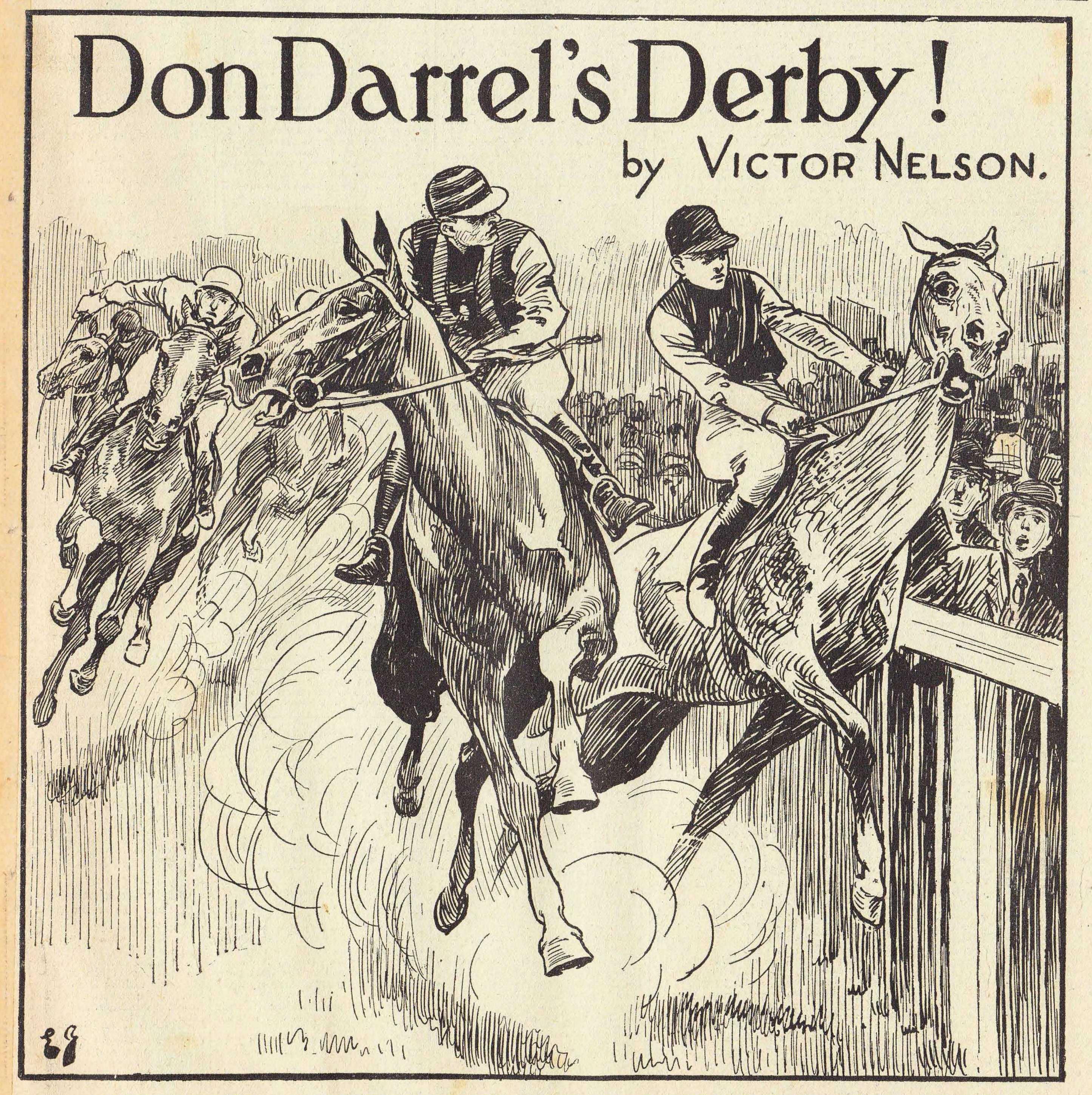
"SHOWN UP!" by Owen Conquest, of Rookwood School, Inside!

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THE BEST BOYS' PAPER IN THE WORLD!

Week Ending June 7th, 1924.



FOUL RIDING—AN ATTEMPT TO SEND TOM THUMB OVER THE RAILS!

(A thrilling incident from the long complete racing story in this issue.)

ANOTHER GRAND STORY OF THE CHUMS OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL!

Published Every Monday



The 1st Chapter. Too Hasty!

Arthur Edward Lovell sniffed. It was a pronounced, an emphatic

Lovell had just come in from cricket. He entered the end study in the Fourth Form passage and banged down his bat in a corner. And then he coughed, and then he sniffed. There was a thick atmosphere of tobacco-smoke in the end study-the air was quite heavy with it. Hence Lovell's pronounced, emphatic, and disgusted sniff.

Newcome stood by the study window waving a newspaper to clear off the cigarette-smoke. Arthur Edward Lovell fixed an accusing glance on him.

"You silly ass!" said Lovell.

"Eh-what?"

"Smoking in the study! My hat! You ought to be jolly well ashamed of yourself, Newcome!" exclaimed Lovell hotly.

"You born ass!" roared Newcome. "You silly bounder!" retorted Lovell.

"You footling chump! I haven't been smoking!" howled Newcome. "I haven't been indoors two minutes, fathead, and I found the study just like this, duffer! And I've a jolly good mind to punch your silly head, dummy!"

"Oh!" said Lovell, rather taken

aback.

It was one of Lovell's little ways to jump to hurried conclusions. He seldom stopped to think. Indeed, his loyal chums, Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome, sometimes averred that he lacked the necessary mental apparatus for thinking. "Well, if it wasn't you, who was

it?" demanded Lovell.

"Fathead!"

"Look here, Newcome-" " Ass!"

Newcome seemed annoyed.

There was a step in the passage, and George Raby came in. Arthur Edward Lovell's accusing glance turned on him.

"Look here, Raby, this is too thick! If you're taking to smoking cigarettes, like that cad Peele, you might at least smoke them somewhere else."

Raby stared at him.

"Who's been smoking cigarettes?" he inquired.

"Haven't you?" demanded Lovell.

"Fathead!"

"Slanging isn't answering," said Lovell loftily. "I asked you a question."

"You asked me to punch your silly nose, I suppose you mean!" said

Raby warmly. "Well, if it wasn't you or Newcome, I suppose it was Jimmy," said Lovell. "It must have been somebody. The study fairly reeks with

it. I'm surprised at Jimmy, and I'll jolly well give him a talking-to! Hallo! Here he is!" Jimmy Silver came in.

"Tea ready, you chaps?" he in-

quired cheerily.

"Never mind tea!" said Lovell severely. "I'm surprised at you, Jimmy-and jolly well shocked, too! You're captain of the Fourth, and you ought to know better!"
"Eh?"

"All very well for dingy cads like Peele and Gower," went on Lovell indignantly. "But I never expected | the Fourth Form, fixed his eyes on

By Owen Conquest.

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

In an attempt to catch Jimmy Silver & Co. doing some wrong Carthew shadows them wherever they go!

with filthy baccy-smoke!" Jimmy Silver looked round and

"Somebody's been smoking here!"

he remarked. "And I want to know who it was," "Newcome says it said Lovell. wasn't him, and Raby says it wasn't him; and so I suppose it was you, and you jolly well want kicking!"

"So you suppose it was me?" said Jimmy, looking at him. shouldn't suppose anything, Lovell, old man. You really ought to 1emember that on the few occasions when you do any thinking you make a hash of it. Never think, old man. Your brain won't stand it."

"Look here-" roared Lovell. "It's clearing off," said Newcome, still waving the newspaper at the open window. "I wonder who it was? Awful cheek for some cad to sneak in here to smoke while we were out!"

Lovell started. "Oh! You think that's it?" he

asked.

"Fathead! Of course that's it!" snapped Newcome. "If you had the brains of a bunny rabbit you'd know without being told."

'That's all very well--' began Lovell.

"Peele, I suppose," said Jimmy Silver. "Just one of his tricks! Rather rotten for us if a master or prefect dropped in and found the study reeking with smoke."

should jolly well say so!" exclaimed Lovell. "And if it wasn't one of you chaps--"

"Cheese it, ass!" "Well, if you give me your word. of course--" said Arthur Edward

Lovell magnanimously. "Not at all!" said Jimmy Silver cheerily. "No need for that, Lovell. You're not judge and jury and prosecuting counsel in this case. You're only a cheeky ass! What you really want is a bumping! That's what you're going to have-see?"

"Look here--" "Collar him!"

"What-ho!" grinned Raby and Newcome.

"Hands off, you cheeky chumps!" roared Lovell. "I tell you-I say -I- Yoopp! Ah-ow! Yar-00000op!" Bump!

Arthur Edward Lovell, in the grasp of three pairs of hands, landed on the study carpet with a loud concussion and a louder howl.

"Oh! Oh, my hat! Ooooop! You rotters—owp!"

Bump!

"There!" said Jimmy Silver. "Now own up that you're a cheeky ass, old chap, and say you're sorry to have given us the trouble of bumping

"Ha, ha, ha!" "I-I-I'll wallop you all round! I'll-I'll--" gasped Lovell, splutter-

ing with breathless wrath. "Are you a cheeky ass?" inquired

Jimmy. "Ow! No! I--"

Bump!

"Whooop!"

"Are you a cheeky ass?" again inquired Jimmy Silver, while Raby and Newcome roared with laughter.

"Oh, my hat! Yes, if you like!" gasped Lovell. "Oh dear! Leggo! I'll scrag you! I'll give you the kybosh! I'll- Ow!"

Lovell scrambled to his feet as his chums released him. He seemed about to charge at the three like an enraged bull. But just then there was a step at the door, and Newcome ejaculated:

"Hallo! It's Dicky!"

The 2nd Chapter. Mr. Dalton Wants to Know.

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Dalton. Mr. Richard Dalton, the master of

a chum of mine to make a study reek, Carthew as he spoke. He spoke in a very decided tone. Carthew of the Sixth flushed.

"I've reported to you, as the juniors concerned are in your Form, sir," said Carthew tartly. "If you prefer it, I'll take the matter before the Head."

"You will do nothing of the kind, Carthew," said Mr. Dalton quietly. "As you have reported this matter to me I shall look into it. But I have said that it is nonsense, and I repeat that it is nonsense. It has not escaped my observation, Carthew, that you seem to have a personal dislike for Silver and his friends. I am afraid that you allow this to influence you-which is extremely unbecoming in a Sixth Form prefect of Rookwood."

"Looks like it!" grinned Gower.

Mr. Dalton stopped at the doorway of the end study, which was wide open. He heard Newcome ejaculate "It's Dicky!" but affected not to hear. He was aware that he was called "Dicky Dalton" by the Fourth. He frowned into the study. There was an unmistakable atmosphere of tobacco-smoke, and Carthew's statement was borne out by that evidence.

The Fistical Four looked rather sheepishly at their Form master. Lovell was red and breathless and panting, and the other three looked warm from their exertions in bumping their chum for his own good. They wondered whether Mr. Dalton had heard the uproar, and come along to inquire into it.

"What does this mean, Silver?" asked Mr. Dalton quietly.

"Only a rag, sir," said Jimmy. "Nothing the matter. We didn't think you'd hear the row-"

"I have heard nothing. I am alluding to the atmosphere of smoke in this study," said Mr. Dalton sternly. "Someone has been smoking

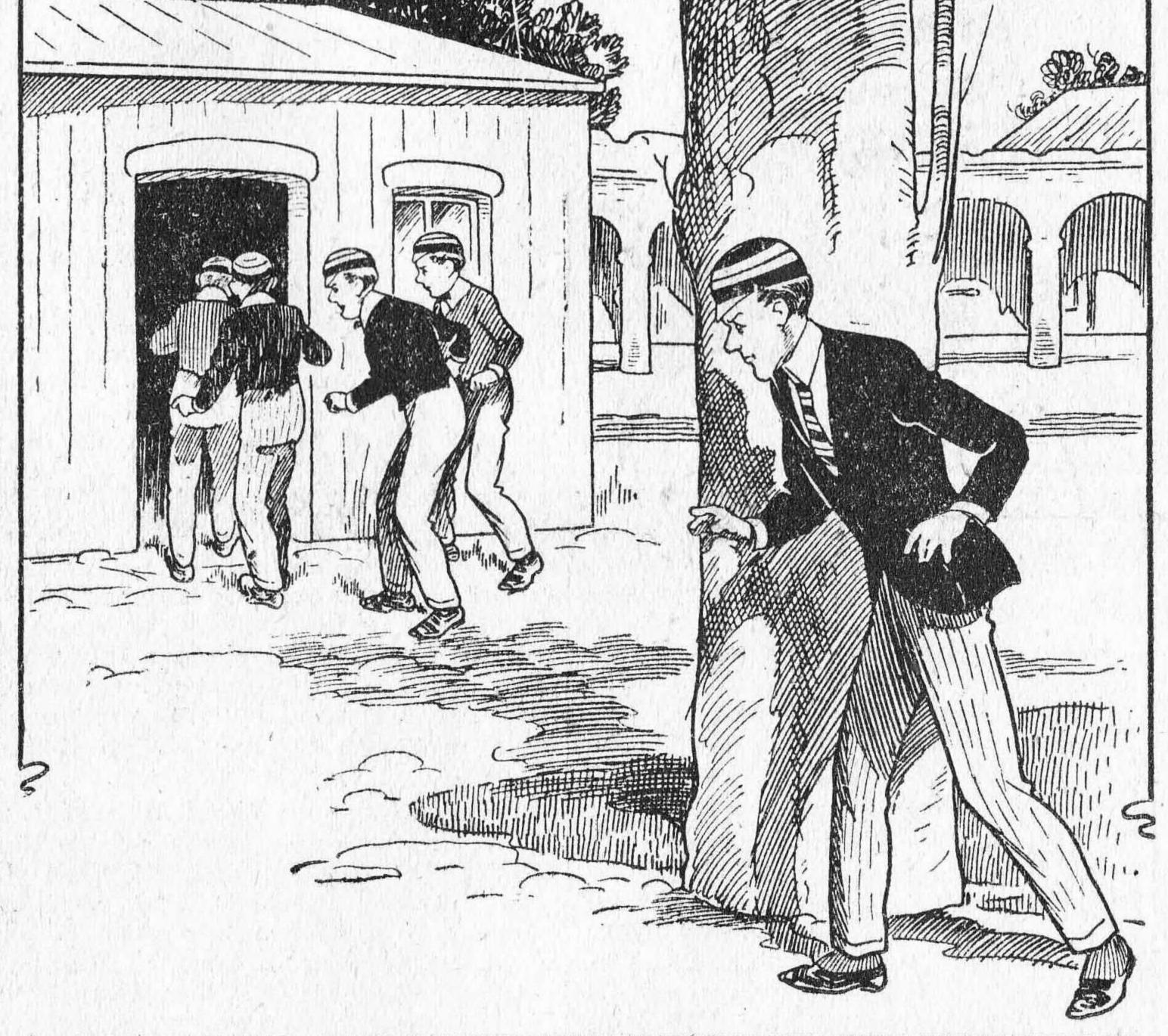
"Yes, sir."

"I was sure that Carthew was mistaken when he reported the circumstance to me. I trusted this study." Jimmy crimsoned.

"None of us has been smoking here," he said. "We've been in only a few minutes, and we found the We don't study smoky like this. know who's done it."

Carthew burst into an involuntary laugh. This seemed to him about the thinnest story he had ever heard. Mr. Dalton gave him a cold glance.

"This is not a laughing matter,



Carthew's eyes gleamed as he noticed that before entering the bicycle shed Jimmy Silver & Co. glanced round them with a very cautious air.

Carthew compressed his lips.

"I suppose I can believe my own eyes, sir!" he snapped. "I passed Silver's study a short time ago, and it was reeking with tobacco-smoke. suppose you do not intend to allow Silver to smoke, any more than any other junior at Rookwood, because he is a favourite of yours."

"That is an impertment remark, Carthew. I have no favourites in my Form," said Mr. Dalton sternly. "I know Silver too well to believe him guilty of any such folly. However, I shall go to his study at once and see into the matter. You will kindly accompany me."

Mr. Dalton rose and left his study. and the bully of the Sixth followed

The Fourth Form master frowned as he mounted the staircase. It was not the first time by many that Carthew had brought him reports of Jimmy Silver & Co.; and Mr. Dalton was quite aware of the feud between Carthew and the end study. Nevertheless, a plain statement of fact was easily put to the test, and the Form master felt that he could not pass the matter without notice.

Several fellows of the Classical Fourth were in the passage, and they looked after the Form master as he passed along with Carthew, and wondered what was "up."

their study, the first in the passage, and exchanged a grin. "Trouble for somebody!" mur-

mured Peele.

Peele and Gower looked out of

Carthew. From Silver's statement, it seems that some other boy has been smoking in his study, and if I were a suspicious master I might very well believe that Silver was the guilty party." "I suppose you don't believe him,

sir," said Carthew scoffingly. 'I certainly do, Carthew." "It's just the first yarn that came into his head," said the prefect. "A

lie on the face of it." Jimmy Silver opened his lips and closed them again. He could not tell Carthew what he thought of him

in the presence of Richard Dalton. "On the contrary, Carthew," said the Fourth Form master, "I know Silver well enough to be sure that he is speaking the truth. I accept his statement absolutely."

"Thank you, sir!" said Jimmy. Carthew set his lips.

"Then it's not much use my making reports to you, sir," he said. unable to control his chagrin and annoyance. "The evidence is plain enough, and if Silver's word is to outweigh it, Silver can do as he likes."

"Not at all. I intend to carry this | rubbing their hands. investigation further," said Mr. Dalton. "Someone has been smoking here—a thing that is against the laws of the school. How long have you boys been in?"

"I was in first, sir," said Newcome. "About ten minutes-"

"There was no one in the study when you came in?" "No, sir."

"You saw no one leave?"

"No, sir. There were some fellows in the passage."

"The smoking must have been quite recent when you came in ten minutes ago, as the odour is still so perceptible." Mr. Dalton turned to the prefect. "Carthew, you found this study reeking with smoke, as you told me, when you passed the door. How did you happen to be in the Fourth Form passage at the time?"

"It's a prefect's duty to look around the junior quarters occasion-

"I know that. Were you simply making a round, or had you any special reason for looking into this "Well, I had a reason," admitted

Carthew, after a moment's hesitation. "As a matter of fact, I suspected something had been going on."
"Why?"

"I heard a remark made by a junior," said Carthew sullenly. "It led me to believe that smoking had been going on here."

"Very good. Who was the junior whose remark you heard?"

"Peele of the Fourth." "He spoke in your hearing-intending you perhaps to hear?" said Mr.

"I don't suppose so for a moment." "You heard his remark, at all events," said Mr. Dalton dryly. "We will now speak to Peele."

. The Fourth Form master walked back along the passage, followed by Carthew, who was now looking sullen and uneasy. Jimmy Silver & Co. exchanged a grin. They could guess by this time that Carthew's leg had been pulled by the cad of the Fourththough certainly Cyril Peele had not expected the investigation to take the line it was now taking.

Mr. Dalton stopped at the first study, and Peele and Gower faced him in uneasy surprise.

"Peele and Gower," said the Form master quietly. "On two or three occasions I have had to punish you for smoking. Have you been smoking this afternoon?"

"No, sir!" answered the two juniors together.

"This study doesn't smell of smoke, Mr. Dalton," said Carthew viciously. "Quite so; and the end study does. Peele, at least, was aware of the fact that smoking had been going on there."

"Oh, no, sir!" said Peele, in alarm. "You made a remark in Carthew's hearing to that effect, Peele."

"Oh! I—I mean—" "Have you been smoking in the end study, Peele, and did you cause Carthew to visit that study, intending punishment to fall upon boys who had been out of doors at the time?"

"Oh, no. sir!" gasped Peele. "Have you been smoking at all to-

"No!" said Peele desperately. "Show me your hands! If you have not been smoking, Peele, how comes it that your fingers are stained with cigarettes?"

"Oh!" "Turn out your pockets, both of you," said the master of the Fourth sternly. "Turn them out to the lining. Ah, I thought so!"

The hapless black sheep of the Fourth had to obey. Among the other articles turned out of their pockets were a packet of cigarettes from Peele, and two or three loose cigarettes from Gower.

"I think that settles the matter," said Mr. Dalton calmly. "I am afraid you allowed yourself to be misled, Carthew. by this unscrupulous boy Peele. I suppose it is clear to you now who has been smoking in Silver's study."

Carthew did not answer. He realised only too clearly that he had made a fool of himself in the most hopeless way, and he did not utter a

He gave the two black sheep of the Fourth a savage look, and quitted the study. The Fourth-Formers in the passage grinned as he stalked away furiously to the stairs.

"Peele," said Mr. Dalton, "you will fetch a cane from my study."

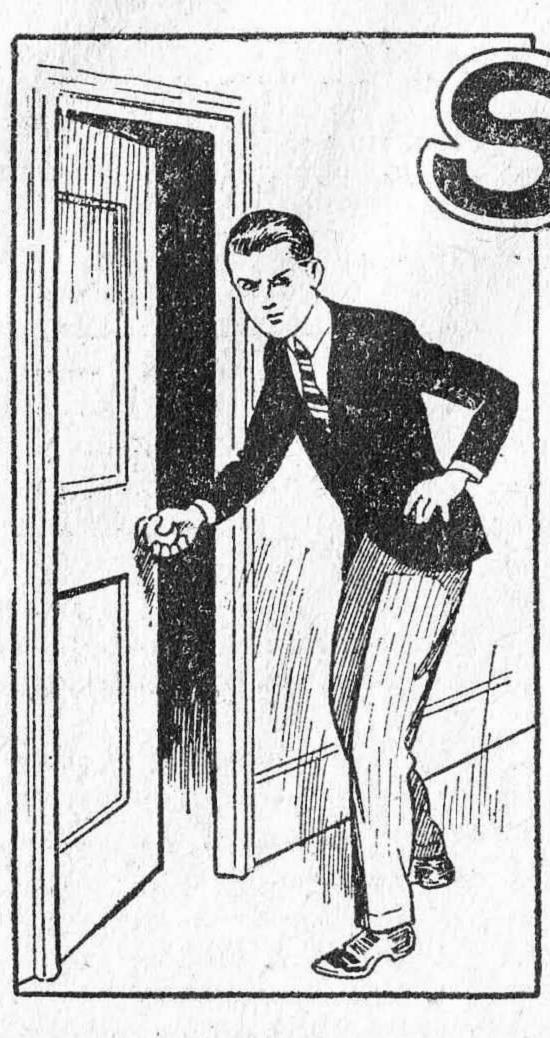
Cyril Peele fetched the cane. As soon as he returned with it there was a sound of swishing in Study No. 1. and dismal howls from Peele and Gower. When Mr. Dalton left he left two hapless juniors wriggling and

"Oh!" groaned Gower. "Oh, you ass, Peele! Oh! You said it was quite safe. Ow! Wow!"

"Ow! I thought it was all right." groaned Peele. "Ow! It would have been all right for Carthewwow! That beast Dalton seems to see through everything. Yow-ow!"

Ten minutes later Carthew of the Sixth looked into the study. He had (Continued overleaf.)

"Under False Colours?" is the great story of the chums of Rookwood School appearing in our next issue. Don't miss it whatever you do!



Published

out."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Carthew happy."

By Owen Conquest:

(Continued from previous page.)

I could only nail them, I'd make it

a job for the Head-he's not so jolly

sharp as Dalton, either. And I know

jolly well they kick over the traces as

much as any young sweep in the

Fourth, only they're so jolly careful."

the kind, as a matter of fact; but the

wish was father to the thought in his

He walked along the path by the

"Poor old Carthew!" murmured

beeches, his eyes malevolently on the

four juniors sauntering ahead of him.

Jimmy Silver. "The dear man was

verily believe that he would like us to

take to smoking and playing banker

in the study, so that he could catch us

"Of course, we want to please a

Sixth Form prefect—it's our duty,"

said Jimmy Silver. "But we really

can't go so far as that, even to make

"Not quite!" chuckled Raby.

awfully disappointed yesterday!

Carthew did not know anything of

Every Monday

his ashplant under his arm, and an extremely unpleasant look on his face. "So it was you who smoked in the

end study?" he said grimly. "Ow! Mr. Dalton's licked us for groaned Gower, looking apprehensively at the ashplant.

"He hasn't licked you for making a fool of me," said Carthew. "I'm goin' to do that!"

And he did. Loud yells rang from the study as the bully of the Sixth made active play with the ashplant. There was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth when Carthew went at last.

After tea in the end study Jimmy Silver & Co. came along the passage and looked in. Lovell had a cricketstump in his hand.

"We know all about it, you rotters!" announced Lovell, "and we're going -- Great Scott! What's the matter with you?"

"Keep off, you beasts!" groaned Peele. "We've had it from Dalton and we've had it from Carthew! Ow! Ow! Ow!"

Gower did not speak; he only Jimmy groaned and mumbled. Silver & Co. looked at them, and even Arthur Edward Lovell relented and held back the cricket-stump.

"Well, you look as if you've had enough," he said.

"Ow! Ow! Wow! Wow!" "Only don't play any more tricks in the end study," grinned Lovell. "Ow! Ow! Wow!"

The Fistical Four walked away smiling, leaving the hapless black sheep to groan. Peele and Gower were not likely to play any more tricks in the end study—at least, for a good while. The results were really too painful.

The 3rd Chapter. Carthew's Catch.

Carthew of the Sixth scowled at Jimmy Silver & Co. when he came on those cheery juniors the next day in the quadrangle.

They passed him with smiling faces, not at all disconcerted by his black looks.

Carthew looked after them with

knitted brows. There was trouble of long standing between the bully of Rookwood and the Fistical Four of the Fourth. In his position as a prefect, it was in Carthew's power to make things very unpleasant for Lower boys whom he disliked. But he had to acknowledge that in his feud with the end study the chums of the Fourth had given as good as they had received. Fellows like Peele and Gower would have been at Carthew's mercy; but the Fistical Four were of a different stamp, and Carthew had simply no chance of catching them out in a serious fault. But Carthew, who had a way of judging others by himself, did not share Mr. Dalton's high opinion of Jimmy Silver & Co. It had been proved clearly enough that the smoking in the end study had been done by Peele and Gower, but Carthew still had, or tried to believe that he had a lingering doubt. He had found some solace in licking the two black sheep. But it was the

"After all, where's the proof?" "Peele Carthew said to himself. seems to have smoked there; but very likely those young cads smoked, too. They're no better than the others; in fact, they're worse-they cheek me more than Peele ever does. They're Dalton's favourites, that's what it is; he doesn't want them to be found out."

Fistical Four that he yearned to lick,

with a deep yearning.

Carthew gritted his teeth.

"If a fellow could only show them prefix fool, too," he muttered. "If in it, behind him. "Carthew—" he stammered.

"So I've fairly caught you out at last, have I?" grinned Carthew. "Cigarettes in the bike-shed, what?"

"I-I haven't any cigarettes, Carthew---'

"My hat! And you're the fellow whose word Mr. Dalton takes as the frozen truth!" exclaimed Carthew in genuine disgust. "You young rascal! We'll see what Mr. Dalton says about this! I fancy he won't be able to screen you this time!"

"I-I say, Carthew-"

"You'll come with me," said Carthew, dropping a heavy hand on Jimmy's shoulder. "Keep that in your hand-you're going to take the box just as it is to your Form master."

"I-I--" "Shut up and come on!" growled Carthew. "You others follow."

He marched Jimmy Silver out of the bike-shed. Lovell and Raby and Newcome followed in silence.

It was nearly time for third lesson, and the Classical Fourth were converging on their Form-room, where Mr. Dalton already awaited them. Jimmy Silver, with Carthew's heavy hand on his shoulder, was marched along in the midst of a crowd of juniors, heading for the Form-room, and there was a buzz of voices on all

"What the merry dickens is up, I Silver?" asked Mornington.

"Looks like it!" chortled Gower. "Uncle James is caught out at last! Serve him jolly well right!"

"Make way there, you fags!"

snapped Carthew.

Still with the prefect's iron grip on his shoulder Jimmy Silver was marched into the Fourth Form Lovell & Co. followed, and the rest of the Classical Fourth swarmed after them, in a buzz of excitement. Mr. Dalton was at his desk, and he looked up with a frown.

"What is all this?" he exclaimed. Carthew gave him a vaunting look. "I report Silver for smoking, sir?"

he answered. Really, Carthew, this is too much!" exclaimed the master of the Fourth impatiently. "After your

absurd mistake yesterday---" "There's no mistake this time, even if there was yesterday, which I'm not sure of," said Carthew viciously. "I saw these four juniors sneaking into the bike-shed, and I followed them, in time to see Silver take a box of cigarettes from his

bicycle-bag." "Nonsense!"

"You can call it nonsense, if you like, sir," said Carthew insolently. "But he's still got the box in his hand. I brought him straight here with it, as I knew he could pull the wool over your eyes if I gave him a chance. Put that box on Mr. Dalton's desk, Silver."

Jimmy Silver obediently placed the

Silver has had to take a back seat to

BOYS' FRIEND FAVOURITES!



A splendid fellow is Tommy Dodd, the captain of the Modern Fourth at Rookwood, who shares with his two loyal henchmen, Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle, Study No. 5 in Mr. Manders' House.

Of a sunny disposition, Tommy Dodd dearly loves a rag, and it is therefore quite natural for him to be always planning some jape or other to play upon Jimmy Silver & Co. of the Classical side. And it must be said that, although the Classicals greatly outnumber the Moderns in

Tommy Dodd of Rookwood School.

the school, Tommy Dodd and his comrades have times without number proved themselves capable of scoring over their rivals.

However, in spite of the many feuds which exist between Moderns and Classicals, Tommy Dodd is always ready to give his able assistance to Jimmy Silver when it is a case of school first. On such occasions these two great rivals will be found shoulder to shoulder, ready to back each other up with a will.

An excellent scholar, Tommy Dodd is always to be found near the top of his Form. The subject in which he does best, however, is German, and for his wonderful knowledge of this language he has gained many prizes.

As a sportsman the leader of the Modern House has few equals in the Fourth Form. He is a member of the junior football and cricket elevens, and, of course, captain of his own House teams. At swimming, boxing, and cycling he can give points and a beating to most, whilst on the cinder track even Jimmy

Tommy Dodd.

Although not a boy to be easily offended, Tommy Dodd has had his patience very severely tried since Clarence Cuffy, a distant relative of his, came to Rookwood. Owing to the fact that Clarence is so soft and timid, Mr. Cuffy, his father, requested Tommy Dodd to keep a fatherly eye upon him, and Tommy nobly agreed to do so. And a very difficult task it has been for the leader of the Moderns, for many a time he has landed himself in for a fight when he has attempted to stop fellows from pulling the leg of his innocent relative. Still, for all that, Tommy sticks to his job of championing the hopeless Cuffy like glue, never forgetting to punish his relative, when occasion demands, for his 'own good," as he puts it.

There has been some talk at Rookwood that Tommy Dodd should be captain of the Fourth Form--that is the opinion of the Moderns, anyhow. However, although Tommy would without doubt prove himself quite capable of holding the reins, such a thing is not likely to happen. Besides, Tommy would most probably object to stand for election, even if he were approached, for although his rival, the leader of the Moderns is very much attached to "Uncle James" of Rookwood, and he is loyal to the core.

(Gan Waga is the Boys' FRIEND Favourite for next Monday. Look

"But we'll do what we can," con- | "Carthew's caught me, and he's | cigarette-box on the Form master's

tinued Jimmy Silver. "The good soul is keeping an eye on us now. Follow your leader!"

Jimmy Silver struck off from the path and headed for the bike-shed. His chums followed him.

At the door of the bike-shed Jimmy Silver & Co. glanced round them with a very cautious air before entering the building-looking in every

direction save that of Carthew. Then they dodged into the shed very quickly.

Carthew's eyes gleamed. It was impossible that the juniors had gone into the building for their bikes, for it wanted only six or seven minutes to third lesson. And they had dodged in in an obviously surreptitious manner.

Carthew hurried forward. There was something "on," that was clear to Carthew, and he meant to know what it was.

A minute after the juniors had gone in the Sixth-Former was at the door, looking in after them. He uttered an exclamation of

triumph. Jimmy Silver had taken a little cardboard box from the saddle-bag of his bicycle. Plain to the view, in Jimmy's hand, was a cigarette-box. Carthew could read the print on it-"WILD ROSE CIGARETTES."

"Here they are, you fellows," Jimmy was saying.

"And here I am!" exclaimed Carthew. Jimmy Silver gave a dramatic

up—it would make Dalton look a start, and put his hand, with the box

taking me to Mr. Dalton," answered Jimmy.

"He's got a box of cigarettes in his hand!" giggled Tubby Muffin. "Oh, Jimmy, you're for it, old

anxiously, "you surely haven't--"

"A fair catch, and no mistake!" grinned Peele. "Jimmy," exclaimed Oswald



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desk. Mr. Dalton stared at it. "I scarcely understand this," he

said. "You saw Silver take this from his bicycle-bag, Carthew?" 'Yes, sir; and I hardly think he

will have the nerve to deny it."

"Do you deny it, Silver?" "No, sir."

"Then what am I to conclude?" exclaimed the master of the Fourth. "Is it possible that I have been deceived in you, Silver?" "I hope not, sir," said Jimmy

meekly. "You may as well admit that you went into the bike-shed to smoke.

you young rascal!" said Carthew. "But I didn't," said Jimmy, still meekly. "I went into the bike-shed because I knew you were watching me, Carthew."

"I was pulling your leg," said Jimmy demurely. "I didn't guess that you'd be ass enough to bring me to Mr. Dalton. I didn't want to waste Mr. Dalton's time."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Lovell. "Silence, Lovell!" said Mr. Dalton, frowning. "Silver, this is \

"Not at all, sir," said Jimmy cheerfully. "It's a cigarette-box. use it to keep patches for mending punctures in. Perhaps you'd look into the box, sir."

a box of cigarettes-"

There was breathless excitement in the Fourth Form room as Mr. Dalton quietly opened the cigarette-box. No cigarettes were disclosed to view. Carthew's face was a study in scarlet

as he saw the contents of that cigarette-box. There was an irresistible yell of merriment from the Classical Fourth.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Dalton smiled; he could not help it. He held up the open box for Carthew to view.

"You seem to have made another mistake, Carthew," he said dryly. Carthew gasped.

"I-I-yes-no-yes-" he stuttered. "I-I thought, of course-" he stammered helplessly. "It-it was a trick! He-he knew I was watching him, and-and-"

'Quite so. And you might have been much better occupied," said Mr. Dalton. "This is not your duty as a prefect, Carthew. And I warn you that if there is any more of this persecution-for that is what it amounts to -I shall consider it my duty to speak to the Head on the subject. You may go."

"Ha, ha, ha!" Carthew almost limped from the

Fourth Form room. It was some minutes before the Classical Fourth could be reduced to a proper state of gravity for third lesson. During that lesson Jimmy Silver & Co. wore happy smiles. Carthew's trail of vengeance-from their point of viewwas adding considerably to the gaiety of existence at Rookwood School.

The 4th Chapter. Chingachgook of Rockwood.

"This is getting too thick!" Jimmy Silver made that remark a few days later in the end study. Lovell and Raby and Newcome nodded assent.

Carthew of the Sixth had just looked into the study, scowled, and departed. Carthew had no business in the end study; but he seemed to be prowling the Fourth Form passage, like a lion seeking what he might devour.

Jimmy Silver knitted his brows. It really was too "thick." For days and days the bully of the Sixth had been fairly on the trail-like a giddy bloodhound, as Lovell described it. Evidently he hoped to catch the Fistical Four out, and thus retrieve his earlier blunders-and there was something very exasperating to the four in Carthew's belief that there was wrongdoing of some sort if only he could find it out. It really seemed quite an obsession on Carthew's part, and the four chums, who had been rather entertained at first, grew more and more irritated by the prefect's watching and spying.

"The cheeky ass!" said Lovell. "What the thump does he think he is going to find out? Does he think we keep a bottle of spirits in the study and get squiffy over prep?"

"Or that we break dorm bounds and go down to the Bird-in-Hand to play nap-as I believe Carthew himself does sometimes," exclaimed Raby warmly.

"You see, Carthew's a good deal of a shady rotter himself," said Jimmy Silver sagely. "And it's a way of shady rotters to think other fellows as bad as themselves. A bad hat always thinks that another chap is a bad hat. That's where Carthew lacks judgment—any sensible fellow ought to see what really nice chaps

we are."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "But it's altogether too thick!" went on Jimmy. "Peele's pulled his leg once, trying to get us into a row; and we've pulled his leg once, and it hasn't done him any good. But it's got to stop. Fellows are making no end of jokes about it; Townsend was saying the other day that there's no smoke without fire, the silly ass! Fellows will be beginning to think that Carthew's really got some reason to suspect us of blagging. It won't do-and it's got to stop."

"But how?" asked Newcome. "I suppose we can't collar him and bump him—a prefect of the Sixth."

"We might!" said Lovell. "Well, we don't want a Head's licking," said Jimmy. "Prefects mustn't be handled by common or garden fags. But he's got to be fedup with his spying and prying, and the giddy question is, how. That's what we've got to think out."

To that problem the Fistical Four devoted a great deal of thought. After tea they left the end study, and as they came downstairs they passed Carthew of the Sixth on the lower landing. He affected to be looking out of the window; but the corner of his eye was on them.

Ten minutes later, when the juniors strolled through the arches from Big Quad into Little Quad, Carthew emerged from the arches, strolling along with his hands in his pockets-

not looking at the juniors, but obviously keeping a surreptitious eye on them.

The four chums walked round Little Quad, and back into Big Quad, and Carthew loitered at a distance behind them. Had the chums of the Fourth had any intention of slipping into a secluded corner to smoke cigarettes or play nap, as Peele and Gower sometimes did, certainly Carthew would have caught them. But as they had no intention of the kind, the bully of the Sixth was simply wasting his time-as well as exasperating Jimmy Silver & Co.

"Like jolly old Chingachgook in the story!" growled Lovell angrily. "Fairly stalking us round Rookwood.

"It's got to stop!" said Jimmy Silver. "Let's give him a run for his money, anyhow, as he's on the

The Fistical Four walked away towards the abbey ruins. The ruins were out of bounds, though juniors sometimes explored them at considerable risk to their limbs and damage to their clothes. Carthew looked quite hopeful as he shadowed the four

But on the verge of bounds, the Fistical Four disappointed Carthew by turning back, and they passed him as they returned to the quadrangle, and smiled at him in passing. Carthew gave them a scowl in return for the smile.

"Time for the meeting," said Lovell, as six rang out from the clock tower. "Give him a rest now."

The juniors went back into the House. There was a meeting of the junior dramatic society fixed for six o'clock, in the box-room at the end of the Fourth Form passage, close to Jimmy Silver's study. Most of the "Rookwood Players" were already assembled there, when the Fistical Four arrived.

"Two minutes late, you fellows," said Putty of the Fourth severely.

"We've been playing with old Carthew," said Lovell. "He's playing Chingachgook, and we've led him a dance.

"The silly ass!" said Putty. "Well, we're all here now, so let's get

going," Putty turned the key in the lock of the door. The proceedings of the Classical Players were private, and they did not like being interrupted by fellows who came in to look on and chuckle at their dramatic proceedings. It had never occurred to the Classical juniors that there was any harm in locking the box-room door-but there was one prefect at Rookwood, at least, who was disposed to see harm in anything and everything. There were seven or eight of the Fourth in the box-room, and they were sorting out their "parts" and preparing for their rehearsal, when

"Some silly ass!" said Mornington. "Don't let-him in." "Open this door at once!" it was Carthew's voice.

there came a sharp knock at the door.

Jimmy Silver uttered an impatient exclamation. "That silly owl again! It's too

thick." "What do you want, Carthew?" "We're reshouted Putty Grace. hearsing our play!"

"Open this door!" A Sixth Form prefect had to be regarded. Jimmy Silver unlocked the door and threw it open.

Carthew strode in with a very susnicious face. A locked door made him suspicious-it was behind a locked door that he, himself, was accustomed to smoke cigarettes, or to play banker with Frampton of the Modern Sixth.

"Now, what's going on here?" he snapped.

"A rehearsal!" said Jimmy Silver meekly.

"Do you expect me to believe that?"

"Please yourself, old bean!" Carthew stared about the boxroom. Certainly there was nothing of a suspicious nature to be seennot a sign of a cigarette even. But there were a dozen empty boxes and trunks in the room, and a huge packing-case in one corner, which afforded ample space for concealment of prohibited goods. Mornington was standing by the big packing-case, and | felt that the young rascals were too he closed the lid down hurriedly. Carthew's eyes gleamed, and he strode across the room.

"What's in there?" he demanded. "Straw. I think." said Morny.

"Nothing else?" "Really, I haven't looked," yawned Mornington.

Carthew lifted the lid of the packing-case. There was plenty of old straw packing inside, and nothing else to be seen. The case belonged to | along the passage and slip into the |

Valentine Mornington; it had been used to convey to Rookwood a large handsome desk which now adorned Morny's study. Carthew began to grope in the straw and old canvas inside the case, the juniors standing round watching him, some of them laughing, and some of them angry and annoyed.

"Found anythin', old bean?" asked Morny, as Carthew turned away at

"Why did you close down the lid as I came in?" snapped Carthew. "Just to set you huntin' through the old thing," answered Mornington cheerily.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Jimmy Silver & Co.

Carthew scowled savagely, and strode out of the box-room. In his own suspicious mind, he was certain that he was on the track of a secret smoking or gambling party; but there was no evidence to be found. Jimmy Silver kicked the door shut after him.

"I'm fed up with this," he said. "Carthew's got to chuck up his Chingachgook stunt. We've got to make him!"

Players proceeded, uninterrupted further by Carthew—though when the | to be seen. Jimmy wondered a little juniors came out, they found the prefect hanging about the passage. his eyes fell on the big packing-case There was nothing for Carthew to in the corner. He grinned.

box-room, closing the door after him. He had expected it.

"The jolly old bird's in the nest!" announced Jimmy, turning to his chums. "Carthew's gone into the box-room-all ready to watch the giddy meeting. I suppose he'll be hiding in a corner behind a trunk?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Lovell. "The spying cad!" said Raby indignantly. "Pretty goings-on for a Rookwood prefect."

"Well, he's going to have a lesson this time," said Jimmy. "He's there to watch us, so of course he'll be out of sight-skulking in a corner or something. He's in good time, it's only five o'clock. There won't be any jolly old meeting-but the box-room door is going to be locked on himand when he wants to get out he can yell-nobody in the Fourth will hear him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Jimmy Silver allowed ten minutes to elapse, to give Carthew plenty of time to take cover. Then he strolled into the box-room.

He glanced round the room. Had he not actually seen Carthew slip into the room, certainly he would And the rehearsal of the Classical | not have suspected that the prefect was there. There was no sign of him where he had hidden himself, and

ing-case, by observing quietly that he was nowhere else.

Then he left the box-room and re-

turned to his study. There was a hurried whispered consultation in the end study, punctuated by many chuckles. Then Raby scudded along the passage, and called in Mornington and Putty Grace, and there was a further consultation, with many more chuckles.

Meanwhile, Carthew of the Sixth was waiting and watching.

It was close on half-past five, and the hidden prefect sat quite at his ease in the big case, with his eye to an opening that gave him a view of the box-room. What he was going to discover by spying on the meeting he did not know, but he hoped fervently that he was going to discover something to the disadvantage of Jimmy Silver & Co.

At half-past five the door of the box-room opened again, and a little crowd of juniors came in. To the astonishment of Carthew, Sergeant Kettle came in with them, and old Mack, the porter.

Carthew could scarcely believe his

Obviously this could not be a smoking-party, or a party for nap or banker. The school sergeant and the porter could scarcely have been included in any such party—that was certain.

Old Mack was driving nails into the wooden slats of the packing-case lid, fastening it down all round.

The wretched Carthew sat in it dumbfounded. Not for a moment did it occur to him that the juniors knew that he was there. He could only suppose that Mornington, to whom the old case belonged, had decided to have it removed, at this unlucky moment — this most unfortunate moment for the spy of the Sixth.

As the strokes of the hammer echoed through the box-room, and the nails were driven home, Carthew sat fairly dazed.

He was tempted to show himself. but he could not make up his mind to it. Certainly the sergeant and the porter would have been astounded to see a Sixth Form prefect rise from the packing-case like a Jack-in-a-box. The affair would have become the talk of Rookwood; Carthew would never have heard the end of it, he knew that. Hoping against hope, he sat tight.

After all, there would be a chance of slipping out later; it would not be difficult to burst up the nailed lid, once the packing-case was no longer under observation. Possibly it was going to be placed in the wood-shed, or perhaps in the porter's lodge to be sent away. There was a chance for Carthew yet.

So he remained still and silent, almost choking with dismay and rage. The sound of hammering in the box-room drew a good many of the Fourth along the passage to look in. "What are you fellows up to?" asked Topham.

"Only gettin' rid of this old packin' case," yawned Mornington. "It won't be wanted again, and I can get five shillin's for it for firewood."

"Oh gad!" said Townsend. "Fancy you botherin' about five shillin's." "Hard times, you know," said Mornington gravely. "Five shillin's is five shillin's."

"That's done, sir," said old Mack, slipping the hammer back into his pocket. "Take the huther hend, sergeant."

And the sergeant and the porter. grasped the packing-case to carry it out of the box-room. Carthew made no sound.

The 6th Chapter. Something Like a Show-up!

Jimmy Silver & Co. stood round watching with smiling faces. Chingachgook had been fairly caught at last. They wondered how long it would be before Carthew decided to "show up." They wondered, too, what his feelings were like, as the packing-case was nailed up and lifted from the floor. Certainly his feelings could not have been enviable.

"My word! This 'ere is 'eavy for a hempty case!" gasped old Mack. "'Eavy it is," said the sergeant. "There ain't nothing in this 'ere case, is there, Master Mornington?"

"Only some rubbish," said Morny. "Then it's fairly 'eavy rubbish, I do say," gasped old Mack. "Howsumdever, we'll manage it." "We'll lend you a hand," said

Lovell. There was no sound from the "rubbish" in the case. With the sergeant holding one end, the porter the other, and Jimmy Silver & Co. lending their aid, the packing-case

was carried out of the box-room. "'Eavy rubbish, and no mistake," said old Mack. "It seems to be shifting about inside, too, Master Mornington."

"Nothing to damage?" asked Mr. Kettle.

"Not at all, it doesn't matter in the least if you damage the rubbish in that case."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Lovell. As a matter of fact, the "rubbish" in the case was getting a little damaged. Carthew was pitched to and fro, half suffocated by the loose straw as the case was borne away. His head knocked several times on the sides, and when the bearers bumped the case down in the passage to rest for a few minutes Carthew felt as if an earthquake were happening to

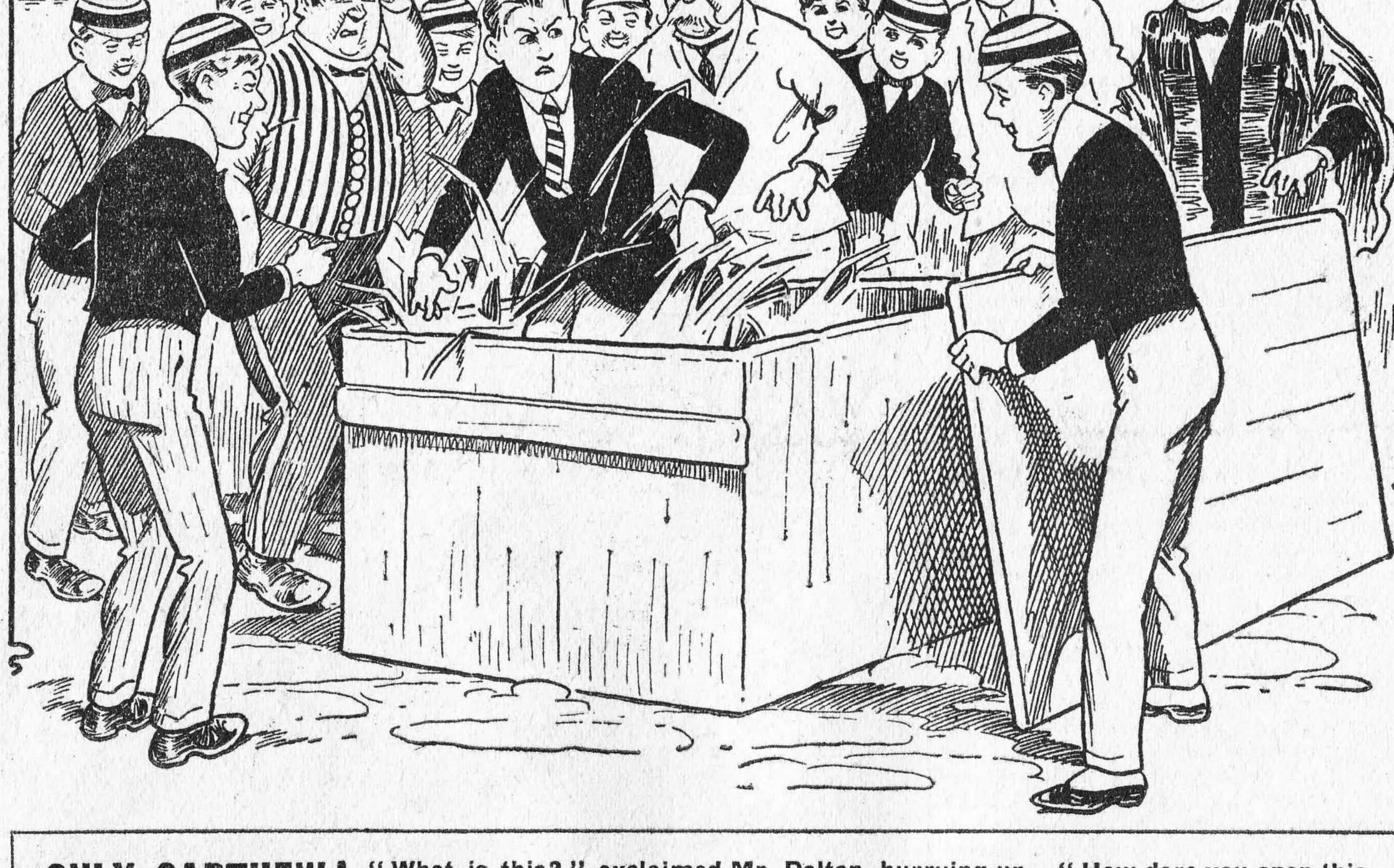
"Careful on the stairs," grinned Jimmy Silver.

The packing-case was carried down the stairs. By that time whispers Old Mack produced a hammer and | had apprised most of the Fourth of what was inside the case, and a crowd followed the sergeant and the porter.

"This way!" called out Mornington, at the foot of the staircase. Sergeant Kettle shook his head.

"Can't carry this 'ere out through the quadrangle, Master Mornington. The 'Ead wouldn't 'ave it. We'll get it out at the back."

"Oh, nonsense," said Mornington. "It's a shorter way." (Continued on page 784.)



"What is this?" exclaimed Mr. Dalton, hurrying up. "How dare you open this packing case here? Why-what-what-what-" The master of the Fourth fairly stuttered, as the loose straw was dragged aside, and Carthew of the Sixth was revealed.

discover, had he only known it; but | The packing-case was amply large | "Here you are, Mack," said Mornhe was a sticker.

The 5th Chapter. Carthew Asks For It!

"Half-past five in the box-room!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Right-ho!" said Lovell.

It was two or three days later, and during those days, Carthew had been playing Chingachgook, as Lovell called it, indefatigably. His eye was almost incessantly upon the Fistical

It was really getting on their nerves by this time, and they were more than ever determined to teach the prying prefect a lesson. Hence the remark Jimmy Silver made to his chums, as they were passing Carthew the Form-room passage after lessons.

The juniors passed without appearing to observe Carthew-but they knew he was there, and knew that he heard the remark. Carthew glanced after them with a gleam in his eyes.

These meetings in the box-room, with the door locked, seemed exceedingly suspicious to Carthew; but he But forewarned is deep for him. forearmed, and now Carthew knew about the meeting in advance, and so he was able to take his measures.

Towards five, Jimmy Silver & Co. were in the end study, and the door was sufficiently ajar to allow Jimmy to watch the passage and the box-

He was not at all surprised to see

Carthew of the Sixth come quietly

and it was the securest hiding-place to be found in the room. Certainly, had a meeting taken place, the juniors would never have dreamed of suspecting that a prefect was hidden in the packing-case. The case was of rather solid construction; but two or three of the wooden slats had been removed in opening it, and the hidden watcher had plenty of air, and was able to watch the proceedings from Jimmy Silver's eyes gleamed.

This was really better than he had anticipated. His idea had been to lock the door on Carthew, and leave him to skulk in the box-room till he was tired—then to give himself away completely by having to call to be let out. But Jimmy Silver thought of an improvement on that little scheme now.

He moved about the box-room as if looking for something, humming a tune. He made quite sure that Carthew must be hidden in the pack-

Don't Miss "UNDER FALSE

Next Monday's long story of Jimmy Silver & Co., of Rookwood School.

COLOURS!"

It's Great!

enough for Carthew to get inside, ington. "This is the case." Carthew's heart stood still as the whole party came across to the packing-case.

Carthew was not particular in his methods; but he was almost frozen at the thought of being discovered in such a situation. He was ashamed to have known what he was not ashamed

To be discovered crouching in the packing-case for the obvious purpose of playing the spy, was too terrible an exposure and humiliation for Carthew to face it with equanimity.

He scarcely breathed as the packing-case was surrounded, and he almost prayed that it would not be looked into.

But there was no danger of that. Jimmy Silver & Co. did not need to look into the case to see that Carthew was there. They knew that he was there. And it was their little game to appear to be completely ignorant of the fact.

Mornington, indeed, sat on the closed lid of the packing-case, to make sure that it would not be lifted by Mack or the sergeant.

nails. "'Ardly necessary to nail it up, Master Mornington," said the ser-

"Better," said Morny. "There's a lot of rubbish in it, and the lid might come off while you're getting it downstairs. It's rather a heavy article to handle."

"Won't take a minute," said old Mack. Carthew scarcely breathed.

Another forthcoming attraction—the reappearance of Kid McBride in a thrilling long complete story of the Wild West. Look out for it!

Mountaines Don



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.

GOOD OLD ROOKWOOD!

Letters pour in from far and wide about the sterling quality of the Rookwood yarns. Mr. Owen Conquest weighs in with an even better story than usual next week. never a Rookwood tale but what your attention and interest get nailed from the start.

"UNDER FALSE COLOURS?"

That is the title of the yarn in our next issue. It is a sort of Entente Cordiale story. Mr. Conquest is what the Americans call a good mixer. He knows just the right ingredients to put into his narrative to make it gripping and convincing. In the new tale he describes the advent to Rookwood of a dark horse in the person of a new French master. Monsieur Monceau has been called away. The substitute brings a first class mystery along with him, and Tubby Muffin will long have cause to remember the stranger from La Belle France who drops in to teach French verbs and how to parlyvoo.

"THE AIR WAIL MYSTERY!"

In next Monday's number we get a vivid impression of the perils as well as the mysteries of the new air routes, which are steadily coming into use. Don Darrel and his able coadjutor, "Bulldog" Holdfast, are concerned in a drama of the airways, the equal to which has never been as much as dreamt of. Look out for this thrilling contribution to the romance of the ether. Trifles may be light as air, but in the air are happenings which are far from being trifles, as you will see.

"SCOBBER'S SWINDLE!"

Another treat for our coming issue! Sidney Drew gets into his stride. There is all the fun of life on the Lord of the Deep. Gan Waga plays the chief part. It sounds like an attempt to joke to say the Eskimo has all the fat, but he does get the lion's share. You will be interested in Scobber for a thousand reasons, and tickled a good deal by the quaint events which come up for treatment.

OUR SERIALS.

When serials reach their climax you can know that still finer features are close at hand. This remark is more than ever true in the present instance. Next Monday will see the fall of the curtain on those two magnificent winners: "The Cruise of the Cormorant," and "The Winning Streak," but in each case it is merely giving place to something extra good in the triumph department. We can

salute each of these fine serials with a sincere au revoir to each author. Walter Edwards has a trump hand with his new feature. More of that in a moment. As regards Maurice Everard, there is a good deal that I would like to put in here, but the news will keep. It is just the best news possible with a pleasant anticipatory tingle in it.

NED LOW.

This notorious pirate forms the subject of Mr. Stuart Martin's splendid life story next Monday. The series of biographies of well-known buccaneers has achieved an enormous success, and no wonder at it!

IN TWO WEEKS' TIME!

In a fortnight we shall have the grand opening of a brilliant cricket serial by popular A. S. Hardy. Mr. Hardy is one of the foremost writers on sport. He has a magic touch, and thanks to his vast experience he has the luck to be able to see the pageant of life from many different angles. His forthcoming story, commencing in the next number bar one of the Boys' Friend is startling in its vivid portrayal of a group of characters who come into prominence thanks to their participation in the summer game. King Cricket has a superlatively sound chronicler in Mr. A. S Hardy, the man in the know.

MORE PROPHECIES.

Maybe to forecast success for Walter Edwards is a work of supererogation. Anyway, I can be permitted to say that in a few short weeks we shall have the first yarn of the new series about the Duke by the one and only "W.E." These tales are all topnotch. They ring with reality. The Duke has played no end of parts. We have him smooth and suave, talking as pretty as a diplomat. Again he roars in the best leonine style. His hatred for the Hon. Rollo Dayton burns as furiously as of yore. You can bank on the coming treat. The many friends who have written about the Duke please take note.

HOW TO MAKE A SPEECH.

A chum writes asking me about this matter. He has to speak on an ultra important occasion. How is he to do it? What is he to say? It seems a queer contradiction to advise him not to make a speech. But that is the best advice. How many set speeches are washouts because of too much preparation beforehand? People want to hear what a man has to say. What the speaker has to do is to be himself, and say what is in his heart to say. The words will come. It is no good getting up a lot of readymade sentences and firing

them off. People say: "This fellow has been making it all up out of a book." They would rather listen to what he himself thinks.

A SPECIAL REQUEST.

Will readers living at Barnard Castle drop a line to G. Carter, whose address is Wongan Hills, Western Australia? This far away correspondent lives in the Bush, and he is tremendously keen on the stories in the Companion Papers, which make life extra interesting to him. He is in need of a pen chum in this country as stated, age about sixteen.

A GRAND OLD AUTHOR.

Only this week I received a letter from a staunch chum who told me that he had read the stories in the Boys' Friend for years past, and Boys' Friend for years past, and This correspondent also dips into French literature. He is keen on the works of Anatole France, that wonderful old man who, though eighty years of age, is still working as hard as ever. My friend, likewise, mentioned Dumas, and that famous book "The Three Musketeers." This was a letter of special interest.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Just for the benefit of new readers I would repeat what I have often said about writing to me. If you feel my advice can be of use; two heads are better than one. I am always receiving requests about work and sport, and a myriad topics, and every communication is privately and personally answered.

ON THE MARCH.

Nowadays the Boys' Friend proves more than ever the significance of its title. It is out to keep abreast of all demands, and outstrip them even. With each week the world is changing. New ideas pop up, new requirements have to be taken into account, but the old paper proves equal to the call. That is a proud boast, but it is made by supporters of the "Green 'Un," so I can safely let it pass muster.

THE "BOYS' FRIEND."

As we sweep onward into the jolly summer months the old paper will be dealing in the usual happy style with the sporting interests of the season. Look out for some really appropriate adventures by Jimmy Silver & Co. I have, too, a handful of complete surprises for my chums, so keep your eye on the "Green 'Un." You will always find it right on the spot with just what is wanted.

SUMMER FITNESS.

Mr. Longhurst has his keen eye on the summer season. Anyone in doubt about training in the hot weather should consult the Health Specialist. Conditions and regimen What will have to be considered. serve for the winter is no use now. The summer has its attendant risks in the way of over-exertion, etc., and often enough a straight tip from an expert will save trouble. So just drop a line to Mr. Percy Longhurst if you want to know anything about how to keep yourself up to record concert pitch.

Your Editor.



"Can't be done, sir; the 'Ead wouldn't like it. Bring it along the passage 'ere, Mack."

Mornington held on to the case. "Bring it out into the quad," he insisted. "It's all right, sergeant, take the responsibility."

"Look 'ere, sir-" "This way!" exclaimed Lovell. With half a dozen juniors pulling on the heavy case, Mr. Kettle and Mack had very little choice about the matter. They bore the packing-case onward to the big door on the quadrangle, in the midst of a grinning crowd of juniors. As they carried it down the steps into the quad, Bulkeley of the Sixth came up from one direction, and Mr. Dalton approached from another.

"You shouldn't bring that thing out by this door, Mack," Bulkeley.

"You see, sir-" Mr. Dalton interposed.

"What does this mean, Mack? If it is necessary to move this packingcase it should be taken out at the back door."

"I know, sir, but Master Morning-

"My fault, sir," said Mornington meekly. "It's a short cut this way,

You will take a hundred lines, Mornington. Now that the case is here you may carry it away, Mack."

"Yessir." The packing-case moved onward with its escort. Fairly in the middle of the quad, with the eyes of half Rookwood upon it, it was set down. The helping juniors let go, and it bumped down, with the sergeant and

the porter still holding it. "You can chuck it now, you chaps," said Mornington. "No need to carry it any farther."

"Not at all!" chuckled Lovell. "Ha, ha, ha!" roared the juniors. "We can't leave it 'ere, sir," gasped the sergeant. "Why, there'll be no end of a row."

"That's all right. Leave it alone. Lend me your hammer, Mack."

"My-my 'ammer?" "Yes; buck up!"

"You ain't opening that packingcase 'ere, sir?"

"I jolly well am." "Ha, ha, ha!"

With the claw-back of the hammer Mornington proceeded to rip up the slat lid of the packing-case. Jimmy Silver & Co. helped to rip off the

Carthew, half suffocated, bumped,



and bruised, panted and gasped in the loose straw inside. He knew that the case had been set down in the quad, and he could hear a score of voices round him, and roars of laughter. It dawned upon him at last that Jimmy Silver & Co. must have known all the time that he was concealed inside. "Hallo!" yelled Lovell. "There's

somebody inside."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Somebody inside the packin'case!" velled Smythe of the Shell.

"Oh gad! Who is it?" "What is this?" exclaimed Mr. Dalton, hurrying up. "How dare you open this packing-case here? Why-what-what-what-" The master of the Fourth fairly stuttered, as the loose straw was dragged aside, and Carthew of the Sixth was revealed.

Carthew staggered up. "Carthew!" shouted Bulkeley. "What-what-"

"M-m-master Carthew!" mered the sergeant. "I never knowed he was inside. Is he mad?" "Ha, ha, ha!"

Carthew, breathless, panting, crimson with rage and shame, stood in the open packing-case, with straw clinging all over him. Fellows of all Forms, from the Sixth to the Second! crowded round, staring at him, and yelling with laughter. Mr. Dalton could scarcely believe his eyes.

"What does this mean, Carthew?" he gasped. "Are you out of your senses?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Jimmy Silver "Carthew, answer me! What--"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Silence!" rapped Mr. Dalton

angrily. But the juniors roared; they could not help it. They roared and roared

again. Carthew did not speak. He cast one furious glance round him, and then leaped from the packing-case and ran for the House. Yells of

merriment followed him. Jimmy Silver wiped his streaming eyes. "It's too good!" he gasped. "Oh. my hat! I think even Carthew will be fed-up after this. It's jolly old

Chingachgook's last trail."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jimmy Silver was right. Afterwards Carthew of the Sixth had a painful interview with Mr. Dalton, and a still more painful interview with the Head. And for days and days all Rookwood chuckled and chortled over the episode. And after that Carthew wisely decided to leave the end study severely alone, much to their relief and satisfaction. It was, in fact, Chingachgook's last trail!

THE END.

("Under False Colours?" is the stirring story of the chums of Rookwood School appearing in our next issue. Don't miss it! Order your Boys' Friend in advance and avoid disappointment!)



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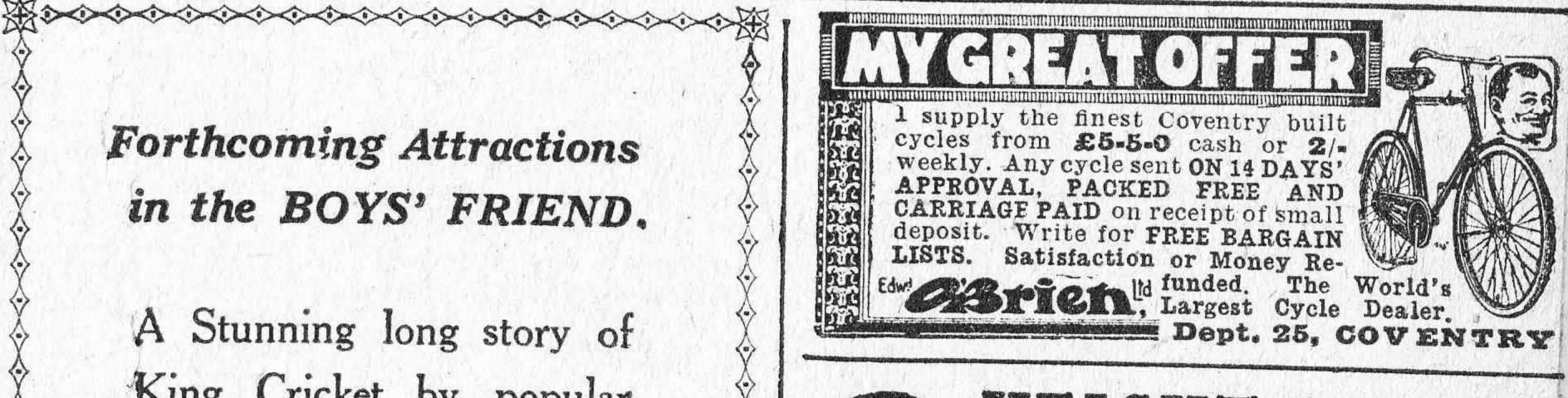
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