

The BOYS' FRIEND 1d.

OUR MOTTO IS: "PLAY THE GAME!"

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ONE PENNY.

[Week Ending September 2nd, 1916.]



THERE'S SOMETHING IN STORE FOR THE MAN ON THE SHORE!

JIMMY SILVER'S WEEK-END!

A Magnificent New Long Complete Story, dealing with the Adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co. at Rookwood School.

BY OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter.

Adolphus on His Mettle.

"Go it, Smythey!"

It was quite a chorus in Smythe's study.

The nuts of Rookwood were gathered there. The door was locked—an indispensable preliminary—and cigarettes had been lighted. Chief of the elegant band, monarch of all he surveyed, Adolphus Smythe lounged gracefully in the armchair, one leg

crossed over another, with the trouser-leg carefully pulled up and several inches of purple sock displayed to the public gaze.

Adolphus was smiling.

He smiled serenely through the blue haze of his cigarette.

The great brain of Adolphus had been at work. His nutty pals were gathered to hear the result. Adolphus had a wheeze. He had announced that he had a toppin', rippin' wheeze. And as Adolphus was popularly sup-

posed never to have an idea in his head, his friends were naturally interested.

Adolphus had declared—and his nutty friends fully concurred—that Jimmy Silver & Co. of the Fourth wanted putting in their places. It was time—high time—that the Fistical Four were taken down a peg or two, and made to realise who was who, and what was what.

Who were Jimmy Silver & Co., anyway? Fellows who never troubled

about the set of their neckties, who wore their watches in their pockets instead of upon their wrists, never scented their handkerchiefs, who were not even sufficiently civilised to part their hair in the middle. Yet those fellows ran things with a high hand in the Fourth Form. They described Adolphus & Co. as slackers and asses, and did not hesitate to knock their hats off in the quadrangle when the spirit moved them to do so.

What they really wanted was a tremendous lickin'. But there was no member of the nutty band who was equal to the task of lickin' any; one of the Fistical Four. The beasts played cricket as if they were paid for it, they walked and biked distances which would have made Adolphus & Co. quite ill, they kept themselves disgustingly fit and as hard as nails, and they could have knocked Adolphus & Co. into the middle of next week, or the whole length of the calendar, without turning a hair.

Wherefore, the great Adolphus had set his brain to work, and he had compiled, so to speak, a tremendous wheeze for putting the obnoxious beasts in their places. Jimmy Silver & Co. had pulled Adolphus' leg often enough. Now Adolphus was going to turn the tables. Hence the meeting in Smythe's study, and the admiring chorus of the nuts:

"Go it, Smythey!"

Smythe of the Shell removed his cigarette from his lips, and held it between two elegant fingers, which were much more accustomed to holding a cigarette than to holding a bat.

"I told you I'd got an idea for downin' those cheeky cads," he drawled. "It's rather a nobby idea. Of course, I don't as a rule think of enterin' into such rot as fag japin', an' all that. But it's time those cheeky bouncers learned that they ain't the only pebbles on the beach. You remember that rum old beggar who came here the other day to see the Head—a rum old sailorman?"

"Rear-Admiral Topcastle?" said Howard.

"Yaas."

"Queer old beggar!" remarked Tracy. "He seemed rather taken with that cad Silver. Blessed if I know why! Rum old johnny!"

"Yaas," Adolphus Smythe paused to pull at his cigarette, and blew out a little cloud of smoke. "He's a fiery old codger. He laid his stick round a kid who cheeked him."

"Cheeky old rotter!" said Townsend.

"But what the dickens has he got to do with japin' Jimmy Silver?"

queried Topham.

"That's what I'm comin' to. He lives in a bungalow on the coast, a lonely hole of a place named after his old ship—Spitfire Bungalow. He goes up to London regularly to try an' get a job from the Admiralty—he's about a hundred years old, but he wants to go and fight the Germans. My pater knows him, you know. Now, that rotter Silver made his acquaintance when he was here last week. Silver wouldn't be very much surprised to get an invitation from the admiral to go an' spend a week-end at his bungalow."

The nuts stared at Adolphus. They could not guess in the least what he was driving at.

"Blessed if I see—" began Howard.

"That's the idea!" said Adolphus calmly. "Jimmy Silver is goin' to receive an invitation from the admiral. He'll get leave from the Head to go an' spend a week-end at the bungalow. He'll go—with his friends. It will be mentioned in the invitation that the old beggar may be called away suddenly, owin' to the Admiralty, and in that case Jimmy and his friends are to make themselves at home, just as if he was there, and to have a good time."

The nuts looked quite blank. Adolphus was grinning over his cigarette. But his chums could see nothing to grin at.

"That will be rippin' for Silver!" said Tracy. "But as for japin' him—"

"You don't see the point!"

"Blessed if I do!"

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JIMMY SILVER'S

(Continued
from
the
previous
page.)

WEEK-END!

The 2nd Chapter.
Great News!

"You see, as a matter of absolute fact, the invitation won't come from the admiral at all, but from me."

"You!"

"Yess."

"But—but—but—"

"Admiral Topcastle won't know anythin' about it. I shall get to know from my father when the admiral's in town. When he's in town the bungalow's shut up. His man goes with him. Jimmy & Co. will arrive and find the place locked up. They'll have to get in somehow. They'll make themselves at home, according to instructions. Admiral Topcastle comes home, an' finds a gang of juniors makin' free with his bungalow—what? He's a fiery old beggar. What do you think he will do?"

"Wallop them, I should imagine," grinned Tracy.

"Report 'em to the Head," remarked Townsend.

"Break his stick over their giddy shoulders," chuckled Topham.

Smythe nodded.

"I don't know exactly what he'll do," he said, "but I rather think it will be somethin' Hunnish."

"Ha, ha!"

"But how the thunder are you goin' to work it?" demanded Topham. "You can't write a letter in the admiral's name. That's a bit too jolly serious."

"I couldn't if I wanted to. I don't know his list, and I don't know that I've got any gift for forgin'," said Smythe calmly. "Haven't you ever heard of the telephone?"

"Eh! The telephone?"

"Yess. Jimmy Silver is called up on Bootles' telephone. Gets an invitation by word of mouth. I suppose I can put on a gruff voice like a bear or a Hun—good enough to go down on the phone, anyway. Jimmy Silver will think the admiral is telephoin' from the bungalow. He won't know that it's me telephoin' from Coombe Post-office."

"Oh, crumbs!"

The nuts simply gasped. How had the brain of Adolphus Smythe schemed out a tremendous scheme like this? It was miraculous!

"Rippin'!" said Howard.

"But suppose the Head don't give 'em leave?" asked Tracy.

"He will. There'll be a telephone-call for the Head, too."

"Great pip! You'll have the nerve—"

"Why not? Even if the Head smelt a rat, he couldn't know who telephoned. There's no risk."

"That's right enough. But—"

"You see, it turned out that Jimmy Silver's grandfather was in the admiral's ship, ages ago, when they were fightin' somebody—Russians, or Turks, or somethin'."

That's why the old boy took rather to Silver. The Head won't be surprised at his askin' for a holiday for him. He mayn't like it, but he won't care to refuse. His younger brother's a naval officer, and I've a pretty cute idea that the admiral used his influence for him. He's bound to say yes. But when it comes out afterwards that the admiral never asked him at all, he'll suspect that somebody pulled his leg on the phone. Whom will he suspect? The chaps who get the holiday, of course. But that's Jimmy Silver's bizney, not mine."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, what do you think of the wheeze?" grinned Adolphus. "Isn't it a corker?"

"Bravo!"

"Toppin'!"

"Rippin'!"

"Top-hole, old chap!"

It was a chorus of admiration. Never had the great Adolphus been so great in the eyes of his loyal followers. And in Smythe's study there wasn't the slightest doubt that Jimmy Silver would be spoiled, diddled, dished, and done, and that, when the irascible old admiral found him making free with his bungalow, Jimmy's experience at the admiral's fiery hands would be simply terrific. And the nuts of Rookwood chuckled joyously at the prospect.

Mr. Bootles looked out of his study. It was a couple of days after the meeting in Smythe's study.

"Yes, sir!"

"Kindly tell Silver to come here at once."

"Yes, sir."

Arthur Edward Lovell hurried away in search of Jimmy Silver, the captain of the Fourth.

Jimmy was in the end study, grinding out lines for Monsieur Monceau, when Lovell found him.

"You're wanted, Jimmy!"

Jimmy grunted.

"Can't come. I've got fifty lines of the Henriade to do for Mossoo. Go and chop chips!"

"It's Bootles," said Lovell. "He wants you in his study at once."

Jimmy Silver groaned dismally.

"What's the row now?"

"Blessed if I know! Better cut along."

"You get on with my lines, then," said Jimmy, rising from the table.

"If I'm going to get scalped by Bootles, you can do the lines for Mossoo. That's fair!"

Lovell grinned, and dropped into Jimmy's chair.

"Right-ho! Cut along!"

Jimmy Silver made his way to Mr. Bootles' study, wondering which of his sins was to be answered for now. Not that Jimmy had any very serious sins on his youthful conscience. But he had knocked Smythe's hat off—almost under Mr. Bootles' window—that afternoon; he had ducked Tommy Dodd's head in the fountain in Little Quad; he had "biffed" Mornington's head against the passage wall. All for reasons good enough to Jimmy Silver, but which might not appear good enough in the eyes of his Form-master.

But, to Jimmy's relief, Mr. Bootles was not frowning when he entered the study, neither was the Form-master's cane in evidence.

"Ah, Silver!" said Mr. Bootles. "I sent for you. You may go to the telephone."

"The telephone, sir!" ejaculated Jimmy.

"Yes. Admiral Topcastle has requested to be allowed to speak to you on the telephone," explained Mr. Bootles. "I have, of course, acceded to his request. He is now waiting for you to speak."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" said Jimmy, in great relief.

Jimmy had no objection to a talk on the telephone with Admiral Topcastle while Lovell was doing his lines in the end study.

He crossed to Mr. Bootles' telephone, and took up the receiver, which was off the hooks.

Mr. Bootles left the study.

"Hallo!" said Jimmy, into the transmitter. He could not help wondering what the admiral wanted with him.

He had never seen Admiral Topcastle before the previous week, when the old gentleman had visited the Head at Rookwood. But Jimmy's grandfather had been the admiral's shipmate, ever so long ago, and for that reason the old seadog had been rather kind to Jimmy. Jimmy had certainly not expected to hear from him again, however. He had almost forgotten Admiral Topcastle.

"Hallo!" came back on the telephone, in gruff tones. "Are you there?"

"Yes. I'm Jimmy Silver."

"I'm Admiral Topcastle. How do you do, you young rogue—hey?"

"Oh, rippin', sir!" said Jimmy. "I hope you are well, sir!"

"Hey! I'm always well. I haven't forgotten you, Jimmy."

"You're very kind, sir."

"Now, how would you like a holiday, youngster—a bit of a holiday with your grandfather's old shipmate—hey?"

Jimmy jumped.

"First rate, sir!"

"How'd you like to come down to my bungalow at Beachcliffe for a week-end—hey?"

"First rate!"

"Of course, there isn't much doing

for a youngster like you—not much excitement. But there's plenty of bathing and swimming, and cliffs to climb, and all that—hey? You like the idea?"

Jimmy's eyes danced.

"Yes, rather, sir! You're very kind!"

"Of course, you'd bring some friends with you. You've got three special messmates, I understand?"

"Yes, sir. Lovell and Raby and Newcome. Could I bring them?"

"Ay, ay!"

"But—but the Head? What about permission?"

"That's all right. I've asked the Head!"

"Oh, sir, you are a brick!" exclaimed Jimmy.

"Not at all, my boy—not at all! Ain't you my old shipmate's grandson—hey? Now, come down for the week-end. I've spoken to Dr. Chisholm, and he's going to grant you leave of absence. I shall expect you on Saturday."

"Good!"

"You'll find me rough and ready, but you'll get a sailor's welcome, my hearty!"

"It will be splendid, sir! We shall enjoy it immensely!"

"Ay, ay! Then you're coming on Saturday?"

"Yes, rather!"

"Take the train for Beachcliffe, change at Lantham, and come along soon after your lessons on Saturday. This bungalow I'm telephoning from is a mile from the station, right on the sea. You'll find it easily enough."

"Oh, we'll find it all right, sir!"

"Then, good-bye! Oh, hold on! It's possible I might be called away. I may have to go up to London to the Admiralty. I've got a chance of getting a command at last, my boy. It's not likely I shall have to leave suddenly, but I might. In case I should be called away, make yourselves at home in the bungalow. You're to look on the place as Liberty Hall, and if you don't make yourselves at home, I shall be offended."

"Rely on us, sir!"

"In that case, you'll have to amuse yourselves. Take the boat out if you like, only don't get yourselves drowned. You won't mind if I should happen to be called off—Admiralty business, you know?"

"Not at all, sir!"

"But it's not likely. You'll find me there all right. Well, good-bye, Jimmy, and I shall expect you and your friends on Saturday afternoon."

"Thank you very much, sir! Hurrah!"

Jimmy put the receiver back on the hooks. His face was very cheery. A week-end by the sea just "jumped" with Jimmy Silver's inclinations. And the possible absence of the admiral did not really detract from the prospect. The free run of the bungalow, and a boat to sail on the Channel, appealed very much to Jimmy Silver.

He left the study, and Mr. Bootles beckoned to him in the passage.

"You are to go to the Head's study, Silver."

"Yes, sir."

Jimmy Silver repaired to Dr. Chisholm's study in great spirits.

The Head gave him a kindly nod.

"I have received a telephone message from Admiral Topcastle, Silver. He wishes me to grant leave of absence to you and three of your friends, to spend a week-end at his bungalow. I see no reason for refusing. You may leave Rookwood after lessons on Saturday. I shall expect you to return by the earliest train in the morning on Monday, so that Monday's lessons may be as little interfered with as possible. That is all. I hope you will have a pleasant week-end," added the Head graciously.

"Thank you, sir!" said Jimmy gratefully.

And Jimmy fairly ran back to the end study to communicate the great news to the Co.

The 3rd Chapter.
Four in Luck!

"Done the lot!" said Lovell, as Jimmy Silver came into the end study.

Raby and Newcome were getting tea on one end of the table, while Lovell ground out the "Henriade" at the other. The three juniors stared in surprise at Jimmy's buoyant countenance.

"What did Bootles want?" asked Lovell.

"You look as if you had lost a Kaiser and found a Jellicoe," said Newcome. "What's up?"

"Hurrah!"

"What the dickens—"

Jimmy executed a war-dance.

"Good news, my infants! Topping news, my children! Gloat with me!"

"Huns licked?" asked Raby.

"Blow the Huns! Don't speak of rotten Huns at a time like this! We've got a giddy holiday!"

"Oh, good!"

"A week-end by the sea, my sons!"

"By Jove!"

"But who—how—what—"

Jimmy Silver explained, and the Co. brightened wonderfully.

"Hurrah!" roared the Fistical Four in chorus.

"Good old Nibs!" said Lovell heartily. "It would have been better to have it in the middle of the week—we should have missed lessons then. But a week-end is ripping, all the same!"

"Topping! Hurrah!"

"Well, the Head mightn't have given us leave, if it had meant cutting lessons," remarked Raby. "Anyway, we shall dodge 'em on Monday morning."

"Hurrah!"

"We want a change," remarked Newcome. "The admiral is an old brick. It's because your great-grandfather, I suppose—"

"My grandfather, fathead!"

"Yes, I mean your grandfather—because he was with the admiral in the Trojan War—or the Thirty Years' War—was it the 'Thirty Years' War—"

"The Crimea War, ass!"

"Yes, that's it, the Crimea War. These Crimean veterans are the real thing," said Newcome enthusiastically. "They went out to fight the wrong party, but that wasn't their fault—that was our wonderful Government. Admiral Topcastle is a regular corker!"

"I wish we could take some more of the chaps," said Jimmy. "I'd like Flynn, and old Rawson, and Tommy Dodd, and Cook—"

"And half Rookwood!" grinned Lovell.

"Yes," said Jimmy, laughing. "But I couldn't very well put it to the admiral. But he specially asked me to take you three chaps."

"Good for him!"

"He mentioned that he mightn't be there, if he gets a sudden call from the Admiralty. But that won't hurt us."

"No fear! We can look after ourselves."

"There's a boat, too! We can get a sail on the Channel. Might run into a German submarine, if we're lucky!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What does old Topcastle do at the Admiralty?" asked Lovell. "They can't be going to give him a ship at his age. They used to use coracles in his time!"

Jimmy Silver laughed.

"No; he's a bit too old, I think; but he is worrying them to give him a job. I don't suppose he'll be called away. But if he is, he's specially asked us to make ourselves at home."

"He can rely on us for that," chuckled Lovell. "That's our sort. By Jove, this is a stroke of luck! We shall be sailing on the giddy Channel while the other chaps are going for Sunday walks!"

"Hurrah!"

The Fistical Four had their tea in great spirits. After tea, they left the study, and marched down the Fourth-Form passage in a very cheery mood. Mornington unfortunately got in the way, and the four marched over him, and left him in a state of dust and fury when they had passed. As the exuberant four came out into the quadrangle, they met Smythe of the Shell, who was lounging there with Tracy and Howard.

Smythe stuck his eyeglass into his eye, and glanced at them curiously.

"Hallo, you look joyous!" remarked Smythe amiably.

"We're in luck."

"Geegee got home?" asked Tracy. Jimmy sniffed.

"Not your kind of luck," he replied. "We've got a holiday—a week-end at the seaside. We're going on Saturday!"

"Congratulations, dear boy!" said Smythe cordially. "Where may you happen to be going—Brighton or Blackpool?"

"Neither," said Jimmy, laughing. "We're going to see Admiral Topcastle at his bungalow."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Fistical Four stared at Smythe & Co. They could not see any reason why that announcement should cause the three nuts to burst into a roar of laughter.

"Well," said Jimmy, a little nettled, "where does the cackle come in, Smythe? I don't quite see the joke myself."

"Excuse me," gasped Adolphus, "but—but he's rather a rum old beggar, isn't he?"

"He's one of the best!" said Jimmy warmly.

"Oh, keep your wool on—so he is," said Smythe amiably. "He used to defend us from somebody a couple of centuries ago, and it was very good of him. I hope you'll have a good time, Silver—I do really!"

"Same here!" said Tracy heartily. "Best wishes, Silver, old chap!"

"Congrats, I'm sure!" said Howard.

"Thanks!" said Jimmy, mollified. "I wish I could take some more fellows, but it's limited to us four."

"Well, think of us hangin' about Rookwood, and goin' dismal Sunday walks, while you're disportin' yourselves by the merry sea," said Smythe. "I hope you'll have a rippin' time!"

Smythe & Co. sauntered into the house, to indulge their merriment in the privacy of their own study.

"Smythe's a silly ass, but he ain't a bad sort, after all!" remarked Raby. "He seems quite pleased at our gettin' this holiday!"

"I don't quite see what they were cackling at, though," said Lovell.

"Oh, never mind Smythe!" said Jimmy Silver. "We're going, and Smythe can cackle as much as he likes! I hope it'll be a fine week-end, that's the important point."

The Fistical Four received many congratulations on their good luck, and only a few fellows, like Leggett and Muffin, made envious remarks, and hinted at favouritism. But Jimmy Silver & Co. did not care twopence for Leggett and Muffin and their opinion. They rejoiced in the prospect of a week-end by the sea, and looked forward to it with great keenness.

The 4th Chapter.
Extraordinary.

Saturday dawned fine and clear—a splendid summer's day. Jimmy Silver & Co. were relieved of their doubts, induced by the uncertainty of the British climate. They were going to have glorious weather for their week-end.

After morning lessons on Saturday they made their preparations for departure. Four bags were packed—not very large ones; they did not want much for a week-end. Rawson and Flynn and Oswald helped them pack, and saw them off to the station.

Smythe & Co. were lounging in the gateway when they started, and they turned sweet smiles upon the week-enders.

"Startin', what?" said Adolphus. "Yes; just off!"

"Good luck, an' a merry time, dear boys!"

And the week-enders started.

They said good-bye to Rawson and Oswald and Flynn at Coombe, and the train bore them away. They changed at Lantham, and found seats in the express for the longer run to Beachcliffe.

It was about five, on a glorious summer's afternoon, when they stepped out of the train at Beachcliffe.

It was easy enough to obtain directions to Spitfire Bungalow.

It lay about a mile from the town, right on the sea-front, they were told, and they started walking in great spirits, carrying their bags.

The road lay along the coast; and at some distance from the town a lane turned off towards the sea, which they followed.

"There's the bungalow!" exclaimed Jimmy, at last.

"Good egg!"

The building came in sight, outlined against the setting sun.

It was a rambling, one-storey building, with a garage attached. It was surrounded by extensive gardens, and there was an orchard. It was a very pleasant view to the four juniors tramping down the dusty lane. Past the bungalow, the line of the cliffs showed up against the deep blue of the sea.

"Jolly lonely place," remarked Lovell.

"Looks as if nobody's at home, by George!" said Raby. "There isn't any smoke from the chimney, anyway."

"Well, there mayn't be a fire in this weather."

"The shutters are up!"

"By Jove, so they are!"

Jimmy Silver felt a little puzzled.

As the juniors drew nearer to the bungalow, its air of silence and desertion struck them more forcibly.

Every window was covered with wooden shutters, evidently fastened on the inside. And when they reached the garden gate, it was found to be locked.

The Fistical Four paused at the gate, and looked at one another.

"I—I suppose somebody's there!" said Lovell dubiously.

"Well, the admiral said he might be called away."

"But he'd leave a servant or something, as he's expecting us."

"I understand that he keeps only one man, an old sailorman who does everything for him," said Jimmy. "You see, this isn't his real home; he has a place in London, too, and doesn't spend all his time here. I've heard Smythe say he has only an old sailorman at the place. He might have taken him away with him!"

"Jolly odd way to treat visitors," grunted Newcome.

"Well, he's rather a rough-and-ready old chap. But there may be somebody at home all the time. We'll soon see."

"The gate's locked, and there's no bell here."

"Jump over it!"

"Oh, all right!"

The juniors clambered over the gate, with their bags, and advanced up the path to the house. There was a bell-pull at the door, and Jimmy Silver took hold of it and rang a loud peal.

They could hear the bell pealing inside the building as they stood under the porch at the door.

They waited.

But the door did not open, and there was no sound of a movement from within. The chums of Rookwood looked at one another queerly.

"Ring again, Jimmy!"

Clang, clang! Jingle, jingle!

The bell rang and pealed thunderously in the silent house.

The juniors waited, with growing impatience; but there was no response. After five minutes, it was clear enough that the bungalow was untenanted.

"Well, this is a queer bizney," said Lovell. "I suppose the admiral's been called away, as he said; but he might have left somebody here to meet us, I must say!"

"He jolly well might!" growled Raby.

"The man may have gone up to the town for something," suggested Jimmy Silver hopefully.

"Of course, he would lock up the place while he was gone. Let's have a look round. Might be a back door open!"

Leaving their bags in the porch, the juniors went round the bungalow. There was a kitchen door at the back, but it was fast, and all the windows were shuttered and secured.

They returned to the porch in a dismayed mood. This was not exactly the holiday they had been anticipating. They were hungry, too, and they were tired.

"Well, this is a go!" growled Lovell. "About the best thing we can do is to get back to Rookwood!"

Jimmy Silver shook his head.

"Can't be did!" he replied.

"Why not?"

"Because there isn't a train back to-night."

"Oh, crumbs!"

"We're landed here," said Jimmy.

"We've got to make the best we can of it. The admiral told me to make myself at home, and I suppose we can't be expected to sleep in the open air. We've got to get in somehow!"

"Well, that's clear enough," said Raby. "But how?"

"We shall have to burst the door in."

"My hat!"

"There's nothing else for it. The admiral seems to have forgotten that he's asked us here, or he wouldn't go away like this and leave us stranded. He's a pretty old Johnny, you know—may be a bit queer. But I suppose we can't go without grub, and sleep on the ground?"

"No jolly fear!" said Lovell emphatically.

"It's possible that the man was left here, and that he's gone into the town for something. Suppose we give him an hour, and if he isn't back then bust in the back door with a rock!"

"I suppose that's the best we can do."

In a grim humour the juniors sauntered about the gardens, waiting. They were hungry, and the keen air from the sea made them hungrier. Jimmy and Lovell fetched up a heavy chunk of rock from the shore to be in readiness.

The hour elapsed, and no one had arrived. Not a living being had appeared on the horizon from any direction, as a matter of fact.

"Time!" called out Lovell.

"Good!" said Jimmy.

Tempers were growing a little sharp now, between the influence of hunger and disappointment. The juniors were not wholly sorry to be forced to "biff" in the back door. The admiral would have only himself to thank for the damage.

Jimmy Silver raised the heavy chunk of rock, and it crashed on the lock of the door.

Crash!

The door shook and groaned, but did not yield.

Crash—crash—crash!

Jimmy Silver worked in deadly earnest. The door split at last, and a final crash drove it inwards, one half hanging to the hinges, the other half to the lock and bolts. The rock rolled on the ground.

"Come on!" said Jimmy.

He pushed the fragments of the door aside and entered.

The interior was very dusky. The setting sun had almost disappeared by this time, and darkness was falling.

The juniors found themselves in a kitchen, from which a passage led. They followed the passage. Several rooms opened from it, and they found two bed-rooms, a dining-room, and a smoking-room. The atmosphere was stuffy, showing that the place had been shut up a considerable time.

"We've got to get some air in first," remarked Jimmy. "Then we'll see about grub. I suppose there's some grub!"

"Great pip! Suppose there isn't!" ejaculated Raby in dismay.

That dreadful possibility had not occurred to the juniors before.

"Well, we'll soon see!"

The shutters were unfastened, and

home—at least, they believed that he had. And they meant to do so. There was no getting back to Rookwood that night, neither were they inclined to have had their long journey for nothing.

Jimmy considered that the admiral couldn't object to a little damage, under the peculiar circumstances. But that had to be risked, anyway. The juniors were hungry, and they had to have supper.

Fortunately, there were plenty of supplies. The juniors found a ham and a whole cheese, plenty of things in tins, and several loaves, somewhat stale; but that, as Jimmy cheerfully explained, was all the better for the digestion.

Provisions were conveyed into the dining-room in liberal quantities. Jimmy Silver started the kitchen fire, and coffee was made. Then the week-enders sat down to a well-earned meal.

Darkness had long fallen, and the bungalow was wrapped in gloom. The shutters were closed to keep in the light.

As they looked out, they seemed to be enwrapped in darkness and loneliness, as if the bungalow had been in the heart of a desert. The dark fields were silent, only the murmur of the sea coming to the ears of the Rookwooders.

"Jolly lonely place!" said Lovell.

"Nice place to burgle, I should

from the bungalow," said Jimmy. "Jolly queer! However, as there isn't a telephone, we can't ring him up, that's certain!"

"I say, what are we going to do if he doesn't turn up to-morrow?" asked Lovell.

Jimmy shrugged his shoulders.

"Make ourselves at home, as he told us," he replied. "We sha'n't have a bad time here. There's plenty of grub, luckily. I dare say he'll drop in to-morrow in the car. The garage is locked up, but the car's away, I suppose. It's a jolly queer bizney. Still, as a matter of fact, we can get on quite as well without the admiral as with him!"

"No doubt about that," agreed Lovell.

At bedtime there was no sign of the admiral returning, and the juniors went to bed. There were two beds in the bungalow, apparently belonging to the admiral and his manservant. No preparations in that line, evidently, had been made for the visitors.

But Jimmy Silver & Co. did not mind. They could sleep two to a bed, and they did.

The broken back door was jammed shut, and a bench put against it to secure it, and then the juniors turned in.

In spite of the strangeness of their surroundings, the Rookwood juniors slept soundly enough.

"Well, that looks all right!" said Lovell, joining him at the door in his pyjamas. "It's going to be a gorgeous day. No sign of the giddy admiral."

"Oh, blow the admiral! Let's get down to the sea before brekker."

"No need to dress," said Raby.

"We can put our coats on to go down. We've got the place all to ourselves, too!"

"Better take some towels," said Jimmy. "This is ripping! We shall be able to tell his ribs that we had a good time when he comes home—if he does come home!"

"My hat!" said Lovell. "Suppose he doesn't turn up before we have to go? He will be surprised to find the place busted open."

"Ha, ha!"

"That's his look-out," said Jimmy. "He shouldn't ask four nice boys here and forget all about it. Come on!"

The Fistical Four were soon in the sea. All four were good swimmers, and they thoroughly enjoyed disporting in the sunny waves.

The beach was solitary; not a soul came in sight. Out at sea some fishing-craft appeared, and at a great distance the smoke of a steamer could be seen.

They came out of the water with very keen appetites for breakfast.

In the bungalow they towelled themselves down and dressed in great spirits. They were accustomed to the queerness of the situation by this time, and, in fact, felt rather obliged to the old admiral for taking himself off in that exceedingly odd way.

Roughing it and looking after themselves appealed to them strongly.

Jimmy Silver constituted himself cook, and he soon had a savoury breakfast ready. The larder was well stocked. The Rookwood juniors enjoyed their breakfast; and after it, Jimmy commanded a general washing up and clearing away.

"We didn't come down here to wash up teacups, you know," demurred Raby.

"Dash it all, we can't let the admiral come home and find the place swimming in dirty crocks," said Jimmy severely. "We'll wash up, and—and sweep out the place. There's a broom somewhere. And make the beds, too. I believe beds ought to be made in the morning."

"It's jolly ripping out of doors," remarked Newcome.

"Bow-wow!"

Jimmy Silver had his way, and the washing-up, and tidying, and bed-making were duly done before the juniors turned out.

They had almost given up thinking of the admiral now, and whether he would return. That matter had to be left to settle itself.

Duty done, the juniors left the bungalow, and proceeded to the little cove under the cliff, where the admiral's boat was moored. The boat was secured by a padlock, but the juniors had already learned not to stand on ceremony with a padlock. Jimmy Silver found a crowbar, and soon dealt with the padlock.

The mast and sails were found in a shed, which was also locked up, and again the crowbar came in useful.

The juniors were undoubtedly making themselves at home. But there was, as Jimmy remarked, nothing else to be done. They couldn't spend the week-end doing nothing—that wasn't to be thought of for a moment.

The boat was run out, and the mast stepped, and the sails hoisted. Jimmy Silver knew how to handle a boat.

With great glee the juniors ran out to sea before the breeze. Sunny waves curled round the boat as it glided away from land.

"This is ripping!" declared Lovell. "I suppose the admiral won't mind us taking his boat out, Jimmy?"

"He specially mentioned the boat," said Jimmy. "He told me to have it out, even if he wasn't here. He said we weren't to get ourselves drowned."

"Then you'd better let me be skipper."

"Bow-wow!"

It was not till inward warnings of dinner-time that the juniors turned the boat for the shore again. Land had sunk low behind the sea, but the big cliff was a landmark. The amateur sailors discovered that it was not so easy to return as to run out to sea, however. It was fortunate for them that Jimmy Silver had had some experience in handling a boat, or they might have spent the rest of the day, and the night, on the Channel, and found themselves on the French coast the next morning. It was fortunate, too, that the weather remained calm.

"We've rather overdone it," remarked Jimmy Silver, as they tacked



Crash! Crash! Crash! Jimmy Silver worked in deadly earnest. The door split at last, and a final crash drove it inwards.

the windows opened, and the fresh air poured in.

Several lamps were found and lighted. Then the juniors proceeded to the kitchen with a lamp to look for provender.

"Larder's locked, and the key's gone!" snorted Lovell.

"Well, if it's locked, I suppose there's something in it," said Jimmy Silver philosophically.

"My hat! I'm hungry!"

"Bust it open!"

"Nothing else to be done!" said Jimmy.

He looked about the kitchen, and found a chopper.

Crash—crash!

Under Jimmy's doughty blows, the larder lock soon yielded. Jimmy dragged the door open.

"Any grub?" asked Raby anxiously.

"Lots!"

"Hooray!"

The 5th Chapter.

Making Themselves at Home.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were surprised and considerably exasperated by the strange state of affairs at the bungalow.

It was simply extraordinary that Admiral Topcastle, after inviting them there for the week-end, should have departed, and left the place locked up and untenanted. But he had told them to make themselves at

think, if there were any valuables here!"

"Well, we're burgling it!" grinned Jimmy. "It's thumping odd that the admiral should be treating us like this! He must have clean forgotten that he asked us here!"

"Queer old Johnny! Still, we're making ourselves at home, as he said. He may turn up to-night!"

"We might telephone to somebody, and ask about him," said Jimmy thoughtfully. "I know his address in London. We could get a trunk call from here!"

"Is there a telephone?"

"There must be. He telephoned to Rookwood from here when he asked me down."

"Blessed if I can see anything of it, then!"

"We'll soon find it," said Jimmy. "I think it's a good idea to get through to his London address, and ask him what the little game is!"

Supper being finished, the juniors looked for the telephone. They searched every room in the house for it.

But it was not to be discovered. After a thorough search, it was evident that the telephone was not installed in the bungalow at all.

Jimmy Silver was more perplexed than ever.

"He must have telephoned from the town," suggested Raby.

"I suppose he must; but he told me distinctly that he was telephoning

Jimmy Silver was the first to wake in the morning.

The summer sun was stealing in through the closed shutters when Jimmy sat up in bed. He looked at his watch. It was nine o'clock.

"My hat! Turn out, you slackers!" called out Jimmy Silver.

Lovell yawned.

"We're not at Rookwood now, Jimmy! Take it easy!"

Jimmy's reply was to project his foot into Lovell's back, and hurl him out on the floor. Lovell landed with a yell.

"Yaroor! You silly ass!"

"No slacking!" said Jimmy severely. "We haven't come down here to spend a week-end slacking, have we?"

"Yow!"

Jimmy jumped out after Lovell. "Raby! Newcome! Turn out!"

"Yow-aw-aw!" came from the other room.

Jimmy stepped in, and Raby and Newcome were soon out. Under Jimmy's energetic hands they landed on the floor in a tangled heap of bed-clothes, roaring.

"You silly ass!"

"You dangerous lunatic!"

Jimmy threw open the door. Bright sunshine streamed upon him; in the distance the sea was blue as sapphire, smiling under the sunny sky.

"Oh, ripping!" exclaimed Jimmy. "Who's for a bathe?"

"We've rather overdone it," remarked Jimmy Silver, as they tacked

for the shore. "I'm afraid it will take an hour or two to get back." It took three hours, as a matter of fact, and the juniors were in a famished state when they ran the boat into the cove at last. Lovell and Raby and Newcome debated whether to bump their skipper, but they were too hungry to waste time on him, and they jumped ashore and ran for the bungalow. And well stocked as the admiral's larder was, the juniors made a raid upon it, which left, as Jimmy carefully calculated, just about enough for supper and breakfast the next morning.

The 6th Chapter. A Narrow Escape.

"Ripping, isn't it?" yawned Lovell. After that very late dinner, the Rookwood chums lay on the sands, looking at the sea, in a cheery and contented mood. The sun was sloping down in the west. Odd as was their experience as the admiral's guests, Jimmy Silver & Co. had enjoyed their day immensely. Jimmy sat up in the soft sand. "Better have another swim before the sun goes," he said. "Too lazy!" yawned Lovell. "Let's rest." "Rats! We haven't come here to slack! Get a move on!" "Oh, all right, you efficient beast." The juniors stripped under the cliff, and plunged into the water. They were well out from the shore when Jimmy, looking landward, uttered a sudden exclamation. "Hallo!" "The giddy old admiral?" asked Lovell. "Some rotter after our clobber!" "My hat!" The juniors stared towards the shore. They made out the figure of a man bending over the heap of clothes they had left near the cliff. "Come on!" exclaimed Jimmy. He started swimming for the shore with powerful strokes. The stranger was evidently examining the clothes, picking them up, and turning them over. The bare idea of having their clothes stolen was dismaying. Certainly they could not have returned to Rookwood in swimming costumes. Jimmy scrambled out of the water. The man on shore was a rough-looking customer. He had not seen the swimmers, and Jimmy could see that he was calmly extracting the watches from the waistcoats left on the sand. Jimmy dashed towards him. "Hands off, you rotter!" The man jumped up and spun round. "You thieving scoundrel!" yelled Lovell. The man doubled up his fists. He was a powerful fellow, with a bulldog face, and evidently a tough customer. His nose had been broken in some pugilistic encounter, which did not add to his personal beauty. "Let those clothes alone," rapped out Jimmy, "and hand over what you've stolen, you rascal!" The gentleman with the broken nose did not reply. He scowled, and backed away, with the evident intention of clearing off with his plunder. Jimmy dashed after him, his fists clenched. "And off, young shaver!" growled the ruffian, turning on him. "I'd knock you silly as soon as look at yer!"

"You'll hand back our stuff, or I'll give you an eye to match your nose!" said Jimmy wrathfully. "Keep off, I tell yer! Ow—ow!" Jimmy was upon him. The ruffian hit out savagely, apparently under the impression that he was quite capable of dealing with four schoolboys. But his impression was a mistaken one. Jimmy Silver knocked aside his drive, and struck out, and the broken-nosed gentleman went down on the sand with a bump and a yell. Jimmy's knee was planted on his chest the next moment. "Now, you rotter—" "Yow-ow! Gerroff!" "Take hold of his ears, Lovell!" "You bet!" "Now bang his head till he gives in!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Bang, bang, bang! "Ow, ow, ow!" roared the victim. "Old on! I'll 'and 'em over! Yow! Ow! Woop!" "Ha, ha, ha!" "Better go through his pockets!" said Raby. "Yes; search the cad!" Jimmy Silver and Newcome and Lovell held the ruffian down, while Raby went through his pockets, turning out the stolen goods. "The beast ought to be locked up," said Lovell. "Too much fag to march him a mile," said Jimmy Silver. "Give him a jolly good bumping!" "What-ho!" The ruffian struggled fiercely, but he had no chance in the grasp of the Fistical Four of Rookwood. He was swung off the ground, and bumped down—hard! Bump, bump, bump! "Yow! Ow, ow! I'll spifficate yer! Ow, ow, ow! Yow!" roared the ruffian. "Lemme go! Yarrop! Oh, crumbs!" "Now cut off!" said Jimmy Silver. "If you're not gone in two seconds, we'll duck you in the sea!" The two seconds were enough for the gentleman with the broken nose. He disappeared along the lane at record speed. "Jolly narrow escape of losing our clobber," said Jimmy, panting. "This spot isn't quite so lonely as we supposed."

"Never mind! A miss is as good as a mile. Let's get in to supper!" The juniors dressed and returned to the bungalow. Shadows were lengthening on the shore now. Supper was a merry meal, and sufficient provisions were left for next morning's breakfast—just sufficient. "We'll see that the back door's a bit safer to-night," Jimmy Silver remarked. "That sneaking rotter might come prowling round again!" And Jimmy's suggestion was acted upon. The damaged door was blocked up with a bench and a table and a heavy box. Then, feeling quite secure, the juniors turned in for the second night of their week-end as the guests of the absent admiral.

The 7th Chapter. An Adventure in the Night.

Jimmy Silver started and awoke. It was very dark in the bed-room with the shutters closed, though outside the moonlight streamed down on land and sea. Jimmy was a sound sleeper, as a rule, and as he lay awake in the darkness he wondered what had awakened him. Lovell was sleeping soundly by his side.

Jimmy sat up in bed and listened. Creak! He started, and his heart thumped. It was a sound from the back of the house—from the kitchen, where the broken door was barricaded. He knew now what had awakened him. Creak! Cre-e-ek! Jimmy Silver stepped softly from the bed. Groping his way, silently with his bare feet, the junior stole down the passage to the kitchen. Through the shattered door several streaks of moonlight penetrated into the room from without. From the silence came a murmur of voices. "It's givin', Ikey!" Jimmy Silver's face set grimly. He recognised the voice of the man with the broken nose.

"It's jammed some'ow, Lurcher!" said another voice. "It's jammed up with furniture or something! Blessed if I ketch on to it! There ain't anybody in the 'ouse—I know that!"

Jimmy Silver grinned. "It beats me!" said the broken-nosed man's voice. "They can't 'ave left the place like this 'ere! And they ain't come back—I knows that! Old Topcastle is away till Monday morning. I found that out at Beach-cliffe!"

"We should 'ave seed the car if they'd come back. And we know the place is locked up hempty when the admiral's away. It's all serene, Lurcher!"

"The busted door won't open, though!" "I'll try the winder! It won't take me long to get through them shutters with this 'ere!" "This 'ere" was evidently the housebreaker's implement. There was a shuffling of feet at the door, and then a creaking at the window. Jimmy Silver had heard enough. He stole back softly to the bed-room, and awakened Lovell with a shake. "Quiet!" he whispered.

"Mum-my hat! Wharrer marrer? Who—What—" "Shut up, old chap! Burglars!" "Oh, crumbs!" Lovell sat up in bed, blinking at Jimmy in the darkness. "Get your clobber on, while I wake the others! They're not inside yet—they won't be for a bit!"

"Oh, jiminy!" murmured Lovell. Jimmy crept into the other bedroom. Raby and Newcome were quickly awakened, and they gasped at Jimmy's news.

"Not a word!" whispered Jimmy. "We can't keep the beasts out—there are two of them—but we can make them sorry they got in! Quiet!" "Oh, my hat! What a go!" murmured Raby.

The juniors dressed themselves quickly in the darkness. From the direction of the kitchen came a sound of creaking continuously. "We've got to get something to tackle the rotters with!" whispered Lovell.

"Poker and tongs!" said Jimmy. "But mum's the word!" Jimmy found a poker, Lovell the tongs, Raby a heavy ruler, and Newcome a hammer. Thus equipped, the Fistical Four of Rookwood felt equal to dealing with Lurcher and Ikey.

They crept softly down the passage to the kitchen. The shutter had swung open, and Ikey was at work on the glass itself. His frame showed up clearly against the moonlight.

The window opened. "Go for him as soon as he gets in!" whispered Jimmy. "Down him, anyhow!"

The juniors breathed hard. "All serene, Lurcher!" said Ikey, putting his head in at the window and peering round him. The juniors were invisible in the darkness.

"In you go, Ikey!" came Lurcher's voice. "I'll give you a 'and! There'll be enough in the place to pay us for our trouble!"

Ikey clambered in at the window. He dropped lightly into the kitchen, and the next moment he uttered a howl as a shower of blows fell upon him, and he rolled on the floor.

Jimmy Silver leaped on the fallen ruffian.

"Keep still, you hound, or I'll brain you!" "Elp!" shrieked the housebreaker. "Look out for the other!" yelled Jimmy Silver, struggling with Ikey. Lurcher was bundling in at the window. He was already half-way in when Ikey went down. The moonlight streamed in at the open window, and he could see his foes now. "Them kids again!" yelled Lurcher. "Pitch into 'em, Ikey! There ain't no one near to 'elp! We'll out 'em!"

Ikey was struggling furiously with Jimmy Silver. Lurcher, gripping a thick cudgel, was leaping to his aid. It was no time to stand on ceremony. Serious injury, if not worse, awaited the juniors if the ruffians gained the upper hand. They were not likely to stick at much rather than be baffled in their attempt to rob the bungalow. Jimmy Silver struck downwards with the poker, and Ikey's struggles suddenly ceased. He gave a groan and lay still.

There was a terrific clatter as Lurcher's cudgel crashed on the juniors' weapons. Jimmy Silver sprang up. Raby and Lovell and Newcome had receded a little from the broken-nosed man's savage onslaught.

Jimmy was behind him as he sprang up from the stunned Ikey. The next moment the poker crashed on the back of Lurcher's head, and he staggered forward.

Before he could recover himself the juniors fastened on him like cats, and he was dragged down.

He struggled desperately, but once he was down the juniors were too much for him, and Ikey could render no assistance.

Jimmy's knee was planted on the ruffian, and the poker whirled over his head.

"Keep still, or I'll brain you!" Lurcher cowered under the threatening poker.

"Old on! I gives in!" he panted. "You'd better!" said Jimmy Silver grimly. "Get a rope from somewhere, Newcome; you others keep hold of this beast and the other beast. Smash 'em if they lift a finger!"

Newcome lighted a lamp. It did not take long to find a rope. Ikey, blinking dazedly and quite subdued, was bound hand and foot.

Then came Lurcher's turn. Under the threatening poker, the ruffian did not venture to resist. He ground his teeth and muttered curses while the rope was knotted round his limbs.

Jimmy Silver removed his knee from the ruffian's chest when he was secure, and rose, panting. "Rookwood wins!" he gasped. "Hurrah!"

The 8th Chapter.

All's Well That Ends Well.

"Zip! Zip!" "Hallo, there's a car!" The Fistical Four were at breakfast in the bungalow. They ran to the window. "It's the admiral!" exclaimed Jimmy.

A wooden-legged man, with a ruddy face fringed with white whiskers, was stumping up the path to the house. He paused in astonishment as he found the front door wide open.

"Ben!" he roared. The chauffeur, who was also the admiral's man of all work, hurried up the path.

"Sir!" "You swab! You lubber!" roared the admiral. "You left the door open!"

"Blow my stunsails!" ejaculated Ben. "I left that there door fast and sound, sir. I did that." "Why—what—thunder!" ejaculated the admiral, as Jimmy Silver & Co. appeared on the threshold. "What the dickens are you doing here?"

"Looking after your house, and capturing burglars for you," said Jimmy Silver coolly, while his chums chuckled.

"Burglars!" gasped the admiral. "Yes, two of them, safe and sound—all ataut, you know!"

The astounded admiral stumped into the house. His eyes almost started from his purple face at the sight of the two housebreakers bound to the kitchen-table.

Lurcher and Ikey turned savage looks upon him.

"Pirates aboard, blow my timbers!" ejaculated Ben, in amazement.

"Well done, my lads!" exclaimed Admiral Topcastle. "But how the thunder did you come here?"

"We came by train, sir."

"I mean, what are you doing here? I'm glad you're here, as it turns out, but what the dickens are you doing in my house in my absence?"

The juniors stared, as well they might.

"Why, you asked us to come!" shouted Jimmy Silver. "I—I asked you!"

"Yes, when you telephoned to Rookwood on Thursday."

"I—I telephoned to Rookwood on Thursday!" gasped Admiral Topcastle. "You young swab, are you joking with me, hey?"

"Blessed if he hasn't forgotten!" exclaimed Raby.

"Forgotten!" roared the admiral. "I haven't forgotten! I did not telephone to Rookwood on Thursday, or any other day."

"You didn't?" yelled Jimmy. "Certainly not!"

"But—but somebody telephoned to me—in your name—and asked me to come down with my friends for a week-end," stammered Jimmy, in bewilderment. "You—he—whatever it was—telephoned to the Head, too, and got us leave to come."

"By gad!" "And it's jolly lucky we came," said Lovell warmly. "The place would have been burgled if we hadn't been here."

"By gad!" said the admiral. "Well, I didn't invite you here, and I never telephoned; but you're welcome! I'm glad to see my old shipmate's son any time. As for these rascals, these piratical swabs, you can run them to the police-station in the car, Ben."

"Ay, ay, sir!" "Better run us up in the car at the same time," said Jimmy. "We've got to get back to Rookwood this morning."

The admiral shook his head. "You're not going back this morning. I'll telegraph to the Head. You'll stay with me a few days, now I'm here. Not a word—I don't allow argument! Ben, shift those land-sharks into the car, and make sail!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" The juniors grinned. They were by no means averse to an extension of the week-end—the responsibility resting on the admiral. Admiral Topcastle and his old sailorman conveyed the "landsharks" to the car. Jimmy Silver & Co. exchanged glances of satisfaction.

"So we weren't invited, after all!" chuckled Lovell. "You are an ass, Jimmy—a howling, asinine ass, I must say!"

"Well, it wasn't my fault! Somebody invited us, if it wasn't the admiral. Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Jimmy suddenly. "That's what Smythe was chuckling about!"

"Smythe?" "Yes, the giddy Adolphus. It's a jape, you duffers! We've been spoofed!"

"Spoofed—by Smythe!" ejaculated Lovell. "My only pyjama hat! Fancy Smythe having the brains to spoof anybody!"

"All right, as it turns out!" chuckled Raby. "Smythe will be pleased when he knows his jape got us an extra holiday! Ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was four days later when the Fistical Four returned to Rookwood. Admiral Topcastle had prevailed upon the Head. And the Fistical Four, after a merry holiday, turned up at the school with sunburnt faces, in great spirits. And Jimmy Silver sought out Adolphus Smythe of the Shell at once.

"We've had a ripping time, Smythe," he said. "It turns out that it was some japing jacksass who invited us, and not the admiral at all; but the admiral's a brick, and he's got ripping good taste—he likes us no end. We've had a topping time, and we're awfully obliged to the silly idiot who telephoned! And if you happen to know that howling idiot, Adolphus, will you mention to him that we're awfully obliged, and that we're grateful to him for giving us the time of our lives?"

And Jimmy Silver walked away before Adolphus could reply, leaving the great Adolphus with an expression on his face that simply could not be described in words.

THE END.

(Another magnificent long complete tale of the Rookwood chums in next Monday's special issue of the BOYS' FRIEND, entitled "Cornering the Cad!" Don't forget that a splendid photograph plate is given away with next Monday's issue. Order your copy in advance to avoid disappointment.)

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