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THE BEST BOYS' PAPER IN THE WORLD!

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FACE TO FACE WITH THE APPARITION OF THE PRIORY!

(A thrilling incident from the great story of Don Darrel & Co. in this issue.)

SIMPLY GREAT—THIS STUNNING STORY OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL!



Fourth Form Rebels!

By **OWEN CONQUEST.**

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

The Fourth Form are indignant when Mr. Dalton receives his "marching orders"!

The 1st Chapter. The Only Way.

"Dicky's packing!"
 "What?"
 "Bosh!"
 "Rubbish!"
 "He's packing!" repeated Tubby Muffin, quite enjoying the sensation his announcement had caused in the junior Common-room at Rookwood.

Undoubtedly there was sensation, or perhaps consternation would be the better word.

Had Tubby Muffin hurled a bombshell into the room, he could hardly have startled the Fourth Form more.

"Packing!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Rot!"

"Packing!" repeated Arthur Edward Lovell. "Utter rot! Kick that fat duffer out, somebody!"

"Dicky packing!" said Raby.

"That means that he's going! He's not going!"

There was a buzz among the Classical juniors. Dicky—otherwise Mr. Richard Dalton, the master of the Fourth Form—was in the thoughts of all the Fourth just then.

For had he not braved the wrath of the headmaster, rather than administer to his Form a punishment which he did not believe to be just?

If Dicky Dalton had not been the hero of his Form before, certainly he would have become their hero now.

All Rookwood knew that Dr. Chisholm had directed Mr. Dalton to care the whole of the Classical Fourth for having ragged Carthew, the Sixth Form prefect. All Rookwood knew that the punishment had not yet been handed out, though many hours had passed. And all Rookwood wondered how the affair was going to end.

Jimmy Silver & Co. wondered most, and most anxiously. They were discussing the situation in the junior Common-room when Tubby Muffin burst in with his bombshell.

"He's packing right enough!" continued Tubby. "I've seen him. He's going, you know. The Head's banded him!"

"Impossible!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver.

"The Head wouldn't!" said Newcome.

"He wouldn't dare!" declared Lovell.

"What rot!" drawled Peele. "He's bound to bunk a Form master who doesn't obey orders. I expected this."

"Oh, shut up, Peele!"

"Well, what's the good of blinkin' at facts?" asked Peele.

"Shut up!" roared Arthur Edward Lovell ferociously.

Cyril Peele shrugged his shoulders and shut up. His opinion was perhaps reasonable, but it was decidedly unpopular. The Classical Fourth were ready to rag any fellow who even suggested that Dicky Dalton might rightfully be "banded" from Rookwood.

"Look here, how do you know he's packing, Muffin?" demanded Mornington.

"Seen him," said Tubby. "I knew he was up to something, so I dropped into his study to ask him to lend me a book. See? And he was packing his books and papers and things. Everything in the study turned inside-out. He looked no end glum."

"Oh, rotten!" said Raby.

"We sha'n't get another Form master so decent as Dicky!" said Putty of the Fourth lugubriously.

"We're not going to have another Form master!" bawled Arthur Edward Lovell. "We're going to keep Dicky!"

"Hear, hear!"

"We jolly well won't let him go!" declared Lovell. "Jimmy, you ass, think of something! You're captain of the Fourth. Shall we all go to the Head in a body, and tell him we won't stand it?"

"Ask for a lickin' all round, you mean!" said Townsend.

"Who cares for a lickin'?" snorted Lovell. "I tell you that Dicky isn't going to be banded, if we can prevent it."

"But we can't," said Topham.

"Look here, Jimmy—"

All eyes turned on Jimmy Silver. As captain of the Fourth, and "Uncle James" to Rookwood generally, something was expected of him. If Jimmy Silver could not deal with the situation nobody could deal with it, that was certain. And how even "Uncle James" was to deal with it was a problem. Besides, the Head was not likely to listen to "Uncle James."

Jimmy Silver looked worried and thoughtful. He had feared that it might come to this, though the actual announcement came as a shock to him. It seemed too bad to be true. But he realised that it was true.

"It's up to you, Jimmy!" said Lovell. "Something's got to be done, and we've got to do it! Say the word!"

"There's only one way," said Jimmy at last.

"Give it a name!" said Rawson encouragingly.

"Dicky's got the boot for refusing to whack us all round. He was right, of course."

"Hear, hear!"

"Carthew asked for trouble, and got it. And the Head's a bit of an obstinate old mule."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Shall we go and tell him so?" asked Lovell.

"Ass!"

"Well, then, what—"

"Dicky was right in refusing," went on Jimmy Silver. "Still, the Head's the jolly old Head. Now, if Dicky carried out instructions, it would be all right. It can't be too late for that. So my idea is that we should send a deputation to Dicky and ask him to obey the Head's order!"

"Wha-a-a-at!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Ask for a lickin'!" howled Peele.

"Are you off your rocker, Jimmy Silver?"

"Shut up, Peele!" roared Lovell.

"It doesn't matter if you're licked a hundred times, as far as I can see."

"Doesn't it?" spluttered Peele.

"It jolly well does. I think—"

"We'll do it," said Raby.

"We won't!" howled Peele, and several more voices supported Peele now. Jimmy Silver's suggestion verged on the heroic, and all the Fourth were not of the stuff of which heroes are made.

"Lend me your ears, old scouts," said Jimmy Silver quietly. "I'd take a lickin', or a dozen lickings, rather than see old Dicky banded!"

"Hear, hear!"

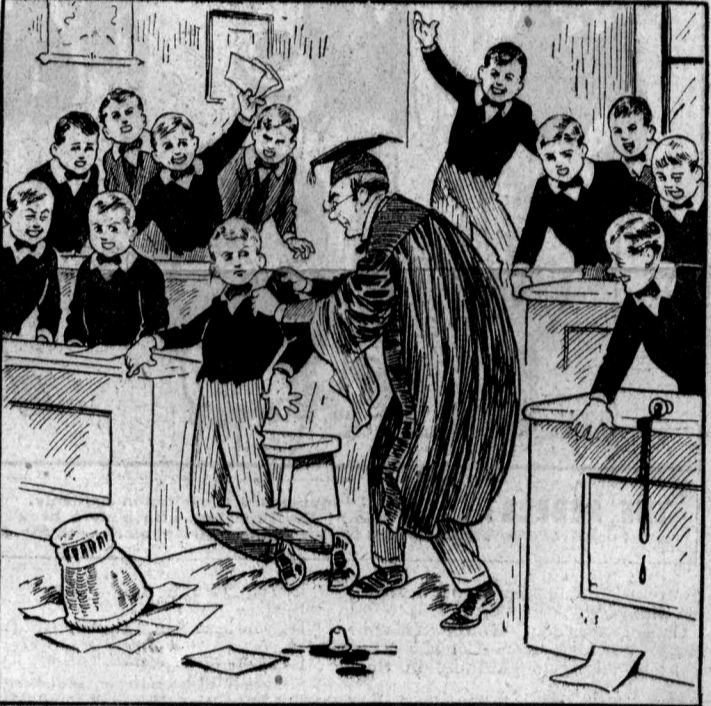
"Rot!"

"Bravo!"

"Bosh!"

"But the lickin's coming along, anyhow," said Jimmy. "The Head's sentenced us, and if Dicky doesn't carry out the order he's not likely to forget. It's practically certain that he will hand out the lickin' himself. The fact is we're for it."

"Oh!"



TROUBLE IN THE SHELL! Amid a terrific uproar Mr. Mooney rushed at Raby as he sprawled on the floor, and, grasping him by the collar, dragged him to his feet. "Raby!" thundered the Shell master in a terrifying voice. "I will—" "I—I was pushed off the form, sir!" gasped Raby breathlessly.

"Hem!"

"We may as well take it from Dicky as from the Head. In fact, Dicky would lay it on lighter."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"So we lose nothing—that ought to appeal to you, Peele—and we may save Dicky's bacon," said Jimmy Silver. "If we ask Dicky as a favour—"

"A lickin'—as a favour!" hooted Gower.

"He may see it, and the affair comes to an end," said Jimmy Silver.

"It's a chance, anyhow. Let's try it."

"Hear, hear!"

There were still dissentient voices. Peele & Co. opposed the heroic scheme. But the great majority backed up Jimmy Silver, and in a few minutes the deputation was selected, to wait upon Mr. Richard Dalton in his study and "put it" to him.

The 2nd Chapter. Nothing Doing!

Richard Dalton, master of the Fourth, was packing.

It was not a happy occupation. Leaving Rookwood was a thought

that had hardly ever crossed Mr. Dalton's mind.

He loved the old school. He liked most of the fellows in it. He liked his work, which he did well. He was on cordial terms with all the other masters, or nearly all. He respected the Head. There had seemed no reason hitherto why he should ever contemplate leaving Rookwood.

Certainly, the Head was not always easy to pull with. Dr. Chisholm was a little given to autocratic methods. Often and often there was grousing, not loud but deep, in masters' Common-room.

But Richard Dalton was not given to grousing, and his real respect for the Head helped him to tolerate with patience the somewhat high-handed methods of the old gentleman. Dr. Chisholm was not always high-handed and seldom unreasonable. But there were times when he was both; and at such times it was understood among the staff that he had to be "given his head."

On the present occasion Mr. Dalton had not given him his head. He had felt that, in duty and conscience, he could not do so.

Up against duty and conscience, Mr. Dalton had not thought of counting the cost; but the cost had to be paid. Now he was preparing to pay it. His face was clouded and his heart was heavy, as he sorted out his books and papers in his study. He did not care to remain a day under order of dismissal. If he was to go, it was better to go at once; and the Head had given him his choice in the matter. If the gates of Rookwood were to close behind him, the sooner they closed the better; it was useless as well as painful to linger out the parting. On that point, at least, he

door; and behind Jimmy appeared Lovell, Raby, Newcome, Mornington, Erroll, Rawson, and two or three other fellows.

The deputation from the Classical Fourth had arrived!

Richard Dalton looked at them, the colour deepening a little in his handsome face.

Evidently the news of his dismissal was known to his Form, and he supposed that these members of the Fourth had come to say good-bye to him before he went.

He was grateful for the attention, but he would much rather have avoided the interview. Still, it was something to know that his boys regretted that he was going.

"Well, my boys," said Mr. Dalton, speaking as casually as possible, "what is it?"

"We're a deputation, sir," explained Arthur Edward Lovell.

"Leave it to Jimmy," came in a stage whisper from some fellow behind Arthur Edward.

"You dry up, Rawson," retorted Lovell, also in a stage whisper.

Mr. Dalton smiled faintly. "The fact is, sir—" began Jimmy Silver.

"That's it!" chimed in Arthur Edward Lovell, who had a feeling that he had better act as spokesman on this important occasion. "The fact is, sir—"

"You cheese it, Lovell!" murmured Raby.

"Look here, Raby—"

Mr. Dalton coughed.

"I am rather pressed for time at the present moment," he said. "If you have anything to say to me—"

"Lots, sir!" said Lovell at once.

"Silver had better speak, as head boy, then," said Richard Dalton.

"What is it, Silver?"

"Go it, Jimmy!" murmured several voices.

Jimmy Silver "went it."

"The fact is, sir, we've heard that you are leaving Rookwood—"

"That is correct, Silver."

"Because you didn't hand out the lickin' the Head ordered, sir," said Jimmy.

"I am afraid that that is not a matter I can discuss with the boys of my Form, Silver," said Mr. Dalton dryly.

"Yes, sir—I mean, no, sir," said Jimmy. "What I mean is, we don't want you to go, sir—"

"We'd rather be licked!" interjected Lovell.

"Much rather, sir!" said Putty of the Fourth.

"What?" ejaculated Mr. Dalton.

"That's the point, sir," said Jimmy Silver. "The Head doesn't care to inquire who was to blame in the row with Carthew, and he's sentenced us to a lickin' all round. We knew you'd stand up for us, sir, and see fair play. But—"

"I repeat that I cannot discuss—"

"Oh, no, sir! But we want you to carry out the Head's order."

"Silver!"

"And jolly well hand out the lickin'," said Lovell. "We—we don't mind, sir! At least, we'd rather be licked than lose you, sir."

"And then it will be all right, sir, won't it?" asked Newcome.

"The whole Form say the same, sir," went on Jimmy Silver. "We're ready to go through it, sir! Shall I tell all the fellows to get into the Form-room ready?"

"Well, upon my word!" said Mr. Dalton, in great amazement.

He stared at the juniors, and they gave him kind and encouraging looks. They had made up their minds to the sacrifice, and it was only necessary for Dicky Dalton to play up, and then all would be calm and bright. At least, that was how the heroes of the Classical Fourth looked at it.

There were a few moments of silence.

"Thank you very much, my boys," said Mr. Dalton at last. "I am sure that you mean this kindly."

"We want you to stay, sir."

"I am glad to hear you say so. I am very sorry to be leaving you and Rookwood. But it is too late to think of staying now. I am, unfortunately, not in agreement with the headmaster, and I must leave. I take this opportunity of bidding you good-bye."

"But, sir—" exclaimed Lovell.

"If you carry out the Head's orders, sir—" said Jimmy.

"I cannot discuss the matter, Silver, but what you suggest is impossible. There is nothing more to be said."

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Lovell in dismay.

"Then—then we've come here for nothing!" said Jimmy.

(Continued overleaf.)

Simply great—"Up Against the Head!" next Monday's long story of the chums of Rookwood School. Don't miss it.



Fourth Form Rebels!

By OWEN CONQUEST.

(Continued from previous page.)

"Yes; but I thank you for your kind thought, all the same. And now, good-bye, my boys!"

"You—you're not going now, sir?"

"Within the hour."
"But—but—"

The deputation stood overwhelmed with dismay. In the simplicity of their hearts they had supposed that the affair could be arranged quite easily; that it was only necessary for the Head's sentence to be carried out; and, with their concurrence, why shouldn't Dicky Dalton carry it out?

Evidently the dismissed Form master looked at the matter from a different angle.

The dismay in the faces of the juniors touched Mr. Dalton. It made it very clear to him how much the Fourth felt his departure. He went on very gently:

"My boys, no compromise is possible. I have received a certain order which, for reasons of my own, I have not carried out. It is therefore impossible for me to remain in this school. Good-bye!"

"Oh, sir!" faltered Jimmy. Mr. Dalton shook hands with all the members of the deputation, one after another, and dismissed them. There was nothing more to be said, and the master evidently wanted to be left to himself. Jimmy Silver & Co. backed rather dismally out of the study.

The door closed. Mr. Richard Dalton resumed his packing with a clouded brow, and the deputation returned to their comrades with the news that there was "nothing doing."

The 3rd Chapter. Dicky's Departure.

"We're not standing it!" Thus Arthur Edward Lovell, in the end study, emphatically.

Lovell was often emphatic, oftener, indeed, than his chums considered necessary. But on this occasion Jimmy Silver, Raby, and Newcome were as emphatic as Lovell.

The end study agreed as one man that they weren't standing it.

Dicky Dalton was dismissed—on the morrow Rookwood School would know him no more. And the end study weren't going to stand it, though exactly what they were going to do was something of a problem. How the end study were going to back up against the decision of their headmaster was, in fact, a more thorny problem than any to be found in Euclid.

Nevertheless, they were going to do it somehow. And the rest of the Classical Fourth were in agreement with them.

"We're not standing it!" repeated Lovell. "We're not, and we won't! And the Head can put that in his pipe and smoke it!"

"The Head doesn't smoke," remarked Raby.

"Oh, don't be an ass, old chap! The Head can put that in his pipe and smoke it!" repeated Lovell. "What about a deputation to the Head, to point out to him that he's a silly ass?"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Anyhow, to tell him that we won't let Dicky go," amended Lovell. "We won't, you know!"

"Blessed if I see how we're going to stop it," said Jimmy Silver, deeply ruminating.

"We've got to, somehow!"

"But how?" asked Newcome.

"Somehow," said Lovell. "I tell you he's not going!"

Valentine Mornington looked in at the doorway of the end study. His face was grave.

"You fellows comin' to see, Dicky off?" he asked.

"See him off!" said Lovell.

"Yes. He's goin'."

"He's not going!" roared Lovell. "He's just startin'."

"Oh crumbs!"

"My idea is for us all to see him off, and cheer him no end," said Mornington. "That will show the Head what we think about the matter, at any rate."

"Good!" exclaimed Lovell, jumping up.

Lovell's chums followed his example. Dicky was going, that was clear. The very least the Fourth could do was to give him a rousing send-off, which, as Lovell observed, would show the Head who was who, and what was what.

Morny had already communicated his idea to other fellows, and a crowd of the Fourth were ready. In

The blind at the Head's window was seen to move.

"We've roused him!" murmured Mornington, and there was a chuckle from some of the juniors.

The Head's casement opened, and a stern face looked out into the dusk. The juniors knew that the Head was there, but they did not heed, or rather, they shouted the louder.

"Don't go, Mr. Dalton!" roared Putty of the Fourth. "Stay on, and we'll back you up!"

"Hurrah!"

"Stop the horse!" shouted Mornington.

"Bravo!"

Perhaps the dusk of the quad, and the fact that the Head could not possibly recognise individuals from his window, emboldened the Classical Fourth. There was a rush after the hack, and Conroy seized the horse's head and stopped it.

Lovell jerked open the door. "Mr. Dalton!" he gasped.

"Jump out, Dicky!" yelled Putty. "We're not going to let you go!" shouted Newcome.

"Hurrah!"

Conroy was wheeling the horse round, the astonished driver staring at him blankly.

Mr. Dalton put a startled face from the window of the hack.

"Boys, cease this at once!" he exclaimed.

"You're not going, sir!" shouted Lovell. "We won't let you!"

rear. In the School House, the juniors scuttled in various directions, nobody being particularly anxious to catch Dr. Chisholm's eye. And the gates of Rookwood closed behind Mr. Richard Dalton—and the Fourth Form were left without a master.

The 4th Chapter. Up to the Fourth.

The next day there was no master for the Fourth Form at Rookwood.

Had that state of affairs been a permanent one a good many of the juniors would have found consolation in it for the loss of the popular "Dicky." It would have been in the Rookwood Fourth as in Israel of old, when there was no king, and every man did what was right in his own eyes. But that state of affairs, of course, was too ideal to be hoped for.

It was certain, in fact, that the Form would be taken by another master, or a prefect, until a new master of the Fourth was appointed.

Both Mr. Dalton and the Head had considered it judicious for the dismissed master to leave at once, instead of continuing his duties until his successor was appointed. But certainly that short and sharp method of dealing with the Form master mutineer, left the Head with some difficulty on his hands.

Satisfactory Form masters were not to be picked up at an hour's notice. Certainly, in that line of business as

"A good thing for Carthew!" said Mornington.

"Yes, rather!"

"But we're not standing Bulkeley, all the same," said Morny.

Jimmy Silver looked a little worried.

Bulkeley of the Sixth was popular with the whole school, and he was the idol of the juniors. "Ragging" Bulkeley was quite a new idea to the Fourth.

But Jimmy nodded assent. It was agreed on all hands that the Fourth were standing by their dismissed Form master; and that his successor was not to be allowed to "carry on."

Bulkeley, therefore, popular as he was, was not to have a peaceable time with the Fourth.

"I wish it had been Carthew, or Knowles," said Jimmy. "We'd enjoy ragging them. We're not up against Bulkeley. But it can't be helped."

"Bulkeley won't be easy to handle," remarked Peele.

"We've got to handle him, all the same."

"It's up to us!" said Conroy.

"What-ho!"

"We begin in the Shell room this mornin'," remarked Mornington, with a glance at the Head's paper on the notice-board. "Shall we start by raggin' old Mooney?"

"We're not going to work till Dicky comes back!" said Arthur Edward Lovell determinedly. "I fancy we can soon make old Mooney fed-up with us."

"Yes, rather!"

"And we'll start by not goin' in to class," said Morny.

"Hear, hear!"

Adolphus Smythe of the Shell strolled along, while the heroes of the Fourth were discussing the matter round the notice-board.

"I hear that you fags are comin' into our Form-room this mornin'," said Adolphus.

"The Head says so," agreed Jimmy Silver.

"Beastly for us, isn't it?" said Smythe. "I hope you'll wash your necks for this once, and don't come with your pockets crammed with aniseed balls."

"You cheeky ass!" roared Lovell. "Roll him along!" said Mornington.

"Good egg!"

"Here, I say— Yaroooh!" roared Adolphus, as half a dozen excited Fourth-Formers grasped him.

The dandy of the Shell went rolling along the passage. The juniors rolled him as far as his Form-room, and left him in the doorway, in a dusty and breathless state. By the time he recovered, Adolphus was sorry he had spoken.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were in the quad after breakfast when Mr. Mooney, the master of the Shell, came along.

"You have seen the Head's notice, Silver?" asked Mr. Mooney.

"Yes, sir."

"I shall expect all Classical members of the Fourth Form in the Shell-room at nine," said Mr. Mooney. "After class, I will notify you of arrangements regarding preparation. It will be somewhat difficult for the two Forms to work together, but we must do the best we can."

"Hem!"

"You will tell your Form-fellows that they are expected to come in with the Classical Shell, Silver."

"I will tell them, sir, certainly."

"Very good, Silver."

Mr. Mooney walked on, and the Fistical Four exchanged a grin. "They'll be expected to come!" murmured Lovell. "But I fancy they won't come up to expectations."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

When Mr. Mooney arrived in his Form-room he found the Shell in their places; but there was not a Fourth-Former to be seen. Mr. Mooney blinked over the class through his glasses, and frowned.

The Shell master was not in the least pleased by the addition to his class and to his work, but he had not, of course, ventured to argue with the Head on the subject. Had the Fourth acted like lambs, Mr. Mooney would still have found the addition to his class an annoyance and a worry. But the Fourth were intending to act like anything but lambs.

"Smythe!" rapped out Mr. Mooney. "Yaas, sir!" said Adolphus.

"The Fourth should be here. They are not here. It is possible that they have—hem—forgotten the new arrangement," said Mr. Mooney. "Kindly go and find Silver, and tell him to come here at once and bring the others with him."

"I—I think they don't mean to come, sir," said Smythe.

"What?"



THE REBELS! "Look out!" murmured Mornington suddenly. "Here comes the Head and he looks in a royal wax." Dr. Chisholm, with a stern brow, swept down on the group of Fourth-Formers, who should by this time have been hard at work with Mr. Mooney in the Shell Form room.

an excited throng they crowded down the staircase.

Outside the door of the School House the hack from Coombe was waiting, its lights gleaming in the winter dark.

Two or three trunks were on the hack, and Mr. Dalton, having shaken hands with several of his colleagues, was stepping into the vehicle.

Jimmy Silver & Co. crowded out. Mr. Dalton hastily signed to the driver to start. Perhaps he had some suspicion of the juniors' intention, and certainly he did not want anything like a scene to mark his departure from Rookwood.

But the heroes of the Classical Fourth were not to be denied. There was a light in the window of the Head's study, and they knew that Dr. Chisholm was there, within easy hearing.

As the hack moved down the drive there was a roar from the crowd of Fourth-Formers.

"Good-bye, Mr. Dalton!"

"Best of luck!"

"Good-bye, sir!"

Mr. Dalton made no sign, and the hack rolled on. The dismissed master was only anxious to get out of the gates before the demonstration went any further.

"Three cheers for Dicky Dalton!" roared Mornington.

"Hurrah!"

"Hip-hip-hurrah!"

The old quadrangle of Rookwood rang with it. Over the way in Mr. Mander's House that roar of cheering was clearly heard. It fairly thundered in the Head's study in the School House.

"Hurrah!"

"Bravo, Dicky Dalton!"

"Hurrah!"

"Release that horse!"

"But we—"

"Do you hear me?" thundered Mr. Dalton.

"Look here, Dicky—"

"Silence! Release the horse at once! Go back to the House!" said Mr. Dalton sternly. "How dare you act in this lawless manner?"

"We don't want you to go!" said Lovell doggedly.

"Driver, drive on at once!"

"Ow can a man drive on, sir, with two or three young rips 'anging on to his horse's head?" inquired the driver.

"Will you release the horse immediately?" exclaimed Mr. Dalton. "I am no longer your Form master, my boys, but I entreat you to obey me for the last time. Go back quietly to the House, and remember the respect you owe to your headmaster."

"Cave!" called out Erroll.

"Here comes the Head!"

Dr. Chisholm, in stately wrath, was striding down the drive. He arrived on the scene in time to hear Mr. Dalton's last words. But he did not look at the young master or speak to him. His eyes glittered at the juniors in the dusk.

"Return to the House at once!" his voice boomed out. "How dare you make this disturbance in the quadrangle?"

There was a rebellious murmur among the juniors. But the authority of the Head, backed by their late Form master's entreaty, had its effect. The horse was released, and the driver moved on towards the gates. Jimmy Silver & Co. gave a final roar.

"Good-bye, Mr. Dalton!"

Then they trooped back to the House, the Head striding along in the

in many others, there were more applicants for the jobs, than jobs for the applicants. Nevertheless, the matter required care, and care required time. It was likely that some interval would elapse before Mr. Dalton's successor took up his duties at Rookwood.

In the meantime, some arrangement had to be made, and some alterations in the usual time-table.

From the Head's point of view, that was the only difficulty; but from the point of view of the Fourth, there were others. For nearly all the Classical Fourth had resolved that they would accept no new master in the place of Dicky Dalton.

A crowded meeting in the end study had determined upon that, and the determination was to be carried out somehow.

That certainly was a difficulty that the Head did not foresee.

It did not even cross his lofty mind that the Fourth Form—mere Lower School juniors—would dream of opposing his majestic will.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were very interested that morning to learn what arrangements had been made to tide over the interval before a new man arrived.

They learned that, for the present, extra time was to be given to "maths," with the mathematics master; extra time to French, with Monsieur Monceau; that Latin and English were to be taken in conjunction with the Shell, under Mr. Mooney; and that in minor subjects they would be under the charge of Bulkeley of the Sixth, the captain of Rookwood.

"Not Carthew this time!" remarked Arthur Edward Lovell, with a grin.

"I mean, I've heard them sayin' that—"

"Nonsense! Go and do as I have told you, at once!"

"Very well, sir."

Adolphus Smythe left the Form-room. The Shell waited, and the Shell master waited. Mr. Mooney did not want to begin without his new pupils. It was fully five minutes before Adolphus Smythe reappeared. He presented a startling sight as he limped into the Form-room.

His collar and tie were gone, and his hair was rumpled and mixed with cinders, and ink streamed over his face. He tottered into the Form-room, gasping. From the distance the sound of laughter could be heard, apparently from the Fourth.

Mr. Mooney's glasses almost fell off as he stared at the hapless Adolphus.

"Smythe!" he gasped. "What—what—what does this mean?"

"Groogh!"

"Smythe!" thundered Mr. Mooney. "Oooogh! They've been raggin' me!" spluttered Adolphus. "Oh dear! Groogh! Ow!"

"Did you deliver my message?" exclaimed Mr. Mooney.

"Ow! Yaas. Ow!"

"And what did Silver say?"

"Ow! He said, 'Collar him!' " gasped Adolphus. "And the young rotters—ow!—collared me—ow!—and ragged me! Groogh! Look at me! Wow!"

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Mr. Mooney.

He blinked at Adolphus in dazed silence for some moments. Adolphus gasped and spluttered, and most of the Shell fellows grinned. Mr. Mooney found his voice at last.

"You may go and—and—clean yourself, Smythe."

"Ow! Yaas! Ow! Groogh!"

Adolphus limped out again.

Mr. Mooney, feeling that it was useless to send another messenger to the recalcitrant Fourth, departed from the Form-room himself, to round up his new pupils.

He found the Classical Fourth, or most of them, in the quadrangle. They were laughing and talking, apparently considerably amused by the sad fate of Adolphus Smythe.

"Silver!" exclaimed Mr. Mooney.

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy.

"I sent you a message by Smythe to—"

"That's all right, sir. He delivered it," said Jimmy Silver cheerily.

"Why have you not come to the Shell-room?" demanded Mr. Mooney.

"We're not coming, sir."

"Wha-a-at!"

"We want our own Form master!" bawled Arthur Edward Lovell.

"We're not going in with the Shell."

"Boys!" gasped Mr. Mooney.

"No disrespect to you, sir," said Jimmy Silver hastily. "But we want Mr. Dalton."

"You are aware that Mr. Dalton is dismissed, and has now left Rookwood," said Mr. Mooney. "This rebellious conduct will do you no good, and will not benefit Mr. Dalton in any way. You are now under my charge, and I order you to go to the Shell-room at once!"

"Can't be done, sir!" said Jimmy.

Mr. Mooney breathed hard.

"I shall report this at once to the Head, Silver."

"Quite so, sir!"

Mr. Mooney blinked at the juniors, and walked back to the School House. It was for the Head to deal with this rebellion. Mr. Mooney proceeded to the Sixth Form room, where Dr. Chisholm was busy with the Sixth and with Greek.

The Shell master coughed as he put in his head. Dr. Chisholm glanced at him inquiringly.

"The Fourth, sir—" stammered Mr. Mooney.

"I trust the boys are giving no trouble in your Form-room, Mr. Mooney," said the Head coldly.

"Hem! They are not in my Form-room, sir."

"Indeed! And why not?"

"They refuse to come there."

"Refuse!" ejaculated the Head.

"Point-blank, sir!"

There was a dead silence in the Sixth Form room. The seniors looked at one another; the Head stared blankly at Mr. Mooney.

"I have given you authority over the Fourth Form, Mr. Mooney," said the Head at last.

"They disregard it utterly, sir."

"Do you mean to say that you can do nothing with them?"

"Nothing at all, sir."

"You had better return to your Form-room, I think, Mr. Mooney," said the Head coldly. And there was a tone of contempt in his voice that

brought a flush to the Shell master's cheeks.

Mr. Mooney turned away in silence, and Dr. Chisholm, with a deadly look in his eyes, proceeded in search of the Fourth Form rebels.

The 5th Chapter.
Trouble in the Shell!

"Bump him!" said Lovell recklessly.

"Ass!"

"Fathead!"

"Cheese it!"

Jimmy Silver & Co., in the spring sunshine in the quad, were discussing what was to be done when the Head came on the scene. It was certain that he would appear as soon as Mr. Mooney had reported the state of affairs.

"Can we back up against the Head himself?" asked Newcome, very dubiously.

"No, we can't!" answered Peele promptly.

"No jolly fear!" said Gower.

"Too thick!" said Townsend.

"Can't be done! It's one of the things that fellows don't do, you know."

"Oh, rats!" said Lovell. "We're not giving in. We're going to have Dicky back, or burst a boiler!"

"I'm not cheekin' the Head, I know that!" observed Topham.

"Mooney, if you like—not the Head. The jolly old Head's too ferocious."

"We're not giving in," said Jimmy Silver quietly. "But we must draw the line at cheeking the Head, if we can. It's bad form, for one thing, to cheek a headmaster, and the Head can bunk us, which is still more important."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If the Head orders us to the Shell-room we go, so long as he keeps his eye on us," said Jimmy. "But you can take a horse to water without being able to make him drink, you know. A rag in the Shell Form room won't hurt us."

"Hear, hear!"

"Look out!" murmured Mornington. "Here comes the Head, and he looks in a royal wax."

Dr. Chisholm swept down on the group of juniors in the quadrangle. All the rest of the school were at lessons now. Even the Modern portion of the Fourth were at work with Mr. Manders, the science master. Only the Classical Fourth were loafing. They had the quad to themselves, save for old Mack, who was staring at them from a distance.

"What does this mean?" exclaimed Dr. Chisholm, as he swept up.

"Silver, what does this mean?"

"Mean, sir?" murmured Jimmy.

"You were aware that you were to take first lesson with the Shell this morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why are you not with Mr. Mooney?"

No reply.

"Answer me!" thundered the Head.

"We want our own Form master, sir!" said Arthur Edward Lovell, as Jimmy hesitated.

Dr. Chisholm seemed transfixed for the moment. This was the first hint he had had that the Fourth objected strongly to the dismissal of their Form master.

"You—you want what?" he stammered.

"We want Dicky!" said Lovell.

"I mean, Mr. Dalton."

"We sha'n't be happy till we get him!" called out Putty's voice from the rear.

"We want Dicky!" shouted a dozen voices.

"Hear, hear!"

Dr. Chisholm compressed his lips, and his eyes fairly gleamed at the Fourth-Formers.

"Lovell, you will take a thousand lines."

"Oh!" gasped Lovell.

"Every other boy here will take five hundred lines."

"Oh!"

"Now proceed at once to the Shell!"

The Classical Fourth marched into the School House, and the Head shepherded them to the Shell Form room.

The Shell fellows watched them curiously as they filed in, work being suspended for the moment in the Form-room. In silence Jimmy Silver & Co. came in. There was a good deal of crowding necessary to make room for so large an addition to the class, but under the Head's glittering eye no one thought of grousing. Dr. Chisholm turned to Mr. Mooney.

"Mr. Mooney, I leave these unruly boys in your charge. In case of any further insubordination, do not spare the cane."

"Very well, sir!"

The Head rustled out, and the door closed behind him. Mr. Mooney eyed his new pupils very doubtfully. In the presence of the Head they had been quiet and orderly, but immediately the door closed behind Dr. Chisholm there was a change. Lovell leaned back and put his feet on the desk before him, Mornington began to whistle a tune, and two or three voices started a song which dealt with a shortage of bananas.

"Silence, please!" called out Mr. Mooney.

"Silence, you fellows!" shouted Mornington.

"Silence, you chaps!" roared Lovell.

"Silence!" yelled the whole crowd of the Fourth, till the Form-room rang and echoed.

"Will you be silent?" shouted Mr. Mooney.

"We're doin' our best, sir," said Mornington. "I keep on tellin' the fellows to be silent."

"So do I, sir," said Lovell.

"Silence! Silence! SILENCE!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Mooney breathed hard. He was aware that it was a rag, and he was not used to rags in the Shell.

"I shall cane the next boy that speaks!" he exclaimed, taking up his cane from his desk.

"You hear that, you noisy bounders?" exclaimed Putty of the Fourth. "Silence! Silence!"

"Silence! Silence!" roared Lovell.

"Lovell, stand out here!"

"What, sir? I, sir?"

"Yes, you, Lovell!"

"What for, sir?"

"I am going to cane you, Lovell!" exclaimed the exasperated master of the Shell.

"Cane me, sir?" exclaimed Lovell.

"Yes. Come here at once!"

"Do you think you ought to cane me, sir, for trying to restore silence?" asked Lovell, looking very injured.

"Come here at once!"

"Oh, very well, sir!"

Arthur Edward Lovell came out before the class. Mr. Mooney took a determined grip on the cane. He was not a severe man, but he felt that he had to be severe now, if he was to have any discipline in his Form-room at all.

"Hold out your hand, Lovell!"

"Certainly, sir!"

Lovell held out his hand. He withdrew it quickly as the cane came sweeping down. The cane swept a circle, and Mr. Mooney almost overbalanced himself. There was a roar of laughter.

"Bless my soul!" stuttered Mr. Mooney.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Lovell, come here! Bend over this form!" shouted Mr. Mooney, now quite enraged.

Instead of bending over the Form for punishment, Lovell retreated among the desks. Three or four of the Fourth jumped up.

"Shall we catch him for you, sir?" exclaimed Mornington.

"Yes, yes! Bring him here at once!" gasped Mr. Mooney, not realising for the moment the insidiousness of the offer.

Mornington rushed after Lovell. Five or six other fellows rushed after Morny. Perhaps their intention was to catch Lovell, and hand him over to the master of the Shell. Perhaps it was not. Lovell dodged among the desks, and the pursuers dodged after him. Books and papers were knocked right and left, and several Shell fellows were bumped off their forms with loud howls. Adolphus Smythe was sprawling under his desk, yelling. Tracy and Howard were mixed up with their inkpots somehow. More and more of the Fourth, catching on to the idea, joined in the chase after Lovell, and the Form-room rang with a terrific din.

"After him!"

"Head him off!"

"After him, you fellows!"

Mr. Mooney almost tore his hair. His Form-room was a scene now of the wildest confusion, and some of the Shell, thinking that this was rather more entertaining than Form work, joined in the game. Fellows jumped over forms and desks, bumped into one another, and roared and shouted with all the strength of their lungs.

"Cease this riot instantly!" shrieked Mr. Mooney, almost beside himself. "Go back to your places!"

"We've nearly got him, sir!"

"We'll catch him for you, sir!"

"After him!"

"Stop!" raved Mr. Mooney. "Stop at once! Go to your places! I will cane every boy out of his place!"

And, as his voice was not heeded, Mr. Mooney rushed at the hilarious

juniors, laying out right and left with his cane.

"Oh gad!" gasped Mornington, as he caught the Form master's cane with his shoulders. "Oh, my hat! Chuck that, sir!"

"Go to your place!" panted Mr. Mooney.

"But you told me to catch Lovell."

"Go to your place!"

Mornington went to his place; the cane was not to be argued with. Slowly and reluctantly the other fellows followed his example. The Form-room looked almost as if a cyclone had struck it.

"Now, Lovell!" gasped Mr. Mooney.

Lovell opened the door.

"Come back!" roared the master of the Shell.

Lovell did not come back. He scudded out of the Form-room, banging the door after him.

Mr. Mooney rushed to the door, and paused. He was well aware that there would be a riot in the Shell-room if he left it in pursuit of Lovell. Certainly, he could have gone to the Head. But he did not want an interview with that awesome old gentleman, or any more cutting and contemptuous remarks from him. He turned back, and Lovell was left to his own devices.

"We—we—we will now resume!" breathed Mr. Mooney.

"Will we?" murmured Mornington. And there was a laugh.

"Silence!"

"Silence!" roared the Fourth with one voice.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If any Fourth Form boy speaks

again I will cane him!" shrieked Mr. Mooney. "Silence, I say!"

Crash!

Putty of the Fourth rolled off his form. Mr. Mooney spun round, and beheld Putty sprawling.

"How dare you—"

"I—I was pushed, sir!"

"Who pushed him?" raved Mr. Mooney.

"Not I, sir!"

"Oh, no, sir, not I, sir!"

"Anybody know who pushed him?"

"We'll find out for you, sir! Now, then—"

"Get up, boy!" thundered Mr. Mooney. "Silence, all of you! I will have order in this Form-room, or I will know the reason why!"

Crash!

Raby sprawled on the floor. The hapless Mr. Mooney rushed at him, caught him by the collar, and dragged him to his feet.

"Raby, I will—"

"I—I was pushed, sir!" gasped Raby.

"Who pushed him off the form?" roared Mr. Mooney.

"Not I, sir!"

"Oh, no, sir!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Mooney felt the perspiration running down his face. He was aware, by this time, that the Classical Fourth did not intend to take lessons in the Shell-room. Some master—Mr. Richard Dalton, for example—could have dealt with the disturbers and restored order. But Mr. Mooney was not built for such a task. How to deal with these

(Continued overleaf.)

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In Your Editor's Den



Your Editor is always pleased to hear from his readers upon any subject. Address your letters to: Editor, "Boys' Friend," The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

"UP AGAINST THE HEAD."

By Owen Conquest.

Rookwood has passed the rubicon, so to speak, and there are ructions. The crisis has been looming for long past, but with the summary dismissal of that extremely popular master, "Dicky" Dalton, there was no longer any dallying. It is in the mood of Rookwood to rise to a man against injustice. Dalton is by way of being a popular hero. You will be interested in the remarkable developments recorded next week. Has Finis really been written to the sportsmanlike career of Mr. Dalton, so far as Rookwood is concerned? That is the question.

"SMITHY'S GREAT VICTORY!"

A new captain has just been elected at St. Katie's, and thereby hangs a tale which will fascinate everybody next Monday. New brooms, new captains, in short every newcomer always come in for plenty of criticism. Resentment is frequently kindled by what is regarded as an intrusion. But Smithy stands on safe ground. It is always a bit of a temptation to enlarge on the sparkle and good sense which distinguish the yarns of St. Katherine's School, so ably dealt with by Michael Poole. But I shall have to ring off this time with a general intimation that footer figures in the new story, and to jolly good effect, too!

"TOPSAIL TONY!"

By David Goodwin.

A correspondent writing from Leicester says "Topsail Tony" is the best story he has ever read. It is the easiest thing in the world, I know, to trot out a little company of superlatives when one is pleased about anything, and sometimes this may be done without sufficient judgment. But in the case of David Goodwin's serial the highest praise is just bare justice, no more. This tale rumps into success because it has personality behind it, also the spirit of the sea. It is a rum thing when you come to think of it, that though we live in an island, the sea is pretty well unknown to myriads. That is inevitable. People have their living to get, and can only afford the time for a peep at the deep, say, once per annum. All the same, a story like "Topsail Tony"—there is a finer instalment than ever next week—does bring the fact home that in the last resort we in this old country have to look to the sea as the supreme ally. That taking little fact is one kept in sight by David Goodwin, like others who do their trick on the watch towers of the world.

OTHER FEATURES.

There are numerous other subjects with which I should like to deal this week, but there is no room. You might look out for a markedly powerful boxing story next week. This is called "The Newsboy Champion!" Then we shall also have something more about "The Sporting Independents," a narrative with a proper clinch, and which has brought into the light a group of characters of whom one is always glad to hear.

HEALTH AND SPORT.

In addition there are the usual articles on Health and Sport by Mr. Percy Longhurst, and Football by "Goalie." Mr. Longhurst is receiving a flood of letters asking for advice on how to keep fit. Any chum of mine in doubt as to training points cannot do better than take his trusty pen in hand, and drop Mr. Longhurst a line. He will get a reply by return.

LINCOLN BECK!

By the way, a particularly sound little feature has come to strengthen the Boys' Friend "bill" in the series of biographical sketches of famous characters. Next week we have "Linky Beck, Esq."

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Your Editor.

FOURTH FORM REBELS!

(Continued from previous page.)

riotous invaders of his reposeful Form-room was a problem to him. And personally he had not the slightest desire to deal with them. It was much against his own desire that the Fourth had been "planted" in his room. Indeed, his strongest feeling was resentment against the Head's new arrangements.

"Boys, be quiet!" exclaimed Mr. Mooney, in almost an appealing tone. "Order shall be kept here. We are wasting time. I shall now resume with the Shell, and the Fourth Form boys will—will for the present sit in their places and—listen!" "Oh, my hat!" murmured Jimmy Silver.

The Fourth-Formers grinned gleefully. They had won all along the line, so far as Mr. Mooney was concerned. The master of the Shell was out for peace at any price.

Having won so much, the rebellious juniors kindly gave Mr. Mooney a breathing space. They allowed him to get on with the Form work with the Shell, and sat in their places chatting in undertones, and paying no attention whatever to Mr. Mooney.

Mr. Mooney was only too glad to pay no attention to them in his turn. So long as they remained quiet that was all he asked. He had enough trouble with his own boys, who had caught a good deal of the insubordinate spirit of the Fourth, and gave him unusual difficulties.

When Mr. Mooney dismissed his mixed class, at last, he felt as if a weight had been removed from his mind. Never was a Form master so glad to see his pupils depart.

The Fourth found Arthur Edward Lovell punting a footer about in the quad. Mr. Mooney came out of the House, and certainly saw Lovell, but did not address him. Evidently Lovell's offences in the Form-room were to be judiciously forgotten.

"We've beaten Mooney already!" grinned Mornington. "Lessons for us with the Shell, my beloved 'earers, are goin' to be a giddy jest."

"Poor old Mooney!" chuckled Raby.

Jimmy Silver laughed. "So long as he lets us alone we'll let him alone," said Jimmy generously. "I fancy he will keep clear of all the trouble he can. The Fourth Form are on strike till Dicky Dalton comes back."

"Hear, hear!" "It's French this afternoon with Mosso," said Mornington. "I fancy we can make Monsieur Monceau tired of us."

"What ho!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

"We're keeping it up," said Lovell. "It will dawn on the Head, sooner or later, that we want Dicky, and we're going to have Dicky. Till then it's us against the Head."

"Hear, hear!" All the Fourth were determined on that—for the present, at least. But how that peculiar contest between the Classical Fourth and the Head of Rookwood was going to end was a problem.

THE END.

(Another great story of Rookwood School—"Up Against the Head!"—appearing in our next issue. Don't miss it!)



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 a confidence between Mr. Longhurst and the sender, and are always answered by a personal letter and never in these columns. The information is entirely free, and is the best obtainable.

For the Boxer.

That wonderful boxer, World's Champion, and the most scientific fighter of the past thirty years, Jim Driscoll, once asserted that speed and stamina are just as important to the boxer as skill and hitting power—if not, indeed, a trifle more so. And when you recall what Driscoll did in the ring, his success against American as well as English boxers, the long period over which he held his supremacy, you'll admit that his opinion is worth something.

There is one other quality that helps a good deal towards the winning of contests—not so much in three-round bouts as in those of longer duration—and that is ringcraft—the collection of "wrinkles" which practice and experience have proved valuable.

Ringcraft is best learned by experience, but there's no harm in making use of the experience of others. Anyone who is too conceited or too "clever" to benefit thus is a chump—which, I am sure, no reader of the Boys' Friend wants to be.

For instance, your opponent lands you a lucky and hard blow, sending your wits for the moment galley-west, and you're not quite sure whether it's bed-time or the day after to-morrow. Perhaps you go down. Courage, anger, shame—all urge you to spring to your feet at once and go for your adversary like a wild cat. Ringcraft says, "Don't be a chump." To stand up now when your senses are all abroad is asking for a second knock-down. Stay on the floor a few seconds until your eyes and your brain are clear and the strength come back to your muscles.

Ringcraft it is which tells you what line to take with your opponent; for, of course, you soon learn—or ought to learn—that it is not always wise to fight a classic, straight-left boxer in the same way as you would a tearing, fist-swinging rough. The ability to deceive an opponent is ringcraft—to cause him to think you are full of vim and fight when in reality you are feeling near your last gasp. Here is a bit of useful ringcraft. In the last half of the final round, and it's the toss-up of a coin whether the verdict will go to your opponent or to you, even if your opponent is a bit ahead, from up your sleeve, from your will-power, from somewhere, contrive to dig up the strength to put in a half-minute of really hard, quick, bustling work, giving your man not a second of rest. He will be disconcerted; he may be in as bad a way really as you are, but he's hoping you're worse. Your sudden onslaught deceives him. He believes you're as fresh as paint. His confidence and his heart weaken. "What's the good?" he asks himself. Get him thinking that way, and the victory is yours. In the final half-minute you do enough to leave no

doubt in the ref's mind as to whom the verdict shall go. Ringcraft—and it spells success. The subject is one on which I'll have more to say shortly.

For Odd Moments.

There are any number of simple physical movements, easily to be practised at odd moments, which are most useful for the strengthening of certain muscles. Some of these might very well be learned. No apparatus, of course, is required.

With the body held erect, the hips to be kept square, turn slightly to your right side, and then bend back just a trifle as the right arm—bent—is carried across the small of the back, palm facing outwards, until the fingers appear at the side and in front of the left hip. Hold thus a second or two, obtaining full contraction of the muscle chiefly brought into play. Then return, and make the movement in just the same way, the left arm working and the other movements reversed. Which muscle is affected I shall not tell you; you'll find out for yourself before you've made a couple of trials. Work the arms alternately.

Here is another. Holding the body erect and keeping the right side braced so that you are not pulled over sideways, drop the right shoulder, and, with the arm strongly straightened, fist clenched, push the hand down towards the floor, just behind the right hip. Hold two seconds so as to get full contraction, then relax, and exercise left arm similarly. Tripeps of arm and big muscle under shoulder get the benefit.

Try this. Arms loosely behind back, left hand holding right wrist, palm to back of wrist. Now draw back shoulder strongly as if you meant making inner edges of the shoulder-blades touch the spine. This will require vigorous straightening of both arms and the carrying back of elbows. Holding thus, lift shoulders as high as you can, at the same time carrying the head as far back as it will go. Hold a second, relax, and change quickly to second position, right hand holding left wrist; then repeat the complete movement. Don't forget to work rapidly and to make the change of wrist-hold alternately. Eight or ten repetitions will let you know where is the muscle that is being exercised—a muscle, by the way, that generally contrives to escape doing any genuine work, with the natural consequence—poor development.

Percy Longhurst

(Look out for another helpful article.)

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