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The BOYS' FRIEND 2d

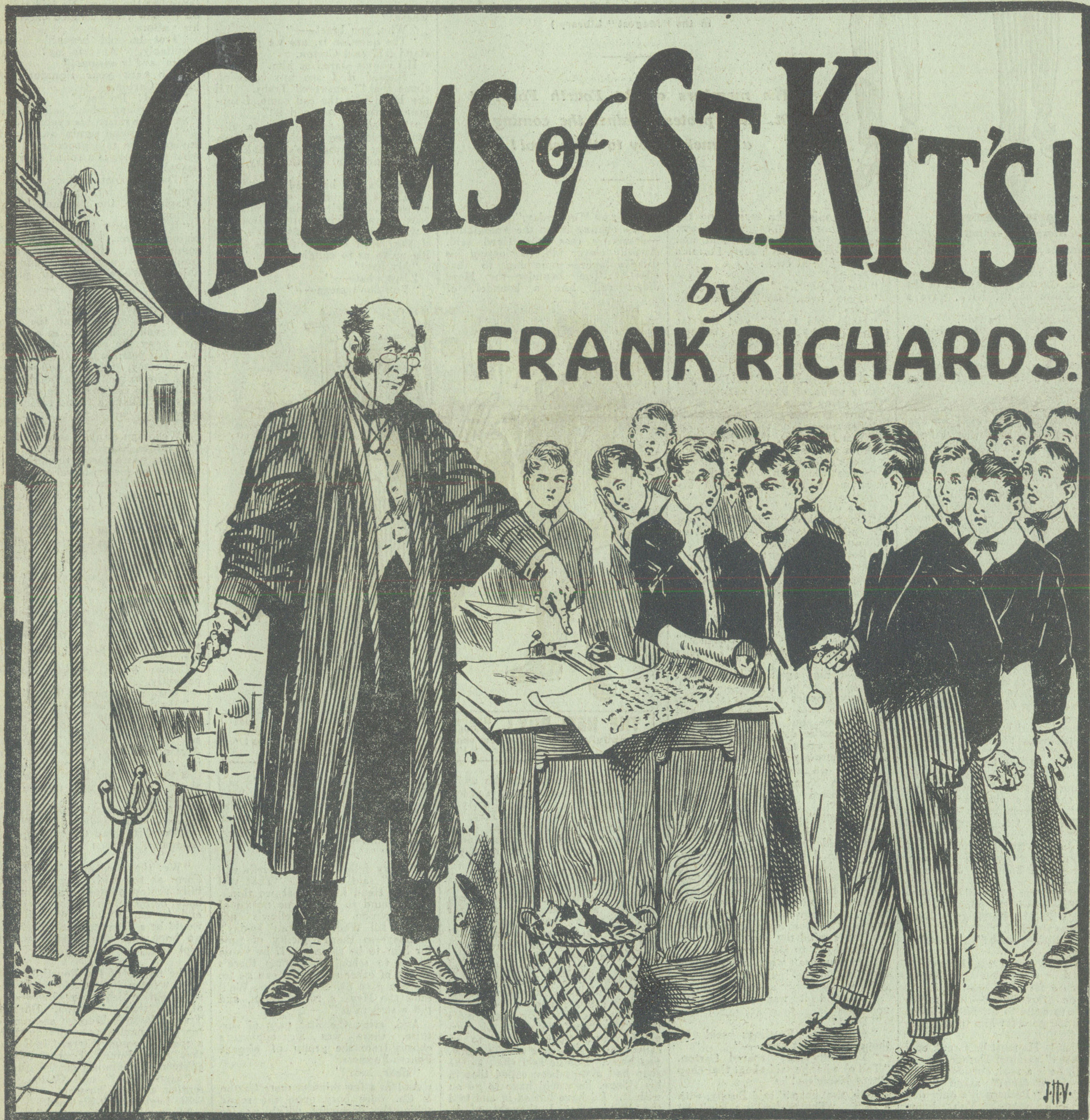
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THE BEST BOYS' PAPER IN THE WORLD!

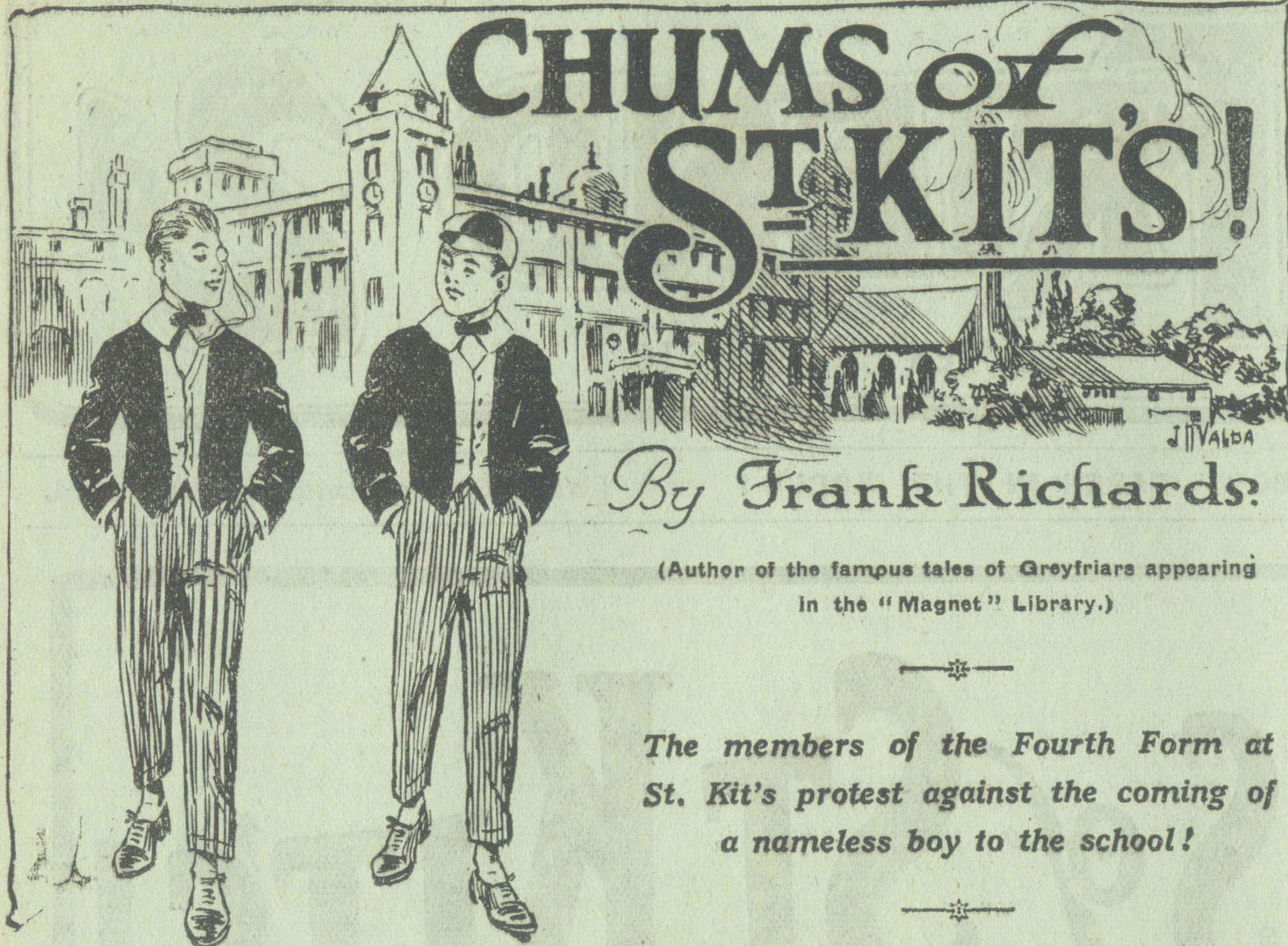
[Week Ending September 20th, 1924.]



The Head of St. Kit's, Presented With the Famous "Round Robin," Cuts Up Rusty!

(A startling incident from the magnificent school story in this issue.)

THE OPENING CHAPTERS OF A GREAT SCHOOL STORY BY FRANK RICHARDS!



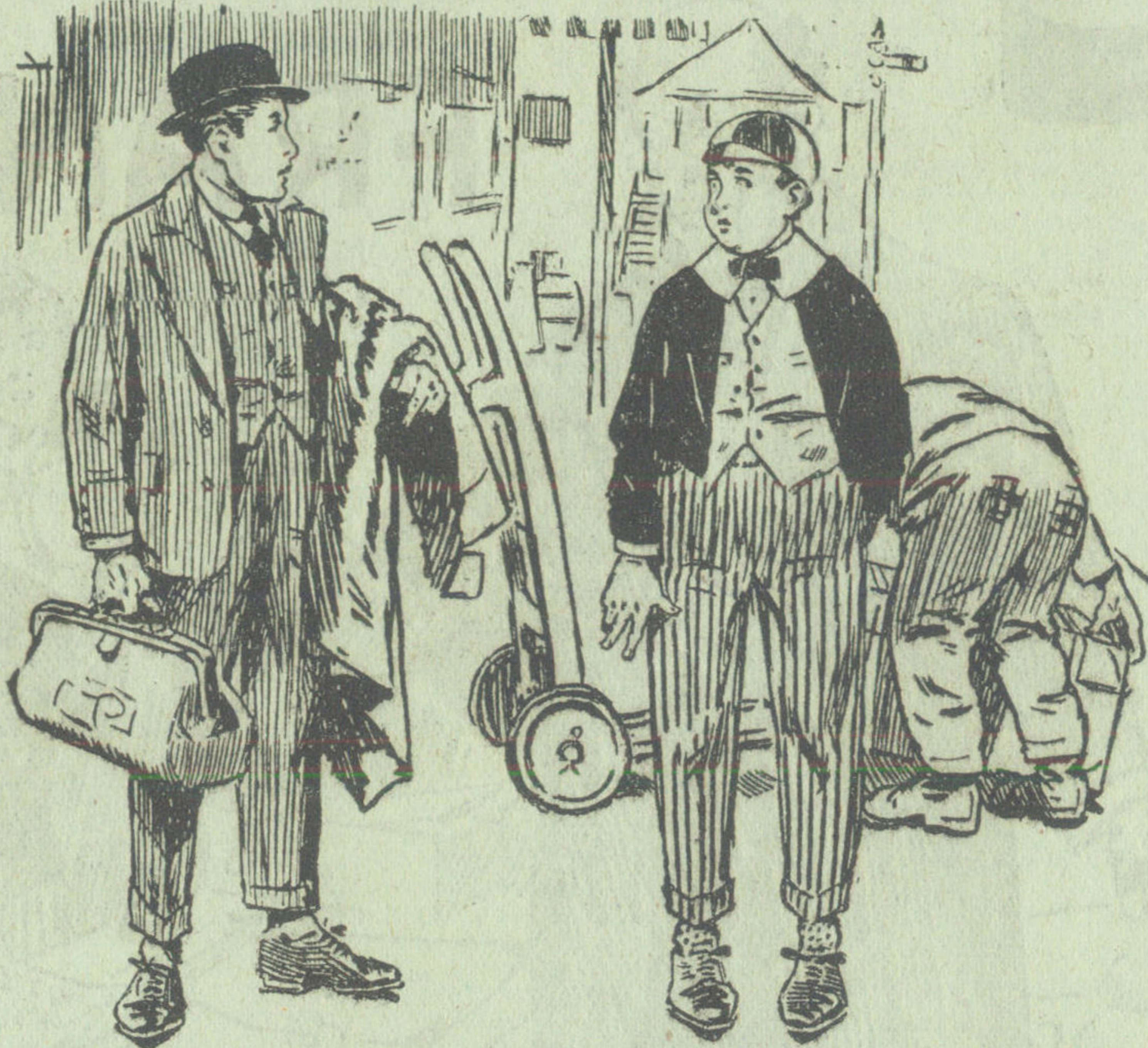
The members of the Fourth Form at St. Kit's protest against the coming of a nameless boy to the school!

The 1st Chapter. Simply Shocking!

"Nameless!"
"Yes."
"But that isn't a name!"
Vernon Carton, the captain of the Fourth Form at St. Kit's, gave a contemptuous sniff.
"It's his name!" he said.
"Oh gad! And he's comin' here?"
"Yes—into the Fourth. Nice, isn't it? Very creditable for St. Kit's, and all that!" said Carton, with a sneer.
"But who is he?"
"Nobody knows."
"But, dash it all, Carton," exclaimed Lumley of the Fourth, staring, "the Head must know who the fellow is, if he's letting him into St. Kit's! This isn't a dashed home for nobodies!"
"Well, rather not!" chimed in Howard and Durance, and two or three more of the Fourth-Formers who were gathered round Vernon Carton in the junior Common-room at St. Kit's.
Carton shrugged his shoulders.
"It's as I say!" he answered.
"The fellow's a nobody—he hasn't even a name to call his own! He comes from nowhere! He's not even goin' to pay any fees! He comes in on the Foundation—a rotten thing that ought to have been abolished long ago. Some low-class rotter, you know, who has mugged up enough to squeeze through the exam, and is comin' here to shove himself into the society of his betters! I call it—"
"Rotten!" said Durance.
"Dashed rotten!"
"Beastly!"
"Pushin' cad, you know!"
Every fellow in the little group had some remark to make. Evidently the news that a "dashed nobody" was coming to St. Kit's gave Carton & Co. a very painful shock.
"But how do you know, Carton?" asked Lumley. "Nothin's been said about it that I know of. I haven't heard—"
"I got it from Bunny," said Carton. "He heard the Head talkin' about it with Mr. Rawlings. Even Bunny was shocked."
"Fat little snob!" remarked Durance.
"Oh, don't be an ass, Durance!" exclaimed Carton irritably.
"Bunny's a fat little beast, but he's right on this point—the fellow oughtn't to come to St. Kit's. Even Bunny's too good for him to associate with!"
"My hat! He must be a rank outsider, then!" grinned Durance.
"Well, he is a rank outsider."
"But is it true?" asked Tracy sceptically. "Perhaps it's only one of Bunny's yarns. You know Bunny!"
"Bunny hasn't brains enough to make up such a yarn. It's true enough," growled Carton. "But here's Bunny—you can ask him for yourselves."

A fat junior, who seemed on the verge of bursting through his Etons, blinked into the Common-room, and two or three of the Fourth-Formers called to him at once:
"Bunny!"
"Bunny Bootles!"
"Come here, Bootles, you fat bouncer!"
"Hallo, old tops!" said the fat junior, as he rolled in cheerily. "I'm your man! I was just looking for you fellows. You want me?"
"Yes, we—"
"Well, here I am," said Bunny, with a smile of happy anticipation. "Is it going to be here?"
"Eh? Is what going to be here?"
"The spread."
"You fat duffer, there isn't goin' to be a spread!"
Bunny's fat face fell.
"Then what the thump do you want me for?" he demanded discontentedly.
"We want—"
"Do you know where St. Leger is?" asked Bunny, interrupting the captain of the Fourth.
"Bother St. Leger! We want—"
"Well, I want to see St. Leger," said Bunny. "It's rather important. He had a registered letter this afternoon—"
"Kick him, somebody!" growled Carton.
"Yow-ow! You beast, Durance!" roared Bunny Bootles. "I'll jolly well—"
"Kick him again if he doesn't shut up!"
Bunny Bootles promptly shut up. Durance's boot was a light and elegant one, but, light as it was, Bunny Bootles did not want to feel its weight again. He wriggled and blinked morosely at Carton & Co.
"Now, we want to know about this chap Nameless," said Tracy. "You were listening to the Head—"
"I wasn't!"
"There! I knew it was only a yarn!" said Tracy.
"I mean, I heard the Head speaking to Mr. Rawlings quite by chance," explained Bunny. "I happened to be under our Form master's window, admiring the view, you know, and they were jawing in the study. The view from there is—"
"Never mind the view. What did the Head say to Rawlings?"
"Do you mean when he came into Rawlings' study?"
"Yes, ass!"
"He said it was a fine afternoon—"
"What?"
"And Mr. Rawlings said he thought it might rain—"
"You silly ass!" roared Carton. "Tell us what he said about that chap Harry Nameless!"
"Oh, that chap!" said Bunny, with a sniff. "That's shocking, ain't it? I was disgusted—quite surprised at the Head, you know. I'd have told him so, too, only—only—"
"Cut that out! What did he say?"
"He said the chap was coming to

St. Kit's on Wednesday," said Bunny. "He's coming in on the Foundation—deserving case, the Head said. Awfully clever kid, considering his disadvantages—something to that effect. The bouncer—the Head didn't call him a bouncer, of



THE NEW BOY! Bunny Bootles eyed the fellow who had just arrived by train curiously and rather doubtfully. "You the new chap for St. Kit's?" he asked. "Yes!" replied the other. "I'm the new fellow, certainly."

course; I'm saying that—the awful bouncer was brought up by a sailor—just a common sailor, you know, named Straw, or Hay, or something, who found him somewhere—some tramp's son, you know, picked up on the beach, or something—"
"Did the Head say that?"
"No; I'm saying that."
"Tell us what the Head said, you thumpin' ass, and leave out your own silly piffle!" said Durance.
"Well, I'm telling you, ain't I?" said Bunny. "The chap's lived with the old sailor since he left the sea, in a cottage somewhere, or something. He's been taught by an old St. Kit's man, who lives there, and he's called Nameless because he hasn't any name. Jolly queer, ain't it? The Head seemed a bit perplexed about what he was to be called here. Nameless ain't a name, you know. But he said that, as the chap had always been called that in his village, he would have to go on with it. I'd have butted in and told the Head what I thought of it, only—"
"Only you'd have got licked for your cheek, as well as for eaves-droppin', you fat worm!" remarked Durance.
"Look here—"

"Well, that's how it stands," said Carton—"a nameless nobody, brought up by some boozy forecastle ruffian, and he's comin' here—shovin' himself into the Fourth Form of St. Kit's. It's pretty sickenin', havin' a fat little sweep like Bootles here—"
"Oh, I say—"
"But I think the Head might draw a line at tramps!" said Carton bitterly. "It's a disgrace to the school!"
"Yes, rather!"
"And we shall be expected to be civil to him, I suppose!" remarked Tracy. "Well, I know I sha'n't be, for one!"
"Same here!"
"What-ho!"
"I shall treat him with contempt, of course," said Bunny Bootles. "I shall simply wither him with a look. If he speaks to me I shall freeze him with a glance!"
"Oh, he won't speak to you!" said Durance. "Even a nameless bouncer will draw the line somewhere!"
"Why, you beast—"
"The question is, are we goin' to stand it?" said Carton.
His chums stared at him.
"Blessed if I see any question about that!" answered Tracy. "If the Head let's the cad come, I suppose we've got to stand it!"
"We can keep him at a distance," remarked Lumley; "we can make him feel that he's a rank outsider—send him to Coventry, you know!"
Carton shook his head.
"That's not good enough," he answered. "We're goin' to put our foot down. The rotten bouncer oughtn't to come to St. Kit's, and if the Head don't know his duty, it's up to us to enlighten him."
"My hat!"
"But what—"
"You don't mean—"

The 2nd Chapter. The Round Robin.

Algernon Aubrey St. Leger, the ornament of the Fourth Form at St. Kit's, was reclining in a graceful attitude upon the sofa in his study, when a tap came at the door.
Algernon Aubrey never sprawled in an armchair or on a sofa, as some of the juniors did. His attitude was always graceful. Moreover, he never forgot the necessity of preserving the elegant crease in his trousers. Even when he lounged he lounged with care.
"Tap!"
"Come in, old bean!" yawned St. Leger.
The study door opened, and three Fourth-Formers presented themselves—Vernon Carton, Tracy, and Durance. Carton had a sheet of impot paper in his hand, which was nearly covered with writing.
St. Leger had a letter in his hand. He had been reading it when Carton tapped at the door. He laid it down on his knee, and nodded cheerily to his visitors.
"Trot in, old beans!" he said hospitably. "Anythin' up? You're lookin' awfully serious!"
"We want your signature," explained Carton.
"Begad! Do you?"
"It's a round robin," said Durance. St. Leger raised his eyebrows.
"I don't mind signin' anythin' for anybody," he said generously; "but what the deuce is a round robin, old beans?"
"The ass doesn't know what a round robin is!" grunted Tracy. "Explain to the burbling chump, Carton."
"It's a protest to the Head!" explained Carton. "There's a new cad comin' to St. Kit's—a tramp's son from some workhouse, and we object. We're goin' to protest. Catch on?"
"Yaas."
"Every fellow in the Fourth is signin' the protest, and the names are signed in a circle, so as not to give away the chap that starts the list. It's possible that the Head may cut up rusty, of course, and we don't want him to pick on anybody in particular. So the names are signed in a circle. That's a round robin. Got it now?"
"Yaas."
"Well, sign away!" said Durance. Algernon Aubrey sat up.
There was a rather thoughtful expression on his aristocratic brow.
"Perhaps I'd better read the paper before signin' it," he remarked. "Anythin' to oblige, you know; but—"
"Well, you can read it, but buck up. We haven't finished all the fellows yet, and we want to get it done before tea."
"Hand it over, old bean!"
Carton handed over the sheet of impot paper.
Algernon Aubrey fumbled in his waistcoat-pocket, and produced an eyeglass, which he proceeded to adjust in his eye in a leisurely manner.
Carton & Co. watched him impatiently.
"Buck up!" snapped Tracy.
"My dear old bean—"
"We're waiting!"
"There is such a thing, dear boy, as waitin' politely," remarked Algernon Aubrey. "No good hurryin', you know. I'm not goin' into this thing without knowin' what it's about. Now, dry up a minute while I read it!"
With, or without, the aid of his monocle, the dandy of the Fourth proceeded to read Carton's precious document. It ran:
"We, the members of the Fourth Form at St. Kit's, beg to respectfully protest against a nameless nobody being admitted to the school, and to our Form. We think it would be a disgrace to St. Kit's, and we hope that this outsider will be kept outside. Signed."

The names of the Fourth-Formers were written in a circle round that statement, which occupied the centre of the sheet. Carton, Durance, Tracy, Howard, Lumley, and nine or ten other names were already there, a specially smudgy scrawl indicating that even Bunny Bootles felt an aristocratic prejudice on the subject.
"Sign there!" said Carton, presenting a fountain-pen.
St. Leger shook his head.
"I fear I could not possibly sign this paper, dear boys!" he said.
"Why not?" demanded Carton angrily. "Do you want a nameless cad from nowhere in your Form?"
"Certainly not!"
"Do you think that the son of a

Tell ALL your pals about Frank Richards' great story of the chums of St. Kit's. They're bound to want to read it!

tramp ought to come to St. Kit's?" demanded Tracy.

"Never!"

"Do you want the school to be disgraced by some ragged boulder who drops his 'h's' and eats with his knife?" asked Durance.

Algernon Aubrey shuddered.

"Begad! Horrid!"

"Fellow who picks pockets, very likely!" growled Carton. "You won't be able to leave your watch about when he's here!"

"Do you really think so, Carton, old bean?"

"Yes, I do."

"Begad! What is the Head thinkin' of, I wonder?"

"Well, whatever he's thinkin' of, we're goin' to stop it if we can! Sign the paper!"

"Impossible! I couldn't!"

"Why not?" bawled Carton. "Are you afraid to take your chance with the rest?"

Algernon Aubrey St. Leger rose from the sofa, and jammed his eyeglass a little more tightly into his eye. Then he fixed it on Carton.

"That question is an insult, dear boy," he said calmly. "Do you prefer gloves or no gloves?"

Carton gave an angry snort.

"I haven't come here to fight you, you ass—"

"You have, old bean, unless you withdraw that insultin' observation!" answered Algernon Aubrey, pushing back his elegant cuffs. "I do not allow anyone to hint that I am capable of funk!"

"Then why—"

"Do you withdraw your remark, dear boy? That matter must be settled before these proceedings go any further!"

Carton gritted his teeth.

"Yes, you ass, if you like. Now, why don't you want to sign the paper?"

"It is quite impossible for me to sign this paper as it stands," said Algernon Aubrey amiably. "I quite agree with your views. It would be horrid to have a pickpocket at St. Kit's! You said he was a pickpocket, didn't you?"

"Somethin' of the sort."

"Sign the paper!" growled Tracy.

"I couldn't! Look at it for yourselves!" said Algernon Aubrey, in a tone of gentle remonstrance.

"What's the matter with it?"

"Look! It begins, 'We, the members of the Fourth Form at St. Kit's, beg to respectfully protest—'"

"Well, that's all right!"

"It is very far from all right, Carton! Don't you see that you are splittin' the infinitive?"

"Wha-a-at?"

"It is quite impossible for me to sign my name to a split infinitive," said Algernon Aubrey calmly. "I am quite aware that there are some modern writers, like Shaw, who split their infinitives, but I regard it as bein' in shockin' bad taste! The King's English should be treated with proper respect. I cannot possibly sign this paper unless the split infinitive is taken out."

"You crass ass—"

"Oh, begad!"

"You burblin' dummy—"

"Really, you know—"

"You howlin' chump!"

"If you are goin' to descend to Billingsgate, Carton, I must request you to retire from my study."

"You—you—"

Algernon Aubrey laid down the paper.

"I cannot sign a document in which the expression 'to respectfully protest' occurs," he said calmly. "If you like to change it to, 'We beg respectfully to protest,' I will sign it with pleasure, old bean."

"Respectfully to protest"—what's the thumpin' difference?" demanded Tracy.

"That does not split the infinitive, dear boy."

"You ass—"

"You chump—"

"You—you jabberwock!"

Durance, with a grin, took the fountain-pen and altered the offending sentence. The split infinitive disappeared, and at the same time the opposition of Algernon Aubrey disappeared, too.

He signed the paper.

"There you are, dear boys—"

Carton snatched up the round robin.

"Come on!" he exclaimed. "We've wasted enough time over that silly idiot—"

"Begad! I think—"

"Come on, we've got two or three more studies to do!"

And Carton & Co. carried off the round robin—no longer disfigured by a split infinitive.

The 3rd Chapter. Facing the Music.

"Who's goin'?"

That was an important question. Carton & Co. of the Fourth had been quite successful so far. The round robin was completed; nearly every fellow in the Fourth had signed his name to it.

Some of them had hesitated, but Carton was captain of the Form, and rather high-handed in his methods; he had had his way.

He had really had some doubts about Algernon Aubrey St. Leger; that noble youth, though the best-connected fellow at St. Kit's, was quite unlike Carton & Co. in many respects—he was anything but a snob. Vernon Carton did not think that he, himself, was a snob, but he had had a sort of feeling that St. Leger might think so, and might refuse to have a hand in the affair of the round robin.

However, St. Leger had lined up with the rest—rather thoughtlessly, but he had done it. And now the round robin was complete, and it only remained for it to be presented to the Head of St. Kit's.

But here a slight difficulty arose. As an expression of public opinion in the St. Kit's Fourth, the round robin was entitled to the Head's respectful attention. But the juniors could not help realising that perhaps

that—and he's got no nerve. I—I wonder whether St. Leger—"

"Just the man!"

"St. Leger's got no end of pluck, and not much boss-sense," said Tracy. "He's the very lamb we're lookin' for."

After tea the nuts of St. Kit's looked in on Algernon Aubrey.

They found that superb youth engaged, with a set and serious face, in examining a number of handsome neckties.

"Busy?" asked Carton, with a grin.

Algernon Aubrey nodded.

"Yaas, I've had a letter from my uncle—"

"Which uncle? You've lots!"

"My military uncle," said Algernon Aubrey, "Colonel Wilmot, you know. He's home from Germany, and he's comin' down to St. Kit's to see me soon. I haven't seen him for an awfully long time, and I want to make a rather good impression on him. What do you think of this necktie, Carton?"

"Oh, rippin'! We—"

"Do you think this other one is rather better taste?"

"Yes. Now we—"

"I am afraid you are answerin' without thinkin' very much about the matter, dear boy. It's rather serious. Now—"

"Yaas, I dare say you're quite right. I have a way of puttin' things—"

"Go ahead, then!"

"Right-ho!"

Carton & Co. accompanied Algernon Aubrey as far as the end of the corridor which led to the Head's study. Mr. Rawlings, the master of the Fourth, came along the passage, and glanced at the group of juniors, but he did not speak to them—rather to their relief. Algernon Aubrey marched on boldly, tapped at the Head's door, and entered in response to the deep-toned "Come in" from within the apartment.

Dr. Chenies, the Head of St. Kit's, was seated at his writing-table, with a pen in his hand. He laid down the pen as Algernon Aubrey St. Leger entered.

"Well, what is it, my boy?" he asked, with a kind smile.

"I have the honour, sir, of presenting this round robin to you," said St. Leger, laying the paper on the table.

The Head started a little, and glanced curiously at the paper.

There was surprise in his face at first—it deepened to astonishment, and then his brows knitted in a dark frown.

Head. "However, I shall see into the matter. Kindly call your Form-fellows here, St. Leger—every boy who has signed his name to this offensive paper."

"The paper was not meant to be offensive, sir," faltered Algernon. "You see, sir—"

"Do as I tell you, at once!" exclaimed the Head testily.

"Yaas, sir."

Algernon Aubrey stepped out of the study, leaving the Head knitting his brows over the round robin. Carton & Co. eyed the dandy of St. Kit's eagerly as he came gracefully down the passage.

"Well?"

"How did he take it?"

"Is it all right?"

"Tell us, you image!"

"I do not like bein' called an image, Carton—"

"Tell us, you ass!" breathed Carton.

"If you call me an ass, Carton, I—"

"Will you tell us?" hissed Lumley.

"Certainly! The Head wants to see all the fellows who have signed their names to the round robin."

"Oh! What for?"

"He did not say what for, dear boy; but I dare say he will tell you if you ask him."

Carton & Co. exchanged rather uneasy glances.

"I—I dare say it's all right," muttered Tracy. "The Head must see that we couldn't stand the cad. He's goin' to tell us that it's all right."

"Did he look waxy, St. Leger?"

"Yaas."

"You ass, why couldn't you say so before?"

"You didn't ask me, dear boy."

"Fathead!"

"If you are goin' to be insultin', Carton—"

"Oh, dry up!" growled Carton. "Blessed if I know how it's goin' to turn out—but we've got to see it through now. We might have known that St. Leger would make some sort of muck of it."

"Oh, begad!"

"Call the fellows," said Carton. "We've got to go, anyhow, as the Head's sent for us. We'll see it through."

It was with mingled feelings that the authors of the round robin presented themselves in Dr. Chenies' study.

Carton & Co. hoped for the best, and Algernon Aubrey seemed quite indifferent. As a matter of fact, Algy's powerful brain was still occupied with the question of his neckties. That was a more important matter to him than any number of round robins. Some of the crowd that filed into the Head's study seemed uneasy. A good many of them wished they hadn't signed that precious protest. But it was too late to wish that now.

The Head's study was pretty well crowded by the time all the protesters had filed in. Dr. Chenies was standing by his table, with a severe frown on his brow—which did not look promising. He glanced at the abashed juniors, over his glasses, and tapped the paper that lay on the table.

"I have sent for you, my boys," he said, in his deep voice, "to tell you how surprised I am—how shocked I am—at this act of snobbery—"

"Oh!"

"Begad!"

"Silence! The boy who is coming to St. Kit's is a very worthy lad. He has worked hard, under many difficulties, and his case is one of the most deserving that has ever received assistance from the St. Kit's Foundation. I had hoped that my boys would give him a hospitable welcome. I trust that this foolish paper was drawn up and signed in thoughtlessness—that you have been guilty of nothing worse than want of proper reflection."

Carton's eyes glittered.

"If you please, sir—"

"You need not speak, Carton. Believing that this act is one of thoughtlessness, I shall not impose a severe punishment."

Some of the Fourth-Formers looked relieved at that. They had begun to fear the worst.

"Every boy who has signed this paper will take five hundred lines," said the Head.

"Oh!"

"St. Leger!"

"Yaas, sir!"

"Put that paper in the fire!"

"Oh! Yaas, sir!"

Algernon Aubrey picked the round

(Continued overleaf.)



THE ROUND ROBIN! When St. Leger had finished reading the round robin Carton offered him a fountain pen. "Sign there!" said the captain of the Fourth indicating a space on the precious document.

it would not gain the Head's respectful attention.

It was possible that Dr. Chenies might even cut up rusty—you never could tell.

As Durance remarked, the only thing you could be certain of about a headmaster was that there was no telling what the beast might do.

So the question of who was going to present the round robin was a rather important one; nobody seemed keen on it.

Many of the fellows agreed that it was up to Carton, as captain of the Fourth, and as founder of the whole stunt. Carton did not seem to see that, however. He was quite willing to leave it to any other fellow—if any other fellow could be found to leap into the breach, as it were.

Apparently another fellow couldn't be found.

The round robin hung fire. Carton & Co. had tea in their study, and talked it over.

"The fact is, it may be rather risky takin' it to the Head," said Carton, coming out into the light at last, as it were. "I'd rather not."

"Exactly how I feel," remarked Howard.

"Same here!"

"If you care to take it, Durance, you—"

"I don't!"

"What about Bootles?" asked Lumley. "That fat rotter would do anythin' for a feed. We could have him to tea."

Carton shook his head.

"He's too wide to be taken in like

"Bother your ties!" said Carton. "Look here, the round robin's ready now, and it's got to be taken to the Head."

"Take it, then, old bean!"

"Well, we think you're the chap to take it, St. Leger," said Carton blandly. "It's necessary to do a thing of this sort in a—a sort of—of impressive way—the grand manner, you know. The Head will expect that. Now, you're about the only fellow in the Fourth who can be trusted to do the thing in the right style."

Algernon Aubrey beamed.

"My dear old bean, I'm your man," he said. "Leave it to me, if you really want the thing done decently."

Carton & Co. exchanged glances of satisfaction.

Algernon Aubrey had fallen into the trap without even seeing that there was a trap.

"You fellows can come with me, if you like," said Algernon, taking the paper from the captain of the Fourth. "Of course, you'd better not say anything. I'm the chap to do the talkin'. I have a way of putting things, you know."

"You have!" agreed Carton, closing one eye at his comrades.

"Of course, we're ready to come—"

"I say—" began Howard.

"Shut up, Howard! We're ready to come, St. Leger, but we think you'd do it better quite on your own."

"Perhaps you're right, dear boy," said Algernon innocently.

He picked up the precious document, and read it through carefully from end to end.

"This is a—ah—round robin?" he said.

"Yaas, sir."

"Signed by nearly all the Fourth Form, it appears."

"Yaas, sir."

"I am surprised at this, St. Leger!" said the Head quietly. "May I inquire how you know anything about this new boy—as no statement has been made on the subject as yet?"

"Really, sir—"

"How do you know?" rapped out the Head, tapping the table with his hand. "Answer me at once, please."

"The—the fellows all seem to know, sir," stammered the dandy of the Fourth. "I—I heard it from the chaps, sir."

"Someone must have listened to a conversation not intended for his ears. Was it you, St. Leger?"

Algernon Aubrey crimsoned.

"Sir!"

"Answer me!"

The dandy of St. Kit's drew himself up to his full height.

"Dr. Chenies, I really do not think I ought to be requested to answer a question of that kind," he said, with a great deal of dignity.

"What?" ejaculated the Head.

"I am quite incapable of doin' anythin' of the sort, sir!" exclaimed Algernon Aubrey indignantly.

"Someone has done so," said the

robin from the table and dropped it into the grate. The juniors watched it in silence while it was consumed. "I hope that, upon reflection, you will be sorry for this, my boys," said the Head. "You may go!"

The juniors began to back out of the study, silent and dismayed. Some of them were giving Vernon Carton grim looks.

Carton paused, his eyes gleaming. "May I say a word, sir?" he asked.

The Head looked at him. "You may speak, if you have anything to say, Carton!" he answered. "We object to a nameless cad comin' to St. Kit's, sir!"

"What!"

The juniors almost gasped. Carton's nerve took their breath away. It seemed to take the Head's breath away, too.

"We feel we've a right to object, sir," said Carton hardily. "We think it's a disgrace to—"

"Shurrup!" breathed Durance. "Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Head. "After what I have said, you venture to repeat your impertinence, Carton!"

"We think—"

"Silence!" thundered the Head. He glanced round at his desk, and picked up his cane.

"Hold out your hand, Carton!"

The black sheep of St. Kit's breathed hard through his nose.

"You're goin' to cane me, sir, because I object—"

"Another word, Carton," broke in the Head icily, "and I shall flog you! Hold out your hand at once, sir!"

In silence, with set teeth, Vernon Carton held out his hand.

Swish!

"Now you may go! Not a word—go!"

The unhappy protesters crowded out of the Head's study. The door closed behind them. In the passage they looked at one another.

"What a go!" murmured Durance. Carton gritted his teeth.

"We'll make that cad suffer for it!" he muttered. "It's all that nameless rotter's fault. We'll make him sit up when he comes!"

"Really, Carton—" began Algeron Aubrey St. Leger.

"Oh, shut up!"

And Vernon Carton stamped away, and the juniors dispersed—with the happy prospect before them of writing out five hundred lines each. The round robin to the Head could not be called a success.

The 4th Chapter. The New Junior.

"You the new chap for St. Kit's?" A handsome, athletic-looking fellow of about fifteen stepped from the train at Wicke Station in the afternoon sunshine. He had a bag in his hand and a coat over his arm. He was about to start along the train to claim a box that had been trundled out of the guard's van when a fat youth in Etons scuttled across the platform and addressed him.

Bunny Bottles—for it was the fat Fourth-Former of St. Kit's—eyed him curiously and rather doubtfully.

This was not exactly the sort of fellow Bunny had expected to see. From Carton's anticipations Bunny had looked for some shabby, slouching fellow with a hangdog air, but certainly this handsome, well-set-up fellow did not answer to that sort of description.

He smiled as he glanced down at Bunny, and his smile was a very pleasant one.

"I'm for St. Kit's," he assented.

"The new kid?"

"Yes, I'm the new fellow, certainly."

"I've only heard of one new fellow coming," said Bunny. "You can't be—I mean, you look quite decent."

"Thank you."

"Not at all," said the obtuse Bunny. "I've come here to meet your train. There was another new fellow expected—an awful outsider of a fellow who hasn't a name—"

The newcomer started.

"What?"

"I'm not surprised you're astonished," grinned Bunny. "Sounds awful, don't it? But it's a fact."

"I think perhaps you're making a little mistake," said the new junior

quietly, compressing his lips a little. "I think I must be the fellow you're describing as—what did you say?—an awful outsider. At any rate, I am Harry Nameless."

Bunny jumped. So this was the new fellow, after all—this was the nameless outsider—the rank bouncer whose coming was such a shock to the select circle of Carton & Co.

"You—you—you're him!" ejaculated Bunny, breathlessly and ungrammatically.

"I'm Harry Nameless, if you want to know."

With that the new junior turned his back on the fat Fourth-Former of St. Kit's, and walked along to where his box lay on the platform.

Bunny Bottles blinked after him. "My only Uncle Sam!" he murmured.

The fat and egregious Bunny had come to the station to meet the new boy—in spite of the aristocratic prejudices which he shared with Carton & Co.

Bunny felt that he was lowering himself. He admitted it. But it happened that day—as it often happened on other days—that Bunny of the Fourth was short of cash. In vain he had sought to "stick" Vernon Carton for a little loan; in vain he had made a round of the Fourth Form; in vain he had even humbled himself in search of a miserable "bob" among the fags of the Third.

Bunny had had no luck. And the brilliant thought had occurred to his fat brain of meeting the new junior at the station and extracting a loan from him. The rank outsider, Bunny argued, was certain to feel pleased and flattered at being met by a St. Kit's fellow. In his pleasure and gratitude it would be a simple task to "stick" him for a small loan. Of course, he was a poverty-stricken bouncer, but he was bound to have some cash about him. Bunny was prepared to relieve him of the trouble of looking after it.

The handsome appearance of the new junior had quite taken the wind out of Bunny's sails. At first he had felt certain that this must be some other new boy—not the ex-

pected bouncer. But it was the bouncer right enough—and he looked quite prosperous.

Bunny had had doubts about walking down the village with a nameless outsider. He admitted that he wouldn't mind walking down any street with this chap, so far as appearances went. So, upon the whole, when he had recovered from his surprise, Bunny Bottles felt pleased.

True, the new junior looked neither pleased nor flattered so far. But Bunny could soon set that right. He rolled after Harry quite hurriedly.

"Hallo, old top," said Bunny affably, rejoining the new junior, who was speaking to the porter.

"That your box?"

"Yes," answered the other fellow curtly.

"Leave it here," said Bunny. "They'll send it on from the station. No need to take a cab—"

"I'm not taking a cab."

Bunny came very near sneering. Of course, this penniless bouncer wouldn't be taking a cab! But Bunny of the Fourth remembered his object in meeting the bouncer, and restrained his sneer in time.

"Just so," he agreed; "let them send it on. We're going to walk to St. Kit's."

"We!" repeated the new junior.

Surprising as it was, he still showed no sign of being pleased or flattered by Bunny's attentions. Something was awry somewhere.

But Bunny was a stickler.

"Yes, we!" he said. "I'm going to show you the way."

"I think I could find it easily enough."

"Well, there's a lot of turnings in Wicke Lane," said Bunny. "The school's some distance from the village, you know—across the bridge. The fact is, old top, I came to meet your train especially to look after you and show you round on your first day at St. Kit's, you know."

"That's very kind of you," said the new junior, his manner thawing a little.

Somehow he hadn't been pleased with Bunny at first. Bunny couldn't tell why, but such was the surprising fact!

But now he could not help feeling

a little grateful for this kind attention from a complete stranger.

"I mean to be kind, you know," explained Bunny cheerfully. "I'm kindness itself, in fact—and I'm no snob. Not at all. I'm not ashamed to be seen with you."

"Eh?"

"Not a bit," said Bunny fatuously. "You can't help being a rank outsider, can you? You wouldn't be one if you could help it. That's how I look at it, you know. What?"

Harry Nameless looked at him steadily.

The cheerful Bunny saw nothing to take offence at in his remarks—the bright and cheery grin on his fat face told as much.

Harry had made a motion with his hand as if to take the fat junior by the collar, but he let his hand drop again.

"I think we'd better part company here," he said abruptly.

"Eh? But I say—"

The new junior turned away from him and spoke to the porter about his box. Bunny Bottles noted that he slipped a shilling into the man's hand. The rank outsider had "bobs" to give away, then! Bunny of the Fourth felt his hopes rise higher. He had been thinking of a humble half-crown as the probable total of the amount to be extracted from the nameless stranger. Now the happy thought of a half-sovereign dazzled his fat mind. He was prepared to be quite friendly. Unheeding his friendly grin, Harry Nameless walked away to the station exit with long strides.

"Wait for me, old top!" called out Bunny.

Harry did not seem to hear. He strode on, and Bunny's fat legs had to go like machinery to catch him up. He rolled rather breathlessly out of the station door with the new fellow.

(It is evident that Bunny Bottles has great hopes of being able to extract a loan from Harry Nameless. Will the fat Fourth-Former succeed in his quest? On no account must you miss next Monday's long instalment of this great school story! Order your BOYS' FRIEND in advance and avoid disappointment!)

FOOTBALL GOSSIP! By "Goalie"

Concerning Bolton Wanderers.

For some little time past Bolton Wanderers have been among the most interesting teams in the land, and the directors are obviously keen on keeping the name of the "Trotters" well in the limelight. They are one of the oldest clubs in the country, too, and original members of the Football League when it was formed, something like forty years ago. Although the side has naturally during such a long career done many wonderful things and been assisted by stars of the very first magnitude, it was not until the season before last that they realised one of their biggest ambitions—the winning of the English Cup. The victory was all the sweeter, of course, because of the fact that they were the first victors at Wembley, and David Jack, their inside-right, scored the first goal ever obtained in that amazing arena.

A Big Capture.

It is now pretty evident that the directors of the Bolton Club are out to write yet another new chapter in the story of their progress. Their minds are set on winning the First Division Championship, an honour which has up to now eluded them. With this end in view, it is generally considered that the manager did a specially clever stroke of business in securing the signature of Joe Cassidy, the famous Celtic forward who played for Scotland against Wales last season, and who has also represented the Scottish League against the English League. It would scarcely be correct to describe Cassidy as a young player, for he was seen in the ranks of Ayr United as long ago as 1913, but, as a matter of fact, he has been most successful with the Celtic during the past two

seasons, during which he has scored twenty-five and twenty-two League goals.



J. CASSIDY.
(Bolton Wanderers.)

To Fill a Dual Role.

Cassidy may be described as a typical Scot, possessed of wonderful control of the ball, a deep schemer, and an excellent shot. He can play either as centre-forward or inside-left, and has even been known to figure with success in the half-back line—proof that the real footballer will make a comparatively good show in practically any position on the field. That the Wanderers paid a very big fee for his services is admitted, but they were just in that state when they had to find somebody, and, in a manner of speaking, the Celtic man is really expected to kill two birds with one stone. He can play at centre-forward if John Smith's leg, recently operated upon, should not prove strong enough for the strain, and he can also under-study Joe Smith, the inside-left, who by the very nature of things cannot be expected to last very much longer if played in every match. What an array of talent there is in this Bolton forward line when Cassidy appears at centre-five Internationals! Butler, Jack, and Joe Smith have all played for England, Cassidy for Scotland, and Vizard for Wales. There are more unlikely things than that Bolton will this season take the championship flag to Burnden Park, but they have a stiff match on at Everton this week-end.

Will Wembley be Ready?

By the way, the mention at the beginning of these notes of Wembley Cup Finals reminds me that

there seems good reason to be more than a little disturbed so far as future games at the Stadium are concerned. When I last visited Wembley and walked over that once-wonderful playing pitch it was absolutely



D. TREMELLING.
(Birmingham.)

devoid of grass, and there were deep ruts here and there which gave the whole place the appearance of being totally unsuited for real football in the near future. After all, you can't have Rodeo performances, pageants, and what not on a newly-laid football pitch without making rather a mess of the grass, and it is obvious

that only under very exceptional weather conditions can new turf be persuaded to settle down between September and April. More will probably be heard of the matter long before the time comes to play the Final tie of 1925, and those among my readers who have made a recent visit to the Stadium will agree that the question ought to be taken up seriously.

One of the Unlucky Ones.

A correspondent writes me inquiring as to the whereabouts of Alfred Quantrell, last season on the books of Preston North End, but not retained by them for the current season. I understand that he is playing for Chorley, a Lancashire Combination club, and that there he hopes to get back to his very best form. Quantrell provides another illustration of the trials and tribulations of a footballer's life. When he went from Derby to Preston a couple of years or so ago he seemed to have a great future ahead of him, and he had already played for his country at outside-left. No sooner had he arrived at Deepdale, however, than he met with a serious injury which kept him out of the field for six months, and he has never since touched the same brilliant heights. And now, though a young man and still on the right side of thirty, he has gone into comparative obscurity. Very bad luck indeed.

Always at His Post.

I should not describe the Birmingham side as a sound one in every department, but they have in Dan Tremelling one of the most consistent goalkeepers of these times. He was at his place between the posts in every League game played by Birmingham last season, and gained a similar distinction in 1919-20. He comes from Mansfield, and Birmingham is his only first-class club. Built on slender lines, Tremelling is noted for his catlike agility, and to him as much as to any man Birmingham owe their present position in the First Division.

"Goalie"

(Look out for another splendid footer article next week.)

WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN ON SATURDAY.

Below will be found our expert's opinion of the probable results of the big games to be played on Saturday, September 20th. The likely winning side is printed in capitals. Where a draw is anticipated, both clubs are printed in smaller letters.

First Division.

Arsenal v. Sheffield United.
ASTON VILLA v. West Ham United.
BURNLEY v. Leeds United.
Bury v. LIVERPOOL.
CARDIFF CITY v. West Bromwich A.
Everton v. Bolton Wanderers.
HUDDERSFIELD T. v. Blackburn R.
Manchester City v. Newcastle United.
NOTTS COUNTY v. Notts Forest.
PRESTON NORTH E. v. Birmingham.
SUNDERLAND v. Tottenham Hotspur.

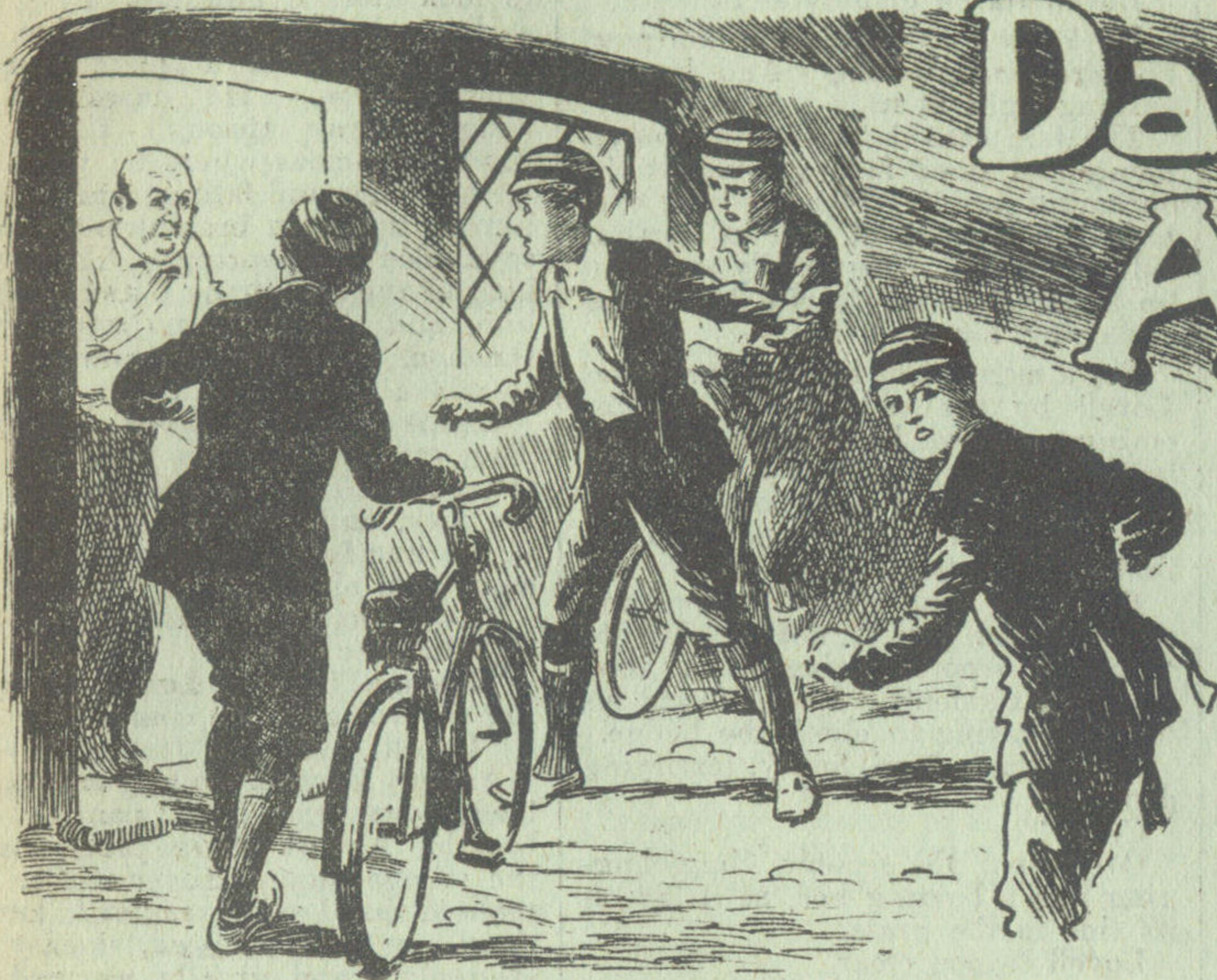
Second Division.

BARNESLEY v. South Shields.
Clapton Orient v. Chelsea.
Coventry City v. Leicester City.
CRYSTAL PALACE v. Southampton.
FULHAM v. Blackpool.
MIDDLESBROUGH v. Bradford City.
Oldham Athletic v. Manchester United.
PORTSMOUTH v. Hull City.
THE WEDNESDAY v. Stockport C.
STOKE v. Port Vale.
Wolverhampton W. v. DERBY COUNTY.

First Division.

Scottish League.
ABERDEEN v. Cowdenbeath.
Hearts v. Airdrieonians.
Kilmarnock v. Hamilton Acads.
MORTON v. Ayr United.
MOTHERWELL v. Dundee.
RAITH ROVERS v. Hibernians.
St. Johnstone v. THIRD LANARK.
ST. MIRREN v. Falkirk.

THRILLS & EXCITEMENT IN THIS HOLIDAY STORY OF JIMMY SILVER & CO.!



Danger Ahead!

By
OWEN CONQUEST.

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

Jimmy Silver & Co. receive a great shock when they discover an escaped lion roaming the Devonshire countryside!

The 1st Chapter.

Which Way?

"Silly owls!" Arthur Edward Lovell was not addressing his comrades, Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome.

He was referring to the local authorities of that part of Devonshire—probably, at that hour, comfortably asleep in their beds, and not dreaming of hapless cyclists for whom they had failed to provide sign-posts by the wayside.

It was a fine night. A crescent moon sailed over rich meadow-land and deep, dusky woods. "Glorious Devon" looked as glorious as ever; but some of the glory was lost upon four tired and hungry cyclists, halted at a lonely cross-roads, and looking for a sign that was not there.

Four shady lanes, deep-sunken between high banks of rich earth, met at that point. By one of them the Rookwood cyclists had arrived. By another of them they were to proceed. They had three to choose from. Which of the three to choose was the problem they now had to solve.

Three dusky bikes leaned on a tree. Lovell had shut off the motor-scooter, and its cherry "chug-chug" no longer awoke the echoes of the moonlit fields.

Right and left, up and down, and round about, the Fistical Four of Rookwood hunted for a sign. And they found it not. Doubtless the inhabitants found their way about those perplexing sunken lanes with ease. But it was quite a different matter with cyclists from afar.

"Silly owls!" repeated Lovell. "Chumps! Fatheads!" He was still referring to the local authorities.

"Well, it's no good slanging," remarked Jimmy Silver. "One of these blessed lanes leads to Oke."

"Which?" grunted Raby. "Goodness knows!"

"Toss up for it!" suggested Newcome. "Chumps!" went on Arthur Edward Lovell. "If we take the wrong road we may land anywhere—perhaps in the middle of a thumping moor. Asses! Why can't they put up a sign-post?"

"Keep smiling!" murmured Jimmy. "Rats! Look here, there must be some sort of a sign somewhere, at a cross-roads like this," argued Lovell. "Even a rural district council must have some sense. Let's have another look."

"Go ahead!" said Jimmy. "You won't find one, but it won't hurt us to rest for a few minutes."

Lovell snorted, and unhooked the lamp from the motor-scooter. Jimmy and Raby and Newcome sat down in the grass to rest. Lovell prowled up and down, casting the light to and fro, still murmuring uncomplimentary remarks on the subject of rural district councils.

"Hallo, here's something!" exclaimed Lovell.

He stopped a dozen paces along one of the lanes and cast the light of the lamp upon a tall tree.

"What is it?" yawned Raby, without getting up.

"There's a board nailed on the tree, or fixed on somehow. It must be a sign. It wouldn't be put there for nothing."

"Well, what does it say?"

"I can't read it in the dark, fat-head! The lamp doesn't reach it, dummy! But I can see that it's a board."

Lovell seemed to be getting a little cross.

"May as well have a squint at it," remarked Newcome. "I don't suppose it's a sign-board, or Lovell wouldn't have found it. But let's have a look at it."

The three Rookwood juniors detached themselves from the grass, and followed Lovell. They stared up at the board he had discovered. It was high above their heads, and no doubt quite a prominent landmark in the daytime. At night it was quite impossible to read it; shady branches above shut off the moonlight, and Lovell's lamp did not illuminate it. Something was on the board—it looked like a printed poster pasted there.

"That's not a sign," said Raby. "Even the rural district council wouldn't put it there."

"It's something," said Lovell. "And there's never any telling what a rural district council will do. We'd better have a look at it and see."

"How?" asked Raby. Lovell grunted.

"I'll stand on the scooter," he said. "Good!"

Lovell walked back to the cross-roads, and wheeled the motor-scooter on. Standing on the roomy saddle of the scooter, he would be able to reach the high board with his light and read it. He was fairly certain by this time that it was a wayside sign. His chief reason for believing so was the fact that his comrades did not believe so.

"Don't bump it over while I'm standing on it," he grunted. "Keep clear! Mind you don't touch it!" His three comrades backed away. Lovell stood the scooter under the tree, and let down the metal leg which kept it upright. Then, with great care, and a little help from the gnarled trunk of the tree, he proceeded to climb upon it.

His comrades watched him with interest. A light and active fellow could have performed that acrobatic feat with ease. But Lovell was rather heavy-handed and heavy-footed. The scooter jerked and swayed, and looked every moment as if it would tumble over.

"Look out!" yelled Raby suddenly.

Crash!

Bump!

"Yarooogh!"

Fortunately, Lovell fell upon grass.

The scooter sprawled out into the lane, clanging.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. ought not really to have chortled. But the incident had its comic side, to the onlookers.

Lovell sat up and spluttered.

"You silly chumps—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you cackling at?" yelled Lovell. "If one of you fellows had held the scooter it wouldn't have gone."

"You warned us not to touch it," murmured Jimmy.

"Oh, don't jaw!"

Lovell picked himself up. Then he picked up the scooter, and examined it for damages. Fortunately, there were no damages. Lovell had captured all the damages there were.

"I've got an idea," remarked Jimmy.

"Keep it!"

"But I think—"

"No, you don't—you can't! Get clear while I put this scooter into position."

"But we could—"

"Oh, dry up, Jimmy Silver! Are we going to hang on here all night while you wag your chin?"

"Oh, all serene!" said Jimmy.

"Have your own way, old chap. Any old thing."

Lovell set up the scooter again under the tree. This time he climbed very carefully indeed. He was, in fact, fairly mounted on the scooter, standing on the saddle, when the next catastrophe came.

"Hand up that lamp. Ow!"

Lovell leaned rather thoughtlessly for the lamp.

Crash!

Bump!

This time Jimmy Silver & Co. contrived not to chortle. The expression on Lovell's face, as he sat up, showed that matters were growing serious.



LOVELL MEETS A LION! Right in the middle of the lane Arthur Edward Lovell suddenly glimpsed the form of a lion. For a moment or two, so dazed was the Rookwood junior by the sudden and terrible encounter, that he rushed on helplessly towards the great brute.

Slowly, savagely, Arthur Edward Lovell picked himself up. Slowly, savagely, he picked up the scooter.

"Trying it again?" asked Newcome.

Lovell glared at him.

"I'm not trying it again. With a set of dummies who can't even lend a fellow a hand, or do anything but chuckle like a lot of fowls, I'm jolly well not going to try it again. Go and eat coke!"

"Good!" said Jimmy Silver cheerfully. "Now we'll try my idea, as Lovell's finished. Suppose we stick the lamp on the end of a stick and put it up to the board? Then we can read what's there."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Raby and Newcome. That simple device might really have been tried instead of Lovell's heroic methods.

"Oh!" said Lovell.

Jimmy Silver groped in the thickets by the wayside for a stick. He soon found one that suited his purpose, and attached the lamp to the end of it. Holding the long stick high above his head, he cast the light upon the board on the tree.

And then the Fistical Four had the

satisfaction—or otherwise—of reading:

CHIGGERS' WORLD-FAMED MENAGERIE!
ASSEMBLY ROOMS, OKE,
TWO DAYS ONLY!
LIONS AND TIGERS!
LIONS AND TIGERS!
CHIGGERS!
CHIGGERS!
CHIGGERS!

The 2nd Chapter. Alarming News!

Jimmy Silver & Co. looked at that interesting announcement, and looked at one another. Doubtless, to the inhabitants of that remote quarter of Devonshire, the announcement was of interest. Doubtless, there had been quite a rush to see the lions and tigers in Chiggers' Menagerie, now showing for two days only in the Assembly Rooms at Oke. But the Rookwood rambles weren't interested. They had never heard of Chiggers' Menagerie, world-famed as it was stated to be. They had not the slightest desire to hear of it, or to behold it. They wanted supper and bed, and nothing whatever in the menagerie line.

"Well!" said Arthur Edward Lovell with a deep breath.

"Do you still think that that is a sign-post, old chap?" Raby inquired gently.

Lovell did not reply to that question.

Jimmy lowered the lamp. Nothing, evidently, was to be gained by the perusal of Mr. Chiggers' announcement.

Lovell put the lamp on the scooter again. The Fistical Four walked back to the cross-roads, to debate which route they should select.

"Hallo! Here comes somebody!" exclaimed Raby suddenly, and he pointed down a lane. "We can get a tip now about the road."

There was a faint sound of foot-falls, and the juniors discerned a

convulsive start, stared round him in terror, and then spun round and bolted.

"My hat!" ejaculated Lovell.

"What the dickens—?" The thudding of running feet echoed on the road. The juniors heard a crash in a hedge at a distance, and guessed that the man had plunged through into a field. Faintly they could hear the sound of running feet, dying away across a meadow.

"Well, that beats the band!" exclaimed Newcome, in great astonishment. "Did he take us for footpads, I wonder?"

"Might have thought it was a bull loose, from the way Lovell bellowed," suggested Raby.

"You silly ass!" hooted Lovell.

"Well, he's gone," said Jimmy. "May have been footpads round this part, or something of the kind. That chap had got the wind up, anyhow."

The man had vanished; no further sound was heard from him. The Fistical Four gave up the hope of getting any information as to their route.

It only remained to select one of the lanes, and follow it, unless they were to remain out all night.

In the fine summer's night, they would not have disliked camping out; but they had counted on supping at Oke, and they had nothing with them in the way of provisions. Supper was a pressing necessity—they were all hungry; they had done many a long mile since their last meal, and a good time had already been spent at the cross-roads.

"Oh, let's chance it," said Jimmy Silver. "If we don't get to Oke, we may get somewhere else. And we may pass a cottage or something where we can get a tip."

His chums assented, and the party remounted their jiggers. Once more the chug-chug of the motor-scooter echoed through the night.

Taking a lane at random, the Fistical Four wheeled on their way, their lamps gleaming into the shadows or the road. According to Jimmy's calculations, they should have been within a mile or two of the village of Oke. But a mile glided under the wheels, and there was no sign of the village. But a light glimmering from a field close by the lane caught Jimmy's eye at last.

"That's a cottage," he exclaimed, putting the brake on. "Somebody's still up, from the light. Let's ask the way."

"Good!" said Raby.

Jimmy Silver jumped down, and leaving his machine with his chums, lifted the latch of a little gate, and walked up the garden to the cottage. It was past ten o'clock, but lights burned in both windows of the little cottage, upper and lower. The blinds showed moving forms within, showing that the household was in some sort of commotion.

Jimmy Silver knocked at the door.

There was a shout inside the cottage.

"Look out!"

"Now then, quiet!" said a deeper voice. "He can't get through the door, and if he comes to the winder, I've got the pitchfork."

Jimmy Silver fairly jumped.

That was not the sort of reception he had expected from a cottager in hospitable Devon.

It was evident that something extraordinary must have happened recently to alarm that quiet countryside—something of which the Rookwood cyclists were totally unaware.

Jimmy knocked at the door again.

"Hallo, there!" he called out. "It's all right—I only want to ask you the way to Oke."

"Lor! It isn't him, after all!"

"You needn't open the door," called out Jimmy Silver. "We've lost our way, and want to know how to get to Oke. That's all."

There was a creaking, as the little cottage window was cautiously opened. The blind, pulled aside, allowed the dim candle-light to glimmer out into the night.

In the opening of the window, a man's broad shoulders and head were framed. Jimmy could see that the cottager was grasping a pitchfork. The man blinked round to the door.

"Lor! You bean't the lion, then!" he said in relief.

"The—the what?"

"I thought it was him at first, when you knocked."

"The lion!" stammered Jimmy Silver.

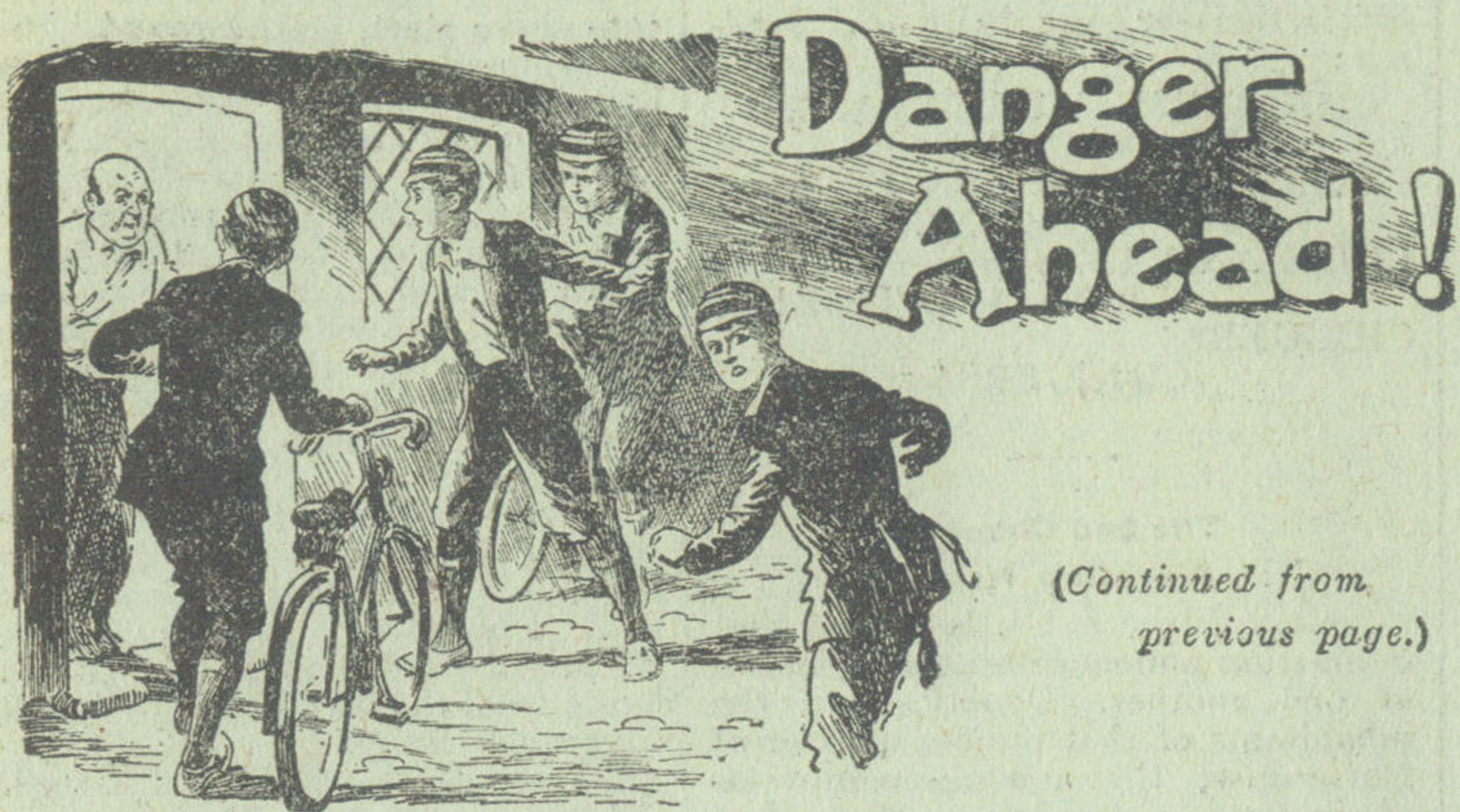
"You be a stranger here, maybe," said the cottager. "You ain't heard that the lion has escaped."

"Oh, my hat!"

"You'd better get in somewhere, quick," went on the cottager. "He's about here somewhere—by Oke or

(Continued overleaf.)

"Stranded!" is the grand holiday story of Jimmy Silver & Co. of Rookwood School for next Monday. Don't miss it, whatever you do!



(Continued from previous page.)

Little Pudlip, or Pullen-by-the-Pond. They haven't found him yet." Jimmy Silver remembered the advertisement of Mr. Chiggers' menagerie on the tree at the cross-roads. He understood now. "A giddy lion escaped from the menagerie!" he said. "Oh, my hat!" "You ain't seen him?" "No," answered Jimmy. "Which way did you come?" "We came from Greenway to the cross-roads. "Then it's a wonder you ain't run into him," said the cottager. "They was hunting him towards Greenway this afternoon."

Jimmy Silver whistled. He comprehended now why the countryman had bolted at the cross-roads, when Lovell shouted to him. That sudden hail had alarmed the startled man, who had been watching for the escaped lion as he trod cautiously along the middle of the lane. Certainly he could not have taken Lovell's shout for the roar of a lion, but he had been startled, and had fled without stopping to inquire, which was probably judicious with a lion roaming about in the vicinity.

"You'd better come in, young man," went on the cottager. "We haven't anywhere to put you to sleep, but you'll be safe within four walls. You're welcome."

"There's four of us," said Jimmy. His chums, standing by the garden gate, heard what was said. They cast uneasy glances up and down the lane.

"Is it far to Oke?" called out Lovell. "Half a mile, if you keep on, and turn to the left by the pond," said the cottager.

"Then we're on the right road, anyhow," said Jimmy Silver. "What do you fellows say? Keep on?"

There was a general nodding of heads. Sitting up all night in the tiny cottage was not an attractive prospect, and it was very probable that it would have meant missing supper. And as Lovell pointed out, they would have had to clear in the morning, anyhow, and chance the lion.

"We'll keep on," said Jimmy. "Thanks all the same. Good-night!" "Good-night to you, zur."

The cottager closed the window—probably relieved that his kind and hospitable offer had not been accepted, for there was not much accommodation for four strangers in a two-roomed cottage, in which there was already a family. Jimmy rejoined his comrades.

"We know the way, now," he said. "Better hustle a bit, and get into Oke. Sharp's the word."

And the Rookwooders remounted their machines, and rode hard and fast, Lovell chug-chugging ahead on the motor-scooter. And as they rode they kept wary eyes on the shadowy trees and thickets by the wayside.

The 3rd Chapter. At Close Quarters!

"Look out!" "Oh, my hat!" "The—the lion!" Quite suddenly it happened. Watchful as the Rookwood cyclists were, they had had no real expectation of seeing anything of the escaped lion from Chiggers' Menagerie. It was likely that it had been already recaptured, and likely that it had gone deep into the woods to escape its pursuers. In spite of the alarming news they had received at the wayside cottage, the Fistical Four were thinking chiefly of supper as they pedalled on along the moonlit lanes.

They sighted the pond at the turn, glimmering in the moonlight. And then, as they came round the bend at a good speed, they sighted the lion.

A long, sinuous body, a great head adorned with a magnificent mane,

loomed on their vision, with startling suddenness. The lion was lying by the water's edge, evidently having come to the pond to drink.

He raised his great head as the cyclists swept round the corner, passing within a couple of yards of him. It was too late to halt, and practically impossible for four machines to turn in the narrow lane between the pond and a high, thick hedge.

Lovell, indeed, on the scooter, was already past the crouching lion before he was sighted. Lovell had not even seen him, and was scooting on cheerily as the three fellows on push-bikes came following on.

"A—a—a bull!" stuttered Jimmy. "No, you chump; it was the lion, and he may be after us, for all I know. Put it on!" "My belief is that it was a bull." "Fathead!" "Just keep your nerves in control, you fellows," said Arthur Edward Lovell severely. "You'll be fancying you see lions and tigers in every blessed bush! You see—"

"Dry up and get on!" "Rats!" Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome were accustomed to arguments with Lovell. But they had no time or breath for argument now. Whether the lion was following them or not they did not know and could not guess, but they were not chancing it. They drove furiously at their pedals and shot past the motor-scooter, leaving Lovell chug-chugging behind. Generally the petrol jigger could leave the push-bikes standing. But just now the push-bikes left it behind. With that savage roar in their ears, Jimmy Silver & Co. "put it on" with amazing energy, and the bikes fairly flashed along the shady lane.

Lovell stared after his comrades and sniffed. He had not seen the lion. Consequently, he did not believe that his comrades had seen it. Lovell put it down to nerves, and congratulated himself that his nerves were in better

with movements like those of a huge cat. Lovell stared blankly at it.

He knew that it was the lion now. Seeing was believing. And he was rushing right at it.

The lion ceased its stealthy movements and stood fast, glaring at the oncoming junior. Two greenish eyes blazed like balls of fire at Arthur Edward Lovell. He hardly saw, but he knew, that the fearful brute was crouching for a spring.

For a moment or two, so dazed was Lovell by the sudden and terrible encounter, that he rushed on helplessly towards the great brute. But he recovered his presence of mind and whirled round the scooter to flee back towards Oke.

But the lane was narrow and rugged, and it was not possible to turn the scooter going at a good speed, so suddenly. Lovell found his machine trying to climb the hedge.

There was a deep, heavy, terrifying growl.

Crash! Over went the scooter, chug-chugging like a buzzing bee, as it lay on its side in the grass.

Lovell leaped clear.

He did not even look towards the lion. He bolted through the hedge, leaving the scooter throbbing on the ground. Often and often on that cycling trip Lovell had told his comrades that he was the only fellow in

the party who could look after the motor-scooter. But he did not stay to look after it now.

He crashed through the hedge, and found himself in a plantation of young trees. He bundled and dodged away through the trees, hardly conscious where he went.

Stumbling and falling, and picking himself up again breathlessly, Lovell scrambled on, panting. The throbbing of the scooter died away behind him, and there was no sound from the lion. But Lovell scrambled and stumbled on without a halt.

Lights gleamed before his eyes. They came from a lane that bordered the wood. There was a low fence in the way, and Lovell scrambled over it, heading for the lights. There was a shout of alarm.

"Look out! What's that?"

"The—the lion!" "It's me!" yelled Lovell, recognising the voices of his comrades.

"Lovell!" shouted Jimmy Silver.

Arthur Edward rolled and stumbled down the lane, panting for breath. Almost at the entrance of the village Jimmy Silver & Co. had realised that Lovell was not following them, and had stopped, uneasy for themselves and greatly alarmed for their chum. It was a surprise, but an immense relief, when he came sprawling out of the trees by the roadside where they stood.

"Lovell—what—"

"Quick!" panted Lovell.

"Where's the scooter?"

"Hang the scooter! Get on!" yelled Lovell.

And he ran towards the village. The lights of the Red Cow could be seen glimmering along the lane.

Jimmy Silver & Co. jumped on their machines and followed him. They could see and hear nothing of the lion, but evidently it was not time to inquire after the scooter.

"Jump up behind, Lovell!" exclaimed Jimmy.

And Arthur Edward mounted behind Jimmy Silver, standing on the foot-rest, with his hands on Jimmy's shoulders, and the cyclists rushed on into the village.

The 4th Chapter. Lovell the Lion-Hunter!

The Red Cow in Oke was shut up, bolted, and barred. Jimmy Silver & Co. clamoured at the door, which no one appeared to be in a hurry to open. Lights glimmered in the inn, showing that some of the occupants, at least, were still up. Jimmy Silver stared back into the moonlit lane as he banged at the inn door. If the lion was in pursuit, there was pressing danger every moment.

Bang, bang! Thump! Bang!

A window opened above.

"What's that? Who's there?"

"Open the door!" roared Lovell.

"There's a lion loose!"

"We know that. Have you seen him?"

"He's behind us."

"Oh lor!"

There was a rattling of bolts and bars. The heavy door swung half open. An alarmed face blinked at the juniors.

"Quick!" panted the innkeeper.

The four Rookwooders squeezed in.

"The bikes!" exclaimed Lovell.

The innkeeper did not heed. He was not thinking of bicycles. Indeed, some innkeepers might have declined to open the door at all in response to information that an escaped lion was fairly on the spot. The man slammed the door hard and jammed a bar home, and then put on the chain and shot the bolts.

"Never mind the bikes," said Jimmy. "It's fine, anyhow. They can stay outside."

Ten minutes later the juniors were

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The First Prize of £5 will be awarded to the reader whose solution is correct, or most nearly correct, and the six footballs in order of merit.

In the event of ties, the right to divide the value of the prizes is reserved, but the full amount will be awarded. It is a distinct condition of entry that the decision of the Editor must be accepted as final. You may send in as many attempts as you like, but each attempt must be accompanied by a separate picture and coupon, signed IN INK.

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I enter "WARSHIPS" Competition No. 1 and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final.

Name

Address

B.F. Closing date, September 25th.

A deep, resounding roar came from the great beast crouched by the pond. It sent the blood thrilling to the juniors' hearts.

"Put it on!" panted Jimmy Silver. The lion made a movement, whether to attack them or not the Rookwooders never knew.

They fairly flew past. A deep growl was heard behind them, and the sound of movement; but they did not even look back.

They ground at their pedals, and the bikes scarcely seemed to touch the ground as they raced on.

"Put it on, Lovell!" roared Jimmy Silver, as the racing bikes overtook the scooter. Jimmy had to swerve to avoid a collision with Lovell's rear wheel.

Lovell stared round. "Hallo, you fellows are spurting! You can't keep up that speed. Go easier!"

"Put it on, you ass! The lion!" panted Jimmy. "He was at the pond!"

"Oh, bosh! I didn't see him."

"Didn't you hear him, you dummy? He roared."

"Eh? Wasn't that a bull?"

condition. He could easily have overtaken the trio by going "all out" on the petrol bike. Instead of which Arthur Edward Lovell shut off some of the power and slowed down.

"Silly asses!" he murmured. "Just nerves. As if the giddy lion could be there without my seeing him. Silly owls! I'll jolly well show them that there wasn't any lion!"

And Arthur Edward Lovell, with that laudable object in view, circled round, and chug-chugged back towards the pond.

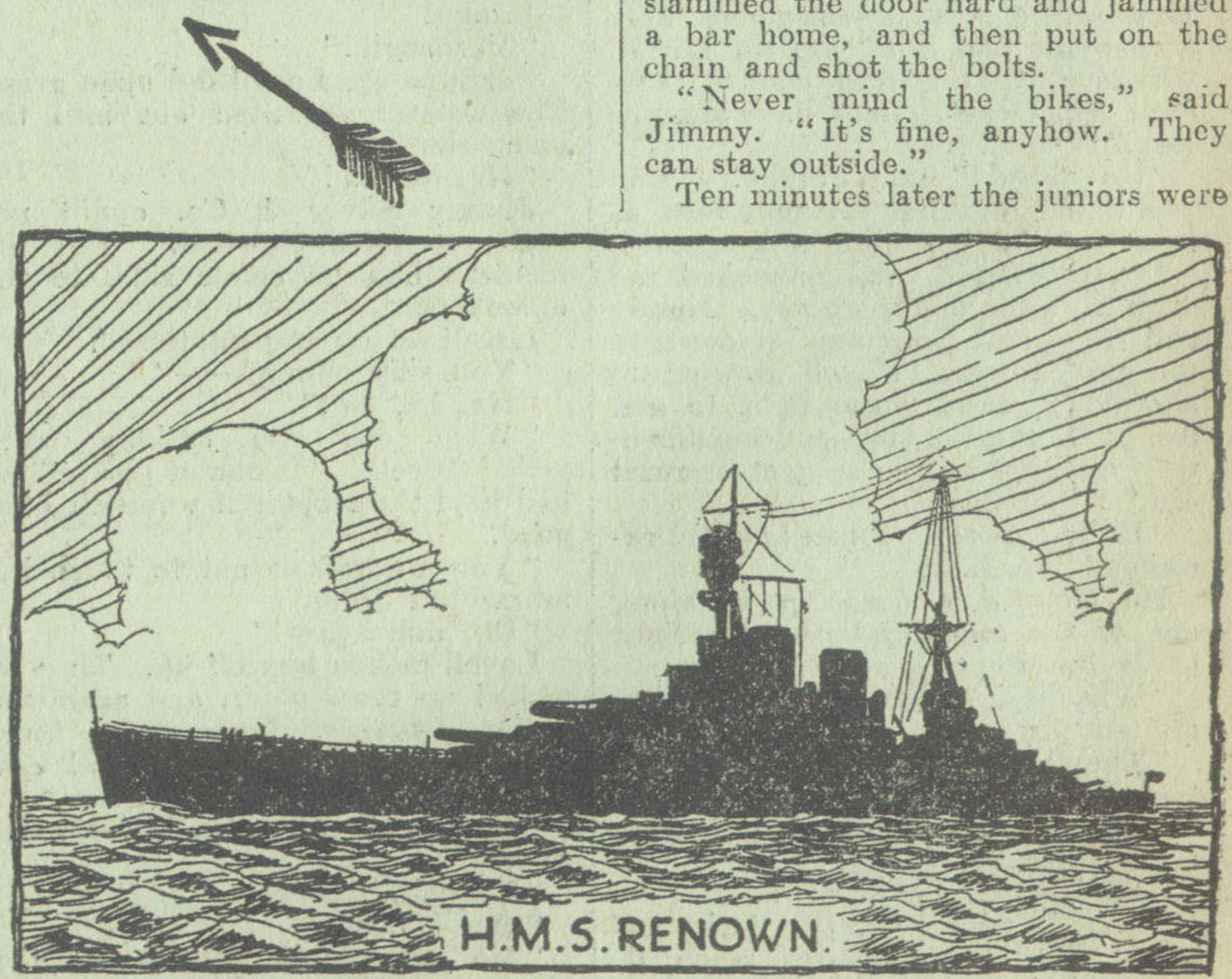
Never dreaming for a moment that Lovell had turned back, Jimmy Silver & Co. sped on towards Oke, and never had they been so glad to see the lights of a village.

Meanwhile, Lovell rode back towards the pond at the corner of the lane.

He looked this way and that way, scornfully unexpectant of seeing anything in the nature of an escaped lion.

Suddenly he jumped, and the scooter swayed.

Right in the middle of the lane a strange form was visible—a long, sinuous form, that moved stealthily



This is an outline of the famous Warship, the history of which is told in the above picture puzzle. Can you read it?

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sitting down to a cold supper—cold but ample, and very welcome. The people of the inn wanted to know all about the lion, and the juniors explained as they ate. Arthur Edward Lovell did not mention that he had turned back to the pond to look for the lion. He felt that that was a circumstance he had better not refer to.

But when the juniors went up to bed a little later, his comrades began to inquire.

"Just where did you leave the scooter?" asked Jimmy.

"Eh? Somewhere near the pond," said Lovell.

"Then you turned back?"

"Ye-es."

"What for?"

"Oh, I say, I'm sleepy!" said Lovell. "Let's turn in, for goodness' sake!"

"What did you turn back for?" hooted Raby.

"Because I didn't believe there was any lion," growled Lovell, "and I wanted to show you fellows—"

"You silly ass!"

"You burbling chump!"

"Look here—"

"Well, of all the dummies, I think Lovell takes the cake!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Goodness knows what will happen to the scooter before we see it again!"

"The lion won't eat it!" said Lovell sarcastically.

Jimmy Silver opened the window shutter and looked out. The moon glimmered on the village street, on the rugged cottages, and a haystack near at hand. He wondered whether the lion was lurking among the shadows. Faintly, from the distance, came a sound of throbbing. Chug-chug-chug!

"That's the jolly old scooter!" said Jimmy. "It's still pumping away."

The motor-scooter evidently was still a going concern. Lying in the grass, it was still chugging on.

"I've a jolly good mind to go out for it," said Lovell.

"Fathead!"

"Look here—"

"You've done enough idiotic stunts for one night," said Jimmy Silver.

"Go to bed and give your chin a rest!"

"And give us a rest," said Raby.

And Arthur Edward Lovell snorted and went to bed.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were tired, and they slept rather late the following morning. They came down to a late breakfast, and found that the inn door was on the chain. A group of countrymen, armed with pitch-forks and scythes, passed the inn, and the juniors guessed that they were going after the lion. Jimmy found that the scooter had been brought in and placed in a shed, and he was glad to find that it was not damaged. After breakfast the Rookwood party debated about continuing their journey.

"Blow the lion!" said Raby. "We shall soon be out of his reach, anyhow, on the bikes."

"I think—"

"You do?" asked Raby, with sarcastic surprise. "When did you begin that?"

Lovell glared.

"We may as well get on," said Jimmy Silver. "Can't hang about here all day, looking as if we're funky."

"I think," repeated Lovell, with emphasis, "that we ought to hang on here to-day and help catch the lion."

"And how are you going to catch him?" demanded Raby, still sarcastic.

"Sneak behind him and put salt on his tail!"

"You silly ass!" roared Lovell.

"Well, you had a chance of catching him last night," said Newcome.

"You gave him a miss, though."

"We should be jolly useful, with our experiences as Scouts," said Lovell.

"We could pick up his trail."

"I don't think."

"I don't say you could, Raby, but I could. And the fact is, I'm jolly well going to," said Lovell. "It's up to us to lend these people a hand. The whole place is at sixes and sevens while that lion is loose. He may claw somebody."

"You, most likely, if you start trailing him."

"Well, I'm going to chance that!" snorted Lovell. "I'm not backing out of this. You fellows scud off as fast as you like. I'll join you again when the lion's caught."

"Suppose he catches you instead?"

"Oh, rats!"

Arthur Edward Lovell had made up his mind. The scooter reposed in the shed, its chugging silenced. Lovell grabbed up his hat and walked out of the inn, thus settling the

disputed point. Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome looked at one another.

"We can't leave the ass here by himself," said Jimmy. "I dare say the lion's twenty miles away by this time, anyhow. Let's get after the duffer."

And the juniors joined Lovell. They found a good many people of Oke out of doors, in spite of the lion. Men were working in the fields, and some horsey-looking fellows, apparently belonging to Chiggers' World-Famed Menagerie, were loafing about the village street.

Arthur Edward Lovell, as bold as brass, walked along the lane towards the pond at the turning, and stopped at the spot where the motor-scooter had spent the night. There he bent down to examine the grass and hunt for tracks. His comrades watched him. Certainly, there were plenty of tracks in the grass and the dusty road. The men who had fetched in the scooter had left the print of big, hobnailed boots, and there were plenty of other tracks. It would have puzzled a first-class Scout to pick out the lion's trail, but Arthur Edward Lovell never lacked confidence in his own powers.

A stout gentleman, in a morning-coat and a silk hat, came along the lane while Lovell was at work. He paused to stare at the juniors, apparently a little puzzled by Lovell's occupation.

terrible danger of the previous night seemed to fade out, as it were, in the light of Mr. Chiggers' remark.

Lovell did not hear or heed. He was at a little distance, picking up the trail through the hedge.

"They won't believe that there's no 'arm in 'im," went on Mr. Chiggers. "You see, the pore old animal is stirred up in his cage to roar ferocious, in the way of business, and now he's sneaked off the 'ole place is fairly getting the wind up. They're talking about getting out the blooming Territorials with their blooming rifles! Nice for me! Why, that lion's worth a 'undred pounds of anybody's money, though he ain't got no teeth left."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, it ain't a larfing matter," said Mr. Chiggers. "This 'ere is bad business for me. But I thought I'd tell you young gents not to be skeered. If you come on my lion, you jest pat 'im on the 'ead, and he will lick your 'and. He will that! 'Morning!"

And Mr. Chiggers rolled on his way, leaving Jimmy Silver & Co. chuckling.

The 5th Chapter. Tracked to His Lair.

"Got it!"

Arthur Edward Lovell looked back through a gap in the hedge, and beckoned to his chums. They strolled after him.



THE TRESPASSERS! Quite unobserved by the Rookwood juniors, a man in gaiters, with a stick in his hand, came scudding across the field from a distant farm-house.

"Morning, young gentlemen," he said. "Are you the fellows that I ear came on my lion last night?"

"We're the fellows," said Jimmy, with a smile. "I suppose you're Mr. Chiggers."

"That's me," said the stout gentleman. "My lion didn't 'urt you, I s'pose?"

"We didn't give him a chance."

"He's all right," said Mr. Chiggers. "He will feed out of my 'and. I keep on telling them that there's nothing to be alarmed about. But they won't believe me. That there lion dangerous! Pooof!" Mr. Chiggers sniffed.

"He looked jolly dangerous," said Raby.

"That's only 'is looks."

"And he had a jolly hefty roar," said Jimmy.

"Course he had," said Mr. Chiggers. "He's made to roar in his cage, to make the audience believe he's frightful savage. But he ain't! That there lion would feed out of your 'and."

"Oh, my hat!" said Jimmy.

"The pore animal is frightened, that's what's the matter with him," went on Mr. Chiggers. "All these coves getting arter him with pitch-forks and scythes and things. I've just passed a farmer with a gun—looking for my lion! A gun—and loaded!" said Mr. Chiggers, evidently deeply aggrieved. "How would he like me to go out with a gun looking for his cows, I wonder?"

The three juniors chuckled. The

"Got the trail?" asked Jimmy, with a smile.

"Yes. Who was that chap?" asked Lovell.

"The world-famed Chiggers!" grinned Jimmy. "He says it's a tame lion—sort of family pet."

"Rot!"

"Eh? I suppose Chiggers knows what his own lion's like!" exclaimed Raby.

"Gammon," said Lovell. "Of course, he doesn't like all this fuss—it's bad for his business. I know how the beast roared at me."

"It seems that he's taught to roar, to give the audience their money's worth."

"Bosh!" said Lovell, and disposed of that matter. "Look here, I've got his trail. Are you fellows coming on? Of course, we shall have to be careful. We don't want to get too near that savage beast. But if we can run him down we can bring a crowd on him with scythes and things. See?"

"Right-ho!" said Jimmy. "Sure you've got the trail?"

"Oh, quite! The lion seems to have cut across the plantation and taken to the fields. The trail's quite clear. You can see it for yourselves in the grass yonder!"

"Let's look!"

The juniors examined the trail Lovell had discovered in the grass of the adjoining field. It was by no means clear, but it showed that some animal had passed that way the previous night or early in the morning.

Lovell followed the trail, bent almost double, to keep his keen eyes on the "sign." His three chums followed him, smiling, with their hands in their pockets.

They doubted very much whether Lovell really was on the track of the escaped lion. But, in any case, they were not likely to feel very alarmed after Mr. Chiggers' kind assurances on the subject.

Lovell paused every now and then, to make sure of the "spoor," as he called it.

The juniors traversed the field, and near the opposite hedge Lovell was rather at a loss. He tried round and about, and at last hit on the spoor again.

"It's all right," he said. "It looks fresher here! I shouldn't wonder if we're fairly close on him. He may have sneaked into one of those farm-buildings yonder to hide."

"Get on with it, old chap."

Lovell led the way again. The trail seemed to wander about the extensive meadow, as if the animal that had left it had been indulging in a rather aimless saunter. But it led, at last, towards a shed in a corner of the field.

The shed was plainly a shelter for cattle. There was no door to it, and the front was more than half open. There was a litter of dirty straw about the opening. Lovell paused.

"He went in there!" he said.

"Well, that must have been a good

sleep. Sounds of movement approached the opening, and Lovell made a jump for the low roof of the shed and clambered up into safety.

Keeping a rather precarious hold on the sloping roof of the shed, he waved a warning hand to his comrades.

"Hook it!" he shouted.

Jimmy Silver & Co. did not seem in a hurry to hook it. They stared at Lovell.

"Did you see him?" shouted back Jimmy.

"He's there! Hook it!" yelled Lovell. "He's disturbed. He may spring any minute."

Jimmy Silver & Co., still without "hooking it," stared at the shadowy opening of the cattle-shelter. A dim form loomed up there in the shadows, and they caught the gleam of eyes, and for a moment they started. The next they grinned.

It was a shaggy head that was projected into the sunshine—not the head of a lion. It was the head of a donkey.

The three juniors stared at the donkey. Lovell, on the roof, could see nothing of the animal he had tracked down. He was alarmed for his comrades.

"Can you see him?" he shouted.

"Ha, ha! Yes."

"Hook it!" yelled Lovell. "Do you want to be torn to pieces?"

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

The idea of being torn to pieces by that quiet old donkey was too much for them. They roared and they yelled. Lovell stared at them, from the roof over the donkey's head, in amazement and consternation. He really wondered whether sudden terror had deprived his comrades of their wits.

"Run for it!" he shouted. "Why don't you run?"

"It's not the lion!" yelled Raby.

"Not what—what— Then what—"

Lovell did not finish. The answer to his unfinished question came from the animal in the shed itself. The donkey's mouth yawned wide, and an unmusical bray came forth.

"Hee-haw! Hee-haw!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked Jimmy Silver & Co. in helpless merriment.

The face of Arthur Edward Lovell was a study in scarlet. Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome shrieked.

"Oh!" gasped Lovell.

"Hee-haw!"

A man in gaiters, with a stick in his hand, came scudding across the fields from a distant farmhouse. There was an angry look on his face. Jimmy Silver & Co. did not observe him till he was close at hand, and then they observed that he looked wrathful. He ran straight to the shed and brandished his stick at Lovell.

"Come down off that shed, you young rascal!"

"I—I—I—"

"Trespassing, you young scoundrel! I'll teach you! Come down, will you?" roared the farmer's man, waving the stick.

"About time we moved on, I think," murmured Jimmy Silver. And his comrades agreed that it was. They scudded for the nearest hedge and dropped into the lane.

Arthur Edward Lovell glared at the farmer's man. He felt that it was useless to attempt to explain. Fortunately, the shed was close up to the corner hedge, and Lovell, with a long jump, was able to clear it into the lane.

He landed there, and rolled over on his hands and knees, grunting. Jimmy Silver & Co. came up breathlessly.

"Hook it!" said Jimmy. "That jolly merchant is yelling to somebody to turn a dog loose!"

And the Fistical Four of Rookwood promptly "hooked it."

Arthur Edward Lovell did not speak as the Rookwooders walked back to the inn at Oke. In mercy his comrades did not speak, either. The extraordinary outcome of Lovell's lion hunt was really too funny for words.

It was with difficulty that Jimmy Silver & Co. suppressed their merriment. Lovell's face was a beautiful crimson, and he glanced suspiciously at his comrades now and then. But they contrived to keep their faces serious.

"Well, are we getting the bikes out?" asked Raby, as they came in sight of the Red Cow.

"Of course!" grunted Lovell. "I suppose you don't want to hang about this twopenny-ha'penny village all day, do you?"

"Why, it was your idea—" began Raby warmly.

(Continued on page 192.)

Val Hilton—Apprentice!

(Continued from previous page.)

"By my prophetic sowl, ut's some raving maniac down in the cold-room, Tom," said Barry O'Rooney, "and there's only wan raving maniac who'd be in the cold-room at this toime, so you can bet your boots that crazy Iskimo has broken out in a fresh place. Urrr! Hark at ut! Ut sets my teeth on edge, and sends shivering shudders down my spine. Take ut away from him and clap him into a strait-jacket!"

Prout opened the door of the cold-room with a kick, and then they met the full force of the melody, and Felix the cat uttered one terrified wail and fled. Putting their fingers in their ears, Mr. Prout and Mr. O'Rooney staggered and glared.

"Stop it!" they roared with one voice. "Stop it, you weevil!"

Gan Waga seemed in a kind of ecstasy, enraptured by the melody he was creating. He had gone back to his seat on the block of ice, and his little eyes were turned upwards, and his cheeks threatened to explode. He saw them coming, however, skipped over the block of ice, and gave it a push with one naked foot. Prout, O'Rooney, and Val dodged out of the way as the ice-block came sliding across the floor.

"Yo' gets outness of this," said the musician. "Nobody asked yo' two chumheads to come. I just amungins myself playing 'Home, Sweet Home'ness on my blower, and I not wants yo'. Old Val he can stop and listen if he likes, but yo' other lubbers, yo' beats it!"

"Sail in, Barry—sail in, by honey, and scalp him!" growled Prout. And Val grinned.

"I don't think you better, my old pineapple chunks," said Gan Waga, sidling up to a crate of eggs. "If yo' wants to sails in, yo' jolly soonfuls get a few of these niceness new-laid ones. I not such a bad shot, and I got lots of ammunitions. Anybody want a few eggs, hunk?"

"Bedad, you fat weevil, haven't you got any dacency or marcy?" asked Barry. "Come out of ut and surrender, or O'll sling this codfish at you!"

Gan Waga laughed a scornful laugh. Squatting down behind the crate of eggs, with the ammunition within easy reach, he put the cornet to his lips and filled the cold-room with hideous discord. The cold struck keenly through Val's pyjamas, but he could not tear himself away. Brave men though they were, Prout and O'Rooney retreated towards the door. Some silent communication must have passed between them, for suddenly they turned, and each unshipped a carcass of mutton from its hook. Using the carcasses as shields against the expected fusillade of eggs from Gan Waga's dug-out, they went over the top, so to speak, and rushed at the foe.

The Eskimo did not fire a single shot, but retreated farther, and as their shields hampered their vision, Prout and O'Rooney did not miss him for a second. Gan Waga took refuge behind a pile of boxes, and blew a blast of defiance on his cornet, and Barry O'Rooney and the steersman dropped their shields.

"Now, yo' take my advices, and clear outs, my ugly pets!" chuckled Gan Waga. "I going to learn 'Home, Sweet Home'ness' properly all to-nights and Tuesday afternoons. Ifs yo' not likes my butterful music, go to beds and cork up yo' ears. Now I show yo' how it goes."

Gan Waga blew into the cornet with the force of a spouting whale, and waggled the keys furiously.

"Bedad, Tom, O'im bate," groaned Barry O'Rooney. "O'ive got music in me, and ut's torture. Come away, for the sake of Moike, and lave him to ut. We can murder him in the morning, bad luck to him."

Prout's ears were not quite so sensitive. He made a single-handed attempt to assault Gan Waga's stronghold, only to be met by a large smoked haddock, which came sailing through the air and smote him on the chest. Prout hurled it back savagely.

"A rotten shot, Tommy!" cried Gan Waga. "Ho, ho, hoo! Anybody like a nice haddocks? I gotted a piles of them. Good-bye! I going to sound the retreats now. He he, hee!"

"By honey, I'll skin you for this tomorrow!" said Prout.

As the Eskimo was in a strong position and could throw with great accuracy, Prout and O'Rooney withdrew. Haddocks are very nice when cooked and

Danger Ahead!



(Continued from page 183.)

"For goodness' sake, Raby, don't jaw," said Lovell crossly. "Let's get out the jiggers and get out of this."

"What about the lion?" "Blow the lion!" said Lovell forcibly. "I suppose it's not our business to hunt for escaped lions, is it? I thought we came to Devonshire on a cycling tour. If we did, it's about time we got on."

Arthur Edward did not seem to be in a reasonable mood. But his comrades were tolerant with him. Lovell's experiences that morning had not been grateful or comforting.

The three bikes and the scooter were wheeled out, and Jimmy Silver settled the bill, and the juniors left the Red Cow. They walked the machines through the village street, which was narrow and hilly. On the outskirts of the village they came on a large corrugated iron building, which they guessed was the "Assembly Rooms," especially as a large poster announced that Chiggers' World-Famed Menagerie was on view there.

"Bad business for them," remarked Lovell. "It will fairly bust up the show, I should think, if that lion kills somebody."

"Not likely," said Jimmy with a smile. "According to Mr. Chiggers, the jolly old lion is as tame as a bunny rabbit."

"Rubbish!" "Look here, Lovell—"

"Bunkum!" snorted Lovell. "He would say that, of course. My belief is that the lion's a savage brute, and has very likely killed two or three people already. I'd jolly well go after it again, too, only I can see you fellows are keen on getting away."

"What!" roared the three together.

placed on the breakfast-table, but in the raw state, and especially when frozen stiff and flung by a skilled marksman, they are not pleasant things to stop with one's face. Val hurried on ahead, grinning, and swinging his arms to warm himself, and the cornet shrilled with triumph.

Val did not think it was all over, though Prout and O'Rooney had retreated. He pulled on a sweater, and watched from his door. He could see along the alleyway, and he noticed that the two mariners did not go into the Glue-Pot, but passed it. Gan Waga was still playing, and Val wondered if the Eskimo would have sense enough to barricade the door if he intended to amuse himself with the cornet all night.

Presently Prout and Barry O'Rooney came into view again, and the steersman carried an auger in his hand. Val slipped out of his cabin and followed. He discovered them outside the cold-room. Barry O'Rooney was holding a flash-lamp, and by its light the steersman was boring holes with the auger in the front end of a large packing-case. The case had no top and only three sides. And Gan Waga went on playing.

"By honey, that'll be enough to see through!" growled Prout. "You got those bracelets? Right. Under you get, then."

They crawled under the case, which moved forward through the open door. It was some time before Gan Waga saw it coming. It steered clear of the

"As for the lion not being dangerous, that's utter tosh, and I don't believe a word of it," said Lovell in his most emphatic and positive manner. "Chiggers can pull your leg, but he can't pull mine. I've got a little more sense, I hope."

"Hallo! There's Chiggers!" exclaimed Raby. "And the lion!" yelled Jimmy. "Oh, my hat!"

The stout gentleman in the silk hat was coming up the village street. An excited crowd followed him. Mr. Chiggers was leading a huge animal with a magnificent mane. It was the lion—evidently captured at last. Perhaps Mr. Chiggers desired to show the villagers that there never had been any danger. He was leading the lion with a cord attached to its neck, like a dog. The great animal lumbered along quietly and contentedly.

"Oh!" ejaculated Lovell. "Looks dangerous, doesn't he?" grinned Raby. "Frightfully ferocious, and all that! Killed no end of people, I dare say."

"Ha, ha, ha!" Lovell started up the scooter.

"If you fellows want to stand there and cackle, stand there and cackle," he said. "I'm off!"

And Lovell chug-chugged away at a great speed. And Jimmy Silver & Co., chuckling merrily, mounted their jiggers and pedaled after him.

THE END.

"Stranded!" is the great holiday story of Jimmy Silver & Co. of Rookwood School for next Monday. Don't miss it! Order your BOYS' FRIEND in advance and avoid disappointment!

In Your Editor's Den



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

A VERY SPECIAL COMPETITION.

Nothing is so bracing as a bright and brainy competition. In this week's issue of the BOYS' FRIEND you will find the start of one of these first-class features, and it will interest you no end. Tell all your chums about this pleasant and invigorating treat.

A WARSHIP PICTURE PUZZLE.

We have had any number of taking competitions in the BOYS' FRIEND. The old paper is famous for them. But the new one beats the lot, and would do the same to the historic Banagher if he happened to look in.

A "FIVER" AND SIX FOOTBALLS EVERY WEEK!

You can call these items on the prize-list stimuli if you choose. Anyway, they are offered this week and succeeding weeks, and may be reckoned as brilliant stimulating aids to the elucidation of the interesting problem presented each Monday. What you cannot do with a "fiver" wants writing about. The scope is immense. Footballs you kick hard. Those offered are the best on the market. I want this chance to be circulated. Spread it about amongst all friends. Let them have a look in. It is a rare week-to-week competition.

OUR SCHOOL STORY NUMBER!

This grand number is in your hands to-day. Just introduce it to anyone who is not yet a reader. It is easy to say, "Meet the BOYS' FRIEND," and you are doing a kind action, same as a Scout, to the introducee.

"CHUMS OF ST. KIT'S!"

The kick-off of Frank Richards' serial is noteworthy. The opening chapters rip along. It is a good experience—like being picked up by a well-equipped express train and whirled off into a particularly jolly and interesting world.

FOR NEXT WEEK!

More about St. Kit's and the re-doubtable chums! You can take that for granted! The yarn shows Frank Richards at his sparkling best. He shows us what happens at St. Kit's. There are many happenings, and you cannot help but like the characters.

"STRANDED!"

Frankly, I hardly cared about setting down this title. It belongs to our next Rookwood tale. It deals with Jimmy Silver & Co.—forget not the Co!—on the road. But luckily there is light behind the storm!

"THE WONDER SHIP!"

That fascinating newcomer on the Lord of the Deep figures in Sidney Drey's story for next Monday. Val Hilton has found his feet—he had never really lost them—and his

presence adds gaiety to this famous series.

"THE PIKE'S PEAK RODEO!"

A rival cowboy does his best to "come it over" Kid McBride, and some very curious incidents occur. The final happening is vastly pleasing to the intelligent onlooker, who, from his cosy corner, sees all the game worth mentioning.

A THRILLER!

Expectancy is always a strong card when Don Darrel and "Bulldog" Holdfast take the field. Next-week these two celebrities play big roles, as per usual, and there is hot work.

FOOTBALL GOSSIP.

"Goalie" can always be relied on to put the finishing touch to the football menu of the week. With him it is the game, and nothing but the game. He answers difficult questions without as much as wrinkling his noble brow. See his article next week. It is the work of an enthusiast and an expert rolled into one harmonious whole.

MR. PERCY LONGHURST.

I am giving our famous Health Expert a special headline because he deserves it. He came into my office yesterday for a chat, looking as brown as the most suburban berry. He was fresh from a long bout of hard work in "Gay Paree," but he had no time for any gaiety, for he was slaving hard all the time, and doing excellent service for others, which is just like him. "I am fit," he said, "because I take daily exercise." In his article next Monday Mr. Longhurst shows others how to keep in good form. His contribution contains exactly the things you want to know. As usual, Mr. Longhurst will send a prompt reply to any question he receives about training and health.

"FOUR AGAINST THE WORLD!"

You must read this serial of the sporting Melton Brothers. It starts this week in our Companion Paper, the "Magnet" Library. Get the number out to-day. I shall not say anything about the next issue. You will not be able to help reading it.

AND BY THE WAY—

Have you got a copy of the "Holiday Annual" yet?

SPECIAL FOR OVERSEAS READERS.

In the course of a long and interesting letter about the BOYS' FRIEND, Herbert Dougherty, 146, Osborne Avenue, Verdun, Montreal, Canada, tells me he is starting a Boys' Friend Club in his district and would like to hear from readers in Montreal and also in Australia, and India. Overseas supporters can hear details about the club by dropping a line to the correspondent in question.

Your Editor.

Advertisement for Mead 2/6 Weekly bicycle. Features a 40D model for 15/5s cash. Includes details about the bike's features, warranty, and contact information for Mead Cycle Co. (Inc.) in Birmingham.

Advertisement for 'HOW TO GROW TALL' by Dr. P. CARNE. Claims to help men and women increase their height at home using a well-known Carne System. Includes contact information for Dr. Carne in Cardiff.

Advertisement for 'WIRELESS' receiving sets and 'CINEMA FILMS'. Offers complete sets for 3/- and films for 6/- per 1,000 ft. Includes contact information for 'FILM EXCHANGE' in Lincoln.

Advertisement for advertisement space in the publication. States that all applications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager at the Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Advertisement for a Gent's Lever Watch for 6d. only. Describes the watch as handsome and full-sized, with details on payment terms and contact information for Simpson's Ltd. in Brighton.

Advertisement for 'DON'T BE BULLIED' by Jujitsu. Offers two illus. sample lessons from a complete course for four pence. Includes contact information for the instructor in Queensway, Hanworth.

Advertisement for 'STOP STAMMERING' by Frank B. Hughes. Offers a cure for stammering for free. Includes contact information for Frank B. Hughes in Southampton.

Advertisement for 'HEIGHT COUNTS' by the Girvan System. Claims to increase height and offers a £100 guarantee. Includes contact information for the system in London.

Advertisement for 'BLUSHING' cure. Offers a simple 7-day permanent home cure for blushing, shyness, and timidity. Includes contact information for the cure in London.

Advertisement for 'MAGIC TRICKS' by P. FEARING. Offers various magic tricks and ventriloquist instruments. Includes contact information for P. Fearing in Colwyn Bay.

Advertisement for answering advertisements. Requests that readers mention the paper when responding to ads.