

# The **BOYS' FRIEND** 2d.

SIXTEEN BIG PAGES!

No. 1,132. Vol. XXIII.—New Series.]

THE BEST BOYS' PAPER IN THE WORLD!

[Week Ending February 17th, 1923.]



**THE PIRATE'S ESCAPE!**

(A dramatic incident from "DEAD MAN'S GOLD!" A magnificent new yarn in this issue.)

## This Week's SPLENDID PROGRAMME

"DEAD MAN'S GOLD!" A Splendid New Story of Pirates and Buried Treasures, by EDMUND BURTON.

"JIMMY SILVER'S STRATEGY!" Another Rollicking Story of the Chums of Rookwood School, by OWEN CONQUEST.

"LIVING IT DOWN!" An Enthralling Footer Story featuring Rollo Dayton and the Duke, by WALTER EDWARDS.

"THE OUTLAWS!" Another Great Wild-West Story, introducing ARIZONA JIM, by GORDON WALLACE.

"SOUTH SEAS TREASURE!" Popular MAURICE EVERARD'S Greatest Sea Yarn.

"BY ORDER OF THE LEAGUE!" A Great School Story, by World-Famous P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Specialty Written Articles on Football, Health and Sport, etc.,

— and —

**A SPLENDID FOOTER PICTURE  
PUZZLE COMPETITION—£10  
IN PRIZES—EVERY WEEK!**



**ALL BUT OVER THE EDGE!**

(A breathless incident from "THE OUTLAWS!" Gordon Wallace's Great Wild West Story on page 121.)

**ALL STORIES BY STAR AUTHORS, including P. G. WODEHOUSE, in This Issue.**

THE FINEST SCHOOL YARN EVER WRITTEN!

# BY ORDER OF THE LEAGUE!

By P. G. WODEHOUSE



### The 1st Chapter.

O'Hara, an unruly Irish boy at Wrykyn School, whilst employed in tarring the Mayor of Wrykyn's statue, loses a small gold bat, the property of Trevor, captain of the School Fifteen, and thereby fills Trevor with consternation, for should the bat be found near the scene of the outrage, he sees that he will be placed in an awkward position. About this time Trevor is experiencing some difficulty in filling the fifteenth place in his team. Rand-Brown, a likely selection, is observed to funk in a trial game, so Trevor displaces him in favour of Barry, a smaller but far more reliable three-quarter, who has hitherto played for the Third Fifteen. A mysterious League has been formed in the school by a number of fellows unknown, who intend to enforce their wishes by acts of violence. The League first wrecks the study of Mill, a prefect, and then proceeds to warn Trevor, in an anonymous letter, that its members do not desire Barry to continue to play in the First Fifteen. Trevor disregards the letter, and the League retaliates by smashing up the contents of his study. Trevor tells O'Hara of the outrage, and the latter and his chum, Morisy, search in vain for the headquarters of the mysterious League. Trevor receives another letter informing him that the gold bat is in the hands of the League. Thereupon he tackles Rand-Brown in his study, and, having accused him of writing the anonymous letter, proceeds to search his study for the gold bat, and requests him to turn out his pockets. But the missing trophy is not hidden in the study, nor is it in Rand-Brown's pockets. Milton, a prefect, discovers that the anonymous letters were posted from a village called Chesterton. He visits the post-office there, armed with photographs of various fellows belonging to the school. The postmistress is unable to identify the boy, but just as the prefect is about to leave, an old man hobbles into the shop. "So, as a last chance," says Milton to Trevor, in relating his adventure, "I tackled him on the subject."

### The 2nd Chapter. The Mayor's Visit!

"The old fellow looked at the photographs for about half an hour," continued Milton, "mumbling something about it not being 'thiecy'un, or 'that'un, c' that 'ere tother'un, until I began to feel I'd had enough of it. Then it came out that the real chap who had sent the letters was a 'la-ad' with light hair, not so big as me—"

"That doesn't help us much," said Trevor.

"And a 'prarper little gentleman.' So all we've got to do is to look for some young duke of polished manners and exterior with a thatch of light hair."

"There are three hundred and sixty-seven fellows with light hair in the school," said Trevor calmly.

"Thought it was three hundred and sixty-eight myself," said Milton; "but I may be wrong. Anyhow, there you have the results of my investigations. You can make anything out of them, you're welcome to it. Good-bye!"

"Half a second," said Trevor, as he got up. "Had the fellow a cap of any sort?"

"No. Bare-headed. You wouldn't expect him to give himself away by wearing a House cap?"

Trevor went over to the headmaster's revolving this discovery in his mind. It was not much of a clue, but the smallest clue is better than nothing. To find out that the sender of the League letters had fair hair narrowed the search down a little. It

cleared the more raven-haired members of the school, at any rate. Besides, by combining his information with Milton's, the search might be still further narrowed down. He knew that the polite letter-writer must be either in Seymour's or in Donaldson's. The number of fair-haired youths in the two Houses was not excessive. Indeed, at the moment he could not recall any, which rather complicated matters.

He arrived at the headmaster's door, and knocked. He was shown into a room at the side of the hall, near the door. The butler informed him that the headmaster was engaged at present. Trevor, who knew the butler slightly through having constantly been to see the headmaster on business via the front door, asked who was there.

"Sir Eustace Briggs," said the butler, and disappeared in the direction of his lair beyond the green baize partition at the end of the hall.

Trevor went into the room, which was a sort of spare study, and sat down, wondering what had brought the mayor of Wrykyn to see the headmaster at this advanced hour.

A quarter of an hour later the sound of voices broke in upon his peace. The headmaster was coming down the hall with the intention of showing his visitor out. The door of Trevor's room was ajar, and he could hear distinctly what was being said. He had no particular desire to play the eavesdropper, but the part was forced upon him.

Sir Eustace seemed excited. "It is far from being my habit," he was saying, "to make unnecessary complaints respecting the conduct of the lad under your care."

Sir Eustace Briggs had a distaste for the shorter and more colloquial forms of speech. He would have perished sooner than have substituted "complain of your boys" for the majestic formula he had used. He spoke as if he enjoyed choosing his words. He seemed to pause and think before each word. Unkind people—who were jealous of his distinguished career—used to say that he did this because he was afraid of dropping an aitch if he relaxed his vigilance.

"But," continued he, "I am reluctantly forced to the unpleasant conclusion that the dastardly outrage to which both I and the Press of the town have called your attention is to be attributed to one of the lads to whom I have—have"—this with a jerk—"referred."

"I will make a thorough inquiry," Sir Eustace said the bass voice of the headmaster.

"I thank you," said the mayor. "It would under the circumstances, be nothing more, I think, than what is distinctly advisable. The man, Samuel Wapshott, of whose narrative I have recently afforded you a brief synopsis, stated in no uncertain terms that he found at the foot of the statue on which the dastardly outrage was perpetrated, a Jiminutive ornament, in shape like the bats that are used in the game of cricket. This ornament, he avers—with what truth I know not—was handed by him to a youth of an age coeval with that of the lads in the upper division of this school. The youth claimed it as his property. I was given to understand."

"A thorough inquiry shall be made," Sir Eustace said.

"I thank you!"

And then the door shut, and the conversation ceased.

### The Finding of the Bat!

Trevor waited till the headmaster had gone back to his library, gave him five minutes to settle down, and then went in.

The headmaster looked up inquiringly.

"My essay, sir," said Trevor.

"Ah, yes! I had forgotten."

Trevor opened the notebook and began to read what he had written. He finished the paragraph which owed its insertion to Clowes, and raced hurriedly on to the next. To his surprise the flippancy passed unnoticed, at any rate, verbally. As a rule, the headmaster preferred that quotations from back numbers of papers should be kept out of the prefects' English essays. And he generally said as much. But to-day he seemed strangely preoccup-



**NOTHING DOING!** The old fellow mumbled something about it not being "thiecy'un" or "that'un" or "that 'ere tother'un" until Milton began to feel he'd had enough of it.

ped. A split infinitive in paragraph five, which at other times would have made him sit up in his chair stiff with horror, elicited no remark. The same immunity was accorded to the insertion—inspired by Clowes, as usual—of a popular catch phrase in the last few lines. Trevor finished with the feeling that luck had favoured him nobly.

"Yes," said the headmaster, seemingly roused by the silence following on the conclusion of the essay.

"Yes," then, after a long pause, "Yes," again.

Trevor said nothing, but waited for further comment.

"Yes," said the headmaster once more, "I think that is a very fair essay. Very fair. It wants a little more—er—not quite so much—um—yes."

Trevor made a note in his mind to effect these improvements in future essays, and was getting up, when the headmaster stopped him.

"Don't go, Trevor. I wish to speak to you."

Trevor's first thought was, perhaps naturally, that the bat was going to be

brought into discussion. He was wondering helplessly how he was going to keep O'Hara and his midnight exploit out of the conversation when the headmaster resumed. "An unpleasant thing has happened, Trevor—"

"Now we're coming to it," thought Trevor.

"It appears, Trevor, that a considerable quantity of smoking has been going on in the school."

Trevor breathed freely once more. It was only going to be a mere conventional smoking row after all. He listened with more enjoyment as the headmaster having stopped to turn down the wick of the reading-lamp which stood on the table at his side, and which had begun, appropriately enough, to smoke, resumed his discourse.

"Mr Dexter—"

Of course, thought Trevor. If there ever was a row in the school, Dexter was bound to be at the bottom of it.

"Mr Dexter has just been in to see me. He reported six boys. He discovered them in the vault beneath the junior block. Two of them were boys in your House."

Trevor murmured something wordless, to show that the story interested him.

"You knew nothing of this, of course—"

"No, sir."

"No. Of course not. It is difficult for the head of a House to know all that goes on in that House."

Was this his beastly sarcasm? Trevor asked himself. But he came to the conclusion that it was not. After all, the head of a House is only

last occasion had been in Paget's first term as head of Donaldson's, when two of the senior Day-room had been discovered attempting to revive the ancient and dishonourable custom of bullying. This time, Trevor foresaw, would set up a record in all probability. There might be any number of devotees of the weed, and he meant to carry out his instructions to the full, and make the criminals more unhappy than they had been since the day of their first cigar.

Trevor hated the habit of smoking at school. He was so intensely keen on the success of the House and the school at games that anything which tended to damage the wind and eye filled him with loathing. That anybody should dare to smoke in a House which was going to play in the final for the House Football Cup made him rage internally, and he proposed to make things bad and unrefusal for such.

To smoke at school is to insult the divine weed. When you are obliged to smoke in odd corners, fearing every moment that you will be discovered, the whole meaning, poetry, romance of a pipe vanishes, and you become like those lost beings who smoke when they are running to catch trains. The boy who smokes at school is bound to come to a bad end. He will degenerate gradually into a person that plays dominoes in the smoking-rooms of tea-shops with friends who wear bowler hats with frock-coats.

Much of this philosophy Trevor expounded to Clowes in energetic language when he returned to Donaldson's after calling at Seymour's to deliver the message for Milton.

Clowes became quite animated at the prospect of a real row.

"We shall be able to see the skeletons in their cupboards," he observed. "Every man has a skeleton in his cupboard, which follows him about wherever he goes. Which study shall we go to first?"

"We?" said Trevor.

"We," repeated Clowes firmly. "I am not going to be left out of this jaunt. I need knowing-up—I'm not strong, you know—and this is just the thing to do it. Besides, you'll want a bodyguard of some sort, in case the infuriated occupant turns and rends you."

"I don't see what there is to enjoy in the business," said Trevor gloomily. "Personally, I bar this kind of thing. By the time we've finished there won't be a chap in the House I'm on speaking terms with."

"Except me, dearest," said Clowes. "I will never desert you. It's of no use asking me, for I will never do it. Mr. Micawber has his faults, but I will never desert Mr. Micawber."

"You can come if you like," said Trevor; "we'll take the studies in order. I suppose we needn't look up the prefects?"

"A prefect is above suspicion. Scratch the prefects."

"That brings us to Dixon."

Dixon was a stout youth with spectacles, who was popularly supposed to do twenty-two hours' work a day. It was believed that he put in two hours' sleep from eleven to one, and then got up and worked in his study till breakfast.

He was working when Clowes and Trevor came in. He dived head foremost into a huge Liddell and Scott as the door opened. On hearing Trevor's voice he slowly emerged, and a pair of round and spectacled eyes glazed blankly at the visitors. Trevor briefly explained his errand, but the interview lost in solemnity owing to the fact that the bare notion of Dixon storing tobacco in his room made Clowes roar with laughter. Also, Dixon stolidly refused to understand what Trevor was talking about, and at the end of ten minutes, finding it hopeless to try and explain, the two went. Dixon, with a hazy impression that he had been asked to join in some sort of round game, and had refused the offer, returned again to his Liddell and Scott, and continued to wrestle with the somewhat obscure utterances of the chorus in Aeschylus' "Agamemnon." The results of this fiasco on Trevor and Clowes were widely different. Trevor it depressed horribly. It made him feel savage. Clowes, on the other hand, regarded the whole affair in a spirit of rollicking farce, and refused to see that this was a serious matter, in which the honour of the House was involved.

The next study was Ruthven's. This fact somewhat toned down the exuberances of Clowes' demeanour. When one particularly dislikes a person, one has a curious objection to seeming in good spirits in his presence. One feels that he may take it as a sort of compliment to himself, or,



ANOTHER STUNNING YARN FEATURING ROLLO DAYTON AND THE DUKE!



Living it Down!

By WALTER EDWARDS

Telling how Rollo Dayton frustrated yet another of the Duke's sinister plots!

The 1st Chapter.

Dr. Dagnall is Called in!

The Hon. Rollo Dayton stuffed a yawn and tossed a newspaper across the table to Dr. Dagnall, who was looking about as companionable as a surly bear.

"Some scribbler johnnie has fairly let himself go this time, old egg," drawled the fair-haired amateur, with a smile. "Talk about dipping the jolly old quill in acid and all that sort of rot! Listen to this bit. He refers to you—Dr. Gordon Dagnall, M.D., N.Y.Z., R.S.V.P., P.P.O., and all the rest of it—as 'this inept practitioner, who will do well to stick to bandages and medicine and leave football to those who have at least a rudimentary knowledge of the game!' I like that bit about the 'inept practitioner,' don't you?"

A wave of angry colour overspread the doctor's rugged features.

"What!" he cried, snatching the paper. "Do you really mean to tell me that some ink-slinging, nib-spoiling, mud-throwing little penny-a-liner has dared to say that about me? Me!"

"Everything points to it, old egg," smiled Rollo. "Personally, I think he sums matters up rather neatly—"

"I'll break him up rather neatly if I get my hands on him!" vowed Dagners viciously. His blazing eyes found the column headed:

**"SENSATIONAL DEFEAT OF ENGLISH ELEVEN!**

**Dayton and Dagnall Collapse!**

**SCOTLAND'S NINE TO NIL VICTORY!"**

"Never," wrote the scribe, "has it been my bad fortune to witness such a display of sheer ineptitude. It was tragic. I wanted to weep."

"The English team set off in great style, but within half an hour it had been reduced to a state bordering upon exhaustion. "In no department of the game did any individual shine, and the amateurs—the Hon. Rollo Dayton and Dr. Dagnall—were the worst offenders of all. They seemed to have forgotten anything they had ever known, and the former distinguished himself by missing what should have been a certain goal. He had not even Macintyre, the Scots custodian, to beat, yet his shot, if such a spineless effort can be so described, sent the leather trickling away to the corner-flag, where it was cleared by Donald McSteggle.

"Scotland's nine goals are in no way representative of the run of the play, for it looked as if they could have scored ninety-nine had they so wished, for Dayton and his men offered little or no opposition after the first thirty minutes of play, being too tired or out of condition to move at more than a snail's pace. Their efforts were pathetic.

"This match will be a blot upon the name of 'Soccer, for never in the whole history of the game has there been a greater travesty than to-day's display at Leeds Bromley."

There followed hot and scathing remarks about individual players, Rollo Dayton and Dr. Dagnall being singled out for much stinging rebuke. "And there is another and more serious aspect of this deplorable disaster," continued the sporting writer, getting his second wind. "Many ugly rumours swept the country for a fortnight preceding the match, some mischievous person or persons having circulated the ridiculous story that the English

eleven had been bribed to lose the game to Scotland. "Such a thing is utter nonsense, something to be dismissed with a shrug, yet it is certainly extraordinary that England should have been soundly and ingloriously trounced by a very moderate Scottish side.

"Furthermore, it will give the malicious tongues another chance of wagging, especially as it is common knowledge that a certain knot of professional backers have made a small fortune out of England's unexpected reverse.

This scribe wrote nothing but the truth, for the International game had been a tragic farce.

The English eleven, led by the Hon. Rollo Dayton, had taken the field in the pink of condition. They looked like men trained to the minute.

A strenuous spell of play followed the kick-off, both sides battling like Trojans.

Then, slowly but unmistakably, Rollo and his men began to slacken the pace; their "bellows" appeared to trouble them; they became slow and listless.

A goal followed, Smith scoring for Scotland, and this marked the beginning of the end. The English side became worse as the game progressed, and when the final whistle blew it seemed that the players could scarcely drag their limbs across the turf to the dressing-room.

And, though the shouting spectators did not realise the fact, Rollo and the others were in a very bad way, for they were suffering from a dazed feeling which robbed them of all interest in their surroundings. They were like men in a dream; yet no sooner did they have their tubs and change into their civilian clothes than the clouds drifted away from their brains, and they became normal once more, healthy, vigorous, and alert.

The metamorphosis was amazing, inexplicable, a profound mystery, yet Rollo and his men received scant sympathy from the directors of the F.A.

"They're stale, the whole lot of 'em!" declared Sir John Fregannon, the fire-eater. "They let Scotland score and then went all to pieces. Sheer cowardice in the face of the enemy! They should be shot! Shot, I say!"

Rollo and Dagners were seated in the dining saloon of the London express. Many newspapers were scattered round them, and they had read countless columns dealing with the English defeat, and they found that not one scribe had been charitable enough to suggest that there might have been a reason, apart from slackness, for the tragic collapse.

"The whole thing puzzles me no end," he confessed. "Our feeling dazed and groggy, I mean. After all, we couldn't have been got at—that's the sort of thing that happens in story books—"

"Then what the dickens was the matter with us, old egg?" demanded Rollo.

Dagnall shook his head, and was about to make a reply when an attendant came hurrying along the saloon.

"Is there a doctor present?" he asked anxiously.

Dagners rose from his chair. "What? the trouble?" he asked crisply, becoming the Harley Street practitioner in a flash.



DESPERATE MEASURES! Rollo Dayton snatched up a bottle from the bench and hurled it straight at Dr. Otto Strohmmer. The missile caught the scientist full upon the temple and sent him staggering backwards!

"The cook's been taken ill, sir," answered the attendant breathlessly. "He seems to be wandering—dazed-like—as though he's not quite right in his nut—but head, sir."

"Take me to him," said Dagners; and a curious light dawned in his eyes as he gave the command.

He found the cook sitting huddled up in a chair, his face white, his forehead moist. Dagnall touched his shoulder, but he did not move. "Here's a doctor, Jack," said the attendant; and the cook raised his head and looked up at Dagners in a dazed, dreamy manner.

dozing in a bunk, with the attendant watching over him. "Let me know immediately he wakes up," said Dagnall; and he and Rollo returned to the dining-saloon. The fair-haired youngster was looking unusually excited; the blue eye behind the gold-rimmed monocle gleamed. "Wha's in the wind, old egg?" he asked eagerly. "Have you got a clue, or somethin'?" "I really believe that I have, my son," answered the medical man, with a grave, professional smile.

The 2nd Chapter. The Clue!

An hour and a quarter passed before the attendant made his appearance.

"He's awake, sir," he announced, speaking to Dagners. "And he feels quite fit and well?" questioned the doctor. "The dazed feeling has passed?"

"Yes, sir," answered the attendant. "Shall I ask him to come in and see you?"

Dagners nodded, and the fellow hurried away, to return in a few moments with the cook, whose round face was wearing a rather sheepish grin.

"I don't know what to make of it, sir," he said, almost apologetically. "I'm sure that I felt really rotten, yet now— Why, I've not even got a headache! It's a fair knock-out, sir!"

Dagnall nodded. "As you say, it is a fair knock-out," he agreed. "Now, Timkins—"

"My name's Carter, sir," put in the chef.

"Quite so," smiled Dagners easily. "Now, Carter, I'm going to put a few questions to you, and I want you to be very careful how you answer them."

Dagners, who saw that he had a difficult customer to deal with. "There was no cause for complaint." "And even if there was, sir, I don't see that I was to blame," the cook ran on in pained tones. "The gentleman in charge of your party, him what came into my kitchen, had a good look round at everything, and—"

"One moment!" Dagners snapped the command; a sudden light gleamed in his eyes and was gone.

"Somebody inspected the food?" he asked, speaking very quietly.

The chef nodded. He was inclined to be surly under the cross-examination.

"He did!" he granted. Dagnall took a pound note from his waistcoat-pocket and placed it upon the table, and the expression upon the chef's round face became positively amiable.

"Now," said the doctor impressively, "I want you to think very deeply. I want you to take your mind back to exactly what happened in the kitchen. What did this—gentleman do from the moment he entered?"

Again the chef wrinkled his brow. "Well, he came in quiet-like, and sort of surprised me, sir, because I don't allow no strangers in my kitchen in the ordinary way," said the fellow.

"Of course, he soon put that right by telling me who he was, the person in charge of the footballers. He asked me what was for lunch, and had a look at the fish; and then he crossed to the soup cauldron, took the lid off, and had a good sniff."

"He took the lid off?" queried Dagners, wishing to make certain upon every point.

"He did, sir," returned the chef. "Were you with him at the time? I mean, were you standing by the cauldron?"

"No, sir; I was busy cleaning the fish," came the ready answer.

The doctor nodded, and shot another glance at Rollo Dayton. "And now for the last question, Carter," he said, toying with the note. "Can you describe the gentleman you've mentioned?"

The cook began to wonder what it was all about, but the money upon the table kept him in a good humour. "He was dressed in a blue suit, sir, and wore a broad-brimmed soft hat," he said, speaking very deliberately. "But the first thing I noticed was his eyes, sir—querc eyes they was, sir. And his face—he was clean-shaven—was white, sir—a strange, yellow white—and—"

"That will do, Carter," said Dagners, flicking the pound note across the table. "That's all I want to know."

Still very bewildered, the cook picked up the money and passed down the car with the attendant, and it was not until they were out of sight that either Rollo or Dagnall spoke.

Then their lips framed two words: "The Duke!"

The 3rd Chapter. Dr. Otto Strohmmer.

"The whole thing's as clear as mud!" declared the Hon. Rollo Dayton, as the express tore through the night and ate up the miles to London.

"It is—up to a point," agreed Dagners thoughtfully. "It is quite obvious that the Duke doctored the soup, yet I do not know of any drug or sporific which would act so strangely upon the human system. I shall take the remains of the soup and analyse it, of course."

"The train ran into the echoing terminus upon the stroke of midnight, and Rollo and Dagners parted, the former to go to his flat in the Albany and sleep the sleep of perfect health.

Dagnall, however, did not seek his bed, but made his way to his well-appointed laboratory. He rather prided himself upon his knowledge of drugs and poisons, and he did not mean to rest until he had solved the mystery of the Duke's doctored soup, the qualities of which baffled him.

Number one. When did you last have anything to eat?"

The man wrinkled his moist forehead in a prodigious mental effort.

"Well, I can't swear to a minute or so, sir; but it was four hours ago, as near as makes no odds!"

"Thank you!" said Dagnall, flashing a satisfied glance at Rollo Dayton. "And what did you eat?"

"I had a basin of soup, sir," returned the chef; and then added hastily: "But that couldn't have done me no harm, for I made it myself!" He looked almost truculent as he uttered the words.

"I've not even made the suggestion, Carter," said the doctor, with another smile. "Now, I wonder if you had some of the soup that was left over from this morning? You cooked the English team's lunch, didn't you? I remember seeing you."

"I did that lunch, sir, and there was no complaints," returned the chef. "As to the soup—yes, I had a basinful that was left over, and very good stuff it was, too, sir!"

"Excellent! excellent!" agreed





# Living it Down!

By **WALTER EDWARDS**

(Continued from previous page.)

### The 6th Chapter, A Mystery Solved!

"Good shot!" cried Dagners, leaping to the side of the motionless figure upon the floor.

Rollo looked apprehensive.

"I've—I've not—" he began, unable to frame the dread word.

Dagners, who was making a swift examination, shook his head.

"No, old man," he returned lightly. "He's merely stunned."

"A sigh of relief escaped the fair-haired youngster."

"Thank goodness!" he muttered fervently. "And what's the next move? We can't leave him here, for he's too dangerous with that little toy in his possession. I suppose we ought to report the matter to the police."

"That's so," agreed the doctor. "This beggar should be kept under lock and key until the authorities have made a thorough search of this place. Slip along to the station, will you? There's one in the High Road."

Rollo lost no time in putting the matter before the police, and a sergeant and a constable accompanied him to the scientist's dilapidated old house.

"I always did think there was something fishy about this place," declared the sergeant, as Rollo led the way through the echoing hall.

Dr. Otto Strohmmer was still unconscious when the trio reached the spacious laboratory. Rollo explained exactly what had happened, and the

story impressed the sergeant. Then Dagners took the matter in hand.

"My name is Dagnall," he said briskly. "I am a doctor. You must get this man away to the police infirmary without delay. He must have received a worse blow than I imagined."

The officer nodded.

"Very well, sir," he said. "I'll look after the old party, and you, Porter," he spoke to the constable—"had better hang on here for the time being."

The old scientist was raised from the floor and carried out to the waiting cab, where he was made comfortable upon the seat.

"We'll walk up to the station," said Dagners, as the sergeant entered the vehicle and closed the door.

"Hi! This is a jolly rummy business all the way round," remarked Rollo, with a smile. "And even now we haven't learnt the secret of the Duke's stunt!"

Discussing the mysterious affair from all angles, the two friends eventually came in sight of the police station. The driver of the taxi was gesticulating wildly to a tall inspector.

"You could 'ave knocked me down with a hammer!" he was declaring excitedly, when Rollo and Dagners appeared upon the scene. "I was driving through Rowland Place—a queer thoroughfare—when there comes a tap at the window. I pulls up, and a feller 'ops out; but it wasn't the sergeant, and it wasn't the old chap with the whiskers. Well, I

was just goin' to ask him what his little game was when he plugs me a wallop on the jaw! Smack! Look at it!"

"Go on!" said the inspector gruffly.

"Go on!" cried the driver, obviously hurt at receiving such scant sympathy. "Lummy 'o did the going, gov'nor! Talk about move! He was away before you could say 'Jack Robinson!'"

"Yes, yes!" put in the police officer testily.

"Well, I then 'ad a dekkie inside the cab, and then you could 'ave knocked me down with a—with a—"

"Half a brick!" put in Rollo helpfully.

"That's right, sir!" said the driver, with conviction. "What do you think? Eh? Well, look for yourself!"

He swung open the door of the taxi with a dramatic gesture, and a cry of amazement broke from the little knot of people who peered into the interior. Even the grim-faced inspector gave a grunt of surprise.

Lying upon the floor was the sergeant, and the red swelling upon the point of his jaw told its own story. He was out to the world.

Of Dr. Otto Strohmmer there was no sign; at least, there was no sign of him in the flesh. But the ragged dressing-gown, the matted wig, and the long false beard told their own story.

Rollo and Dagners exchanged puzzled glances, and the former gave vent to a low whistle.

"But how the—?" he began helplessly. And then speech failed him.

Another taxi drew up with a grinding of brakes, and an old man, with a skull cap and a long, flowing beard, peered through the window.

"What is the matter, officer? What

is it?" he inquired in a thin, high-pitched voice. "I am a doctor. My name is Otto Strohmmer—"

"What?"

The police official almost shouted the exclamation, much to the obvious alarm of the old gentleman in the cab.

"You're—you're Dr. Strohmmer, sir?" asked the inspector, wondering whether he would suddenly wake up.

"Of course I am!" snapped the old man testily. "I've just come from a lecture at the Medical Hall, where I read a paper upon— But what has that to do with you?"

He snapped the question; his small eyes blazed. He glared at the knot of people who were looking at him in wonderment.

"There's a mystery here, sir," said the police-officer soothingly; and in a few short sentences he explained the situation.

Dr. Otto Strohmmer fumed.

"And this is what we pay you policemen for, is it?" he cried, his wizened face flushing. "I go out—for the first time in five years—and you allow some scoundrel to break into my house and impersonate me! It's a scandal! I'll write to the Commissioner! I'll— And you say there's a policeman in my laboratory at this very moment? I'll have him out of it! I'll— Drive on, you dolt!"

He snapped the last words at the driver, and was whirled away.

Rollo and Dagners watched the tail-lights of the cab disappear before either said a word. Then Rollo spoke.

"Come and have dinner with me, old egg," he said in a low voice. "I think I've found the key to this mystery!"

Discussing the affair over their coffee, the two friends tested each link in the chain, starting with the discovery of the doctored soup, and passing from their first visit to Otto Strohmmer—when he had seemed so highly amused—to the affair of the afternoon, when they had so narrowly escaped with their lives.

"It's all as plain as—as your face, old egg!" declared Rollo, his blue eyes shining with excitement. "The Duke worked hard-in-glove with this old scoundrel, Otto; and between

them they thought out a very neat plan for getting rid of us. The scheme suited both of them down to the ground. The Duke merely wished to destroy us, whilst that homicidal old maniac saw a fine opportunity of trying one of his ghastly experiments.

"The Duke, a master of disguise, took Otto's place, whilst Otto accepted a lecture engagement so that he could prove an alibi should anything go wrong. It's as clear as mud!"

"And what's going to happen now?" asked Dagners. "Old Otto's still in his little wooden hut at Hampstead, and, what's more, he's still got that little toy—the camera gadget!"

"But he won't have it for long, old egg!" declared Rollo. "For I'm going to put the whole yarn before Scotland Yard!"

True to his word, the youngster had an audience with Detective-Inspector Rawson; and less than an hour after the conversation Dr. Otto Strohmmer was undergoing a searching examination. He tried lies and bluff, but it was all of no avail, and ultimately he broke down and gave the police a long, rambling account of his dealings with the Duke.

Strohmmer did not have to face a trial in the felons' dock, for he was certified insane but an hour or so after making his confession.

The story of his association with the criminal who called himself the Duke stirred the country from end to end, especially as it brought the plot against the English Soccer eleven to light.

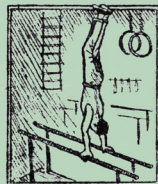
"That the Hon. Rollo Dayton and the other victims of the Duke's plot will represent their country in the next International match is a certainty," wrote one sporting scribe, "and I wish them the best of luck!"

And the whole sporting world lifted its voice and cried, "And so say all of us!"

**COMING IN A FORTNIGHT'S TIME!**  
The first of a **GRAND NEW SERIES OF FREE REAL PHOTOS** in the "BOYS' FRIEND."

THE END.

(Next Monday's Bumper Number of the BOYS' FRIEND will include "The Third Round!"—a ripping Foster story, featuring Rollo Dayton and the sinister Duke. Ask your newsagent to save you a copy.)



## HEALTH AND SPORT

Conducted by **PERCY LONGHURST.**



If you are in need of any information concerning health, sport or general fitness, write to Mr. Percy Longhurst, c/o The Editor, THE BOYS' FRIEND, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for a reply. All queries are always answered by a personal letter and never in these columns. The information is entirely free, and is the best obtainable.

### Physical Training Instructors.

The Army School of Physical Training, at Aldershot, specialises in turning out men qualified to act as instructors at schools and elsewhere in drill, gymnastics, sports, and games. But a letter recently received from a correspondent has set me thinking what small encouragement is given in England to those young fellows who, not being in the Army, would like to qualify as instructors in games and physical training. There is a training school at Dunfermline, and something of the kind exists at Sheffield; but apart from these there does not exist any organisation for training young chaps to qualify for such positions should they happen to be civilians. A fellow who is interested has to pick up his knowledge and study on his own.

Having obtained a fair practical and theoretical knowledge of his subject, he may enter for one of the examinations held periodically by the British Association of Physical Training. This successfully passed, he will have to work further to enable him to pass a final examination which qualifies him to describe himself as a member of the Association and a duly certificated teacher. Without such certificate he will have but a small chance of obtaining any really well-paid post in the profession.

This information has not been given with the idea of discouraging any fellow who has a liking for the occupation, but very much to the contrary. I shall at any time be pleased to send full and definite information to those readers who would like to become qualified teachers of gymnastics, etc., but hardly know how to set about the business.

I do think, however, considering the importance of the subject of national physical training, that something more might be done to assist those who have a natural bent in this direction.

### Tip for Track Athletes.

If the day when you happen to be competing is cool and wet, with a high wind blowing, don't get into your running shorts half an hour before your event and loaf about outside. Muscles get chilled and stiff. They take some time to warm up, and a muscle can't work at its best when of a low temperature.

Don't delay so as to risk keeping the starter waiting, but get into your racing kit, then slip on a pair of trousers, which is better than a dressing-gown or overcoat, taking them off only when the starter gives his warning to get ready. They can be left on the ground, picked up and put on again immediately the race is over. The same applies to jumpers as well. Severely working a cold muscle often results in a sprain, sometimes a snapped tendon—an injury not easily cured.

### A Boxing Nuisance.

It is remarkable that the eyes of some boxers fill with water when a blow lands on the face. The cause is a peculiar condition of the tear glands, and little can be done to remedy the trouble, though I have known cases in which improvement has followed frequent practice of opening the eyes under water. This is best done by dipping the head in cold water, and then opening and closing the eyes several times.

(Another helpful article next week.)



## How to Make, How to Mend, How to Do

- Amateur Woodworking
- Amateur Metalworking
- Useful Hobbies
- Home Repairs
- Painting
- Decorating
- Whitewashing
- Plumbing
- Sports and Pastimes
- Poultry and Pets

Here you are, Boys! You simply cannot afford to be without this great NEW work—"Harmsworth's Household Encyclopedia." It will help you with your hobbies in every way, and it explains simply and well, with the help of many pictures, how to make a thousand and one useful things, and how to repair everything in your home.

The complete work will contain at least 10,000 pictures and many hundreds of diagrams, plans, and COLOURED PLATES, and it will be issued fortnightly at 1/3 per part—only a penny per day. So that you can turn to just what you want at the moment you want it, the contents are arranged alphabetically.

FREE with PART 1 (now on sale) a novel and useful LIGHTNING CALCULATOR.

## HARMSWORTH'S HOUSEHOLD ENCYCLOPEDIA

In Fortnightly Parts. Price 1/3 each.

A complete A.B.C. for the Handyman.

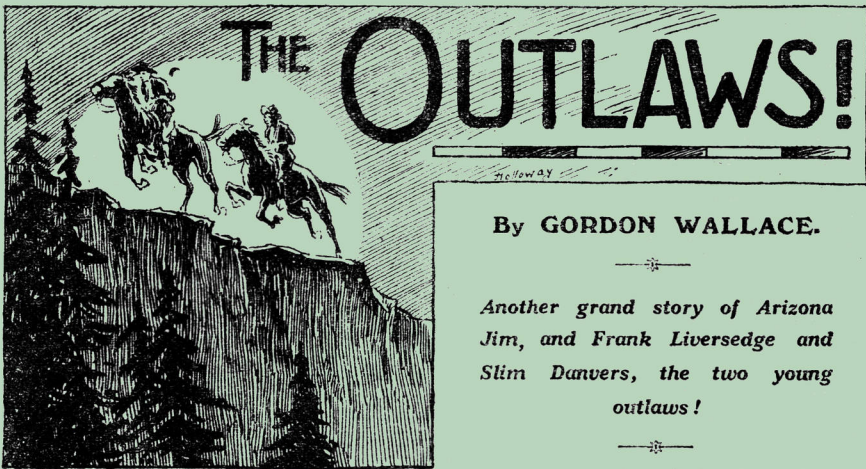
**PART 1**  
**NOW ON SALE.**  
**Buy a copy TO-DAY!**







A SPLENDID SEQUEL TO "THE WRONG SIDE OF THE LAW!"



By GORDON WALLACE.

Another grand story of Arizona Jim, and Frank Liversedge and Slim Danvers, the two young outlaws!

The 1st Chapter. A New "Pard."

The little house at the south end of the main street at Bitter Springs Wyoming was dark, as was every house in that little Wild Western town...

arms. A moment later she was sobbing on his breast. "We've missed you! We haven't known what to do without you!" she cried.

He climbed on to the window-sill, pulled himself upright, then sprang outwards. The man below yelled in some alarm as he saw the hurtling figure descending upon him.

spir, and even as the deputy whipped out a revolver, dashed right over him and out into the street.

any good. The sheriff'll accuse them of harbouring me, or something like that. Ought to have taken Arizona twice and arranged a meeting place somewhere midway between Bitter Springs and our camp.



FRANK TO THE RESCUE! Frank Liversedge stood up in his stirrups, hurled himself sideways, and landed in the buggy alongside the unconscious Governor!

himself. For to have a man claiming all the toughness mentioned, and yet to be sitting there on his horse with hands upheld in token of surrender was distinctly amusing to the young outlaw.

think he's all he says he is. He's as harmless as Mary's little lamb, but— "Gee! That's an insult!" said Bad Phil Hicks.

The 2nd Chapter. A Chance for the Outlaws.

"I wonder say," quoth Phil Hicks, pausing in his ride, "as how it pays to be real bad. Now, look at me! Played kickball for a season, and was good.





READ THIS RIPPING ROOKWOOD STORY RIGHT NOW!

# Jimmy Silver's Strategy!

By Owen Conquest.

(Author of the Tales of Rookwood appearing in the "Popular.")

In which Jimmy Silver & Co. after many defeats are successful in winning back the end study from Peele and his pals!



### The 1st Chapter. Going Through It.

"Silver! Lovell! Raby! Newcome! Bukkeley of the Sixth called out the names. And the Fistical Four of the Fourth Form at Rookwood answered in a rather dismal chorus: "Yes, Bukkeley!" "You're wanted!" "What?" "Mr. Dalton's study—and sharp!" The great man of the Sixth walked away with that. He had no time to waste upon mere juniors. Jimmy Silver drew a deep breath. "We're for it!" he remarked. "We are!" murmured Arthur Edward Lovell. "We are!" George Raby rubbed his hands in anticipation. "Oh, come on!" said Newcome desperately. "Let's get it over. Sympathetic glances followed Jimmy Silver & Co. as they started for Mr. Dalton's study. Almost all the Classical Fourth sympathised—that was of any use. Unfortunately, it wasn't. Jimmy Silver tapped at the door of his Form master's study. "Come in," said the deep voice of Richard Dalton. The Fistical Four entered. Mr. Dalton was not alone in the study. With him were four fellows—three of them juniors, and one of them a prefect of the Sixth Form. The three juniors were Lattrey, Peele, and Gower of the Fourth; the prefect was Cartwhell of the Sixth. Jimmy Silver & Co. had expected to see them there; they knew well enough why Mr. Dalton had sent for them. The young Form master's face was very stern, as he fixed his eyes upon the delinquents. "Silver! Cartwhell has made a very serious report to me." "Has he, sir?" murmured Jimmy Silver. "It appears," said Richard Dalton severely, "that you four juniors have assaulted Cartwhell, and, indeed, ejected him from a study in the Fourth Form passage with considerable violence." "We—we persuaded him to leave, sir!" murmured Jimmy. "We didn't want Cartwhell in our study," said Lovell. "We're not on visiting terms with the Sixth, really." "This is a serious matter, Lovell. It seems that you four juniors have taken possession of a study belonging to Lattrey, Peele, and Gower. So Cartwhell informs me." "Cartwhell's upside, sir," said Raby. "What?" "I mean he's got it wrong, sir. It's our study—the end study, sir—every fellow in the Fourth knows it's ours. Peele does. Don't you, Peele?" "No, I don't!" snapped Cyril Peele. "I know it's my study!" "Look here, you cad!" "Silence!" exclaimed Mr. Dalton. "Oh! Ah! Yes, sir! Certainly!" "If you'll let me explain, sir," said Jimmy Silver meekly. "I am waiting for you to explain, Silver, if you have any explanation to give." "You know, sir, that we got back late this term, owing to our being laid up with colds," said Jimmy. "We four that those cads—I mean, those chaps—had bagged our study before we got here. So we—we took possession, sir. I don't know why Cartwhell butted in. He knew that it was our study." Mr. Dalton glanced at the Sixth-Former. "I intervened to see fair play, as I've told you, sir," said Cartwhell. "Peele claimed my protection, as he had been turned out of his study. It seems to be the rule that any boys can claim an unoccupied study at the beginning of term. Silver had that study last term—Peele has it now. I was bound to interfere, as a prefect—and these juniors actually seized me and threw me out of the room." "You shouldn't have butted in!" exclaimed Lovell. "You know jolly well that those rotters had bagged our study." "How dare you, Lovell?" exclaimed

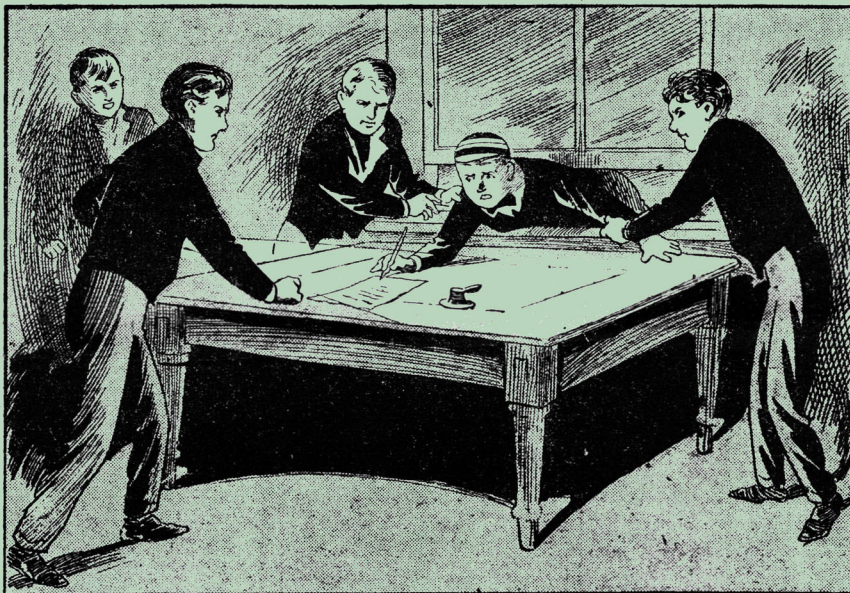
Mr. Dalton. He rose to his feet, and picked up his cane. "Hold out your hand!" Swish! Lovell tucked his hand under his arm and squeezed it hard. Evidently Richard Dalton was not to be trifled with. "Whatever may be your dispute with other members of your Form, Silver, you are well aware that you have no right to resist a prefect forcibly," said Mr. Dalton. "I shall cane you all severely."

"Oh!" "With regard to the claim to the study," continued Mr. Dalton, "it certainly seems hard that you should lose your old quarters, but Peele and his friends are acting strictly within their rights."

Swish, swish, swish! The study door opened, and the Fistical Four came out. Their faces were set and grim. They did not even look at the grinning trio—they marched down the passage in silence. It was not till they reached the Fourth Form quarters, and were enounced in their new study—Peele's old study—that they gave expression to their deep feelings. Then there was a painful chorus. "What's going to be done?" Arthur Edward asked that question a few days later, in exasperated tones. Arthur Edward had asked it, on the average, about seventeen times a day, since the return of the Fistical Four to the classic shades of Rookwood School.

### The 2nd Chapter. Lovell's Strategy!

"What's going to be done?" Arthur Edward asked that question a few days later, in exasperated tones. Arthur Edward had asked it, on the average, about seventeen times a day, since the return of the Fistical Four to the classic shades of Rookwood School.



PEELE IN A FIX! Jimmy Silver pulled the study table under the window, in which Peele was firmly fixed, and laid a sheet of impot paper before the helpless junior. "Now write as I tell you!" he said, placing a pen in the hand of the amazed Peele.

Lattrey and Gower if they would consent to return to their old quarters and allow you to have your old study," continued Mr. Dalton, with a glance at Peele & Co. The three cads of the Fourth stood grimly silent. Their consent would have won them the approval of their Form master; but Mr. Dalton's approval did not tempt them to give way. They were not on the best of terms with Mr. Dalton, anyhow. Mr. Dalton was rather rough on slackers; and Peele & Co. were slackers of the first water. Indeed, so far from desiring to gratify Mr. Dalton, Peele & Co. found some satisfaction in disappointing him. So they stood silent. "You do not feel disposed to do this, Peele?" asked the Fourth Form master, after a pause. "No, sir!" answered Peele sullenly. "It's our study, sir," said Gower. "It's a better one than our old one. Why should we give it up?" "Silver, these boys must be allowed to retain the study, since they insist upon their strict rights in the matter. I cannot say I approve of their conduct, but I am bound to be just. Any further attempt to deprive them of the study by force will be dealt with very severely."

Peele & Co. were victorious, the Form master's decision confirmed them in their possession of the famous end study. But that, to Arthur Edward Lovell, was a trifle light as air. Lovell's view was that the end study was his study; his Form master's decision to the contrary notwithstanding. Mr. Richard Dalton was master of the Fourth, and his word was law, or should have been law. Generally it was law, and he liked Dikey Dalton, and backed him up. On this occasion, however, they considered Mr. Dalton off-side. Lovell was the most emphatic of the four, but his chums agreed with Arthur Edward. The end study was their study; and the only doubtful point was, how to recover the stolen goods, so to speak. There was the question of prestige to be considered, as well as that of the study itself. The Fistical Four were great men in the Fourth, and it was simply impossible for them to accept a defeat at the hands of a set of slacking, smoky, no-account outsiders like Peele & Co. "We shall have Tubby Muffin checking us next!" said Lovell bitterly. Jimmy Silver nodded. "Fellows keep on asking us if we're going to have our study back!" said Raby. "It's sickening." "Towny and Topsy were saying to-day

that they're surprised at our letting Peele knock us out!" growled Newcome. "Townsend said we were back numbers now. I punched his nose." "Well, what's going to be done," asked Lovell. "We've got to have our study back, I suppose. I believe you're supposed to be a sort of leader, Jimmy Silver." "I believe so!" assented Jimmy. "Well, lead, then!" said Lovell. "Show us how we're to get those cads out of our study. We shall have all the fellows grinning at us. The Modern cads have been chipping me about it. I had a fight yesterday with Tommy Dadd, and another with Towle. Bad enough if it was anybody else, but to let a smoky slacking cad like Peele dish us—bah!" And Arthur Edward expressed his feelings by an emphatic snort. "Pestina lente!" said Jimmy serenely. "What?" "That means, make haste slowly!" the captain of the Fourth kindly explained. Another snort from Lovell. "Do you think I want you to construe a silly Latin tag for me?" he bowed. "Talk sense! What's going to be done?" "We're going to be done!" growled Raby, "and Jimmy is going to take it lying down and let us to keep smiting." "The fact is, this Co. wants a new leader," said Lovell. "Jimmy's played out. Towny's right, he's a back number. He lets himself be licked by a cad like Peele. I'd better take the matter in hand." "And what's your programme, old chap, if you do?" asked Jimmy. "Well, I'd give 'em a jolly good hiding all round!" said Lovell. "That wouldn't capture the study." "It would be some satisfaction anyhow." "Dear man?" said Jimmy Silver. "Leave it to your Uncle James. I'm thinking it out." "What with?" jeered Lovell. "I'm fed up with leaving it to you, Jimmy. You leave it to me. I've got a plan." Jimmy Silver smiled. His faith in the

He was losing no time. A dozen juniors surrounded the two, and the "row" was already in progress. "Sneaking, smoky, shady, slacking worm!" Lovell was saying, as his chums joined the interested circle. "I go it, Lovell!" said Mornington. "Lovell's getting eloquent! Carry on with the giddy adjectives." "Ha, ha, ha!" Cyril Peele shrugged his slim shoulders, and curled his lip. He was not the fellow to stand up to Arthur Edward in desperate combat; but he did not seem alarmed. Perhaps some of his confidence was due to the fact that he was standing only a few yards from Mr. Dalton's study window, and that a row in the quad at that spot could scarcely fail to attract the Form master's notice. Lovell's powerful voice, undoubtedly, must have been audible in Mr. Dalton's study; a circumstance of which the excited Arthur Edward took no heed. "What you want," continued Lovell, "is a hiding! You're a disgrace to the Form, Peele." "Go on!" "A slacking rotter!" said Lovell. "How often do you show up at the footer? Only when a prefect takes you by the neck and runs you down to Little Side. Yah! Slacker!" "Carry on!" said Peele cheerfully. "Put up your hands!" roared Lovell. "Are you going to fight me because I'm not keen on footer?" There was a chuckle from the spectators. "Lovell!" urged Jimmy. "Dry up, Jimmy. I'm managing this!" said Lovell. "Put up your hands, Peele, or I'll dot you on the boko." "You won't get me out of the end study that way, dear boy," grinned Peele. "That's for your nose," said Lovell, savagely, as Peele put his hands into his pockets instead of putting them up for defence. Whack!

Peele accepted that punch on the nose with cheery fortitude. He knew that Mr. Dalton was now at his study window. The window went up with a bang. "Lovell!" "Oh! Ah! Yes, sir!" gasped Lovell, spinning round to the window, and finding himself face to face with Mr. Richard Dalton. For once, the young Form master looked thoroughly angry. "Lovell, you have deliberately picked a quarrel with Peele, and struck him!" exclaimed Mr. Dalton. "You have acted like a bully, Lovell." "Oh, sir," gasped Lovell. "I—I haven't struck him, sir—only punched his nose!" "Come into my study, Lovell!" "Oh dear!" Arthur Edward Lovell tramped away to the door. The rest of the juniors drew a little closer to the window to have a view, from that point of vantage, of the subsequent proceedings. Lovell entered the study desolately. He found that Mr. Dalton had his cane in hand, ready. "Lovell, it is my duty to punish you severely," said the master of the Fourth. "There is no doubt in my mind that you have picked this quarrel with Peele, who has given no offence, solely on account of the dispute about the study."

"Oh!" muttered Lovell, wondering how on earth Mr. Dalton had guessed that. "Hold out your hand, Lovell! Now the other—and the other again!" Swish, swish, swish! Mr. Dalton laid down the cane. "If there should be any further fighting between you and Peele, Lovell, I shall investigate the matter with great care; and if I find that you are the aggressor, I shall report you to Dr. Chisholm for a flogging," said Mr. Dalton. "You may go!" Lovell went. The crowd outside the study broke up, chucking. "I wonder what Lovell expected?" Mornington remarked. "What a brain, you know!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

In the new study that evening Arthur Edward Lovell's prep was incessantly interrupted by the necessity of rubbing his hands. On the following day he did not seek out Cyril Peele for a licking. That wonderful plan was "off," and Arthur Edward Lovell, for the present at least, allowed his gifts of strategy to rest.

The 3rd Chapter. Caught Out! "Wake up!" "Go on!" "Wake up, fathead!" Lovell rubbed his eyes, and blinked at Jimmy Silver in the gloom of the dormitory. The hour was late, and there was silence and slumber in the dormitory of the Classical Fourth. But Jimmy Silver was out of bed, shaking Lovell with one hand, and holding the other over Lovell's mouth by way of a precaution. "It was three days since the failure of Lovell's wonderful strategy. During those three days Jimmy Silver had been understanding the celebrated Brer Fox—lying low and saying "nuffin." Peele & Co. were in victorious occupation of the end study, and the Classical Fourth had come to the conclusion that Jimmy Silver had accepted his defeat. They were yet to learn that the astute Uncle James was only biding his time. Arthur Edward Lovell blinked in the gloom, yawned, and sat up. "Don't make a row!" whispered Jimmy Silver. "Don't wake the whole giddy dormitory." Lovell grunted, and turned out. Raby and Newcome, already awakened and out

## ANSWERS

EVERY MONDAY PRICE 2

A Grand "AIR GAME" in "Chuckles"—the children's champion coloured paper—THIS WEEK!

of bed, were dressing quietly in the dark. Lovell followed their example.

"Is it a raid on the Moderns?" whispered Lovell.

"No, ass!"

"Then what is it?" grunted Lovell.

"You'll see."

Lovell gave a suppressed snort. Jimmy Silver led the way silently to the door, and the Fistical Four stepped into the corridor, leaving a slumbering dormitory behind them.

"And now where?" grumbled Lovell.

"Follow your leader."

Arthur Edward stepped on his feelings, and followed his leader. Lights were all out in the upper passages, though from the big staircase there was a glow of light downstairs.

Jimmy Silver led the way to the Fourth Form passage, and, to the surprise of his chums, to the end study.

The Fistical Four entered that study, and Jimmy closed the door. Then Lovell gave a chuckle.

"I catch on!" he said. "Ragging their quarters—what?"

Jimmy Silver smiled in the darkness.

"That's what you'd call strategy. I suppose, old bean?" he remarked. "But I'm not looking for a licking from Dicky Dalton to-morrow!"

"Then what the thump—I say, the window's open!" ejaculated Lovell, all of a sudden.

"Quite so!" assented Jimmy. "If you'd looked round the dorm you'd have seen that three fellows were out of bed."

"Those cads?" murmured Raby.

"That's it! Peele and Gower and Lattery!" said Jimmy Silver. "The dear boys have gone out of bounds. I've been keeping an eye on them—and that's why we're here. Strategy, old chap, but a different brand!"

"Look here," murmured Lovell.

"You see, this study is specially useful for that game!" smiled Jimmy Silver. "They've got a knotted rope from the window, and it can't be seen in the ivy. They've left the sash an inch up. Easy enough to get in and out—what?"

"I see," said Newcome. "But—"

"But what?"

"I don't see what it matters to us. They've rotten cads—I suppose they've gone down to the Bird-in-Hand to play cards with the blackguards there—but we're not giving them away. May as well get back to the dormitory, so far as I can see."

"That isn't very far, old scout," answered Jimmy Silver. "Gower's staying here till they come back."

"What on earth for?"

"To have a little conversation with them," said Jimmy Silver coolly. "I'm going to point out to them the error of their ways."

"Blessed if I can see what you're driving at!" grunted Lovell.

"You wouldn't!" assented Jimmy.

The captain of the Fourth pushed up the sash of the window a little, and reached out to the rope. The rope was fastened to the leg of the study table, stretching across to the window; outside it was completely hidden by the thick ivy. Jimmy Silver leaned out, and peered into the gloom, brought by a glimmer of starlight. He pulled up the rope till the lower end was six feet from the ground, as he judged.

"I—I say, that'll give 'em a start when they get back!" murmured Raby.

"I think so," assented Jimmy.

"Serve 'em right," said Lovell. "But I don't see sticking out of bed for an hour or two to jape those shady cads! We can't keep them out."

"Leave it to your Uncle James!" urged Jimmy Silver.

Uncle James had his way, as he generally did. The Fistical Four waited, Lovell taking a seat in the armchair and nodding off to sleep. It was nearly an hour later when three shadowy figures came stealing through the gloom round the School House buildings, and stopped under the window of the study.

The three breakers of bounds had returned. They had not returned in a happy mood or high spirits. They had been "seeing life," as the young rascals considered it—and they had paid for the privilege to the extent of all their available pocket-money, which reposed in the pockets of Mr. Joey Hook, the billiards-sharper at the Bird-in-Hand.

"Where's that dashed rope?" muttered Gower.

"In the ivy, you idiot!" was Peele's polite reply.

"I can't find it!"

"More ass you!"

Peele groped for the rope; but he, too, failed to find it. Lattery, staring upward, discerned the end of the rope dangling overhead. He uttered an exclamation of fright.

"It's been pulled up!"

"Oh gad!"

Peele & Co. stared up at the rope. It was out of their reach—just out! For the moment their hearts stood still.

"Can't be a master of a prefect?" gasped Peele. "They'd have taken the rope in. It's some beast found we're out, and japing us!"

"Wha-a-a-are we going to do?" stammered Gower.

"Climb on my shoulders and grab the rope; you can reach it."

"Oh, good!"

Gower climbed on Peele's shoulders, but as he grabbed at the rope he jerked from above, and danced out of his reach.

"S-somebody's pulling it!" gasped Gower. "I—I can't catch it!"

He jumped to the ground again.

Peele gritted his teeth savagely, his face white with rage. He had no doubt that it was a "jape" on the part of some playful junior, who had discovered the absence of the black sheep from the dormitory. But the dancer was great.

Breaking bounds after lights-out was a risky business at the best of times. Every minute the black sheep lingered outside the House added to the risk.

By this time three young rascals were

deeply repenting that they had gone out of school bounds to see "life" as seen in the smoky back-parlour of the Bird-in-Hand at Coombe.

A head and shoulders appeared over the window-sill above, and a smiling face looked down.

In the glimmer of the starlight, Cyril Peele was able to recognise the captain of the Fourth.

"Jimmy Silver?" he breathed.

"Drop that rope down, Silver!" hissed Lattery.

Jimmy Silver let the rope fall.

"You first, Peele!" he called out.

"Tush!"

Peele clambered desperately up the knotted rope. He reached the broad window-sill of the end study, and thrust his head and shoulders in at the window.

He stopped there; several pairs of hands grasped him and pinning him in that position, head and shoulders inside, and legs outside.

Peele panted with rage.

"Will you let me in, you rotters?"

"Rotters?" Jimmy Silver chuckled. "I hardly think we're the rotters present, Peele. You've been out of school bounds—"

"Mind your own business."

"You smell of baccy?" grunted Lovell.

"Let me in!" hissed Peele.

"All in good time!" said Jimmy Silver cheerfully. "I suppose it's no good telling you that we're shocked at you, Peele—"

Peele ground his teeth.

"Serve the rotters right to shut them out!" said Newcome. "My hat! What would the Head say when they were found outside the House in the morning?"

"You—you couldn't—" panted Peele.

"Look here—let me in! I—I—I'll do anything you like—"

"You've got to!" said Jimmy Silver coolly. "You're going to do exactly as I tell you, Peele."

"What do you want?"

Jimmy Silver drew the window-sash down gently upon Peele's back. Lovell and Raby held him by the shoulders, Newcome by the collar. Peele, utterly helpless, could only submit to his fate.

Jimmy pulled the study table softly under the window, and laid a pad of innot paper before Peele, and dipped a pen in the ink. He placed the pen in the hand of the amazed Peele. Then he turned on a glimmer of his electric torch.

"Write as I tell you," he said.

"But—I—"

"Get going! Being out of bounds at eleven p.m.—got that?"

"I—I want!"

"Then good-night!" said Jimmy Silver cheerily.

"Hold on, you—you beast! I'll write it!"

"In your usual hand, dear boy," said Jimmy Silver. "An' ricks, and you'll simply have to write it over again. Got that? Now write—having been to the Bird-in-Hand—"

"I—I— All right!"

"I hereby promise to turn over a new leaf, and try to become decent, on condition of being let into the House." Got that?"

Peele scribbled desperately.

"I—I've done it! Hang you!"

Jimmy scanned the paper.

"Good! Now write it all over again, in your usual handwriting," he said cheerfully.

Peele ground his teeth with rage. But without a word he obeyed; it was evidently useless to argue with Uncle James of Rookwood.

"Now sign it!" said Jimmy Silver.

Peele signed the paper.

"Let him in!" said Jimmy.

Peele hied into the room. He picked himself up and fixed a look of the deepest animosity on the Fistical Four.

It was evidently in Peele's mind to make a desperate effort to repossess himself of the paper, now that he was safe inside. But Lovell's big fists were clenched ready for him; and Cyril Peele thought better of it.

"Keep that dark!" he muttered thickly. "You know it's enough to get me the sack from the school if the Head saw it!"

"I know it!" assented Jimmy Silver.

"You can clear, Peele."

Peele left the study, sneaking back silently to the dormitory, with a heart full of rage and all uncharitableness. Jimmy Silver looked down from the study window at Lattery and Gower who were staring upward in dumb dismay.

"Gower next!" called Jimmy.

Gower was very quickly up the rope. He was crouched on the window-sill, half in and half out.

"Read that paper, and sign it," said Jimmy.

"Look here—what—"

"Shut up, dear boy, and do as you're told! This is where you obey orders!" smiled Jimmy Silver.

Gower read the paper, with a white face. He signed his name below Peele's, with a shaking hand.

"Right!" said the captain of the Fourth. "You can clear, Gower."

"I—I say—"

"Clear!" snapped Jimmy Silver; and Gower cleared.

Jimmy leaned from the window again and called to Mark Lattery. That youth swarmed up the rope.

The process of reading and signing the paper was repeated. Lattery realised that he had no choice in the matter, and he did not waste time in arguing.

In a couple of minutes Lattery was on his way to the dormitory.

And the Fistical Four returned to the Fourth Form dormitory; and a few minutes later they were fast asleep. Sleep did not come so soon to Cyril

Peele, however. That shady and unscrupulous youth had some thinking to do; and his thoughts were not agreeable. And when he slept at last, he dreamed that he was being expelled from Rookwood by a wrathful headmaster—and in the morning, Peele of the Fourth turned out of bed in a temper that was more than Hunnish.

**The 4th Chapter.**  
**Sold!**

Jimmy Silver had a smiling face the following day.

So far as Jimmy was concerned, the dispute over the possession of the end study seemed to be forgotten. When Arthur Edward Lovell raised the question, for perhaps the hundredth time, Uncle James smiled, and answered: "Keep smiling!"

"But what's going to be done?" snorted Lovell.

"Peele!" answered Jimmy.

"I don't see it!"

"I should be jolly surprised if you did, old chap!" was Jimmy Silver's affable response.

Which was not very satisfactory to Arthur Edward Lovell. His faith in Uncle James was strained almost to breaking point.

Peele eyed Jimmy Silver in class that morning, and after class he seemed to expect Jimmy to seek him. But Jimmy did not. He strolled out into the quad with his chums, apparently oblivious of Cyril Peele's unimportant existence.

Peele did not seem at ease that day. Lattery and Gower seemed troubled. They had tea in the end study—still their study—and some fellows in the passage heard sounds of angry argument and recrimination from the room.

But when the three black sheep came out after tea, they seemed to be in some sort of sullen agreement. They

proceeded to the first study in the passage—now occupied by the Fistical Four.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were beginning prep. Jimmy kindly suspended that occupation as the visitors looked in.

"Hallo! You fellows forgotten that you've changed studies?" he exclaimed. "Or do you want to change back?"

"We're ready to change back," said Peele.

"My hat!" Arthur Edward Lovell stared at them. "Mean that, Peele?"

Peele scowled.

"You know we've got no choice in the matter," he snarled. "You've got that paper we signed—we'll let you have the study for it."

"Oh!" exclaimed Arthur Edward, a light breaking on his mind.

Jimmy Silver raised his hand.

"If you've come here to bargain, Peele, you've come to the wrong shop," he said. "I'm not bargaining with you!"

(Continued on page 428.)

## You can make and save money

by doing the hundreds of home jobs yourself—you can mend almost anything that can be broken, and make new almost anything that is wanted in the home, from a burst waterpipe to a new suite of furniture, or a pair of boots to a wireless set. There is no waiting to study—

— THE —

# AMATEUR MECHANIC

Will teach you these Trades:—

Shoe Making, Glass Blowing, Bent-Iron Work, Simple Brick-laying, Picture Framing, French Polishing, Glass Frosting, Scissors Grinding, Metal Turning, Electro-typing, Wood Inlaying, Celluloid Varnishing, Sign Writing, Motor	Overhauling, Bookbinding, Soft Soldering, Hard Soldering, Fret-working, Metal Fretwork, Boat Building, Watch Cleaning, Clock Cleaning, Fitting Electric Bells, Nickel Plating, Curtain Fitting, Colouring Metals, Electrical Job-	bing, Painting and Decorating, Silver Plating, Gold Plating, Taxidermy (Stuffing Birds and Animals), Fur Dressing, Plaster Casting, Leaded Glass Work, Metal Casting, Laying Concrete Floors, Wood-working from "A" to "Z," etc.
--	---	--

**YOU** can acquire a thoroughly sound knowledge of these trades without serving a day's apprenticeship. The 50 experts who wrote "The Amateur Mechanic" tell you how to do the various jobs, in simple, easy language and there are over 6,000 pictures to show you.

## IT TELLS YOU HOW AND SHOWS YOU

How to Make— How to Mend—

A Pair of Riveted Boots. A Garden Path. Glues and Varnishes. Locked Door Extra. Scourer. A Model Flying Machine. A Hot Water Towel Rail. A Gramophone. Perambulator Hood. Theatrical Scenery. A Mattress. Frames for Pictures. Furniture Revivers. Plaster Casts. Invisible Inks. Fine Fretwork. Line Blocks. Gramophone Cabinets. Dextrine Adhesives. Artistic Bed-room Fittings. A Clothes Post. A Pair of Hand-sewn Boots. Signs in Chipped Glass. Cements. Door Bolts, Hinges, etc. Acids for Etching Metals. Anti-Freezing Solution. A Self-Closing Door. Castings in Metal. Celluloid Varnish. Roller Blinds. Machines for Stoning Raisins. Bent Ironwork. Sundial Pedestal. Stencil Plates, etc., etc.	Leather Couches. Cane-seated Chairs. Old Clocks. Chair Bottoms. Modern Watches. Old Clock Dials. Stenographers. Oilcloth. Hot Water Pipes. Windows and Doors. Picture Frames. Pianos. Knives and Forks. Plastering. Gas Fittings. Speaking Tubes. Cooking Ranges. Metal Vessels. Pocket and Pen Knives. Leather Bags. Grandfather Clocks. Defective Floorboards. Spectacles. Excessive Outflow at Taps. Dining Chairs. Mirrors. Mantelboards, etc. Violin Bows. Dutch and French Clocks. Floor Tiles. Typewriters. Iron and Brass Bedsteads. Cabinet Fittings. Linoleums and Matings. Oil Paintings. Venetian Blinds. Shelves and Rails. Hot Water Apparatus. Boots and Shoes, etc.
---	---

## YOU CAN DO WHAT THESE MEN HAVE DONE

<p>"I am an ex-Service man, and it has increased my income by showing me how to do odd jobs for the neighbours and my own household repairs at very small cost. I cannot find words to praise <b>THE AMATEUR MECHANIC</b>."</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><b>J. HAWKSWELL,</b> Hammersmith.</p>	<p>"I have not paid for a pair of boots mending since receiving your '<b>AMATEUR MECHANIC</b>.' I am not a practical man, but the simplicity of the diagrams and the clearness of the explanations can easily be read by the most amateurish of amateurs."</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><b>J. R. H., Birmingham.</b></p>	<p>"There is one hundred pounds' worth of information in these books. I am delighted with them. The illustrations make everything plain sailing."</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><b>A. W. ADAMS,</b> Ponders End.</p>
---	---	--

# FREE

## An illustrated BOOKLET

Take your pen or pencil, fill in this form, and send for it NOW. It will show you some lessons and pictures from the work itself and there is no cost or obligation.

**Tear This Out NOW**

**Post it TO-DAY**

## NO MONEY REQUIRED

Simply Sign and Post this Free Coupon.

To The WAVERLEY BOOK CO., LTD. (B.F.N. Dept.),  
96, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.

Please send me, without charge, your Free Illustrated Booklet, containing all particulars as to contents, authors, etc., of "**THE AMATEUR MECHANIC**;" also information as to your offer to send the Complete Work for a merely nominal first payment, the balance to be paid by a few small monthly payments, beginning thirty days after delivery of the Work.

NAME.....  
(Send this Form or a Postcard)

ADDRESS.....

B.F.N., 1923.

A FOOTER TALK BY A MAN WHO KNOWS!



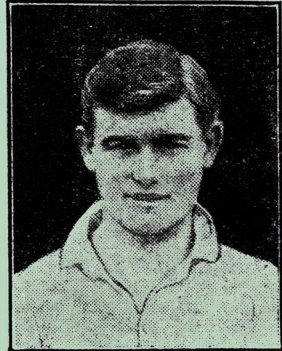
Our Football Corner

The Championship of London. This week-end sees a renewal of the three-cornered contest for what might be called the championship of London. The metropolis has three teams in the First Division of the League, and there is naturally much keenness among the players of the Spurs, the Arsenal, and Chelsea to prove that they are the best in London town. Strange to relate, the Arsenal, who finished in such a lowly position last season, came best out of the games with their local rivals, and they are hoping to do this again. At the moment the account between the Spurs and the Arsenal is all square, for each has won one of the two games played. Then the Spurs have taken three points out of Chelsea, which means that the "Pensioners" have a lot of leeway to make up if they are to prove themselves the best side in London. This week-end will witness a battle royal at Stamford Bridge, when Chelsea and the Arsenal meet, and the struggle is likely to be specially grim this time round, as both teams are in need of points to give them a lift in the League table.

and, thinking in this strain, it naturally follows that they do not overwork themselves in the trial.

The International Trial Match.

On the other hand, the selectors consider that the best use can only be made of the trial matches by playing the most likely England eleven first against the best players of the South, and then against the best players of the North, and I must confess that there is something to be said for this point of view. The great trouble in regard to choosing an International eleven is not to find good players—that would be easy—but to find



J. D. MMOCK (Tottenham Hotspur).

players from different clubs whose style will blend. Especially is this difficulty shown in the forward department, and considering that it is a difficulty, then it would seem to follow that one good way of getting over it is to give the likely England forward line several chances of playing together—and getting that necessary understanding—before the International games come along.

One of the side-issues of the International matches in which I am interested at the moment is whether England will, this season, play an amateur at centre-forward. Since the war was over we have tried many professionals as leaders of the attack, and it can scarcely be argued that any one of them has done either himself or his country real justice. Those who favour giving the job to an amateur player are inclined to argue that we generally had an amateur centre in the old days, and that, anyway, an amateur as leader of the attack could not very well do much worse than the professionals who have been chosen since the war.

Two Successful Amateurs.

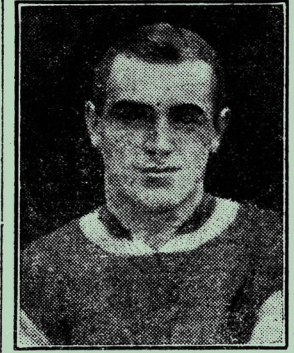
In connection with this question there are two names which naturally spring to the mind as being borne by amateur players who might easily prove a success if called upon to lead England's forwards in an International match. One of these is P. N. S. Creek, the Darlington and Corinthian player, and the other is W. H. Minter, of St. Albans. Creek played in a trial match last season, but was not an unqualified success, but since then he has certainly improved in an all-round sense. Minter is, of course, the player who created a sensation in the last Qualifying Round of the Cup competition when he scored seven goals for St. Albans against Dulwich Hamlet, and yet saw his side lose by eight goals to seven. Since then many big professional clubs would have liked the services of Minter, but up to the time of writing there has been nothing doing, as the player prefers to remain with his amateur side.

It is not the International selectors alone who have been worried about the centre-forward problem during the present season. Many clubs have been affected the same way. One of the features of the campaign up to now has been the desperate steps taken by club managers in the hope of solving this centre-forward

difficulty. The Arsenal had a lucky inspiration when they placed Turnbull, previously a right full-back, as leader of the attack, and his name will worthily go down in history as the man who twice scored four goals in a First Division match inside a week.

From Full-Back to Centre.

Two clubs with very big resources have also been at their wits' end to find a man who satisfied as leader of the attack.



R. E. YORK (Aston Villa).

I refer to Aston Villa and Tottenham Hotspur. The Villa seem to have arrived at a possible solution by placing the outside wing man, Richard York, as the main cog in the forward machine. Anyway, this player, like Turnbull, was an immediate success so far as the important business of getting goals is concerned, and it remains to be seen whether either will continue to prove completely satisfactory in the other necessary qualifications which go to the make-up of the ideal leader of the attack.

Keeping a Reputation.

Tottenham Hotspur have certainly proved that the mere fact of a man being

a good footballer does not necessarily mean that he may have the makings of a good centre-forward. Early in the present season they tried outside-left Dimmock as leader of the attack, and he also seemed to make good in the first trials, so far as mere goal-scoring was concerned. But soon it was realised that, good player though Dimmock undoubtedly is on the wing, he was not the right man for the centre-forward job. Then Grimstead, another fine, instinctive footballer, was given the task of leading the forwards, but he met with no more success than did Dimmock.

Considering all the foregoing, and more which could be written on the same subject, it seems pretty clear that centre-forwards are born, not made. Another trouble is, of course, that it is far easier in these times for a centre-forward to make a reputation than to keep it.

The first thing which happens when a man is transferred to the centre-forward berth from some other position is that he goes through a very real test of proving whether he is a two-footed player. Most footballers can do something—a little—with both feet, but if the centre-forward is to carry out the whole duties of the position he must be able to use either left or right with equal facility. If it is necessary for the centre-forward to bring the ball from one foot to the other before shooting, the probability is that he will not get a chance to shoot at all. Nor can he, unless each foot can do its work, swing the ball out to the left and right as the necessities of the game dictate. Perhaps at centre-forward more than anywhere else is instinct required—the "nose" which tells a man where the ball is coming, and which enables him to get into the right position to receive it.

"Goalie" (Another interesting article next week.)

IN YOUR EDITOR'S DEN! Your Editor always likes to hear from his readers upon any subject. Address your letters to Editor, BOYS' FRIEND, The Flaxway House, London, E.C.4

THE LIMIT. Imagination and grim reality are well blended in next week's powerful story of the Duke. Hunted, defeated, rising again, never knowing when he is beaten—there you have the Duke, a champion worthy of a better cause—look out next week for Walter Edwards' greatest story yet in this gripping series.

THE THIRD ROUND! The title tells its own tale. It is a grand yarn, full of the tense drama in which this time the writer, Walter Edwards is a master of his craft. I shall say nothing further here, but there are a few matters in this connection on which I fully intend to touch another time.

A BIG DRAW. These 12,000-word completes are winning all along the line. I have a bumper success for next Monday in a magnificent story of sport and excitement.

THE INTERNATIONAL'S SECRET! Don't omit to make a note of what is coming. This tale is superbly written, and it is in its right place in next Monday's extra-fine number of the "Boys' Friend."

A CROWD OF NOVELTIES. Just one word about our notable serials, "South Seas Treasure" and "By Order of the League!" Maurice Everard has achieved what might have been thought impossible—that is to say, he has outdone himself in the stirring romance of the South. And we have P. G. Wodehouse, amusing, fascinating as ever. This writer just nails the attention. He is quaint and irresistible, he makes his points with such ease, so it seems; his characters are alive, and you find odd turns of humour when least expected. As for Jimmy Silver, that worthy is going strong. It is proving a fairly brisk winter at Rookwood and out of it. The junior leader of Rookwood has been shining more than ever of late. Next Monday he will be found quite in his best form.

SOUND THE ETHERNAL! Be on the qui vive for the amazing Scound. You will be vastly interested in this amazing character. Scound is a mystery, and round him circle other mysteries. More of this next time.

THE PHANTOM PIRATE! Here you have another of the big sensations which are coming in the "Boys' Friend." It is simply prodigious—the biggest and brainiest of yarns.

FURTHER ANNOUNCEMENTS. Oblige me by keeping your eye on Chat for some extra special novelties. These include something superlatively excellent in the way of Free Photographs.

A "MAGNET" WIN. Our Companion Paper, the "Magnet" Library, is giving this week a real and very finely-executed photo of a famous football club.

RESULT OF TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR COMPETITION. In this competition one competitor sent in a correct solution. The first prize of £5 has therefore been awarded to: T. JOBSON, 2, Charlotte Street, Tidal Basin, E. 16.

The second prize of £2 10s. has been divided among the following, whose solutions contained one error each: E. Ashworth, 750, Oldham Road, Falls-worth, Manchester; Edwin Jesty, 2, Douglas Street, Birkenhead; C. J. Isherwood, 16, Bank Street, Clayton, Manchester. The ten prizes of 5s. each have been divided among the following, whose solutions contained two errors each: Percy Ashworth, 750, Oldham Rd., Falls-worth, Manchester; Mrs. Foster, 41, James St., Doncaster; N. Phillipson, Surgitts Lane, Cleethorpes; R. Buttery, 70, Victoria Avenue, Hull; Leonard Hayes, 4, Little Church St., Coventry; H. Knighton, 48, Wellington Rd., Northampton; W. G. Jeffrey, 14, Park St., Southend-on-Sea; J. A. Calvert, 2, Temperance St., Broadbottom, Mr. Manchester; Leslie Varah, 10, Ainsley Rd., Crookmoor, Sheffield; John Thomson, 185, Naburn St., Glasgow, S.S.; R. Jones, 35, Cedar St., Bootle, Liverpool; W. Guyatt, 143, Queen's Rd., West Crofton, Somerset; A. E. Crooks, West St., Banwell, Somerset; A. Butters, 245, Robert's St., Grimshy; C. Kelly, 5, Hands St., Litherland, Liverpool; T. Cook, 36, Seymour Place, London, S.W. 19; Francis Shooter, 15, Manor Road, New Village, Asknear, nr. Doncaster; Albert Earp, 163, Holland St., Newton, Manchester; H. Broadbent, 6, Kirby St., Stockton-on-Tees; Arnold Harris, 30, Salisbury St., Pelaw-on-Tyne; A. Richardson, 23, Newstead Rd., Lee, S.E. 12; Maurice P. Haies, 45, Artillery St., N. Colchester.

SOLUTION. Tottenham Hotspur at one period had the reputation of being one of the luckiest football teams in the country. The club enjoys wonderful popularity and is very wealthy. One or two of its star players have cost huge sums. The Spurs have won the English Cup twice.

Your Editor.

WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN ON SATURDAY. Below will be found our expert's opinion of the probable results of the big games to be played on Saturday, February 17th. The likely winning side is printed in capitals. Where a draw is anticipated, both clubs are printed in smaller letters.

£10 OFFERED AGAIN THIS WEEK! THE HISTORY OF THE NOTTS COUNTY CLUB.

FIRST PRIZE £5. SECOND PRIZE £2 10s. and 10 PRIZES of 5s.

INSTRUCTIONS. Here is a splendid foot competition which I am sure will interest you. On this page you will find a history of the Notts County Football Club in Picture-puzzle form. What you are invited to do is to solve the picture, and when you have done so write your solution on a sheet of paper. Then sign the coupon which appears under the puzzle, pin it to your solution, and post it to your solution, and post it to the Notts County Competition, Boys' Friend Office, Gough House, Gough Square, E.C. 4, so as to reach that address not later than THURSDAY, February 22nd.

The FIRST PRIZE of £5 will be awarded to the reader who submits a solution which is exactly the same as, or nearest to, the solution now in the possession of the Editor. In the event of ties the prize will be divided. The other prizes will be awarded in order of merit. The Editor reserves the right to add together and divide the value of all or any of the prizes, but the full amount will be awarded. It is a distinct condition of entry that the decision of the Editor must be accepted as final. Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete. This competition is run in conjunction with the "Gem," the "Magnet," and the "Popular," and readers of those journals are invited to compete.

A collection of word puzzles and picture puzzles. Examples include: 'ASTON VILLA WOLVERHAMPTON WANDERERS', 'Cornwall', 'the # Horace', 'RECH @', '3 MILES', '4 tune HA HA W ed', 'CE TO', 'WAY, #', '2240 LBS.', '2 the', 'He has made a START at last', 'the #', 'REED', 'This SUPERB Gem £250', 'POSITION', 'the #', '3 MILES', 'CE TO', '4 tune HA HA W ed', 'W', 'R D'.

I enter "NOTTS COUNTY" Competition and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final. Name..... Address..... B.F.

It pays to order your BOYS' FRIEND! It saves disappointment!



