

# THE NELSON LEE

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*U. S. Adams thought he was O.K. for the Captaincy but the Remove—*

# The SCHOOLBOY

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**U. S. ADAMS IS A WINDBAG  
 —BUT HE CAN'T TALK FOR  
 TOFFEE!**  
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## CHAPTER 1.

**Sticking to It!**

**"TOFFEE!"**

"Where?"

The Junior Common-room of the Ancient House at St. Frank's was crowded—unusually crowded—and all eyes were turned upon the door as Ulysses Spencer Adams, the American boy, came in carrying a large, shiny tin box.

"This is one on me, boys!" said Adams boisterously. "Try a sample of this—real, genuine, honest-to-goodness American candy!"

"Candy?" repeated Fullwood. "I thought I heard somebody say that it was toffee?"

"Aw, gee! What's the difference?" laughed Adams.

He made his way to the centre of the big, warm, brightly lighted Common-room; and it was noticeable that he was surrounded by his famous bodyguard. Ulysses Spencer Adams was the captain of the Remove, and he believed in doing things something after the style of a Chicago gangster chief; he had his own private bodyguard constantly in attendance. In this he was not quite so theatri-

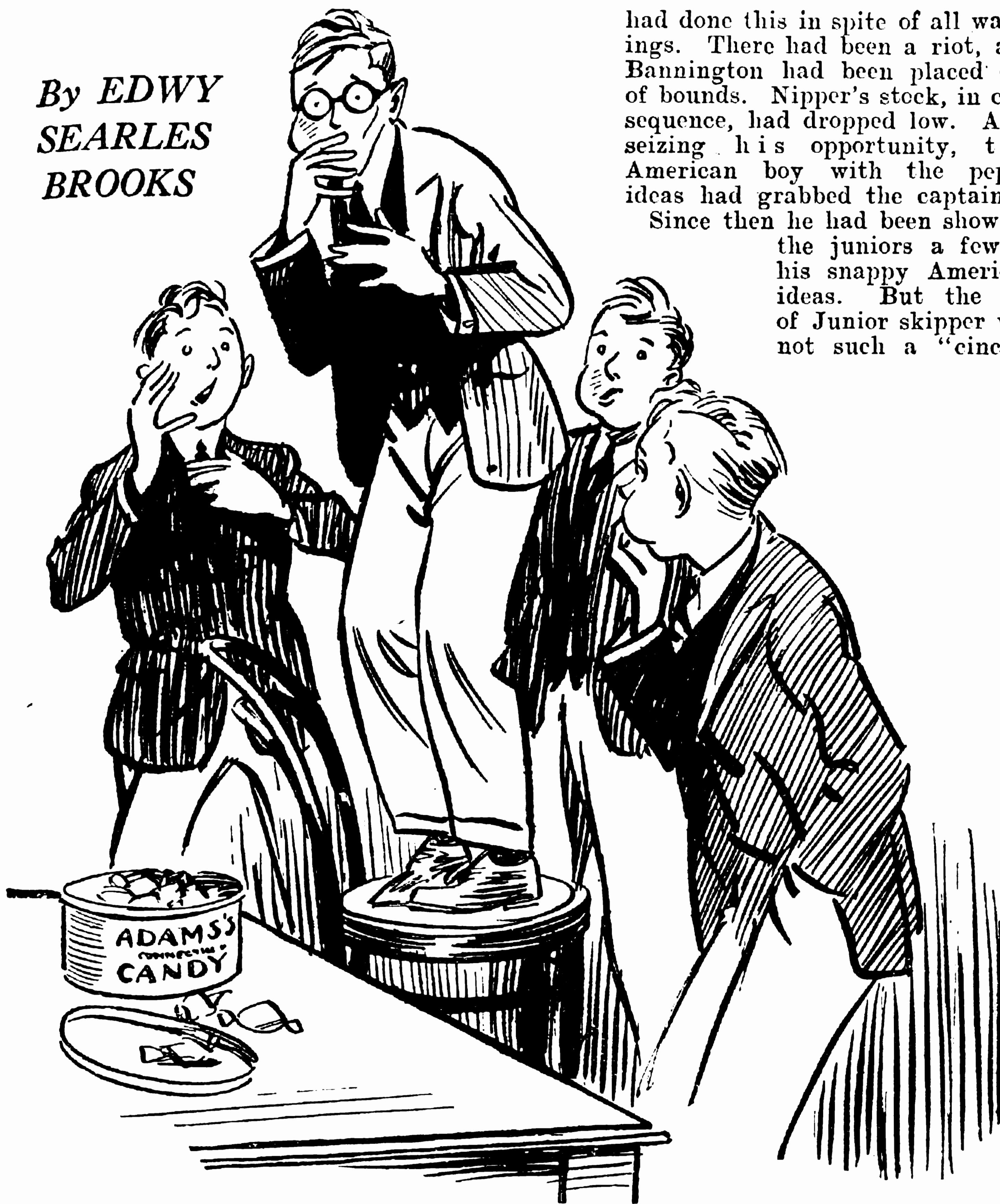
Gives him the K.O. in this week's excellent complete story.

# RACKETEER!

By EDWY  
SEARLES  
BROOKS

had done this in spite of all warnings. There had been a riot, and Bannington had been placed out of bounds. Nipper's stock, in consequence, had dropped low. And, seizing his opportunity, the American boy with the peppy ideas had grabbed the captaincy.

Since then he had been showing the juniors a few of his snappy American ideas. But the job of Junior skipper was not such a "cinch"



cal as one might have supposed, for he had a few enemies in the Junior School, and a bodyguard was more or less necessary.

A week or two earlier there had been some big trouble with the town boys. Nipper, who had been skipper then, had taken his XI over to play Bannington Hotspurs, a local lads' team, and Nipper

as he had fondly imagined. This very crowd in the Common-room—and there were Removites from the West House, and Fourth-Formers from the Modern House and the East House—had collected together in order to discuss Ulysses with that outspoken frankness which is peculiar to junior schoolboys.



Adams knew full well what was going on, and he was not by any means comfortable about it. He realised that many of his followers were on the point of revolt. So it was the psychological moment to introduce—toffee.

That toffee had arrived by carrier, like a gift out of the blue sky, only ten minutes earlier. Adams regarded it as the solution to his problem.

"I guess this is a lucky break for you guys," he said, as he laid the tin box down on the table. "Step right up, fellers! Help yourselves to some of Adams' Celebrated Connecticut Candy!"

"Rather!"

"Good old Adams!"

The juniors swarmed round, and they helped themselves liberally. The toffee was wrapped, and it looked good.

"Adams' candy?" said Handforth. "I thought your people made cheese? And this isn't candy at all—it's toffee!"

"My father makes the cheese," explained Adams, as he helped himself to two chunks of the toffee. "Gee, this is fine and dandy! Some candy, huh? It's my Uncle Al, of Connecticut, who makes the candy. Say, there's not a city in the whole United States that doesn't advertise Adams' Connecticut Candy on its billboards. I guess my Uncle Al will grab the English market one of these days."

"Rats!" said Harry Gresham. "There's no toffee in the world to equal the English. Your uncle wouldn't stand an earthly chance. This stuff's too sticky, anyway. Jove, what's the matter with it? It's like glue on my teeth!"

"Aw, say, have a heart!" protested Adams. "This candy is sure swell——"

"Candy be blowed!" roared Handforth, tugging at his jaw. "It's toffee—and pretty rotten toffee at that!"

Adams was beginning to look worried. He had taken two big chunks of that toffee, and he had started chewing it enthusiastically. Now, to his horror, he was finding that the stuff was sticking tenaciously to his teeth.

It was rather queer, too, because his uncle's famous Connecticut candy was a best-seller in America; in fact, this toffee was not up to standard by any means. It had a vague peppermint flavour, but there was an appalling suggestion of glue, too.

"Listen, fellers!" shouted Adams thickly. "I guess this is a good opportunity for me to spill a few words."

He leapt upon a chair, and he found himself surrounded by a sea of faces. Every face was grotesquely contorted and distorted. Jaws were moving laboriously. Almost panic-stricken, Adams saw that

the toffee was doing more harm than good.

"You guys have gotta give me a break," shouted Adams, with difficulty. "You elected me skipper, and I'm figuring——"

He paused, horrified. His jaws had become stuck together, and he found it impossible to open his mouth. He tried to swallow the toffee, but it had spread all over his teeth like semi-liquid glue.

It was a painful situation for the peppy American boy. He had come here to talk big—and now he could not talk at all! And, to make the position infinitely worse, it was his own toffee which had brought about the disaster.

Nearly everybody in the Common-room was struggling desperately with the tenacious sweetmeat. They had all helped themselves liberally. Fatty Little, whose mouth was big in proportion to his body—and that was saying a lot—had taken no less than four chunks.

Astonishingly enough, however, he seemed to have got rid of his own toffee without any difficulty at all. Nipper and Travers and Tommy Watson and Fullwood, and a few others, too, were in no trouble. But all the rest were now making queer gurgling noises, frantic gaspings, and they were pulling desperately at their jaws.

"Go it, Adams!" said Nipper encouragingly. "Let's have your speech."

"Gug-gug-gug!" gurgled Adams, who was by now speechless in more senses than one.

"We're waiting, Adams!" drawled Vivian Travers. "Go it, dear old fellow!"

"Speech—speech!"

It was noticeable that these invitations came from the Opposition. The Opposition consisted of that small band of stalwarts which had stuck loyally to Nipper after his fall from power. That small band, during the past day or two, had been added to. Fellows were drifting away from Adams' leadership, and were returning to Nipper's banner. It was this backsliding, in fact, which had caused Adams so much uneasiness of late. And now, just when he had had a chance of rallying his forces, this fresh disaster overtook him.

The Common-room now presented an extraordinary scene.

Most of the boys were becoming frantic; their strugglings became desperate. In fact, something very akin to pandemonium reigned. Only Nipper and his little band remained unaffected; they stood apart, and they were watching complacently, even gaily. Some of them were beginning to laugh.



"Well, it's worked, eh?" grinned Fatty Little, as he rolled over towards Nipper. "Great pancakes! Didn't I tell you I could do it?"

"Marvellous, Fatty!" said Nipper approvingly. "You're a genius!"

Fatty Little took the four pieces of wrapped toffee out of his pocket, and chuckled. He unwrapped one of them, and looked at it proudly.

"Just like the real thing, eh?" he asked. "Even Adams was spoofed! Didn't I tell you I could do it?"

"By George!" gurgled Handforth, who had just recovered the use of his jaws. "I—I'd forgotten that I wasn't supposed to eat any of that stuff!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You silly ass!" growled Church. "Mac and I warned you, didn't we? And as soon as ever Adams shoves that tin on the table, you go and help yourself!"

"What a memory!" said McClure sadly. "Well, it jolly well serves him right!"

"Thank goodness I only took one bit!" said Handforth. "What did you put in it, Fatty—glue?"

"Not much glue," said Fatty Little cheerfully. "Treacle and brown sugar, and some special stuff of my own."

"Say," burst out Adams, who had overheard some of this conversation, and who had just managed to get his jaws apart. "I guess you guys have been pulling a joke on me——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Attaboy!" grinned Nipper. "You said a mouthful, buddy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What price Uncle Al and his Celebrated Connecticut Candy?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And Ulysses Spencer Adams, with a sinking feeling at the pit of his stomach, realised that the Opposition had got home with a jape of the very first quality. He, Adams, the go-getter, had been fooled, and fooled good and proper!

## CHAPTER 2.

### Ripe for Revolt!

STRICTLY speaking, Ulysses Spencer Adams should have been squashed. But he was not squashed. This little episode, so humorous to the Opposition, hardened him. It gave him strength. When he had started his captaincy he had believed that it was going to be "roses, roses all the way"; but he had discovered, to his cost, that many of those roses were decidedly thorny.

With his usual American confidence, he had taken it for granted that these English boys were dead slow, and that they needed pepping up. On the previous Saturday he had put his own football team into the field against Hazlehurst, and that game had been one of the greatest fiascos in St. Frank's football history. If Adams had not approached the Hazlehurst skipper after the game, and had arranged that the match should be "no game," he would have fallen from his perch then and there.

Since then there had been mutterings amongst the Removites and Fourth-Formers; quite a few had definitely deserted Adams' banner. Nipper had been smart in introducing that toffee jape, for the parcel had arrived by the ordinary carrier, and it had borne a printed label bearing the name of the "Adams Connecticut Candy Corporation" on it. Adams had not had a suspicion—until it was too late.

Most of the boys had got their jaws free by now, and the tumult in the Common-room was terrific. Not only angry glances were cast in Adams' direction, but many fellows were making a threatening move towards him.

The American boy held his ground; Armstrong, Griffith, Bray and Denny of the Fourth—Adams' official bodyguard—stood by him loyally. Quite clearly, there was some trouble brewing.

"Listen, fellers——" began Adams.

"Dry up!"

"We've had about enough of you, Adams!"

"Yes, rather!"

"Aw, give a guy a break!" shouted Ulysses. "What's the idea of turning on me? Where do you get that stuff?"

"You tried to swindle us with some toffee that was really glue, didn't you?"

"Suffering cats!" ejaculated Adams wrathfully. "It was those Opposition guys who sprung that racket. The poor fish are getting kind of rattled, so they guessed it was time they started something. Well, get a load of this! I'm starting something, too!"

He spoke so violently, and his manner was so vehement, that he commanded attention.

"Nipper and Handforth and Pitt and these other saps pulled this candy stunt," he went on. "Say, what's the matter with you, anyhow? I guess I handed out that candy in good faith. Are you going to stand around and see these guys have the laugh over us?"

"He's right, you chaps," shouted Armstrong. "Adams didn't know anything



about that toffee—honest Injun! He thought it had been sent by his uncle."

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Opposition.

"Do you hear 'em?" roared Armstrong. "Dash it, we promised to support Adams, didn't we? Let's kick these fatheads out!"

There was a quick change of tone; most of the boys turned their angry faces towards Nipper & Co.

"Come on—chuck us out!" invited Handforth truculently. "Just try—and see what happens!"

"Aw, gee! Let's have no hard feelings, buddies!" shouted Adams earnestly. "Guess I can take a joke in the right spirit. The racket's over, so let's forget it. Life's too short. But I'm just handing it to you that I didn't play any low-down trick. So lay off me, will you?"

"If you were a proper skipper, you'd think of some jape to get your own back," sang out Boots of the Fourth. "We agreed to follow your lead, and all you've done, so far, is to gas! You're only a windbag, Adams. You're all bluff!"

"When a guy gets a bad break he sure has plenty of knockers," said Adams bitterly. "But I'm telling you right now that I'm accepting this challenge. Maybe there's some of you who think I'm a punk captain——"

"Hear, hear!"

"But I'm not through yet!" roared Adams. "And any guy who dares to oppose me will find himself in trouble! Right from this minute onwards I'm gonna hit hard—and I don't mean maybe!"

"A regular little Chicago racketeer, aren't you?" asked Travers mildly.

"I don't see why we should stand it," shouted Handforth. "Don't forget that last week Adams had the nerve to shave off my eyebrows——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's nothing to laugh at, is it?" howled Handforth, as the room burst into a roar. "You—you silly idiots——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess you were treated lightly, baby!" said Adams, a fierce note in his voice. "The next guy who defies me will find himself in a tight jam."

"Dear old fellow, it all sounds very picturesque—but we're not bluffed," said Travers coolly. "Either we've got to do as we're told, or you and your racketeers will drop on us. If that's the idea, let me tell you the Remove won't stand for it!"

"You're asking for plain speaking, and I'm here to hand it out," shouted Adams. "Yes, sir! I'm the Big Boss! Get a load of that, and let it sink in."

He glared round defiantly. Many of the juniors were impressed; they liked Adams in this mood. He was a real leader.

"Well, you're not kidding me," said Hubbard suddenly. "I've had about enough of you, Adams, and I'm clearing out. I'm going over to Nipper's crowd."

"Say, listen to me, sap——"

"Go and eat coke!" interrupted Hubbard rudely.

He walked across the room to the corner where Nipper and Handforth and the other members of the Opposition were standing. The Opposition looked surprised. Everybody else looked surprised. Arthur Hubbard of Study B was not a strong-minded junior usually. There was something behind this attitude of his which the crowd did not understand. Hubbard shared Study B with Claude Gore-Pearce and Teddy Long, and until now all three of them had been staunch and valiant supporters of Ulysses Spencer Adams. Gore-Pearce and Teddy Long were still two of Adams' followers.

"For the love of Mike!" said the American boy grimly. "What's the big idea, boy friend? How do you get this way? What's eating you up?"

"I'm sick of your gabbling, that's all," said Hubbard, glaring.

"Say, you'd best remember that warning of mine——"

"Who cares about your silly warning?" jeered Hubbard. "I'm with the Opposition now—and if you try any of your rotten tricks, you'll get it in the neck!"

"By George! The chap's got some spirit!" said Handforth admiringly. "Go it, Hubbard!"

Gore-Pearce came pushing through the crowd, and he grabbed Hubbard's arm.

"What's the matter with you, you fool?" he demanded roughly. "What do you mean by joining these——"

He paused, realising that he was in very close proximity to Handforth's famous right.

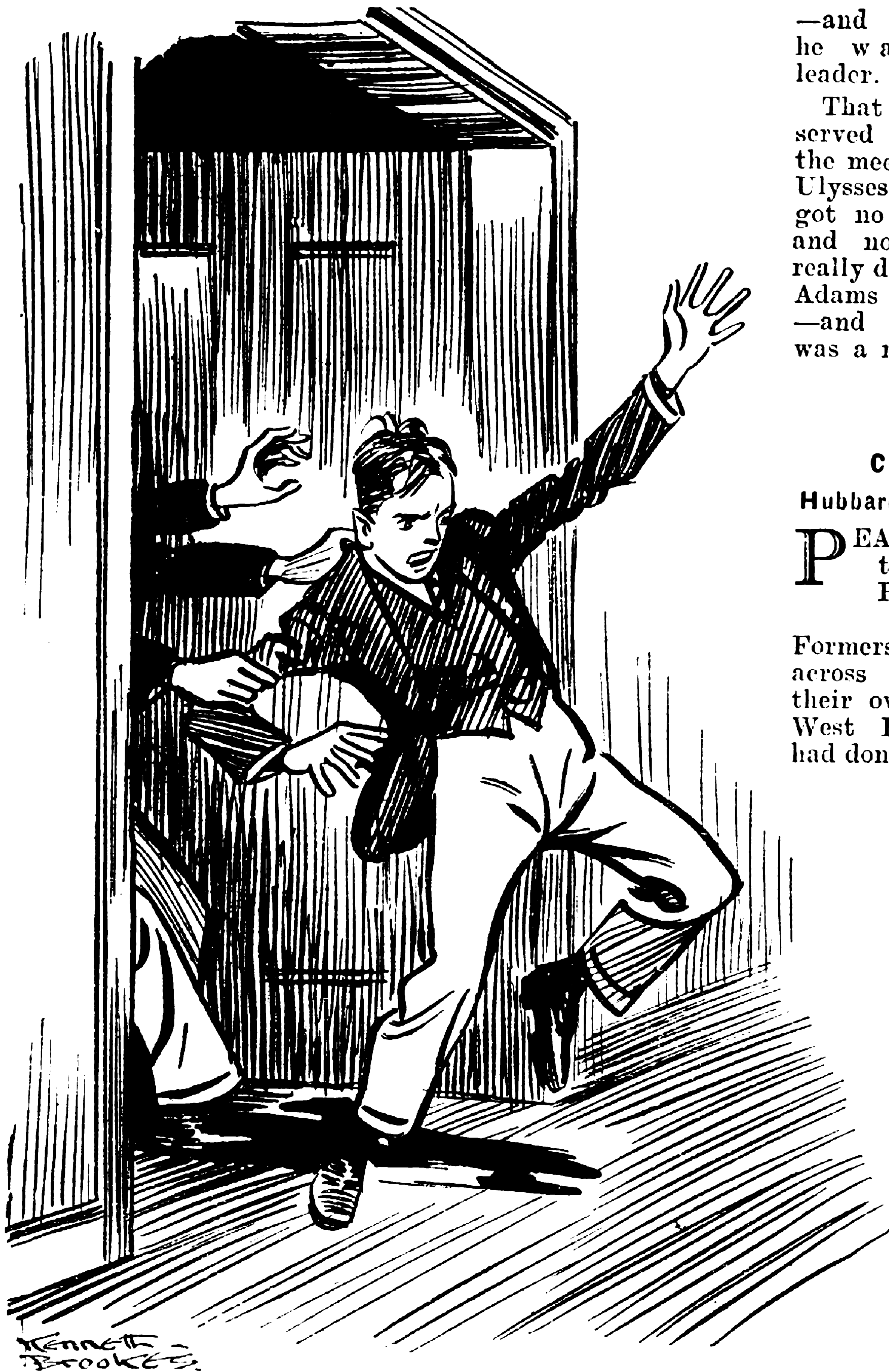
"Well, go on," said Edward Oswald. "These what?"

"Never mind," growled Gore-Pearce. "I was talking to Hubbard, anyway. You know what'll happen to you, Hubbard, if you jib against Adams?"

"Well, I'm going to jib!" roared Hubbard, with sudden violence. "Look how I helped to save that rotten game last Saturday! I worked like a nigger on the field, and I played a jolly good game, too."

"That's quite true," said Travers, nodding. "You surprised everybody, Hubbard. But what's that game got to do with this affair?"





—and in his bitterness he was deserting his leader.

That shout of laughter served as a signal for the meeting to be ended. Ulysses Spencer Adams got no further hearing, and nothing had been really decided. However, Adams was still captain—and Arthur Hubbard was a marked man.

### CHAPTER 3.

#### Hubbard Loses His Hair!

**P**EACE reigned in the Ancient House.

The Fourth-Formers had gone back across the Triangle to their own quarters; the West House Removites had done the same. They were all more or less impressed. Ulysses Spencer Adams had been strong, and it might be a good idea to let him carry on for a while.

Yet, although this was the general decision, there were undercurrents at work. Fellows in all the Houses were saying that it had been a mistake to drop Nipper; Nipper was a sound skipper.

Yet the boys themselves hesitated to discard

Adams and put Nipper back in his old place. For if the boys did that they would admit themselves to be in the wrong. They had elected Adams, and it was only fair to give Adams a run.

If there was anything in his talk—and the fellows were beginning to discredit a lot of it—Hubbard would soon find himself in trouble. For Hubbard had defin-

A door opened; hands snaked out and, clutching the startled Hubbard, dragged him backwards into a room of darkness.

"Everything!" yelled Hubbard. "I did my best to save that game—and now, to-day, Adams tells me that I'm chucked out of the XI! Do you think I'm going to support a rotter like that?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The little mystery was solved. Hubbard was peeved because he had been dropped from the team. He was bitter



itely and defiantly gone over to the Opposition. In a way, it was a sort of test case—and Adams' supporters would judge by what happened.

Some of the boys had gone to their studies to do their prep.; others had remained in the Common-room. The evening settled down quietly.

Hubbard, alone in Study B, got up from his books and went out. He put his head into Study D. Handforth & Co. were hard at work. At least, Church and McClure were hard at work. Handforth was filling his fountain-pen, and the amount of ink on his hands and on the table-cloth was surprising.

"I say, you chaps——"

"Hallo! Our new recruit," said Handforth without enthusiasm. "Don't stand there, ass! There's a draught."

"I only looked in to ask if one of you chaps could lend me a map of Sumatra," said Hubbard.

"A map of which?"

"Sumatra; I'm doing my geography, and——"

"Why come here?" asked Handforth. "Why not go to the school library? You'll find plenty of maps there. What do you want to know about Sumatra, anyhow? It's a little European State next to Roumania."

"Don't take any notice of him, Hubbard," said Church, looking up and speaking in a tired voice. "Any kid in the Third knows that Sumatra is an island in the Dutch East Indies."

"Eh?" ejaculated Handforth. "By George, so it is! I must have been mixing it up with Madagascar."

"You silly ass!" roared Church. "Madagascar is off the coast of Africa! Here, I say, what the——" He paused for breath. "Look at my exercise book!" he roared. "What do you think you're doing with that ink?"

"Ink?" said Handforth, with a start. "Hallo! Something seems to be leaking——"

Hubbard went out, leaving the chums of Study D to it. He went down the passage, and as he was passing along a gloomy stretch at the end—where there were several empty studies—a door suddenly opened and hands snaked out. They clutched at him. And when he saw a number of vague and masked figures.

"Here, what the——" began Hubbard.

Swift as lightning he was dragged through the doorway. Inside all was dark. The door closed with a click.

The beam of light from an electric torch slashed through the darkness. Hubbard found himself forced upon a chair; quickly he was secured to it with ropes

round his arms and legs. The beam of light was concentrated upon his head. A few seconds of palpitating suspense, and then, with sinister malevolence, a pair of hair-cutting clippers got to work.

Zip-zip-zip-zip!

It was soon over. The clippers, starting upwards at the back of Hubbard's head, mowed a deep furrow right through his hair—as far as the forehead.

"That'll do!" said a crisp, steady voice.

Snap!

The light went out, and Hubbard uttered a wild, frantic yell.

"Help! Help!" he screamed. "Remove! I say, Gore-Pearce! Handy! Help!"

One or two doors opened along the passage.

"What's all that noise?" asked Jerry Dodd. "Somebody being killed?"

"Seems to be coming from one of those empty studies," said Nipper sharply. "Great Scott! What a din!"

"That's Hubbard's voice!" declared Handforth, as he ran up the passage. "He was in my study three minutes ago, and—— By George! What's happening to the chap? I never heard such screeching."

"It's coming from here," said Nipper, throwing open a door.

It was pitch-black inside, and, reaching round, Nipper switched on the electric light. By now other juniors had collected, and there was quite a commotion. They came crowding into that cold, empty room.

In the centre, tied to a chair, was Hubbard—a most grotesque-looking Hubbard. On the floor lay the shiny pair of hair-clippers.

"What's the matter with you, Hubbard?" demanded Nipper, striding forward and releasing the unfortunate victim.

"Can't you see?" shrieked Hubbard. "Look at my head!"

"You weren't making all that din because of your head, were you?" asked Handforth indignantly. "We thought you were being scalped, or something!"

"It—it felt as though I was being scalped," moaned Hubbard. "Oh, crumbs! What have they done to me? Am I bleeding?"

"You're more scared than hurt," said Nipper as Hubbard, free now, rose to his feet. "In fact, you're not hurt at all. But I must say that your personal appearance is somewhat marred. Who did it?"

"I—I don't know."

"Rats!" said Handforth. "You must know who did it."

"I tell you, I don't," babbled Hubbard. "I—I was walking along the passage when



suddenly a door opened and I was yanked into this room by masked figures. It was as black as pitch. I—I didn't recognise anybody owing to the masks."

"And then what happened?" asked Nipper.

"One of the rotters flashed on an electric torch, and—and then these clippers got to work," faltered Hubbard. "It was over before I could take a breath! Then the light went out, and I started yelling, and—and——"

"And we came," said Travers. "But what about the attackers? If they had come out into the passage we should have seen them."

Nipper glanced at the window, and saw that it was unlatched.

"There's no mystery about that," he said. "The beggars got out of the window. It's misty outside, too—they could easily have slipped round without anybody seeing. This is a dirty trick."

"Not so dirty as shaving off my eyebrows," said Handforth significantly.

"In a way, it's worse," said Nipper. "The poor chap can't remain like this—we shall have to cut off the rest of his hair to match."

"Well, he needed a hair-cut, anyway," said Travers philosophically.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You—you unfeeling rotters," said Hubbard, almost tearfully. "I left Adams' crowd to join you, and—and all you can do is to laugh at me! Don't you understand? Adams has done this! He threatened me, didn't he? The beast! The rotter! I'm going to tell Old Wilkey——"

"You'll do nothing of the sort, Hubbard," interrupted Nipper. "We'll have no sneaking."

"But—but I'm an absolute sight!" blubbered Hubbard.

"You can't help that, old fellow—Nature is unkind to some of us," said Travers gently. "When all the rest of your hair is cut off, you won't look too bad."

He glanced round at the others—and most of them were members of the Opposition.

"Don't you think we ought to go and make a few inquiries?" he asked pointedly.

"I think we ought," agreed Nipper. "This sort of thing is—well, it's too thick. We'll forgive a black eye, and we'll even look pleasant if Adams' crowd takes one of us and paints him green and red; but cutting a fellow's hair off like this is going a bit beyond the limit."

And the others, heartily agreeing, set off on the warpath.

## CHAPTER 4.

### No Proof!

IT was obvious as daylight that Ulysses Spencer Adams was responsible for this "racket."

He had threatened it—he had as good as told Hubbard that he would get it in the neck. Hubbard had not got it exactly in the neck, but it was not far off. This sort of thing was certainly alarming. What had happened to Hubbard might happen to anybody!

Study J, which was Adams' headquarters, proved to be empty. Gresham and Duncan, who had formerly been the American boy's studymates, but who were now members of the Opposition, had gone to another study farther along the passage.

Nipper and his supporters marched straight to the Common-room, and they marched purposefully.

"Yeah, it sure is funny," Adams was saying, as they entered. "I ought to have heard from him days ago."

"You wrote to your pater last week, didn't you?" asked Griffith.

"Sure!" said Adams. "He's over on this side fixing up big contracts," he added carelessly. "I sure thought he'd be tickled pink when he learned that I was skipper, and—— Well, say! Look who's here!"

"We want you, Adams," said Nipper grimly.

"Go ahead!" replied Adams promptly. "I'm right here, babies!"

"What do you mean by cutting a furrow through Hubbard's hair?" demanded Handforth wrathfully.

"Say, you've got a crust, breaking in here and accusing me!" retorted Adams, firing up. "What's the big idea? How should I know what's been happening to that saphead?"

"Don't you know what's happened to him?" asked Nipper quietly.

"Say, big boy, I've been right here ever since Hubbard went out of the room," replied Adams, skilfully evading a direct answer. "Yes, sir! Right here; and these guys have been with me. Well? Got any come-back to that?"

"How about answering my question?" suggested Nipper. "I didn't ask you if you had been out of the Common-room, Adams; I asked you if you knew what had happened to Hubbard?"

"Aw, shucks! You make me tired!" retorted the American boy. "Maybe I knew something about it. Maybe I



didn't. Go ahead! I guess it's up to you to plant this thing on me. Prove it!"

Jarrow, who had been sitting near the fire, got up and came nearer.

"I don't approve of Adams," he said mildly, "but I happen to have been here for the past hour. Neither Adams nor any of his friends have been out of the Common-room. I thought it only fair to tell you——"

"There you are," said Armstrong, with a sniff. "Thanks, Jarrow! Satisfied?" he went on, glaring at Nipper. "It's all very well for you to come barging in here, accusing Adams of this and that, but——"

"But I'm not deceived," interrupted Nipper coolly.

"Eh?"

"I don't suppose we can prove anything, but this job was done by some of Adams' crowd," went on Nipper. "Well, it won't do you any good, Adams. You're going the right way to work to get yourself into hot water."

"Oh, yeah!" drawled the American boy.

"Yeah! I mean yes!" roared Nipper.

"Sez you!"

"I'm not going to start a wrangling match with you, Adams," said Nipper, controlling himself. "I'm only telling you that you won't do yourself any good by going to such extremes. We'll stand almost anything in the Remove—but there's a limit."

Adams yawned.

"I'll be seeing you," he said, strolling away.

The door opened, and Hubbard came in, accompanied by Gore-Pearce and Teddy Long, his own studymates. Hubbard was looking scared and tearful, and Gore-Pearce was decidedly wrathful. Teddy Long was only grinning. The rest of Hubbard's hair had been clipped short. He was practically bald, and he presented a comical sight.

"I shall catch a cold—that's what I shall do!" he was saying. "And what's going to happen when Old Wilkey spots me? Or one of the prefects? What can I say?"

"Whatever you say, Hubbard, you won't sneak," said Nipper. "In any case, you can't accuse Adams because there's no proof against Adams."

"Thanks a lot!" said Ulysses blandly.

"But it was Adams!" shouted Hubbard excitedly. "Who else could it have been? You rotter, Adams! If I catch cold over this and die, my blood will be on your head!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Adams & Co. yelled with laughter at Hubbard's melodramatic statement.

"That's right! Cackle!" blubbered Hubbard. "What do you care? You ought to be jolly well ashamed of yourselves for playing a dirty trick like this on a chap!"

"Yes, by gad!" said Claude Gore-Pearce, striding forward. "I'm with you in most things, Adams, but I don't see why——"

"Put a sock in it," advised Adams, with a shrug. "What are you yapping about, anyway?"

"I'm not yapping!" roared Gore-Pearce.

"This guy has had a bit of trouble, but why blame me?" said Adams. "I guess you can think what you like, but I'm telling you right now that you'll have some dog-gone trouble to prove anything!"

And Adams and his bodyguard strolled out of the Common-room. Hubbard glared after them.

"They think it's funny!" he muttered, passing a hand over his shorn head. "The cads! If Old Wilkey asks me——"

"Old Wilkey's got more sense," interrupted Nipper. "You'll come to no harm, Hubbard—don't make so much fuss."

"Fuss?" gasped Hubbard indignantly. "How would you like to have your head practically shaven?"

"I wouldn't like it a bit—but I wouldn't make such a song," growled Nipper. "If any of the prefects or masters ask what's happened to you, you only need say that in larking about part of your hair was cut off, and so you had to cut off the rest to match. But I don't suppose anybody will ask you anything at all. Prefects and masters have something better to do."

"And that's all the sympathy I get," said Hubbard bitterly.

"Rats! We shall remember this, Hubbard," said Nipper. "And, what's more, we'll avenge you. But, for goodness sake, pipe down! Oh, crumbs! I'm using some of Adams' Americanisms now!"

It was not long before the story of Hubbard's misfortune was common property throughout the Junior School. Adams' supporters chortled with glee; but the members of the Opposition were startled.

What had happened to Hubbard might happen to anybody. If any fellow dared to get up and oppose Adams he would be secretly attacked—and the attackers would leave no evidence. Adams had introduced a system of schoolboy racketeering at St. Frank's!



"Free tuck for all!" Adams had said, and Fatty Little was in a seventh heaven of delight. Surrounded by immense piles of grub, he settled down to enjoy himself.



## CHAPTER 5.

### Hot Stuff, Hubbard!

**A**BOUT half an hour later, when the Junior passage was quiet, Hubbard opened the door of Study B and peered out cautiously.

Not a soul was in sight. Hubbard assumed an air of carelessness, and he strolled quietly along the passage. He heard sounds of strife within Study D, but he took no notice. It was seldom, indeed, that any other sounds came from that apartment. Passing on, Hubbard drew opposite to Study J. Only for a second did he hesitate, and then he opened the door and dodged in.

"All serene!" he said. "Nobody spotted me."

"For the love of Mike!" ejaculated Adams, who was sitting at his desk. "Dog-gone it, you bonehead, what's the idea of busting in here?"

Hubbard grinned.

"You know!" he said coolly.

"Now, see here, Unconscious, I told you I'd settle up by bed-time," said Adams. "Gee, can't you trust a guy?"

"I want my two quid," said Hubbard. "Don't worry—nobody saw me come in. And what does it matter, anyhow? They can't prove anything."

"Mebbe not—but they can think a whole lot," retorted Adams. "We don't want these guys to guess the truth, do we?"

"Well, it doesn't matter," said Hubbard stubbornly. "I want to see the colour of that money! Don't you think it was worth two quid to have my hair lopped off like that?"

"Aw, gee! You sure make me tired," said Adams, pulling some notes out of his pocket. "Ten bucks, huh?"

"Ten what?"

"Bucks—greenbacks," said Adams. "Aw, gee! Two pounds! Here, freeze on to it!"

Hubbard did so. His eyes were glittering as he tucked the money into his pocket. Two pounds—and all he had suffered was the cutting short of his hair! This was easy money!

"Well, I guess it was worth it," said Adams, sitting back in his chair. "Those poor fish will keep on thinking that it



was a real case. Ain't I the smart guy?"

"Smart isn't the word," said Hubbard admiringly. "By jingo, Adams, you're as slick as they make 'em."

"You spoke a column!" nodded Adams complacently. "Yes, sir! Those mutts will stick around me after this—for fear of what might happen to them if they don't. But see here, buddy," he added, leaning forward over the table. "Get a load of this! Mum's the word!"

"Oh, rather!" said Hubbard. "You don't think I'd blab, do you?"

If the other Removites could have overheard this little conversation, they might have thought some very hard things about Ulysses Spencer Adams. The Opposition thought hard things already. It was regarded as a little beyond the limit that Adams should have a fellow grabbed and treated as Hubbard had been treated. But even Adams' own supporters would draw the line at this "smart" piece of work.

For the clipping of Hubbard's hair had been a carefully faked affair from first to last! He had known exactly what was going to happen to him, and he had received full instructions as to when he should yell for help. Adams had thought it well worth two pounds to make absolutely certain of that "test case." A real victim might have caused a lot of trouble. Hubbard, being paid, had been an exceedingly easy victim. The stunt had been carried out by Gore-Pearce and two others—also bribed to "keep mum."

There was nothing dishonest about the affair—nothing unscrupulous. Adams himself regarded it as the essence of cuteness.

But, like so many stunts of that kind, there was a flaw in it. Even Adams had not seen that flaw—until it was too late.

"I suppose you mean that?" asked Hubbard suddenly.

"Mean what?"

"Well, is it really important that I should keep mum? It wouldn't matter much if the other fellows got to know——"

"Wouldn't matter?" interrupted Adams sharply. "Say, you big stiff, what's the idea? If the fellers get to know that this dog-gone affair was a frame-up they'll give me the air!"

"Are you sure of that?" asked Hubbard cunningly.

"Say, ain't you the ivory head?" retorted Adams sourly. "Sure they'll give me the air. They wouldn't stand for that racket."

"In that case," said Hubbard carefully, "I reckon the job is worth five quid."

Adams jumped in his seat.

"Say, what the——"

"Isn't it worth five quid to have your hair cut off?" asked Hubbard, with the utmost coolness. "Don't be mean, Adams! Either you whack out three more quid, or I'll tell the whole Remove."

Adams turned pale. Not until this second had he realised that he had placed himself right into Hubbard's hands. His clever trick was recoiling on himself.

"Can you beat that?" gasped Adams, leaping to his feet, his face suffused with anger. "Gee, what are you trying to pull? This is blackmail!"

"Who cares?" said Hubbard.

"What!"

"You can call it blackmail, if you like," said Hubbard obligingly. "It isn't blackmail, really—I'm only beating you at your own game. You've been tricky, and now I'm being tricky. So whack out three quid and keep smiling."

Adams took a deep, deep breath. He had never given the dull-witted Hubbard credit for so much smartness. But when it came to a question of money, Arthur Hubbard was pretty cute.

Bluff seemed to be Adams' only chance. Bluff had seen him through many a tight squeeze. He suddenly banged his lean fist on the table.

"Nothing doing!" he said curtly.

Hubbard looked startled for a second, even dismayed, but then his old confidence returned.

"Cheese it!" he said, grinning. "I'm beginning to get your number, Adams! You can't fool me with that bluff! You're as transparent as air!"

"Get out of here!" snapped Adams. "I'm through with you! I won't pay you a cent!"

"Is zat so?" drawled Hubbard, with exasperating mimicry. "Say, kid, you'll pay—and you'll like it!"

"You double-crossing crook——"

"We needn't get personal," interrupted Hubbard. "I haven't double-crossed you any more than you double-crossed the chaps. It's like your nerve! The pot calling the kettle black, eh? Hang it, Adams, why can't you admit that you're whacked? I've got you on a piece of string—and you know it!"

Hubbard was not usually cunning; certainly, he was not unscrupulous. But he was always willing to augment his pocket-money, and he saw here an easy opportunity of doing so. The fact that his method was questionable did not occur to him.

"Quit!" muttered Adams, pointing to the door. "Vamoose! Scram! I'm through!"

Hubbard shrugged his shoulders



"All right," he said carelessly. "Just as you like. I'll go along to the Common-room and entertain the fellows."

He strolled towards the door, but Adams stopped him with a sudden exclamation.

"You double-crosser!" he said fiercely. "You've already accepted ten bucks of mine——"

"Oh, yes!" interrupted Hubbard, pulling out the money. "Look here, we'll strike a bargain." Hubbard had many faults, but dishonesty was not one of them. "If I give you this money back I'm under no obligation to you," he said deliberately. "That's understood, isn't it? I've accepted nothing, so I'm free to talk. Do you agree to that?"

"Why, sure, but——"

"Well, there's your two pounds," said Hubbard, with a sniff. "You can put three more to it if you like, and give me the five. Do that, and I'll keep mum. Either that, or I'll go out of this room and tell the chaps just what sort of a racketeer you are."

Ulysses was beaten—and he knew it.

"You win!" he said, half admiringly.

"Gee, you're a smart kid, ain't you?"

He tossed three more pound notes on to the table, and Arthur Hubbard, collecting the five, grinned. Still grinning, he stuffed the money into his pocket. Then, nodding coolly, he strolled out of the study.

## CHAPTER 6.

### A Windfall for Adams!

ULYSSES SPENCER ADAMS spent a restless night.

The way in which Hubbard had beaten him at his own game worried him intensely. For it so happened that Hubbard had taken the American boy's last pound. The exchequer had dried up.

But not for worlds would Adams have whispered to anybody that he was broke. The son of an American multi-millionaire, he had always splashed his cash about lavishly. He had been splashing it about more than ever of late. So much so, in fact, that he was reduced to bankruptcy.

He was awake early the next morning, and he lay in bed thinking. His body-guard would desert him to-day. He had promised them money—and he would not be able to pay. He writhed. The body-guard would talk—the other fellows would talk. His prestige would go down to nothing. It would be the beginning of the end.

There was something wrong somewhere. His snappy American ideas were not working. True, he had scared the juniors

—they were afraid to oppose him, for fear of what might happen to them—but this was poor consolation when he remembered that he had been obliged to pay Hubbard five pounds.

He could not frame up any more tricks of that sort; neither could he indulge in any genuine racket, for his "muscle boys"—as he called his bodyguard—would leave him flat.

It was a very harassed Junior captain who rose and dressed before the sounding of the rising-bell. Adams was down before anybody else. He mooched about disconsolately.

Days ago he had written to his father asking for funds. He had expected at least twenty-five pounds, but nothing had come. With characteristic American recklessness, Mr. Adams was in the habit of supplying his son with a preposterous amount of pocket-money.

Ulysses' normal allowance was so liberal that he hardly ever found it necessary to ask for extras; but when he did ask there was never any trouble.

He was disappointed, because he had expected his father to express some pleasure at his rise in the school firmament. Being Junior captain was a tremendous honour in Adams' eyes; he was the Big Noise. He had made the very most of it in his letter to his father. And there had not been a word—although his father was in London! It was mortifying that Mr. Adams should be so indifferent.

"Gee whiz! It's sure tough," he muttered disconsolately. "Guess I'm just about sunk!"

He strolled into the lobby. He was, in his own expressive term, "all burned up." This was the day of days. The tide had been turning against him all the week, and Nipper had been growing stronger and stronger. It galled him to realise that he—a peppy American—was failing after so short a term of office.

"Morning, Master Adams," said a cheery voice.

He looked up, and beheld the grinning face of Tubbs, the Ancient House page-boy. Tubbs wore a green apron, and he had a broom in his hand. In the early mornings, Tubbs was not so resplendent as he was later in the day.

"Looks like being a nice morning, sir," said Tubbs, leaning on his broom.

"Don't make me laugh!" retorted Adams sourly. "I guess you guys don't know what a nice morning is in this punk climate! Over in the States we get real, honest-to-goodness weather."

"So I've heard, sir," said Tubbs brightly. "Tornados, and such like."



Adams gave him a quick, suspicious look.

"Say, are you giving me a wisecrack?" he asked gruffly.

"Couldn't be done, Master Adams, sir," grinned Tubbs. "I dunno what a wisecrack is, anyway. You do talk funny, sir! Ain't feeling quite yourself this morning, are you?"

"Aw, go chase yourself," growled Adams.

"You are a one!" grinned the page-boy. "Post's just in, sir—in case you'd like to know. There's a registered letter for you, too. P'raps there's somethin' in it that'll buck you up a bit," he added knowingly. "I never 'ad a registered letter myself, but some of the young gents——"

"The mail!" ejaculated Adams, with a start. "Gee, I guess that's a letter from my father! Attaboy! Lead me to it, Tubbs!"

The registered letter was a big one—an imposing-looking envelope, carefully sealed. Adams broke it open eagerly, but he only took one look inside and then checked himself. He suddenly remembered that Tubbs was an interested spectator.

"Aw, gee!" he muttered, as though to himself. "I might have known it was nothing important."

He stuffed the letter carelessly into his pocket, and at the same time he produced half-a-crown, which he gave to Tubbs. It was practically the last coin of loose change that he possessed.

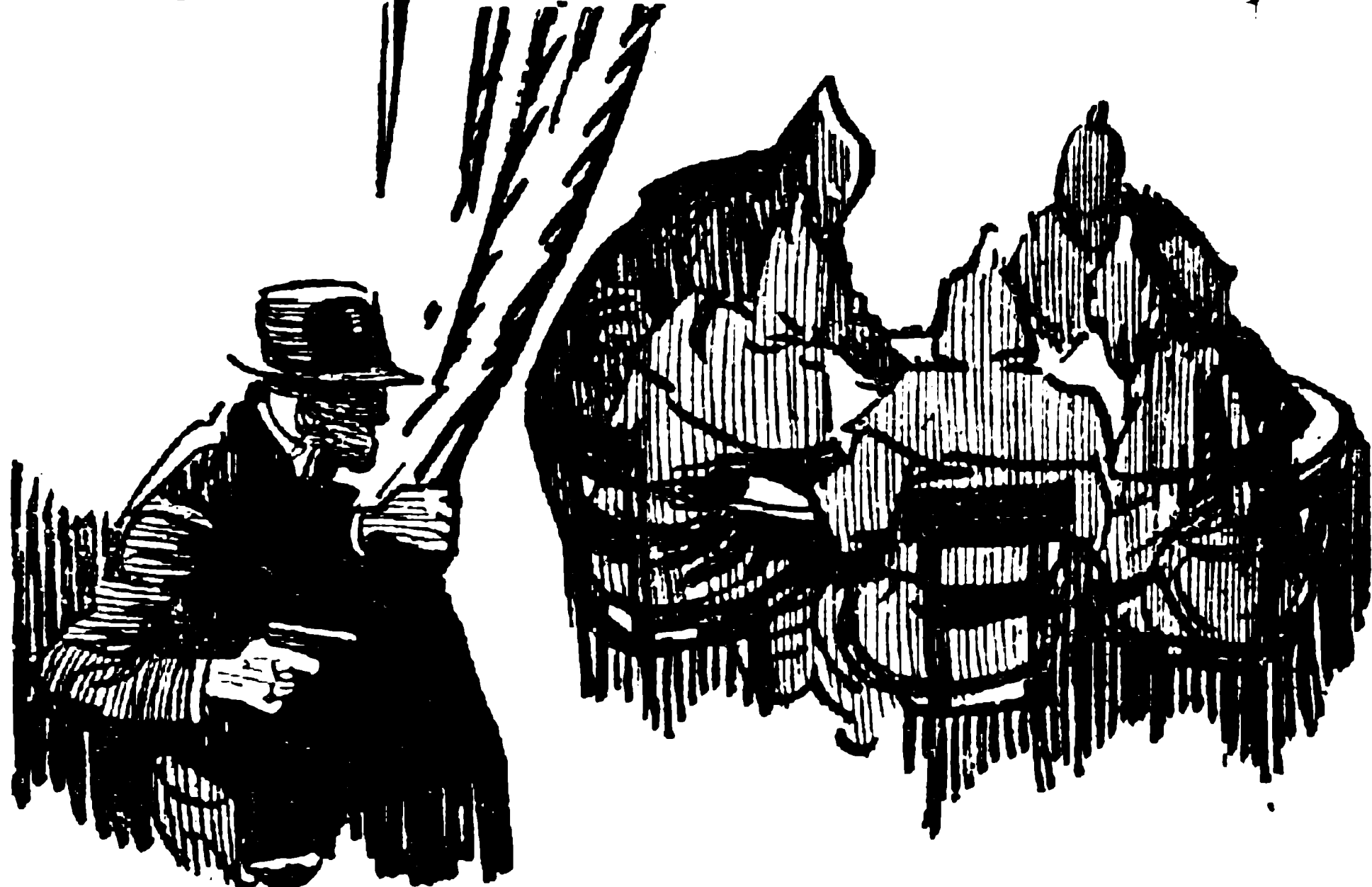
"Crikey!" gasped the page-boy. "Thanks, Master Adams, sir!"

"You're welcome," nodded Adams.

"You ain't half a one," went on Tubbs. "If there's any little thing I can do, sir——"

But Adams had gone. Adams was quivering with excitement. He had only

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taken one glance into that envelope, but he had seen notes—crisp, glorious banknotes!

He reached his study, closed the door, and in a moment the envelope was emptied. There was a letter from his father—as he had expected—but he gave it scant attention for the moment. He held in his quivering fingers a great sheaf of banknotes. He commenced counting. Twenty—fifty—seventy—five—a hundred—one-fifty—two hundred—

“Geewinikers!” ejaculated A d a m s faintly.

He went on counting, and by the time he had done he was like a fellow in a daze. For he held in his hands the sum of five hundred pounds!

## CHAPTER 7.

### Fame!

#### FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS!

Ulysses Spencer Adams sank limply into the chair. Accustomed as he was to handling large sums of pocket-money, this vast amount took his breath away. Two thousand five hundred dollars! He was compelled to pinch himself in order to make sure that he was thoroughly awake.

But there was no doubt about it. He was in his study, and that money was real. And the first coherent thought which came to him was that his position as Junior captain was certain—assured—unassailable! With money he could do anything!

With this thought his head cleared. Once again he became the cool, self-possessed Ulysses.

“Gee whizz!” he muttered. “Some baby, my pop! Attaboy!”

He had expected twenty pounds, perhaps thirty; but five hundred—with a start, it suddenly occurred to him that there might be some snags attached to this windfall. He quickly grasped the letter.

“Your old dad is sure pleased to have this news,” he read. “I’m tickled to death to hear that you have done so well at your school. I always knew you had sand, son. Junior captain is some responsibility, isn’t it? Well, now you’ve got there, kid, hold it down. I would have written before, only I didn’t get back from Paris until to-day, and your letter sure knocked me for a row of beans. Attoboy, Ulysses! I’m making a big thing of your news at my end, so it’s up to you to step lively at your end. I’m figuring that you’ll be needing a whole heap of money, so I’m grub-staking you

for five hundred pounds. Money talks, son. Here it is—and make it yell.”

There was more of it—in the same vein Ulysses took a deep, deep breath. Yes, he would “step lively” at St. Frank’s, but, by the shadow of Abraham Lincoln, this money had only come in the nick of time!

His father was right. Money was capable of talking. With five hundred pounds in his possession he could hold down the captaincy.

There was something essentially American about Mr. Otis Spencer Adams’ action. The cheese millionaire had infinite faith in the almighty dollar. Throughout his business life money had been his god; he had talked money, breathed money, lived money. It therefore seemed to him only logical that the one certain way of helping his son to keep the captaincy was to supply him with generous funds.

It was a real, honest-to-goodness American touch.

Money—money! If Ulysses could not keep his end up now—well, he was not worth a brass cent! It was up to the kid! That was the way Mr. Adams looked at it.

“I knew you’d make good in that big English school,” one passage of the letter ran. “I’m getting a big kick out of this, son. Captain of the whole Junior School, eh? That’s going some!”

It was perfectly clear that Ulysses, in his letter, had exaggerated the importance of his position. Not that he had done so with the deliberate intention of deceiving. He had deceived himself as much as he had deceived his father. He really did believe that the captaincy was an exalted post. Hence his bodyguard and his cool assumption of kingly power.

His eyes glowed as he told himself that he could now wield that power with full effect. Like his father, he believed that money was an “Open Sesame” to anything that his heart desired. There was a price for everything—and everybody. With this cash in his pockets, he could rule the Junior world of St. Frank’s!

When Adams walked out of Study J, he did so with a sprightly step. He sallied out into the Triangle, and found that the morning was, after all, sunny and bright. He reconsidered his views with regard to the English climate. Even New York itself could not show a better morning than this.

“Hallo, buddies! How’s tricks?” sang out Adams cheerfully, as he caught sight of his celebrated bodyguard.



Armstrong and Griffith had just come out of the East House, and they had joined forces with Bray and Denny of the Modern House. All four Fourth-Formers looked at Adams awkwardly.

"We've been having a jaw," said Armstrong bluntly. "And after what happened last night, Adams——"

"Aw, gee! Forget it!"

"That's just what we can't do," replied Armstrong. "We've got a feeling that you'll be up against it to-day—and we're not backing a loser."

More than ever Adams realised the providential nature of that morning's windfall. Without money he would have been helpless in this situation: his bodyguard would have left him flat. But as things were, he did not mind.

"I've been looking for you guys," he said crisply. "I guess there's gonna be big doings to-day."

"Yes, but look here——"

"And we'll sure start in right," continued Adams, taking a hand out of his pocket. "You boys have stuck around good. I'm mighty pleased with you. Get your hooks into these before I change my mind."

Armstrong gulped. He found a five-pound note in his hand. The other Fourth-Formers were equally staggered. Adams had promised to pay them a pound a week each, and they had had unpleasant suspicions that he was getting short of money. Yet here he was splashing about fivers!

"I say!" gasped Bray. "I—I mean—— But look here——"

"Given you a jolt, huh?" grinned Adams, thoroughly enjoying himself.

It was worth the money to see the faces of his bodyguard. And what was twenty pounds—out of five hundred? He would secure the solid, unswerving allegiance of these Fourth-Formers.

"You're fooling us, aren't you?" breathed Armstrong huskily. "Dash it, Adams, these notes aren't real."

"Shucks! You bet they're real."

"But—but——"

"Say, what do you take me for?" asked Adams. "Gee whizz! Do you think I'd hand you guys phoney dough? Snap out of it, buddies! I'm feeling good this morning, and that's all there is to it."

"Great Scott! Five quid each!" gasped Denny. "I say, Adams, old man, this is jolly decent of you! Thanks awfully!"

"Yes, rather!" chorused the others. "Thanks awfully, Adams!"

"Forget it," grinned Adams. "I'm that kind of guy!"

He was more than delighted with the effect he had produced. His money was talking already! And when he got really going with the rest of the Remove——

"Master Adams, sir!"

It was Tubbs' voice, and Tubbs was running up excitedly. He held a newspaper in his hand—a big London popular daily.

"What's eating you, kid?" asked Adams.

"Look, sir!" exclaimed Tubbs. "Lumme! I'm blowed if they ain't got your picture in the London paper!"

Adams grabbed the paper; he took one look, and he understood a passage in his father's letter which had rather puzzled him. Mr. Adams said that he was doing big things at his end. This was one of the big things!

Ulysses looked round, and his eyes were sparkling.

"Say, boys, get a load of this!" he yelled. "Suffering cats! I guess this will knock them cold!"

The bodyguard, not yet recovered from the first shock, received another. For there, on the front page of that newspaper, was a photograph of Ulysses Spencer Adams himself, and at the top of the column was the headline: "Son of American Millionaire Junior Captain of Famous English Public School!" There were sub-lines: "New York Cheese King's Delight"; "Smart American Boy Shows St. Frank's College How Things Should Be Done."

Considering that Mr. Otis Spencer had only received the news of his son's "promotion" the previous day, he had put in some fast work!

## CHAPTER 8.

### Free Tuck for All!

IT was a sensational morning for St. Frank's.

Seldom, indeed, did the famous old school find itself mentioned in the big London dailies, and never before had it found itself mentioned in such an extraordinary way.

At least two of the great dailies contained Adams' photograph, accompanied by highly imaginative journalistic efforts concerning the American boy's captaincy. Any ordinary newspaper reader, glancing through those effusions, might have supposed that Ulysses was more important than the Chairman of the Board of Governors. The paragraphs, of course, had been inspired by Mr. Adams. Morey had been talking in London, too!



The school was inclined to laugh at first. The juniors, in fact, did laugh—heartily. The seniors frowned upon the whole business.

"Do you know anything about this, you young sweep?" asked Biggleswade of the Sixth, as he stuck a newspaper under Adams' face.

"I guess——"

"I don't want you to guess!" roared the prefect, who was usually good-natured. "Was it you who had this paragraph put in?"

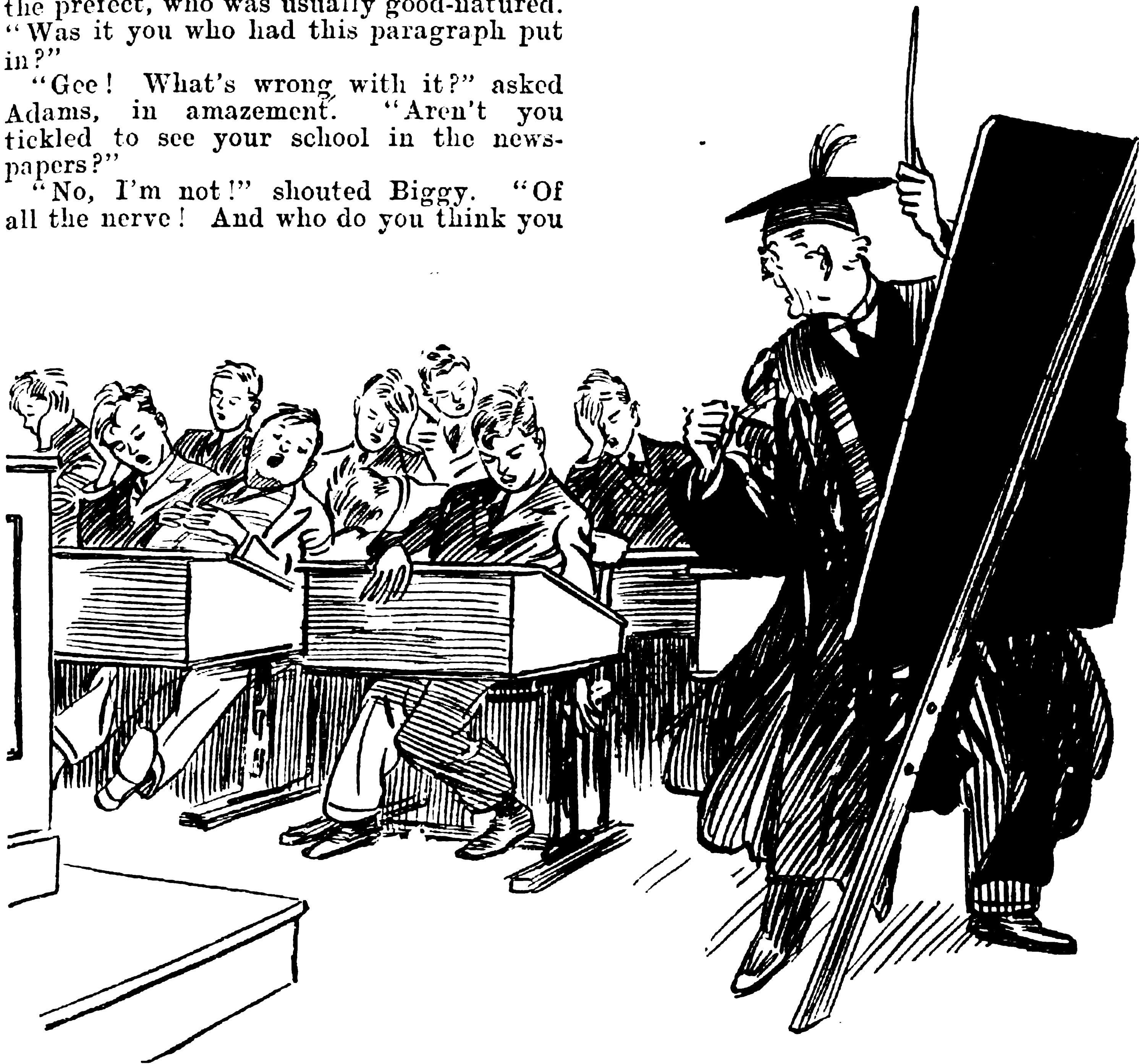
"Gee! What's wrong with it?" asked Adams, in amazement. "Aren't you tickled to see your school in the newspapers?"

"No, I'm not!" shouted Biggy. "Of all the nerve! And who do you think you

laughing, but, in my opinion, the whole thing is in bad taste."

"Kind of jealous, huh?" asked Adams.

"Jealous be blowed!" retorted Handforth. "But do you think we're going to stand this sort of bunkum? Look at this headline: 'Smart American Boy Shows St. Frank's College How Things Should Be Done!'. That means you! My



A peculiar grunting noise disturbed the silence of the Form-room. Mr. Crowell turned, and saw Fatty Little lolling back in his seat, fast asleep, while the rest of the Form were groaning and rolling about in agony.

are, anyway? I've never read such drivel in all my life!"

"Aw, shucks! I didn't put it in," said Adams, startled. "I guess my father

"Oh, so that's it," said Biggleswade. "Well, your father ought to know better! It may be the American idea of doing things—but it's not ours!"

"Good for you, Biggy!" said Handforth approvingly. "Some of the chaps are

only sainted aunt! You! Smart! Why, you poor fathead, you won't last until the end of the week!"

"If you kids have any sense, you'll kick him out of the captaincy before the end of the morning!" said Biggleswade, with a sniff.

And Biggy went off in a huff.

Adams was flabbergasted. He had expected to get nothing but honour, and it pained him to find that most of the



fellows in the Fourth and the Remove were angry because of that publicity.

"Gee, you English sure make me tired!" said Adams. "You've got such a darned funny way of looking at things! I don't get you any."

"That's just where you're wrong, Adams, old man," said Nipper. "You're the one who has a funny way of looking at things. Your father, too. Dash it, I suppose there's some honour in being Junior skipper, but there's no need for all this blathering fuss."

"It wouldn't be so bad if he was a good skipper," growled Handforth. "But look at him! A giddy racketeer! He's only holding on because of his beastly body-guard and his terrorist methods! If we had a vote this minute he'd be kicked right out!"

Adams was so disturbed about it all that he had not yet had a chance of doing anything further with his money. He was a little apprehensive. Handforth was right. His position as Junior captain was by no means secure.

"There's more in this than meets the eye, my sons," said Nipper shrewdly. "I'm not blaming Adams—but, by Jove, his father is pretty cute!"

"How do you mean?" asked Tommy Watson.

"Why, you've read those newspaper paragraphs, haven't you?" said Nipper. "Just count up the references to Adams' Pimento Cheese! The old boy has a keen eye for publicity—and, put bluntly, he's using his son's captaincy as an advert."

"Begad!" ejaculated Sir Montie Tregellis-West. "It's pretty frightful, old boy."

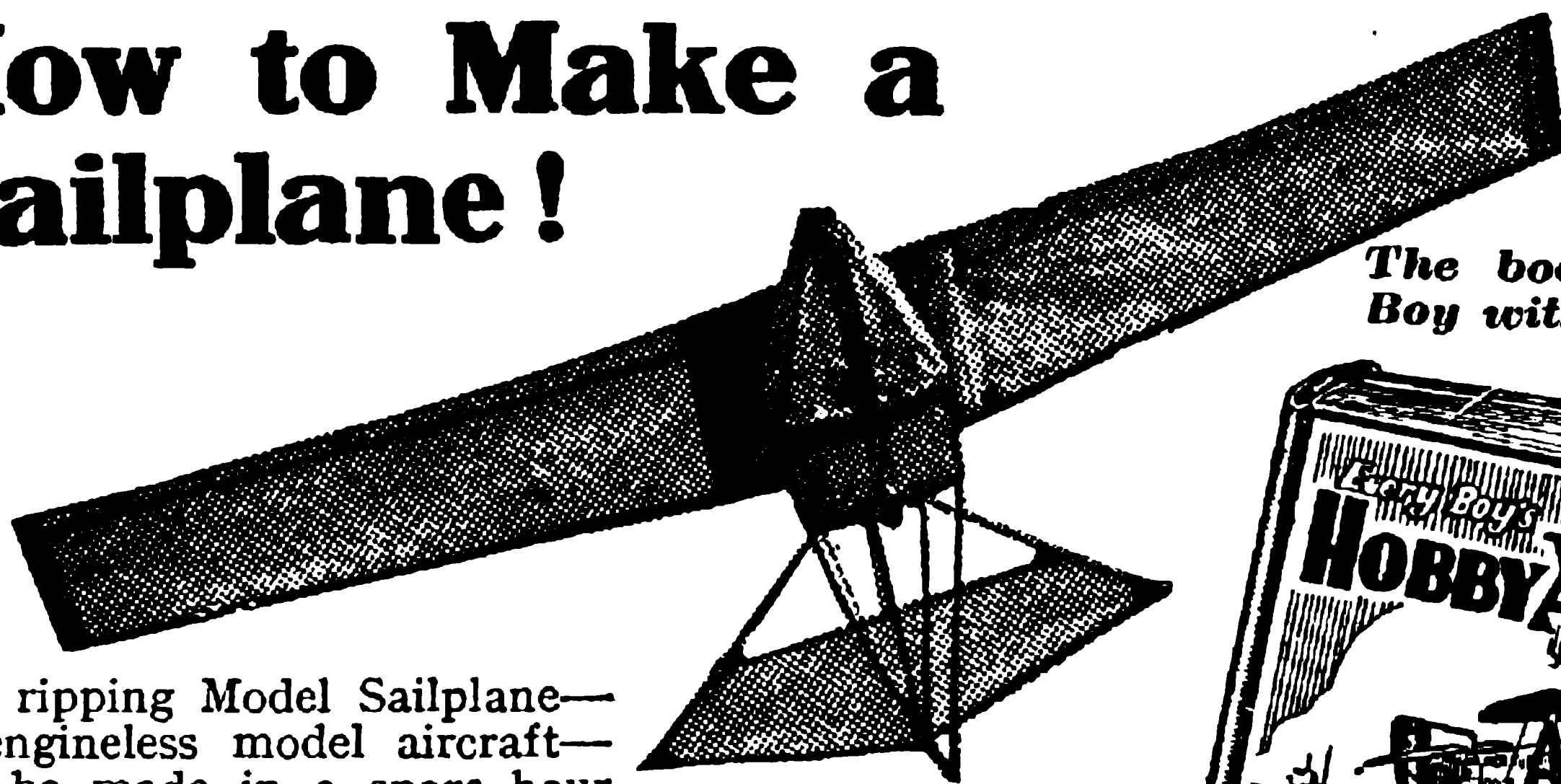
"Well, it's not very dignified," smiled Nipper. "St. Frank's being used as an advert. for cheese! That's what we've come down to!"

"And all because this beastly American chap grabs the captaincy," growled Watson. "The chaps are mad! They never ought to have elected him!"

"I rather think that Adams is going to get a shock," said Nipper softly. "He believes that he's safe—I hear he's been splashing money about, too. But money is queer stuff. It's like a double-edged sword; it can cut both ways."

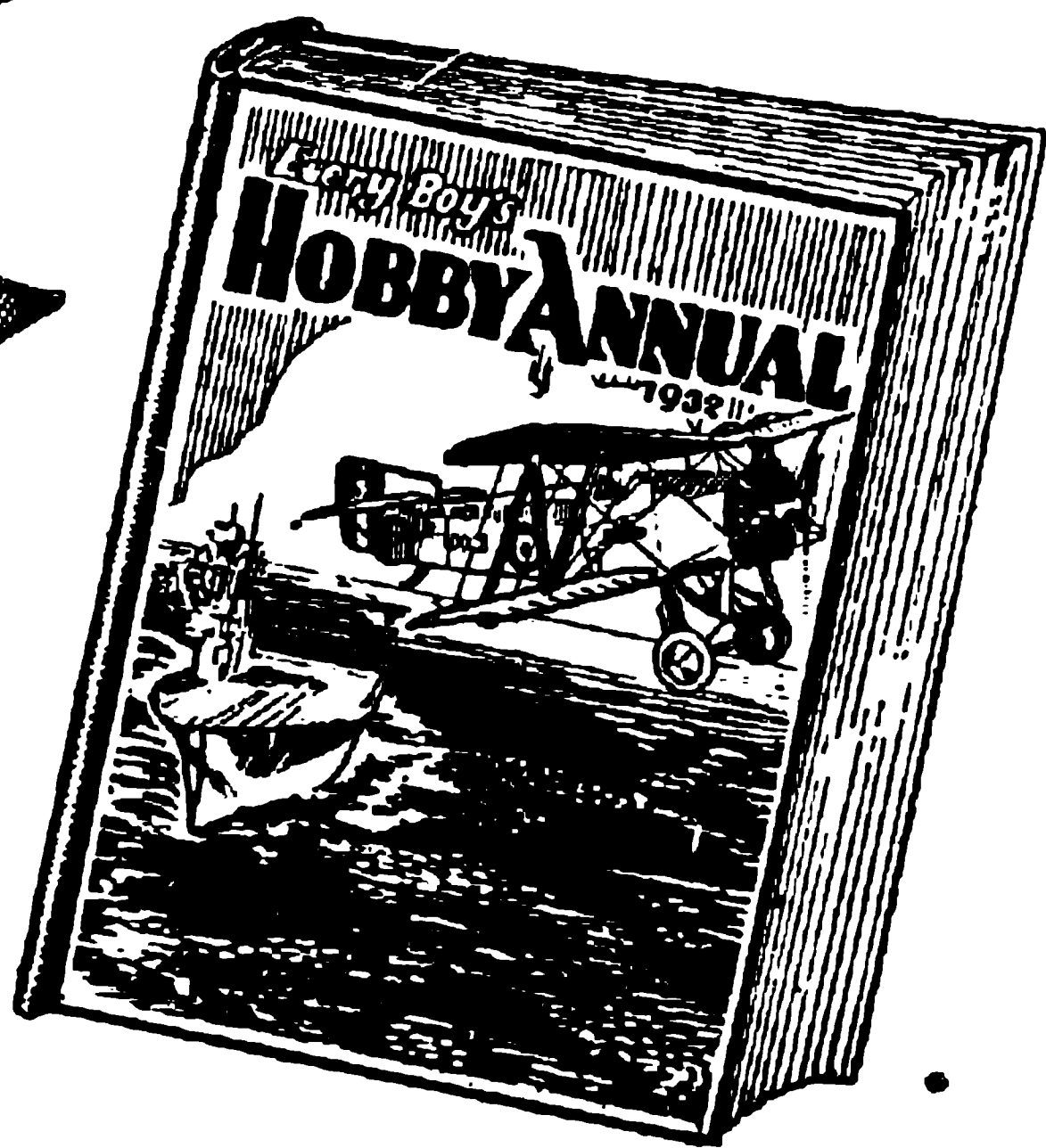
However, Ulysses Spencer Adams' money was doing very well at the moment. He had come to the conclusion that it was up to him to start something—and start it quickly. The sooner he could splash some of that cash about, the better!

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It was the one certain way of stilling this storm which had sprung up so unexpectedly. Moreover, it would carry him along on the high tide of popularity.

The first thing he did was to double his bodyguard. He recruited four other Fourth-Formers, and he secured their allegiance by whacking out five pounds each. He could have made his bodyguard as large as he liked under those terms! But he considered that eight fellows were sufficient; they attended him like lackeys round an Indian prince.

And immediately after breakfast he came out with another surprise.

"Listen, fellers," he shouted, as he stood on the top of the Ancient House steps. "I'm sure sorry you're peeved because of those newspaper paragraphs. I guess my father got kind of enthused. But he's on the level all right—he's on the up and up."

There were plenty of Removites and Fourth-Formers in the Triangle, and they listened without much enthusiasm.

"You'd better write to those newspapers and tell them that it was a joke," said Buster Boots.

"Aw, forget the papers!" shouted Adams. "I want you guys to know that I'm giving you a square deal. I'm Junior skipper, and I'm running this dump in the right way."

"Showing us how things should be done, eh?" asked Handforth bitterly.

"You said it!" roared Adams. "Say, listen! I'm a swell guy if you'll only give me a break! I'll show you what kind of a skipper I am."

He pointed—and his finger was directed towards Mrs. Hake's tuck-shop.

"This is on me, boys!" he shouted. "Lamp that store! As long as I'm Junior captain, the tuck-shop is free to everybody in the Junior school! Now, get a load of that! That ought to show you that I'm on the level—and how!"

## CHAPTER 9.

### Fatty Little Enjoys Himself!

**F**OR a moment there was silence; then somebody laughed, and a number of incredulous shouts went up.

"Come off it!"

"Some more of your bluffing, I suppose?"

"Chuck it, Adams."

"Gosh! Do you want me to sign an affidavit?" roared Ulysses. "I'm telling you, right now, that the tuck-shop is free to all! Go and help yourselves! When I do things I do them in a big way! I'm that kind of a guy!"

Fatty Little, his face flushed and his eyes burning, pushed forward. That little episode of the toffee was forgotten now. The very mention of the word "tuck" had attracted Fatty from the far corner of West Square.

"Here, half a minute, Adams!" puffed Fatty. "What's that I heard you saying? The tuck-shop is free to all of us?"

"Sure!"

"We can eat as much as we like?"

"You bet!"

"And as often as we like?"

"Yep!"

"And you'll pay for everything?"

"Gee, do you want me to say it all over again?" asked Adams. "Sure I'll pay for everything—just as long as I remain Junior captain!"

A concerted roar went up. Other juniors were being attracted; fags were appearing from nowhere.

"No fooling, Adams!" yelled Bob Christine of the Modern House. "Is that honour bright?"

"You bet it is—honour bright!" replied Adams promptly.

"Great sizzling bloaters!" gurgled Fatty Little. "He means it! Make way, there! Let me get by!"

In his excitement he bowled the juniors over like ninepins as he charged for the tuck-shop. Others dashed after him; and it became a stampede.

Mrs. Hake, who was prepared, was nevertheless taken by surprise. The juniors came in like a surging flood. And Ulysses Spencer Adams, on the Ancient House steps, watched complacently. This was better! He had expected his announcement would create a sensation, and he was not disappointed. He was certainly smart here! In one bound his popularity had risen to dizzy heights.

Free tuck for all! It was a bold move—but Adams considered that the result was worth the cost. At any rate, he had made the fellows forget those unfortunate newspaper paragraphs. And once he had firmly established himself as Junior captain he could easily make an amendment; although even this might not be necessary. He was confident that his father would stake him.

The scene in the tuck-shop was hectic.

"Great pancakes! I'll have these!" puffed Fatty Little, grabbing a dishful of Mrs. Hake's special beef pies. "And these—and these—and these!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go it, Fatty!"

Fatty Little staggered to a table under an enormous load of tuck. He piled it round him—meat pies, doughnuts, jam tarts, rock cakes, and other pastries too



numerous to mention. Grub like this—ad lib—was something new in his ken.

All the rest were piling in, too. Mrs. Hake and her assistants could not cope with the orders. There had never been such a rush of business at this hour of the morning. The amazing thing was that the fellows found room for all the stuff they consumed. For they had only just finished breakfast! But the average schoolboy possesses a remarkable capacity—especially for indigestible pastries.

"By George! You've got to admit that the chap is a corker!" said Handforth grudgingly, as he bit into a meat pie. "I suppose it's all right, though? There's no giddy spoof about this? We shall look fine asses if we've got to pay for all these things out of our own pockets."

"I can't pay—I'm broke!" said Church.

Nipper, who was sampling a doughnut just to keep the others company, was grinning.

"Adams has certainly backed a winner this time," he remarked dryly. "He thought he was booked for a fall to-day—but, by the look of things, he's made himself secure again."

"Is it all right about the money, Mrs. Hake?" shouted Buster Boots. "We're not paying for any of this stuff, remember!"

"That's all right, Master Boots," replied the good lady, beaming. "I've arranged all that with Master Adams."

"You always were a trusting soul, weren't you?" asked Boots.

"Master Adams is a proper young gentleman," said Hrs. Hake stoutly. "He didn't even ask me to trust him. He gave me a hundred pounds on account—and he told me that when I need some more money, he'll let me have it."

"Phew!"

"A hundred quid on account!"

"My only Sunday topper!"

"What's he been doing—robbing a giddy bank?"

"Who cares? Let's have another of those pics."

And the orgy went on. As one set of juniors pushed out of the tuck-shop, loaded with eatables, another set pushed in. It was, in many ways, a lamentable exhibition. Anybody might have supposed that the juniors were half-starved. But Adams, as he watched, considered the sight anything but lamentable. He was overjoyed.

"I guess that's got 'em!" he said to his bodyguard. "I told you I'd show them what kind of a guy I am!"

"But, great Scott, where are you getting all the money from?" asked Armstrong, in an awed voice.

Adams grinned.

"I'm getting it—and that's all there is to it," he replied. "Say, boys, I guess it's your turn. Muscle in and help yourselves."

In the midst of all the noise and confusion, Fatty Little still sat at his table. He had been the first to start—and he was the last to finish. He outdistanced them all.

"Go it, Fatty!"

"You'll never get another chance like this!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

When most of the others were feeling fairly blown out, Fatty still continued merrily. He seemed to be growing visibly bigger and bigger; his cheeks were becoming shiny; his eyes were assuming a dull, fish-like expression. But he ate on in serene contentment. This was Fatty's idea of earthly paradise.

But it is well said that after the feast comes the reckoning!

## CHAPTER 10.

### After the Feast—

CLANG—clang—clang—clang!

The unwelcome sound of the bell disturbed the feasters. By this time most of the juniors had had their fill—more than their fill, in fact. They had eaten not wisely, but too well. And still Fatty munched on—mechanically now. It was all free, so why not?

Reluctantly the boys turned their steps in the direction of the School House. They were singing the praises of Ulysses Spencer Adams. He was the kind of Junior captain they had sometimes dreamed about! They even agreed with what the newspaper said—he was showing St. Frank's how things should be done! They had been unjust to him—they had treated him harshly! Good old Adams!

Fatty Little did not walk towards the School House; he tottered. And still he munched. In one hand he carried a doughnut, and in the other a hunk of cherry cake. Fatty was a sticker.

"Come on, Fatty—pull yourself together!" said Nick Trotwood, slapping Fatty on the back. "I'm afraid you've made a pig of yourself, my lad!"

"I haven't been so happy for years," breathed Fatty ecstatically.

"You may be happy now—but wait until all those meat pies start scrapping with the doughnuts in your tummy," said Nick. "You've asked for trouble, and I'll bet you'll get it!"

(Continued on page 24.)



**Special Business Number—the biggest bargain of laughter ever offered!**



# HANDFORTH'S Weekly

No. 32. Vol. 2.

## 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 28th, 1931.

## EDITOR'S SALES TALK.

## FINANCIAL NEWS

By JIMMY POTTS.

**B**USINESS only is the motto this week, you fellows. The Junior School at St. Frank's is like the City of London now. Great businesses everywhere, and it's good fun, believe me.

I have only to mention my flourishing motor business. By George! I am out to make money with my Morris Minor. See my advertisement elsewhere. My car is a taxi, private car and service car combined these days.

Churchy has set up in business as a telephonist. When we asked him what that was, he informed us that, for a small fee, he was willing to sneak into Crowell's study and telephone orders to the village. If spotted by Crowsfeet, and given six strokes as a punishment, he considers that all in the day's work. Good old Churchy! You're a martyr! If you have any urgent messages to be sent, roll along to Church with a fee of three pence per call, and he will do the rest.

Old Mac, with a soldering iron and blow-lamp, is blossoming out as a Plumber and Gas-fitter. He knows absolutely nothing about the game; but what does that matter?

Even Archie Glenthorne has obtained a job—as the “sleeping partner” in Phipps & Glenthorne, Ltd., Gentlemen's Tailors and Hosiers. My minor has entered into the spirit of the thing by tacking a dozen letters after his name and calling himself a Veterinary Surgeon. Well, he might get some business from William Napoleon Browne, and other asses.

Of course, this is all only a lark, and we shall be back to the usual state next week. But who cares, anyway! I've just made half-a-crown as a taxi-driver by taking Travers to Bannington and back. I'm now going out to stimulate the tuck industry with this half-crown.

See you next week.

E. O. HANDFORTH.

INDOOR AMUSEMENT

Take

PITT'S PINK PILLS.

They tickle the tonsils.

**T**HE great Teddy Long Loan opened yesterday; but business was very slack. Teddy Long, Ltd., is endeavouring to float a loan of half-a-crown until Christmas, but subscribers were shy of the investment. When the office closed at 5.30 p.m., the only subscriptions were four buttons and a copy of a leaflet entitled “Are you Workshy?” However, the loan will be fully subscribed by about Christmas.

The Pitt Pink Pills Preference Shares declared a dividend of less than nothing yesterday. Mr. R. Pitt, the General Manager, stated that the only pills sold so far were purchased by a Modern junior to give to an ailing dog. The misguided creature no sooner swallowed the pill than he forthwith expired. Mr. Pitt stated that he was almost afraid this incident had caused the shortage of business in his concern, as—for some reason that he could not understand—the fellows seemed afraid to take his splendid pills. The shares, of course, have dropped to the price of waste-paper.

Bangs Football Agency, having been successful in transferring a player named Snipe for the sum of fourpence (cash), and seventy cigarette pictures, paid 100 per cent dividend yesterday; but as the shares in this business are held entirely by Mr. Charles Bangs, the proprietor, this will not benefit the ordinary investor.

The soundest investment at this present time is Tuckshop Ordinary 5s. shares, which now stand at 5s. 0½d., and are almost certain to rise to 5s. 0½d. by next spring.

## NIPPER'S DETECTIVE AGENCY

Criminals tracked all over St. Frank's for a small fee. Study-raids and booby-traps investigated. If no clues are left, Nipper will provide them for 5s. extra.  
 NIPPER ..... Study C.



# BIG BUSINESS

A thrilling, melodramatic story told in business terms by  
**BUSTER BOOTS.**

**V**ICTOR VALLANCE, a sturdy, upright lad of eighteen, strode into the Stock Exchange and looked keenly at a broker who was selling Consolidated Jellyfish at 6½ths.

"So you are here, Ezra Crabbe, are you?" said our hero, through tightly-drawn lips.

Ezra Crabbe's face fell like the £ on the American Exchange.

"You!" he snarled, dropping several Network Railway shares on the floor, regardless of the fact that they were standing at well above par. "You have tracked me down at last. Well, what do you mean to do?"

Victor Vallance drew from his pocket a Silko handkerchief, price 1s. each, of all drapers and men's stores.

"I am going," he said remorselessly, "to take you to the nearest police station. I will take you there in my car. It is a Suction Seven, price £235, 1931 model, with all-weather body. And I will tell the police that you have plotted against my life."

"You have no proof of that," shrieked Ezra Crabbe, in a voice so shrill that it made one of the brokers sell a thousand Choko Margarine shares at 26s. instead of 62s.

"I have ample proof!" snapped Victor,

drawing from his pocket a photograph, which Crabbe noticed at once was printed on Swifto Sensitized Paper at 9d. the packet. "You see this photo," hissed Victor. "It is a photograph of a thumbprint. I took this myself with a Grinn and Bearitt Vest Pocket Camera, at £3 3s., including leather case. This thumbprint is *your* thumbprint, you rotter! It was left on the top of my Rollard piano, for which I paid £80."

"Have mercy on me!" shrieked Crabbe, splitting his thirty-bob suit (hirty yearly instalments) made by Messrs. Grabbitt.

Victor gnawed his lips with his bright teeth, which were cleaned by Bunko.

"Very well," he said. "I'll let you off on one condition. You must take out a life insurance policy for £5,000."

"What good will that do you?" snarled Crabbe.

Victor smiled, and drew a bundle of papers from his pocket.

"I represent the Prompt Cash Life and Endowment Assurance Corporation Limited. I wish to draw your attention to our latest policy, by which, at the age of ninety-five, you will draw the sum of fifteen shillings a week for life."

Crabbe agreed; Victor got his commission, and everybody was happy.



## Do You Want To SHINE AT PARTIES?

Learn SNAKE-CHARMING in Your Spare Time.

This easy and fascinating art taught in twelve illustrated lessons by post.

LEARN THIS ART IN YOUR OWN STUDY.

Pupils are requested to provide their own flutes and snakes.

HUSSI KHAN,  
Study R.

## GRESHAM'S LIBRARY

**G**RESHAM'S LIBRARY is now open for business at Study J. There is a fine collection of volumes which can be borrowed by any member of St. Frank's College on payment of a fee of twopence (2d.) per volume per week.

This library is rather unique in some respects. We have no well-bound classics or highly-coloured novels in stock. The library is designed exclusively to amuse and educate the fellows at St. Frank's, and with this view the library is composed entirely of issues of the "Blood-Stained Bartholomew Library," "Black-Hand Monthly," and "Skull and Crossbones Library."

Among the many famous books by well-known writers now in stock may be mentioned the following:

"In the Dead of Night," by Steele Moore.  
"Brought to Bay," by Hyam Dunn.  
"The Pirate's Revenge," by Walker Plank.  
"Taking Aim," by Drewor Bede.  
"At the Eleventh Hour," by Justin Tyme.  
"Desperate Debts," by Owen Cash.  
"The Barring-Out," by G. Watt-Funn.  
"One-Way Street," by Gurner Gayne.  
"The Villain," by Hans Uppe.  
"Cunning," by Wylie Fox.  
"Besieging the Fort," by Burnett Downe.

## Our Poet's

## The DE ST

**B**UY! Buy!  
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## HAND MOTOR

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Go to FOOTB  
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# MY FOOTBALL AGENCY.

By CHARLIE BANGS.

**D**O you want a nice energetic centre-forward for your eleven? Roll along and see me, old pards. I've got players of all sorts on my books for transfer fees ranging from one million pounds to a used postage stamp.

Here are some star players waiting for engagements:

## DETAILS.

Name: Tucker Timothy. Slight build, but very speedy on the wing—especially near opposing full-backs. General condition: Very sound. Somewhat short-sighted, but could see the ball within a radius of one yard (two on clear days). Previous experience: None; but is willing to learn. Once played blow-football for twenty minutes and won easily. Transfer fee: Reduced to 7d. (sevenpence), or near offer.

Name: Cornelius Trotwood. A very valuable player, who pays no heed to the remarks of the crowd. He can't hear 'em—which is just as well. His only drawback is that he usually handles the ball through absence of mind. Transfer fee: One piece of chewing-gum.

Players of all sorts and conditions are waiting to be snapped up. By applying to-day you can get the benefit of my SEVEN-DAY FREE TRIAL offer. You may have the player absolutely free for seven days, and if you don't like him, just send him back undamaged and in good condition.

Don't forget the address: Study F, Remove Passage, Ancient House.

## CHARLES OWEN,

Sole Agent at St. Frank's for  
CURDLE'S UNEATABLE  
CHOCOLATES.

Call in and see my show.  
STUDY T. WEST HOUSE.

(P.S.—That silly ass printer has made an error in this advert. It should be UN-BEATABLE CHOCOLATES.)

PHIPPS & GLENTHORNE, LTD.  
Tailors.  
Study E.

Large stock of fancy suits, socks and neckties to dispose of. All purchased by the junior partner and disposed of by the senior partner.

Suits in violet, light blue and magenta, 15/- each (or how much have you got?). Socks with "striking" clocks, 1/- per pair. Neckties (Our Famous Rainbow Brand) 1/6.

IMPORTANT NOTICE. Please enter quietly, in case you wake the sleeping partner.

# PROFESSIONAL CARDS

JAMES LITTLE  
(Known to the police as "Fatty")  
EXPERT CHEF.

Will willingly attend all banquets, study feeds, etc. NO WAGES REQUIRED, but share in feed essential.  
Write STUDY P. (West House).

VIVIAN TRAVERS (Actor)  
NOW DISENGAGED.

Hamlet a Speciality. Also Macbeth and King Lear. Willing to play Othello if boot-polish is provided to black his face.  
STUDY H. (Ancient House).



ARNOLD McCLURE  
(Plumber and Gasfitter). STUDY D.  
Leaky pipes mended promptly at 1s. per leak.

YUNG CHING (Conjurer).  
STUDY V.

Will be glad to give entertainment at any party, concert, etc. Or would attend studies at tea-time and produce eggs, rabbits, etc., from top-hats for tea.

Fees: Eggs 6d.; Rabbits, 2s.

Bowls of goldfish 1s. 6d.

Coloured streamers 1d. per yard.

WILLY HANDFORTH, A.B.C., D.E.F.G.,  
H.I.J. (Veterinary Surgeon).  
THIRD FORM.  
Animals and Fourth-Form  
Fellows Attended.

WILLIAM NAPOLEON BROWNE  
(Public Speaker) FIFTH FORM.  
Will make speech on any topic at dinner or concert. Erring youths reproved at 3s. 6d. per hour. Form-masters talked to at moderate fees.

Whatever is the matter with you—  
TAKE PITT'S PINK PILLS!  
They won't do you any harm.

Column.  
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## THE SCHOOLBOY RACKETEER!

(Continued from page 20.)

Fatty was not the only one. Many of the other Removites had not Fatty Little's capacity—but they had eaten much more than was good for them. They flopped down into their seats in the Form-room, and from one corner of the room to the other there was an air of heaviness and lethargy.

When Mr. Crowell, the Form-master, came briskly in at the stroke of the clock, he gave his Form a casual glance; then he took another look, and his eyes narrowed.

"What is the meaning of this?" he asked shortly. "Why are some of you still seated?"

"Crumbs!"

"Oh, my hat!"

There was a scramble, and about a dozen fellows hoisted themselves heavily to their feet. Mr. Crowell looked round sharply. He looked from side to side, and he looked up and down. He was not impressed.

"What is the matter with the Form this morning?" he asked. "Why are you all looking so listless?"

"Not all of us, sir," protested Handforth. "I'm not looking heavy, am I?"

"There are one or two exceptions," admitted Mr. Crowell grudgingly. "But as for the rest, I have never seen such a dull-eyed lot of boys in my life! Come, come! Pull yourselves together! This won't do. We can't start work like this!"

He adjusted his glasses, and took a closer look.

"Hum! Ha! What's this?" he said acidly. "Is that a smear of jam I see on your jacket, Long? Are they crumbs on your waistcoat, Owen major? Upon my word! Have you boys been indulging in a—er—feed at this hour of the day? I am surprised! Indeed, I am disgusted! You are little better than animals!"

"Oh, I say, sir!" protested somebody.

"Animals!" repeated Mr. Crowell firmly. "Indeed, worse than animals. For most animals at least know when to stop eating. You, apparently, do not. Does not this school provide you with sufficient breakfast? I am now beginning to understand the extraordinary commotion which has recently been going on in the Triangle, in the vicinity of the school shop. Somebody, I suppose, has been foolish enough to—er—stand treat. Well, if there is any inattention I shall have no mercy."

And lessons started

Everything went all right for about eight minutes; Mr. Crowell did some talking, he explained a few things on the blackboard, and after that only the sound of scratching pens disturbed the peace of the Form-room.

Mr. Crowell turned round from the blackboard, however, when a foreign sound caught his ear. It was a peculiar grunting and whistling noise—in fact, it was suspiciously like a snore.

With a start Mr. Crowell gazed round the Form-room. The next second he tottered on his feet. Fatty Little was lolling back in his seat, and his mouth was wide open. There was an expression of seraphic happiness upon his shiny, ample face. He was snoring gently. In various other parts of the room juniors were either leaning back, copying Fatty's example, or they were snoring over their desks, slumbering peacefully.

"Attention!" roared Mr. Crowell, with sudden violence.

Everybody jumped. About two dozen blots were made. Even those fellows who had been sleeping started up and looked about them with foolish, inane expressions.

"Good heavens! This is outrageous!" shouted Mr. Crowell, marching up and down, rapping sundry knuckles with his pointer. "Wake up! How dare you? What do you mean by going to sleep within ten minutes of the commencement of lessons? I have never seen anything so disgraceful!"

"Pup-pup-please, sir," groaned Teddy Long, writhing in his seat.

"Well?" rapped out the Form-master.

"I'm in pain, sir," moaned Teddy.

"Oh, indeed?" asked Mr. Crowell coldly. "And where, may I ask, are you in pain?"

"In—in my tummy, sir," faltered Teddy. "I'm ill! I—I think it's indigestion, sir."

Mr. Crowell set his teeth. One look at Teddy's face was sufficient. Teddy was yellow, not to say greenish.

"You had better go outside, Long—until you feel better," snapped Mr. Crowell. "Good gracious! You look positively bilious!"

"May—may I go, too, sir?" asked Owen major feebly.

"Me, too, sir!" said somebody else, holding up a shaking hand.

And then, for the first time, Mr. Crowell saw that at least half a dozen boys were almost as green as Teddy Long. They looked downright ill. At least four others were falling asleep again.

In fact, the Remove was coming to the conclusion that Adams' idea of free tuck



wasn't such a good idea after all. Even those fellows who were not ill were feeling uncomfortably heavy and lazy.

"You may go out, Owen major," said Mr. Crowell curtly. "You, too, Hart—and you Doyle—and you, Russell."

Wild cries came from Fatty Little. He writhed and rolled in his seat, and suddenly sat down on the floor with a mighty bump.

"Ow! Ow! I'm dying!" he moaned. "Help! Fetch a doctor! I can't breathe! Great pancakes! My inside's turning somersaults!"

"Little, go outside!" roared Mr. Crowell, almost beside himself. "Upon my word! This—this is beyond endurance!"

Nipper and Handforth and two or three others went to Fatty's rescue. They lugged him to his feet, and saw him to the door. By this time other fellows were dashing out—without even waiting for permission. The ranks of the Remove were sadly depleted.

"No more of Adams' giddy tuck for me!" gurgled Hubbard, as he escaped. "Crumbs! I feel too ill for words!"

Mr. Crowell had turned his gimlet eyes upon Ulysses Spencer Adams.

"Adams, stand up!" he commanded. "I understand that you supplied the—er—tuck? Is that true?"

"Aw, gee! Have a heart, sir," protested Adams. "You're not dropping on me, are you?"

"Did you, or did you not, Adams, treat all these boys to food immediately before they came into the Form-room?"

"Why, sure! Yes, sir! But——"

"That is enough," snapped Mr. Crowell. "I hold you responsible, Adams."

"You've got me wrong, sir," said Adams aggrievedly. "I'm Junior skipper—and I've just given instructions that the School Shop is free to all."

Mr. Crowell reeled.

"Are you mad, boy?" he ejaculated. "Don't you realise that you'll make everybody ill? How many of these boys know when to stop eating? And what of the cost?"

"I'm looking after that end, sir," said Adams promptly. "I guess I've got money—big money. I do things in a big way."

"An excellent principle, Adams!" said Mr. Crowell icily. "How would you like to do big things for me—also in a big way?"

"I don't get you, sir."

"No; what you get is an imposition of five hundred lines."

"Suffering snakes!" ejaculated Adams in dismay.

"Silence! How dare you make use of those ridiculous exclamations?" snapped Mr. Crowell. "I hold you responsible, Adams, for the disorganisation of the morning's work. I shall see your House-master about this fantastic step of yours in making the School Shop free to all. I think you had better realise that money is dangerous."

"Aw, gee! Money can do anything, sir," said Adams confidently.

"Money has at least secured you an imposition of five hundred lines," retorted the Form-master. "And if there is any further disorganisation of work, it will secure you a flogging. I won't have it, Adams!"

"Gee! But listen, sir——"

"I tell you I won't have it!" roared Mr. Crowell. "You needn't think that you can splash your money about, and—and undermine the morale of this Form! I shall suggest to Mr. Wilkes that he forbids you to continue this—er—dangerous generosity."

"Say, it's my money——"

"Another word from you, Adams, and I shall increase your imposition to a thousand lines," rapped out Mr. Crowell. "Now, everybody! We will continue our work!"

And the depleted Remove continued, and Ulysses Spencer Adams was not feeling quite so serene.

## CHAPTER 11.

### Another Surprise!

IN ones and twos the boys trickled back into the Form-room. Others squirmed out. There was a constant procession—a continuous coming and going—and work was very much of a farce.

Conditions were very similar in the Fourth Form and the Third Form classrooms. Mr. Pycraft and Mr. Suncliffe were nearly tearing their hair. Ulysses Spencer Adams, in providing the Junior School with free tuck, had not anticipated any such result as this. The boys themselves, unreasonably enough, were inclined to blame him.

However, a diversion occurred. It was totally unexpected.

Just before the interval a great covered lorry of the most luxurious type glided into the empty Triangle. Behind it came two or three private cars. Across the sides of the lorry were the words—"World Sound News." Well-dressed, brisk young men descended from the cars, and two of



them advanced purposefully towards Mr. Alington Wilkes, who, in mortar-board and gown, had just emerged from the Ancient House.

"Good-morning, sir," said one of the young men briskly. "You'll be the headmaster, I guess? My card! Meet Mr. Oswald Storey, my assistant."

Mr. Wilkes glanced at the card, which told him that he was in the presence of Mr. Alfred Wasson, of the World Sound News.

"I am pleased to meet you, gentlemen," said Old Wilkey gently. "But I must confess that I am in the dark regarding your visit. I am not the headmaster, but the Housemaster of the Ancient House, and my name is Wilkes."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Wilkes," said Mr. Wasson cheerfully. "We're here to get a talkie interview with a young feller named Adams. Captain of one of your Forms, isn't he?"

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Wilkes dryly. "I noticed that young Adams' portrait was in the newspapers this morning. So he is now to appear on the films? Upon my word! He is becoming quite famous these days."

"No objections, I take it?" asked Mr. Wasson. "You'd best get busy with the wiring, Os. Get the boys on the job right away!"

The assistant moved off with a nod.

"Of course, this is most unusual," said Old Wilkey. "We have never before had one of our junior boys interviewed for a cinematograph gazette. However, I don't think it will be advisable for us to bother the headmaster. You won't be long over this interview, I suppose?"

"We'll make it just as snappy as we can," promised Mr. Wasson.

"Well, it so happens that Adams will be out for the morning interval very soon—with all the other boys," said the Housemaster. "As long as you don't disorganise the morning's work—"

"We'll be gone before you can realise that we even came," broke in Mr. Wasson briskly. "Thanks a lot, Mr. Wilkes. We'll get busy on the preparations—so that there'll be no delay."

Without any further discussion, Mr. Wasson went about his business. Old Wilkey watched with interest. A camera was being unloaded—a compact, business-like movie camera. Mysterious sounds were coming from the interior of the big van; there was a low humming. Wires were trailing out across the Triangle; a microphone was being tested.

"Well!" murmured Mr. Wilkes as he polished his glasses.

He rather admired the enterprise of the Americans—for these bright young men were all compatriots of Ulysses Spencer Adams. "The World Sound News," as



Mr. Wilkes well knew, was an American-owned concern.

This was another example of Mr. Adams' snappy publicity stunts. It also provided an explanation of the millionaire's apparently fantastic generosity in sending his son the sum of five hundred pounds. For there had been method in Mr. Adams' madness—and sound, shrewd method, too!

The actual truth of the matter was that



Mr. Otis Spencer Adams was preparing to use his son's position at St. Frank's as a novel advertisement for his cheese. An astute plan—a daring plan—indeed, an audacious plan. The millionaire was splashing his money about pretty freely, but he would get every penny of it back—and more. This publicity would pay him over and over again.

He had seen that it would be one of

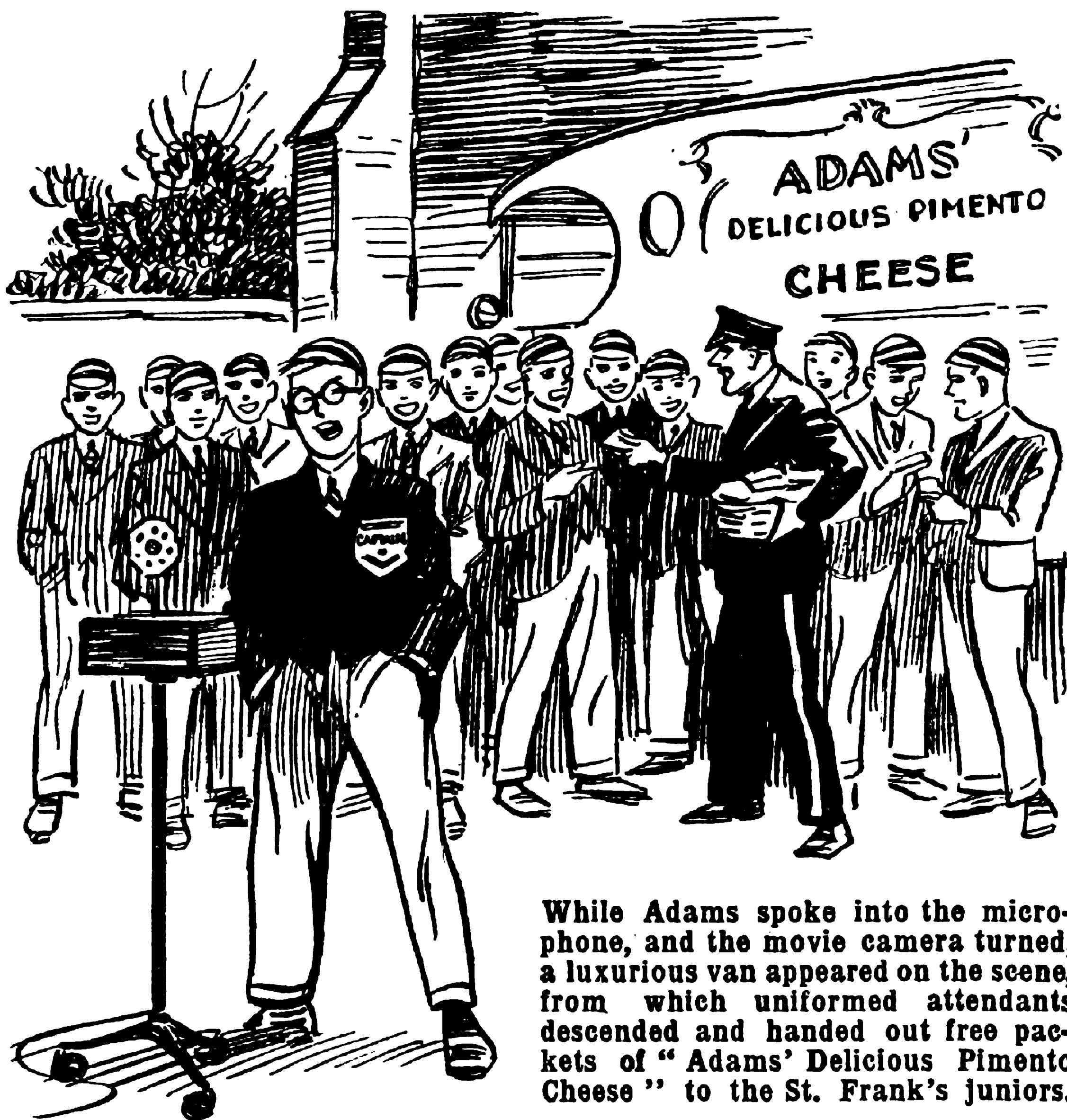
dency to fall asleep at the slightest provocation. Others were troubled by sudden spasmodic pains. Work was progressing slowly.

"I am wondering, Mr. Crowell, if you will allow one of your boys to take half an hour off at the interval," said Old Wilkey gently.

"I don't see that it makes much difference, sir," replied the Form-master, with bitterness in his voice. "There has been practically no work done this morning—and, as far as I can see, there is no prospect of our doing any work. Half an hour or so will make no difference. Who is the boy?"

"Adams."

"Oh, indeed?" said Mr. Crowell sharply. "Well, I am very sorry, sir, but I do not think that I can spare Adams this morning. I am very annoyed with Adams. He is responsible for all this upheaval. I wish to speak to you, sir, with regard to that matter. You may have observed the disgraceful scene at the School Shop



While Adams spoke into the microphone, and the movie camera turned, a luxurious van appeared on the scene, from which uniformed attendants descended and handed out free packets of "Adams' Delicious Pimento Cheese" to the St. Frank's juniors.

the best advertisements he had ever had. There was something typically American in the "nerve" of it. Mr. Adams was actually turning his son's captaincy of the Remove into a gigantic publicity stunt for his branded cheese!

But this wasn't quite obvious. Even Mr. Wilkes didn't think of it. He was a kindly man, and he really saw no reason why he should be opposed to the proposed interview. It was hardly worth while placing the matter before the headmaster. Why should Mr. Nelson Lee be bothered with such trifles?

Just before the interval Mr. Wilkes went to the Remove Form-room. He found Mr. Crowell in an extremely irritable mood. The Remove was still far from normal; many of the boys displayed a ten-

before lessons——"

"The boys have been eating too much, have they?" asked Old Wilkey, casting a comprehensive glance over the Form.

"Owing to Adams' generosity they have made—er—pigs of themselves."

"Ahem! Well, they will soon get over it," said the Housemaster. "It appears, Mr. Crowell, that Adams is wanted for a talkie interview; the 'World Sound News' representatives have arrived with their apparatus——"

"Great Scott!"

"Old Adams in a talkie!"

"Oh, my hat!"

There were many exclamations from the Removites, and the last vestige of interest in work vanished. Mr. Crowell gave it up as a bad job. He dismissed the Form.



## CHAPTER 12.

## On the Talkies!

THERE was a big sensation.

Excitement ran high in the Triangle. The whole Junior School was out now, and the Junior School was vastly interested. A talkie film for one of the leading news reels was being made at St. Frank's! Everybody was intrigued by the van, the camera, the microphone, and all the rest of the apparatus.

Al and Os—in other words, Mr. Wasson and Mr. Storey—were dodging briskly about here and there. Other active young men were equally energetic. Everything was being done with typical American slickness.

The spectators had forgotten their pains and discomforts, and they were giving their whole attention to this latest novelty. Good old Adams! He was waking up the Remove with a vengeance!

"Guess my pop's at the back of this, huh?" asked Adams delightedly, as he stood talking with Mr. Wasson. "Gee! You've got to hand it to my father. He's sure a fast worker!"

"You said it, kid," agreed Mr. Wasson. "Now, see here, I'm figuring that it'll make a mighty fine picture if all the boys are draped around in the background. Get me? We're interviewing you, and I'll soon give you some pointers as to what we want you to say. But I guess we want as many in the picture as we can get."

"Sure," agreed Adams. "But you'll have to be snappy. Crowell—that's my Form-master—is on the warpath this morning, and he won't let the fellers stay out here after the interval. Guess you'd best get a move on. Make it right snappy."

"Well, we're all set," said Mr. Wasson. "Let's go!"

He turned to the crowd, and in a few brisk words he explained that he wanted the boys to keep moving in the background during the "shooting." They were to keep as quiet as possible—although a cheer or two for Adams, towards the end, would sound effective.

"You've gotta remember that this film is going across to the States," said Mr. Wasson. "It'll be shown in thousands of kinemas from coast to coast. Just take a load of that, boys! I guess it's putting your old school right on the map, huh?"

"You don't call the United States the map, do you?" asked Handforth, with a sniff.

But nobody took much notice of him. Most of the fellows were laughing, and they were gleefully entering into the spirit of the moment.

Adams had been given one or two pointers—not that he needed them—and it was his job to stand in front of the microphone, stating just how he had secured the Junior captaincy of St. Frank's, and what it felt like to be in such a responsible position. Ulysses was ready enough to talk until further orders.

"Don't shout," said Mr. Wasson. "Just talk easily—freely—in your ordinary voice. We want this scene to be perfectly natural."

At a sign, the spectators were urged to be quiet; the camera commenced operating; Adams, strutting in front of the microphone, did his stuff.

Then something else happened.

As the camera commenced clicking, a great gold and cream motor-van came gliding into the Triangle. Its entrance was so unobtrusive that many fellows did not know of its presence until it had worked right round and was well in the picture—forming a background, as it were.

Like rabbits out of a burrow, half a dozen attendants poured out of the van. They were dressed in gold and cream uniforms; they carried neat baskets in front of them.

"What on earth's all this?" murmured Nipper, in wonder.

"Jiggered if I know!" said Handforth, staring. "These chaps didn't say anything about—Hullo! Well I'm blessed! Look what it says on that van!"

Crowds of Removites, Fourth-Formers, and fags turned and looked. Everything—the surprised shouts, the general air of excitement—was being filmed and recorded! And all the while, Adams talked freely into the microphone.

Shouts of laughter were going up, but Mr. Wasson was in no way perturbed. He knew that that laughter would be recorded—but only as a background. He was very pleased with the way things were going. But there were quite a few fellows in the Remove and Fourth who were not pleased at all. In addition there were many seniors, grouped about on the outskirts, who were definitely indignant.

For that gold and cream van bore the legend—"Adams' Delicious Pimento Cheese."

And, to cap everything, the six attendants were walking briskly amongst the crowds of juniors, handing out packets of Adams' cheese—sample packets, free, gratis, and for nothing.

"I say, hang it, this is a bit thick, dear old fellows," protested Vivian Travers. "Do you spot the wheeze? This is one of old Adams' publicity stunts! Well,



well! He's using St. Frank's as an advert. for his cheese."

There was no laughter now. More seniors were coming up, and they were shouting angrily. Their feelings were communicating themselves to the Fourth-Formers and Removites and fags. The uproar became deafening. Even Mr. Wasson began to look worried.

Then, in the middle of all the excitement, Mr. Wilkes pushed his way through to the centre of operations.

"Just a minute, Mr.—er—Wasson," he said gently.

The camera had ceased operations, and Mr. Wasson assumed an air of innocence.

"Pity you butted in, sir," he said. "I'm afraid it'll mean a re-take——"

"I am afraid so, too," interrupted Old Wilkey firmly. "When I gave you permission to make this film, Mr. Wasson, I was under the impression that it would be a brief talkie interview with Adams. But I see that it is rather more ambitious. Do you mind explaining what this elaborate van means, to say nothing of the ornamental attendants?"

"Hear, hear, sir!"

"Hurrah!"

"Good old Wilkey!"

There were many yells of encouragement, and Ulysses Spencer Adams was beginning to look startled.

"Aw, gee! It's only a bit of fun," he protested.

"I shall be obliged, Adams, if you will leave this to me," interrupted Mr. Wilkes.

"Now, sir!" he went on, turning to Mr. Wasson. "Please understand that I cannot permit this—er—cheese van to appear in the film. It may not have occurred to you that such publicity would merely reduce the dignity of this school to ridicule."

"I'm only acting under orders——" began Mr. Wasson.

"I must give orders, too," said Mr. Wilkes. "You led me to suppose that this was a harmless talkie interview with one of my boys. I now find that it is a commercial—er—stunt. It won't do, sir."

"Good egg!"

"Chuck it, Adams!"

"Either you cut out the cheese, or you get out of the captaincy!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Say, what's eating you?" roared Adams. "I guess this part of the film is only for my father's private use."

"It doesn't matter what it's for!" roared Handforth. "You'll have to cut it out!"

"Yes, yes!"

"Down with Adams' Cheese!"

The fellows were so indignant that those gorgeously uniformed attendants were in

danger of being pelted with their own cheese. Only the presence of Mr. Wilkes saved them from this indignity.

Ulysses was exasperated; he was hurt. He had been chuckling over the extreme cuteness of his father's enterprise. And now it was to be cut out!

Mr. Wilkes was adamant and he had his own way. The cheese part of the film was vetoed, and the van, including attendants, was obliged to retire.

It was a case of American smartness being just a little too smart.

## CHAPTER 13.

### The New Junior XI.

"CAN you imagine the crust of these guys?" complained Adams bitterly.

He was surrounded by his body-guard, and morning lessons were completely over now. The movie men had gone long since, and that incident was almost forgotten.

"I give them free eats, and then they turn on me because they ate too much!" continued Adams indignantly. "Say, that's fierce. I'm sure feeling sore about it."

He was "sore," too, because the masters and the Remove, Fourth and Third, after a consultation with Mr. Wilkes, had forbidden their boys to accept any more of Adams' tuck-shop hospitality until the whole matter had been inquired into. There was to be no repetition of that orgy of over-eating.

"Even when a guy has money he can't spend it as he pleases!" complained Adams. "Suffering cats! It's got me all het up!"

"You were too wholesale, old man," said Armstrong. "If you had told the fellows that they could use the tuck-shop twice a day, with a shillingsworth of free grub on each occasion, there wouldn't have been any trouble. I mean, the greedy beggars couldn't have overeaten themselves—and you would have been even more popular."

"You're a wise guy now that it's too late, ain't you?" browled Adams. "But I guess that's a snappy suggestion, baby! I'll put it up to Old Wilkey right now."

He was angry with himself for not having thought of the obvious solution. A shillingsworth of tuck each, twice a day, would do splendidly. It would cost him far less, and he would still retain complete popularity.

Mr. Wilkes listened to the suggestion with an open mind.

"Yes, it seems all right, Adams," he said at length. "But, my dear chap, you can't afford to spend so much money! Don't you realise that it'll run you into something like seven or eight pounds a day?"

"Sure! I can stand the racket, sir."

"For as long as you are captain?"

"You bet I can, sir!"



"Perhaps you don't expect to be captain for long?" asked Old Wilkey dryly.

"I'm figuring to remain captain for keeps, sir," said Adams. "I do big things, sir—and I do them in a big way!"

"Yes; I think I have heard you say that before," murmured the Housemaster.

Adams went away satisfied. Mr. Wilkes had not pressed him too much; he had not been compelled to reveal the full extent of his wealth. He did not guess that Old Wilkey had allowed things to go on because he—Old Wilkey—had a pretty shrewd idea that Adams' captaincy would not last very long.

As for the lines Adams had to do, these did not worry him at all. He was paying other fellows to write them for him. What was the good of money if he didn't use it?

"You're sailing along all right now, old man, but you'd better realise that there are breakers ahead," said Armstrong, when Adams had related the result of the interview. "Rocks, my son! Nasty, jagged ones."

"I don't get you," said Adams, staring.

"The day after to-morrow," put in Griffith, "is Saturday."

"Oh, yeah?" said Adams, with sarcasm.

"Yeah—I mean, yes," said Armstrong.

"And on Saturday the St. Frank's Junior XI. is booked to play Caistowe Council School. That's what ought to be worrying you now, Adams. Don't forget the horrible

cropper you came last week, when we mucked up that game with Hazlehurst."

A frown crossed the skipper's brow.

"Aw, gee! I guess this game will be sorta soft," he said. "Our boys have been practising some this week—and, anyway, those Council School guys ain't hot. Small potatoes, I figure."

"Then you'd better figure again," said Armstrong. "My only hat! What kind of a Junior skipper do you call yourself?"

"Say, buddy——"

"Haven't you looked at the League table?" demanded Armstrong. "Caistowe Council School is well up the table. Those chaps are playing sound footer—and on Saturday they'll be playing on their own ground. We shall need our best team, and we shall need to go all out, even to draw."

"For the love of Mike!" ejaculated Adams, startled.

"The only sensible thing for you to do is to use the regular team," said Denny bluntly.

"What! Nipper and Handforth and Travers and those guys?" snapped Adams.

"Not on your life, baby! Guess again!"

"But I tell you it's the only way——"

"Nix!" said Adams, frowning. "Gee! Do you think I'm going to let Nipper's crowd give me the 'Ha, ha'? Letting them back would be a dog-gone admission of failure. No, sir! I guess I'm putting my own team into the field on Saturday."



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.

#### **"HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE."**

*Small Boy (on arrival at country cottage):*

*"Mummy, where is the bath-room?"*

*Mother: "There isn't one, dear."*

*Small boy: "Good! This is going to be a real holiday."*

(C. McFarlane, Iona Cottage, Victoria Road, Dunoon, has been awarded a handsome watch.)

#### **HARD LUCK.**

*Tommy: "Why are you crying?"*

*Bobby: "I gave away this week's NELSON LEE."*

*Tommy: "Well, you'd read it, hadn't you?"*

*Bobby: "Of course, but dad hadn't, and that's why I can't sit down now."*

(H. Magee, 19, Monks Hall Grove, Eccles, Manchester, has been awarded a pocket wallet.)

#### **SCRAPS.**

*Jones: "I've kept an account of my quarrels in this diary."*

*Jenkins: "A sort of scrap-book, eh?"*

(R. Harris, 47, Ruskin Avenue, Southend-on-Sea, has been awarded a penknife.)

#### **NOTED.**

*Convict: "What are you doing?"*

*Reporter: "I'm taking notes."*

*Convict: "Humph! That's what brought me here."*

(D. McFarlane, Eddels South Africa, Ltd., Pietermaritzburg, S. Africa, has been awarded a useful prize.)

#### **NOT WANTED.**

*Maid: "There's an old-clothes man at the door."*

*Master: "Tell him I've got all I need, thank you."*

(E. Allsopp, Top Corridor, Taunton School, Taunton, has been awarded a pocket wallet.)

#### **A CHAMPION PUP.**

*Jepson: "Well, did your pup do any better at this year's dog show?"*

*Repson: "Oh, yes. He bit three more spectators during the show than he did last time."*

(P. Kaye, 13, Letchford Cottages, Hatch End, Middlesex, has been awarded a penknife.)



"And it'll lose the match," said Armstrong. "And you'll lose the captaincy."

Adams gave the matter very serious thought during the afternoon—when he should have been intent upon his lessons. He even prepared a list of names. He selected his team. It was an improvement on the eleven which he had put into the field against Hazlehurst, but it was still far from perfect.

There was a surprise when Adams pinned up the notice after lessons. For this was his team: goalkeeper, Fatty Little; backs, Griffith, Bray; half-backs, Singleton, Boots, Armstrong; forwards, Owen major, Freeman, De Valerie, Denny, Doyle. Out of all those fellows, Buster Boots was the only regular member of the eleven, and he was to be played in his old position of pivot. The rest were newcomers—most of them fairly sound footballers, but hardly strong enough for inclusion in a school eleven.

"It's better than the last!" said Handforth, with a sniff. "But we're bound to lose against those Caistowe chaps. Huh! Fancy shoving Fatty Little in goal!"

"Well, that's not a bad selection, Handy," said Church. "Fatty's a good goalie—next best to you."

"What about De Valerie as centre-forward?" demanded Handforth.

"Well, he's better than Adams, and chance it!"

"By George! Adams isn't playing!" said Handforth, looking at the list again. "I say, Adams, what's the matter with you? Getting sensible for once?"

"Aw, shucks! I guess I'm a good skipper," retorted Adams. "There's no favouritism about me, buddy! I do big things, and I do them in a big way! I guess this team is gonna knock those Caistowe guys cold!"

Nipper noticed one peculiar fact about the list. All those Removites and Fourth-Formers, with the exceptions of Singleton and Boots, were practically stony. Later, Nipper learned that Singleton himself—usually so flush—was temporarily broke owing to the purchase of an expensive radio. Boots was in need of a new bicycle.

The real cunning of Ulysses Spencer Adams' selection was not apparent to anybody—except the members of the eleven. For he called them all together at once, and he put a proposition to them.

"Listen, boys," he said briskly. "We've got to win that match on Saturday. Get that, and get it good! I'm counting on you. Lose, and I'm all washed up."

"You'll be washed up if we lose by a big margin," agreed Boots. "But if we win—well, you'll still remain skipper."

"You said it!" nodded Adams. "You're gonna win, too. And I'll tell you why. You'll win because when you come off the field, as victors, I'm gonna hand you a five-pound note each!"

### EIGHT DAYS.

A case that was brought before the local magistrate involved the rightful ownership of an eight-day clock. After hearing both sides of the argument, the magistrate turned to the prosecutor.

"You get the clock," he announced.

"And what do I get?" complained the defendant.

"You get the eight days!" snapped the magistrate.

(M. Marsh, "Southfield," Bloomfield Road, Bath, has been awarded a pocket wallet.)

### KEEP OFF.

A small boy stood before a closed gate. A gentleman came slowly past. The small boy turned.

"Will you please open this gate for me?" he asked.

The gentleman did so, and then said kindly:

"And why, my child, could you not open the gate yourself?"

"Because," replied the small boy, "the paint's not dry yet."

(E. Davison, 616, Factory Road, Templeton, New Zealand, has been awarded a useful prize.)

### DE-LAY.

A man who had purchased thirty hens from an Aberdeen

farmer found, on counting them, that only twenty-nine had arrived. On the evening of the day of their arrival, he was preparing to despatch a protest when the farmer appeared, carrying the thirtieth hen under his arm.

"Ah, weel," said the Scotchman in reply to his customer's inquiry as to why it had not come with the others, "ye see, this hen doesna lay teel the afternoon, so ah couldna send her with the ithers."

(C. Blackall, 23, Oldhill Street, Stoke Newington, London, N. 16, has been awarded a pocket wallet.)

### THE INFANT PRODIGY.

Jones: "Are you musical, Smith?"

Smith: "Musical! Why, at the age of two I used to play on the linoleum!"

(S. Thomas, 26, Sea View Road, Leigh-on-Sea, has been awarded a penknife.)

### DEAD OR ALIVE.

Burly bandit (brandishing large cudgel): "Put up your hands. Move and you're dead!"

Professor (mildly): "That's contrary to reason, my dear sir. If I move that's a sign I'm alive."

(B. Beavis, 95, Crowland Road, Haverhill, Suffolk, has been awarded a pocket wallet.)





## CHAPTER 14.

## Bribery and Corruption!

THE team stared open-mouthed.

"Guess that's given you a jolt, huh?" grinned Adams. "I thought I'd knock you for a row of beans. I guess I do things in a big way!"

The idea had come to him suddenly—during lessons. Why not use his money to good purpose? These fellows were all in need of cash—and the majority of them were good footballers. The money would give them the extra zest to win. He wasn't taking any chances here. He was on a cert.

"You don't mean that!" ejaculated Armstrong at length in an awed voice.

"You bet I mean it," retorted Adams. "Five pounds each, brothers, if you win that match! And, say, listen! I'm big! I'll give an extra fiver each to the guys scoring the goals!"

"Here, hold on!" growled Boots. "This is all very well, Adams, but you can't bluff us. A fiver each means—let me see—fifty-five quid, and if two goals are scored it'll mean sixty-five."

"Sure," grinned Adams.

"You're not telling us that you're willing to whack out all that cash?" said Buster, staring.

"Guess I'll do better than that," replied Adams easily. "Yes, sir! Didn't I tell you guys that I was big? I'll give an extra fiver for *every* goal that St. Frank's scores!"

The forwards were particularly eager. They were the goal-scorers of the team, and this meant a chance of coming away from that match with ten pounds each in their pockets—even more! There was no limit. The whole thing took away their breath.

"We've only got your word——" began Doyle.

"Aw, gee! Can't you trust a guy?" demanded Adams impatiently. "See here!"

He took out his pocket-book and planked on the table a crisp pad of banknotes.

"I do things in a big way!" he went on, as though he had not mentioned that point before. "There's two hundred smackers here—that is to say, two hundred pounds. Honest to goodness dough! Satisfied?"

"Let's go out and practise!" said Fatty Little breathlessly. "Great doughnuts! A fiver each! Come on, you chaps!"

"I'm not so sure about this," grunted De Valerie. "It's—it's—— Well, it's a bit like bribery and corruption, isn't it?"

"Aw, gee! How do you get that way?" asked Adams impatiently. "I'm not asking you to sell the match, am I? I want you guys to put some ginger into your play—that's all."

"He's right," supported Armstrong enthusiastically. "And if Adams is generous enough to whack out, why shouldn't we take the money? Let's go out and get in some practice."

"Hear, hear!"

"Good old Adams!"

"We'll win!"

The Junior XI immediately dashed away and changed. After that they practised hard until the light failed. Ulysses Spencer Adams' offer had certainly put ginger into those juniors!

And while the team was on Little Side, practising so energetically that crowds of other fellows were standing round, watching in astonishment, Adams himself took a trip to Caistowe.

He had no difficulty in locating the football ground of the Caistowe Council School. It was on the outskirts of the town, in a meadow near the river. To Adams' satisfaction, several members of the Council School team were hard at practice. Joe Parker, the burly, goodnatured skipper, was there, too.

"Adams?" he said, when the St. Frank's junior skipper introduced himself. "Why, yes! I've heard of you, mate. American chap, aren't you?"

"Sure."

"Looks like your team's going to get a licking here on Saturday," went on Joe, grinning. "We heard all about that Hazlehurst match——"

"Aw, gee, forget it!" said Adams. "I guess that was the bunk. I'm bringing a regular team over here on Saturday. Yes, sir!"

"Glad to hear it," said Joe Parker. "We don't like games that are all one-sided."

Adams seemed awkward. He had a delicate subject to introduce, and he hardly knew how to begin.

"See here, buddy," he said confidentially. "Maybe you don't quite understand how things are fixed, huh? I'm kinda new to this ball game."

"You proved that last Saturday," nodded Joe blandly.

"Shucks! Will you forget it?" demanded Adams. "I guess you boys don't often get a break, huh?"

"Don't often get what?"

"I guess your school is as good as ours, but I understand from the fellers that you guys have a whole heap of trouble making ends meet," continued Adams. "Looks like you need new jerseys and shorts right now. That football, too, seems kinda punk."

"Look here——"

"Aw, don't get sore!" said Adams quickly. "I'm on the level, buddy. Is it a fact that your team is in need of new jerseys? What about new nets for your goals, too?"

"No need to rub it in," said the Caistowe skipper, with a grunt. "We ain't got money like you St. Frank's chaps. I dessay we could do with new jerseys—but the old 'uns are all right. We can play just as well in 'em, anyhow. But what's the idea? What's it got to do with you?"

Adams took out his pocket-book and counted ten five-pound notes. Joe Parker





Everybody in the St. Frank's team had scored except Fatty Little, and now it was his turn. With the ball at his toe, the fat goalie lumbered towards the opposing goalmouth.

watched him in wonder. The other Caistowe players were still at practice; this little conversation was private.

"Crumbs!" said Joe. "That ain't real money, is it?"

"You bet it is—and money talks!" replied Adams coolly. "See this, baby? Two hundred and fifty bucks! Fifty pounds!"

"Lumme!"

"With this money I guess you could put your team on Easy Street, huh?" went on Adams. "New jerseys—new shorts—new boots—new nets—everything! Well, son, it's yours! I'm a big guy."

"Mine?" gasped Joe Parker. "Fifty quid!"

"You said it!" nodded Adams. "Now, there's only one string tied to this dough. I'm sure keen on getting my hooks on a victory on Saturday. I guess my captaincy depends on it. This little chat is sorta private."

He was feeling more comfortable. Joe Parker was eyeing that money eagerly. And Adams considered that he was using his "wealth" legitimately. His father had sent him all that money, and he was using it to retain his captaincy. Everything would depend upon the match against Caistowe Council School. If he could win that—and win it by a handsome margin—the Remove and the Fourth would back him solidly.

"This dough is yours, buddy," he said impressively. "Now, maybe you could fix things, huh? One game more or less doesn't make much difference, I guess. If you and your boys will go kinda slow on Saturday—Say, get a hold of this. It's yours, brother! I'm making you a present of it."

Joe Parker took the money like a fellow in a daze.

"And I'm leaving the rest to you," continued Adams coolly. "Gee! That's a cinch of an idea! No strings at all, son! I'll just leave it to you."

And then, for the first time, Joe Parker understood.

## CHAPTER 15.

### Goals Galore!

FOR some moments Joe was so indignant that he could not speak.

"Here, let's get this thing straight!" he burst out, at length. "You've given me fifty quid, ain't you? An' you say there are no strings tied to it?"

"Sure!"

"But what you're suggesting is that me an' my mates should sell you the game!" said Joe fiercely. "Tryin' to bribe me, ain't you? Fifty quid for lettin' your team win!"



"Aw, gee! Don't get me wrong—"

"Not likely! I've got you right, mate," said Joe contemptuously. "Here, take your rotten money! I wouldn't touch it—" He suddenly paused, and there was a new expression in his eyes. He looked at Adams wonderingly. He looked at the money even more wonderingly. Ulysses waited, his heart thudding. "Saturday?" asked Joe, at length. "Let's get this right, mate. You're talking about Saturday's game, ain't you?"

"Why, sure!"

"Well, I dunno," said Joe, and it was obvious that he was thinking quickly. "It's temptin', mate. But I can't answer until I've talked it over with the other fellers. Wouldn't be fair. Look 'ere, how about ringing you up a bit later on?"

"That'll suit me," said Adams promptly.

"Well, I think it'll be all right," continued Joe in a much calmer tone. "Best leave this money with me, anyhow. I understand what you mean for Saturday. I ain't green. An' if the other chaps think the same as I do—well, there ain't nothin' for you to worry about."

Ulysses, highly pleased with his own smartness—and very relieved, because he had thought that Joe was about to turn down his offer—went back to St. Frank's.

It was at about 6.30 that somebody told him that he was wanted on the 'phone.

"Joe Parker speaking," came a familiar voice. "I've put it to the chaps, an' it's all right."

"Gee! Bully!" ejaculated Adams. "Say, that's sure swell!"

"We don't want it to be too obvious, of course," went on Joe. "So I hope your team will be in pretty good shape, Adams. Let's make it look somethin' like the real thing, eh? You know what I mean."

"Sure, I get you," grinned Adams. "It's all set, baby! Leave it to me!"

He came away from the telephone rubbing his lean hands, and there was a triumphant grin on his face. He spent the rest of the evening going about the Junior School expressing absolute confidence in his team. The Junior XI would win on Saturday! He stated this as a certainty—and he undoubtedly had good cause to feel certain!

At every available opportunity, the next day, the newly-formed Junior XI practised on Little Side. Adams went with the team, and he made a great show of peppering them up. He kept them at it in the morning, in the afternoon, and when darkness arrived he announced that he was thoroughly satisfied. His team was unbeatable!

The next day—Saturday—proved to be crisp and bright. Everybody was in excellent spirits. Ulysses had succeeded in convincing all his immediate supporters that he was "on a cert." He regarded his captaincy as assured. Even Nipper and Handforth and Travers and Pitt and all the other members of the Opposition were smiling and contented. Adams was doing better! Football, after all, was the most important thing

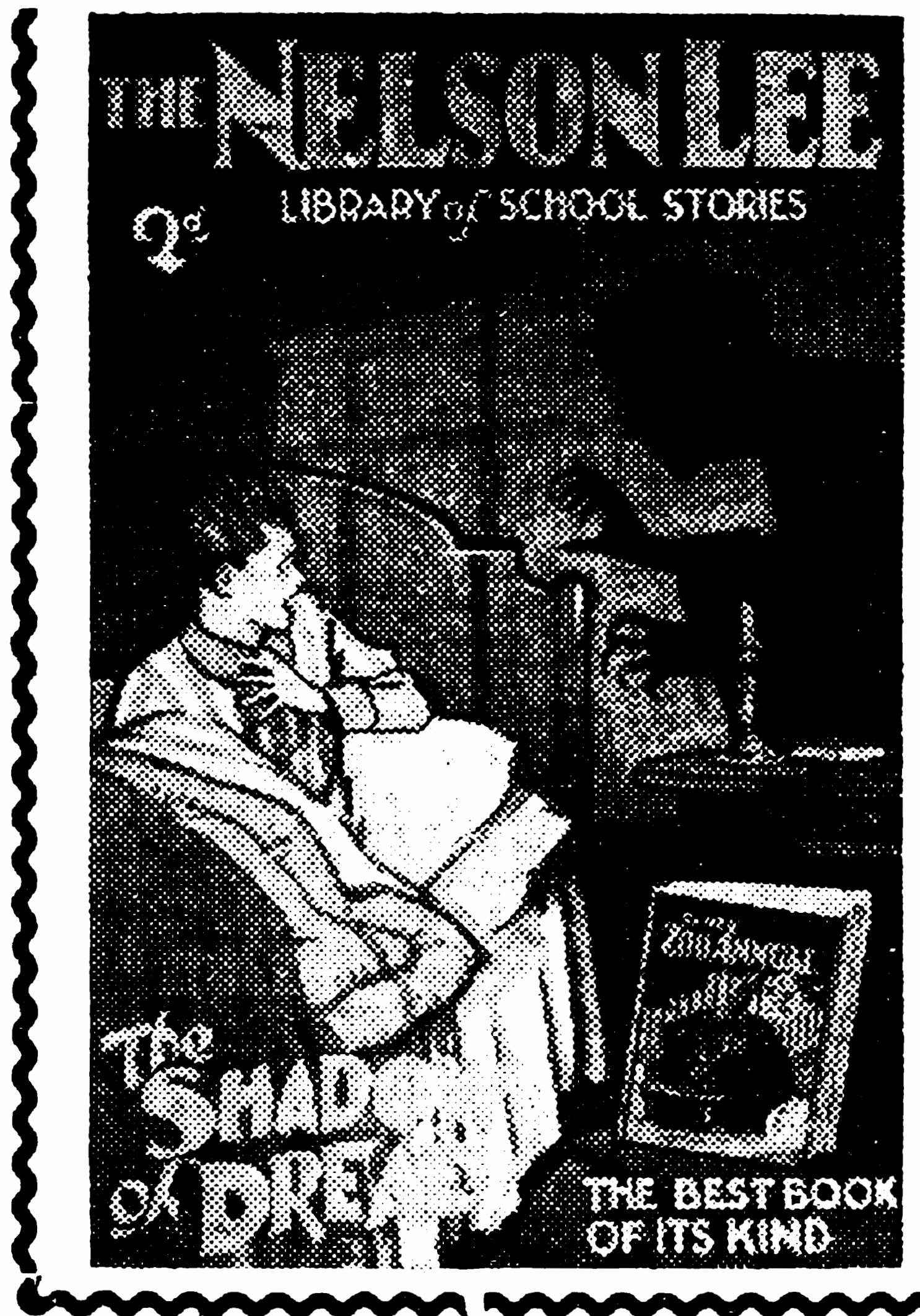
in the school, and if Adams secured a sound victory at Caistowe this afternoon, he would prove that he was the real goods.

The members of the team were agog with excitement. They were certain of five pounds each, anyhow—and with an extra fiver promised for every goal scored, they were right on their toes. But not a word was spoken on this subject. As Adam himself had said, it was far better to keep it under their hats.

There was another sensation after dinner. A small fleet of luxury motor-coaches arrived at the school.

"Why, sure," said Adams coolly, when they were pointed out to him, "I guess we're

## COMING NEXT WEDNESDAY!



all going to this dog-gone match. Step right in, boys! I'm doing the paying!"

"What!" gasped Handforth. "Do—do you mean to say that you hired these motor-coaches especially for us?"

"You bet I did," replied the American boy. "Say, how many more times must I tell you guys that I do big things—in a big way? I'm that kind of guy!"

His popularity was immense. Not a solitary word of criticism had he heard to-day. Everybody was breezy and cheery and good-hearted. Fellows came along and slapped him on the back. Fags cheered him wherever he appeared. Removites and Fourth-Formers greeted him enthusiastically. Every word he uttered was listened to with intentness and eagerness.

This was real fame! He felt like a prince.



Wherever he went, his bodyguard went, too. He was no longer subjected to any kind of hostility. Even the Opposition had given in at last, and it was treating him with the respect which was his due.

He expanded under all this—and he glowed inwardly when he realised that it was his money which had brought about such a radical change. He had been spending that money lavishly, but what did it matter? Look at the results! And when this game was over—

"Hot dog!" murmured Adams to himself. "It's a clinch! Oh, boy! I'm sure sitting pretty!"

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Everybody talked victory. The members of the team were certain of an overwhelming success. They promised Adams that they would go on the field and reduce the Caistowe players to confusion.

"Just let yourselves go, boys," said Adams, grinning. "And don't forget—five quid for every goal scored!"

"We're not forgetting," grinned Buster Boots. "Leave it to us! You don't mind how many goals we score, by the way? You won't grumble if we get too many?"

"Don't make me laugh!" said Adam. "Go to it! The more goals you score, the better I shall like it. Make it a dozen—make it two dozen! Who cares?"

"Attaboy!" chuckled Boots.

There was tremendous enthusiasm round the field when the teams came on. Practic-

ally the whole of the Remove and the Fourth and the Third had come along, and the ropes were crowded. Scores of Caistowe boys were there, too, and everybody seemed to be cheering. There was a sort of Cup-tie atmosphere about the game.

Joe Parker's uncle, Sam Webster, was acting as referee. He blew his whistle shrilly, and the teams lined up.

"Hurrah!"

"Go it, St. Frank's!"

"Come on, the Council School!"

There were cheers and counter cheers. Off went the players, and the St. Frank's forwards, with a mighty rush, sliced clean through the helpless Caistowe defence.

Slam!

De Valerie—probably with the thought of a fiver in his mind—shot hard and true. The Caistowe goalie fumbled, he stumbled, and the ball was in the net.

"Goal!"

It was a loud shriek of triumph. St. Frank's had scored within the first ten seconds!

"Attaboy!" yelled Adams. "What did I tell you? Say, this game's in the bag!"

Freeman and Denny, in the forward line, ran up to De Valerie, and clapped him on the back.

"Good egg!" grinned Freeman. "That's a fiver up for you, Val!"

"Your turn next," said De Valerie coolly. "Go it! Let them know that we're on the field, you chaps!"

Off they went again. Adams' team played valiantly—if unscientifically. The Caistowe backs appeared to be dazed and paralysed. Again there was a rush, and this time Freeman raced through. Crash! The leather was there.

"Goal!"

Exactly one minute later Denny was running like a hare, and he made no mistake about his shot.

Disorganised, rattled beyond lope, the Caistowe defence fell to pieces. Owen major scored next—a feeble shot from the left wing. The ball hardly had power enough to cross the line, between the posts—but it just managed it. The goalie, who could easily have saved, stood like a fellow in a dream.

Then Doyle, on the other wing, got his goal. Five of them! Five goals within five minutes—and every forward in the St. Frank's attack had netted.

## CHAPTER 16.

### Netting the Fivers!

ULYSSES SPENCER ADAMS was almost dancing with joy.

With the game hardly started, St. Frank's had secured a five-goal lead. The Saints were certain of victory. Adams' money had done the trick—and done it magnificently. It wouldn't matter if there were no further goals—the fellows couldn't keep up this pace, anyhow. They had gone all out, thinking of those fivers,



and their rush tactics had knocked the Caistowe men sideways. The rest of the game would be a mere rough-and-tumble, and—

"Goal!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go it, the Saints!"

Adams started. Yet another goal had been notched!

He hadn't thought of the cost so far—that was a minor consideration. Of course, he thoroughly understood that the Caistowe men had blundered and kicked clumsily on purpose, but it really seemed to Ulysses that Joe Parker was overdoing it a bit. No team on earth could be quite as bad as this. It was rather a wonder that the spectators had not begun to twig. For, astonishing enough, the Caistowe supporters were shrieking with laughter—instead of being utterly dismayed, as one might reasonably have supposed they would be.

"By George! You've put a real team in the field this time, Adams!" sang out Handforth, coming over and clapping the American boy heartily on the back. "Good man! You're the skipper!"

"I'll say!" gasped out Adams.

"And we were worrying about Nipper!" went on Handforth scoffingly. "My only sainted aunt! Where could we find a better skipper than you?"

"And the team!" said Travers, eloquently kissing his finger-tips. "By Samson! What a team! Did you ever see goals scored so rapidly? Hallo! What was that? Well, well! Another!"

"That makes seven!" said Handforth happily.

Ulysses started. Seven goals! That meant thirty-five pounds—and on top of the fifty-five he had already promised! This game was running into high finance! For the first time, Adams began to get a little anxious. It was all very well for the Caistowe players to "go easy," but there was really no need for them to give the game away so blatantly as this.

That the Caistowe players were hopelessly disorganised became evident very shortly afterwards. For not only did all the St. Frank's half-backs score goals, but on the heels of these triumphs, Griffith and Bray, the St. Frank's backs, rushed right through without any interference from anybody. Griffith scored first, and then Bray followed his example.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go it, the Saints!"

"That makes ten!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come on, Fatty!" went up a roar. "It's your turn next! Everybody's scored but you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Great pancakes!" bellowed Fatty excitedly. "Where's the ball? I'll show you! Why shouldn't I get my fiver, too?"

Adams squirmed. What was the matter with that fat sap? He was so excited that he was talking about the fivers! There wasn't any need to let the whole field know—including the spectators!

The amazing thing was, Fatty Little *did* score. No sooner had the game re-started than Joe Parker managed to make a run through. It looked for a moment as though he was about to score. But his effort finished feebly, Fatty robbing him of the ball without any difficulty. And then away went the fat goalie, the leather at his feet—lumbering from one end of the field to the other—making for the Caistowe goal!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go it, Fatty!"

Adams stared in bewilderment. He did not understand much about Soccer, but he knew perfectly well that the goalkeeper was not supposed to leave his post in this extraordinary manner.

What was far worse, the St. Frank's players and the Caistowe players were standing about helplessly—the majority of them rocking with laughter—while Fatty streaked through.

"Say," burst out Adams, "what's the matter with you guys, anyway?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Crash!

Fatty, considerably puffed, had arrived at the Caistowe goal. The goalie was leaning helplessly against one of the posts doubled up with laughter. The leather came in; the goalie moved out at the last moment, and he made a feeble pretence of saving. But the ball was in—and the referee's whistle shrilled.

"Goal!"

"That makes eleven!"

And another shriek of laughter went up—a shriek which was indulged in by both teams and both sets of spectators.

It was absurd—it was crazy! Eleven goals already! And, significantly enough, all eleven members of the St. Frank's team had scored a goal each—which meant that the "prize money" would be equally divided. In fact, the astute Adams suddenly jumped to the conclusion that this was a ramp. It had been arranged! The players had fixed it so that they bagged a fiver each!

Fifty-five pounds—which meant one hundred and ten pounds all told! It was getting serious. At least, Adams thought so. Everybody else appeared to think that it was the joke of the century, judging by their yells of laughter.

"Well, Adams, old man, you've shown us what you can do this time," said Nipper genially.

"Eh?" babbled Adams.

"Rather!" said Nipper. "Eleven goals scored, and I shouldn't be surprised if there are eleven more to come!"

"Suffering snakes!" yelled Adams in alarm.

"You needn't think of the money," continued Nipper coolly. "What is money to you? You're big, Adams! You do big things in a big way!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Say, what the——"

"You're that kind of a guy," said Nipper sweetly.



## CHAPTER 17.

## A Shock for Ulysses!

"GEEWINNIKERS!" gurgled Ulysses Spencer Adams. "What's this racket, anyway? What do you fellows know about money?"

"Oh, that!" said Nipper with a shrug. "Of course, over in England we usually play our matches straight. We don't have any bribery and corruption."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"For the love of Mike!" exclaimed Adams.

"But you, being an American, look at things in a different way," went on Nipper graciously. "Of course, we all have our own methods. I dare say you thought it smart to offer the chaps a fiver each, with another fiver for every goal scored."

"But—but—"

"And I expect you thought it just as smart when you gave Joe Parker fifty quid and suggested to him that he and his team should go slow," continued Nipper, smiling still, but with a relentless note in his voice. "Oh, yes, Adams! Very slick—very cute—but a bit risky!"

"I don't get you," said Adams feebly.

"My dear old chap, isn't it obvious?" asked Nipper. "Aren't the teams doing exactly as you desired? Surely you're not going to grumble?"

"Say, listen—"

"You wanted the Caistowe players to go slow, to let our goal scorers get through," said Nipper in surprise. "And you wanted our men to make certain of success. So where is your kick coming in? You ought to be hugging yourself with delight, Adams. What's the matter? You don't seem very pleased."

"Gosh! You guys have framed me!" gasped Adams with sudden enlightenment.

"Oh, yeah!" went up a combined yell.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But I thought it was a sort of competition in framing people?" asked Nipper sweetly. "You framed your own team, and you framed Joe Parker's team."

"You silly, fatheaded American ass!" roared Handforth. "Your own giddy smartness has come back at you and bitten you in the seat of the trousers!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Gee! Did those guys spill anything?" asked Adams with a gulp.

He looked at the field through a kind of haze. The game—if it could be called a game—was continuing merrily. A few more goals had been scored—nobody cared how many—but every goal meant five pounds out of Adams' pocket!

"Well, perhaps it's only fair that you should know the facts, Adams, old man," said Nipper generously. "I don't mind explaining, although I warn you you'd better brace yourself up."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"After you had had a chat with your team, promising a fiver all round," said Nipper, "the team sent a deputation to me

headed by Boots. You see, the team wasn't satisfied—it felt a bit uncomfortable. It wanted my advice."

"Your advice?" shouted Adams hotly. "Say, who do you think you are, anyway?"

"Nobody in particular, but I happen to be the late skipper," replied Nipper quietly. "Who else should they come to? Naturally, I advised them to go ahead."

"What?"

"Of course," said Nipper, "I told them to score as many goals at a fiver per head as they liked. Why not? It was your own proposition. And, as everybody knows, your propositions are one hundred per cent perfect!"

"Gee! I don't get the hang—"

"You will in a minute," interrupted Nipper gently. "You see, Joe Parker rang me up."

"What!"

"Oh, yes!" beamed Nipper. "Joe Parker took your fifty pounds because he had suddenly remembered something. It was something which you did not seem to know, although you ought to have known, seeing that you are the St. Frank's junior skipper. He explained things to me, and—well, I didn't want to diddle the members of your team out of their well-earned fivers. So I advised Joe to agree to your little suggestion. In fact, we made a sort of compact."

"A—a compact?" babbled Adams. "And, see here, what was it I was supposed to know?"

"About the match," said Nipper. "This isn't a League match, you know. It's only a friendly."

"A—a which?" shrieked Adams.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

He was beginning to see daylight clearer and clearer, and the dismay on his face caused the crowds of spectators to roar with merriment.

"You've only yourself to blame, dear old fellow," murmured Travers. "As Junior captain you should have gone through your correspondence. Owing to a little re-arrange-

(Continued on next page.)

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## THE SCHOOLBOY RACKETEER!

*(Continued from previous page.)*

ment in the fixture list, the real Caistowe match is not to be played until the week after next—on a Wednesday."

"We knew this, of course," said Nipper. "Joe Parker knew it, too, and it was when he suddenly remembered it that he changed his mind. You see, a friendly match had been fixed up just to keep the ball rolling. And it really doesn't matter much what happens in a friendly match—particularly if that match is reduced to a comic game, with both sides thoroughly understanding the humour of it."

"With the solitary exception of the skipper," said Travers blandly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Say, you big mutts, you've framed me over this!" shouted Adams with sudden anger. "I guess I'm not going to pay out a cent—"

"You'd better guess again!" snapped Nipper. "Either you'll pay, Adams, or we'll take the money!"

"But, gee whizz—"

"You bribed your own team, and you bribed your opponents," continued Nipper. "The game is being played exactly as you yourself desired. It may be a bit more thorough, but that's only a detail. And you'll pay out and like it!"

"Yes, rather!" said Handforth. "We've already fixed it up with Joe Parker and his pals. After the match we're all going along to the Japanese Café in Bannington. We're going to have a rip-roaring feed, and after the exes have been paid all the rest of the money is going to the Bannington Hospital."

"We shall be able to make a very nice present to the Bannington Hospital," said Nipper comfortably. "Something like a hundred pounds, I should think."

"We!" yelled Adams. "But I'm paying that money—"

"That's your little mistake," interrupted Nipper. "We're paying it. You've already mortgaged that money—you've promised it. What the players do with it is no concern of yours whatsoever."

Adams' brain was whirling.

"But—but Bannington is out of bounds," he said feebly.

"That's another of your little mistakes," said Nipper. "The Head removed the ban this morning. Everything has been so peaceful of late that there's no reason why we shouldn't resume normal relations with the town. So we're going there this evening to celebrate."

Ulysses Spencer Adams had no more to say. He was squashed. His own smartness had recoiled upon him.

The rest of that game was a farce. Every member of the St. Frank's team scored again before the final whistle blew. The match was played right through until the last minute. Adams would have no loophole to get out of his obligations.

The result was comic. Twenty-two—nil! And each member of the St. Frank's XI had scored two goals. Financially it meant that Adams had to pay out one hundred and sixty-five pounds!

## CHAPTER 18.

### The Hustler Hustled!

THE celebration at the Japanese Café was a huge success.

The St. Frank's players and the Caistowe players and all their supporters were in the highest of spirits. Never had the Japanese Café been so crowded. The St. Frank's boys were naturally overjoyed, too, because they were once again able to go into Bannington.

Better still, Sam Beckle & Co., of the Bannington Hotspurs, were encountered in the High Street, and instead of trouble there was a general rejoicing. After that the crowds descended upon the Bannington Palladium. A good talkie show, it was felt, would round up the evening nicely.

Adams was there, and he was doing his best to bluff the whole unfortunate business through. He had paid up, since it was impossible for him to do anything else. And most of his money had gone by now.

Unknown to him, Travers, who was a confirmed practical joker, had sent up by telephone a full account of the football match to a London newsagency. Travers had done this just before the end of the game.

And, sure enough, the reports were in the evening papers, which reached Bannington just before the boys crowded into the Palladium. Adams' face, when he saw those reports, was a picture. For here he was shown in his true light—as a blunderer, a "smart guy" who was too smart. Adams, in fact, nearly went green.

"Gee! When my father sees this he'll sure be sore!" he said in dismay.

"Sore?" repeated Travers blandly. "But we understood that your father liked publicity?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Adams groaned. He was positive that his father would not like this kind of publicity. For all the facts about that match were ruthlessly told. He was made to look, in his own expressive terms, "two cents." He was mercilessly exposed.

But the climax came almost immediately after the boys had crowded into the Palladium.

They were just in time to see the news reel, and there was a murmur of expectation and excitement when they saw that it was the "World Sound News." They settled themselves in their seats comfortably. They wondered if Adams' precious little "talkie" would be included in this reel. Probably it would, since the Palladium ran the most up-to-date stuff.

"Here we are!" said Handforth eagerly.

*(Continued on page 44.)*



*Gift-time is coming—this article will be of interest and help.*

# FIRESIDE FRIENDS!

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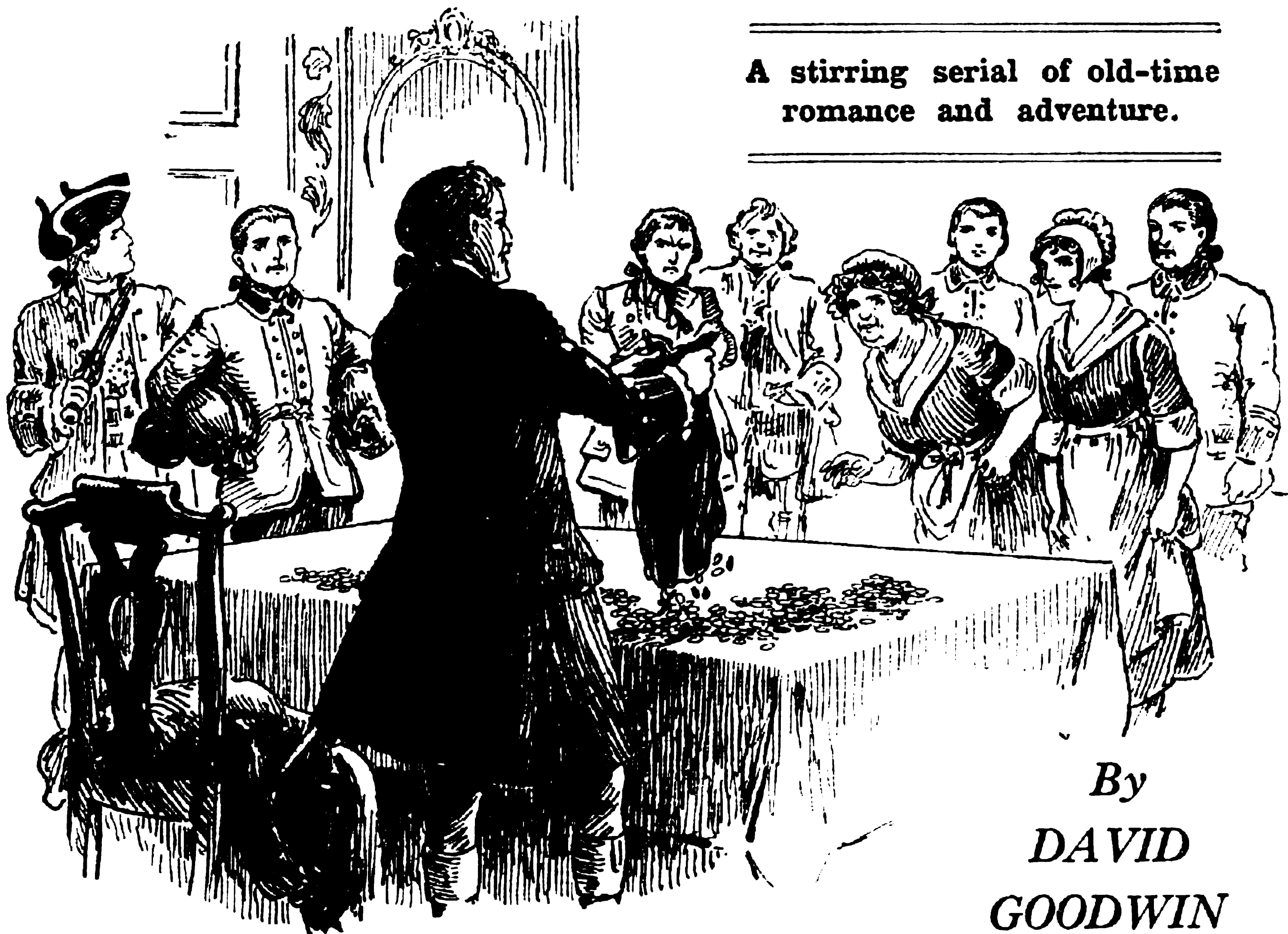
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***Dick Forrester visits his rascally cousin—but it's not a friendly one!***

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## Dick Accepts an Invitation!

**I**N the old, lofty banquetting chamber of Fernhall, Hector Forrester sat at the table with two others. One was his land steward, a thin-faced, cunning-looking man, somewhat of Hector's own stamp. The other was James Clifford, a pompous local squire and magistrate, who had reasons of his own for cultivating Hector's friendship, despite the meagreness of his table.

Hector's dark, furtive features wore a look of smug content. It could hardly have been the poor meal on the table that pleased him. Perhaps it was the thought of the money he was saving, and which was the subject of his speech.

"Money moves all things, Clifford," he said to the magistrate, his black eyes gleaming with greed. "Money makes the man! He is a fool who spends it on trifles, when he might keep it to gain him power. None can say I fritter money away on what spend-thrifts call good living."

"No, indeed; your worst enemy could not accuse you of that!" agreed Clifford, striving hard to hide the contempt in his voice. "Speaking of enemies, have you had any trouble with your cousin Richard, who, they say, has turned highwayman again? I doubt he was none too pleased when you took Fernhall from him."

Hector laughed loudly.

"'Od's faith!" he said. "No fear of trouble from him. A price on his head, and the noose awaiting him, he will never dare show his nose within fifty leagues of Fernhall! Ah, but I wish from my heart he would attempt it!"

"'Twould afford you a little excitement?"

"Excitement? Bah! I would soon have him fast, and dangling from Gorse Hill gallows! But, alas, the rogue fears me too much to show himself in Norfolk. Is it not so, Bennett?"

"It is indeed, sir," said the steward, with a flattering smile. "He trembles at your very name."



"So he does," cried Hector valiantly. "He is but a poor-spirited swashbuckler, this Galloping Dick——"

He broke off abruptly, and his cheeks turned white as ashes. Through the open door, calm and debonair, walked Dick Forrester, with Turpin by his side.

"Good-even', gentlemen!" said Dick suavely. "Mr. Clifford and Mr. Bennett, my respects. Cousin Hector, the wish of your heart, which I lately heard you express, is fulfilled. I have dared to 'show my nose' in Fernhall."

Hector stared at him with terrified eyes. He tried to speak, but no words came.

"It is unthankful work to tremble at your name fifty leagues away," said Dick, "so I have come to delight you by doing it in your presence. Behold me tremble. Nay, cousin, edge not towards the pistol in the chimney-piece! 'Tis too far off to serve you."

"Ecod!" exclaimed Clifford, his eyes bulging. "Are you Dick Forrester?"

"At your service," replied Dick politely. "Dick Forrester, late of this manor of Fernhall, but now of the King's highways. Let me present my comrade, Richard Turpin, of the same estate."

"Your most obedient servant, gentlemen," said Turpin, bowing affably.

"Ring the bell, Bennett!" shouted Hector, at last finding his voice. "Ring the bell!"

But Bennett, observing Dick's eye on him, made no effort to move, fearing for his own skin.

"Come, Mr. Bennett," said Dick. "Did you not hear the squire's command? Ring the bell!"

Vastly surprised, Bennett obeyed. Dick whipped from his pockets two horse-pistols.

"Let me call your attention to these excellent weapons," he said. "They are of the finest finish and workmanship. It may have reached your ears that they are not given to missing their mark in my hands. I can promise you that if anyone moves, or cries aloud, or makes any signal, without my permission, they will give you proof of the fact instantly. Am I understood?"

The three men winced visibly as the pistol-muzzles were pointed in their direction.

"I will now put them out of sight," said Dick, replacing them in his pocket; "but

let me beg of you to remember their existence."

"To which I may add," said Turpin urbanely, "that I also have a pair of similar curiosities in my pockets. I will not produce them for your inspection, however, unless I am obliged."

### The Humiliation of Hector!

**M**R. BENNETT and the magistrate looked very indignant and apprehensive. Hector glared angrily, but there was terror in his eyes, too.

"Having given this little explanation," said Dick, "we will now proceed to pleasure. Cousin, we will do ourselves the honour of dining with you."

"Leave the house!" panted Hector furiously. "Leave it, you felon!"

"Places will be laid for four," said Dick. "Really, Hector, you will oblige me to give you a small lesson in manners. Have you already forgotten the last one?"

Hector quailed before Dick's eye.

"Ah, here is the servant!" said Dick, as a serving-man appeared in answer to the bell. "A new face—one I do not recognise. We shall inquire into that later. Here, good fellow, clear away this meal. My affection for you is great, Hector, but I feel sure you will welcome me with more than this meagre fare."

The guests sat as if petrified. Hector fought for breath; rage consumed him, yet he dared not disobey.

"There is nothing in the house!" he said hoarsely.

"Tut!" said Dick, with a wave of his hand. "Do not let us stand on ceremony, cousin. Plain fare will satisfy Turpin and me. We will make shift with the provisions you have ordered for the lord-lieutenant's dinner to-morrow night."

Hector leaped from his chair, his eyes starting from his head, the veins swelling upon his forehead.

"Ten thousand fiends!" he shouted. "The constables! Send for the King's Riders!"

Dick's gaze fell upon his cousin, and the words died on Hector's lips.

A dead silence possessed all the company. The serving-man gaped vacantly, hardly understanding his master's outburst. Bennett and the magistrate sat uneasily on

### HOW THE STORY BEGAN.

**DICK FORRESTER**, formerly a young highwayman, has been deprived of his fortune and estate at Fernhall 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. Sweeney makes numerous attempts on Dick's life, but every time the young outlaw eludes him. The two comrades come together again, and Turpin tells of the tyranny and meanness of Hector Forrest at Fernhall. Dick immediately vows to teach his rascally cousin a lesson.

(Now read on.)



their chairs, fearing a tragedy. Hector himself trembled visibly, and bitterly repented his outburst of rage, expecting every moment to be shot. Turpin leaned against the mantelpiece with the air of one enjoying himself hugely.

"I beg your pardon, cousin," said Dick coolly. "Do the King's Riders, then, serve your meals?"

Hector's one desire was to order the servant to spread the alarm; but he knew Dick's hand grasped the pistol-butt inside his coat-pocket, and that to give the alarm might well prove his last word on earth.

"Hector, I am patient, but I think we have delayed long enough," remarked Dick, smiling faintly. "Give your servant my order, I pray you."

"Clear the table!" said Hector hoarsely to his man.

"And hark ye," added Dick, "move a little quicker, man, and tread more lightly. What is the noise in the servants' quarters?"

"If you please, sir," said the man, blinking nervously, "Janet, the cook who used to be here, has arrived with an army of handmaids and stormed the kitchen. She has turned the new cook into the scullery to wash the dishes, and boxed the footman's ears, and chased the others who were there out of the window, if it please you."

"It does please me," said Dick. "Desire Janet the cook to come up here."

"You shall pay for this—you shall pay for this!" muttered Hector, livid with fury.

"Hold your tongue, unless you wish to sup on a bullet!" snapped Dick. "I shall not warn you again, Hector."

A few moments later the door of the banqueting chamber opened, and the ample figure of Dick's old cook appeared.

"Did you send for me, Master Dick?" she asked, curtsy-ing.

"I did, Janet," said Dick. "I want you to do your very best, and serve us quickly the finest dinner for four that is possible. You'll find plenty of provisions in the store-houses."

Janet dropped another curtsy, and with a triumphant grin at the raving Hector, swiftly disappeared again. Even from the dining-hall they could hear her hustling the serving-people about like chickens on a flower-bed.

"I said four places," went on Dick politely, turning to the magistrate and Bennett. "I hope to have the pleasure of your company."

"We—we have just dined," said Bennett.

"Dined!" exclaimed Dick scornfully. "On such meagre fare? Ecod, sir, 'twould be a dishonour to Fernhall to let you fast thus. I pray you, dine with me!"

"We cannot well refuse," said the magistrate uneasily.

"Aye, that's true!" smiled Dick, patting his side-pocket affectionately. "And you, cousin—will you also partake?"

"No, I will not!" snapped Hector. "And you shall not squander the costly viands I have ordered for the lord-lieutenant!"

"'Shall not' is a rough pair of words to use," said Dick. "You surprise me, cousin, after my courtesy to you. It begins to dawn upon me that it would be simpler to shoot you, and help ourselves to what we want."

"And so say I!" exclaimed Turpin. "Come, Dick, let us empty a barker into his head, and go on to the strong-room! Never mind the dinner!"

"Nay, I did but jest!" shrieked Hector, cowering.

"Your ways are a little abrupt, Turpin," said Dick. "We must forego our sport. But do you bear it in mind, cousin, or I may follow my excellent comrade's advice. There are two or three little matters that need my attention."

During the wait that followed, Dick and his comrade talked with such bland courtesy that Bennett and the magistrate were bewildered. They were wondering whether they would eventually be shot, or robbed, or both.

Hector, livid with rage, humiliated, sat in glowering silence. Time and again he glanced towards the window, trying to make up his mind to dash out and raise the alarm, but his nerve was not strong enough, and Dick's grim smile warned him what to expect.

Soon the serving-man reappeared, and by Dick's order laid the table with the best and richest plate and crystal that Fernhall possessed. The finest wines in the cellar were brought up, and before very long the dinner was ready.

"Let it be served," said Dick. "Come, gentlemen, take your places! Cousin, as you refuse my hospitality, you shall have the honour of waiting upon us. See that you do it neatly, and I must warn you that Turpin always shoots anyone who spills wine over the cloth."

"What!" screamed Hector. "I will not lower myself like a common menial to serve such a dog as you."

"Enough!" rapped Dick harshly. "Carry out my orders, I say! Where is the serving-man? Come here, fellow! Place all the dishes as they are served upon the buffet yonder, and leave them. Turpin, will you take that end, while I preside? Is the soup ready? Serve it, Hector, and spill it at your peril!"

Hector, in this crowning humiliation, showed signs of defiance; but Dick drew both his pistols and laid them by the side of his plate. Swallowing an oath, Hector served round the soup with a shaking hand.

"Careful, knave!" exclaimed Turpin, turning on him fiercely, so that Hector nearly jumped out of his boots. "Dick, this serving-fellow of yours is a stupid fool. His hand shakes like a leaf, and he all but spilled the soup over me!"

"Have a care, rogue!" warned Dick to Hector. "He shall be dismissed with a week's wages after we have dined, Turpin. For the present let us make use of him."



Wine here for his worship the magistrate, fellow!"

Hector made haste to obey. He trembled like a craven wretch, but hate glittered in his eyes.

### An Outlaw's Justice!

**T**HE soup was excellent, and the wine was better still. The man from the kitchen brought in the second course and laid it on the buffet. Hector handed it round.

"Wine here to Mr. Bennett!" ordered Dick. "Quick about it!"

The agent was but a dull man, and could not rise to the occasion, still remaining ill at ease; but the magistrate proved himself a very jolly old boy after he had disposed of a bottle or two, and laughed, cracked jests, and ordered Hector about with the best of them.

The owner of Fernhall himself, though he dared not disobey the commands of his highwaymen guests, went about his work in sullen, burning fury. Dick, without appearing to do so, watched him intently.

"Come here," he said presently, "and carve a wing of this capon for his worship!"

Hector came to Dick's side, and took the carvers. The young outlaw saw how his cousin's hand trembled in the stress of his hate. Dick was jesting merrily with the magistrate when suddenly, like a flash of light, Hector struck at Dick's breast with the carving-knife.

A shriek burst, not from Dick's lips, but from Hector's. The point actually pierced the young highwayman's silken vest, but it went no farther. Dick had caught his cousin's wrist with a grip of iron, and gave it a sudden turn that upset Hector on the floor and sent the knife across the room.

"So!" said Dick with dangerous quietness. "I was expecting that."

"Spare me!" squealed Hector, grovelling on the floor as Turpin reached for his pistol.

"Nay, put up your weapon, Turpin," said Dick. "Oblige me by ringing the bell. Get up, worthy and respected cousin!"

Hector rose sullenly, and the serving-man appeared at the door.

"Here, sirrah," said Dick, "off with your coat and vest! Now your breeches! Be not bashful, but obey! Your cravat also, and shoes!"

Amid the laughter of the others—all, save Hector—the bewildered serving-man took off his brass-buttoned livery and piled it on the floor. Dick bade him go, and he left the room in his woollen underwear, convinced that he had to do with madmen.

"Now, cousin," said Dick, "you serve but ill in the clothes of a gentleman, nor do they become you. In the Fernhall livery you will know your duties better, therefore hasten and put on those clothes!"

"Would you degrade our name thus?" appealed Hector sullenly. "I am a Forrester, as well as you!"

"Cousin," said Dick sternly, "you have degraded our name with fraud and lies and treachery, with miserliness and broken faith. No garments you may wear can dishonour you the more. Put on that servant's livery, I command you!"

Thoroughly cowed at last, Hector doffed his own clothes and stood up in his own serving-man's livery.

"Now, pick up yonder carving-knife, and carve as I bade you!" said Dick.

Hector fetched the knife and obeyed. Dick sat in his chair, with no weapon in his hands, smiling quietly, while he gave his cousin the same chance as before. A swift blow of the knife might still have meant his death, but Hector had learned his lesson.

The banquet ended at last, and a sumptuous one it had proved. Even Dick admitted he had never sat down to a better.

"There remains a small matter to settle," he said, as they rose from the table. "Sound the bell once more."

The serving-man appeared. Everyone waited, wondering what would happen now.

"Bid those who are waiting below to come up," said Dick. "I have a word to say to them."

The room was soon filled with a round dozen of folk—old and young, of both sexes—who saluted Dick, and waited respectfully. The young highwayman turned to his cousin.

"These," he said grimly, "are the tried and faithful servants of Fernhall. Many of them served our family for twice a score of years, and were faithful to the name of Forrester. You threw them out to starve! I propose to set this matter in order."

He turned to Turpin.

"Comrade, in the fob of yonder vest lying over the chair you will find the keys of the strong-room, where there are two chests of gold. The economical habits of our friend here should have added a good store. Take two men and bring here the gold, which you will find in leathern bags."

"This," quoth Turpin, taking up his pistols, "is a task which suits me most amazingly well. Come—you, and you!"

He picked two of the strongest men, and in a little while they were back again, carrying a goodly load of bags that clinked merrily as they were set down. Dick poured out a heap of glittering guineas, and divided them rapidly into smaller heaps.

Sight of the money—realisation that the young outlaw meant to distribute it among the serving-men—made Hector Forrester see red.

He had been slowly moving towards the great fireplace, and now, with an enraged shout, he leapt forward and seized the pistol which hung there. Turning, he pointed it straight at Dick!

*(Another exciting instalment next Wednesday, chums—don't miss reading it.)*



## THE SCHOOLBOY RACKETEER!

(Continued from page 38.)

A subtitle had come on the screen—"American Boy Captains Famous Public School."

There was a murmur at this, for it was quite wrong. Adams wasn't the captain of the school at all. He was merely Junior skipper, which was a very different thing.

Still, it wasn't much to grumble at. Adams himself sat tense. He seemed to be worried. The picture came on, and there stood Ulysses, with familiar figures near at hand and in the background. Handforth eagerly pointed himself out, and other boys were engaged in the same congenial occupation.

Then came the shock.

A cream and gold van appeared, attendants sprang out, and there, in full view, were the words on that van—Adams' Cheese!

A mighty roar went up from every St. Frank's fellow in the theatre. In spite of what Mr. Wasson had said, the film was being shown to the public in its entirety—Adams' Cheese and all!

"You—you rotter!" roared Handforth, turning to Adams. "We were told that that rotten advert. wouldn't be included. You said so yourself. You promised us——"

"Gee! I guess it's a mistake!" gasped Adams frantically.

"Grab him!"

"Chuck him out!"

"By George, yes!"

"Hurrah!"

There were shouts of "Silence!" and many people thought that the trouble between St. Frank's and the town boys had started all over again. But they were wrong.

What happened, happened swiftly. Ulysses Spencer Adams was seized by many

Removites; he was dragged out of his seat, and he was hurled bodily out of the theatre.

"This has finished you!" shouted Armstrong of the Fourth. "We wash our hands of you, you American trickster!"

"Aw, shucks!" groaned Adams. "You've got me all wrong!"

"Rats! We've got you all right!" yelled Handforth. "You're all washed up, baby!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"After this you can keep your American ideas to yourself!"

"Hear, hear!"

And the indignant juniors marched back into the theatre and all was peace.

Ulysses Spencer Adams went back to St. Frank's alone—a sad, disillusioned youngster. His money, which he had thought the one factor to bring him success, had brought about his downfall.

That evening, after the Removites arrived back from Bannington, there was a hectic meeting of the whole Junior School. The Remove, fed-up to the teeth with Ulysses Spencer Adams, turned back to Nipper and voted solidly for him.

So everything was "as you were." Nipper was Junior skipper once again. And Adams—a very disheartened, disillusioned Adams—retired into the background. For the time being, at any rate, he had lost all his pop, and had got the pip instead!

THE END.

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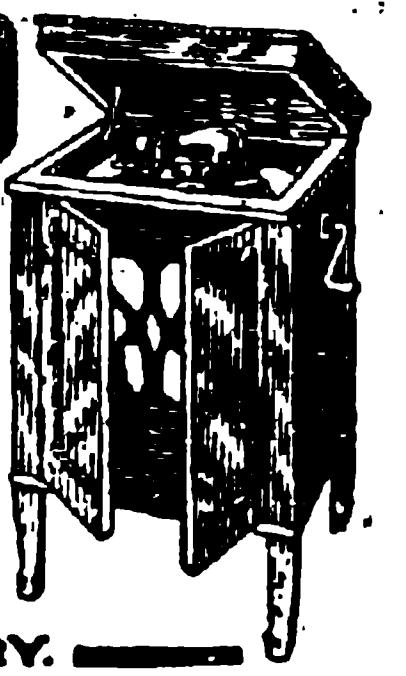
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