D. Church and McClure were not there, and he was rather relieved. He dashed across to the mirror and surveyed his reflection.

"Great Scott!" he ejaculated, in horror.

He did not see that Church and McClure had just arrived. They were standing in the doorway, but from that angle they could only see the back of Handforth's head, and they were not yet aware of the disaster which had befallen his face.

"Horrible!" gasped Handforth, with a shudder. "Oh, corks! I look an absolute sight!"

His chums gazed at one another in mild astonishment. They had often told Handforth the same thing, but they had never expected him to be so open about it.

"I look ghastly—vile—revolting!" said Handforth frankly. "My face is horrible!"

"Well, it's about time you were candid with yourself," remarked Church approvingly. "Still, there's no need to be so harsh——"

Handforth spun round—and his chums jumped. They didn't quite know what was wrong at first; they only knew that Handforth looked extraordinarily funny.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Church and McClure.

"You—you silly idiots!" howled Handforth. "What are you laughing at?"

"Oh, Handy, what have you done to your dial?" gasped Church. "You look a perfect scream!"

"You drivelling imbeciles," bellowed Handforth wrathfully. "It's my eyebrows!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I mean, it's not my eyebrows!" shrieked Handforth. "I haven't any eyebrows!"

"So we can see," chortled Church. "We didn't know what was wrong at first—did we, Mac? My poor fathead! What on earth possessed you to shave off your giddy eyebrows?"

Handforth fairly danced.

"You don't think I did it myself, do you?" he hooted. "Adams did it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Don't you understand?" howled Handforth. "Adams! Look what he's done to me!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Church and McClure were doubled up with laughter. And Handforth, who had been expecting exclamations of horror,



indignation, and fury, was dumbfounded. This callous laughter—and from his own chums—embittered him. They didn't even care!

He charged at them with a roar of sudden rage, but they dodged adroitly, having had much experience in this art. Handforth ran towards the Common-room. He burst in like a tornado, and he was gratified to see that the room was fairly crowded.

"Look!" he bellowed. "Look at my face!"

"Have a heart, old man," said Jimmy Potts. "You can't expect us to—— Eh? What the——"

He and all the others were looking—and Handforth's face was certainly worth looking at.

"What's happened?" asked Russell.

"There's a difference, but I'm jiggered if I can see——"

"Look at my eyebrows!" roared Handforth.

"Good gad! I knew there was something frightfully frightful about the poor chappie," said Archie Glenthorne. "Odds frights and apparitions! I'm dashed if he hasn't removed the eye fungus."

"It's an improvement," said Vivian Travers critically, as he surveyed Handforth with his head on one side. "Yes, I like it, Handy. You look fine."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You—you cackling idiots," hooted Handforth. "I didn't take my eyebrows off! Adams did this!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well done, Adams!"

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"He told us that he was full of snappy ideas!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Handforth was almost speechless. The Removites, instead of sympathising with him, were howling with laughter. They were all as bad as Church and McClure. All they could see in this tragic happening was something funny.

"Can't you stop laughing like a lot of hyenas?" demanded Handforth fiercely. "You're not going to let Adams treat us like this, are you? He's made my face hideous!"

"Dash it, you can't blame Adams for that," said Travers, shaking his head. "If you want to blame anybody, blame Nature."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Handforth raved and roared, but it was all to no purpose. The other Removites only yelled with laughter at his discomfiture. And Edward Oswald, thoroughly disgusted, realised with dismay that he stood alone. Even this "outrage" was not sufficient to make the Remove rise in wrath and throw its skipper out of power.

Adams himself came striding into the Common-room two minutes later. An ironical cheer greeted him. The Remove was treating him very much as a joke, but everybody agreed that Ulysses was certainly full of pep and new ideas.

"Look here——" began Handforth.

"Say, kiddo, cut it out!" interrupted Adams briskly. "I've had enough of you for one evening. Snap out of it!"

And Handforth was brushed aside by the famous bodyguard. Adams strode to the centre of the room. He looked round with a pitying expression on his lean face.

"Say, I guess it's time this dump was livened up some!" he exclaimed. "Gee! This room reminds me of a cemetery! Everybody's sure dead!"

"You're in it, too," said Tommy Watson, with a sniff.

"Say, listen, fellers," said Adams, looking round eagerly. "I guess it's time we pepped things up some. Our evenings are too dog-gone quiet. We need some pep—some go! What about making some real night life around this joint? Music, huh?"

"I've got a gramophone——" began Fullwood.

"Aw, gee! There's no fun sitting around listening to one of those things," interrupted Adams. "We want real music. Over in the States the fellers get up their own jazz bands. How about it? Let's make things real snappy."

"By jingo! That's not a bad idea!"

"A jazz band of our own!"

"Good egg!"

"Adams is the chap for us!"

"Rather!"

The juniors, eager and excited, crowded round. It was a popular suggestion, and Ulysses Spencer Adams' stock went up with a bound. Handforth, trying to get a word in edgeways, completely failed. For once in his life, Handforth felt crushed.

## CHAPTER 7.

### Jazzing Up the Remove!

**A**DAMS looked over the excited crowd with sparkling eyes.

"Attaboy!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "We're going to make whoopee!"

"Hurrah!"

"Good old Adams! Whoopce!"

"Say, listen, fellers," went on Adams crisply. "Which of you guys can play? And I guess we'll need musical instruments—banjos, saxophones——"

"Lots of chaps possess musical instruments," interrupted De Valerie. "Most of them are packed away in store-cupboards—dusty and half-forgotten. Grey of the West House has a ripping banjo, and he's an expert player."

"We'll sure need him," said Adams, making a note. "I'm a swell player on the sax," he added modestly. "You guys haven't seen anything yet!"

"I can play the piano a bit," said Jarrow of Study F.

Other names were mentioned: Conroy minor of the East House Fourth—Conroy minor being an excellent cornet player. Then there was Griffith, a member of Adams' own bodyguard. He was pretty hot with the flute. George Webb of Study No. 5, in the Modern House, was a perfect demon with a trap-drum. Crowe, one of his studymates, was a violin player.

"This is sure swell," said Adams, as he made a list of the names. "I guess we've got a full band already."

"A week's practice, and we'll be able to perform," said Griffith.

"You make me laugh!" scoffed Adams. "I'm a quick worker, boy friend. We'll have that jazz band on the go to-morrow evening. Yes, sir! We'll be making whoopee."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go it, Adams!"

Ulysses Spencer Adams proved himself to be a fellow of dynamic action. He went round the Houses like a whirlwind, enlisting every fellow who was musically inclined. Store-cupboards and box-rooms were searched, and anything in the nature



of a musical instrument was routed out.

Such was the briskness of Adams' round-up that within half an hour practice was already commencing. Prep. was shelved. In various Junior studies, in all the Houses, cornets and banjos and flutes and clarionets were getting to work. Weird and wonderful sounds floated down the passages. Moans and wails and scrapings made the air hideous.

Adams had instilled the fellows with his own enthusiasm. He had told them to give their instruments a preliminary "try-out" and then to assemble in his study that evening for a rehearsal. He brushed aside all suggestions that the rehearsal should be put off for a day or two. He was a fellow who believed in speed.

He produced his own saxophone; and, without question, it was a magnificent instrument. When he started playing on it, however, his bodyguard received a shock. The moans which Adams produced were astonishing in their hideousness.

"Gee, it's a swell sax, boys!" said Adams, as he took a breath.

"Ahem! Are all saxophones like that?" asked Armstrong, with a slight shudder. "Did I understand you to say that you could play it?"

"Haven't I been playing it?" asked Adams, staring.

"Oh, rather," replied Armstrong hastily. "But I thought—I mean—Hullo! Here's Griffith with his flute."

Griffith came bursting in. His flute was a bit dusty, and Griffith himself, when he started performing, was very much out of practice. But what did it matter? Whatever sounds Griffith produced on that instrument, they could be nothing compared with the horrors of Adams' efforts on the saxophone.

Adams' bodyguard stood it well. He played a popular tune right through, and, although the others in the study utterly failed to recognise any melody, they could not deny that Adams produced an extraordinary variety of sounds out of that saxophone. By the time the tune was finished, the bodyguard was dazed and shaky.

"Gee, some instrument!" said Adams, at length. "You didn't know I could play like that, did you, fellers?"

"We didn't!" agreed Bray feelingly.

"You've got to hand it to me," grinned Adams.

They could only stare at him in wonder. He really believed that he could play the saxophone!

The door opened, and Travers looked in, an expression of deep concern on his face.

"Somebody dying in here?" he asked anxiously.

"All of us!" replied Denny feebly.

Adams gave him a sharp look.

"Quit the wisecracking, buddy," he said. "Maybe I'm a bit rusty—but an hour's practice will put me right."

"Oh!" said Travers. "So that was your saxophone, Adams? I'm relieved. I heard horrible moanings and wailings, and I thought that somebody was being tortured."

"Say——"

But what he was going to say was never known. At that moment the rest of the band put in an appearance. Webb came with his drum and accessories. Grey brought his banjo; Crowe his violin; Conroy minor his trumpet. They all prepared to get into action.

"Now for the cat fight!" groaned Travers. He was standing in the doorway, and with him was a crowd of other juniors who had been attracted to the scene.

The noise which followed proved that Travers had been unduly kind in describing it as a cat fight. Adams had started the band, but, unfortunately, he had neglected to tell them what tune they should play, with the result that they all performed different ones. The result was ear-shattering.

Morrow of the Sixth, coming over from the West House to talk football with Fenton, paused abruptly in the Sixth-Form passage. He could hear the terrible din coming from the direction of the Remove corridor; it hit him like a blow. Fenton's door opened, and the school captain emerged, a cane in his hand.

"Hullo!" he said, somewhat taken aback. "I didn't know you were here, Morrow."

Morrow started and shook himself.

"What on earth's that horrible row?" he asked.

"That's what I'm going to find out," retorted Fenton, and took a firmer grip on his cane. "Come on."

By the time they reached the end of the Sixth-Form passage other prefects were sallying out, and they all carried canes. Fenton himself went straight to Study J, and it required all his courage to throw open the door. The full blast of the instrumentalists in action smote him like an October gale.

"Stop that!" he roared. "Good heavens! Do you want to make everybody ill? Stop that awful noise, confound you!"

The band stopped, astounded.

"Say, what's eating you?" asked





Adams' jazz band rehearsal was brought to an abrupt conclusion. Grunting and squealing, a number of pigs charged into the barn, scattering the schoolboy musicians.

Adams. "I guess my band is only having a little rehearsal."

"Then you can guess again," retorted Fenton, swishing his cane threateningly. "I never knew you were so rotten at guesswork, Adams. You produce another sound and I'll give you all the hiding of your lives!"

"But, listen——" protested Adams.

"I've listened long enough!" roared Fenton wrathfully. "Cut it out! Understand? If you want to practise, take your rotten band into the middle of Bannington Moor—ten miles from the nearest human ear! Better still, take a boat out into the middle of the Channel."

"That would be too risky, dear old fellow," said Travers, shaking his head. "If they started playing in the middle of the Channel, they'd sink all the shipping within a radius of twenty miles!"

"Say——"

"You heard what I said," broke in Fenton. "No more of this hideous noise! Cut it out! Do you want to send everybody into the sanny?"

It seemed that Ulysses Spencer Adams' efforts to make whoopee were doomed to failure.

## CHAPTER 8.

### Ulysses is Unlucky!

**B**UT Adams was what he himself termed a "go-getter." He was not daunted by this sudden and unexpected opposition. Rather was he strengthened.

"Leave it to me, boys," he said confidently. "You see how dead this old joint is? As soon as we start livening things up, the prefects give us the air! Hold everything!"

He went straight to the Housemaster's study, and he found Mr. Alington Wilkes sitting before the fire with his feet on a corner of the mantelpiece.

"Gee, I guess you look comfortable, sir!" said Adams, grinning.

"I feel comfortable," admitted Old Wilkey, laying his book aside. "Er—allowing for the fact that you are an American, and therefore full of pep, might I suggest that it is a customary formality to knock upon the door before you enter?"

"Aw, gee! Life's short, sir," said Adams. "I'm Junior captain, and——"

"Whilst admitting that the Junior captaincy carries certain privileges, Adams.



I must point out that bursting unceremoniously into your Housemaster's study is not one of them," said Mr. Wilkes gently. "You will remember that in future, please. Well? What is it you want?"

"I'm getting up a jazz band, sir; I'm gonna put some pep into this old joint."

"Splendid! I fear we are singularly slow," said Mr. Wilkes gravely.

"You spoke a volume!" said Adams. "Slow? Say, this dump is so dog-gone slow that it reminds me of a funeral parlour! I aim to wake it up some."

"A worthy ambition, Adams," said Old Wilkey, nodding. "It needed a—er—snappy fellow like you, it seems, to show us how extremely old-fashioned we are."

"You said it," agreed Adams crisply. "All I want from you, sir, is your permission for us to have a band practice."

"Certainly," said Mr. Wilkes, beaming. "You may practise as much as you like."

"Hot dog!"

"I beg your pardon?"

"You're sure the swell guy, sir," grinned Adams. "Thanks a lot! Well, so long! I'll be seeing you!"

"Just a moment, Adams," said Mr. Wilkes. "I have given permission for you and your band to have a practice."

"Sure! That's old stuff——"

"But there is one little condition," went on Old Wilkey smoothly. "You must take your instruments as far from the school buildings as possible."

Adams' jaw dropped.

"Aw, shucks!" he protested. "Listen, sir——"

"I have already been listening—and, although the curtains are drawn across my windows, and although the door has been closed, I must confess that my reading has been sadly affected," said Mr. Wilkes. "I am glad you have come to me, Adams—because you have saved me the trouble of going out to make inquiries. I suggest the old barn at the bottom of the paddock."

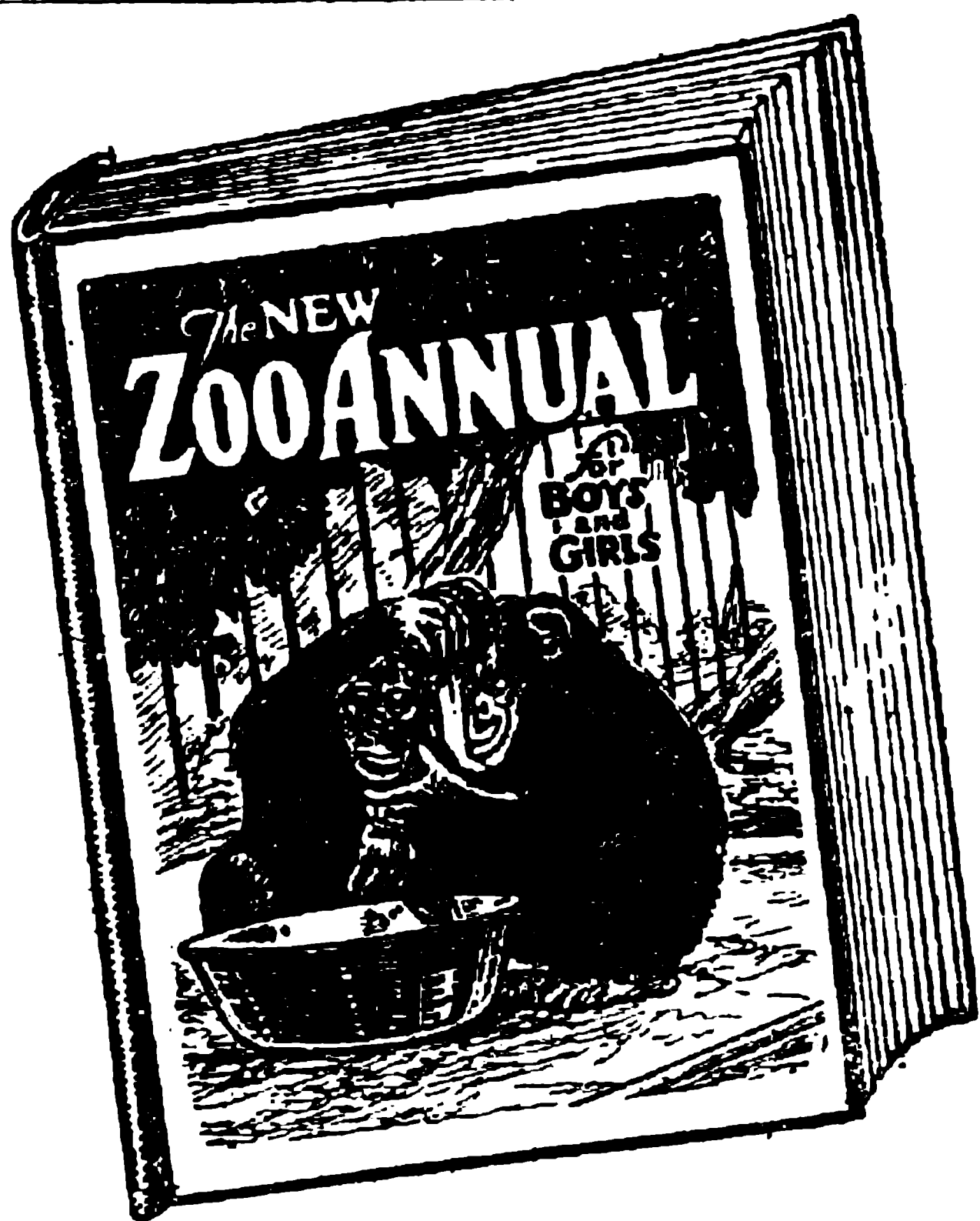
"But, gee! I guess you don't get me, sir——"

"I got you the first time," interrupted Old Wilkey. "In the barn, Adams, you may make as much noise as you please—although, I must confess, it will be rather hard on the cows in the neighbouring meadow."

"But, listen, sir——"

"That's all, Adams," said Mr. Wilkes, returning to his book. "Good-evening!"

Adams went out breathing hard. His idea had been to get Mr. Wilkes' permis-



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sion to practise in the House. But there was something about Mr. Wilkes which brooked of no further argument. So the American boy had to make the best of it.

"It's all right, fellers," he announced noisily, as he burst into the Common-room. "The Wilkey bird has come across. Darn the prefects! We can practise as much as we please."

"Good egg!"

"Adams is the chap for us!"

"Great Scott!" ejaculated Handforth. "Do you mean to say that Old Wilkey has given his permission for that unearthly din to go on?"

"Aw, gee! I kind of bluffed him," said Adams carelessly.

"Bluff is your middle name!" snorted Handforth.

"I fixed it good and dandy," went on Adams. "We can practise all we please—out in the old barn."

"What!"

"Sure," said Adams. "I guess it's all for the best, fellers. No need for us to worry if we go out there. Let's get together right now, and carry on with our rehearsal."

"It seems to me, dear old fellow, that it was Mr. Wilkes who was doing the bluffing," drawled Travers. "So you've got to go out into the old barn? Well, well! That's a relief, anyway."

Nipper came across to Travers and Handforth, and his eyes were twinkling.

"This sounds good to me," he murmured. "It's about time the Official Opposition took a hand."

The fellows who supported Nipper were few—but, as Nipper himself said, they were select. They were the Big Men of the Remove. When Nipper had fallen from grace he had still retained the support of a small band of sturdy stalwarts. Automatically, they had formed themselves into a sort of opposition.

The musicians lost no time in getting their instruments; and, led by Adams, they ventured out into the cold, misty November evening. By the time they reached the barn they were not quite so enthusiastic. But they had brought candles, and when these were all lit up, and the barn doors were closed, the result was not so bad. Besides, it was something out of the common. Adams was so full of talk, so full of action, that his supporters hardly realised that he had really come a cropper.

Adams himself had a few doubts after that jazz band had started up in real earnest. It seemed to him that everybody was out of tune with his saxophone; and it seemed to everybody else that Adams' saxophone was horribly out of tune with

them. The din they made was hideously nerve-shattering.

"I say, it's no good our trying to play any particular tune!" yelled Griffith, at last. "We'd better play our instruments separately. It sounds to me like a lot of pigs squealing and grunting!"

"Never mind that!" roared Adams. "I guess we'll get the thing right if we persist. All together now! Let her go!"

Griffith was not very far wrong about the pigs—although he did not quite realise it. Outside in the gloom there were pigs everywhere. They were protesting, too—hence the squeals and grunts. At their rear, herding them along, were Nipper, Tommy Watson, Tregellis-West, Handforth, Travers, and all the other members of the Official Opposition. They were grinning happily—and they were glad that the "music" in the barn was continuing in full blast.

"That'll do!" said Nipper, at length. "You ready, Handy? And you, Church? Yank those barn doors open as soon as I give the word! And then—all together with these porkers!"

It was quickly done.

Just when the jazz band was making a perfectly ghastly crescendo, the double doors of the barn suddenly swung open, and in rushed a motley mob of healthy looking pigs. They belonged to Farmer Holt—but Farmer Holt, fortunately, was not aware of the fact that they had wandered.

They wandered to good purpose; they wandered right in amongst the jazz players, and the results were devastating.

"Hi! What the——"

"Pigs!"

"Oh, my hat!"

The startled players were bowled over to right and to left. Adams' saxophone went in one direction, Griffith's flute in another. Webb and his trap-drum were swept over on the tide, the drum itself being ruined owing to the efforts of a fat porker to run through the centre of it. Confusion reigned. Candles were knocked over and extinguished, and above all the squealings and gruntings and yells came a riot of laughter from outside.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Let's make whoopce, fellers!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Poor old Adams!"

Ulysses Spencer Adams, so absolutely confident of his supreme sway in the Junior School, received a shock. So Nipper's crowd was getting busy already! It was a sad blow to the American boy's prestige, and he fairly writhed. He could not very well help writhing, for he



was on the floor on his back, and sundry pigs were jumping all over him.

The jazz band rehearsal was not quite a success. In fact, the jazz band, from that moment, ceased to exist. Adams' determination to make whoopce and liven up the dull evenings, received a jolt from which it never fully recovered.

## CHAPTER 9.

### A Soccer Shocker!

THE whole school chuckled over the misadventures of Adams and his jazz band; but the American boy was in no way "rattled." His skin was thicker than that. By the next morning he was himself again—brisk, active, and full of new ideas.

He came down wearing an elaborate badge on his jacket. He had commissioned the House matron to make that badge, and he had paid her handsomely for the service. Adams, like most of his countrymen, was fond of display, and what the badge lacked in artistry it made for in size. It was very neatly worked in coloured silks, with a jazzy, ornamental border; the body of the badge was occupied by the word "Captain."

The juniors were astonished and amused. Some of them were frankly annoyed.

"Frightfully bad form, laddie," said Archie Glenthorne severely. "Good gad! This sort of dashed thing may be all right in America, but over here it's—it's—Well, dash it, it simply isn't done!"

"I guess that's where you're wrong, buddy," retorted Adams. "It is done—because I'm doing it!"

Archie looked at the badge again and shuddered.

"Not merely foul, but poisonous," he declared. "An absolute blot on the hemisphere. Odds thoughts and reminders! You'd better not let Phipps see you, old thing!"

Phipps was Archie's valet, and Phipps was an expert on matters sartorial.

"If Phipps sees you, Adams, old scream, he'll have fifty fits," continued Archie. "I mean to say, a badge like that——"

"Aw, put a sock in it!" advised Adams, walking away.

He found himself confronted by Handforth; and Handforth stared, jumped, and then grinned.

"You can spare me the wisecracks!" snapped Adams. "I shouldn't advise you to raise your eyebrows, either—you'll sure find it a tough job."

"I haven't forgotten my eyebrows," said Handforth darkly. "And one of these days, Adams, you're going to pay! It's

only a question of time—until I can think up something sufficiently drastic. But what's the idea of this silly badge?"

"Can't you see?" roared Adams, exasperated.

"I can see the word 'Captain,' but what of it?" asked Handforth. "Don't we all know that you're captain?"

The truth of the matter was, Handforth did not understand Adams' mentality—neither did Adams understand the mentality of his Form-fellows. Being British, the St. Frank's boys were not particularly fond of display. Adams, being an American, was exceedingly fond of it.

The juniors received a further surprise some minutes later; for all the members of Adams' precious bodyguard were wearing coloured silk bands over their shoulders on which was the word "Bodyguard." The linen bands they had worn yesterday had been only temporary.

"We can't help it," growled Armstrong uncomfortably, when he was chipped. "It's one of Adams' potty ideas! He likes to look big, you know."

"Looking big, and being big, are two different things, dear old fellow," drawled Travers, with a grin. "I hate to say 'I told you so,' but I think you'll soon find that Adams is nothing but a windbag."

"Give him a chance," said Denny gruffly. "He's got plenty of enterprise and spirit, anyhow."

There was a further proof of this after breakfast, for Adams, surrounded by his bodyguard, marched to the big notice board in the Ancient House lobby, and here he stuck up a big sheet of paper. Most notices concerning the Junior School were small and unobtrusive. But anything small did not suit Ulysses Spencer Adams. His notice was so big that it nearly filled the entire board.

### "ALL SET FOR THE BALL GAME!

All fellows who desire to hook up with the Junior ball team, can apply at once at the captain's office. The captain is ready to make up his team for the big ball game, on Saturday, against the Hazlehurst bunch. Forward positions in the team can be purchased for the sum of two pounds each. All other positions, except goalkeeper, going at thirty shillings. The goalkeeper position can be bought cheaply for one pound, or any reasonable offer. Apply at once to the captain's office, where you can pay your entrance fees, and sign on the dotted line.

ULYSSES SPENCER ADAMS,  
Junior captain and go-getter of  
the Remove."

(Continued on page 24.)



Laugh and grow gay ; laugh and keep the doctor away.



# HANDFORTH'S Weekly

No. 31. Vol. 2.

**EDITOR'S  
CHIN-WAG**

## EDITORIAL STAFF.

Editor-in-Chief E. O. Handforth  
Editor E. O. Handforth  
Chief Sub-Editor E. O. Handforth  
Literary Editor E. O. Handforth  
Art Editor E. O. Handforth  
Rest of Staff E. O. Handforth

November 21st, 1931.

**OUR  
POETS'  
CORNER**

**I**N these times of economy, it is up to everybody to do their bit towards increasing trade and promoting business. Mr. Wilkes told us that, only last week. He said that England as a nation must wake up and take the keenest possible interest in her trade and exports. In fact, he said a good deal of sense. I should like to tell you all about it. I took notes of everything he said, but unfortunately I've lost the notes, and my memory has sprung a leak.

But what I'm coming to is this: It has given me an idea. Mac says that one idea isn't many; but you know jolly well that my brain-box is full of novel stunts. Don't I make this WEEKLY the brightest paper in Britain? By George! My paper is the talk of England.

But what I'm coming to is this: Old Wilkey's remarks made above suggested a scheme to me, which I suggested to the fellows. Of course, they laughed at first, but I'm used to that. Most of the fellows have one-way minds. You've got to force an idea into their heads with a steam-drill to make them see sense.

But what I'm coming to is this: I suggested this idea to them in a few words. That they should help to promote trade in England by promoting trade at St. Frank's. "Why not," I said, "each start a business on our own?"

Of course, they put up a lot of footling objections. Npper wanted to know who was going to do business with us. "We'll do business with ourselves," I replied. He said that that would merely be changing our money one to the other—like the women on a certain small island, who lived by taking in each other's washing. "Never mind," said I. "It's all good for trade."

But what I'm coming to is this: Next week my WEEKLY will blossom out as a full trade paper — a SPECIAL BUSINESS NUMBER, with particulars of all the stunts in my great business campaign. It's the biggest bargain of laughs ever offered!

See you at our shop counter next week, then.

E. O. HANDFORTH.

## FOOTBALL FEVER

**W**E'RE coming from far away  
To see our bold amateurs play;  
It's an afternoon vac,  
And we're not going back  
Until they have won the day.  
Hooray!  
We know they will win the day!

We've silenced our doubts and fears;  
We've dried up our feverish tears;  
For we're perfectly sure  
Our eleven will score  
The moment the linesman appears.  
Three cheers!  
They'll score when the linesman appears.

The football is placed on the spot;  
Is that referee ready or not?  
Why, yes! He's blown up!  
Now we're after the cup,  
And soon we'll start making things hot,  
Great Scott!  
Right now things are getting quite hot!

Oh dear! We are shouting in vain!  
It's we who are out to be slain;  
They've just scored a goal  
And it looks, on my soul,  
As if they might do it again;  
That's plain!  
Oh, crumbs! They have done it again!

That goal was offside. Don't abuse  
The poor referee—what's the use?  
For they've scored Number Three  
And it's looking to me  
As if there's a chance we might lose;  
What the dooce!  
I'm sure there's a chance we might lose.

(C. d: V — Remove.)



# HANDY'S LITTLE WAY

By WALTER CHURCH

IF any of you fellows ever have the misfortune to set your study chimney on fire, you will be glad to know the way Edward Oswald Handforth deals with such a crisis. Handy has his own ways of dealing with a situation like this, and very original they are, too.

Our study chimney caught fire at 4.38 p.m. on Saturday, the 14th inst. At 4.39 p.m., E. O. Handforth was taking stern measures to deal with the situation.

"There's too much soot in that chimney," he said, frowning. "We must get rid of it. Fetch a broom, and I'll try to sweep it down."

Mac and I said that nothing would give us greater pleasure than seeing Handy covered with burning soot, and our leader paused.

"Well, perhaps you are right," he admitted grudgingly. "I know what we'll do. We'll set it properly alight, and burn it all up in one go."

Filled with this idea, Handforth piled paper and rubbish halfway up the chimney, and soon a flame about twenty feet high was shooting up the chimney and lighting the surrounding countryside. Even Handy began to get nervous.

"This won't do," he said. "Hang on here. I'll go and get the hose."

A few minutes later he returned, dragging the hose after him. In reply to our inquiry about what he meant to do with it, he informed us that he proposed to shoot a stream of water up the chimney and put out the fire.

"Ah," said Mac. "Just a minute while



I take this chair out into the passage. It belongs to me."

"Help me shift my desk," said I.

Watched in amazement by E. O. H. we shifted our own furniture into the passage and stood by the doorway in readiness for the entertainment. We hadn't long to wait. Handy put the nozzle of the hose up the chimney and turned on the water.

A pause of ten seconds, and then down it came like a black Niagara. Sooty water poured out of the chimney in a grand, voluminous cataract. E. O. H. vanished in the deluge of blackness. The fire went out with an ear-splitting "sizzzzz!" A black, turgid lake gathered in the study.

We shut the door and bolted.

An hour later, as Handy came out of Mr. Wilkes' study, clad in his best clothes and groaning like a dying eel, we said:

"At any rate, old man, you *did* put out the fire."

But it didn't seem to cheer him up very much.

WE WANT

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By F

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mustard, half

cloves, about

sausage-meat

fuls of tomato

(ungarnished),

browned flour,

layer of melted

mixed herbs,

or three sliced

chovies, four

Christopher! If

Fatty would

ornamental one

## HOW TO MAKE IT

Our Unreliable Expert gives you hints on making a watch.

THERE are two things to be borne in mind when making a watch. One is to make the hands move round. The other is to make the "tick."

I propose to show you how this can be done by the application of one of my famous "back-to-nature" methods.

The case of the watch may be bought quite inexpensively, or you can use an old case from which you have removed the works. Solder a bent pin inside the case at the top and bottom, and then fix your hands to a large wheel which takes up the whole inside circumference of the watch.

The spokes of this wheel must be arranged so that when a spoke is opposite to the top bent pin, the nearest spoke to the bottom pin is an eighth of an inch away—and vice versa.

Now to get your driving power for the watch. This is supplied by a couple of ants. Fix an ant by his back legs to each

of the bent pins. The watch will immediately begin to go. How? Simple!

The unfortunate ant at the bottom of the watch has his back legs fixed to the bent pin and his front legs waving helplessly in the air—throwing him off his balance. The ant at the top, however, is standing on the spoke of the wheel, so he is all right.

What does the bottom ant do? He reaches out and grabs the nearest spoke and draws it towards him to stand on. Immediately he does this, the spoke slides away from the top ant, and leaves him hanging in the air. The top ant then draws a spoke towards himself, and the spoke thereupon slides away from the bottom ant.

This makes the wheel go round and turns the hands of the watch. To regulate the watch, you must adjust your ants. If the watch is too fast, move the ants a little

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# OUR DICTIONARY

More extracts from that great work by REGGIE PITT.

**BAGPIPES.**—An instrument producing an imitation of the noise made by a tortured cat.

**BALDNESS.**—A condition of the head which comes on after the use of certain hair-restorers.

**BAND.**—A collection of noise-makers. So called because they jolly well ought to be "banned."

**BANKS.**—Where they take your money and refuse to let you have it back. Banks flourish well in Scotland. The banks of Bonnie Doon are especially famous.

**BARGAIN.**—Buying something you don't want, and would rather be without, at a very cheap price.

**BAROMETER.**—An instrument which, when put out in a hot sun, informs you that it is raining.

**BASTE.**—Irish for animal.

**BASS-VIOL.**—An instrument making a noise both "base" and "vile."

**BATH.**—Contained in a room called, by advertisements, "Bthrm.—h. & C." For bathing by fags, see "Fags—Unusual Habits Of." Page 278.

**BATTLE-ROYAL.**—A heavy-weight fight lasting more than one round.

**BAY.**—Inlet of sea; noise made by dogs; chestnut colour; tree growing by running water; to be hard pressed; the front part of a ship—choose which you like.

**BEAK.**—A master—so called because he snaps one's head off.

**BEAR.**—An animal usually distinguished by his sore head.

**BEARD.**—Worn instead of a necktie.

**BEAUTIFUL.**—Any society lady.

**BEAVER.**—See Beard.

**BED.**—That reminds me. It's bed-time. Good-bye.

## BUSINESS AS USUAL

is the cry in our

**SPECIAL**

**BUSINESS NUMBER**

Next Week.

## RANDOM REMARKS

By GUY PEPYS

**I**T has always seemed to me that most juniors—and seniors, too—are altogether too careless in their mode of speech.

I ask them to suppose, for a moment, that everybody took their remarks as literal truth, and carried out whatever orders they were pleased to give. The sight of a junior endeavouring to eat coke would be a very common one at this school. And the chopping of chips by certain juniors would not be entirely an unusual sight.

There is a youth named Thomas Burton who expresses himself very loosely—very loosely indeed. He has, on more than one occasion, expressed a desire that somebody would "souse" him. The dictionary meaning of the word "souse" is as follows: "Pickle; something kept or steeped in pickle; sauce; the ears and feet of pigs pickled." The verb, in this case, is a transitive one, so one naturally concludes that Burton is desirous of being steeped in pickle. If somebody submitted him to this process, I am quite sure he would be very indignant about it.

Again, he implores his hearers to "shiver his mainmast," and to "sink him" and to "split his tops'l." Yet he would not like to have these requests carried into effect. A shivered mainmast and a split tops'l would be very inconvenient;



"I'll be blown!"

and to sink him would be to cut him off from all further interest in life.

A junior stating the fact that he is willing to be "blowed" or "dashed" is so common that it is an everyday occurrence. Yet suppose the junior was indeed blowed and dashed. I fancy he would find it very uncomfortable.

So let us be careful in our mode of speech. The expressions I have quoted are neither elegant nor sensible, yet they are continually upon the lips of my readers. It is a sign that this age is degenerate.

(I'll be dashed if I don't think there's a lot of sound commonsense in what Pepys has said, blow me! Any man who doesn't agree with me can go and eat coke. E. O. H.)

## TO KNOW

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## ECIPE

### LITTLE

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ances of stuffed  
two tablespoon-  
two fish croquettes  
small quantity of  
f a pint of milk, a  
heese, one ounce of  
ounce of spice, two  
onions, some an-  
s spaghetti—(Great  
is a plain omelette,  
all the paper for an  
E. O. H.)

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for the idea.



## PEP FOR THE SAINTS!

(Continued from page 20.)

To say that this notice caused a sensation would be putting it very mildly. There was an absolute storm. Nobody could see anything particularly humorous in the notice; the storm was one of indignation and anger. Even Adams' own supporters were dumbfounded.

"It's a joke—it must be!" said Buster Boots, when he came over with a crowd of Fourth-Formers. "I've never heard of such a thing in all my life! Selling positions in the Junior XI!"

"It's graft!" yelled Handforth. "And look! Two quid each for the forwards—and only a quid for the goalie! The most important on the field—going for a quid!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's nothing to laugh at, you idiots!" bellowed Handforth, glaring round.

"Of course it isn't," agreed Travers. "It's a thundering serious business. We shall have to see Adams about this at once."

"Rather!"

"Where is he?"

Adams was out in the Triangle, with his bodyguard; and he was completely taken by surprise. He had not had the faintest idea that his notice would create such a storm.

"Gee, what's all the excitement about?" he asked, when he heard the din.

"That footer notice of yours," growled Armstrong. "We tried to warn you, but you wouldn't listen."

"Shucks! I'm running this racket," retorted Adams, squaring his lean jaw.

He found himself surrounded by a swaying crowd of angry juniors. Handforth was so furious that he was practically incoherent. This "graft" was bad enough; but that "insult" to his own position on the field—the goalie's position—rendered him speechless. Edward Oswald not only saw red, but every other colour in the rainbow.

"You rotter!" he managed to articulate, as he forced his way through the mob and grabbed Adams by the shoulder. "You—you miserable blighter. If it's worth two quid to get a position in the forward line, it's worth five quid to be made goalie!"

"Shut up, Handforth—we're not going to pay anything!"

"Not likely!"

"Adams needn't think that he can run football like that!"

"Pipe down—pipe down!" shouted Adams. "Say, what's the big idea? What's the matter with you guys?"

"Nothing's the matter with us," retorted John Busterfield Boots aggressively. "But we want to know what's the matter with you! You can't introduce graft into St. Frank's, Adams! We're not going to buy our positions in the Junior XI!"

"You'll buy them—and like it!" retorted Ulysses Spencer Adams promptly. "Get that, fellers, and get it good! I'm running this joint, and you can take it from me that I'm running it in my own way!"

— —

### CHAPTER 10.

#### The New Junior XI!

HE was suddenly strong—determined. This little revolt against his authority had an unexpected effect. Yet Adams, like most Americans of his type, was a fighter. The more opposition, the more fiercely he fought.

"Say, what's eating you guys?" he asked loudly. "Am I captain or not? Other captains have their own ways of making up their teams. Well, I guess this is mine!"

"We won't have it!"

"Never!"

"We're not going to pay you money —"

"Aw, gee! Forget it!" interrupted Adams, holding up a hand. "You don't think I'm running this graft for my own pocket, do you? I need this money—for Form expenses."

"Oh!"

"What do you mean—Form expenses?" asked Travers.

"I guess I'm going to brighten things up some," replied Adams promptly. "I need banners, flags, and all that sort of junk. When the Hazlehurst gang arrives here it'll sure know it's at St. Frank's. Get me?"

"More display, eh?" asked Bob Christine, with a sniff. "Dash it, Adams, we don't want that sort of thing in England!"

"Put a sock in it, kid!" broke in Adams. "I'm boss, and you guys have agreed to give me a free hand. So let's cut out this argument. I need funds—and this is one way to get funds."

"That's all very well—but what about the Junior XI?" asked Harry Gresham warmly. "We want to put the best possible team in the field, don't we? You won't get the best team by putting up the positions for sale. Why, anybody could buy a place—even a duffer like Old Pippy!"



"Oh, I say, what?" murmured the languid Lord Pippinton of the West House. "I mean, really!"

He was never very wide awake, but he was so amiable and harmless that he enjoyed a measure of popularity.

"I guess your ball game is a pretty punk game at that," said Adams disparagingly. "Say, if you want to see real football, you'll have to go to the States! Our ball game is a man's game. This game of yours—soccer you call it, don't you?—is sure a joke. We give it the 'Ha, ha!' over in the States."

"Rats!" put in Nipper, from the outskirts. "Soccer is becoming very popular in the States."

Adams frowned. He had always expressed contempt for soccer. He still felt that same contempt; and, in his opinion, the formation of the eleven mattered little or nothing. Any team, he believed, could win.

"Listen, fellers! I guess any old team can wipe up Hazlehurst," he said earnestly. "I'm figuring that it's about time we had a big change in the XI—but it's up to you. The places are open, and you can buy them. I don't care if the same old team gets in—but not a place goes unless you guys take out your rolls and pay up."

"Well, well! So you think that any of us can make up a team and beat Hazlehurst?" asked Travers mildly. "I admire your serene confidence, dear old fellow. May I remind you that Hazlehurst is somewhere near the top of the League table? And might I suggest that soccer is a hard, keen, scientific game?"

"That's the bunk," said Adams. "Soccer's so slow that girls play it! Gee! You don't call that a game, do you?"

He looked round at the angry, excited faces; and he could see that he would have to make some amendment. An idea occurred to him. He was never short of ideas.

"Well, I guess I'll climb down some," he went on briskly. "As Junior captain, I need funds, but I guess I'm a reasonable guy. We'll hold an auction—right here and now."

"An auction?" went up a yell.

"Sure!" nodded Adams coolly. "What's the bidding? We'll take the centre-forward position first. Come on, fellers! Let's start the price at five dollars—one pound. The centre-forward position going for one pound! What offers? What do you bid?"

"Thirty shillings!" sang out Claude Gore-Pearce.

"An auction, by Jove," said Old Pippy,

waking up. "What's being sold? Two pounds!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Two pounds ten!" yelled Gore-Pearce.

"What-ho! Three of the best," sang out Lord Pippinton.

The effect was magical. The crowd, instead of being angry, became vastly amused. Yells of laughter went up. This was really farcical—this auction for places in the Junior XI. Claude Gore-Pearce, being a millionaire's son, could easily force up the bidding, and he had always longed for a place in the Junior XI. He could play football, but he was such a slacker that he never put in much time at practice, and so he had never got anywhere. But here was his chance to lead the XI against Hazlehurst! Old Pippy bid as a matter of course, and he was still very hazy as to what he was bidding for.

Nipper suddenly found a fierce grip on his arm, and he found Edward Oswald Handforth by his side. Travers and Reggie Pitt and several other members of the regular XI were round him, too.

"You're not going to allow this, are you, Nipper?" asked Handforth fiercely.

"My dear chap, how can I prevent it?" asked Nipper, with a shrug. "Adams is skipper—elected by a big majority vote."

"But you're centre-forward," gasped Handforth. "Why the dickens don't you bid? Isn't it worth the money?"

"I'm not going to bid a penny," retorted Nipper. "I don't want my position in the team like that."

"But—but—"

"None of us is going to bid," went on Nipper, his voice hardening. "We're the opposition, Handy, and we're just looking on and sitting tight—and waiting!"

"For the love of Samson," murmured Travers, with a slow smile. "I'm beginning to get you, dear old fellow."

"But we can't allow it," groaned Handforth. "Think of Saturday! Think of the match with Hazlehurst! It'll be an absolute fiasco!"

"I shouldn't be a bit surprised," said Nipper calmly.

"Eh?"

"We're not going to play Adams' game—by bidding," went on Nipper. "The best thing we can do is to wash our hands of the whole business—and wait. Let Adams get on with this thing in his own way."

"Give him enough rope, eh?" grinned Reggie Pitt. "O, wise youth, my heart is gladdened! It will not be many eons before you're going to have the reins in your sturdy grip."



"By George!" breathed Handforth, his eyes glowing. "So that's it! I believe you're right, old man! Adams is going the right way to work to mess everything up generally."

But, so far, only the Opposition could see this. The rest of the fellows, vastly amused by Adams' novel methods, were solidly for him.

And the auction went on—and, as a natural result, all the moneyed fellows got the best places. Claude Gore-Pearce, Lord Pippinton, De Valerie, Singleton, and others, bought their places in the Junior XI.

The match against Hazlehurst promised to be very, very interesting!

## CHAPTER 11.

Rah! Rah! Rah!

**A**LTHOUGH Adams could not see it, his team, when completed, was the funniest on record.

On second thoughts, he had kept the centre-forward position for himself—just to show these "boneheads" how easy it was to score goals! The other places had been auctioned haphazard, and they had gone to the highest bidders.

About the only fellows in the team who were any good at all were Cecil de Valerie, Singleton, Armstrong, Griffith, and Bray. All the others were rank duffers—and they would not have stood an earthly chance of getting into any XI—even a House team. By Adams' unique methods, they were booked to play for the School itself—and in the St. Frank's League!

The full team was as follows:

Long, goalkeeper; Griffith, Bray, backs; Singleton, Marriott, Armstrong, half-backs; Hubbard, De Valerie, Adams, Gore-Pearce, Lord Pippinton, forwards.

Teddy Long's bagging of the goalie's place was hailed with much laughter; for he was known to be stony, as usual. But Gore-Pearce, who shared Study B with Long and Hubbard, was providing the necessary funds. Teddy Long, as goalie, promised to be a scream. The more serious fellows, however, knew that the game would be something like a tragedy.

"You're mad—that's all," said Handforth bluntly. "You'll come an awful cropper on Saturday, Adams—and it'll serve you right! As for Teddy Long being goalie—" Words failed him, and he could only splutter incoherently.

"Keep it under your hat, buddy," advised Adams coolly. "We'll put up a good show. By Saturday afternoon I'll have my team so hot that you'll be surprised! You haven't seen me on the field

training a team, have you? Gee! I can train a team like nobody's business!"

"You can do anything and everything, can't you?" retorted Handforth, with a sniff.

"Say, are you trying to hand me a dirty crack?" demanded Adams, glaring. "I know what I'm doing! And I'll make good."

He really believed it, too. Adams' confidence in himself was supreme.

**T**HAT afternoon, shortly after lessons were over, Handforth happened to meet his minor in the Ancient House lobby; and Handforth gave Willy a wary look as the latter approached. Willy had an unpleasant habit of dashing up and demanding the sum of five shillings.

"Now, look here, my lad—" began Edward Oswald.

"What's all that noise over on Little Side?" interrupted Willy.

"How should I know? Adams, I suppose, with his precious team!" said Handforth bitterly. "But if he keeps his men practising from now until Doomsday, he'll never make footballers of some of them!"

"If they're practising footer, they're doing it in a funny way," said Willy, shaking his head. "Come over here—to the door. Listen! By the way, how many men are there in Adams' team? Practically the whole of the Remove and the Fourth have gone out there."

"Yes, I know," said the burly Removeite. "I thought they'd gone to watch Adams' team at work."

"Adams came along and suggested that I should join in—with all the Third," said Willy. "I rather thought it didn't matter."

They were in the doorway now, and Church and McClure had joined them. Nipper, Tregellis-West, Watson, Travers, and a few others were also there. The Opposition was in force.

There were certainly peculiar sounds coming from the direction of the playing fields, and the juniors looked at one another in astonishment.

"Rah, rah, rah!" came a noisy, chanting chorus.

"My only sainted aunt!" said Handforth, with a start. "That's the way they cheer in American colleges, isn't it?"

"Adams is evidently training his followers in the way they should go," grinned Nipper. "Let's go along and have a closer look. It might be interesting."

Biggleswade of the Sixth came charging out.





Waving a cricket stump as a baton, Adams conducted community singing at St. Frank's in true American style. "Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah!" yelled the juniors with noisy enthusiasm.

"What's all that din on Little Side?" he asked.

"Don't blame us," said Nipper.

"You'd better keep your men in order," said Biggleswade darkly. "You're Junior captain, aren't you?"

"My poor fellow, you're behind the times," said Nipper. "I was kicked out of the captaincy earlier in the week. Our dear friend, Ulysses Spencer Adams, is skipper now."

"Well, I'm dashed," said Biggy, staring. "Adams? That American kid? If we were in July, I should say it was mid-summer madness!"

He was so curious that he went out with Nipper & Co. Others were being attracted, too—particularly the fags. All sorts and conditions of fellows were making for Little Side.

They received a surprise when they arrived. They had expected something unusual, but what they actually saw made them blink.

Most of the Fourth and Remove had collected in solid formation, and standing well in front of them was Ulysses Spencer Adams. He carried a cricket stump, which he was using as a baton.

"Gee! That's better!" he was shouting. "We want this thing good and proper! Now then—all together as I raise this stick."

"Rah, rah, rah!" bellowed the mob.

"Some class!" grinned Adams. "That's the way we do it over in the States, fellers. All together—as one! Now let's have it sharp and quick—the first 'rah' soft and the others rising louder and louder."

He continued his training, and the on-lookers marvelled. They marvelled that such "community shouting" could be popular anywhere—even in the United States. They marvelled still more that Adams should have influenced the Remove and the Fourth to encourage him in his crazy ideas.

"Lowering the dignity of the whole school—that's what it's doing," said Reynolds of the Sixth. "It oughtn't to be allowed."

He was not the only lordly senior who disapproved. They hated any kind of change, and they were opposed to this sudden Americanisation of the Junior School.

"Rah, rah, rah!" went up the yell in



quick fashion. "Raaaaaaah—raaaaaaah—raaaaaah!"

It wasn't half so hard as it had seemed at first. The fellows were picking up the hang of it rapidly. After half an hour they were hoarse with shouting, but they were in complete unison. Adams was delighted.

"I guess you will do," he said. "Tomorrow we'll have it real slick. Say, and there's something else. We'll learn an honest-to-goodness American college song—and on Saturday, when the team is in the field, you guys can let it loose. I guess it'll kind of rattle those Hazlehurst mutts!"

"If you're expecting to win the Hazlehurst match like that, you'll be disappointed," said Buster Boots shortly.

"We'll win—and I don't mean maybe," replied the American boy serenely. "I've got this job nailed down good."

Boots walked off with a disgusted snort, and Adams breathed hard.

"I'll show these guys," he muttered. "Gee! I guess this ball game is more important than I first thought."

It was a startling revelation to him—and it happened to be true. Everything, in fact, would depend upon his team's success against Hazlehurst. Football at St. Frank's was of paramount importance during the winter months. Success at football meant success generally. Failure at football—and a fellow was nobody.

Ulysses Spencer Adams came to the conclusion that it would be a pretty good idea to give his team some training.

## CHAPTER 12.

### A Team of Duffers!

**I**T was too late that afternoon for any football practice, for not only was darkness descending, but a drizzling rain had commenced.

The boys went indoors cheerfully practising their "Rah, rah, rah-ing!" and some of them were met by Fenton.

"That's enough of that," said the school captain sharply. "Any more of that yelling, and I shall get busy with my cane. What's the matter with you all? Gone off your heads?"

"Chuck it, Fenton!" protested Hubbard. "It's our new college yell."

"Oh, yes?" repeated Fenton grimly, horrified by the thought that he had nearly said "Oh, yeah?" "Well, we don't want any college yells at St. Frank's, thanks! We're not in the United States—we're in Sussex, England. You can yell as much as you like out of doors—but in the House, no!"

"Aw, gee, have a heart!" protested Adams. "The fellers are sure keen——"

"Keen?" repeated Fenton. "I've got another name for it—but we'll let it pass. I'm disappointed with you all," he added, looking round generally. "What's the matter with you? Why this sudden desire to copy America?"

"The poor sap doesn't understand," said Adams pityingly, after Fenton had gone. "I guess a good thing is worth copying—and I'm telling you that America is the land of snappy ideas. You can't go wrong, buddies. It's cream in the can!"

The juniors themselves might have had their doubts. They had been carried away by Adams' enthusiasm, and they thought the whole affair rather a good lark. It was something different—something novel. But the opposition of the Senior School hardened them. It was the one thing needed to make them carry on with greater determination. Human nature is like that. A certain way to encourage a movement is to attempt to suppress it.

So the Remove and the Fourth, criticised on all sides for their adoption of Adams' ideas, obstinately determined to go ahead. The next morning, the instant they were free, they dashed out into the open to practise their precious college yelling—to say nothing of the special song which Adams was teaching them. It went to the tune of "The Star-spangled Banner," and it was certainly a rousing enough song.

But even the members of Adams' team were beginning to feel doubtful that day. It was Friday—and on the morrow there would be the Hazlehurst match. The slackest of them felt that even a little practice would not come amiss.

"Leave it to me, fellers," said Adams confidently. "Over-training is worse than no training at all. I guess I can get you guys into shape this afternoon. I'm a fast worker! Aw, gee! What's in this punk game, anyway? All you've gotta do is to run after a ball, kick it, and dodge the other feller. There's nothing to it!"

"But we want to be certain of winning, you know," said De Valeric. "It's no good being over-confident, Adams. We've got a lot of rubbish in the team—such fellows as Hubbard and Marriott and Long. They're no good at all. I'm beginning to think——"

"Put a sock in it!" advised Adams. "I guess I'm doing all the thinking, buddy!"

"And all the talking," growled Val. "But thinking and talking won't get us anywhere. I had an impression that you were a snappy guy, Adams; what about some action?"

"Sure!"

Immediately after lessons were over, Adams instructed his team to change into footer togs. They were soon out on Little Side—and there were plenty of spectators round the ropes to watch and to criticise.

Adams got his second shock here.

Football, he found, wasn't anything like so easy as he had imagined. He had seen



it so many times, he had criticised it so openly and so scathingly that he really believed it was a child's game. A little practical experience made all the difference to his point of view.

On the field he was an absolute duffer. As for fellows like Teddy Long and Gore-Pearce and Marriott and the unfortunate Lord Pippinton—they were too awful for words.

"And this team is going to play Hazlehurst to-morrow," groaned Handforth, as he watched. "Oh, my hat! We can't allow it, Nipper! In the name of commonsense—"

"I'm afraid we shall lose," said Nipper, nodding.

"Lose!" yelled Handforth. "They'll lick us by dozens of goals!"

Nipper smiled.

"And Adams will fall with a crash," he murmured. "The more severe the licking, the greater will be his fall. The only fly in the ointment is that we shall lose two points. We're at the top of the league table, and we want to stay there. Don't worry about to-morrow's game, though. Far better to have one big defeat and get it over."

Even now Adams had not lost his confidence. He kept his team hard at it until there was no longer any daylight—and by then, naturally, they were doing better. They were showing some signs of becoming knocked into shape. But any eleven fags, chosen at random from the Third, could have given them a licking. Not that Adams realised this.

What he did realise was that his XI stood a poor chance of gaining a victory. However, there were other ways and means. Adams was a peppy guy—he was full of bright ideas!

The Hazlehurst match, according to the original fixture list, was not due to be played until the 28th; but there had been a little re-arranging of the fixtures, owing to the fact that the match against Edgemore Athletic—due to be played on the 7th—had been postponed until the 5th of the next month.

"Well, things look bad," said Armstrong, when he and the other members of the body-guard were in Study J that evening. "You're jolly confident, Adams—but it's about time somebody told you the truth. We're going to lose that match to-morrow."

"Nix on that stuff!" said Adams coolly. "Leave it to me, fellers! I'm the smart guy!"

"Yes—we've heard that before," said Denny. "But you're not such a smart guy as we thought you were—or as you think you are yourself. In fact, Adams, we're beginning to get your number!"

"For the love of Pete!" ejaculated Ulysses. "See here, Unconscious—"

"You think you know everything, but you don't," went on Denny. "It's all very well to emblazon your chest with 'captain' and all that rot; it's all very well to get up college

songs and college yells; but where do you get to? Nowhere! That's not the way to keep the captaincy of the Remove. The chaps have trusted you—they've had faith in you—but if you let them down to-morrow afternoon—"

He broke off significantly.

"Yeah, I get that," said Adams, with a nod. "Maybe I was wrong about this football stuff."

"Wrong?" said Armstrong. "I should say you are wrong. About the only thing you can do to save your bacon, Adams, is to scratch some of the names off the list, and give the regular forwards their places—yes, and put Handforth in goal instead of that young fool, Long."

Adams' expression hardened.

"Say, who's running this dump, anyway?" he demanded aggressively. "I'm altering nothing. Get me? And that ball game to-morrow afternoon is already in the bag! I've got ideas, I have. It doesn't look so good now, but, believe me, by to-morrow afternoon we'll sure be sitting pretty."

## CHAPTER 13.

### Free Tuck!

"WHERE'S Adams?"

Many fellows were asking that question, but nobody could answer. Ulysses Spencer Adams was not to be found. And yet it was nearly the hour when the Hazlehurst XI was due to arrive. It was rather strange that the new Junior skipper should be missing at such a time.

"He's probably run away—afraid to face the music," said Handforth bitterly.

He wandered off gloomily. That morning, Adams had had his team out early; they had practised during every available minute. At last, it seemed, the American boy was realising that he had been over-confident—that football wasn't such a "punk" game, after all. The team had improved a little—but only a little.

"I say, Handforth—"

Handforth halted, and he found Teddy Long beside him. He favoured Teddy with an intensive glare.

"Well?" he growled. "What do you want?"

He felt very antagonistic towards Teddy. This hopeless duffer was to keep goal for St. Frank's! Edward Oswald nearly burst a blood vessel at the very sight of the podgy, ill-conditioned junior.

"Don't—don't look at me like that, Handy, old man," faltered Teddy Long. "I—I thought about doing you a favour."

"Oh?" said Handforth discouragingly. "Then you'd better think again. I don't want any favours from you."

"Oh, I say! Really!" protested Teddy. "I—I thought you might like your old place back—"

"What!"

"Yes, rather," said Teddy eagerly. "I'm not really so keen on keeping goal, you



know. Adams isn't about, and I thought—  
Well, I mean——"

"You'll stand down—in my favour?" asked Handforth, quivering with excitement.

"Yes, rather," nodded Teddy.

Handforth, having recovered from his surprise, beamed upon him.

"Good man!" he said, clapping Teddy heartily on the back and nearly knocking him over. "So you'd like to stand down? That's all right Long. I'll keep goal——"

"Yes, but wait a minute," interrupted Teddy, a cunning light coming into his eyes. "Don't say anything to Adams about this, mind you, but I'll stand down—for a consideration."

"Eh?"

"I said—for a consideration."

"Yes, I heard you," said Handforth, frowning.

He saw, now, the catch in Teddy Long's remarkable "sacrifice."

"Well, of course. I mean—you wouldn't expect anything else, would you?" asked Teddy eagerly.

"Not from you," agreed Handforth darkly. "You little blighter——"

"Oh, really! I—I paid for my place, don't forget," said Teddy, speaking rapidly. "But—but I don't mind giving it up. I'm thinking of the school, you know. So, Handy, old man, if you're willing to pay five quid I'll stand down, and——"

"Five quid," roared Handforth.

"I—I mean four!" gasped Teddy.

"Four!"

"Well, three," said the tubby junior feebly.

"And you're thinking of the school?" asked Handforth, with heavy sarcasm. "You want three quid to give up your place in the team. You can go and eat coke."

"Look here, if you pay me two quid——"

"I won't pay you two pence!" roared Handforth. "Do you think I'm going to buy my place in the team? Why, it's my place, anyhow—free! All you'll get from me is a clip over the ear—unless you scoot! Clear off, blow you, before I lose my temper!"

And Teddy Long, who had had high hopes of making some pocket-money, drifted away miserably. He wasn't looking forward to the game at all. It had seemed very nice and fine a day or two ago, but now, within half an hour of the match, he was getting thoroughly windy.

Meanwhile, Ulysses Spencer Adams was not very far away.

He was standing in Bellton-High Street. And when a smart-looking motor-coach came rolling smoothly along he walked out into the road. The coach was full of schoolboys—and they were wearing the Hazlehurst colours.

"Well, this is fine and dandy!" said Adams boisterously, as he climbed aboard. "No, don't get going again yet, driver. Let her stay right here. Glad to know you, boys!"



Jokes from readers wanted for this feature! If you know a good rib-tickler, send it along now. A handsome watch will be awarded each week to the sender of the best joke; pocket wallets and penknives are also offered as prizes. Address your jokes to "Smilers," Nelson Lee Library, 5, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4.

#### VERY SMART.

"How many bones have you in your body, Jones?" asked the teacher during a lesson on physiology.

"Two hundred and eight, sir," replied Jones without hesitation.

"I told you only five minutes ago that there were exactly two hundred and seven in the human body," said the teacher angrily. "Weren't you listening to me?"

"Yes, sir," said Jones meekly. "But I swallowed a fish bone at breakfast this morning."

(A. Tubbs, 16, Linton Crescent, Hastings, has been awarded a handsome watch.)

#### HIS ALIBI.

Judge (to prisoner pleading an alibi): "Do you know what an alibi is?"

Prisoner: "Yes, your honour. It's proving you were in one place when you were in another."

(P. Dean, 46, Eppe Road, Fulham, S.W.6, has been awarded a pocket wallet.)

#### DONE BROWN!

Green: "I say, old man, are you using your lawn mower this morning?"

Brown (warily): "Afraid I am."

Green: "Splendid! Then would you mind lending me your lawn roller?"

(N. Adams, 20, Micheldere Road, Burntash Road, Lee, S.E.12, has been awarded a penknife.)

#### CAUSE FOR ALARM.

The actor was recounting some of his experiences to a friend.

"Yes," he said, "when I played Romeo I died so naturally that a man in the audience fainted."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed his friend. "But why should he faint?"

"Well," explained the actor, "he was the insurance agent who had just insured my life."

(J. Emerson, 9, Woodford Terrace, Armagh, Ireland, has been awarded a splendid prize.)

#### HIS JOB.

Employer (to new office boy): "Has the cashier told you what to do in the afternoons?"

Youth: "Yes, sir. I am to wake him up when I see you coming."

(B. Tarbuck, Inwood, All Stretton, Shropshire, has been awarded a penknife.)



The Hazlehurst fellows were grinning.

"You're Adams, aren't you—one of the St. Frank's chaps?" asked Riley, the captain.

"You said it!" agreed Adams, thrusting out his hand. "Put it there, buddy! Ulysses Spencer Adams—that's me! Captain of the St. Frank's Junior XI! I'm sure tickled pink to see you all."

"That's funny," said Riley. "I thought a fellow named Hamilton was Junior captain. They call him Nipper, don't they?"

"Aw, shucks! That's ancient history," said Adams cheerfully. "I'm skipper now—and, believe me, I'm running this dump in the right way. I guess we've got time for a little celebration, huh? Gee! We're exactly opposite the confectionery store. Step right down, boys. Everything's on me!"

"Jolly decent of you," said Riley. "But we don't want to be late——"

"Forget it," interrupted Adams. "This won't take long. I'm putting pep into St. Frank's, and I'm doing things in the right way. You guys follow me, and you can't go wrong."

The Hazlehurst boys, laughing heartily, crowded out of the coach. Adams was a hustler; it was difficult to deny him. He led the way boisterously into the tuck-shop. And tuck, after all, was always worth having.

"Get busy, buddies," said Adams, waving an eloquent hand towards the counter. "This

is on me, don't forget! Say, chief, better freezo on to this—so that you'll be on the safe side."

With a flourish he handed a five pound note to Mr. Binks, who presided behind the counter. The counter was unusually attractive. It contained piled-up glass dishes of alluring pastries. There were jam tarts, cream horns, mince-pies, chocolate eclairs, and every imaginable kind of tempting pastry. Not one of the Hazlehurst fellows guessed that Ulysses Spencer Adams had paid an earlier visit to Mr. Binks, and that he had carefully arranged that all that pastry should be so temptingly within reach.

"Dashed good of you, old man, but we hardly like to take advantage of your generosity," said Riley uncomfortably. "I mean, we don't do this when you come to Hazlehurst, and——"

"Shucks! Let it go!" interrupted Adams loudly. "Say, boys, snap into it! It's all paid for—so let it find a good home."

"Well I'm blowed!"

"You're a caution, Adams!"

"Rather!"

And the Hazlehurst boys, nothing loath, piled in. A glorious feed of this sort did not often come their way. Some of them realised that it would have tasted better after the match—at tea-time, say—but here it was, and it was beyond their powers to resist it. It has been well said that there is no time like the present.

### HE DIDN'T BELIEVE IT.

An Irishman was posting a letter. The man behind the counter weighed the letter and then informed Pat that it was over weight.

"Over what weight?" asked Pat.

"Over three ounces," said the clerk. "You'll have to put another-stamp on it."

"Get away," said the Irishman with a grin. "Shure, if I put another stamp on it, won't it be heavier still?"

(C. Tommis, 75, Abbey Road, Erdington, Birmingham, has been awarded a pocket wallet.)

### A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

Hostess (to guest): "Who is that stupid-looking man over there?"

Guest: "That is my brother."

Hostess (flustered): "How silly of me. I should have noticed the resemblance."

(H. Little, 289, Melrose Avenue, Verdun, P.Q., Canada, has been awarded a useful prize.)

### BOTH REQUIRED.

The constable in a small town had also a considerable reputation as a veterinary surgeon. One night the bell rang. The constable's wife answered it.

"Is Mr. Blank there?" asked an agitated voice.

"Do you want my husband in the capacity of veterinary surgeon or as constable?" inquired the woman.



"Both, madam," came the reply. "We can't get our bulldog to open his mouth, and there's a burglar in it."

(A. Milne, South Auchronie, Skene, Aberdeen, has been awarded a penknife.)

### MUSICAL.

Jack: "My father is a wonderful musician."

Jim: "So's mine. Why, when he plays most of the villagers stop work."

Jack: "What does he play?"

Jim: "He blows the buzzer at the mill."

(L. Forster, 31, Highfield Road, Horbury, Yorkshire, has been awarded a penknife.)

### A BURNING QUESTION.

Jarge: "Do you find sketching profitable?"

Artist: Well, it—er—just keeps the pot boiling, you know."

Jarge: "Oh, I see. You light the fire with them, eh?"

(S. Cope, 24, Tenter Street, Atherstone, has been awarded a pocket wallet.)

### PAINLESS.

Englishman (on tour in the Wild West): "Do you pull teeth without pain?"

Arizona dentist: "Sure, stranger." Then turning to his assistant, who stood by with a big mallet, added: "Stun him, Bill!"

(A. Golding, 14, Epps Road, Milton Regis, Sittingbourne, has been awarded a pocket wallet.)



## CHAPTER 14.

## Artful Adams!

ADAMS watched complacently, like a benevolent uncle, and while he watched he talked.

Never once did he allow the Hazlehurst boys to think for themselves. Adams kept up a continuous quickfire of entertaining talk, and when some of his guests slowed down on the eating, he urged them on. For the moment Riley and his men had forgotten about the match—but that was part of Adams' game.

Riley, who had eaten less than any of the others, began to feel a little anxious.

"I say, you know, is this quite wise?" he asked suddenly, as a thought occurred to him. "Great Scott! We ought to have left this tuck until after the game——"

"Aw, who cares?" interrupted Adams briskly. "Have another doughnut, buddy. Say, these are punk-looking doughnuts you have over on this side. Out in the States doughnuts are made like rings. Gee! Ever tasted real American angel cake? I guess you've got a kick coming to you. And layer cake? Wait until you fellers taste a real, honest-to-goodness American pie! Aw, gee! Your stuff over on this side is good, but——"

"Well, I'm not grumbling at what we've just had," said one of the Hazlehurst fellows. "Jolly good of you, Adams, to stand us this treat."

"Go right ahead! Help yourself," said Adams. "Plenty more yet."

"No; I think we've all had enough," said Riley, with a sudden urgent note in his voice. "We shall be late for the game—and, in any case, we were crazy to eat at all. It never occurred to me at the time, what with your talking, Adams. I suppose you know it's bad to eat before a game of footer?"

"Well, say! Can you imagine that?" ejaculated Adams, in surprise. "But I guess you fellers won't be hurt any! Gee! I'm sure sorry if I pulled a bone!"

"That's all right," laughed Riley, impressed by Adams' earnest tone. "We can't do anything about it now, anyhow. Come on, you chaps. Don't be tempted any more."

They went crowding out, and Adams took a last look at the counter. It was nearly stripped. The Hazlehurst fellows had taken full advantage of their opportunity. They didn't feel very heavy—yet. And none of them suspected the cunning and the trickiness of the rival captain's dodge.

The coach continued on its way to St. Frank's, and it arrived within a minute or two. Across the Triangle was a great banner, emblazoning the words "Welcome Hazlehurst!" The Hazlehurst boys regarded it in astonishment.

"Yep, sure," nodded Adams. "I put that there. But you ain't seen nothing yet!"

Riley was surprised to see Nipper, Handforth, Travers, and other members of the

regular XI standing about fully dressed in ordinary clothes. They came up, smiling.

"Glad to see you again, Riley," said Nipper, shaking hands. "How's things?"

"All right, thanks," replied Riley. "Sorry that you're not playing, old man."

"Oh, it's nothing!" laughed Nipper. "Adams is skipper—and Adams has chosen his own team." He cast his eye over the Hazlehurst fellows. "You're not looking any too fresh," he added critically. "It's not for me to say anything——"

"I'm afraid we forgot ourselves a bit," said Riley apologetically. "You see, Adams invited us into the tuckshop in the village; stood us a treat."

"And, my only hat, it *was* a spread!" said one of the others. "Haven't eaten so much for months!"

Adams bustled in amongst them.

"Come on, fellers!" he said boisterously. "Time to start the game, nearly. Guess we must be getting a move on."

As they went, Nipper gave Handforth and the others a significant glance.

"So that's the explanation of the little mystery," said Nipper, a hard look in his eyes. "By Jove! I expect Adams thinks that he's been smart! It hasn't even occurred to him that he's played a low-down trick. That's his peculiar mentality!"

"But—but I don't understand!" gasped Handforth.

"You will—as soon as the game starts," said Nipper gruffly.

"Rah, rah, rah!"

It was a great cheering yell, utterly unfamiliar to the ears of the Hazlehurst boys. They had just reached Little Side, with Adams in the lead. As they appeared on the springy green turf, a large crowd of Removites and Fourth-Formers let out the yell. It hit the visitors like something solid, and they halted in their tracks, staring.

"What the—— How the——"

"My only sainted aunt!"

"Great guns!"

"What's—what's all this?"

The Hazlehurst boys were completely bewildered.

"Rah, rah, rah!"

Again the cheer—in perfect unison. Then, immediately afterwards, the college song, rendered to the tune of "The Star-spangled Banner." It rose mightily on the afternoon air. Standing in front of the crowd were the members of Adams' bodyguard—all carefully rehearsed. They were leading the singers, and doing their job with noisy enthusiasm.

Adams fondly imagined that it was very impressive. But the Hazlehurst boys, after their first shock of surprise, were far more amused than impressed. Indeed, within a few minutes they felt almost sorry for the St. Frank's crowd. They regretted that this American boy should have made his influence felt to such an extent. It wasn't in keeping with the fine old traditions of St. Frank's.





With only the goalkeeper to test, Ulysses Spencer Adams couldn't score. He only succeeded in ballooning the ball—which was just as well, for Adams had been shooting into his own goalmouth!

"I guess this has got you beat, fellers, huh?" asked Adams triumphantly. "Nothing like this at Hazlehurst, huh?"

"Nothing at all," agreed Riley, almost curtly. "Thank goodness!"

"What's that?"

"Nothing!" said Riley. "Let it go. But may I be allowed to ask a question? Did we come here to listen to community singing—or to play a game of football? I'd just like to know."

Adams somehow felt that the atmosphere was strained. Indeed, he noticed a big difference in Riley's manner—Riley wasn't anything like so friendly. Riley had been thinking.

"Sure thing," said Adams hastily. "Guess we'll change right away—and get on with the ball game."

Ten minutes later the St. Frank's players took the field. Adams came first, carried shoulder high by four juniors who were wearing the bands of bodyguard office which had been discarded by Armstrong & Co. while they were in footer togs. Waving a U.S.A. flag, Adams was marched triumphantly on to the field, while behind him trailed more of his supporters, who had formed themselves into a band. With the big drum booming, trumpets blaring, and tin whistles shrieking, Adams was carried and set down in the centre of Little Side.

The Hazlehurst team followed; the players lined up; the game began.

And even at this early stage it was noticeable that Riley and his men were heavy and lethargic. That heavy feed of indigestible pastry was beginning to have its effect!

## CHAPTER 15.

### Not Playing the Game!

THE visitors themselves were unaware of their incredible folly until the game was five minutes old, and then they knew—to their consternation and chagrin.

During the first minute they had found out that they were up against a team of duffers. There were only one or two exceptions. De Valeric in the forward line was pretty good, but he had no support. Singleton and Armstrong, in the half-back line, were sound enough, and Griffith and Bray, the backs, were all right. The rest were just jokes. Adams, in the centre-forward position, was like nothing on earth. He was dashing here, there, and everywhere, doing nothing useful and only getting in the way of his own men.

And then the Hazlehurst fellows made their dread discovery!

They felt as heavy as lead. Every movement was an effort. The effect of this violent exercise, immediately following that big feed, was devastating. It was an effort for them to run; they were soon puffing and blowing, their legs seemed to have heavy weights attached to them.



"And it's all our own fault," groaned Riley. "What chumps we were to accept Adams' invite!"

The more he thought about that feed, the deeper became his suspicions. Had Adams deliberately treated them—so that they would be off colour? It couldn't be called an under-hand trick, for Adams had been perfectly open; they had walked right into the trap. But it certainly came within the category of questionable tactics. Ulysses Spencer Adams himself was congratulating himself upon his smartness.

"By Jove! It's pretty near the edge," said Nipper softly, as he watched.

"Eh? What is, old boy?" asked Sir Montie Tregellis-West.

Handforth was near by, and he moved closer.

"That feed, you mean?" he said. "I've been thinking about that, too! By George! Fancy treating the Hazlehurst chaps to a whacking great feed—just before the match!"

"The amazing thing is that Riley and his men fell for it," said Nipper slowly. "But then, Adams has a 'way' with him. He probably talked so much that they didn't quite realise what they were doing."

"Look at them!" said Handforth. "Rolling all over the field like human tanks! There's not an ounce of speed in the whole crowd! Our chaps are making circles round them!"

"Begad! That's true enough," admitted Sir Montie. "The trouble is, our players can't do anything even after they've made the circles!"

His criticism was rather harsh, however. A great cheer went up from the spectators.

"By George! Val is getting through!" yelled Handforth. "Go it, Val! Shoot, man—shoot!"

More by accident than design, Adams had passed the ball to De Valerie, who was in a favourable position. Val, without hesitation, trapped the leather and ran through. The Hazlehurst backs, converging upon him, made a mess of it. One of them stumbled and fell; the other, kicking hastily, misjudged and missed completely. On went De Valerie, the ball at his toes.

There was only the goalkeeper to beat now, and the yelling was tremendous. The spectators had completely forgotten their instructions. Adams had carefully told them that if such a moment as this arrived, they should all shout in unison—Adams having an idea that such a united yell would startle the opposing goalie and put him off his stroke.

De Valerie steadied himself; the goalie half ran out, hardly knowing what to do for the best.

Slam!

It was a good shot. The ball left De Valerie's foot at speed; it shot swervingly towards the goal. Had the custodian been in his normal sprightly condition, he might easily have saved. But at the moment he was

slow and clumsy. He leapt, but he was a shade too late. The leather sphere shot past him and rammed home into the back of the net.

"Goal!"

"Well played, Val!"

"Hurrah!"

"Great work, boys!" shouted Adams. "Keep it up! I guess we've got them sure rattled!"

"There seems to be something the matter with them," remarked Armstrong. "They're so jolly slow! These Hazlehurst chaps are usually as keen as mustard."

## COMING NEXT WEDNESDAY!



"Oh yeah?" grinned Adams. "Well, take it from me, big boy, they're sure cold this afternoon! Didn't I tell you we'd win this match?"

"We haven't won it yet," retorted Armstrong.

"Ah, shucks! It's a cinch," said Adams. "It's in the bag, baby. It's in the bag!"

De Valerie came running up to take his place for the re-start.

"That was lucky," he said breathlessly.

"Lucky—nothing," replied Adams. "You and I put in some good work there, buddy. Hot dog!"

"You and I?" repeated De Valerie, in justifiable surprise.

"Gee! Didn't I pass you the ball?"



"Did you?" gasped De Valerie. "As far as I can remember you were passing over to Singleton, and you mis-kicked."

De Valerie's tone was short. He knew perfectly well that the goal had been scored through sheer luck—he did not claim much credit for himself.

Ulysses, with his usual confidence, seemed to have an idea that the game was already won. He had not failed to note the sluggish condition of the visitors—and he assumed that it was a condition which would persist until the end of the game.

And that was where he made a very big mistake.

## "THE SCHOOLBOY RACKETEER!"

By E. S. BROOKS.

Clip, clip, clip!

It's a hair-raising ordeal for Arthur Hubbard—literally!

He has defied U. S. Adams; for his defiance he must pay. "Clip off his hair!" decrees the Big Boss of the Remove.

Adams is still full of his snappy American ideas for pepping up the Remove. But is the Remove going to stand for it?

The answer is in next week's entertaining long complete school yarn of the Chums of St. Frank's.

## "OUTLAWED!"

By DAVID GOODWIN.

Follow the exciting adventures of Dick Forrester on the highway of adventure.

## "Handforth's Weekly!"

Also many other splendid features.

## ORDER IN ADVANCE!

### CHAPTER 16.

#### A Football Fiasco!

WITHOUT question, that goal upset the visitors. It had come unexpectedly, and Riley and his men, finding themselves one down, were temporarily put right off the game. This was partly due to the fact that they were painfully aware of their own unfitness.

It was a golden opportunity for Adams' team to make certain of victory, but they were incapable of taking the advantage. De Valerie was carefully marked as the only dangerous forward in the line. When Adams happened to get the ball he kicked at random; when Hubbard or Gore-Pearce or Lord Pippinton kicked they kicked wildly.

Lord Pippinton, in fact, was beginning to regret his bargain. He had only entered the game because he had often wondered what it was like to play in a big match. He was finding out that it was very much like hard work.

Adams thought he had a chance a little later on. The ball came to him unexpectedly, and he succeeded in trapping it. Swinging round, he was off like the wind. It took him all his time to control the ball, and he only noticed, sub-consciously, that the other players, instead of dashing at him, stood by as though stupefied.

"Look out, Adams!" went up a wild yell.

"The other way, you idiot—the other way!"

Ulysses Spencer Adams did not even hear. Excitedly he found that there wasn't a Hazlehurst chap anywhere near him. He could see Griffith, and he could see Bray, and they were standing still, staring fascinatedly at him. And there, beyond, was the goal, with only the goalie himself to beat. Unfortunately, Adams was running towards his own goal!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

A derisive yell of laughter went up. The fellows had just jumped to the truth. The clever Adams was preparing to kick into his own net—and, to make the joke funnier, he didn't even know it!

"Hi, look out!" howled Teddy Long desperately, as he ran out of his goal. "Mind what you're doing, Adams!"

The American boy took a mighty kick. The goal was empty. Teddy Long had left it to its own devices. Not that it mattered, for Adams' kick went skywards instead of towards the goal.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yah, duffer!"

"Poor old Adams!"

"They wouldn't even have you in the fags' team!"

Then, and only then, did Adams realise the ghastly nature of his blunder. Now that the tense excitement was over, he saw the field in its true perspective; he saw Griffith and Bray, and he saw Teddy Long. He had a wild desire to sink straight down through the turf. He had nearly scored a goal for the other side!

He heard the jeers and the hoots, and every ounce of his confidence and arrogance oozed out of him.

"What do you call yourself—a footer captain?" demanded Armstrong, running up. "You silly, fatheaded American blockhead!"

"Say, you can't talk to me like that," gasped Adams. "You'd best remember——"

"I can talk to you how I like," roared Armstrong. "You—skipper! My only sainted aunt! You couldn't skipper a rowing-boat! You're making us a laughing-stock!"

"Rah, rah, rah!" chanted the crowd, but now there was note of derision in the shout. Ulysses Spencer Adams writhed.

Wilson, of the Sixth, blew his whistle impatiently. He had refereed many games,



but this one was getting on his nerves. He came striding over towards Adams and Armstrong.

"What are you fellows doing?" he demanded. "Are you going to stand there arguing, or do you realise that this is a football game?" he added sarcastically. "At least, I apologise to football! This game is more like hop-scotch!"

"Aw, gee, have a heart," begged Adams. "Can't a guy make a mistake?"

"As far as I can see, this game will get on just as well without a referee," growled the prefect. "All right, then—get ready. But if there's any more tomfoolery, I'll chuck up the whole thing."

Without doubt, the game was a farce. It was the greatest shock Adams had ever experienced. For the very first time in his life he was realising that soccer was a game of skill, a game of science. He had always regarded it as something too "punk" for words. He had ridiculed it, scorned it, laughed at it.

Experience is the greatest teacher in the world. Face to face with hard, cold facts, Adams was suddenly aware that his captaincy was in jeopardy. If he lost this game—

But he refused to consider such a possibility. His team was one goal up, and he swore to himself that it should maintain that lead. Again he was being over-confident. With every minute that passed the Hazlehurst players were getting over their initial sluggishness. The effects of the feed were wearing off. They were getting steady, they were playing coolly. The result was inevitable. Nipper, at the ropes, knew exactly what was going to happen.

He was not in the least surprised when the Hazlehurst forward line got into active operation. A chance soon came. The ball fell at Riley's feet, and off he went. He passed neatly out to the wing, and the winger, running down the touchline, passed back at the right moment. One of the inside forwards, showing better speed now, was immediately on the leather.

"Oh, crumbs!" groaned Handforth. "Look at Long! Just look at him!"

Teddy Long, in goal, was transfixed. He could see danger coming, but he was making no effort to avert it. He just stood still, horrified by his responsibility. Then at the last moment, he ran out wildly.

"I can't look at it," said Handforth, closing his eyes and turning his head away. "Tell me what happens, Mac!"

"It's happened," said McClure bluntly.

The Hazlehurst forward had dodged past Teddy Long with the greatest of ease, and he had dribbled the ball right into the net. It was such an easy goal that there was not even any cheering. There was only a riot of laughter—amused laughter from the Hazlehurst fellows, and bitter laughter from the St. Frank's crowd.

That goal brought about a magical difference.

The Hazlehurst team recovered its balance, and from that minute it played steadily, con-

structively. It played so well, in fact, that the goals came with monotonous regularity. Teddy Long was more than useless. Griffith and Bray, fighting desperately, broke up several of the Hazlehurst attacks, but they were only human. Run nearly off their legs, they soon began to tire. The Hazlehurst fellows dodged them with ease. By half-time, six goals had been notched. There would have been eight, only Teddy Long had saved twice—once by rushing blindly out and putting his back to the ball, and once by accidentally meeting the leather with his face.

"Go easy with them, old man," said Nipper, during the brief interval, as he approached Riley. "Have a heart, you know."

Riley gave him a hard look.

"What's been happening here?" he asked. "What's the idea of putting this dud team into the field?"

"Don't blame me," said Nipper coolly. "Adams is skipper."

"And who elected him?" asked one of the other Hazlehurst players. "Were all your fellows suffering from temporary insanity, or what?"

"I rather think Adams bluffed them into it," said Nipper. "I don't think he'll last long—after this game."

"By the sound of things he won't even last until the game's over," said Riley. "I hate an easy victory like this. Still, we're going to score all the goals we can, and don't you forget it."

— —

## CHAPTER 17.

### K.O.—or O.K.?

EVERYBODY predicted that the second half of that game would be a fiasco.

But it wasn't. Ulysses Spencer Adams, thoroughly on his mettle, sprang a surprise. He knew that he would stand or fall by the result of this game; and, with all his faults, he was undoubtedly a fighter. Now that he knew what he was up against he proved himself to be a master of strategy.

During the interval he had collected his team together, and he talked to them earnestly. Now, when the teams lined up, it was seen that there were many changes. The crowd rubbed their eyes.

The team was changed about—and changed about in a very significant way. Griffith and Bray were still the backs, but Armstrong had gone into goal. De Valerie had taken Armstrong's place in the half-back line, and Singleton had shifted from left-half to the pivot's position. Hubbard had dropped back to Singleton's old place.

This re-arrangement spoke volumes for Adams' quick-wittedness. In effect, he had strengthened the defence—letting the attack go absolutely to pot. For he had sense enough to realise that there was no earthly chance of his team scoring again in this match. But he would achieve something if



he prevented the Hazlehurst men from adding to their own list of goals.

Six—one would not be too disgraceful a defeat. But if Adams had left the team in its original formation, the score might easily have been sixteen—one. As it was, the defence was pretty strong. Armstrong was a good man in goal; Griffith and Bray were sound as backs, and Hubbard and Singleton and De Valerie were not too bad as half-backs. The forward line was now tragic, consisting as it did of Long, Marriott, Adams, Gore-Pearce, and Pippy. Not one of them was any earthly use. But they might, at least, get in the way of the opponents.

"Well done, Adams," murmured Nipper admiringly. "By Jove! The fellow is brainy, after all!"

"Brainy?" gurgled Handforth. "But look at those forwards——"

"Never mind the forwards," said Nipper critically. "This game is going to degenerate into a sort of siege, but I don't think there'll be many more goals scored."

He was right. The St. Frank's backs and half-backs concentrated wholly upon defence. Again and again the Hazlehurst forwards tried to break through, but every one of their movements was smashed up; and when the visitors did succeed in getting near to the St. Frank's goal, they found that Armstrong was difficult to beat. Armstrong was well on his mettle, and he played the game of his life that afternoon.

As the minutes wore on, and the dour struggle drew to a close, the feeling against Adams was modified. After all, Adams was doing his best. With grim, dogged determination, he and his team kept Hazlehurst at bay. By packing their goal, by concentrating on defence, they averted humiliation.

The final whistle blew at last, and there was hardly a cheer or a shout. Adams was cool now; he had recovered his old confidence. He went straight to Riley in the visitors' dressing-room.

"Say, buddy, I guess I'd like to get this thing straight," he said frankly.

"What thing straight?" asked Riley. "If you're talking about that feed——"

"Yes, what about that feed?" demanded one of the others. "Did you treat us to that tuck, Adams, on purpose to make us ill?"

"Aw, forget it!" protested Adams. "I guess that's a dirty crack, brother! I didn't see much change out of twenty-five dollars——"

"All right, we'll give you the benefit of the doubt," said Riley. "Anyway, we were asses to accept your invitation."

"What I want to say is this," continued Adams. "I guess you're a sportsman, Riley. Well, get this: I've always had a hunch that Soccer was soft. I guess I know differently now. This team of mine is punk."

"I'm glad you admit it."

"Sure, I admit it," nodded Adams. "I'd like you to wipe this game off the slate."

Riley stared. The cool cheek of the suggestion took his breath away.

"Wipe it off the slate?" he repeated.

"Yeah," nodded Adams. "See here, buddy, this game wasn't worthy of two great schools. I'm figuring that I'll get my team into shipshape in slick time. Say, by next week. How about playing this game over again? Wiping it right out to-day, and calling it completely off?"

"Yes, but hang it, we've won!" protested Riley.

"And how!" said Adams. "I'm figuring you don't feel proud of such a victory, do you? Gee, it wasn't a game at all! You can't go home feeling satisfied. I'm putting it to you that we have the game over again on a Wednesday. You guys come over here, and I'll pay all the exes—motor-coach and everything. I'll stand you a feed—after the match—and whatever the result is, it stands. How's that? This game was sorta ruined, anyway. It was sure a farce. Let's make it a real game. What do you say?"

Riley consulted with his team. He was, in all truth, dissatisfied with the match. It hadn't been football at all. And Adams' promise of another free feed sounded attractive. The Hazlehurst fellows grinned. Why not have a replay, indeed? They had won once and they could win again!

"Right-ho, Adams," said Riley, grinning. "That's a bargain! We'll call this no game. This fixture is postponed until Wednesday week. We're free then, and it'll suit us a treat."

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"Attaboy!" shouted Adams enthusiastically. "You're sure a regular feller!"

He dashed out, and he found crowds of Removites and Fourth-Formers awaiting him.

"Oh, here you are!" said Buster Boots aggressively. "We just want to tell you, Adams, that you made a proper mess of this game, and we think you ought to resign."

"Yes, yes!"

"Resign!"

"We're fed-up with you, Adams!"

But the smart American boy was ready.

"Resign nothing," he said coolly. "Gee, can't you give a guy a break?"

"Rats! You've had all the breaks you're going to get!"

"Listen, fellers," said Adams earnestly. "I guess I'm a sap. I had this game all wrong. Gee! I thought it was soft, but I've learned this afternoon that it's an honest to goodness swell game. Yes, sir! I take off my hat to Soccer!"

"Well, it's refreshing to know that you can learn something," said Gresham tartly.

"You guys promised to follow my lead—and I'm handing it to you that I've given you a raw deal," went on Adams. "But, gee, I'll show you that I'm the guy for skipper."

"And what about this game?" demanded Handforth. "It's all very well to say that you've discovered that Soccer is a great game, but——"

"This match is called right off," said Adams coolly.

"What!"

"Sure! Just fixed it with Riley," continued Adams. "Riley figures it was a dud game, and he's agreed to call it off. This fixture will be played on Wednesday week—and you can take it from me, buddies, that I'll have a regular team for the match. So everything's jake."

The cool cheek of it left the fellows with nothing further to say. Ulysses Spencer Adams had saved his bacon—at the eleventh hour. The juniors found themselves laughing, and, finally, they gave Adams a cheer.

"But—but it's all rot!" protested Handforth blankly. "I thought Adams was going to get kicked out of the captaincy."

"Keep your hair on, old man," said Nipper.

"Eh?"

"Sorry! I'd forgotten your eyebrows," said Nipper, grinning. "But everything's all serene. With this match called off, there's no harm done."

"You fathead, what about the harm next Wednesday week?" asked Handforth, staring. "You don't suppose that Adams and his rotten team will win, do you?"

"Of course not," replied Nipper gently. "And I don't suppose that Adams will have any rotten team by Wednesday week! If he isn't out of power by then—and if the regular team isn't performing—I'll cheerfully allow myself to be kicked round the Triangle."

A slow grin overspread Edward Oswald Handforth's face.

"By George!" he murmured. "I believe you're right."

So Ulysses Spencer Adams remained in power. He fondly imagined that he would now go serenely on from strength to strength—but there were many breakers ahead!

THE END.

*(U.S. Adams introduces more peppy ideas at St. Frank's in next Wednesday's rollicking school yarn. As Junior Skipper he may be a wow—but he only causes a row! Look out for "The Schoolboy Racketeer!" Order your copy to-day.)*

## CORRESPONDENTS WANTED

S. S. Moonshi, 29, Lorong, 101, Changi Road, Singapore, wishes to correspond with readers.

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Thomas Rex, 5, Gladstone Street, Leichardt, Sydney, N.S.W., Australia, asks for correspondents in Egypt, North Africa, also Canada.

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*Where's that pen, ink and paper? Write to the Editor to-day.*



**NELSON LEE LIBRARY, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.**

**E**NA HANDFORTH has no particular boy chum, Brenda Perkins (South Melbourne). Ena is rather a handful, and so tomboyish that boys fight shy of her. None of the Moor View girls uses motor-cycles. Vera Wilkes is still chummy with K. K. Parkington—although, of course, they don't meet so often now that K. K. has gone back to Carlton.

\* \* \*

One reaches the Fifth and Sixth Form studies, Roy Raddatz (Port Adelaide, South Australia), by walking along some very ordinary-looking passages with distempered walls. It isn't necessary that Mr. Brooks should describe just how many turnings a character takes in going from one part of the school to another. If he were to do that his stories would be so full of such details that there would be precious little room for any plot. The main thing you want to know when Handforth barges out of Study D to rout out his minor and give him a shaking—or to be twisted out of five bob, which is far more likely—is that Handforth reaches the Third Form passage. How he gets there doesn't matter at all. The best cricketer in the Senior XI is Edgar Fenton of the Sixth, with Guy Sinclair a close second. Sinclair is a bit of a bounder, but his brilliance at cricket is certainly to his credit.

\* \* \*

There is a story featuring the St. Frank's characters, Joan Holliday (Stanford-le-Hope), in the "Holiday Annual" now on sale. Needless to say, it was especially written for the Annual by E. S. Brooks.

\* \* \*

There are two sets of buildings at St. Frank's, Dick Acton (Ashbourne), for the accommodation of bicycles, pets, etc. They are situated in the paddocks beyond the West Square and the East Square respec-

tively. Dorrimore Castle, in Derbyshire, is nearer to Matlock than Buxton, I think.

\* \* \*

Lord Pippinton, known in the Remove as "Pippy," is so retiring, Jack Godden (Hilton, South Australia), that he seldom appears in the stories. But he still "digs" with Alan Castleton and Tom Burton in Study W of the West House. And he still walks about in a dream, as of yore, and is very lavish with his money. The most generous boy in the school, perhaps, is Handforth and it is rather a good thing that he hasn't unlimited supplies of money at his disposal.

\* \* \*

Lionel Corcoran hasn't changed a bit. Edward Frank Culy (Birmingham). He is the skipper of the Fourth, and he is still as energetic as ever. But you must remember that the Remove is more prominently featured in the stories than the Fourth, and thus many of the Fourth's doings do not get mentioned.

\* \* \*

Pen sketches of three prominent Fifth-Formers. **WILLIAM NAPOLEON BROWNE**, captain of the Fifth, and one of the most popular fellows in the Senior School. He is possessed of unlimited nerve and confidence, and although he goes through life like a braggart, he brags so charmingly that nobody ever minds. An excellent cricketer, a brilliant footballer, and the most audacious an ingenious practical joker at St. Frank's. **WALTER BRYANT**. There is nothing particularly distinctive about Bryant. He is fairly good at sports, popular enough in a general way, and is good-natured. **CUTHBERT CHAMBERS**. The dandy of the Fifth. Several kinds of an ass, with a great conceit of himself. Always boasting, but never backing up his boasts with deeds. In a word, a windbag.

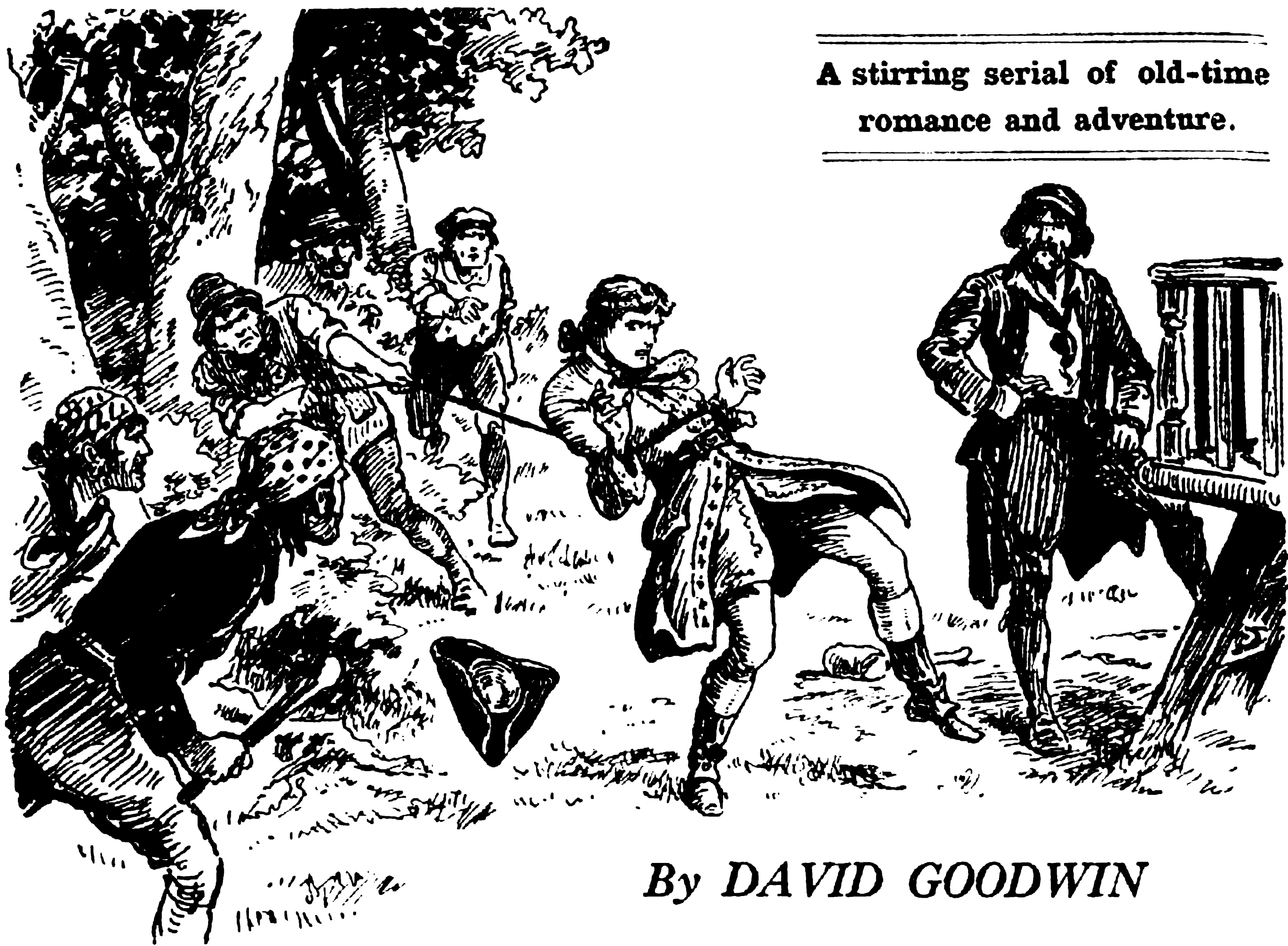


# Outlawed!

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**A stirring serial of old-time  
romance and adventure.**

---



*By* **DAVID GOODWIN**

## **A Prisoner of the Woods!**

**D**ICK rode to the outskirts of Ulchester as carelessly as though his name and appearance were not placarded throughout the district.

He came upon a tract of woodland full of dense thicket, open heaths, spinneys and copses.

"These will be Hexwold Woods that Master Sheriff had such a fine view of from the tower. A desolate piece of country, and lawless enough, no doubt. So much the better. Is not that the smoke of a fire yonder among the trees?"

The young outlaw rode to the spot, and found himself in a gipsy encampment. Two caravans were standing under a tree, four or five ponies grazed in the clearing, and a woman was tending a large fire. A couple of boys were skinning some animal, and a swarthy-looking Romany man was reeving wire snares.

"Good-morrow," said Dick, reining Black Satan to a halt. "What news of the woods? Tell me, has Dick Turpin passed you lately?"

A sudden silence fell on the gipsies, and the young man looked at Dick darkly.

"Are you seeking Turpin, gorgio?" he said.

"I am," replied Dick. "I have been riding on his heels this week and more. Where is he?"

Dick dismounted, letting Satan graze among the trees, and walked forward.

The caravan door opened and a grim-looking, elderly gipsy, with eyes as black as coal, came slowly down the steps.

"We might tell you something of Turpin, gorgio," he said in a smooth voice. "What do you want of him? The Romany do not answer every stranger for no reason."

"Reason?" said Dick. "Here are five good guineas to any who can take me to Turpin, or ten if you can bring him here to me."

The old gipsy raised his hand as if to stroke his chin, and at the same instant, it seemed, a noose of horsehair rope snaked from behind him, and Dick found his arms pinned fast to his sides. Before he



could make a sound half a dozen gipsies sprang out and pounced on him.

Dick struggled furiously, but his arms were bound and the men were strong. In a few seconds he was tied hand and foot. They stood him up against a pine trunk and lashed him to it.

"You dogs!" cried Dick hotly. "You shame of your race! Since when have the Romany become spies and agents for the law? You are no true gipsies, but half-bred gorgios and footpads cast in the woods!"

"A civil tongue will serve you best," said the old gipsy calmly, "or you may earn something to keep you quiet. Peace now. Your reckoning is soon to come."

"Here he is, father!" cried one of the boys. "He rides through the wood."

"Then," said the gipsy to Dick, "you had best begin to say your prayers, gorgio!"

#### Comrades Reunited!

**D**ICK, astonished by the unexpected attack and capture, wondered into what hands he had fallen, and who it was he had to fear. From the old gipsy's tones, it seemed he could expect scant mercy from this mysterious newcomer.

Suddenly, out from the trees, Turpin himself trotted into the clearing astride Black Bess.

"Hola, brother!" he said to the old gipsy. "Whom have you caught?"

And then his gaze fell on Dick tied to the tree.

"Dick!" he shouted, leaping down from the mare. "By all the powers, is it you? Burn me, Sapengro, you've hawked at the crow and caught the falcon! Cut him loose."

"Well met at last," cried Dick. "And now, what the plague do your friends mean by trussing me like a turkey?"

"Who is he?" cried one of the gipsies.

"Dick Forrester, at your service."

"A thousand apologies!" cried the old Romany, hastily cutting Dick free. "I crave your pardon, brother; but why did

you not say so? The chal came here, Turpin, and offered us money to tell him where you were; so, of course, we noosed him."

"Nay, 'twas my fault," laughed Dick, as he shook hands all round. "I should have explained before asking. I deserve it."

"Why, yes," said the gipsy. "Never offer money to a Romany. How were we to know you were not a spy of the king's men?"

"This is my good friend, John Sapengro," explained Turpin, introducing the gipsy. "Being hard pressed by the riders, after an affair outside York, I have been lying low here for a day or two. I guessed you would soon find me, though I did not think to come upon you tied fast to a pine tree. And now let us feast under the greenwood, and tell what has befallen each other, and what are our plans for the future."

It was a merry feast that the two friends and the gipsies sat down to round the camp-fire. The half of a fat young buck, delicately roasted, was the chief dish, and little of it did they leave.

Whilst they ate, Turpin related his experiences of the past days to Dick, who listened eagerly. It was a thrilling story, in all truth. The young outlaw's pulses raced as his comrade told how he had held up the Nottingham mail just outside York; how, after taking the ill-gotten gains of a fat old merchant who was hated the county over for his tyranny and cruel justice, the King's Riders had put in an appearance. Only after a stern chase had Turpin eluded his pursuers.

"And now tell me what has befallen you, and why you failed to meet me at the cross-roads as we agreed?" concluded the famous highwayman.

Dick gave him a full account of all he had gone through since they parted.

"Plague take that villain Sweeny!" cried Turpin, when Dick had finished. "We must lay him low before he does us a mischief. 'Tis plain he seeks your life the most, since he has neglected me for

#### HOW THE STORY BEGAN.

**DICK FORRESTER**, formerly a young highwayman, has been deprived of his estate and fortune by the trickery of

**HECTOR FORRESTER**. This is only the beginning of Dick's troubles, for he next falls foul of

**CAPTAIN SWEENEY**, the notorious leader of a gang of footpads, and is also wanted by the King's Riders for assisting his former comrade of the road,

**RICHARD TURPIN**, the famous highwayman, to escape capture. Dick is forced to become an outlaw, and he and Turpin ride off together. They are pursued by Riders, but make their escape after a fierce fight. Turpin goes off on a mission, arranging to meet Dick three days later. Sweeny makes numerous attempts on Dick's life, but every time the young outlaw eludes him. Searching for Turpin, he falls into an ambush laid by the footpad leader, and is rescued only just in time by Lord Durisdeer. Later he saves Durisdeer from being taken by the sheriff on a charge of treason, for his lordship is secretly plotting to put the exiled James upon the English throne. Dick then rides off to look for Turpin.

(Now read on.)



you of late; and in truth you are lucky to have escaped, after falling into his hands. As to Lord Durisdeer, he is a good friend, though in little better case than yourself, for all his fine house and his fortune. I fear his plotting against the Crown will bring a noose round his neck."

"I promised to ride with him, if the Pretender has wit enough to strike another blow," said Dick.

"And no harm in that," replied Turpin. "To help place a new king on his throne would win us our pardons. Though, pink me if I care much for that, and I have no great faith in pardons!"

"Nor I," laughed Dick, "since my own was plucked from me when it was scarce three weeks old, besides turning me out of Fernhall. But I have Hector Forrester to thank for that."

"Touching that matter," said Turpin, "I learn that your worthy cousin is doing Fernhall little credit. Now that he has turned you out of it he has proved himself the most niggardly young miser in Norfolk, where the gentry are most open-hearted enough for any man. He stints even himself good food, gives not a farthing away in charity, has reduced the household to almost nothing, and turned away all your old family servants without their pensions."

"Now, by the black rood, this is too much!" exclaimed Dick furiously. "Fernhall to carry the name of a miser's house? And old Stephens and Wainford and Matthews and Janet, and my faithful serving-men and maids flung out without a living? Burn me, Turpin, Hector Forrester shall be made to pay for his sins."

Dick began to walk savagely to and fro, an angry frown on his boyish face. Then he sat down, and was silent for some time, thinking busily, while Turpin stretched himself luxuriously on the turf and smoked.

"Turpin," said Dick at last, "there are two things I feel the want of."

"And they are?" said Turpin, without moving.

"A good sword and a good dinner."

"I thought you had them both at this moment," said the highwayman, in a surprised voice; "one outside your belt, and the other inside it."

"Both might be better," returned Dick. "I have long felt the lack of my favourite Toledo rapier, which, in my hurry, I left behind me. For all this has been an excellent feast, change is a great thing, and I would my next were on a table, with a little sauce, which I shall add on my own account and in my own manner. A sword and a banquet! We should find

them both at Hector's house, and, doubtless, a few bags of guineas besides. Turpin, we will go and dine at Fernhall!"

The elder highwayman sat up in astonishment.

"And put your neck in the hangman's noose?"

"No doubt, if Hector expected us. But it's the last thing he will dream of. We will surprise him. Come, comrade, 'tis but two days' ride. On Thursday we will dine with my cousin."

Turpin laughed aloud.

"A merry jest, in faith!" he said. "Dick, I'm with you. Let us rest ourselves and the horses here to-night, and then—ho, for Fernhall!"

### Back to Fernhall!

**T**HERE is one thing I did not tell you," said Turpin, as, on the evening of the second day, they were cantering over Birtney Heath, after a pleasant but uneventful ride southward. "Although this precious cousin of yours, with all his rent-roll and lands, stints himself and others like a miser, yet he has arranged for one good banquet on the fifteenth. 'Tis then the lord-lieutenant dines with him, and Hector, though the expense is torture to him, desires greatly to be on good terms with his powerful neighbour, and will give him of the best."

"The fifteenth!" exclaimed Dick. "Why, that is to-morrow!"

"So I believe," said Turpin; "though one day is much like another to me."

"Ah, but look you," cried Dick, in delight, "it makes a vast difference in this case. All provisions for the banquet will be already in the house. 'Twill add a spice to the jest to eat the lord-lieutenant's dinner. 'Twas the one thing that puzzled me—if Hector lives so badly, what sort of fare were we to get? But now that difficulty is over."

"Ay, and well solved," said Turpin. "But, since he has turned the household out of doors to save their wages, who is to wait on us?"

"Why, I consider I may prevail on cousin Hector to fill that post himself," said Dick, with a grin; "and if he does it creditably I may go so far as to give him a shilling or so for his pains."

"There is much trouble in store for the master of Fernhall, I can see," grinned Turpin. "But are not those the lights of the house yonder among the trees?"

"Ay, 'tis but a mile farther," said Dick. "But who comes here? A foot passenger?"

The two comrades were not wearing their masks, and a large, strong-looking woman, dressed in rough but neat clothes,







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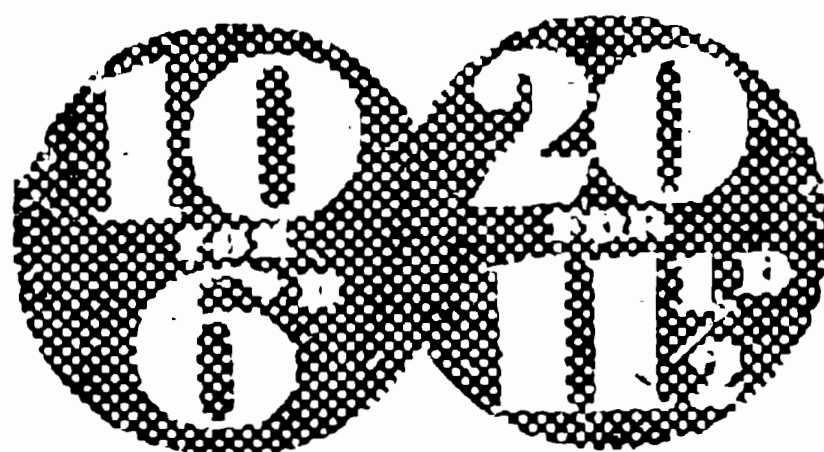
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