

Another Great New Story of Don Darrel & Co. Starts To-day!

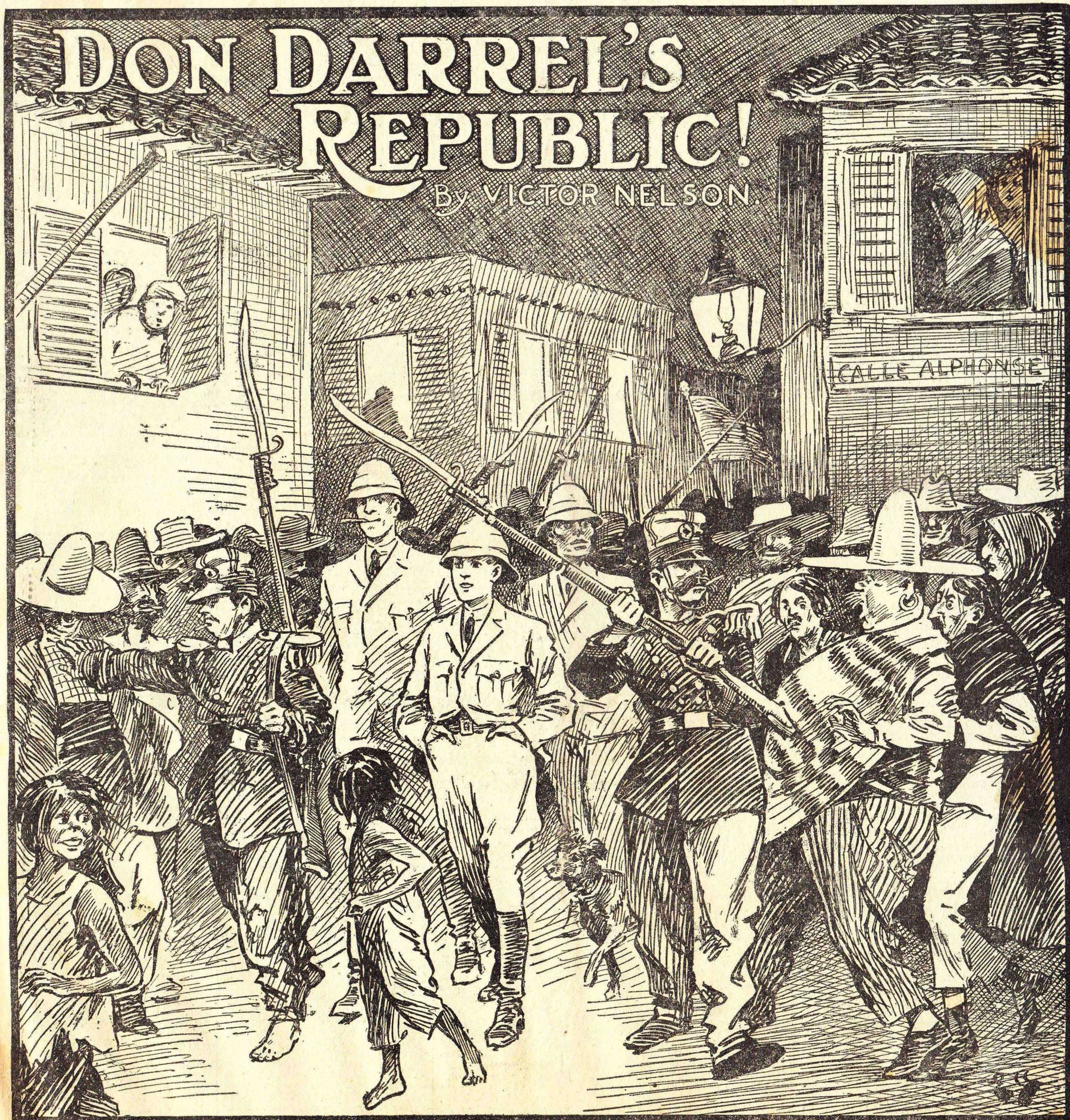
# The BOYS' FRIEND 1<sup>1d</sup>/<sub>2</sub>

TWELVE PAGES! TWENTY-EIGHTH YEAR!

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THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending February 25th, 1922



THE BOY WITH FIFTY MILLIONS AND HIS CHUMS ENTER THE REPUBLIC OF SANTA RIO UNDER ARREST!



afore I've knocked your eyes back into your head."

"Come on, Bill!" murmured George Haddick. "It's been a spree, and now let's look it. Some of you kids go and let Alf loose, and we'll travel!"

"Right-ho!" said Jimmy Silver. And he cut into the dormitory to release the prisoner of war. Alf, the bargeman, looked very cross as he emerged from the dormitory, and joined his comrades.

But George Haddick's remonstrances were lost on Mr. Harker. That worthy gentleman slowly and deliberately peeled off his coat, and rolled back his sleeves. He had been knocked down, and nothing but vengeance was good enough for him. And of all the bargees only George was peaceably disposed. The rest urged Mr. Harker to "go it."

"You refuse to go in peace?" asked Mr. Dalton.

"Just a few!" said Bill Harker satirically.

"Old Longlegs owes us 'arf-a-quad each!" growled Alf. "I reckon as 'ow I've earned my little bit."

"No doubt Mr. Manders will pay you what he owes," said Richard Dalton. "But you must really leave Rookwood at once!"

"Are you ready, young cockchafer?" asked Bill Harker.

"Certainly, if you insist upon trouble!" said Mr. Dalton quietly. "We will step downstairs, and your friends and mine will see fair play."

"That we will, sir!" said George Haddick heartily. "Fair play's a jewel. Come on, Bill!"

Bill Harker nodded surlily, and tramped down the stairs with George. The bargees followed with heavy tramp, and Mr. Dalton went with them. Jimmy Silver & Co. looked at one another.

"The game's up, so far as the barring-out goes!" remarked Valentine Mornington.

"We've won our point," said Jimmy Silver quietly. "Mr. Dalton takes control again, and he's going to keep Manders off the grass. That's what we went on strike for."

"In fact, we've won!" said Raby. "Yes, rather!"

"That's all very well," said Arthur Edward Lovell warmly. "But I don't see even Dicky riding the high horse—"

"Fathead!"

"We've downed Manders, and we could down Dalton, if it came to that!" exclaimed Lovell belligerently.

"My dear chap, if you whisper a whip against Dicky, I'll bang your head on the wall till you see stars!" said Jimmy Silver cheerily.

"Enough's as good as a feast! We've won the game, and now the cue is to play up like little men, and show what really nice chaps we are—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yes, but—"

"Bother your butts! Come on and see Dicky wallop the bargeman!" said the captain of the Fourth.

The Fourth-Formers crowded down the staircase. They were keenly interested in the conflict that was inevitable between Richard Dalton and the big bargeman. And they were not the only ones interested. Nearly all Rookwood gathered in the quadrangle breathlessly to look on. As Jimmy Silver & Co. were crowding out of the School House they passed Mr. Manders, and that gentleman shouted to them. The barring-out was over. That was clear. And Mr. Manders was under the impression—a mistaken one—that he was victorious, and monarch of all he surveyed.

"Boys! Into your Form-room at once!" he shouted. Lovell glanced round.

"Hullo! Still burbling, old scout?" he asked pleasantly. "Go into your Form-room—"

"Rats!"

"Go and eat coke, Manders!" Mr. Manders had a cane in his hand. He strode at the Fistical Four, gripping it hard.

"Bump him!" yelled Lovell. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Help!" shouted Mr. Manders, as the juniors closed round him. "Harker—Haddick—help—oh! Ah! Ooooooop!"

In the grasp of a dozen pairs of hands, Mr. Manders was swept off his feet. Bump!

It was the first time in the history of Rookwood School that a master had been "bumped" by Lower School boys. But it happened now!

Mr. Manders sat down on the hard, unsympathetic floor with a heavy concussion and a loud yell. He sat and roared—and busy hands stuffed his mortar-board down the back of his neck, and then the juniors left him, and swarmed out into the quadrangle, leaving Mr. Manders gasping and spluttering wildly.

The 3rd Chapter. A Fight to a Finish!

The fight was already beginning. Jimmy Silver & Co. had to shove and elbow a way through a crowded ring to get a view, and there were loud and wrathful protests. The Sixth Form were there to a man—and Bulkeley had already told Mr. Dalton that they were ready to help him clear the invaders out of Rookwood, if he gave the word—Manders or no Manders. But Mr. Dalton shook his head. He did not want a free fight in the Rookwood quad. From the window of the Masters' Common-room, Mr. Greely and the rest of the staff looked on at the scene with bated breath.

"Now, then, come on, you blinking whipper-snapper!" said Bill Harker, squaring up to the master of the Fourth.

"One moment," said Mr. Dalton; "I am quite willing to give you any satisfaction you desire, Mr. Harker, but—"

"Come on, then, and not so much jaw!"

"But I want it made clear that, when I have done so, you and your friends leave Rookwood at once."

Bill Harker laughed gruffly. "You lick me, and I'll walk away like a lamb, and my friends with me," he said. "It's up to you! I'll

police, and he hardly flinched from the blows, hard as they were. The Form-master boxer had a foeman worthy of his steel in William Harker.

Round the combatants the crowd was thick, and the prefects kept them back to give room for the fight.

There were no rounds in that fight; it was hammer-and-tongs from start to finish. Bill Harker was not accustomed to boxing by rules.

He had little science, but he had enormous strength, and plenty of bulldog pluck. Dicky Dalton was a master of the boxing art—and his skill stood him in good stead now.

Again and again he eluded his bulky adversary, at the same time dealing out punishment; but he did not have it all his own way. A brawny fist crashed into his handsome face at last, and there was a gasp from some of the onlookers. The young master went staggering, and Bill Harker followed up the attack fiercely, and a heavy body-blow laid Richard Dalton on the ground.

Bill Harker stood and panted. "Pick 'im up!" he grinned.

But Mr. Dalton did not need picking up. His nose and mouth were streaming red, and his cheek was cut; but he did not seem to feel pain. He was on his feet with a spring, eluding the rush of the bargee, and

"Chuck it, Bill!" murmured George. "Don't I keep on telling you he was the best boxer in the regiment—"

"Shut up, George! I'm going to smash him!"

And Bill Harker staggered to the attack again, looking extremely groggy. Mr. Dalton was looking rather "used-up" too, but he was evidently in much better condition than his bulky foe. He met the groggy attack with cool determination.

For several minutes there was hard and close fighting, in which hard punishment was given and taken, and then Bill Harker went to the ground again, spinning from a hefty drive straight "on the mark."

This time he did not rise to George's helping hand. He gave a deep groan as Haddick bent over him.

"Going on, Bill?" asked George. "Ow! Wow! Gow! Yow!"

Mr. Harker sat up at last, faintly and feebly. With his one half-open eye he blinked round him. The sea of faces danced before his dazed vision. Mr. Dalton stood, breathing hard, waiting for him.

"Bill's got it!" remarked Alf, and the bargemen nodded. It was evident that Bill had "got it."

"Ow, ow! Wow!" said Mr. Harker. "Oh, my heye! Oh, my

Mr. Manders had looked on at the fight, with gathering wrath and bitterness. He had hoped to see the Fourth Form master completely knocked out by the burly bargeman. That hope had been disappointed. He scowled blackly as George Haddick came towards him.

"You owe us 'arf-a-quad each, sir—three of us," said George—"Bill, Alf, and me! We've done our job 'ere!"

"You will receive nothing from me unless you turn that man out of the school!" snapped Mr. Manders savagely.

"We've done our job—"

"Turn that man out!" exclaimed Mr. Manders, pointing to the master of the Fourth.

"That wasn't in the contract," said George, "and he's a bit too hefty for us, even if we wanted to—which we don't! Ain't he fought it out fair and square with Bill, and ain't fair play a jewel? You 'and out the quids, as promised—"

"Not a shilling—not a penny—unless—"

"Take it out of his 'ide, then!" called out Bill Harker.

"That I will, if he don't square!" said George indignantly. "We ain't come 'ere to be swindled by a skinny schoolmaster. You paying up, old bag o' bones?" And George exhibited a grimy set of knuckles under Mr. Manders' long nose, and the Modern master jumped back.

"I—I—I—" Mr. Manders stammered. "I—I—I will certainly—certainly pay the sum agreed. I—I—I—"

"Pay up, then, and not so much chinwag!" growled George.

And Mr. Manders paid up, as amiably as he could, lest worse should befall him. Then the bargemen started for the gates. Bulkeley and the Sixth had gathered round Mr. Dalton, lest there should be further trouble. But there was no sign of it. The champion had been beaten, and the bargees abided by the bargain they had made. They went peaceably with the much-damaged Mr. Harker in their midst. And the Rookwooders were very glad and relieved to see them go. Even Mr. Roger Manders was glad to see the backs of his extraordinary allies. And when they had tramped out into the road, old Mack popped out of his lodge, like a cork from a ginger-beer bottle, and hurriedly closed and locked the gates.

"Good old Dicky!" chortled Arthur Edward Lovell. "Some fight—what?"

"Hurrah!"

Mr. Greely came out of the School House and shook hands with the master of the Fourth.

"Glad to see you back, Dalton," he said effusively. "Order will be restored now, I think. The whole staff will support you, if necessary, against any interference from Mr. Manders."

"Thank you!" said Mr. Dalton. He turned to the crowd of juniors.

"My boys, I am in control again now, until the Head returns. I expect you all to return to your duty immediately."

"Certainly, sir!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Yes, rather, Mr. Dalton!" said Arthur Edward Lovell.

Mr. Manders hustled forward. "Mr. Dalton, I forbid your presence in this school. I forbid your interference with these boys! Boys, you will go into the Form-room at once! You are detained for the afternoon!"

"It is a half-holiday to-day!" said Mr. Dalton. "Boys, you will not go into the Form-room. I request you to restore order in your dormitory, and remove as far as possible all traces of the damage done on the staircase. After that you are free to do as you like."

"Certainly, sir!"

The once rebellious Fourth were as meek as lambs—to their own popular Form-master. Of Mr. Manders they took not the slightest notice. Jimmy Silver & Co. walked off, heedless of Mr. Manders' shouted command to go into the Form-room at once.

Mr. Manders fixed a furious look on the Fourth Form master.

"Once more, Richard Dalton, I order you to leave Rookwood!" he panted.

Without troubling to reply, Mr. Dalton turned his back on the Modern master. Roger Manders was left standing, trembling with rage and chagrin. His rule was over at Rookwood. Jimmy Silver & Co.'s barring-out had been, after all, a complete success, and in a merry mood the rebels of Rookwood celebrated their victory.

THE END.

"Backing Up Dicky Dalton!" is the title of the great Rookwood tale of Jimmy Silver & Co. appearing in next Monday's BOYS' FRIEND.



KNOCKED OUT! The bargee crashed to the floor on his back with a feeling in his stubby chin as if a mule had kicked him there. "Oh, well hit!" gasped Lovell.

go if I've got to go. That's me! Otherwise, I'm going to wallop all them cheeky young blighters till their own mummies won't know them. Catch on to that?"

"Very good!" said Mr. Dalton quietly.

Mr. Manders came whisking out of the School House, dishevelled and breathless.

"Harker!" he shouted. "You stand off—I'm busy!" snapped Bill Harker.

"Put that man out of the gates!" exclaimed Mr. Manders, pointing a skinny finger at Mr. Dalton.

"Right you are, old son of a gun—I'll do that!" said Mr. Harker. "Now, then, young pippin, come on and take your gruel!"

And Bill Harker advanced to the attack, giving his adversary no time for further words.

Mr. Dalton met him coolly. The bargeman's attack was fierce and pressing, and the Form-master had to give ground a little. He sidestepped quickly, and avoided the ugly rush, and closed in again much more quickly than Bill Harker anticipated. His right and left came rattling on the bargeman. But Bill was accustomed to taking severe punishment in his frequent "rows" with other bargees, and with the

in a second more he was fighting again. There was a roar of cheering from the Rookwood crowd.

"Bravo, Dalton!"

"Good old Dicky!" roared Arthur Edward Lovell.

Hammer-and-tongs the combatants went it now, and Rookwooders and bargemen looked on breathlessly.

"Ain't he a daisy?" ejaculated Arthur Edward Lovell. "Ain't he a real bewt? Let me hear any of you say a word against Dicky after this! Just a word!"

"Nobody has, excepting you!" grinned Mornington.

Crash! Bill Harker went to grass, under a terrific drive from the Form-master boxer.

He lay on his back and gasped. "Man down!" gasped Lovell. "Good old Dicky!"

"Pick him up!" grinned Newcome.

George Haddick helped his friend up. Bill Harker leaned on him, and spluttered for breath. His rugged face was not pleasant to look at now—there were half a dozen cuts, and bruises were forming all over it. One of his eyes was quite closed; the other blinked feebly and painfully. And his nose had almost lost all resemblance to a nose.

nose! That's some blooming prize-fighter, that bloke is. Oow! Wow! 'Elp me up, George, and don't stand grinning there like a blessed monkey! Ow!"

The big bargeman was helped to his feet. But he did not seek to renew the contest. He stood leaning heavily on his pal George.

He blinked feebly at Richard Dalton.

"You ready to go on?" he asked. "Certainly!"

"Well," said Mr. Harker, "I ain't! You're too good for me, and I don't care who knows it! I'm goin', sir, as soon as I get my blooming breath. Ow! Three peelers couldn't have 'andled me like that! Ow!"

Mr. Dalton smiled, and held out his hand.

"You've put up a good fight, my friend," he said. "No malice on either side, I hope? Give me your fist."

Harker blinked at him, and hesitated. Then he put out his huge hand.

"You're a gentleman, sir!" he said. "Sorry we've 'ad trouble. All the fault of old Longlegs there! Well, I'm goin'! Come on, boys!"

"Old on!" said George. "Longlegs ain't squared yet!"

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