

A Five-Pound Note & Six Footballs Offered Every Week— **SEE INSIDE!**

The BOYS' FRIEND 2d

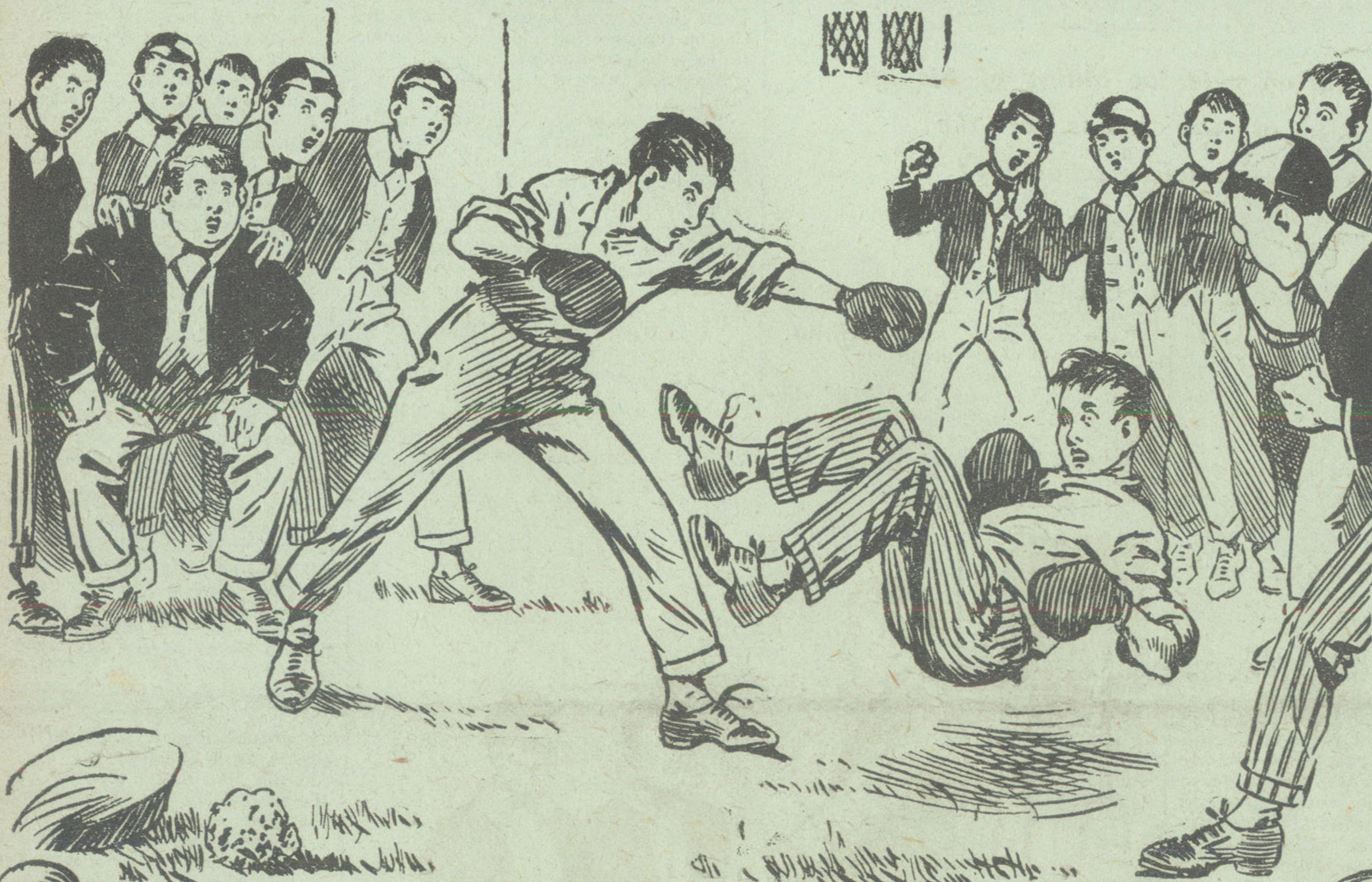
EVERY MONDAY.

SIXTEEN BIG PAGES!

No. 1,217. Vol. XXV.—New Series.]

THE BEST BOYS' PAPER IN THE WORLD!

[Week Ending October 4th, 1924.]



THE FIGHT BEHIND THE CHAPEL AT ST. KIT'S!

(An exciting incident from Frank Richards' school story inside.)

To-day's Top-Notch Programme!

CHUMS OF ST. KIT'S!

An exceptionally fine school story,
by

FRANK RICHARDS.

THE WRESTLING REF!

A grand sporting story featuring Don
Darrel, the boy millionaire, by

VICTOR NELSON.

THE MYSTERY FIFTH-FORMER!

A fascinating tale of Jimmy Silver
& Co. of Rookwood School, by

OWEN CONQUEST.

VAL'S DIVING LESSON!

A screamingly funny story featuring
Val Hilton, the new hand of the
yacht Lord of the Deep, by

SIDNEY DREW.

SPECIALLY WRITTEN ARTICLES
on **FOOTBALL** and **HEALTH**
AND **SPORT**

— AND —

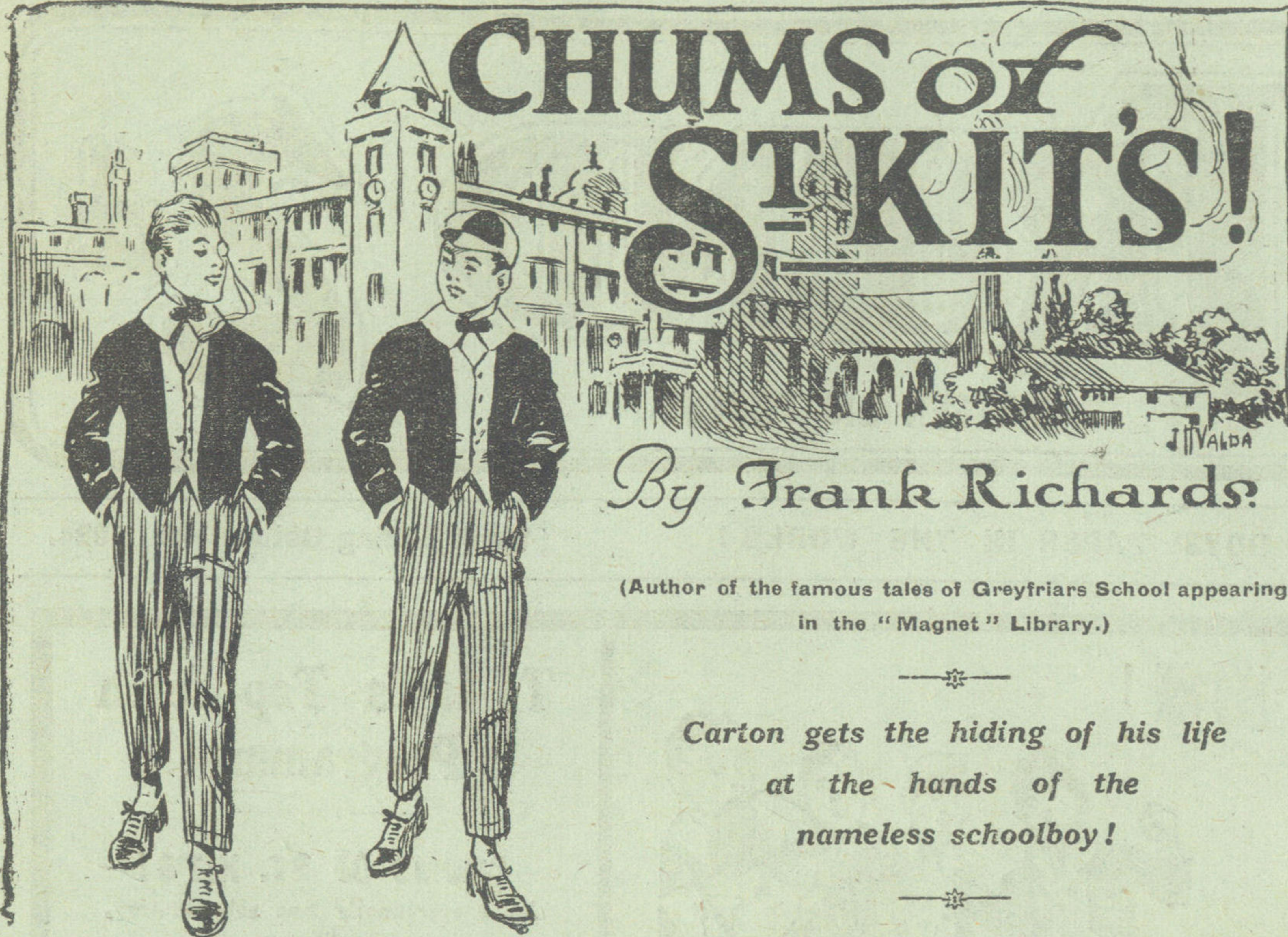
A NEW "WARSHIPS" PICTURE-
PUZZLE COMPETITION.



BACK TO ROOKWOOD AFTER THE HOLIDAYS!

(An amusing incident from the stunning story of Jimmy Silver & Co. in this issue.)

HERE'S A SCHOOL STORY THAT NO ONE SHOULD MISS!



(Author of the famous tales of Greyfriars School appearing
in the "Magnet" Library.)

Carton gets the hiding of his life
at the hands of the
nameless schoolboy!

The 1st Chapter.

When it is learned at St. Kit's that a boy without a name is coming to the school, and is to be put into the Fourth Form, Vernon Carton, captain of the Fourth, organises a protest in the shape of a "round robin" to be presented to Dr. Chenies, the headmaster. When the round robin is handed him, Dr. Chenies cuts up rusty, and punishes every boy who has signed the document. Carton, more up against the coming of Harry Nameless than ever because of the failure of the round robin, decides to give the nameless boy a rough time when he arrives at the school. With the idea of extracting a loan from the new junior, Bunny Bootles, the fat boy of the Fourth, meets Harry Nameless at the station, and informs him he has come along to show him the way to the school. When Harry and Bunny arrive at the stone bridge which runs over the River Wicke, it is to discover St. Leger, who is bathing there, in difficulties. Harry immediately dives into the water and rescues the dandy of the Fourth. Meanwhile, without waiting to see whether Harry is successful in rescuing St. Leger or not, Bunny Bootles hurries on to St. Kit's and informs Mr. Rawlings, the master of the Fourth, that both St. Leger and Harry Nameless have been drowned. It is at that moment that St. Leger is seen, clad only in his bathing-costume, running across the school quad. "Thank heavens, St. Leger is safe!" exclaims Mr. Rawlings at sight of him, and, followed by a crowd of boys, he rushes out of the house to meet the junior.

The 2nd Chapter.

Vernon Carton is Not Pleased!

"St. Leger!"
"Yaas, sir!" gasped Algernon Aubrey.
He came panting into the School House to find Mr. Rawlings and a crowd of the Fourth there. Mr. Rawlings' alarm being relieved, he was angry now. It was evident that Algernon Aubrey St. Leger was not drowned. It was equally evident that he had crossed the quadrangle in broad daylight, clad only in a bathing costume. The latter circumstance occupied Mr. Rawlings' attention now.
"What do you mean by this, sir?" demanded the Fourth Form master severely.
"By—by what, sir?"
"This—this absurd freak!" exclaimed the Form master. "Is that a proper attire, St. Leger, in which to appear in the quadrangle? Are you out of your senses, sir?"
"Oh!" gasped Algernon. "You—you see, sir—I've been drowned—"
"What?"
"I—I mean nearly drowned, and Oliphant told me to run as hard as I could to the school, sir. He thought I might get a chill, so I didn't stay for my clobber, sir. It was nearly a mile away above the bridge—"
"Bless my soul! Then what Bootles has told me is true? But

go at once to the dormitory, St. Leger, and dry yourself, and get into your clothes. Then you may come to my study."

"Yaas, sir."
Algernon Aubrey cut off at once to the Fourth Form dormitory. Mr. Rawlings called to him as he went.

"Bootles has told me that the new boy dived into the river for you, St. Leger—"

"Yaas, sir!"
"Is he safe?"
"Quite, sir. He's with Oliphant."
"Very good!"

A crowd of the Fourth rushed after Algy to the dormitory. They followed him in a state of intense curiosity. Vernon Carton's brow was very dark. It looked now as if Bunny, for once, had been stating the facts; and Vernon Carton realised that in that case his estimate of Harry Nameless was not quite in accordance with the truth. He did not feel in the slightest degree inclined to change that estimate, however. He was more inclined to feel savagely angry at the "rank outsider" having "shoved" himself into the limelight in this way. He realised that his campaign against the "outsider" would not be quite so simple a matter, after what had happened. And the caning he had received from the Head on the subject of the round robin had intensified his instinctive dislike of the scholarship junior, and he was not in the least disposed to abandon that campaign.

"Tell us what's happened, Algy," said Durance.

Algernon Aubrey was rubbing himself down briskly with a towel. He was nearly dry with running, and he soon had himself in a warm glow. He began to dress before he troubled to answer the eager questions of the Fourth-Formers.

"Can't you tell us what's happened?" bawled Carton.

"Oh, yaas!"

"Well, get it off your silly chest."

"Let a chap get his trousers on, old bean. Jones minor, dear boy, you might get some braces for me, will you—in that drawer. Begad, I've had a really awful time, you fellows! It's no joke to be nearly drowned!"

"Were you nearly drowned, though?" growled Carton.

"Yaas."

"All your past life flashed before your eyes, didn't it?" asked Jones minor, dimly remembering something he had read on the subject of drowning persons.

Algernon Aubrey shook his head.

"Not that I am aware of, dear boy. If it did, I didn't notice it. The present was enough for me, without bothering about the past, begad!"

"Shut up, Jones! What happened, St. Leger, you ass?"

"I have mentioned to you before, Carton, that I have a strong objection to bein' called an ass—"

"Tell us, you duffer," said Durance. "Can't you see that we're on tenterhooks?"

"Certainly, dear boy. I went out for a swim—"

"We know that!" snapped Carton.

"I got out of my depth—"

"Just like you!"

"If you keep on interruptin' me, Carton, I shall never get to the end of the story, and I've got to see Mr. Rawlings, too. Where's my waistcoat?"

"Get on with the yarn."



THE HERO! Harry Nameless and St. Leger stopped as Hilton of the Fifth came up to them. "You're the new kid?" asked the big senior of Harry. "Yes." "You went in from Wicke Bridge after St. Leger?" "I—I—I—" "You're a plucky kid," said Hilton. "Give us your fist." Harry shyly gave his fist, and Hilton nodded and passed on.

"I was carried away by the current," said Algernon Aubrey. "I thought I was all right at first, though. But imagine my feelin's, dear boys, when I found I couldn't reach the bank, and I was bein' swept away to the bridge. A fellow was carried under the bridge and drowned once. I thought of that, and I can assure you that it was beastly. I saw somebody lookin' down from the bridge, and howled for help—and then I went under."

"What next?"

"Next, somebody was holdin' me up," said Algy. "He stuck to me like a brick, and kept me goin' till Oliphant happened up in his boat, with Wake. We'd both have gone down if Oliphant hadn't been there."

"And who was it came in for you?"

"The new fellow."

"That nameless cad?"

Algernon Aubrey paused as he was fastening his necktie. He groped for his eyeglass, but that famous article was missing. He gave Carton of the Fourth as withering a look as was possible without the aid of an eyeglass.

"You utter rotter!" he said, in measured tones.

"What?"

"After I've told you what the chap did," said Algernon Aubrey, his voice trembling with indignation. "He risked his life—to say nothin' of ruinin' his clothes. He stuck to me like a brick, though he could have saved himself by lettin' me go! How dare you call him names?"

"Dash it all, Car—" murmured Howard uneasily.

Carton's eyes glittered.

"If he did as you say, that doesn't alter the fact that he's a nameless cad, and a rotten outsider," he said deliberately.

"Cheese it, Carton!"

"Dash it all, draw a line, old fellow!"

Vernon Carton looked round savagely. The murmurs of remonstrance came from his own followers. Even Tracy and Lumley joined in. Carton realised that—for the moment, at least, he stood alone.

Algernon Aubrey's eyes flashed at him.

"You're sickenin'," he said, with lofty scorn; "that's what you are, Carton—you're sickenin'. Don't speak to me again! If you do, I'll jolly well punch your nose, begad!"

Carton gritted his teeth, and swung away from the group of juniors, and left the dormitory.

"Where's the new fellow now, Algy?" asked Durance.

"He's comin' on with Oliphant."

Durance whistled.

"Does Oliphant know who he is?"

"Yaas."

"What sort of a lookin' chap is he?" asked Lumley. "Shabby, hangdog sort of fellow, I suppose?"

"Nothin' of the kind—he's a splendid chap!" Algernon Aubrey finished

Sixth chatted to him genially as they came towards the School House, though Harry hardly answered. The Sixth-Former had an object in that; he was well aware of the feelings with which some of the Fourth, at least, regarded the coming of the "Foundation bouncer"; and he thought it just as well to let them see that the captain of the school had a good opinion of the newcomer. To the juniors, the captain of St. Kit's was a very great personage indeed, and his kind thoughtfulness certainly had its effect.

They came into the School House together, through a crowd. Harry's clothes were still dripping, and he was in his shirt-sleeves. That was proof enough of what had happened, if any of the fellows had doubted it further. Certainly it was rather an unusual way for a new junior to arrive at St. Kit's.

"Your things are not here yet, of course?" said Oliphant, pausing in the hall.

"No," said Harry.

"You want a change of clothes at once!" Oliphant glanced over the juniors. "Carton, you're about this kid's size. Lend him a suit of your clothes, will you, till his own come? He's been in the river, as you see!"

Carton set his lips.

"Yes, Oliphant!" he gasped.

It was impossible to hint reluctance to the captain and head prefect of the school. Carton had to swallow that bitter pill; but his breast was full of rage and bitterness as he signed to Harry Nameless to follow him.

Foes.

Harry Nameless entered the Fourth Form dormitory at the heels of Vernon Carton. Carton had not spoken a word on the stairs, and Harry, catching a glimpse of his face, had been startled to see the expression on it. He had never seen Carton before, and his first impression had been that he was rather a good-looking and elegant fellow.

That a St. Kit's fellow who had never met him could feel for him a dislike that almost amounted to hatred naturally never occurred to the new junior. He was, as yet, quite unconscious of the excited discussions that had taken place in the Fourth Form on the subject of himself. He was to learn all that later.

Carton's expression startled him, but still, he only supposed that this elegant-looking junior was, for some reason, in a bad temper. Perhaps he did not like to be told to look after the newcomer. He thought no more than that—so far. But in the dormitory he was further enlightened. Carton turned towards him, his eyes gleaming, as soon as they were in the room, and now there was no mistaking the vindictiveness in his face.

"So you're Nameless?" he said, between his teeth.

Harry looked at him.

"Yes!" he answered.

"The low cad who's shoved himself into a decent school to crawl up to his betters?"

Harry started.

He had wondered a good deal what his greeting would be like at St. Kit's. He had not expected it to be very cordial, especially after his talk with Bunny Bootles. But this was a shock!

"I—I—" he stammered. "What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say. Do you think you're wanted here?" said Carton bitterly. "Do you think the fellows would stand it if they could help it?"

Harry drew a deep breath.

"I don't see why they should mind," he answered quietly. "I'm doing no one any harm, I suppose. I've a right to come here."

Carton gave a sneering laugh.

"A right—because you've been swottin', an' shoved yourself through a silly exam that ought to have been put a stop to long ago. Do you think you're the sort of fellow for a school like this?"

"I hope so."

"You'll find out your mistake soon enough, then," sneered Carton.

Harry looked at him steadily.

"Do you mean that all the other fellows take it as you do?" he asked.

"Every one!"

"I don't believe it!"

"What?" stammered Carton.

"I can't believe that. Mr. Carew was an old St. Kit's man, and he was proud of his old school. He wouldn't have been if all the fellows were cads, as you say."

"Cads!" repeated Carton. "Are you callin' me a cad, you rotter?"

"What you've just said to me is caddish!" Harry's eyes met Carton's furious stare fearlessly. "I don't

know you—I've never seen you before—and you jump on me like this! It's caddish! It's worse than that! It's mean and rotten!"

"Why, you—you cur—"
Carton choked with rage. He clenched his hands and advanced on the new junior, his eyes blazing.

Harry Nameless did not recede a step. He had his hands ready for defence, but Carton controlled himself. He remembered Oliphant's orders, and Oliphant was not a fellow to be trifled with.

He unclenched his fists, muttering: "It will keep! I'll make you sorry for that, you worm! Oliphant's told me to lend you some of my clothes, you beggar!"

"I don't want your clothes. I will not touch them," said Harry quietly. "I'll manage to dry my own somehow."

"You mean that you'll try to get me into a row with Oliphant because of what I've said to you? Just what might be expected of a nameless rotter!"

"Nothing of the kind. But—"
"Oh, shut up!"

Carton turned away savagely, and began to rummage in a chest of drawers. He turned out the oldest clothes he could find; but they were quite nice clothes, for Vernon Carton was far too much of a dandy to have any clothes that were not elegant. He threw the things on a bed.

"There you are!"
"I don't want them," said Harry, flushing angrily. "I won't touch them!"

"You'll do as you're told!"
"I will not!"

Carton looked at him savagely. He dare not leave the St. Kit's captain's instructions unfulfilled. It was very necessary for the dripping junior to change his wet clothes, and Oliphant would probably discover if it was not done. And if he discovered why it had not been done, the snob of St. Kit's was likely to make close acquaintance with the captain's assistant. Carton realised that he was, to some extent, in the new junior's hands. He did not want trouble with the head prefect.

"Look here, you heard what Oliphant said!" he muttered angrily. "I dare say you don't know what the captain of a school is—or a prefect, either—but I can tell you that what Oliphant says has to be done. You're to change into those clothes. I've handed them out, as Oliphant told me."

"You mean that you'll get into a row, I suppose, if I don't?"

"Yes!" snarled Carton.

"I don't want to get you into trouble. I'll do it, then."

"Do it, and not so much jaw."

With that Carton left the dormitory, slamming the door after him.

Harry Nameless stood for some moments silent, staring at the closed door. His heart was heavy. But the chill of his wet clothes struck him, and he began to peel them off. Oliphant had intended that Carton should look after him a little—as Carton well knew—but he had contented himself with carrying out the exact letter of the captain's instructions. Harry glanced at the white towels on the racks and wondered whether he could venture to take one to rub himself dry.

He was alone in the long, lofty room, with its array of white beds—and a feeling of desolate loneliness came upon him. He decided to take one of the towels, and he began to rub his sturdy limbs dry, and was soon glowing. He felt better then. He fought against the black despondency that was growing in his breast; he had a feeling that he would be lost if he gave way to it.

He had not expected to find life easy at St. Kit's. He had made up his mind that whatever difficulties he found in his way he would face them with courage and without losing heart. He remembered his resolution now, and pulled himself together manfully. After all, what did a few bitter words matter? He had a right at St. Kit's; he had won his way there, and what he had won he would keep. He began to dress himself at last.

He looked at himself in the glass when he had finished and smiled. Certainly Carton's clothes were very nice—much more expensive than his own. The two juniors were very close in size; Carton's things fitted him well, only with a little tightness across his chest and shoulders. He smiled at the handsome and elegant figure that looked back at him from the big glass. What to do with his own wet clothes he did not know.

He guessed that they ought to be taken to the housekeeper to be dried, but he had no idea of where to find

the housekeeper's-room, nor was he sure of what he ought to do. There was a tap at the dormitory door, and it opened to reveal a shock head and a chubby face, belonging to a podgy youth in buttons. Harry glanced at him.

He found that the chubby youth was regarding him with fixed interest. Even in the regions, "below stairs" an echo had reached of the discussions on the subject of the nameless Foundation bouncer.

"I've come for the clothes, sir," explained the school page. "Mrs. Brown 'as sent for them."

"Mrs. Brown?" repeated Harry.

"The 'ousekeeper, sir. Master Oliphant says 'ow your clothes are wet and 'as to be dried, sir."

Tuckle, the page, was quite respectful in his manner. Perhaps Carton's clothes had something to do with that. Tuckle confided to the cook later that the "noo feller" was "quite the gentleman."

"Oh, here they are!" said Harry. "Thank you!"

Tuckle gathered up the damp clothes and boots.

"Yessir. Orlight, sir! You're the new young gentleman, ain't you, sir?"

"Yes," said Harry.

"I thought so, sir. Name of Williams, I think, sir?"

Tuckle did not think anything of the kind, but he was curious on the subject of the new boy's name.

but he did not know where to find that gentleman. His very informal arrival at St. Kit's had thrown things out of gear a little. A feeling of being alone, almost lost, came on him; he hesitated to tread down the wide corridor to the stairs, and face again the sea of eyes. In all that huge building—in all that swarming crowd of boys—he knew no one—he had no friend—no one to lend him a helping hand.

At that moment there came into his mind the thought of the old sailor-man's cottage at South Cove—of old Jack Straw's mahogany face and kindly eyes—the seat at the fireside which he had left to come to this great, desolate place. His lip quivered.

He was alone—utterly alone. Downstairs there was a crowd which he must presently enter—to meet eyes that were hostile, or at the best indifferent. Why had he come here? In the old sailor-man's humble home there had at least been loving kindness. And here—The unhappy boy felt a swelling in his breast. At that moment there came a quick foot-fall in the corridor, and a bright and cheery voice broke in upon his gloomy thoughts.

"Here you are, old fellow! I've been looking for you!"

Harry started and looked up quickly, to meet the cheery and cordial smile of Algernon Aubrey St. Leger.

But evidently Algernon Aubrey did.

"Well, come on," said St. Leger. "this way, old bean. Mr. Rawlings is very curious to see you. I've told him all about the rippin' way you came in for me. He's been raggin' me for goin' to swim in the Wicke by myself. Just his rot, you know—as if I can't take care of myself," said the dandy of the Fourth loftily.

"But—but it was rather dangerous, wasn't it?"

"Well, as it turned out, it was, perhaps," admitted Algy. "But never mind—let's get goin'. I say, you've made a terrible impression on old Oliphant. How do you like Oliphant?"

"He seems a jolly good sort!" said Harry.

Algernon Aubrey nodded emphatically.

"That's right—he is! Never heard of the St. Kit's captain takin' so much notice of a junior before; but, of course, it was because of the rippin' way you took a header from the bridge. Old Oliphant knows what that means. Of course, he would have done it in your place, but it wanted some doin'. You're fond of swimmin', what?"

"Very."
"Good! We'll get some swimmin' together, and I'll give you some tips," said Algy.

Harry smiled again. Tips on swimming from the fellow he had

big fellow nodded and passed on. The new junior glanced after him.

"Who's that?" he asked, in a whisper.

Algy smiled.

"That's Hilton, the captain of the Fifth. All the Forms here have captains, you know. Your fame is spreadin'," chuckled St. Leger. "Everybody at St. Kit's will know soon that you went in from Wicke Bridge. You see, you're the first St. Kit's fellow that's ever done it—in the present generation, at least."

"The first St. Kit's fellow!" repeated Harry. "Yes, of—of course, I'm a St. Kit's fellow now."

"Of course you are, dear boy," said Algy, slightly surprised by the remark. He did not know how pleasantly the words sounded in the ears of the nameless schoolboy.

Algy tapped at Mr. Rawlings' study door, and opened it.

"The new fellow, sir."

"Come in, my boy," said the Fourth Form master kindly.

Algernon Aubrey drew the door shut, and walked on. Harry Nameless was left to his first interview with his Form master.

He found the interview agreeable enough; he had had some unpleasant forebodings, but none of them was realised. Mr. Rawlings was crisp and businesslike; but he was very kind, and evidently desired to put the new boy at his ease. Harry felt that he quite liked the bald little gentleman who blinked at him benevolently over his glasses by the time he was taken along to see the Head.

Dr. Chenies was more formidable. The first sight of the imposing old gentleman made Harry realise that Carton had had some nerve, after all, in asking the Head to pass the cake, "as cool as anythin'." But the Head's manner was very kind, though very stately. He asked the new junior a good many questions, and commended him for the gallant rescue of St. Leger, and finally dismissed him feeling very reassured.

He found Algernon Aubrey St. Leger waiting for him in the passage outside the Head's study.

"Got through all right?" asked Algy.

"Quite!"
"I told you the old boy's bark was worse than his bite, didn't I?"

"But he didn't even bark at me," said Harry, laughing. "I—I think I shall like St. Kit's, after all."

"After all!" repeated Algy.

"Begad! Didn't you think you would like St. Kit's, then, old bean?"

"I—I mean—" Harry coloured.

"Come along to your study now."

"My study?"

"The Fourth have studies here, you know," explained Algy kindly. "Carton has the top study—that's the best in the passage—he's captain of the Fourth, you know, and the captain of the Form always has the top study. I've been thinkin' of puttin' up for captain myself one of these days—you see, it's a very comfy study, with two windows. You're goin' to share my study. I've asked Rawlings."

"Oh, I—I'm glad!" said Harry.

"This way!"

Harry Nameless followed the dandy of the Fourth up the staircase again. He was feeling very cheerful now, and keen to see his new quarters, and glad that he was to share them with this pleasant, polished youth. He was not aware, just then, that Algy's study was the only one in the Fourth to which he would have been a welcome comer, and that but for the incident at Wicke Bridge it would certainly never have crossed Algy's mind to ask for him as a study-mate. It was perhaps as well that he did not know.

Tea in Study No. 5.

"I say, Algy—"

"Go away, Bunny!"

"But, I say—"

"Go away! Fade out!"

Algernon Aubrey walked past the fat junior with his new companion. Bunny Bootles gave a grunt of discontent.

"The Fourth Form quarters!" said Algy, with a wave of the hand, like a monarch showing his kingdom.

Harry glanced round him with interest. They had come up two staircases, and from a big, wide landing several passages branched. The Fourth Form passage was wide, the floor was of ancient oak planks, and the walls of the same material—here and there the oak was worn away and showed the heavy stone behind. There were two or three big, deep windows that caught the

(Continued overleaf.)



NOT NICE FOR CARTON!

As Carton turned his back contemptuously on Harry Nameless the new junior hurled the clothes at him. In a tangled bundle they landed on the back of Carton's neck and curled round him.

Evidently he had heard of the "nameless bouncer."

"That is not my name," said Harry quietly.

"Oh! P'raps you'll tell me your name, sir—for the boots, sir—and so on."

"My name is Nameless."

"Oh, yessir! Quite so, sir."

Tuckle eyed the new fellow, and noted the faint flush in his cheeks. His manner became confidential. "I'm Tuckle, sir. I look arter your boots and things. Ever you want a brush down, sir, you jest say a word."

"Thank you."

"Not at all, sir," said Tuckle, wondering whether the new boy was very dense, or very close with his money. "I'm an obliging chap, sir. I look after the young gents, sir. Generally they 'and me a 'arf-crown at the beginning of the term."

That was plain enough even for a new boy who did not know his way about. Harry slipped his hand into Carton's trousers-pocket, to which he had transferred his supply of current coin from his wet clothes—not a very large supply. A half-crown changed hands.

"Thank you, sir, kindly."

Tuckle bustled out of the dormitory with the clothes. Harry Nameless stood a few minutes in thought, and then came out into the broad passage, and looked up and down it. He knew that he had to report himself to Mr. Rawlings, his Form master,

A Friend in Need.

"Feelin' all right now, old bean?"

"Yes," stammered Harry.

"You've changed your clobber, I see."

"Yes," said Harry, flushing.

"I was going to look after you when you came in, but old Rawlings kept me talkin'," said Algernon Aubrey. "Famous old fellow for talkin', Rawlings. I've just heard from Bunny that you'd come. Some chap lent you this clobber?"

"Yes."

"Well, it's all right. Mine would have been a bit of a squeeze for you," said Algernon Aubrey. "Feelin' comfy in that lot?"

"Oh, yes, quite!"

"Right you are, then. I'm goin' to take you to Mr. Rawlings, an' you've got to see the Head. You haven't seen the Head yet?"

"No."

"He's quite a decent old boy," said Algernon Aubrey encouragingly. "His bark's worse than his bite, you know. Quite a decent old blade. Don't you be afraid of the Head. Of course, he's rather a beast in some ways. You know these headmasters! But you have to stand up to him, you know," said Algernon Aubrey confidentially. "He has us to tea sometimes, and I've seen Carton ask him to pass the cake, as cool as anythin'."

Harry smiled. He did not think a vast amount of nerve was required to ask even the Head to pass the cake.

saved from drowning struck him as rather odd. But Algernon Aubrey evidently meant well. He led the new junior cheerily down the corridor, and Harry's face was bright now. That desolate feeling of loneliness had passed. It was Algy who had caused it to pass. Evidently all the St. Kit's fellows were not like Bunny Bootles or Vernon Carton. He remembered Oliphant's remark that he would find "all sorts" at St. Kit's. Algernon Aubrey was of a sort that he could like. The kind, cheery friendliness of the dandy of the Fourth cheered him to the very depths of his heart.

Several fellows glanced at them as they came down the big staircase, and again it was borne in upon Harry's mind that the St. Kit's fellows were not all Cartons and Bunnies. Two or three juniors gave him a cheery nod and a smile, little dreaming how warmly grateful the new fellow felt for those slight attentions. A tall, deep-chested senior came up to him as they were crossing the lower hall, and he stopped, with his conductor.

"You're the new kid?" asked the big senior.

"Yes."

"You went in from Wicke Bridge after this young ass?"

"I—I—"

"You're a good, plucky kid!" said the senior. "Give us your fist!"

Harry shyly gave his fist, and the



(Continued from previous page.)

new junior's eye—the setting sun glimmered in at one of them, which looked westerly, with a golden glow. Doors opened on both sides of the passage, and every door was numbered—or had once been numbered. As a matter of fact, a good many of the numbers had become quite indecipherable.

At the end of the passage was a step of nearly a foot, the passage ending on a higher level. St. Kit's School House was an ancient building, added to in different centuries, and it was full of unexpected nooks and corners and twists of construction. The last study in the passage opened on neither side; its door made the end of the passage, so that when the door was open the occupants of the study had a view of the whole length of the corridor to the staircase.

The door was half-open now, and Harry caught a glimpse of the interior of that study—a very handsome and expensively furnished interior. Algy gave a jerk of the head towards it.

"That's the top study," he said. "You see, it's up a step—that's why it's called top study. Carton & Co.

make out that it's because they're cocks of the walk in the passage. All rot, you know; it was called the top study before Carton was born. At least, I dare say it was. Ours is No. 5. Here you are, old bean."

St. Leger threw open a door for the new junior to enter.

Study No. 5 was a very comfortable-looking study; it was not large, but it was extremely well furnished. It was pretty clear that Algy St. Leger had plenty of ready cash, and that he did not spare it in making himself comfortable.

There was a Persian rug on the dark oaken floor, and a sofa that looked very inviting, with its soft cushions, and a handsome cover on the table. A bookcase in an alcove, opposite a rather wide window, was well filled with books—some of them big gilt volumes that looked as if they were never opened—which was the case. Algy received those beautiful volumes as presents from affectionate aunts, and always delivered the most grateful and gracious thanks for the same, but at that he considered his duty ended. He did not think it was up to him to peruse the volumes; he was not interested in "Kind Little George, the Best Boy of the School," or in "Truthful Tommy's Trials."

There were papers and books on the table—school-books, rather dog-eared in looks. Near the inkstand a pen lay on the handsome cover in a blob of ink, with a couple of bulleseyes close to the blob. That did not look like the handiwork of the Honourable Algernon Aubrey St. Leger; and

Harry wondered whether the dandy of the Fourth had another study-mate.

"Little beast!" said Algy, glancing at the blob of ink and the bulleseyes.

Harry looked inquiringly. "Bunny!" explained Algy.

"Oh! The—the fat fellow—"

"You've seen him?"

"He met me at the station," said Harry. "I heard you call him Bunny in the passage."

"Bead! He met you at the station? Did you lend him anythin'?" exclaimed Algernon Aubrey anxiously.

"No," answered Harry, laughing.

"Good! He's dead on new kids; often has a fellow's pocket-money off him, you know, before the unhappy stranger knows what's happenin'," said St. Leger. "You want to keep an eye on Bunny, you know; he will borrow the shirt off your back before you know where you are. It's said that he's even borrowed money of Catesby; but I don't quite believe that. Catesby is too wide. I say, do you mind Bunny in the study?"

"Is it his study?" asked Harry. "If so, it wouldn't be much use mindin', would it?"

"Blessed if I know! He says it is," answered Algy amiably.

"But isn't it?"

"I suppose so, as he says so. He used to dig with Catesby and Jones minor in No. 1—and after that he was with Myers and Wheatford in No. 4. This term he's been with me in this study. I thought I was goin' to have it to myself this term, but Bunny blew in. I kicked him out at first," St. Leger explained confidentially. "But he came back. I kicked him out again, but he came back again. So, somehow, he's stayin', and it seems that this is his study now."

"Oh!" said Harry.

"Of course, he's horrid," said St. Leger cheerfully. "But there's so many horrid things in this life it's no good grumblin' at one or two. He's not any more horrid than risin'-bell, or Catesby's neckties, or Carsdale of the Sixth. Besides, a chap expects to rough it at school."

"Rough it!" said Harry, glancing round at that well-appointed study. "I shouldn't quite call this roughing it."

"I say, Algy—" A fat face blinked in at the doorway with an injured expression.

St. Leger waved an impatient hand.

"Do go away, Bunny!"

"What about tea?"

Algy turned to his new study-mate.

"I suppose you're fairly ready for tea, old bean?" he suggested.

"Have you had anythin' since you came?"

"No."

"You ought to have seen the house-dame. You'll have to see her when your box comes, anyhow. I'll take you. Why, you must be famished!"

"I'm a little hungry," said Harry, with a smile. "But when and where do you have tea here? I don't know yet."

"You'll have tea in the Hall," broke in Bunny Bootles, before the dandy of the Fourth could speak.

"And you'd better get a move on, or you'll be late!"

"Shut up, Bunny!"

"Look here, Algy—"

"If you call me Algy again I'll take the golf club to you. I've told you fifty times I won't be Algyed by you, Bunny!"

"Well, you call me Bunny!" said Bootles warmly.

"That's different. You are Bunny—a fat little beastly bunny-rabbit!" said St. Leger. "Do shut up! I keep on askin' you to shut up!"

"But what about tea?" bawled Bunny.

"Didn't you just say tea was ready in Hall? Go an' have it. Nameless is havin' tea with me, here."

"You have tea in your study?" asked Harry, with interest.

"Oh, yaas, when we like!"

"The new chap's having tea here, and you want me to go down to Hall!" ejaculated Bunny Bootles, almost breathless with indignation.

"Why you—silly owl! What have you got that chap here at all for, I'd like to know! I never asked him into the study!"

"I never asked you, Bunny, dear boy."

"It's my study, ain't it?" howled the fat junior.

"Don't howl, Bunny; you know I can't stand your howlin' at me," said Algernon Aubrey plaintively. "Your voice isn't musical, you know it isn't, for I've told you lots of times."

"Look here, you ass—"

"Nameless is sharin' this study with me," explained Algernon.

"Diggin' here, you know. I'd like you to go back to Jones minor if you don't mind, Bunny. Three is rather a crowd."

The fat junior spluttered with wrath.

"Why, you—you—you think you're going to turn me out of my study for that—that boulder without a name—"

"Shut up, Bunny!"

"Let me see you turning me out, that's all!" gasped Bunny. "Why, I'll—I'll—I'll—" Words failed the indignant Bunny.

"Well, if you really don't want to go—" said Algy, relenting.

"I'm jolly well not going!"

"What do you say, old bean? Do you mind if Bunny digs here, too?" asked Algernon Aubrey. "He seems to think it's his study, and he's got an astoundin' idea that he's a friend of mine—blessed if I know why! Think you can put up with him?"

"Yes, certainly," said Harry, laughing.

"Good!" said Algernon, relieved. "After all, it's trainin'—trainin' for the temper, you know, and the patience, and all that. Chap who can stand Bunny can stand anythin'—makes you hardy, you know, like a cold tub in the mornin'. You can stay, Bunny. The new chap says he doesn't mind."

Bunny Bootles almost exploded.

"Do you think I care tuppence whether he minds or not?" he shrieked.

Algernon held up a warning finger. "You're yellin' again," he said.

"You know my feelin's when a fellow yells. Shut up, there's a good bunny-rabbit. You can go on diggin'!"

(Continued on the next page.)



The First Month.

The first month of this football season of 1924-5 has run its course, and in consequence there are whole-hearted rejoicings in some districts and moanings in others. Of course, a lot of games are crowded into the month of September, so that the clubs may avail themselves of the light evenings, and I am not going to deny that I love to see my favourite side—I am not going to tell you which that is—doing well. At the same time, let me just put in a word of warning. The championship of no League is won in September. The race is not necessarily to the club which gets well off the mark, but rather to the side which is best able to stay the course. So don't imagine that because your pet side happens to have done very well up to now, they are necessarily a heaven-sent combination with a championship flag already as good as won. Be duly thankful, but keep calm is a good motto for the players and the supporters of the teams which are at this moment setting the pace.

Courage Among the Failures.

If there is reason for calmness in the camps of the successful ones, what shall we say is the big need where losses have come instead of wins? Even greater is the need here for calm and a bit of quiet philosophy. Remember that it takes some clubs longer to settle down than others, especially if there have been a fair number of new players introduced since the end of last season. Remember, also, that getting into a panic never did any good at all, and this is a point which should be specially borne in mind by the managers of the clubs which have failed up to now. Making seven or eight changes for every match is not a good way to restore the fortunes

of a losing side. Rather would I make up my mind as to the best eleven available, and let them play for five or six matches unchanged,



T. FERN.
(Port Vale.)

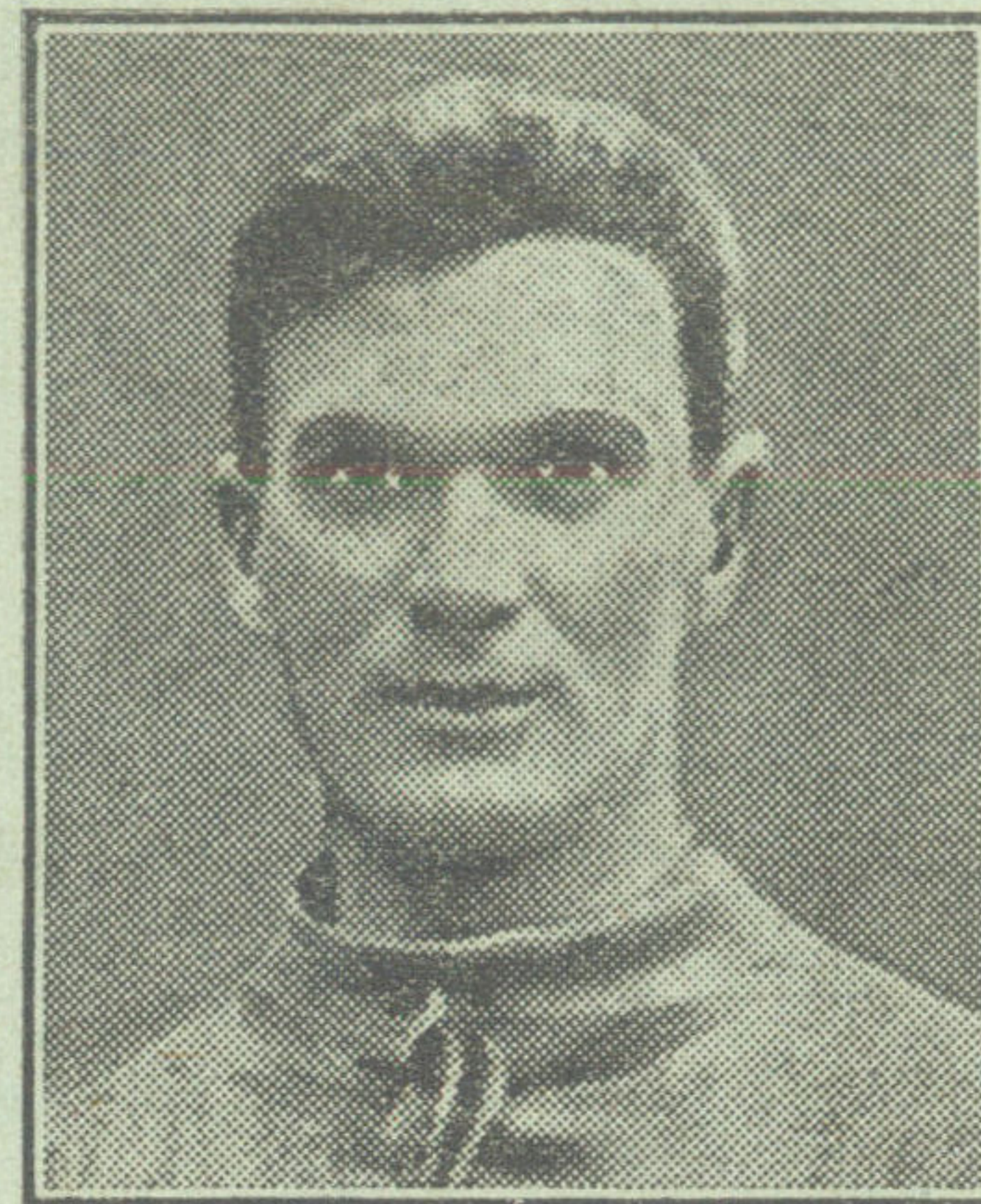
and quite regardless of the results. I used to know an old player who declared that it was safer to make changes in a winning team than a losing one. This was an exaggeration, naturally, but there was a certain amount of truth behind the observation. Anyway, it is no good going into the air because your team is doing well, and of little use going into hysterics because they have failed so dismally to live up to the optimistic ideas which prevailed before the start of the season.

A First League Tit-Bit.

Undoubtedly the tit-bit on the First Division programme for this weekend is the meeting of Everton and Liverpool at Goodison Park. What a gathering of the "fans" there will be on the ground of the "Toffees," and what a grim fight to a finish the game is likely to prove. I have seen some wonderful struggles between these two teams, and one of the things which has always struck me is the fine sporting spirit which usually permeates the games between these near neighbours. As a rule, we don't get good football in "Derby Day" matches, and sometimes we do not get much football at all. But the players of Everton and Liverpool almost invariably behave themselves as good sportsmen ought to do. And why not? Most of the players of the two clubs are the best of friends, and they can often be seen together in mid-week. Clearly there is no reason why they should cease to be friends the minute they face each other on the football field.

Port Vale's Goalkeeper.

A player who has had much experience of these Everton-Liverpool games, and who will be absent this time round, is Tom Fern, the man



H. WADSWORTH.
(Leicester City.)

who used to keep goal for the "Toffees," but who has now gone to Port Vale. Since joining Everton from Lincoln City during the 1913-14 season, Fern has been a most consistent goalkeeper, able to deal with high shots and low, and capable of fisting a ball as far as any goalie I have seen for many a long day. While at Lincoln he went through two seasons without missing a single match, and it is said that when he went to

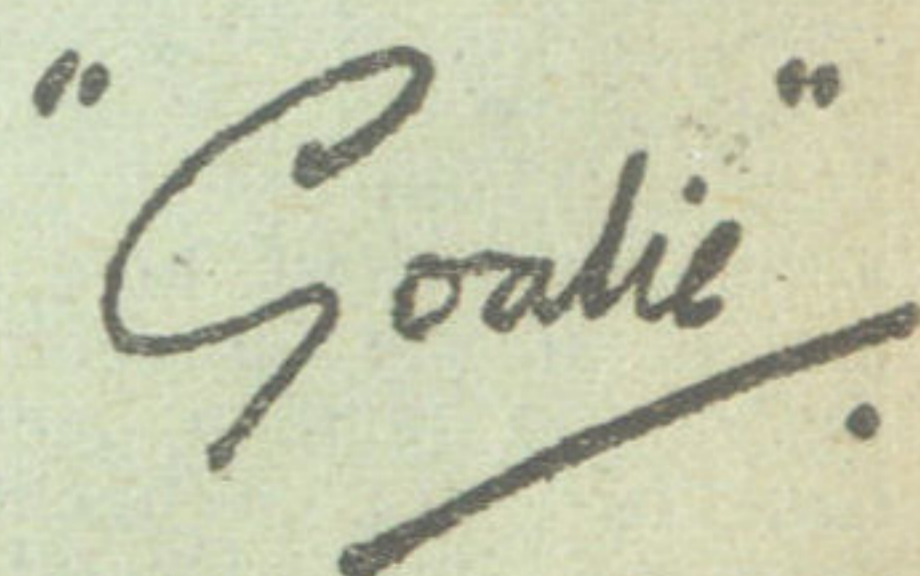
Everton, the City received the biggest fee ever paid to them for a player. Of course, Fern is not so young as he used to be—none of us are—but he has already shown good form for the struggling Port Vale club, and should do them really good service.

One of Five Brothers.

Leicester City have been among the leaders of the Second Division for two or three seasons without realising their ambition of getting into the top class. Perhaps this time round they will have better luck than to be pipped on the post. They have now the assistance of Harold Wadsworth, a capable extreme wingman, who can play either on the right or the left. Harold comes of a fine footballing family, for there are five lads all pretty good at the big ball game. The most famous of the quintette is Walter, who plays at centre-half for Liverpool, a club with which Harold has been associated for five seasons, though only in one term did he play at all regularly.

"By neither word nor sign."

Judging from my experience of matches up to now, it seems that one slight new addition to the rules has been either forgotten by referees or is being allowed to go unobserved deliberately. During the close season a phrase was put in the rules to the effect that no player should, by word or action, show dissent at the decision of the referee, and that the referee should treat any behaviour on these lines as ungentlemanly conduct. I have seen quite a number of players show by their actions that they did not agree with the referee's decision, but the obvious dissent has been ignored. After all, it seems rather on the drastic side if, when given offside, a player who pulls a wry face should be deemed guilty of ungentlemanly conduct.



(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, October 4th. The likely winning side is printed in capitals. Where a draw is anticipated, both clubs are printed in smaller letters.

First Division.	Second Division.	First Division.
ARSENAL v. Blackburn Rovers.	BARNESLEY v. Blackpool.	ABERDEEN v. Airdrieonians.
ASTON VILLA v. Huddersfield Town.	Clapton Orient v. Manchester United.	HAMILTON A. v. Cowdenbeath.
BURNLEY v. West Bromwich Albion.	Coventry City v. BRADFORD CITY.	HEARTS v. Motherwell.
Bury v. SHEFFIELD UNITED.	CRYSTAL PALACE v. Stockport C.	KILMARNOCK v. Third Lanark.
CARDIFF CITY v. Bolton Wanderers.	Fulham v. Portsmouth.	Morton v. Falkirk.
Everton v. Liverpool.	MIDDLESBROUGH v. Derby County.	Queen's Park v. Partick Thistle.
LEEDS UNITED v. Birmingham.	OLDHAM ATHLETIC v. Stoke.	RAITH ROVERS v. Ayr United.
MANCHESTER CITY v. West Ham. U.	PORT VALE v. South Shields.	St. Johnstone v. DUNDEE.
Nottingham Forest v. Newcastle United.	THE WEDNESDAY v. Leicester City.	St. Mirren v. Hibernians.
Preston N. E. v. Tottenham Hotspur.	Southampton v. Chelsea.	
SUNDERLAND v. Notts County.	Wolverhampton Wanderers v. Hull City.	

Don't miss "Chums of the Iron Way!" A thrilling story of the railroad in this week's "Gem" Library. Out on Wednesday!



By Frank Richards

(Continued from previous page.)

Fourth hardly knew what was happening as he strove in vain to dodge the raining blows. Rap, tap, rap, tap, came the hard gloves on his face, his chest, his chin, his nose, till Carton was blinded and bewildered.

"Bravo, old bean," shouted Algernon Aubrey, waving his eyeglass in great excitement.

Crash, crash, crash! came the blows and Vernon Carton staggered helplessly under his punishment; and again the call of "time" saved him from the grass.

"Time!" Carton reeled blindly to his second and Tracy drew him on his knee, and sponged his heated face.

Tracy's looks were very serious now.

The quality of the nameless school-boy was fairly evident by this time, and the "Goats" of St. Kit's were exchanging very dubious glances.

It certainly was not going to be the sweeping victory they had anticipated; and which Vernon Carton had anticipated most confidently of all. It was beginning to be doubtful whether it was going to be a victory or a defeat.

"Time!" Carton came on furiously for the third round; and in that round there was hard fighting. For the first time, several heavy blows got home on Harry Nameless, and he staggered once or twice under them.

The hopes of Carton's nutty pals rose again.

"Go it, Carton!" sang out Howard and Lumley encouragingly.

Algernon Aubrey smiled serenely. He had no doubts now about his man, and he was watching with complete confidence.

It had to be admitted, however, that Harry Nameless had the worst of the third round. Still, he was fighting gamely when "time" was called, and was not anywhere near the end of his resources.

Vernon Carton tried the same tactics in the fourth round. But his spurt was over; he was troubled now with "bellows to mend," and he could not keep up the fierce offensive. In spite of his efforts, he found the attack pass to his adversary, and he was driven helplessly round the ring, with Harry's blows coming home to roost every other second.

Crash!

"Man down!" roared Jones minor.

"Hurrah!"

"Pick up your man, Tracy!"

"Time!"

Tracy helped Carton to his feet. The captain of the Fourth rested on his knee dizzily. His handsome face showed plain traces of the punishment he had received, in spite of the gloves.

"Goin' on?" asked Tracy, as Durance looked at his watch.

"Hang you! Yes!"

"Time!"

Carton staggered into the ring. The fifth round was fierce enough. Carton fought gamely, and he put all he knew into it. The very knowledge that he was outclassed, and doomed to defeat, made him more bitterly determined. Even up to the finish he fought fiercely, hoping yet to snatch victory from the jaws of defeat. But he hoped in vain. A crashing blow on the point of the jaw sent him spinning, and he came to the ground with a heavy concussion.

Durance looked at him and began to count. He counted slowly enough—though two or three sarcastic voices urged him to hurry up. But he was at nine when Vernon Carton made an effort to rise, and sank back again helpless. He was spent.

"Out!" said Durance, and snapped his watch shut.

"My man wins, I think," remarked Algernon Aubrey St. Leger cheerfully. "Give me your gloves, old bean—feelin' bad? I'm sure not. Bunny, hand over that jacket."

Tracy bent over Carton as he lay in the grass. Carton had been counted out—but if Durance had gone on counting to a hundred, it would have made no difference—the captain of the Fourth could not even get on his feet. He sat up and leaned on Tracy, breathing in jerks.

"Licked!" he muttered thickly. "Licked by that cad! Oh gad! I'll make him pay for this! I'll make him suffer—" He choked.

Very Perplexing!

"I'm awfully perplexed." It was the Honourable Algernon Aubrey St. Leger who made that remark, as he reclined at ease in the armchair in Study No. 5.

The day was Wednesday, which was a half-holiday at St. Kit's.

Harry Nameless was in the study with the dandy of St. Kit's, and he looked at him as he made his remark.

Harry had been a week now at his new school, and by this time he had settled down into his place. Much had happened since the day Bunny Bootles had met him at Wicke Station—not all of it pleasant. But Harry had found himself happy at St. Kit's.

In the Form-room he was in Mr. Rawlings' good graces—in the Common-room he was by no means unpopular. The defeat of Vernon Carton, in the fight behind the chapel, had indeed made him popular with a section of the Fourth. And other fellows who might have been disagreeable—fellows like Catesby—realised that it would not be wholly wise to provoke the fellow who had licked Carton.

Carton was in the position of the hapless hunter who looked for a rabbit and found a tiger. Nobody else in Carton's select circle was anxious for a fight by the chapel rails with this nobody from nowhere who was such an extremely hard hitter.

Certainly, Carton's bitterness had not been diminished by his defeat. It was understood that he was now the fellow's enemy; and fellows who knew Carton well expected that he would stop at little to make his enmity felt. But Harry Nameless gave him little heed. So long as Carton & Co. let him alone he was prepared to go his own way regardless of them.

In some little ways Carton made his bitterness felt—but Harry had a chum in Algernon Aubrey, and was on friendly terms with nine or ten other fellows more or less—so any scheme of sending him to Coventry was not of much use. The idea was debated in the top study, but Durance declared that there was "nothin'" in it, and it was dropped. A fellow who was chummy with the most popular junior at St. Kit's, and on good terms with half the Form, could not be sent to Coventry with much success. Carton & Co. had to bide their time—and probably the Co., so far as they were concerned, would have let the whole affair pass, only treating the Foundation boulder to lofty looks, had Carton been willing to forget or forgive. Carton was not willing to do either; and so the feud was kept up.

Harry's friendship with the Honourable Algy was a settled thing now. More than once Algy had informed him, cheerily, that he did not bore him—or, at least, not so much as any other fellow at St. Kit's. And Harry was a useful friend in some respects; he helped Algy with his prep and Algy had much more peaceful mornings with Mr. Rawlings in consequence.

On this particular Wednesday afternoon Algernon Aubrey had gone to his study soon after dinner with a wrinkle of deep thought in his brow.

Harry Nameless had joined him there to ask the noble youth if he was coming out for the afternoon. Algy woke up from a deep reverie with the statement that he was awfully perplexed.

He looked so serious that Harry looked serious, too, at once.

"Nothing wrong, I hope?" asked Harry.

"I don't know," said Algernon Aubrey thoughtfully. "Perhaps I'd better state the case. It's awfully perplexin'. My uncle, Colonel Wilmot, is comin' down to the school to see me to-day."

"I suppose you won't want to come out of the gates, then, if your uncle's coming?" said Harry.

"No; I'm goin' to the station to meet him at three, that's all. After that I'm goin' to be a sacrifice on the altar of relationship," said Algy. "As a dutiful nephew, I'm bound to let my uncle bore me. Don't you think so?"

"Perhaps he won't bore you," suggested Harry.

"Bound to, though really he's a decent old card," said Algy considerably. "Not so very old either,

study with me; he was a boy himself once, you know."

"I suppose he was."

"Yaas—amazin' if you look at him, you know—but he must have been, it stands to reason. In fact, he was a St. Kit's boy, and once upon a time he was captain of the Fourth, and was in the top study with his pal Rake—Rake, you know, who did terrific stunts as a flying man in the War. Rake, V.C., you know. Well, it reminds him of his own merry schooldays—must have been a thumpin' long time back—it reminds him of them when he has tea in the study. Am I borin' you?" added Algy suddenly.

"My dear chap, I'm quite interested," said Harry. "I wish I had an uncle to visit me here."

"Begad! Do you? I've got half a dozen uncles you can have if you like. But, to come to the point, I said it was awfully perplexin'. Do you mind helpin' me out with my uncle, old bean?"

"I'd like to."

"Good man!"

"But—but—"

"Well, dear boy?"

IT'S GREAT!

THIS LATEST VOLUME OF OUR FAMOUS ANNUAL.

Packed with the finest stories of school and adventure, and hundreds of other tip-top features.

Price 6/- Wonderful value!

GET YOUR COPY RIGHT AWAY!

and I like him really; he's a soldier, you know, and he doesn't tire a fellow so much as a fellow's other uncles. A bit solemn; the poor old bean had a disappointment in love, I believe, or somethin' of the sort, I think I've heard one of my aunts say; anyhow, he's a solemn johnny. But the right stuff, you know, and he killed so many Huns in the War that a chap can't help respectin' him. I'm goin' to do him decently while he's here, especially as he's coming on purpose to see me."

"But what is there perplexing in all that?" asked Harry, puzzled.

"Well, now, my uncle lectures me sometimes," said Algy; "I'm a good-natured chap, you may have noticed that."

"Yes," said Harry, with a smile.

"Bein' so good-natured I get imposed upon," said Algy lazily. "Fellows stick to me, and I let 'em. Uncle Wilmot spoke about that last time. I forgot as soon as he was gone, but I remember now that he's comin' again. You see, I'm his favourite nephew; I'm sure I don't know why. Now, the merry old colonel is goin' to have tea in the

Harry Nameless flushed. "I—I shouldn't like your uncle to—to think—" he stammered.

"I knew I'd put my foot in it," said Algernon Aubrey. "I'm always doin' it. My dear old bean, don't be touchy. I assure you that I really do most sincerely want you to help me out with my uncle. Now I've got to float away, or I shall be late at the station. The colonel is nuts on punctuality—military old gent, you know. I wonder if you'd look round the study and see that it's tidy for nunky."

"I'll have the study like a new pin," said Harry smiling.

"Dear old bean," said Algy affectionately. "I knew I could rely on you."

And with that parting injunction Algernon Aubrey took up a pair of beautiful gloves, donned them with care, selected a cane, picked up a shining silk hat, and drifted out of the study.

(Neat week's extra-long instalment of this topping school story is better than ever, boys! Order your copy of the Boys' Friend in advance, and thus make certain of reading it!)

OUR RAILWAYS!
LOCOMOTIVE TYPES AND HOW TO KNOW THEM.

What the locomotive is, and what it will do, is mainly a matter of driving-wheel diameter and the coupling together of wheels.

In order that the type of locomotive may be easily described we have the "Whyte" numeral system. Whyte, an American, assumed that every locomotive must be considered as having three sets of wheels—i.e., leading, driving, and trailing. The leading wheels may consist of one or two pairs, the latter in the shape of a bogie truck. The driving wheels may be one pair, two, three, four, and sometimes even five; the trailing wheels will usually consist of one pair, but here again, in the case of tank engines, two pairs, fixed on a bogie, will be found.

Instead of saying in the old-fashioned way, "Mr. Ivatt's new engine was a four-wheeled leading bogie with four coupled wheels and a pair of trailing wheels"—a tremendous mouthful—we say or write, "Mr. Ivatt's engine was a 4-4-2 tender engine." We know at once that this machine was what is commonly called across the "herring-pond," and often here as well, an "Atlantic" type. Not always are there leading wheels, nor are there invariably trailers. In that case we write a nought—thus: 0-4-2, or, again, 2-4-0, both of these formulas representing types of engines which are quickly disappearing from our railways.

The earliest locomotives were all four-wheeled machines, and most, though not all, were single drivers, their formulas being 0-2-2 or 2-2-0, or, if the wheels were coupled, 0-4-0. The famous Rocket was a good example of the first-mentioned formula. Cylinders placed at an angle on the fire-box drove the leading pair of wheels, which, strange to say, had exactly the diameter of the space between the rails upon which she ran. This, as you probably know, is 4 ft. 8½ ins. Other early engines had the second formula, 0-2-2, which means that the cylinders were placed at the smoke-box end, and drove on to the rear pair of wheels.

The locomotives 0-4-0 were the goods engines of the period. In the earliest days our locomotive engineers recognised the advantages of the greater adhesion gained by coupling together four wheels of the same size. For express work, with the light loads then found, the single-wheeler was the favourite type.

By the time the Great Western was opened in 1838 the locomotive had grown considerably, and its boiler was much longer; then it was that we get the next formula, 2-2-2, and for a great number of years this was a most popular express type of engine. Right up to the 'eighties of the last century engines were built with this very convenient wheel arrangement. Some of the best work ever recorded on most of our big railways was accomplished with single-wheelers with a leading pair of wheels and a pair of trailers of similar dimensions.

The next and final development of this type was the making of the leading pair of wheels into a four-wheeled bogie. Whilst I expect most of my readers know what a bogie is, there may be some fresh comers to locomotive-land; therefore, it may be said that a bogie is a small truck with four wheels, and the truck is pivoted on the locomotive frame, so that it will take the curves easily and make for easy running. The growth in traffic meant stronger engines, which in turn meant longer boilers, since there is a limit to their height. To enable curves to be taken quite easily the pair of leading wheels gave place to the free-working bogie-truck. Thus the formula of the last single-wheelers was 4-2-2. There are just a few of these engines in existence, but their days are numbered.

We have noted that the idea of coupled wheels was at first applied to goods engines, but as loads grew the power of the goods locomotive had to be increased; this was done by making the 2-4-0 into an 0-6-0—that is, all the wheels were made the same size, and all were coupled. This is still the most popular form of engine if mere numbers count. Out of a matter of rather more than ten thousand locomotives, our greatest railway, the London, Midland, and Scottish, possesses more than three thousand of the 0-6-0 type. The formula 2-4-0, discarded by the goods engine, quickly became more or less standard for the passenger class. Then, as with the 2-2-2, the leading bogie was added, and we got the 4-4-0, which is still the most numerous class of passenger engine.

Again, the goods engine led the way when it became a 4-6-0, and was quickly copied by the passenger class, in order that the heavier loads could be dealt with. This innovation took place rather more than thirty years ago, and the 4-6-0 type is the second most numerous class of passenger engine to-day.

Meanwhile, the designers, who still pinned their faith to four-coupled wheels for passenger work, provided larger boilers, and to carry them they added a pair of trailing wheels, thus giving us the 4-4-2, or "Atlantic," which we have already noted.

Then, in 1908, the Great Western added a pair of trailing wheels to their six-coupled express type, and we got the first 4-6-2 in England. For many years the Great Bear remained the only "Pacific" engine (a Pacific is a 4-6-2); now, however, there are many at work on the London and North-Eastern, only one on the Great Western, and none at the moment on either of the other big lines.

A RIPPING STORY OF THE RETURN OF JIMMY SILVER & CO. TO ROOKWOOD!

The Mystery Fifth-Former!



By OWEN CONQUEST.

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

Jimmy Silver & Co. have grave suspicions of the new Fifth-Former.

The 1st Chapter. Accidents Will Happen.

Whirr-r-r-r! "Oh dear!" murmured Jimmy Silver.

Whirrrrrrrrr! "The jolly old scooter again!" sighed Raby.

"About time we scrapped it, I think!" grunted Newcome.

Arthur Edward Lovell knitted his brows. Lovell was mounted on the motor-scooter, his comrades were on the push-bikes. For a long, long time the motor-scooter had been giving hints that all was not well with it.

Exactly what wasn't well with it Lovell did not know. Many times he had propped it by the roadside and examined it. But the internal complaint of the motor-scooter eluded his powers of diagnosis.

It sounded asthmatic, if a motor-scooter could be supposed to suffer from asthma. Lovell was perplexed. Jimmy Silver & Co. were not perplexed at all. Lately there had been an accident to the scooter. Lovell had executed running repairs.

According to Jimmy Silver, Raby, and Newcome it was the running repairs that had done it.

A motor mechanic had put the machine together after Lovell had finished his running repairs. He had made it run again. Considering the state to which Lovell had reduced it, Jimmy Silver & Co. had looked on that motor mechanic as a remarkably clever fellow, and his performance as a wonderful one.

But it had not lasted. And every time Lovell tinkered with it it seemed to run a little more uneasily, and it moaned and groaned almost like a living thing complaining of ill-usage.

Jimmy Silver & Co. had enjoyed their cycle tour in the summer vacation. The vacation was now drawing to an end. The motor-scooter, apparently, was doing the same.

Whirrr! Clink-clink! Snap! Weird sounds came from the scooter. Suddenly it stopped. Arthur Edward Lovell jumped off.

Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome dismounted. They were looking rather exasperated. For two or three days they had been worried by the scooter. It was an invalid that required constant attention. It had served them well. It had carried the baggage of the Rookwood cyclists many a long league. But really it seemed to have outlived its usefulness now, and three of the party, at least, were fed-up with it.

"For goodness' sake," said Newcome, "chuck the thing into a ditch and leave it there!"

"I have to do a few running repairs, I think," said Lovell, unheeding. "I'm sorry now I trusted the machine into the hands of a mechanic. Fumbling ass, you know!"

"The wonder is, that he got it together at all, after the way you mucked it up, Lovell."

"Don't be a silly ass, Newcome, if you can help it."

Jimmy Silver glanced at the sky. The shades of night were falling fast, as a well-known poet has already remarked. A few light drops of rain were falling, a fore-taste of the wrath to come, as it were. It was not going to be a fine night.

Camping out that night was not

attractive. But the juniors were still several miles from the village where they had intended to put up, on a lonely road in Hampshire. The road they were following ran through deep, thick woods, dark and shadowy on either side. The woods belonged to some large estate, and two or three boards, peeping from the trees, announced that trespassers would be prosecuted.

"Rotten place to camp!" remarked Raby.

"No need to camp," said Lovell. "I shall have the scooter going again in a few minutes."

Generally, Lovell's chums were very patient with him. But there was a limit, and the limit had been reached.

"Rot!" said Newcome. "If you start tinkering with it it won't go again at all. We've had some."

"We have!" grunted Raby. "Too much!"

"If you think I can't do running repairs—"

"Well, you can't, and there's an end to it!" said Newcome. "Give us a rest. Look here, Jimmy, are we going to chuck that scooter away and get on, or are we going to camp here?"

"We gave nine pounds for this scooter!" bawled Lovell.

"Well, we've had our money's worth out of it, if you come to that. We've only got another week before we go home, and then we go back to school. Scrap it!"

"Fathead!"

A gust of wind swept down the road, bringing rain with it. Rain-drops spattered over the Rookwood cyclists.

"We'd better get under shelter, if we can," said Jimmy Silver.

"Wheel the bikes into the wood."

"Trespassers will be prosecuted!" remarked Newcome.

"Well, we don't want to get drenched. Come on, and chance it!"

Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome wheeled their machines into a narrow path that wound among the trees by the roadside. Arthur Edward Lovell snorted as he looked after them. A week before the Co. had spent a whole day by a roadside in Dorset while Lovell laboured with running repairs. That effort had exhausted their patience. They were not in the least disposed to repeat the experience, especially with the rain coming down more thickly every minute.

Lovell snorted and Lovell sniffed. But, obstinate as Arthur Edward Lovell undoubtedly was, he did not like rain more than the other fellows. It dropped on him in large drops, and it trickled down his neck. And even Lovell was beginning to have some slight misgivings about his powers as a motor mechanic.

He snorted and sniffed, but he heaved the motor-scooter out of the road into the shelter of a tree a little distance in the wood. Then he called to his comrades.

"I can't work in the dark. I can't repair this scooter without a light."

"That's all right," called back Newcome. "You can't repair it at all, old chap. You won't do any more damage in the dark than in the light."

"You silly ass!" roared Lovell. "Look here, will you fellows stand

round with the bike lamps while I do the repairs?"

"No, we jolly well won't!" said Raby emphatically.

"Then it will have to be left till the morning."



EJECTED! As Hansom of the Fifth made to enter the carriage Jimmy Silver & Co. grasped him: Next instant Hansom's hat was flattened on his head and he was sent crashing on to the platform.

"Bow-wow!"

Arthur Edward Lovell carefully covered a ground-sheet over the scooter, and joined the other fellows deeper in the wood. They had stacked the bikes against a tree, and put waterproof covers over them. The thick foliage overhead sheltered them, but as the rain increased it found them out. For the greater part of their tour they had enjoyed good weather. Now the weather was taking its revenge.

"Lovely place to put in a night!" groaned Raby. "Look here, this rain isn't going to stop! Let's get on. Lovell can have a lift behind one of us. He can come back for the scooter in the morning, if he likes."

"That's a good idea," agreed Newcomes. "Let's."

Snort from Lovell.

"I'm not leaving that scooter to be stolen by some dashed tramp!" he growled.

"Rats! No tramp would be silly ass enough to bag that scooter, after what you've done to it."

"You cheeky ass, Newcome!"

"It's a good idea, Lovell," urged

Jimmy Silver. "The scooter will be safe enough, most likely."

"Most likely!" sniffed Lovell. "Well, I don't think so. You fellows can go on, if you like. I'm not stopping you. I'm staying. I'm not afraid of a little wet."

"It isn't a little, it's a lot."

"Oh, rats!"

"Let's go on, then, and leave the silly owl here!" growled Raby.

"Do!" snorted Lovell.

But the three could not quite make up their mind to that. Lovell was exasperated; but it was sink or swim together with the Fistical Four of Rookwood School.

"Well, we're for it!" sighed Jimmy Silver at last. "But we can't stay here in the rain. Let's look for something better than this. There's a big house not far away, and we may get leave to camp in a shed, or a barn, or something. Come on!"

"What about the bikes?"

"They're all right here. Nobody can see them in the dark. Even that dashed precious scooter is safe. Come on!"

"I don't want to go too far from the scooter," grunted Lovell. "Some sneaking tramp—"

"Oh, rot!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. moved on along the narrow path in the wood, and Lovell, after some hesitation, followed them. The rain was getting serious now, and it was really necessary to find a shelter of some sort. So the Rookwooders proceeded to look for it.

A minute later he stopped, with a howl.

"Ow!"

"What the thump—"

"Wow! A dashed wire fence!"

Lovell had walked right into the wire fence, which was invisible in the gloom.

He rubbed his nose savagely. His nose seemed to have come into painful contact with the wire, which was barbed.

"The silly brutes!" muttered Lovell. "What the thump do they want to run barbed wire here for?"

"To keep out trespassers, perhaps!" chuckled Raby.

"Ow! My nose!"

The Rookwooders stopped, and then they moved on along the wire fence, seeking a gate. There was somebody in that lonely little building, chalet or summer-house, or whatever it was, in the heart of the wood, and they hoped that it was a hospitable somebody who would give them shelter for the night.

"Here's a gate," said Raby at last.

"Locked!"

"Blow it!"

Jimmy Silver stared round him rather curiously. The barbed wire fence was a high one; it was impossible to get over it. The gate was narrow and strong, and was locked securely. Jimmy could see that all the windows of the chalet were shuttered, and only from one of the upper windows came that glimmer of light. He could not help wondering who and what was the denizen of this lonely retreat in a Hampshire wood.

"Suppose we stand here and shout," suggested Newcome.

"Isn't there a bell, or something?" growled Lovell.

There was no bell.

"My hat! There's a dog!" muttered Newcome.

A shadowy form loomed up on the other side of the closely netted barbed wire. Two bright eyes gleamed at the juniors, and a deep, savage growl echoed in their ears. A large, savage-looking mastiff was separated from them only by the wire fence—and they were glad that the wire fence was there to separate them.

"That beast would be glad to get at us," muttered Raby, jumping back from the fence.

The dog was thrusting his head at the wire, evidently desirous to sample the legs of the Rookwooders.

Finding it impossible to get at them, the brute started barking, filling the wood with echoes.

The door of the chalet opened, and a stream of light came into the gloom.

In the doorway stood a burly man, dressed as a keeper, with a gun under his arm.

"Toothy! What is it, Toothy?" asked the man, in a deep, surly voice.

The dog continued to bark.

The man muttered something the juniors could not hear, and came out into the enclosure.

"Hallo!" called out Jimmy Silver.

The keeper gave a start, and hurried down to the gate. He silenced the dog with an angry gesture.

"Who the dickens are you?" he exclaimed, staring through the bars of the gate at the Rookwooders.

"Cyclists looking for a shelter," explained Jimmy Silver. "We're hung up on the road."

"What?"

"Can you let us into a shed for the night? We shan't do any damage. We'll pay, if you like."

"Get out of it!" snapped the keeper. "This isn't a casual ward. Get out of it!"

"Why, you cheeky rotter—" exclaimed Lovell.

"Trespassers ain't allowed in Rutland Park!" snapped the man. "Ain't you seen the boards?"

"Yes; but—"

"Get out of it, then! I'll have you run in if you ain't out of these woods pretty quick."

Jimmy Silver eyed the man through the gate.

"You might be a little more civil about it," he said coolly. "As for getting out of the woods, we'll please ourselves."

"Will you, by gum! Here, Toothy!"

The dog came up, snarling.

"I give you one minute afore I open the gate," said the keeper. "If this 'ere dog gets arter you, I'm sorry for you. He nigh killed a tramp the other day. I give you while I get this 'ere gate unlocked, and arter that look arter yourselves, my lads!"

He fumbled in a pocket and produced a key. The big mastiff watched the juniors with a savage

intentness, waiting for the gate to be opened.

"Better clear!" murmured Raby.

"What-ho!"

The surly keeper evidently intended to be as good as his word. He was putting the key into the lock.

Jimmy Silver & Co. did not linger.

A scrap with a big, savage mastiff in the dark woods was not what they were looking for. They hurried back under the trees.

As they did so they heard the gate open.

"Find 'em, Toothy!" shouted the keeper.

The mastiff rustled out.

"My hat!" breathed Lovell. "The brute's actually set the dog after us! Hook it!"

"Hold on!" muttered Jimmy. "Get into this tree—quick! We could never dodge that dog in the wood."

"Quick!" breathed Newcome. There was no time to lose; they could not see the dog now, but they could hear him bounding in pursuit.

In hot haste the four Rookwooders drew themselves into a tree and clambered up into the higher branches.

They were scarcely up when the dog raced by below, barking.

Jimmy panted for breath.

"Oh, my hat! We're well out of that! Quiet, you chaps; I believe I can hear that brute coming!"

They heard the click of the gate-lock. Then the heavy steps of the burly keeper were audible. He had come out and locked the gate after him.

The four Rookwooders were silent as they clung to the branches in the darkness. The man, calling to the dog, came to a halt almost under the tree.

"Go for 'em, Toothy! Fetch 'em—fetch 'em! Bite 'em!"

The mastiff was racing and plunging in the underbrush, barking furiously. Jimmy Silver & Co. were thankful enough that they were safe out of his reach. They had caught a glimpse of his teeth, and a glimpse was quite enough for them.

With beating hearts they clung to the wet boughs in silence. There was a sudden exclamation at a little distance, a loud barking, and then a growl. Then a voice again:

"Down, you brute! Don't you know me? Down!"

The keeper called out:

"That you, Master Philip?"

"Yes, Brood! What's the row?"

A dim figure appeared under the tree. Jimmy Silver & Co., looking down, could just make out that it was the figure of a boy—a rather largely-built fellow of about sixteen. He came to a stop close by the keeper, and the dog's savage barking died away.

The 3rd Chapter. A Little Mysterious.

Jimmy Silver & Co., clinging to the boughs overhead, made no sound. Their only idea was to keep their presence undiscovered till the two were gone, with the dog, and there would be a chance of getting away unseen. By this time the Fistical Four regretted deeply enough that they had not heeded the notice-boards. They would have given a good deal now to be safely out of the precincts of Rutland Park. Evidently the owner of that estate was not hospitable to hapless strangers.

"What's the row, Brood? I heard the dog barking, and came along. Has anything happened?"

There was a note of anxiety in the voice.

"No, Master Philip—he's all right," said Brood.

Who the "he" was, to whom the keeper alluded, Jimmy Silver & Co. had not the faintest idea—not that they cared.

"Then what—"

"Some fellows have been trespassing in the wood, sir, and I set the dog on them," said Brood. "There was three or four of them, and they had the neck to ask for shelter—"

"My hat! At the chalet?"

"Yes, Master Philip."

"Are they gone?"

"Yes; and they must have gone pretty quick, or Toothy would have had some of them, Master Philip."

Master Philip laughed.

"There ought to be a paling put along the road to keep these dashed tramps out of the woods," he said. "It's never been wanted before, but it's wanted now, Brood. I'll speak to my father about it."

A match scratched in the gloom and a scent of tobacco was wafted to the Rookwood juniors above.

The youth was lighting a cigarette. As the match flared, and he puffed at the cigarette, the juniors above had a full and clear view of his face.

He looked about sixteen, or a little

more, rather a handsome fellow, with strongly-marked features and thick, dark eyebrows. His nose was slightly aquiline, and his lips rather thick. The whole face was heavy, though not at all ill-looking. It was not a face to be easily forgotten.

The match went out.

Master Philip blew out a cloud of smoke.

"You're sure they're gone, Brood?"

"Oh, yes, sir—they're scuttling down the road by this time, I fancy. I wish Toothy had caught one of them."

"How is he, Brood?" asked Master Philip, apparently alluding to the unknown "he" the keeper had already mentioned.

"Same as ever, Master Philip."

"Savage as ever, I suppose?"

"Yes, Master Philip. I thought he would jump at me when I took in his supper, only he knewed it was no use. He says we shall all go to prison for this before we're much older."

"That's enough, Brood!" snapped Master Philip. "You'd better get back, and take your dog with you."

"Yes, Master Philip!"

The keeper called to the dog and strode back to the gate of the wired enclosure, with the mastiff at his

back to the road in the darkness and the dropping rain.

But they reached the spot, at last, where they had left the bikes and the scooter.

Camping in the wood was given up now. A camp that was likely to be disturbed by a visit from Toothy or Mr. Brood was not attractive. In spite of the rain, three bicycles were wheeled out into the road.

"What about the scooter?" asked Lovell.

"Nothing about the scooter!" said Jimmy Silver. "Blow the scooter! We're fed-up with the scooter! If you can't wheel it, leave it, there!"

"I can wheel it!" growled Lovell. "But I can't ride it again till I've done some running repairs."

"Nobody could ride it after you've done that."

"Look here—"

"Better leave the thundering thing where it is!" growled Raby.

"Rats!"

"Well, wheel it, then, and be blown to you!" said Raby forcibly. "I'm getting on out of this rain. It's two miles, anyhow."

And George Raby mounted his bike and started. He had reached the end of his patience.

Lovell snorted.

"No need for you fellows to hang

know where the trouble is. I'll have it in the yard to-morrow and give it a thorough overhauling. That's what it really wants, you know, after the way that mechanic handled it. You'll see."

To which Jimmy Silver & Co. made no rejoinder. They had their own ideas about what was going to happen to the scooter on the morrow.

The 4th Chapter.

The Last of the Scooter.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were up early on the following morning—at all events, three members of the Co. were up early. Arthur Edward Lovell found his bed too comfortable to leave it in a hurry. Doubtless his walk with the scooter that could be led but not driven had tired him, and so he allowed himself an extra rest.

On occasions when any other member of the Co. showed a disposition to take an extra nap it was the way of Arthur Edward to shout "Slacker!" vociferously; and if that did not suffice, to give the bedclothes a hefty tug. Arthur Edward had no patience with slacking. But when Arthur Edward himself wanted a little extra nap the matter was, of course, quite



AN UNPLEASANT SITUATION! "I give you one minute to clear, my lads, afore I open the gate," said the keeper. "If this 'ere dog gets arter you, I'm sorry for you." He fumbled in a pocket, and produced a key. The big mastiff watched the Rookwood juniors with a savage intentness, waiting for the gate to be opened. "Better clear!" murmured Raby. "What-ho!" The surly keeper evidently intended to be as good as his word. He was putting the key into the lock. Jimmy Silver & Co. did not linger another second. They hurried back towards the trees.

heels. The juniors in the tree heard the click of the lock as the gate was unlocked, and then locked again.

Below them they heard the footsteps of Master Philip. He was strolling away through the rain, smoking his cigarette.

The footsteps died away into silence.

"Well," murmured Jimmy Silver at last. "This is a go!"

"There's something jolly queer going on here," said Raby. "What the thump does it all mean?"

"Somebody's in that chalet, where we saw the light at the window," said Newcome.

"Some invalid, perhaps," said Lovell thoughtfully. "That may be why they're so annoyed at strangers butting in. May be a consumptive or something, who's got to be kept quiet. Or—perhaps a giddy lunatic that's being taken care of."

"Possibly!" assented Jimmy.

"They seem to be clear off now—and the sooner we get out of this the better."

"Yes, rather."

All the Fistical Four were agreed on that. The rain was better than the kind of hospitality they had experienced at Rutland Park.

They slipped down from the tree and turned their backs on the lonely chalet, where the light still glimmered from the shuttered window.

It was not easy to find their way

on. You can clear, and I'll wheel the scooter. I'll join you at the White Lion—that's the inn at Draycott."

"Well, no good all of us getting soaked," said Newcome; and he put a leg over his machine and followed Raby.

Jimmy Silver hesitated.

"I'll walk with you, Lovell, old chap," he said.

"You needn't!" snapped Lovell.

"Look here, Lovell—"

"If you like to stay and show a light while I get the machine running again, well and good! If not, clear off, and the sooner the better, and be blown to you!" growled Lovell.

Evidently Arthur Edward was not in a good temper.

"Right-ho!" said Jimmy Silver cheerily.

And he mounted his machine and followed Raby and Newcome. Arthur Edward Lovell plodded on wrathfully with the disabled scooter, which, like other obstinate creatures, could be led, but not driven.

An hour later Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome were sitting down to a comfortable supper at the White Lion in Draycott village. It was more than an hour afterwards that Arthur Edward Lovell came in—wet and muddy and cross.

But an ample supper restored his good-temper a little.

"It's all right about the scooter," he told his comrades. "I fancy I

different; and he would have been very much annoyed had his comrades shouted "Slacker!" in at his door, and quite infuriated if they had jerked the bedclothes off.

But Jimmy Silver & Co. had no desire to rouse out Lovell. As a matter of fact, they were pleased to see that he was taking an extra snooze. It left them at liberty to deal with the motor-scooter.

Three members of the Rookwood party had decided that the last scrap of the vacation was not going to be spent in hanging round while Lovell tinkered at the motor-scooter. They had looked on at as much tinkering as they cared for—more, in fact. The motor-scooter, and the repairing thereof, was beginning to get on their nerves.

So while Lovell enjoyed his extra snooze, his comrades breakfasted rapidly and got busy.

When Arthur Edward Lovell came down they were absent from the inn; and Lovell sat down quite cheerily to an ample breakfast of new-laid eggs and home-bred bacon, and enjoyed it thoroughly. He was close on the finish when his three friends strolled in. Over breakfast Lovell had been chatting with the ruddy-cheeked country waiter; but that individual faded away when the juniors came in. Lovell cracked his fifth egg and nodded to the Co.

"You were up before me," he remarked. "Been for a stroll?"

"Yes, walking around, you know," said Jimmy. "We're ready to get on the road when you are."

"I hope to be ready pretty soon. The scooter won't delay me long, I think."

"I'm sure it won't!" assented Jimmy, closing one eye at his chums; and Raby grinned, and Newcome chuckled.

"You fellows can take another stroll, if you like," said Lovell. "I sha'n't want your help. You're not much use when it comes to handling machinery, you know. You haven't the head for it, if you don't mind my saying so."

"Not at all, old bean!"

"By the way, I've been asking the waiter about that show, Rutland Park," remarked Lovell, as he negotiated the fifth egg. "They know all about it here. Some of the local men were employed in building that chalet in the wood; it's quite a recent erection. The whole place belongs to Sir Harry Rutland—a kid of sixteen. Lucky bargee—what?"

"Jolly lucky merchant; but I suppose that means that he's an orphan, so I dare say he's got bad luck along with the good luck," said Jimmy. "But it's jolly odd for a kid of sixteen to have a chalet built in his woods—rather an expensive fancy, I should think. He must have a guardian, and the old gent ought to be looking after his money for him."

"It was the guardian had the chalet built," said Lovell. "He's a Mr. Packington, and he lives at the park along with his ward, and his son, Philip Packington. That must be the Master Philip that that keeper chap was talking to last night."

"I suppose so," assented Jimmy Silver, not very much interested. He was, in fact, thinking chiefly about the motor-scooter, and the surprise that was awaiting Arthur Edward Lovell.

"But it seems a queer sort of show, though," went on Lovell. "Mr. Packington used to be rich, but he lost his money in speculation, so they say. He's not popular about here. Master Philip seems rather a card—the waiter says he often comes along here to talk with sporting men and play billiards and smoke, and so on."

"He looked that kind of a shady waster," said Jimmy Silver carelessly.

"The other chap—the kid baronet—is in delicate health, and isn't seen about much," went on Lovell. "He has—or, rather, had—a tutor. He's going to a public school next term."

"Is he?" yawned Newcome. "You seem jolly interested in them, Lovell."

"It happens to be Rookwood that he's going to."

"Oh, I see!"

"His father, the late baronet, was a Rookwood man," said Lovell. "The jolly old waiter here knows all about it, you see, and he's been spinning me the yarn over brekker. The old baronet seems to have been a good sort; but Packington, the giddy guardian, appears to be a crusty sort of johnny. They say in the village that he's so hard up that he wouldn't have much to live on if he hadn't been left guardian to young Rutland. Now he's got the Park till the kid comes of age, and so much a year for guardianing him, and all that. Now, I've got an idea."

"Not really!" ejaculated Raby.

"Don't be an ass! They treated us in a rotten way last night," said Lovell. "But as young Rutland is going to be a Rookwood chap, and we are Rookwood chaps, you know, we could call on him if we liked. He's bound to be pleased to make some acquaintances belonging to the school he's going to, see?"

"Is he?"

"Of course he is, ass! We'll tell him we'll see him through at Rookwood, and all that—jolly good thing for him, too. You know what a new kid feels like at a big school. Then we'll ask him to sack that ruffian of a keeper—what?"

Jimmy Silver smiled.

"If he's a minor, with a guardian, I don't suppose the sacking of servants is in his hands," he said. "And let the blessed keeper rip, anyhow. If we nose Rutland out he's more likely to think we're after him because he's a giddy baronet, than anything else."

"What rot! I'd jolly well punch his nose, if he hinted anything of the kind!"

"Well, we don't want to walk up to a giddy mansion for the sake of punching the owner's nose."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

(Continued overleaf.)

The Mystery Fifth-Former!



(Continued from previous page.)

Arthur Edward Lovell stood in the road, crimson with wrath, and shook an enraged fist after them, rather to the entertainment of some village lads who gathered round. It was not till the three were almost out of sight that Arthur Edward finally dragged out the second-hand bike, mounted it, and pedalled after them.

Three smiling faces greeted Lovell when he came panting up, overtaking the Co. at last.

"Look here—" began Lovell.

"Like your new bike, old chap?"

"Blow the bike! I'm going after that scooter! I—"

"Race you to the next village!" said Jimmy.

"Look here—"

But Lovell's chums did not "look there." They put on speed, and whizzed away down the road. Lovell breathed hard and laboured after them. An hour had elapsed when he came up with the three again, and

"Besides, if he's sixteen, he won't be coming into our Form," said Jimmy Silver. "The Shell at least—perhaps the Fifth! If he goes into the Fifth he will be a senior; and he won't want to know Fourth-Formers. We sha'n't have anything to do with him at Rookwood."

"I barked my shins climbing that beastly tree last night," growled Lovell. "That brute Brood ought to be sacked!"

"Well, we were trespassing, you know, and landowners don't usually glow with sympathy for trespassers," remarked Jimmy. "Young Rutland is most likely to tell you that it served you jolly well right, for being on his land at all."

Lovell grunted. "I'd jolly well punch him if he did—"

"My dear chap, we're not on a punching expedition. Let's get on the road and forget all about it."

Arthur Edward Lovell grunted again, but he acquiesced. The Fistical Four came out into the inn yard, where four bicycles stood ready for them. Jimmy's bike, Raby's bike, and Newcome's bike stood there; and with them was another push-bike, which had a rather second-hand look.

"I'll get the scooter going now," said Lovell.

"Impossible, old chap!"

"Eh, why?"

"You can't get the scooter going, because—"

"Because what, ass?"

"Because it's gone!"

Lovell blinked.

"Gone!"

"Yes. We're finishing this giddy tour on push-bikes all round," said Jimmy Silver cheerily. "You can push a bike as well as we can, you know. Jump on!"

"What the thump do you mean?" exclaimed Lovell testily. "Where's the scooter?"

"Goodness knows by this time!"

"You've done something with that scooter?" roared Lovell.

"Yes, old bean."

"What?" shrieked Lovell.

"Traded it off for a push-bike," said Jimmy. "It's all right. The bike merchant gave us this push-bike in exchange. It's seen service, but it's still serviceable. Jump on!"

Lovell's face was a study. "That—that scooter cost us nine pounds!" he gasped. "This—this old bike isn't worth four. Nine pounds was—"

"That was before you repaired it," said Raby. "My idea is that the bike merchant got the worst of the bargain. Still, he was willing to take what you'd left of the scooter in exchange. Good-natured sort of chap!"

"You silly owls!" roared Lovell.

"My dear fellow—"

"You cheeky chumps! You—you blithering cuckoos! You—you've really parted with that scooter?" shrieked Lovell.

"Really and truly."

"I was going to repair it."

"Life's too short!" said Jimmy Silver. "Three score years and ten isn't a sufficient allowance for your running repairs, Lovell."

Lovell fairly spluttered. "You—you—you— Where's that bike-man? I'm going to get that scooter back!"

Jimmy Silver smiled cheerily.

He had settled the bill at the inn, and nothing remained but to start. Jimmy and Raby and Newcome wheeled out their machines. Lovell did not touch the second-hand bike, which had now taken the place of the motor-scooter.

"You asses! You dummies! You chumps! Where's that scooter? I tell you I'm going—"

"Ta-ta, old top!"

Three cyclists rode cheerily away.

emphasis. His eloquence seemed really inexhaustible.

When the Rookwooders camped for lunch Lovell was still going strong. With smiling patience they gave him his head, as it were.

But after lunch Jimmy Silver held up his hand.

"Time's up!" he said.

"What do you mean, ass?" snapped Lovell.

"No more scooter!" said Jimmy tersely. "If you say scooter again we're going to bump you!"

"You silly owl, that scooter— Here, I say, hands off! I'll punch your nose! I—I— Yaroooooh!"

Bump!

"You silly, cheeky chumps, I tell you that scooter—"

Bump!

Arthur Edward Lovell was frowning when the Rookwood cyclists resumed their way after lunch. But he did not mention the scooter any more. Perhaps, like Rachel of old, he still mourned for that which was lost, and found no comfort. But the subject was dropped. Arthur Edward ceased from troubling, and the weary were at rest.

The 5th Chapter.

Back to Rookwood.

"Rookham! Change for Rookwood School!"

Smythe recovered it from a myriad feet. Hansom and Talboys of the Fifth—seniors and quite great men—came into collision with the four merry juniors, and both the Fifth-Formers sat down on the platform, with roars of indignant wrath.

"Order there, you fags!" shouted Bulkeley of the Sixth, towering over the mob of Rookwooders.

And the Fistical Four moderated their transports a little, so to speak. They greeted Mornington and Erroll and Conroy and Putty Grace and Tubby Muffin, and other old acquaintances of the Classical Fourth. They exchanged cat-calls with Tommy Dodd & Co. of the Modern Fourth, and they packed themselves into a carriage of the local train that was waiting to take them on to Coombe, and hurled out three or four Shell fellows who tried to follow them in.

The local train was packed, of course. There was a second train in ten minutes, but nobody seemed to want to wait for it. Jimmy Silver & Co. and four or five others of the Classical Fourth were packed into one carriage. Hansom of the Fifth jerked the door open, and shoved his head and shoulders in. The next moment Hansom's hat was flattened on his head, and he found himself sitting on the platform, trying to extract his head from his hat.

"You cheeky fags!" gasped Hansom.

"Full inside!" grinned Lovell.

"Try again, Hansom."

But Edward Hansom sagely did not try again. He went farther along the train. The carriages filled fast, and the porters slammed the doors.

At the last moment a youth rushed across the platform, and caught at the handle of the door of Jimmy Silver & Co.'s carriage. Jimmy Silver held the handle inside.

"No room!" he said cheerily.

"Let me in, you young fool!"

Jimmy stared at him through the window.

He recognised the rather burly fellow, with his thick, heavy eyebrows, his aquiline nose, and his thick lips.

It was the fellow he had seen by the lighted match, under the trees at Rutland Park, a week or two before—the youth whom Brood, the keeper, had addressed as Master Philip.

"Hallo! You!" ejaculated Jimmy.

The youth stared at him. Jimmy knew him, but he, of course, did not know Jimmy, never having set eyes on him before.

"Stand back there, sir!" called out a porter. "She's moving!"

Master Philip stepped back with a scowl.

The train glided out of the station. "Anybody say toffee?" asked Arthur Edward Lovell, taking a packet from his pocket.

"Toffee!" said all the juniors in the carriage.

"I've got some ginger-pop here," said Mornington. "Did you bring the tin cup, Erroll?"

"Here you are, Morny," said Erroll, with a smile.

It was quite a merry party in the carriage as the train ran on to Coombe.

When they turned out at the little station at Coombe, Jimmy Silver ran his eyes over the Rookwood crowd. There were a number of new boys, joining the school at the beginning of term, and Jimmy wondered which of them was the "kid" baronet, Sir Harry Rutland. He remembered what the juniors had learned at Draycott, that Sir Harry was going to Rookwood that term. Jimmy supposed that "Master Philip" had travelled along with him, to see him as far as his new school; or it was possible that Philip Packington was coming to Rookwood also. But in the crowd that swarmed at Coombe, Jimmy did not see any fellow whom he judged to be young Rutland.

He was not keenly interested in the matter, however, and he forgot both Rutland and Master Philip as he went on with his chums to Rookwood in the brake.

First day of term at Rookwood was a busy day for all hands. The school dame wore a worried look; the masters were busy and hasty and hurried. Health-certificates had to be handed in, bags and boxes sorted out, studies claimed, and the claims made good. Jimmy Silver & Co., of course, bagged the end study in the Classical Fourth, as usual. The most daring spirits in the Fourth would scarcely have ventured to attempt to deprive the Fistical Four of that study.

Tubby Muffin rolled in, with a cheery grin, when the Fistical Four sat down to tea.

"Glad to see you back, you fellows," he said brightly.

"Good!" said Lovell. "And we'll be glad to see your back, too, Tubby!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tubby blinked.

"I was going to stand a ripping spread-to-day," he said. "Sort of house-warming, you know. I was going to ask you fellows. But—what do you think?—I've left my purse at home!"

(Continued on page 224.)

A FIVE-POUND NOTE AND SIX FOOTBALLS TO BE WON AGAIN THIS WEEK!

OUR SPLENDID ONE-WEEK PICTURE-PUZZLE COMPETITION!

FIRST PRIZE . . . £5 and 6 other PRIZES of MATCH FOOTBALLS.

On the right, here, is a splendid picture-puzzle competition in which you can all join—and there is no entrance fee.

Remember that each picture in the puzzle may represent part of a word, one, two, or three words, but not more than three words. Solutions containing alternatives will be disqualified.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO is to solve the puzzle, which deals with a well-known warship. When you have done this to your satisfaction, write, IN INK, on one side of a clean sheet of paper exactly what you think the puzzle tells you. Then sign your name, IN INK, on the coupon, cut out the whole tablet, pin your solution to it, and post to "Warships" Competition No. 3, BOYS' FRIEND Office, Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4, so as to reach that address not later than THURSDAY, October 9th, 1924.

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.

Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.



I enter "WARSHIPS" Competition No. 3 and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final.

Name

Address

B.F. Closing date, October 9th.

Draycott was left far behind by that time.

"You thumping asses!" gasped Lovell breathlessly. "Haven't you a little sense? The scooter carried all the baggage, and now you've loaded up all the bikes with our stuff. The scooter would have carried the lot once I'd got it going."

"But we've got less than a week left," grinned Raby. "A week wasn't long enough for you to finish your running repairs, old bean."

"I tell you—"

"Oh, give us a rest, old chap!"

"No, let him keep on!" said Jimmy Silver considerably. "No harm in Lovell taking it out in slang. Keep it up till lunch-time, Lovell, and then give us a rest. If you mention the scooter again after lunch we'll bump you!"

"That's fair," agreed Newcome.

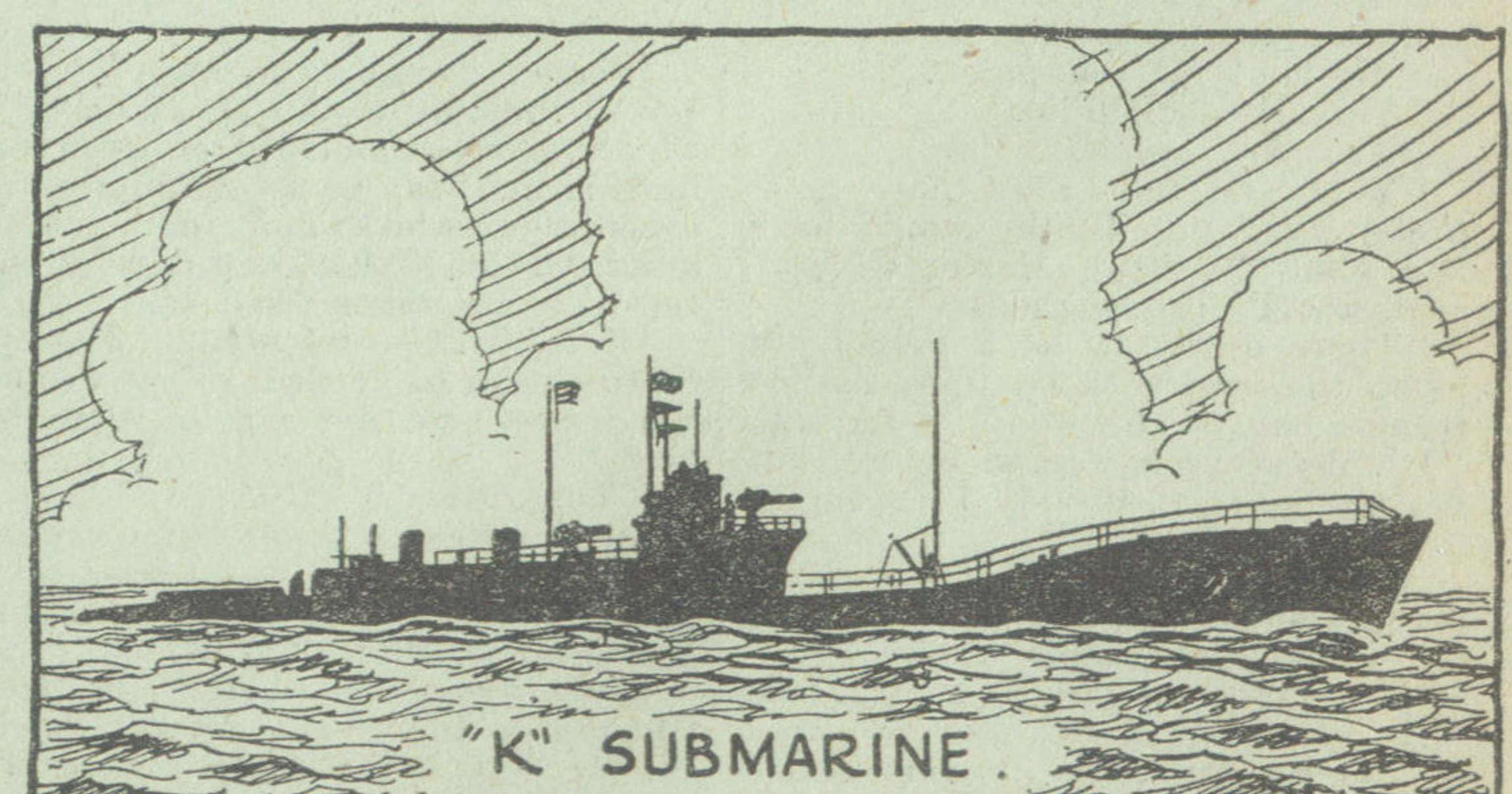
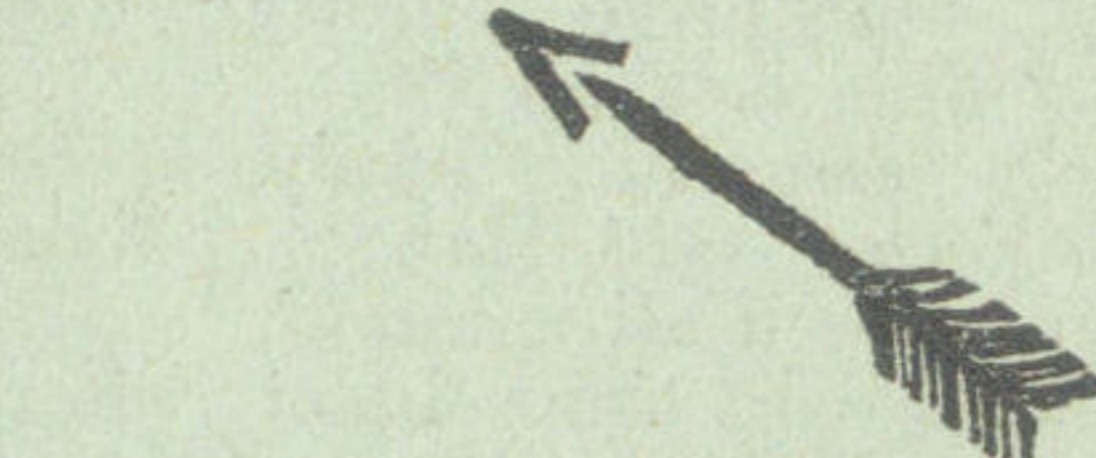
Arthur Edward Lovell did keep it up. While the bikes glided on by sunny roads and lanes, he told his chums what he thought of them at great length and with great

"Here we are again!" sang out Jimmy Silver cheerily.

A swarm of Rookwood fellows—seniors and juniors, old boys and new boys—poured from the train.

Prominent among them were the Fistical Four of the Fourth Form. It was the first day of the term, and Jimmy Silver & Co. were en route for the old school in cheery spirits. School, perhaps, was not quite so attractive as holidays. Nevertheless, Rookwood had plenty of attractions for them. They looked forward to a great "brew" in the end study and to a rag with the Modern fellows; and there was the football coming along, too.

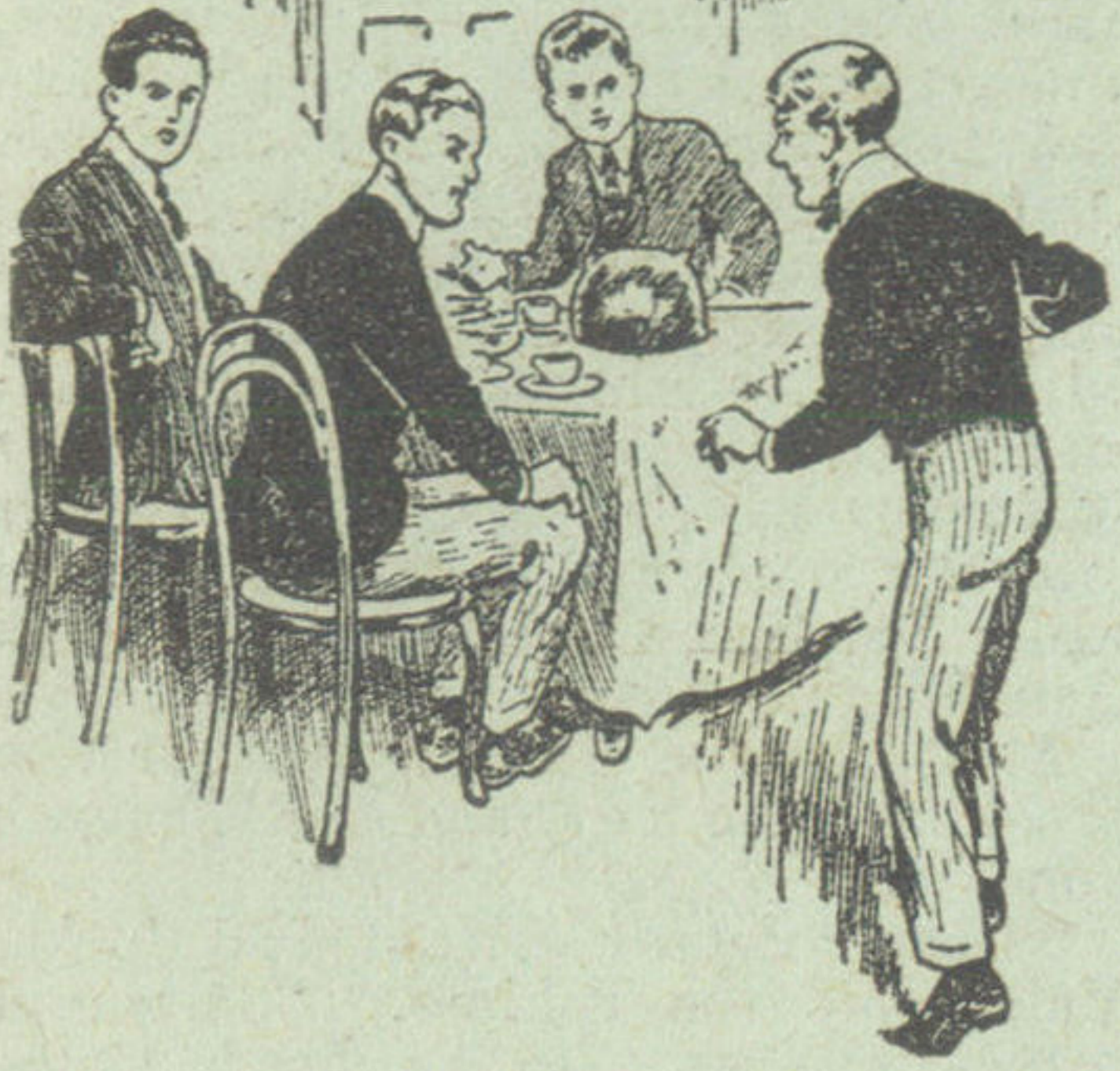
Jimmy Silver & Co. linked arms and progressed along the crowded platform. Four fellows could not walk abreast with linked arms on a crowded platform without collisions, and there were a good many collisions. Smythe of the Shell, resplendent in a magnificent topper, sat down suddenly as the Fistical Four walked into him, and his topper was far from magnificent when



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

Another Five-Pound Note and Six Footballs must be won next week! Look out for the new picture-puzzle!

The Mystery Fifth-Former!



(Continued from page 220.)

in the Fifth, as he's chumming with Hansom and Talboys."

"Nothing odd in it, that I can see," answered Jimmy Silver. "Fellows don't often go straight into the Fifth here, but they do sometimes. Why shouldn't Packington?"

"I mean, I've looked over the list of new kids," said Newcome. "There was only one down in the Fifth, and that's Rutland."

"Oh, you missed his name, then!" said Lovell. "He can't be in the Shell, or those swanking Fifth Form asses wouldn't be seen walking in the quad with him. Must be in the Fifth."

"I don't think I missed the name," said Newcome. "You see, I should have noticed it, in the circumstances, as we happened to come across this Packington merchant in the vac."

"Well, you must have, you see," said Lovell, "because here he is. Any of you fellows seen young Rutland yet?"

The Co. shook their heads. They were slightly interested in Sir Harry Rutland, of Rutland Park, Hampshire, on account of their adventure on his property during the vacation. They had a faint curiosity to see him, and see what the young baronet looked like. Their interest was not very keen, but they meant to have a look at him when he happened along their way.

Classes that afternoon drove the matter from their minds, however. But after classes, Jimmy Silver remembered, and he called to Tubby Muffin. Reginald Muffin knew everything that went on at Rookwood, and he was sure to know all about Sir Harry Rutland of the Fifth.

"Rutland!" said Tubby. "Yes, I've seen him. Rather a swanky sort of blighter, if you ask me. He's in the Fifth; the only new chap in the Fifth. He's digging with Hansom and Talboys in their study."

"Isn't Packington in the Fifth, then?" asked Jimmy.

"Packington!" repeated Tubby. "Haven't heard the name. There isn't any new chap named Packington."

"There jolly well is," said Lovell. "We've seen him."

"Well, I haven't," Tubby Muffin shook his head. "You've got it wrong, Lovell. There isn't any Packington at Rookwood at all."

"Bosh!" grunted Lovell. "Fellow with rather a swanky air, and a rather hookey nose."

"That's Rutland."

"Eh?"

"Rutland," said Tubby.

"Rot!"

"Well, perhaps you know best," said Tubby sarcastically. "You can go and look at him if you like—he's in Hansom's study in the Fifth."

And Tubby Muffin sniffed and rolled away. Jimmy Silver & Co. stood in the passage, and looked at one another in rather a curious way.

"Fat young duffer!" grunted Lovell. "He's seen Packington, and mixed him up with Rutland. They're both here."

"I—I suppose so," said Jimmy Silver slowly. "It seems a little odd. I can't quite make this out."

"Nothing to make out, that I can see," said Lovell, with a stare. "Tubby's a young ass, and he's mixed them up."

"It's queer, though—there seems to be only one new fellow in the Fifth, and yet there must be two—and Tubby describes Rutland as a fellow like Packington! Blessed if I can make it out! I think I'll stroll along to Hansom's study and ask him how he enjoyed the hols."

"Better not," grinned Lovell. "Hansom will kick you out."

"I'll chance that."

Jimmy Silver walked away with a thoughtful frown on his brow. He was strangely puzzled.

The peculiar episode in the wood at Rutland Park came back into his mind—the lonely light glimmering in the chalet embosomed in the wood, surrounded by a barbed-wire fence, guarded by a savage dog and an almost equally savage keeper. It had struck Jimmy as strange, at the time; but he had dismissed it from his mind as no business of his. Now, somehow, it all recurred to his thoughts with a strange distinctness now that "Master Philip" was at Rookwood School, and Tubby Muffin, who always learned all that there was to be learned about new fellows, did not know the name of Packington.

A half-formed thought, strange and startling, was in Jimmy Silver's mind. He smiled a little, so strange and impossible did it seem. All the same, he was quite resolved to have a look at the new Fifth-Former, Rutland. A look at the Fifth Form baronet was the easiest way of settling the matter.

Jimmy sauntered along the Fifth Form passage, and knocked at Hansom's door.

"Come in!"

Jimmy stepped in. Hansom and Talboys were at tea, with their new friend—the youth with the thick lips and aquiline nose, whom Jimmy knew as "Master Philip." The three looked at Jimmy.

"Well, what do you want?" snapped Hansom. "I don't remember askin' any Fourth Form fags to butt into this study!"

Jimmy grinned cheerily.

"I've heard that you've got a baronet in this study," he said. "Can't a fellow have a look at him?"

"Cheeky young ass!" said Talboys.

Hansom laughed. He was a good-natured fellow, though he had rather a lofty way of dealing with the Lower School.

"Well, here he is," he said, with a nod towards the fellow with the aquiline nose. "There's the giddy baronet! Look at him, and clear!"

Jimmy Silver drew a deep, deep breath. He was so startled that he could scarcely help showing it. "Master Philip's" eyes were fixed on him rather grimly.

"Who may you happen to be?" he asked.

"I happen to be Silver, of the Fourth Form," said Jimmy, recovering himself. "All serene—we don't have giddy baronets dropping in every day of the term, you know. Are you Sir Harry Rutland?"

"Hasn't Hansom just told you so?" grunted the Fifth-Former. "Of course I am. What about it?"

"Shut the door after you, Silver," said Hansom.

Jimmy Silver left the study. His brain was almost in a whirl. What did it mean?

But for that odd adventure at Rutland Park in the vacation, Jimmy Silver would not, of course, have taken any interest in Rutland of the Fifth; he would have had no suspicion regarding him. Now he had something more than suspicion.

Outside the Fistical Four, nobody at Rookwood, apparently, knew anything about Master Philip Packington. He was accepted there as Sir Harry Rutland, of Rutland Park—a rich heir and a baronet. And he was nothing of the sort! Jimmy Silver knew that! What was Philip Packington doing at Rookwood in a false name—in the name of a fellow who was expected at the school, but evidently had not come to Rookwood?

What did it mean?

THE END.

"The Fifth-Former's Secret!" is the great story of the chums of Rookwood School for next Monday! You and all your pals must on no account miss it. Order your BOYS' FRIEND in advance, and thus make certain of obtaining it!

HEALTH AND SPORT

Conducted by
PERCY LONGHURST



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

Athletic Types.

There are exceptions to every rule, and it is not possible to say definitely that an athlete of any particular build of body will or will not be suited for any particular sport, but, all the same, experience has shown that a certain kind of physique does give a fellow a very good chance of doing well in the sport he favours.

"Have I the right build for a sprinter, boxer, etc.?" is a very common query with young athletes who have not had the time or experience to discover for themselves just what sports they are best fitted for, and though exceptions do occur—frequently—it is helpful to have some kind of guide in choosing a sport, though inclination generally does most to decide.

The ideal sprinter should be fairly tall, though the very speedy six-footer is an exception, and he should be big made and fairly weighty, rather than small and slim. Speed is the essential of a sprinter, and it is possible for a big, strong fellow to work up a greater momentum—which is a sort of combination of speed and force—over a short distance than the short, light chap. But any tall and weighty chap isn't of necessity a good sprinter; the weight must be in the right place, and that place is, as you'll imagine, below the hips rather than above it. The more powerful the lower limbs and the less weight above they have to carry, the better the speed they can make. A short body—but with good chest development—and long, muscular legs, with strong hips and calves, indicates the speediest sprinter.

Not so the distance runner, because the less weight he has to carry the better. The 12 stone man, for instance, is not, for the purpose of a feat of long-continued exertion requiring great staying power, half as strong again as a well-built 8 stone man; and when strength begins to flag, the extra weight becomes a burden. So the long-distance type is preferably short and compact of build, with good legs and thighs, but a bigger body in proportion than the sprinter's, and, needless to say, with a well-developed chest.

Most Marathon runners have been smallish men, such as Hayes, Dorando, Herring, Harry Green, Lossman, Kohlemainen, and Gitsham. On the other hand, McArthur, winner of the Olympic Marathon, 1912, was a big rather than a small man; while one of the finest distance runners the world has ever seen, Jean Bouin, the Frenchman, who set up the amateur world's record of 11 miles 1,442 yards in an hour, was short and thick set, looking rather like a middle-weight wrestler than a long-distance runner. Most of the old professional distance runners were little men, while that running wonder, Alfred Shrubbs, didn't scale more than 9 stone with all his clothes on.

Such exceptions to the rule occur, however, in every sport. No man ever looked less like a champion boxer than Jimmy Wilde; but ask those who have stood up against him whether his stick-like arms could give a heavy punch! For the fighter type of boxer the short, thick-set build, solid and compact, is best, the bones being large, the neck short, and shoulders and loins very strongly made. But the tall, lithe sinewy chap, who carries no great weight anywhere, seems to make the best kind of pure boxer.

If the boxer is a heavy-weight, he doesn't need too great weight below the hips, otherwise he is liable to be slow; yet J. J. Jeffries had ponderous legs and thighs. Corbett was rather lightly made, Peter Jackson not extra big down below, while old Bob Fitzsimmons, finest combination of boxer and real fighter, had veritable spindle-shanks and narrow hips. But his chest was tremendous, and he possessed a fine pair of shoulders.

The best wrestlers are usually of the somewhat short and thick-set type, though amongst the Cumberland and Westmorland style exponents the reverse appears to be the rule. But then that is accounted for by the peculiar style of wrestling, height being, on the whole, a great advantage, one that doesn't obtain in catch-as-catch-can wrestling. Hackenschmidt was the ideal type of wrestler, and few men have gained distinction in wrestling who have been of the tall and wiry build. To be light below the hips is a weakness rather than otherwise for the wrestler, who should have thick, strong limbs, broad loins, and strong shoulders.

Jumpers of all kinds require powerful legs, and the best type of long jumper is usually similar in build to the successful sprinter. A very short long jumper of extraordinary ability is seldom seen. Oddly enough, seeing that the weight has to be lifted and thrown in the air, as it were, in long jumping, which suggests that the light-weight ought to make a good show at this sport, most good jumpers are inclined to be weighty. The explanation is that long jumping requires a combination of speed and weight and strength to obtain the momentum necessary to carry the jumper any great distance.

High jumpers are usually on the small side, but there are exceptions, Howard Baker, England's best high jumper and a fine Soccer goalkeeper, being a big man, yet capable of getting himself well over the six-foot bar. Byrd Page, the American marvel of the 'eighties, whose record of 6 ft. 4 ins. stood for many years, stood barely 5 ft. 4 ins.; but he had most wonderful legs, with very long thigh-bones. Indeed, this long thigh, with high insteps, has come to be looked upon as the hall-mark of a good jumper—a necessary qualification if one aspires to great jumping feats.

SPECIAL NOTE!

Will the correspondent who recently asked for pictures of H. M. Abrahams and other celebrated athletes please send me his address. The pictures are waiting for him.

Percy Longhurst

(Look out for another helpful article.)

Another Five-Pound Note and Six Footballs must be won next week! Be sure you enter for the new "Warships" Competition!

YOURS FOR 6d. ONLY
This handsome full-sized Gent's Lever Watch sent upon receipt of 6d. After approval send 1/- more, the balance is then payable by 6 monthly instalments of 2/- each.
Simpson's Ltd., (Dept. 122), 94, Queen's Road, Brighton, Sussex.

PATTER, JACK FINN, Crosstalk, Combs Sketches, Joke Books, Ventriloquists' Dialogues, etc. List 1d. Magdalen Street, COLCHESTER.

HEIGHT COUNTS
in winning success. Let the Girvan System increase your height. Send P.O. for particulars and our £100 guarantee to Enquiry Dept., A.M.P., 17, Stroud Green Ed., London, N.4

When Answering Advertisements
Please Mention This Paper.

DON'T BE BULLIED
Special offer. TWO ILLUS. SAMPLE LESSONS from my Complete Course on JIJITSU for four penny stamps, or a Large Illus. Portion of Course for P.O. 3/6. Jijitsu is the best and simplest system of self-defence and attack ever invented. Learn to take care of yourself under ALL circumstances. SEND NOW. "YAWARA"
Dept. A.P., 10, Queensway, Hanworth, Feltham, Middlesex.

MAKE YOUR PLAY PAY
Sell Private Xmas Cards in spare time. £10 easily earned. Experience not necessary. Beautiful sample book free. £1,000 in prizes. Write: G. DENTON & CO. (Dept. A.3), Bevington Works, ACCRINGTON.

26 Weekly
buys a No. 300A Mead Gramophone with giant metal horn, extra loud sound-box, massive oak case and 40 tunes. Carriage paid. 10 Days Trial. 300 model 3/6 cash to record buyers. Inlaid Table Grands, and mahogany Cabinet models at **WHOLESALE FACTORY PRICES**. Write now for art Catalogue. **Mead COMPANY** (Dept. G.4.), Sparkbrook, Birmingham.

MAGIC TRICKS, ETC.—Parcels, 2/6, 5/-. Sample Trick and Illus. List, 6d. Ventriloquist's Instruments, 6d. each, 4 for 1/- (P.O.'s).—P. FEARING, Travancore House, Seaford Road, Colwyn Bay, N. Wales.