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The BOYS' FRIEND 2d

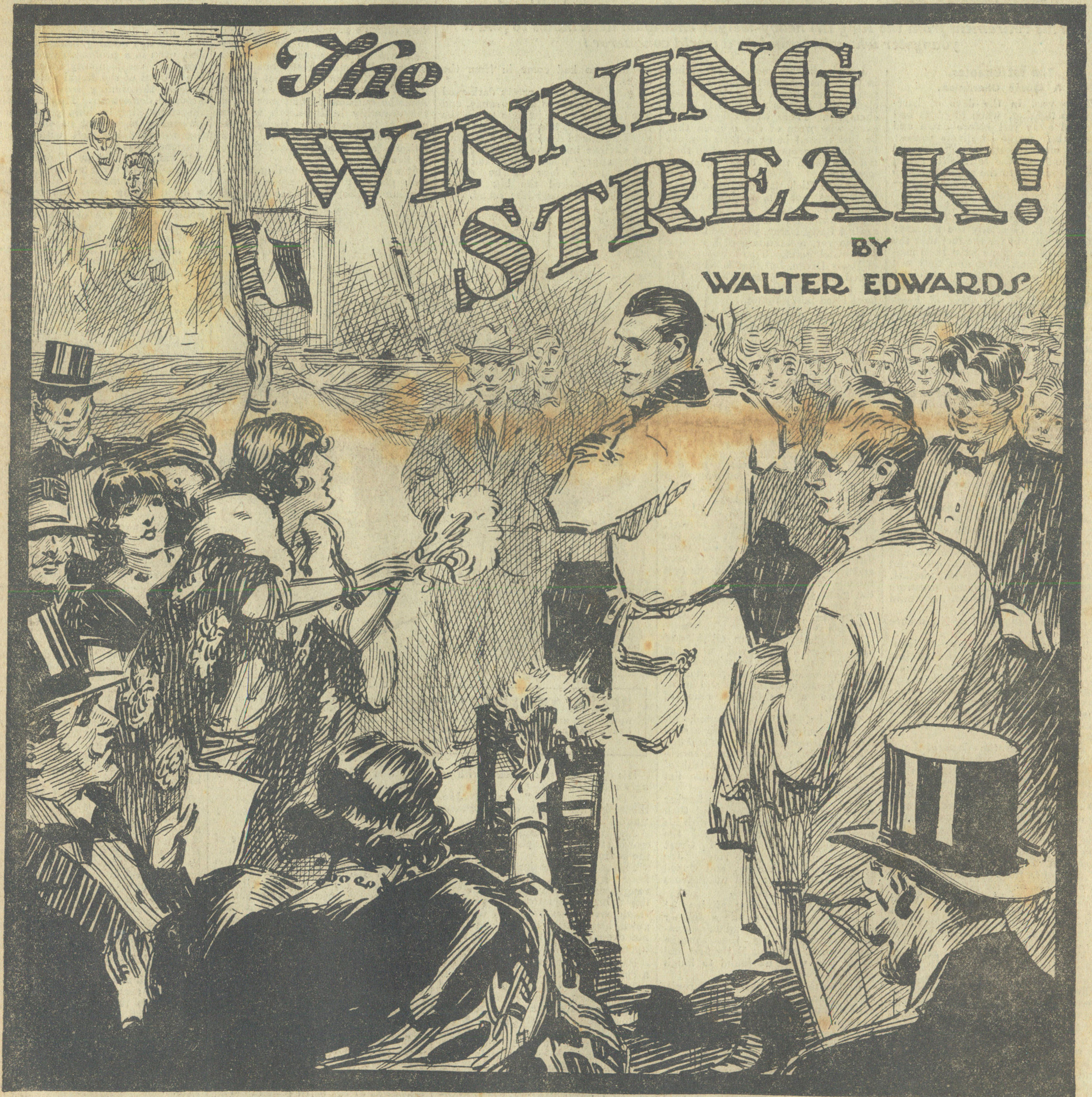
EVERY MONDAY.

SIXTEEN BIG PAGES!

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THE BEST BOYS' PAPER IN THE WORLD!

[Week Ending March 1st, 1924.



The WINNING STREAK!

BY
WALTER EDWARDS

The French Champion Receives a Great Ovation on His Way to the Ring!

(A stirring incident from the great new boxing yarn in this issue.)

ANOTHER STIRRING STORY OF THE ROOKWOOD REBELS!

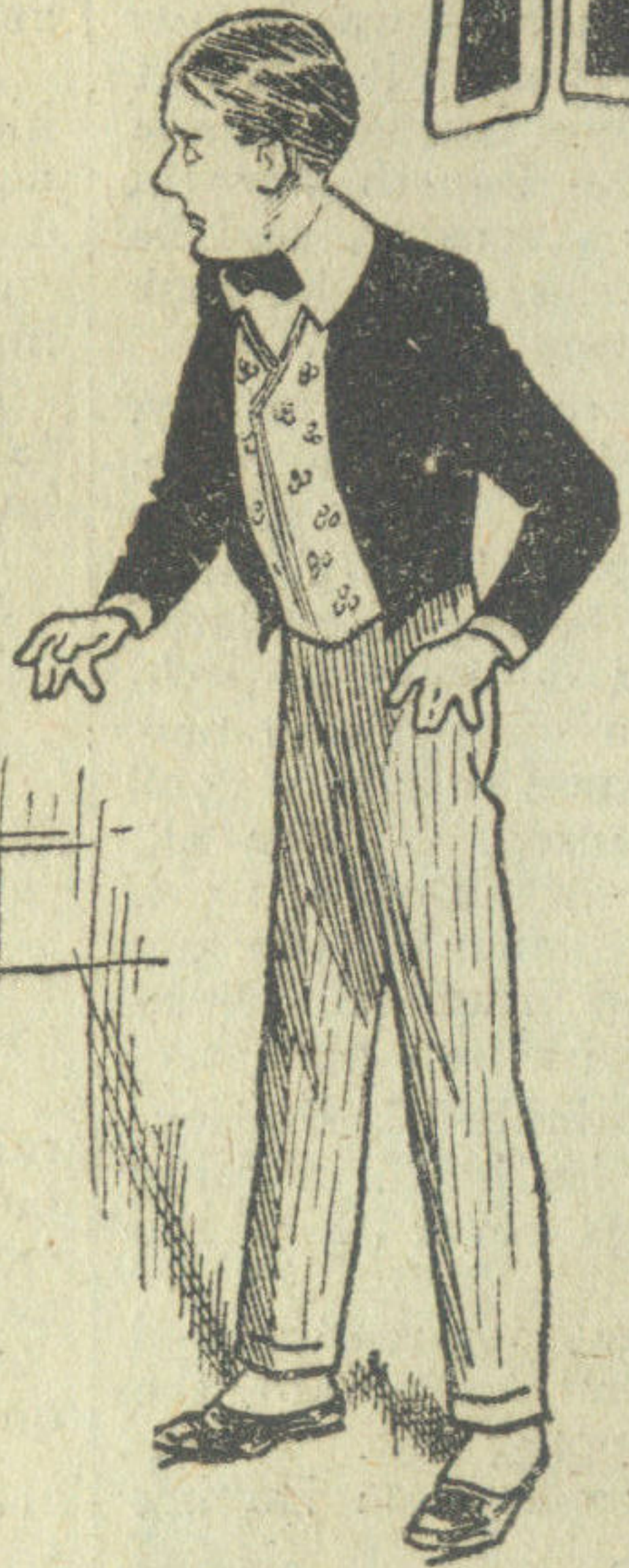


Sticking to Their Guns!

By OWEN CONQUEST.

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

The new master of the Fourth soon discovers that the Rookwood Rebels will not stick him at any price!



The 1st Chapter.

The Hand of Authority!

"What next?" said Arthur Edward Lovell.

"I wonder?" remarked Jimmy Silver.

The Fistical Four, of the Rookwood Fourth Form, were finishing tea in the end study.

Most of the Classical Fourth were in the studies along the passage, and there was an almost incessant buzz of voices.

All the Form, in fact, were discussing that extremely interesting question—"What next?"

"Something's bound to happen!" remarked Newcome sagely.

"Bound to!" said Raby.

"But what?" said Lovell.

"Goodness knows!"

There was a patter of feet in the passage, and the door of the end study was opened suddenly. Tubby Muffin put a red and excited face into the doorway.

"Jimmy!" he gasped.

"Well?" said Jimmy Silver quietly. He spoke with elaborate calmness. It was "up" to the captain of the Fourth to keep cool in moments of crisis.

"The Head!" gasped Tubby.

Lovell jumped up.

"Coming here?"

"Yes; you're for it!" said Tubby breathlessly. "He's coming to this study. He's got the prefects with him. Look out!"

And Tubby Muffin, having delivered that warning, and lingered for a moment to enjoy the sensation he had caused in the end study, scudded away. The Head of Rookwood, backed up by the Sixth Form prefects, was coming to Jimmy Silver's study, and evidently Muffin did not want to meet the distinguished visitors there.

Four juniors looked at one another blankly. Jimmy Silver was still calm. He made it a point to be calm. But his comrades showed excitement and alarm.

"The Head here!" murmured Raby.

"Tain't fair!" said Lovell hotly.

"We're all in it—the whole Fourth Form against the Head!" Tain't fair play to pick out this study!"

"Divida et impera!" said Jimmy.

"What? What are you spouting Latin for now, you silly ass?" hooted Lovell.

"Divide and conquer!" said Jimmy. "The Head don't know how to handle the whole Form, so he's picked on us. Of course, he knows that we're the leaders."

"But—" stammered Newcome.

"Here he is!"

"Oh!"

The Fistical Four were all on their feet. Into the study doorway loomed the majestic figure of Dr. Chisholm, the headmaster of Rookwood School.

Jimmy Silver faced him—with a self-possession worthy of "Uncle James" of Rookwood. But undoubtedly Lovell and Raby and Newcome seemed to be trying to make themselves as small as possible. The Fourth Form were "up against" the

Head, and the end study had taken the lead. Nevertheless, the headmaster was an awe-inspiring personage, and it was difficult for a Lower boy to face his stern glance without blenching.

Behind the Head came Bulkeley and Neville and Lonsdale of the Sixth Form—three muscular prefects. Apparently the Head was prepared for possible trouble in the end study.

There were some moments of dead silence. The Head looked at Jimmy Silver & Co., and Jimmy Silver & Co. looked at the Head. Their hearts were beating. Bulkeley and the other prefects filled up the doorway, and along the passage, behind them, a subdued buzz of voices broke out. At a safe distance the Classical Fourth were gathering, to look on, wondering what was going to happen.

"Silver!" said the Head at last, in a deep voice.

"Yes, sir?" said Jimmy.

"You and your companions here are, I believe, the ringleaders in the trouble that has occurred in the Classical Fourth Form."

"Indeed, sir!" said Jimmy.

"Since I had occasion to dismiss your late Form master, Mr. Richard Dalton, there has been incessant trouble in the Fourth!" said Dr. Chisholm.

"Yes, sir, that is so."

"There seems to be a foolish, rebellious notion, among the juniors that by giving me a sufficient amount of trouble I may be induced or driven to recall Mr. Dalton," said the Head sternly.

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy.

The Head started a little.

"You admit that, Silver?"

"Certainly, sir!" said Jimmy.

"We—" began Lovell. But he broke off. He had been going to recite the watchword of the Fourth—"We want Dicky!"—but under the Head's grim glance his heart failed him.

The three prefects in the doorway looked at one another. The Head seemed at a loss for a moment.

"There has been continual insubordination since Mr. Dalton left," resumed the Head at last. "It culminated this afternoon when I, your headmaster, was actually locked in a Form-room."

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy.

"I do not know which boy in the Fourth Form was guilty of this act of brazen rebellion," said the Head. "I suspect, however, that he may be found in this study."

Jimmy Silver did not answer. Certainly he had no intention of giving the Head any information on that point.

"I have considered," went on the Head, "whether to administer a flogging to the whole Form."

There was a buzz down the passage, where the Head's deep voice was clearly heard by an excited crowd of Fourth-formers. It died away as Dr. Chisholm went on:

"I have decided, however, not to take so drastic a measure at present.

The ringleaders in this rebellion are to be found in this study, and it is my intention to make an example of this study. I have come here for the purpose."

The Fistical Four breathed hard and deep.

"In the presence of your Form-fellows"—apparently the Head was aware of the crowd in the passage—"each of you will be flogged—you, Silver, the most severely. Bulkeley, kindly place a chair for Silver to bend over."

Bulkeley stepped into the study



MR. BOHUN INTERFERES! As Mr. Carker swung up his cane again, Mr. Bohun stepped up to the new master, and grasped his descending arm. "Stop!" said the Third Form master tersely. "Release me, sir!" shouted Mr. Carker, his hard face crimson with rage. "If you do not release Mornington this instant, sir," said Mr. Bohun quietly, "I shall be driven to compel you to do so."

and obeyed. From a fold of the Head's gown the birch appeared.

"Now, Silver—"

Jimmy did not move.

"Bend over, you young ass!" whispered Bulkeley.

Still the captain of the Fourth did not stir. His face was a little pale, but his eyes were gleaming.

"You hear me, Silver?" said the Head harshly.

"I hear you, sir! I'm not going to be flogged!" said Jimmy Silver quietly.

And for a full minute after that answer a pin might have been heard to fall in the end study.

The 2nd Chapter. Going Through It!

Dr. Chisholm recovered himself at last. There was a crimson flush in his cheeks, and his eyes glinted like polished steel.

"Bulkeley!" he rapped out.

"Yes, sir!"

"You will hold Silver while he receives his punishment."

"Very well, sir."

Bulkeley of the Sixth stepped

towards Jimmy—reluctantly, but quite resolutely. He was there to carry out the orders of his headmaster, Jimmy backed away.

"I shall resist, Bulkeley!" he said, between his teeth.

"Don't be a young ass, Silver!" advised the prefect. "You're for it! Take it quietly!"

"Rats!"

Bulkeley grasped him, and whirled him towards the chair. Jimmy Silver was as good as his word. He hit out, and his clenched fist crashed on the senior's chest, sending him staggering.

"Oh!" gasped Bulkeley.

He released Jimmy as he staggered, and the captain of the Fourth sprang away.

"Back up, you fellows!" he gasped.

Only for an instant did Lovell & Co. hesitate. Then, as Bulkeley grasped Jimmy Silver again, they rushed on Bulkeley.

There was a wild and whirling struggle under the astonished and scandalised eyes of the Head.

"Bless my soul!" gasped Dr. Chisholm. "Silver—Lovell—Raby—Newcome—cease this instantly! Are you out of your senses? Do you hear me? Neville—Lonsdale! Help Bulkeley at once!"

"Back up, the Fourth!" roared Lovell.

There was a shout in the passage.

"Rescue!"

It was Mornington's voice.

Dr. Chisholm stepped into the doorway with a thunderous brow. Some of the Fourth were crowding towards the end study; but even the reckless Mornington stopped at the glare of the Head.

In the end study the struggle continued. The table rocked as the

infliction, but the strong grasp of George Bulkeley held him helpless.

The birch descended again and again. Dr. Chisholm felt that it was a time for severity, and he did not spare the rod.

By the time he ceased, Jimmy Silver was very pale, and he had ceased to struggle.

"Put him aside!" said the Head.

Jimmy Silver leaned against the wall of the end study, breathing hard and deep. He had had the flogging of his life; and, for the time, he was "done."

"Lovell!" said the Head.

Arthur Edward Lovell resisted, but his resistance was in vain. He had to bend over, and the birch rose and fell again.

"Raby!"

Raby went through it philosophically. There was no help for it now, and he took it as calmly as he could. His castigation was lighter; perhaps the Head's arm was tiring a little.

"Newcome!"

Whack, whack, whack, whack!

Arthur Newcome's yells rang along the passage. Newcome was not quite so hardy as his comrades.

The birch ceased at last. Four unhappy juniors wriggled and mumbled before the stern eye of the headmaster.

"I trust," said Dr. Chisholm quietly, "that this will be a warning to you, and will help you to realise that discipline must be maintained in the Lower Forms at this school. In the event of any further mutiny it may be necessary for me to make an example by expelling the offender from Rookwood! Bear this in mind!"

Silence.

"Your new Form master, Mr. Carker, arrives at Rookwood this evening. He will take charge of you to-morrow, and I trust that he will be shown every respect and obedience. I address you especially, Silver, as you have a great influence over your Form-fellows, both for good and for evil. I expect you to set the others an example of cheerful obedience. That is all!"

The Head swept away.

The prefects followed him. Jimmy Silver, pale and shaken, detached himself from the wall of the end study, and closed the door.

The Fistical Four looked at one another.

"Ow!" said Lovell. "Wow! I'm hurt!"

"Same here!" groaned Raby.

"Mmmmmmmmm!" from Newcome.

"We've been through it!" said Jimmy Silver. "But—a flogging's only a flogging—"

"Ow!"

"Wow!"

"Yow!"

"We're not giving in—"

"Oh dear!"

"Those rotters out there ought to have backed us up!" groaned Lovell.

"All the Fourth are in it! They ought to have stood by us! Ow!"

"Next time they will; we'll see to that! We've got a new Form master now—in the place of Dicky! We're going to make him sorry he came to Rookwood!"

"Ow! Wow! Yow!"

Tubby Muffin's voice was heard outside.

"I say, they're yowling like anything! Come and hear them yowling, you fellows!"

Arthur Edward Lovell found energy enough to drag himself into the passage and kick Reginald Muffin. Then he limped back into the end study, and groaned. And for quite a long time little was heard in the end study but "yowling."

The 3rd Chapter. The Straight Tip!

"You understand?"

"Perfectly!" said Mr. Carker.

The new master of the Fourth Form sat in the Head's study, where he had listened to an explanation from Dr. Chisholm. The Head had told him how matters stood with the Fourth Form at Rookwood, and Mr. Carker, probably, had been a little surprised. But he did not seem at all disturbed. He was prepared to handle the rebellious Fourth, and bring them to their senses.

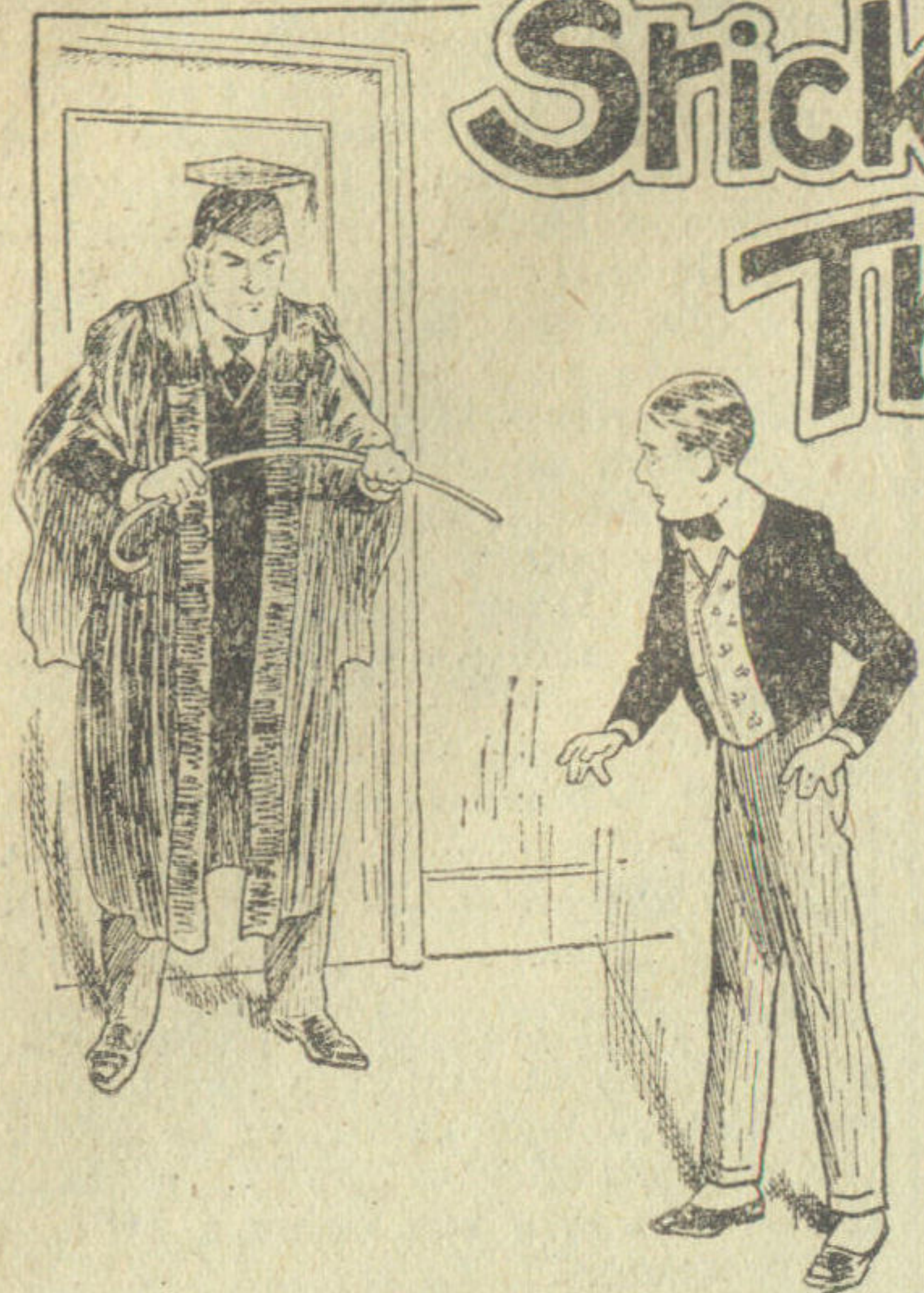
He was a hard-featured, rather grim-looking gentleman of forty—hard as nails, from his looks, with thin-set lips and grey eyes like flint. Certainly he looked hard enough to tackle a junior Form, however mutinous. Indeed, there was a gleam in his eyes that indicated that he would rather enjoy the task of breaking in rebellious spirits.

Dr. Chisholm was satisfied. Mr. Carker was apparently the right man

(Continued overleaf.)

Another stirring story of the chums of Rookwood School—"The Retreat from Rookwood!" appearing in the BOYS' FRIEND next Monday.

Sticking to Their Guns!



(Continued from previous page.)

"Are you going to take the Fourth Form to-morrow, Mr. Carker?" asked the unknown voice.

"Eh, what? Yes."

"I warn you to do nothing of the kind."

"Wha-a-at?"

"Mr. Dalton is master of the Fourth. No other master will be recognised."

Mr. Carker jumped. He guessed by this time that it was a member of his new Form who was speaking. A deadly glitter came into his deep-set eyes.

"Who is speaking?" he asked in a grinding voice.

"Never mind that, Carker." The unknown interlocutor dropped the "Mister" most disrespectfully. "You see, Carker—"

"How dare you!" gasped Mr. Carker.

"You see, Carker," went on the voice, "the job you've come to take belongs to Mr. Dalton. I'm sorry, but we don't want you. Will you clear out of Rookwood?"

"Wha-a-a-t?" stuttered Mr. Carker.

"Clear out of Rookwood."

"You young rascal!"

"You old rascal!" came back the answer.

"Upon my word!" muttered Mr.

in the right place, and when Mr. Carker left his study, Dr. Chisholm felt that all would be well.

Mr. Carker walked down the corridor with a firm and heavy stride. He had not been presented to his Form yet; that was to come in the morning. But he had been introduced to the other members of the masters' Common-room—and the Common-room had not taken a liking to him. It was to the Common-room that Mr. Carker now directed his steps; and he found several other members of the staff there.

Mr. Mooney of the Shell gave him a polite nod—Monsieur Monceau, the French master, wished him "Bon jour!" Mr. Greely of the Fifth kept his purple nose in his evening paper. He did not like Mr. Carker's looks, and did not intend to cultivate his acquaintance.

Mr. Carker dropped into an arm-chair, and Mr. Bohun, the master of the Third, entered into talk with him. Good-natured Mr. Bohun thought he would give the new man some points regarding affairs at Rookwood, and he gently suggested dealing with the recalcitrant Fourth tactfully. There was not a member of the Common-room who approved of the dismissal of "Dicky" Dalton. The judgments of the Head were not regarded as infallible by the staff. But Mr. Carker was evidently sufficient unto himself. He received the Third Form master's well-meant hints with a derisive smile that was scarcely polite.

Mr. Carker smiled sarcastically. "Probably the Head knows best," he remarked. "He would not be flattered to know what seems to be the general opinion here."

Upon which masters' Common-room shut up at once like an oyster. They realised that Mr. Carker was unreservedly on the Head's side, in which case it was not safe to express opinions too frankly before him. Such opinions, repeated to the Head, might have caused trouble, and nobody wanted to follow Mr. Richard Dalton out of the gates of Rookwood.

Mr. Carker did not mind the general silence that fell on the Common-room. It gave him a feeling of consequence. He knew that he had made himself a little feared.

In the silence the telephone-bell buzzed.

Mr. Wiggins, the master of the Second Form, was nearest the instrument, and he rose and took up the receiver.

"Hallo!"

"Is that masters' Common-room, Rookwood?" came an inquiring voice over the wires.

"Yes. What is wanted?"

"Mr. Carker."

"Hold on!"

Mr. Wiggins looked round.

"Someone is asking for you on the telephone, Mr. Carker."

"Thank you!"

The hard-faced gentleman came over to the receiver. Mr. Wiggins returned to his armchair.

"Mr. Carker!" came the voice.

"Mr. Carker speaking."

"So you've come?"

"What?"

it before you hit trouble. Good-bye!"

"Boy—"

But the unknown had rung off. Mr. Carker stood with the receiver in his hand, and a black look on his hard face. A good-tempered man might have been annoyed by that talk on the telephone, and Mr. Carker was anything but a good tempered man.

He waited a few moments, and then rang up the Exchange at Latham.

"Put me on to the supervisor, please!"

In a minute or two more Mr. Carker was through to the Latham supervisor.

"I have just been rung up," Mr. Carker explained, "and I was suddenly cut off. I should be very much obliged if you could tell me where the call came from."

The gentlemen in the Common-room exchanged glances. Mr. Wiggins had strolled across the room and exchanged a few words in low tones with the other masters. They were all aware now that Mr. Carker was being interviewed—at a safe distance—by some cheeky member of the Fourth, and they were all smiling. Had Mr. Carker been a different sort of gentleman, his colleagues would have sympathised with him in his difficult task of taking over Mr. Dalton's Form. But as matters stood they had no sympathy to waste upon him, but found his position rather entertaining than otherwise.

The supervisor's reply came through to Mr. Carker at last.

"The call came from Rookwood School."

were in too painful a state just then to take any interest in the new master of the Fourth. So Morny had taken up the trail, so to speak, at the point where the Fistical Four had dropped it.

Having seen Mr. Carker leave the Head's study and walk to masters' Common-room, Morny had repaired to the deserted Form master's study, and rung him up from there.

He grinned cheerfully as he turned away from the telephone.

Mr. Carker had been given the "straight tip," though he was hardly to be expected to act upon it. But, at all events, the position had been made clear to him. The Fourth were at war with their new master, and he knew what to expect when he took charge of that unruly Form.

Morny glanced round the study. There were some bags in the room, and some packages of books on the table. Mr. Carker had not finished unpacking yet. Morny considered whether he should do some unpacking for him. A raving in the new master's study seemed to him a good idea. But he paused. After all, Mr. Carker had given no offence yet, and he was not to blame for the fact that the Head had dismissed Dicky Dalton and engaged a new master.

So, after a few minutes' hesitation, Morny shook his head, deciding to leave raggings over for the present.

He crossed to the door and opened it, and looked cautiously into the passage before stepping out. It was just as well not to be seen leaving the master's study.

The next instant he jumped back. His glance into the corridor had shown him the rather muscular

screen by the fireplace. Morny heard the screen moved, and his heart sank. The beast was searching the study.

Footsteps came towards the bookcase.

Morny's heart thumped.

A hard face and two gleaming, baleful eyes looked round the bookcase, and fixed on the junior squeezed in the corner. Mornington met the new master's eyes as calmly as he could. A grim smile came over Mr. Carker's hard face.

"You may come out!" he said, and stepped back.

Mornington came out of his hiding-place. The game was up now. He cast a glance towards the door, and Mr. Carker promptly stepped between the door and Mornington.

He had picked up a cane from the table, and he stood bending it in his hands, as if testing it ready for use.

"Your name?"

"Mornington."

"Form?"

"The Fourth."

"I thought so. You telephoned to me a few minutes ago?"

Mornington did not answer.

"I asked you a question, Mornington of the Fourth Form!" said Mr. Carker, with deadly quietness.

"You've no right to ask me, sir," said Morny. "It's up to you to find out what you want to know. You can't ask fellows to give themselves away."

"Indeed! Will you answer my question—'Yes' or 'No'?"

"No, I won't!" said Mornington.

"Very good! Hold out your hand!"

Mornington hesitated, and looked longingly past Mr. Carker to the door. But there was no escape for him, and his hand came out very slowly.

Swish!

"Oh!" gasped Mornington.

It was a savage cut. His hand dropped to his side, and the cry escaped him involuntarily.

"The other hand!"

Swish!

"Now will you answer my question, Mornington?" asked Mr. Carker, with an agreeable smile.

Mornington breathed hard. He understood now that the new master intended to cane him till he answered. Mr. Carker swished the cane like a man who delighted in its use.

"I did telephone!" muttered Mornington savagely.

"I thought so. You had the insolence to insult your Form master on his first day in the school."

"I—I didn't mean that. I was giving you the tip," said Mornington. "We don't want you!"

Mr. Carker laughed.

"That is a matter upon which you will not be allowed to express an opinion," he said. "Dr. Chisholm has explained to me how matters stand in the Fourth Form here. He has requested me to restore order. I shall make an example of you, Mornington!"

Morny squeezed his aching palms together.

"You will mention to your Form-fellows, Mornington, that they will be wise to submit to authority, and to render me every respect and obedience," said Mr. Carker. "Otherwise, it will be the worse for them. And now bend over this chair!"

Morny set his teeth.

"You hear me?"

Morny's reply was a rush towards the door. In an instant a grasp that seemed like iron was on his collar, and he was swung back.

"Let go, you rotter!" shouted Mornington recklessly.

Mr. Carker did not speak. With iron strength, he forced the junior down over the chair, and held him there by the back of his collar.

Then the cane rose and fell.

Swish, swish, swish, swish!

For some minutes Valentine Mornington stood it in silence with gritted teeth. But the pain was too severe, and loud yells were soon ringing from Mr. Carker's study. And still the cane swished and swished.

Morny wriggled and struggled. But he was held as in a vice, and the cane lashed hard and harder. A Head's flogging was nothing to it. The Head was a severe man, but Mr. Carker was a cruel one.

There was a tap at the door, and it opened. Mr. Mooney's startled face looked in.

"Mr. Carker!" he exclaimed.

The lashing paused for a moment.

"Do you want anything here?" asked Mr. Carker calmly.

"I have heard this boy's cries," said Mr. Mooney indignantly. "What he may have done I do not

BOYS' FRIEND FAVOURITES!



MALAITA CHARLIE OF THE TALLANTYRE.

It is no doubt from Malaita, which is an island in the Solomons, that Charlie Stewart takes his nickname.

Strange though it may seem, Malaita Charlie, who is a giant for strength when he is in the South Seas where the sun shines so brilliantly, becomes as weak as a kitten, when, owing to his sea-gone, he is compelled to enter cold climates. It is then when he is so helpless, that his enemies take a mean advantage to bully him and call him a nigger, and so hurt his feelings. But this unpleasant attitude is quickly dropped by these unfeeling blackguards when once the South Seas are reached again, and they know that Malaita Charlie is strong enough to defend himself.

As is but natural of a fellow with Malaita Charlie's queer mixture of blood, he can be a relentless enemy when he has his strength. But although he has enemies in plenty, none are of his own making, for Charlie is kindness itself. To all who treat him with respect the half-breed

A very queer character is Charlie Stewart, better known to those aboard the Tallantyre as Malaita Charlie. He is a tall and wiry fellow, with a dark brown skin and good features, marred by a scar over his right eye. His father was an English sailor, who, curiously enough, married a Kanaka woman from Pauloo; and her mother was a Malaita cannibal.

Carker. He regretted very much that there was the length of a telephone-wire between him and the unknown junior who was speaking.

"We don't know what you're like yet," went on the voice. "Judging by your voice, I should say you were not a nice man."

Mr. Carker gritted his teeth.

"But, nice or nasty, you're not wanted at Rookwood. I'm giving you the tip to clear. Catch on?"

The other masters were all looking very curiously at Mr. Carker. They realised from what that gentleman said into the transmitter that this was a very unusual sort of conversation over the telephone wires.

"I take it," said Mr. Carker, "that you are a member of the Fourth Form, whoever you are?"

"You've got it, Carker!"

"Your name?"

"Find out!"

"I order you to give me your name."

"Go hon!"

"You insolent young villain—"

"Chuck it!"

"Wha-a-at?"

"Chuck it! Cut it out, old man!"

Mr. Carker fairly gasped over the telephone. Mr. Wiggins, who was seated close to the instrument caught a few words and smiled. His smile had a very exasperating effect on Mr. Carker.

"That's all," went on the voice.

"I've tipped you the wink, old bean, and if you're a wise man you'll hook

"Thank you!"

Mr. Carker hung up the receiver. He had guessed that the unknown junior had used one of the school telephones, and he only wanted to be sure.

He looked round at his smiling colleagues and frowned. But he did not stop to speak. He left the Common-room and hurried away to the study that had once been Mr. Dalton's. That study now belonged to Mr. Carker, and in taking possession of it he had observed, of course, that a telephone was installed there; and he considered it probable that that was the instrument that had just been used. At all events it was worth investigating. Mr. Carker was very anxious to begin his reign over the Rookwood Fourth by making an example of the junior who had checked him over the wires.

He almost ran along the corridors to the study.

The 4th Chapter. Hard Hit!

Valentine Mornington of the Classical Fourth put up the receiver in Mr. Dalton's old study, and grinned.

Morny was quite satisfied with his "interview" with Mr. Carker.

Jimmy Silver & Co., still feeling severely the effects of the flogging in the end study, were, for the present, out of the campaign. They

can be one of the staunchest of pals imaginable; that much he has shown quite plainly by the way he has stuck to Tony Bunting and Bender Fowkes, and made them his blood brothers for life.

Understanding the sea in all her moods, Malaita Charlie can tell what kind of weather to expect without any reference to a barometer. He can also perform almost any duty connected with the running of a ship, and is, therefore, a very useful man indeed to have aboard.

If you were to ask him his age, Charlie, with a waggle of his head, would reply that he did not know it, but by his looks he would pass as being about twenty-four. Another strange characteristic of Charlie's is that he sleeps with one eye open—which, of course, is the usual thing with South Sea Islanders. And at times it is as well that he does, for only recently did he discover that there was some very underhand work going on on the Tallantyre. It was the cargo-broaching affair, and the culprit, Crab Wilson, received a well-merited thrashing for his nefarious work at the hands of Tony Bunting.

Although a half-breed, Malaita Charlie takes after his English father, and is a "white man" indeed.

(There will be another Boys' Friend favourite next week. Look out for it!)

figure of Mr. Carker coming round a corner towards the study.

"Oh gad!" murmured Morny.

Mr. Carker was coming to the study almost at a run. Mornington could not leave without passing right under his nose.

He closed the door silently and quickly.

Morny's brain worked with rapidity. He guessed that Mr. Carker knew, or surmised, whence the telephone-call had come. He would have no doubt on the point if he found Morny in his study. And there was no escape.

The hurried footsteps of the new master were almost at the door when Mornington decided what to do. To face the angry gentleman was to ask for a licking, which Morny did not want. There was an alcove behind the bookcase in the corner of the study, and into that alcove Morny squeezed himself.

He was out of sight when the door opened and Mr. Carker came in.

He stood silent, scarcely breathing.

Mr. Carker looked round the study. For the moment he was disappointed. His eyes glittered angrily.

"Not here!"

Morny heard him murmur the words, and smiled behind the bookcase. He hoped that Mr. Carker would go.

But Mr. Carker did not go.

He stooped and looked under the table. Then he looked behind the

table, and he stood bending it in his hands, as if testing it ready for use.

"Your name?"

"Mornington."

"Form?"

"The Fourth."

"I thought so. You telephoned to me a few minutes ago?"

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"Indeed! Will you answer my question—'Yes' or 'No'?"

"No, I won't!" said Mornington.

"Very good! Hold out your hand!"

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"The other hand!"

Swish!

"Now will you answer my question, Mornington?" asked Mr. Carker, with an agreeable smile.

Mornington breathed hard. He understood now that the new master intended to cane him till he answered. Mr. Carker swished the cane like a man who delighted in its use.

"I did telephone!" muttered Mornington savagely.

"I thought so. You had the insolence to insult your Form master on his first day in the school."

"I—I didn't mean that. I was giving you the tip," said Mornington. "We don't want you!"

Mr. Carker laughed.

"That is a matter upon which you will not be allowed to express an opinion," he said. "Dr. Chisholm has explained to me how matters stand in the Fourth Form here. He has requested me to restore order. I shall make an example of you, Mornington!"

Morny squeezed his aching palms together.

"You will mention to your Form-fellows, Mornington, that they will be wise to submit to authority, and to render me every respect and obedience," said Mr. Carker. "Otherwise, it will be the worse for them. And now bend over this chair!"

Morny set his teeth.

"You hear me?"

Morny's reply was a rush towards the door. In an instant a grasp that seemed like iron was on his collar, and he was swung back.

"Let go, you rotter!" shouted Mornington recklessly.

Mr. Carker did not speak. With iron strength, he forced the junior down over the chair, and held him there by the back of his collar.

Then the cane rose and fell.

Swish, swish, swish, swish!

For some minutes Valentine Mornington stood it in silence with gritted teeth. But the pain was too severe, and loud yells were soon ringing from Mr. Carker's study. And still the cane swished and swished.

Morny wriggled and struggled. But he was held as in a vice, and the cane lashed hard and harder. A Head's flogging was nothing to it. The Head was a severe man, but Mr. Carker was a cruel one.

There was a tap at the door, and it opened. Mr. Mooney's startled face looked in.

"Mr. Carker!" he exclaimed.

The lashing paused for a moment.

"Do you want anything here?" asked Mr. Carker calmly.

"I have heard this boy's cries," said Mr. Mooney indignantly. "What he may have done I do not

SPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR THE "BOYS' FRIEND" BY STUART MARTIN!

STORIES OF THE FAMOUS PIRATES

No. 2. HENRY MORGAN.



One broiling afternoon at the end of September, in the year 1670, two men lay on a mound overlooking the coast of Panama.

Some miles inland, to their left, rose a pile of masonry that had already gathered fame and was still to become memorable in history. It was the notorious castle of Chagres, believed to be impregnable. Behind the walls of the castle were many Spanish soldiers, armed with muskets and pikes. Around the main building were several houses of adobe and with thatched roofs. From the embattled position the two men lying among the grass on the mound heard songs being sung by their roystering comrades. One of these songs was repeated over and over again, and caused a grim smile to curl the lips of one of the men.

"What do we care for Morgan?
Morgan, the pirate chief!
We'll cut the ears off Morgan!
Morgan, the English thief!"

"Let Morgan come to Panama, comrade," said one of the men, with a laugh, "and he will be sorry. If I mistake not, yonder are his top-sails!"

The other man, a tall, sun-tanned individual, shaded his eyes with his hand, then nodded, the grim smile still playing about his face. His comrade jumped to his feet.

"Come, let us warn the castle that Morgan is coming!" he cried.

The answer he received was unexpected and dramatic. His comrade seized him swiftly and flung him to the ground and stuffed a scarf into his mouth to stop his cries. When he had bound the man he smiled even more grimly.

"Pedro," he said, "there is no need to tell our dear comrades up at Chagres that Morgan is coming. He is here! You are looking at him—and if you make an attempt to escape, you dog of a Don, I'll slit your throat and throw your tongue to the jackals!"

It was indeed Henry Morgan, the notorious buccaneer, who had thus turned the tables upon the Spaniards who were preparing for his coming. Alone, and without fear, Henry Morgan had left one of his ships far up the coast, and had made his way to the Dons' camp to enlist as one of their scouts. It was his move to get to know what treasure was in the Castle of Chagres—not a stone castle such as we in England know, but a castle built roughly of granite blocks and coco matting, the latter made by the Indians of Panama.

Knowing the Spanish tongue like a native, and knowing the country well, Morgan had been welcomed under an assumed name as an addition to the guard. He had volunteered to go on the look-out for the coming of the pirate ships—his own ships! But the governor of the fort had ordered another scout to go with him. This companion was now Morgan's prisoner.

"Pedro," he said as he sharpened his dagger slowly, "had you not been with me I should even now be swimming out, with the help of a log, to meet my ships. But now I'll wait until they come inshore. I have something to pay these vermin who are singing about cutting off the ears of an Englishman! I tell you, I'll roast them over a slow fire!"

The bound man shuddered at the ferocity of the words.

"I know where the gold is at Chagres," went on Morgan. "Have I not watched the mule trains coming in with the stuff from the mines of Lima? It is packed in the cellar of Chagres. By sun-up to-morrow it will be in the hold of the foremost ship you see."

The ships were coming in with all sail set, six of them, all tall ships

fully rigged and heavily armed. The brass muzzles of their guns could be seen shining in the sunlight, and from every foremast the black flag, with its skull and cross-bones, floated in the breeze.

The ships were well in towards the land before the garrison at the castle gave the alarm. Their first act was to send a cannon-ball across the waters, but it dropped far short of the foremost ship.

Morgan rose from beside the man who had been his companion, and ran down to the shore. He lifted his musket high and fired a shot, which was answered from the ships by a salvo of guns. Down rattled the anchors into the blue waters, and the ships swung round. A boat was put

know that he was going back home when he had "cleaned up the wealth of the Indies," as he put it.

Pirates from the ranks of the other buccaneers had deserted their chiefs to join him. Seamen from the navies of France and England came to his ship, asking to have a share in the loot. He took them all. Yet he ruled with an iron hand, hanging men when they disobeyed him in the slightest particular.

Already he had attacked the ancient cities of Portobello, Nombre de Dios, Port Royal, and Port of Spain. He had sought the richest gold ships of the Main, and had sunk them. He had fought French gunboats and burned them to the water's edge.

With nine ships and a thousand



HENRY MORGAN.

off quickly, and then others were lowered, all filled with rough, wild men clad in every kind of costume. Many of them were half-naked. Many were more like Spaniards than English seamen, and there were several negroes among them. As the boats grated on the sand the men tumbled out and hailed their chief with shouts of rough ribaldry.

When they were all collected on the beach, Morgan stood in the centre of them and gave his commands.

"I have spent more than a week in the fort," he said. "The gold and silver is there. The Dons are drinking, but they have plenty of arms. Already they must have sent a messenger into the interior for more soldiers. We must attack at once. Henry Morgan's name will be the cry. As soon as the sun sinks to the level of the fort we shall rush them. Does that satisfy you, bullies?"

The reply was a shout from the pirates as they began to see to the priming of their weapons. If ever a member of that terrible brotherhood of pirates of the Spanish Main had an army at his command it was Henry Morgan, the buccaneer, who called himself "Admiral of the Main." This was his greatest enterprise. He had sailed from England with a small ship, but his piracies had become famous, and men shuddered at his name. A son of Wales, Morgan still let men

men he had blockaded Porto del Principe, in Cuba, but he had suffered heavily for his victory. His was a flotilla of pirate ships. Two of his fleet lay outside Cuba, sunk by the guns of the citizens. A number of his men had already been hanged—some had been shot. But so great were the prizes he offered, and so great was the plunder he took, that with his remaining ships he had come down to Panama with a willing crew prepared for any hardship and further trials.

On the way down he had heard that Panama was preparing to meet him, and he had left his ship and come ashore to act as his own spy. Now he was preparing for the greatest battle of his career.

Desperate was the courage of these wild men, pirates and sea-rovers all. How desperate was soon to be told in the attack on the Port of Chagres. Punctually to the minute the attack began. The pirates tried to rush the castle time after time, but they were driven back.

The defenders ran out of ammunition, but they still had their terrible bows and arrows, and these were almost as good as muskets against the buccaneers. Many of the men of Morgan lay dead on the shore and on the ground around the fort. More were constantly coming from the ships, and it was during one of the lulls in the fight that the incident took

place which decided whose should be the victory.

An arrow sent out from the Dons struck one of Morgan's men in the eye. The name of that man was Manston, a desperate villain, who was murderer and criminal. He had escaped from prison in America, and joined Morgan, rising to be one of his chief mates. As Manston fell Morgan called for one of his crew, who had knowledge of surgery, to come and extract the arrow. But when the amateur doctor arrived he hesitated to take the arrow out. It was embedded in Manston's eye.

The wounded man suddenly turned to Morgan with a terrible oath.

"An arrow won't keep us back from killing Dons!" he roared, and with a swift tug he pulled the arrow out of his eye and fitted it to his musket. He rammed it down the barrel of the weapon, wrapped a piece of cotton round the end to make it fit tightly, and actually fired it back at the fort.

Now, a strange thing happened. The cotton on the end of the arrow became ignited by the powder in the musket, the arrow fell on one of the thatched roofs of a building next the castle, and at once the dry material took fire.

The Spaniards were too busy to notice the flames until it was too late. The fire spread like lightning, house after house took flame, the roof of the castle caught, and fell in on the garrison. In the midst of the cries of the men behind the walls the pirates rushed up; but they had only covered half the distance when a terrible explosion shook the ground. The castle seemed to be lifted bodily into the air. Men were tossed to the heavens, some blown to pieces.

The blazing matting had fallen into the powder magazine, which had just been brought up by reinforcements, and the place was blown to bits.

The next morning Morgan and his crew went over the ruins, found the bars of silver and gold which they were after, and two days later they sailed north laden with treasure. They had not found as much as they expected, but they were rich beyond their dreams.

Their dead had been buried, the enemy were allowed to lie where they had fallen, the ruins of their fort about them.

At the division of the spoil Morgan managed, as usual, to trick his men, and obtained the lion's share for himself. Once more he raided the silver mule-train from Lima, and finally, having all the treasure he could carry, he sailed for Jamaica. Many of his crew were taken by the authorities and hanged for their crimes, but Morgan once more escaped his due, and was pardoned by Charles II. But James II. had him brought home, and sent him to prison after learning of his list of misdeeds and his determination to be the greatest pirate of the Main.

Morgan was not long in prison, however, for he gained his liberty, largely through bribery, and sailed once more for the Spanish Main, where he died, in Jamaica, leaving a reputation for buccaneering adventures which can only be surpassed by two of the old rovers of the Main.

(Look out for another fascinating story of a well-known pirate!)

STICKING TO THEIR GUNS!

(Continued from page 551.)

fed-up with you, Carker! Get out of the room—and get out of Rookwood! Shift!"

Putty drew the door open. The hapless Carker, streaming with tar and feathers, with the cane lashing across his back, made a desperate rush to escape from the box-room.

At the same moment the Head, finding the door opened before him, strode in.

"Crash!"
"Bless my soul! Oh!" gasped Dr. Chisholm.

He staggered back under the impact. Mr. Carker staggered, too; but he threw his arms round the Head to save himself. The two masters staggered across the passage.

"Oh, what—what—Tar!" gasped the Head. "You—you—is this—what—you are smothering me! Bless my soul! I—I—"

"Groooh!"
"Release me!" shrieked the Head, and he pushed Mr. Carker violently away.

The embrace had transferred a considerable quantity of the tar and some of the feathers to the Head. His wrathful face was daubed with black. There was tar on his nose and in his mouth—he was smothered with it. He dabbed at it with his hands, and his hands came away black and sticky.

"Good heavens!" gasped the Head. "I—I—I—" stuttered Mr. Carker, reeling against the wall. "I—"

"Keep your distance!" shrieked the Head. "Do not touch me again! Keep away!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came in a yell from the box-room.

The Head glared into the room.

"Silver! You are the ring-leader in this! The others will be flogged! You, sir, are expelled from Rookwood! Go and pack your box at once!"

And then the Head strode away, tarry and furious. After him limped Mr. Carker, leaving a trail of dropping tar and feathers behind him as he went.

THE END.

(You will enjoy "The Retreat from Rookwood!" next Monday's great story of Jimmy Silver & Co. Don't miss it! Order your BOYS' FRIEND in advance and avoid disappointment!)

BLUFFING THE BANDIT!

(Continued from previous page.)

didn't allow for catching Red Jim and his mob. It means me staying over in Bourke a day or two, and we start rounding-up beef herds to-morrow."

The entrance of the Buffalo Crossing stage did not, as a rule, excite much attention in Bourke, but that morning the unusual spectacle of it carrying half a dozen tied men, with Billy King proudly triumphant, with a shot-gun, and a boy in a dusty black suit on the front nursing a black box and a Colt in his lap, certainly justified comment.

"Ye'll stop at the bank, Curly," said Kid. "I'm unloading the cause of all this trouble afore we goes to the sheriff."

Two bank clerks jumped up as the Kid entered, still carrying his gun and the black box.

"Keep easy," he said, with a grin. "I've got twenty-five thousand dollars here, tied up in a shirt."

He laid the box on the counter, and, taking out the leather shirt, ripped open the back.

"It was stowed in there against circumstances," he explained. "And now, if ye don't mind, I'd like a room to change and put on this shirt afore I gets along to the sheriff."

And back on the Rio Grande Big Bill stopped a rider a day later.

"The Kid got through all right," said the rider, "and he's captured Red Jim and his outfit into the bargain."

"Well, I knowed he would," said Big Bill. "Good old Johnny Tender-foot!"

But Seth Masterman made no comment. He breathed a little prayer of thankfulness that the boy had come through safely.

THE END.

(Sidney Drew contributes "A Hero's Reward!" to next Monday's BOYS' FRIEND. Don't miss it.)

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