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The BOYS' FRIEND 2d

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THE BEST BOYS' PAPER IN THE WORLD!

[Week Ending October 18th, 1924.]

CARDMORE'S KNOCK-OUT!

by Victor Nelson.



A FIVE-POUND NOTE AND
SIX FOOTBALLS OFFERED
TO READERS—SEE INSIDE!

THE GREAT FIRE AT THE RED CRUSADERS' FOOTBALL GROUND!

(A thrilling incident from Victor Nelson's great story in this issue.)

HERE'S ANOTHER OF OUR POPULAR STORIES OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL!

A Friend In Need!



The 1st Chapter.

Rounding Up a Slacker!

"Gower!"
"Oh, let him rip!" said Jimmy Silver.
"I don't see it!" said Lovell.
"My dear man, come on—we're wasting time!" urged Jimmy Silver. "Gower will keep."
Arthur Edward Lovell did not come on. Instead of that he frowned severely at Jimmy Silver, the captain of the Fourth Form at Rookwood.
"Look here, Jimmy, this won't do!" said Lovell. "Duty first!"
"Fathead!"
"There's such a thing as duty," said Lovell loftily. "You seem to have forgotten it. But there is."

Jimmy Silver grunted impatiently. Generally he was very patient with Lovell; in fact, a fellow could not have been Lovell's pal without possessing a very considerable gift of patience. But often and often Lovell tried the patience of his friends. Now he was trying their patience once more.

The lofty look on Arthur Edward's face showed that he was about to mount the high horse, so to speak. Lovell on the high horse was Lovell in his least fascinating role.

"Chuck it, old man!" advised Raby.

"Give your chin a rest, you know," suggested Newcome. "It's Jimmy's bizney, if it's anybody's. Leave it to Jimmy."

"Jimmy doesn't seem keen on it, though it's his business," said Lovell sarcastically. "Now, my opinion is—"

"Oh dear!"

Really, Jimmy Silver & Co. did not want Arthur Edward Lovell to bring them up in the way in which they should go.

It was true that football practice was on, that it was a compulsory day, and that Gower of the Fourth was slacking in his study and obviously seeking to dodge games practice.

Equally was it true that Jimmy Silver, as captain of the Fourth, was bound to round up the slackers on compulsory days, being answerable to Bulkeley of the Sixth therefor.

Nevertheless, Jimmy Silver had decided to give Gower a miss, and that should have settled the matter. But it did not settle it. Arthur Edward Lovell felt it incumbent upon him to see that Jimmy did not neglect his duties.

"Gower's a slacker!" said Arthur Edward severely. "He slacks all the time, and fairly works at it. Now he ought to be rounded up. It's bad for him to stick in his study, very likely smoking cigarettes—and bad for you to let him do it, Jimmy!"

"He's wound up!" said Raby, with a sigh.

"You're captain of the Fourth, Jimmy—"

"I thought you might have forgotten that little circumstance, old man," remarked Jimmy, with gentle sarcasm.

"Don't be ratty, old chap, because I'm keeping you up to your duty," said Lovell. "Gower's in his study. I'll go and rout him out for you, if you like."

"Oh, give him a miss, and let's get down to the footer," said Newcome.

"Duty first!" said Lovell.

"Well, I'm off!" And Newcome walked away, and Raby grinned and walked after him. They had had enough of Arthur Edward Lovell on the high horse.

"Come on, Lovell!" said Jimmy patiently.

"What about Gower?"

"Bother Gower!"

"I'm surprised at you, Jimmy!" said Lovell. "The fact is, I'm really shocked! This slacking—"

"Look here, ass!" said Jimmy. "Gower's told me he doesn't feel fit—"

"Malingering!"

"He looks a bit seedy!"

"He would—smoking cigarettes and hanging over a study fire!" agreed Lovell. "Games practice is what he wants!"

"Well, I've let him off, so come on!"

Lovell shook his head.

"It's your weakness, Jimmy, that anybody can pull your silly old leg," he said. "Gower's pulled your leg. Now, look here—"

"Uncle James" of Rookwood was very patient, but by this time he had arrived at the limit of his patience.

"Are you finished chin-wagging, Lovell?" he asked.

"Eh! No! I think—"

"Well, come along to the footer when you've finished!"

And with that Jimmy Silver walked away after Raby and Newcome.

Arthur Edward Lovell snorted.

In the end study of the Fourth Arthur Edward often seemed to consider it his duty to keep his comrades up to the mark. It was a thankless task. His comrades never expressed any gratitude; indeed, they frequently expressed feelings that were not in the least akin to gratitude.

Even, on occasions, they had bumped Lovell on the study carpet—to such a length did they sometimes carry their ingratitude.

Really, it was too bad, and Lovell felt it so. He was simply pointing out Jimmy Silver's duty to him, and keeping him up to it, and here was Jimmy walking away, as if Lovell's weighty words were like the idle wind which he regarded not!

"Well," said Lovell, "my hat!"

Jimmy had told Lovell to come along to the footer when he had finished "chin-wagging." Naturally, Lovell finished at once. It was useless to "chin-wag" without a listener—he was not disposed to waste his sweetness on the desert air.

But he was wrathful.

Instead of following his comrades to Little Side for games practice, Lovell turned back and ascended the stairs.

He headed for the Fourth Form passage and stopped at the door of Study No. 1, which belonged to Gower, Peele, and Lattrey. The last two were already on the football ground—unwillingly. But Gower, Lovell supposed, was still in his study—and Lovell's intention was to "rout" him out. If Jimmy Silver neglected his duty, Lovell was going to do his duty for him, like a faithful comrade. That this was a "cheek" on his part never occurred to Arthur Edward.

Lovell turned the handle of the study door and hurled it open.

"Now then, you slacker!" he shouted.

There was no reply from the study.

"Gower, you slacking bounder!"

Lovell strode in. He was prepared to pour scorn and contumely on the slacker of the Fourth, and shame him into turning up for games. If that gentle method did not answer, Lovell was further prepared to take him by the scruff of the neck and conduct him personally to the football ground, helping him with a boot.

But as it happened the room was empty.

Lovell stared round it, but Gower was not there.



LOVELL IS ASTONISHED! Arthur Edward Lovell discerned a shadowy figure, half sitting, half lying, on the ground at the foot of one of the beeches. The figure started, and a sob was checked and choked as Lovell loomed up in the gloom. "Who's that?" exclaimed a startled voice. Lovell jumped. He knew that voice. "Gower!" he exclaimed in astonishment.

"Skulking in one of the other studies, of course!" grunted Lovell.

And with increasing wrath Arthur Edward marched along the Fourth Form passage, looking into study after study in search of the skulker.

Study after study was drawn blank, till Lovell arrived at the last in the passage—the end study, which belonged to the Fistical Four. It seemed unlikely to Lovell that the slacker would have the nerve to skulk in his—Lovell's—own study, but he looked in.

"Gower!" he ejaculated.

Gower was there!

He was standing over Lovell's desk, in a corner of the room, and as Arthur Edward spoke he swung round, his face flushing a deep crimson. Then, as he stared blankly at Lovell, the colour ebbed from his face, leaving him ghastly pale. He did not speak. He stood as if rooted to the floor, staring at Arthur Edward as if the latter were a ghost.

Lovell, with an angry snort, strode heavily into the end study.

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Lovell, with an angry snort, strode heavily into the end study.

"I—I came here to—to—"

Lovell grinned.

"I know why you came here, old bean," he said.

Gower of the Fourth started violently. His glance went for a moment to the desk, over which he had been standing when Lovell appeared. Then it returned to Lovell in a questioning, terrified way.

"You—you think—" he stammered.

"I don't think—I know!" snapped Lovell.

"It's a lie!" said Gower huskily.

"I—I haven't touched your desk—I never meant—"

"I didn't suppose you had touched my desk, fathead!" Lovell burst into a laugh. "Ha, ha, ha! Did you think I thought you'd come here to burgle my desk? Ha, ha, ha!"

Gower stared at him.

"You—you said—"

"I said I knew why you'd come here, you silly owl," said Lovell contemptuously. "You're slacking, and you're skulking here because you expected to be rounded up for games practice. Like your dashed neck to slack in my study!"

"Oh!" gasped Gower.

He eyed Lovell rather curiously, and he seemed relieved somehow.

Lovell did not observe it—he was not very observant.

He pointed to the door.

"Get a move on!" he said.

Gower obediently quitted the end study. He seemed glad to get out of it.

Lovell followed him along the passage. Gower stopped at his own study; and Lovell stopped, too.

was to turn the key, but before he had a chance to turning it Lovell's hefty shoulder crashed on the door and it burst open again. There was a yell from Gower, as the door crashed on him and sent him spinning across the room.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Lovell.

"Ow!" Gower sat dazedly on the study floor. "You beastly bully—"

"What?"

"Bully!" howled Gower.

"My hat!"

The imputation of bullying was too much for Lovell—when he was only doing his duty—or, at all events, Jimmy Silver's duty. He made a rush at Cuthbert Gower, and grabbed him by the collar. Gower was jerked up from the carpet.

"Now then!" growled Lovell.

"Ow! Leggo!"

Gower came out of the study like a bundle, in Lovell's powerful grip.

The dutiful—perhaps over-dutiful—Arthur Edward propelled him along the passage to the stairs.

From that point Gower decided to go quietly. He was nothing like a match for the burly Lovell, and he really had no chance. He went down quietly to the changing-room, where he changed into football garb under Lovell's grim eye. His eyes burned with rage and resentment as he did so.

"That's better," said Lovell.

"Now come on!"

"You rotter!" hissed Gower.

"If you want my boot—"

"I'm going, you cad!"

Gower evidently did not want Lovell's boot. He slouched out of the room, and Arthur Edward Lovell followed him out.

They walked down to the football ground together.

Gower's face was pale, and he certainly did not look like a fellow who was prepared to enjoy a game of football. The fact was that Gower looked, as he felt, seedy; but Lovell did not think of noting it. No doubt Gower's seediness was due to his bad and slacking habits, as Lovell declared, and it was therefore a matter of no importance in Arthur Edward's eyes. Lovell was an extremely energetic fellow himself, and he had no compassion for slackers.

"Hallo! Here comes Lovell!"

grinned Raby, as the two latecomers arrived on Little Side.

Jimmy Silver glanced round.

"Oh, here you are, Gower!" he said. "I'm glad you've turned up, after all. Feel better?"

"No," growled Gower; "I'm seedy—I told you so! I shall jolly well complain to Bulkeley about this."

Jimmy stared.

"Eh! I've let you off, if you want to be let off," he said. "What the chump are you here for if you're seedy?"

"I've brought him," said Lovell loftily. "He's only malingering, and you really ought to have sense enough to see it, Jimmy."

"Oh gad!" murmured Mornington, with a grin; and several of the Fourth-Formers laughed.

Jimmy looked rather fixedly at Lovell. Lovell was his chum, but there was a limit.

"You've yanked Gower down here, after I'd let him off?" he exclaimed.

"Yes. You see—"

Jimmy raised his hand.

"You can cut off, Gower," he said.

"Look here—" roared Lovell.

"Don't be an ass, old chap," said Jimmy impatiently. "When you are elected captain of the Form you can run the show just as you choose. Till that time, leave it to your Uncle James."

Gower, with a derisive grin at Lovell, turned and walked away. Arthur Edward Lovell grew crimson.

"You're letting Gower off, after I've rounded him up!" he exclaimed.

"I let him off before you rounded him up. Now, drop it, and let's get going!" said Jimmy Silver tersely.

"Look here—"

"Chuck it, old man!" said Raby.

"You're not captain of the Fourth yet, you know," sneered Cyril Peele. "Why can't you mind your own dashed business, Lovell?"

"Catch Lovell minding his own business!" grinned Lattrey.

Jimmy Silver turned away. He did not want an argument with Lovell; still less did he want a quarrel. But the wrath of Arthur Edward was too intense to be suppressed.

"Jimmy!" he roared.

"That's all right, old chap—football now!" said the captain of the Fourth soothingly.

"You silly ass—"

"Shush!"

(Continued overleaf.)

A Friend In Need!



(Continued from previous page.)

"You cheeky dummy—"
 "For goodness' sake, shut up, Lovell!" exclaimed Jimmy impatiently. Now pick up sides, you fellows; we've wasted enough time."
 Lovell was heeded no further. He stood with a crimson face, his hands driven deep into the pockets of his football shorts, and majestic wrath in his brow. Some of the fellows on the ground surmised that it would come to punching; but, fortunately, Lovell restrained his wrath. And he turned and strode away from the football ground.

"Lovell!" called out Newcome as he went.

Lovell did not heed. He tramped away savagely towards the House.

"Slacker!" shouted Peele. Even that did not make Lovell turn back to the football. He was feeling too furious to join in the game with his comrades. But it happened, unfortunately for Lovell, that a dozen yards away he met Bulkeley of the Sixth face to face. The captain of Rookwood was coming down to the junior ground to take charge of the practice.

He stopped Lovell. "Where are you going?" he asked. "Eh? Indoors!" snapped Lovell. "What are you cutting games practice for?" asked Bulkeley. "This won't do, Lovell! Get back to the field!"

"I—I—"
 "Can't have any slacking! Get back!"
 Lovell's feelings were too deep for words as he tramped back to Little Side. The imputation of slacking was really the last straw. But the Head of the Games was not to be argued with. And Lovell went without a word.

The 3rd Chapter. The Marble Eye!

Jimmy Silver compressed his lips. Football practice over, Arthur Edward Lovell marched away by himself, instead of walking off with his chums as usual. He did not give them a glance.

Evidently Arthur Edward was offended. "Lovell!" Jimmy called out amicably.

Lovell seemed deaf. "Silly ass!" commented Raby. In the changing-room Lovell seemed blind, as well as deaf. At all events, he did not appear to see his comrades.

He changed in silence, taking no part in the cheery buzz of talk in the crowded room, and was soon gone.

"Now old Lovell's got his back up!" sighed Newcome. "I suppose he's going to scowl about the study till he comes round. I've a jolly good mind to kick Gower!"

Jimmy Silver laughed. "Well, it really wasn't Gower's fault," he said. "I don't like the fellow; but he really is seedy, as he said. I dare say Lovell will be all right after tea."

And the Co. proceeded to the end study for tea—for which footer practice had given them a keen appetite.

Lovell was already there. He did not seem to be thinking of tea; he was sitting at a corner of the study table, with an account-book open before him and a stump of pencil in his hand. It gave the Co. a discouraged feeling. Lovell was at his accounts—and those accounts were a worry at the best of times in the end study! Lovell being treasurer to the junior club, the accounts were one of his important duties. And he never failed to make the rest of the study realise how important this duty was!

When Lovell was at his accounts he expected deep silence. Fellows had to move about on tip-toe, or else

receive an accusing and reproachful glare from Lovell. Lovell was not great at arithmetic, and his accounts were often in a tangle. And when he had to disentangle them, the task taxed heavily his intellectual powers. At such times his temper was not wont to be sweet.

The sight of his account-books, in fact, generally made his chums remember important engagements elsewhere.

But at tea-time they could not flee. "Tea now, old chap!" said Raby amicably.

Lovell glanced up coldly. "You fellows can get your tea. I suppose I can have a corner of the table for my accounts?"

"You were doing your accounts yesterday!" grunted Raby.

"And the day before!" said Newcome.

"Look here, Lovell!" urged Jimmy Silver.

Lovell walked out of the study. The three chums of the Fourth exchanged exasperated glances.

"Now the silly ass is sulking!" growled Newcome. "I'm getting fed-up with Lovell's silly rot!"

Lovell was quite unconscious that he was sulking, and he was far from regarding his line of conduct as "silly rot." With lofty dignity, he quitted the end study and walked along the passage to Study No. 2, where he expected to find Putty Grace. He had told his study-mates that he was "teasing" with Putty of the Fourth; that being his intention. But when he looked into Study No. 2 he found only three juniors there—Jones minor, Tubby Muffin, and Higgs.

"Where's Putty?" he asked.

"He's teasing with Conroy," answered Jones minor.

"Oh!"

Lovell stepped back from the study. He was not disposed to "tea" with Higgs & Co. even if they had asked him, which they did not. He stood in the passage rather disconcerted. Nothing would have induced him to return to the end study and claim a share of the good things there; he had told the Co. that he was teasing out, and he was going to tea out. But he could not very well follow

in his pockets and a deep frown on his face. The dusk grew deeper and deepened into dark; and Lovell glanced once or twice at the lighted facade of the House. But he did not go in. Really, it almost seemed as if there were some pleasure in a state of solitary sulkiness.

All the Rookwooders were in their Houses now—or should have been. Lovell tramped the path under the beeches in solitude and silence.

The silence near him was suddenly broken by a strange and unexpected sound. Lovell started.

It was a sob.

He stood rooted to the ground, amazed by the sound. Somebody, unseen in the shadows, was near him under the beeches and evidently in trouble.

After the first moment of surprise Lovell wondered whether it was some wretched fag, who had sneaked away into that quiet corner to mourn over some cuff from a bullying senior. Possibly some young scamp of the Third or Second, who had been licked—and probably had deserved it. Or, possibly, it was some "kid" who had had the ill-luck to fall foul of Carthew, the bully of the Sixth.

The sound was repeated.

Lovell stepped towards it, peering before him in the shadow of the trees. If it was some bullied fag crying over his injuries, Lovell was

prepared to sympathise, and to take up the cause of the injured party, if there was anything to be done.

A shadowy figure was discernible, half sitting, half lying on the ground at the foot of one of the beeches. The figure started, and a sob was checked and choked, as Lovell loomed up in the gloom.

"Who's that?" exclaimed a startled voice.

Lovell jumped. He knew that voice.

"Gower!" he exclaimed.

The 4th Chapter.

The Way of the Transgressor!

Arthur Edward Lovell stared down at Gower's shadowy form. The junior did not rise, he seemed shrunk into a heap of hopeless dejection; and after the first startled ejaculation he stared up at Lovell, with a face that glimmered white in the gloom, in silence and without movement. Arthur Edward stooped a little nearer, staring at Cuthbert Gower.

"What on earth's the matter with you?" he asked.

"Nothing."

"You've been blubbing!" said Lovell with immeasurable scorn for a Fourth Form fellow who was guilty of blubbing. A Head's flogging would not have caused Lovell to blub.

"No bizney of yours, is it?" said Gower savagely. "Leave me alone."

Lovell relented a little. His brain did not work with great swiftness, but he realised that Gower must be in a very great and very unusual trouble to be knocked out like this. Even a slacker like Gower was not likely to "blub" unless something very serious was the matter with him.

"Feeling seedy?" asked Lovell, with some compunction.

"Yes—no! Let me alone."

"I say, has Carthew been bullying you? If he has, we'll jolly well take the matter up in our study."

"No—what rot! Do you think I should be knocked over like this by being bullied?" growled Gower. "If you want to know, I'm going to be sacked from Rookwood. I dare say you're glad to hear it! Now leave a fellow alone."

"Sacked!"
 "Yes. Get out, can't you? Can't you leave me alone, when you're going to see the last of me in a day or two?" hissed Gower.

Lovell did not go. Gower's statement had taken him quite by surprise.

"Has the Head found you out, then?" he asked, after a pause. "Look here, Gower, you've been a silly ass, and a good deal of a blackguard, but you're not half so bad as Peele; and I jolly well know that Peele's led you into more than half of your blackguardly scrapes. Of course, if you're up before the beaks you can't give a pal away, even a cad like Peele. But—but isn't there any chance? How did the Head know?"

Gower's lips curled sardonically.

"He doesn't know—yet," he said. "He will know to-morrow morning. Then it's me for the long jump. Why don't you laugh? You've told me often enough that I was heading for the sack. Now I've got there! Why don't you laugh?"

Lovell did not feel like laughing. He was not very reflective, and he certainly was headstrong, and rather obstinate; but he had a kind heart, and he was not the fellow to be down on another fellow in the hour of trouble. There was something in Gower's white, pinched, worn face that appealed to Lovell, conscious of strength and firmness of character.

(Continued on next page.)

MUST BE WON—A FIVE-POUND NOTE AND SIX FOOTBALLS!

OUR STUNNING 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 aircraft carriers. 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. 5, Boys' FRIEND Office, Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4, so as to reach that address not later than THURSDAY, October 23rd, 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.

"The fellows made me treasurer," said Lovell icily. "Probably they expected me to take proper care of their money. I should imagine so myself. Anyhow, I'm going to do it!"

"Well, keep on, old chap, and we'll get tea," said Jimmy soothingly.

"I'm going to tea with Putty; you needn't bother about my tea."

"Oh! All right."

Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome set about getting their tea. Lovell devoted his attention to his accounts.

The clink of a teacup, the bubble of a kettle, was quite enough to make Lovell look up with an expression of patient martyrdom. But hungry footballers had no time to consider that. They really wanted their tea.

Lovell rose at last, and closed his account-book with an air of resignation.

"Finished?" asked Raby affably.

"No."

"Have some of these sosses and chips?"

"Thanks! I'm teasing in Study No. 2."

Putty to Conroy's study as an additional guest unasked.

Tea in Hall seemed the only resource; and Lovell did not like tea in Hall; the last resource of hard-up juniors. But there was no alternative after his dignified exit from the end study; so down to Hall he went.

Weak tea and thick bread-and-butter compared very unfavourably with "sosses" and chips in the end study, and they seemed weaker and thicker than ever to Lovell now. He sat and glowered over his tea, feeling a very injured fellow indeed.

After tea he lounged out into the quadrangle.

The autumn dusk was falling, and it was close on time for all Lower fellows to be in their Houses. But Lovell was not eager to get back to the end study. He had to turn up there for prep; but he did not mean to turn up so long as he could help it. After his severe rebuff in the matter of Cuthbert Gower, Lovell felt like the prophet of old that he did well to be angry.

He tramped by the path under the old Rookwood beeches with his hands

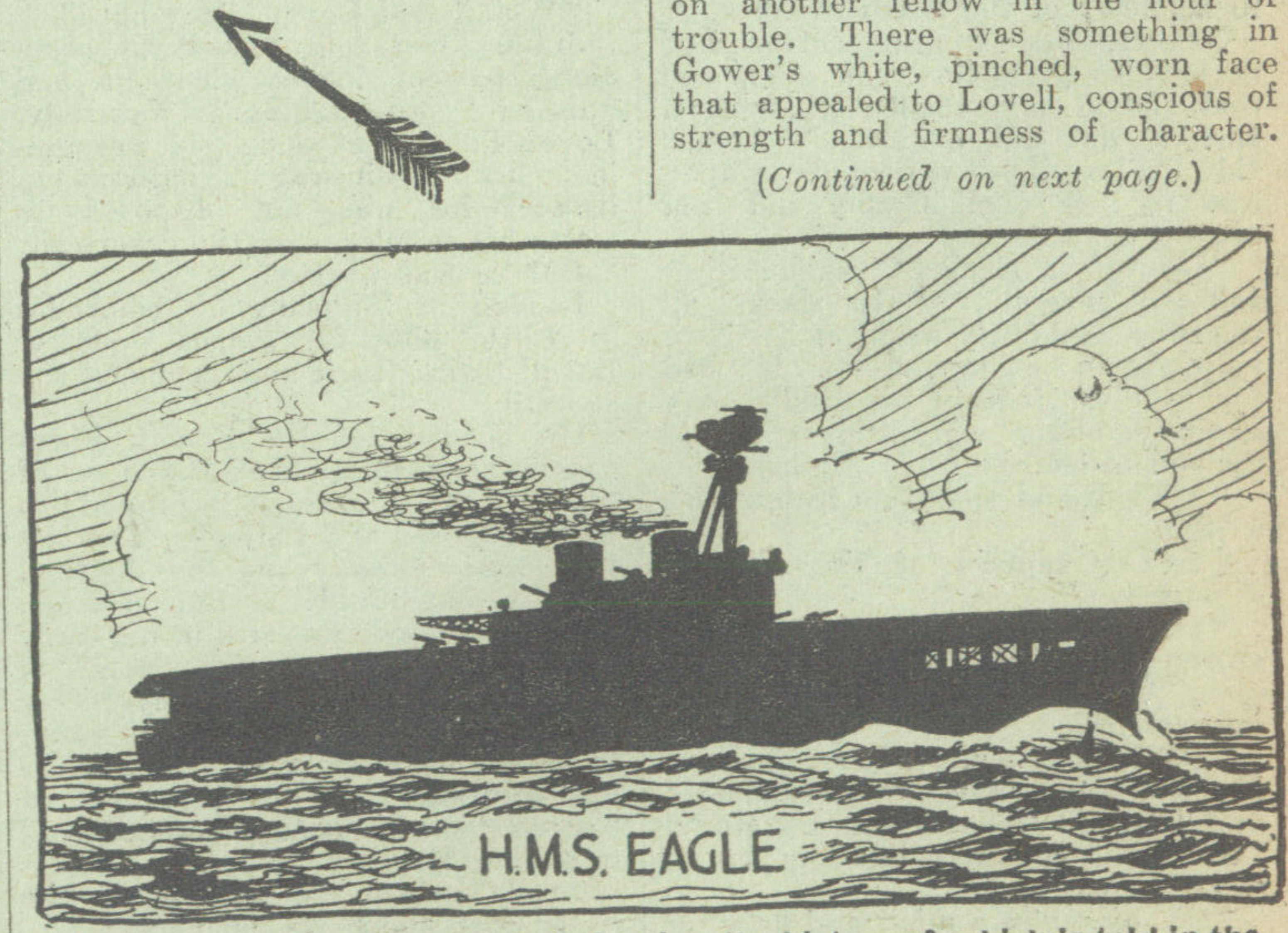
"WARSHIPS" No. 5.

I enter "WARSHIPS" Competition No. 5 and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and binding.

Name

Address

B.F. Closing date, October 23rd.



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

Don't forget to tell ALL your pals that the BOYS' FRIEND is offering a Five-Pound Note and Six Footballs every week to its readers!

He realised, too, that Gower must be in a very shaky state, to break down utterly like this, and his heart smote him a little for the drastic measures he had used towards the wretched slacker that afternoon.

It was up to the strong to help the weak; and that, as a matter of fact, was the favourite role in which Arthur Edward Lovell fancied himself. He felt a keen desire to help Gower now, if he could—all the more because his prophecies had been fulfilled by the wretched fellow's downfall.

"Is it really so bad as that?" he asked, after a long pause.

"Yes—and worse! I'm going to be booted out of the school—bunked from Rookwood!" snarled Gower. "What a jest for the end study—what? You can all tell one another that you said so all along! A regular triumph for you—I hope you'll enjoy it! And I—I—" The tone of sardonic mockery died away, as a realisation of his position rushed over the junior. He hid his face in his hands and sobbed. "Oh, what am I going to do? What can I do?"

Lovell stood in silence, looking at him. His contempt had given place now to compassion for the unhappy fellow, almost grovelling there in despair in the deep shadow of the beeches.

"Dash it all, kid!" said Lovell uneasily. "It's jolly hard cheese. What has the Head found out? About your breaking dorm bounds and going down to the Bird-in-Hand?"

"He hasn't found out anything yet."

"What?"

"He will know it all to-morrow morning—by the first post. It—it's in a letter! I'm done for!"

"But I don't understand," said Lovell, deeply perplexed. "Do you mean that somebody's going to write to the Head and give you away?"

"Yes," groaned Gower.

"But who—how? Not one of your pals here?"

"Of course not. A man—a rotter—a shady blackguard I was a fool ever to speak to," hissed Gower. "It was Peele's fault, too. Peele introduced me to him last term. I'd never have known him but for Peele. But catch Peele helpin' me out now! He says he can't—and I dare say it's true—but he wouldn't, anyhow! Peele don't care much for a lame duck!" Gower laughed mirthlessly. "I'm a lame duck now, and no mistake."

"How could Peele help you?" asked Lovell, puzzled. "Oh!" He understood suddenly. "Is it money?"

"Of course it is!"

"You're in debt?"

"Seven pounds," grunted Gower. "And—and I haven't sevenpence towards it, and if it isn't paid this evening Joey Hook is sending on my IOU to the Head."

"Phew!"

Lovell whistled softly. He understood at last how the matter was. It was this that had been weighing on Gower's mind for days, and making him look ill and seedy. It was no wonder—for, in case of exposure, the headmaster's sentence on the offender was certain to be short and sharp. There was no place at Rookwood for fellows who dabbled in betting on horse-races.

"Now you know," mumbled Gower. "You can tell all the fellows, if you like! It won't make any difference. As soon as the Head hears from Joey Hook I shall be called on the carpet, and then it will all come out—breaking bounds, and going to that den, and the lot of it. It will be the first train home for me—and serve me right. But—but what am I going to say to my father?"

Gower cowered in the shadows with a spasm of terror. Facing his father at home, after being ignominiously turned out of Rookwood School, was a more severe ordeal than facing even the Head. Truly, the dingy blackguard of the Fourth was finding the way of the transgressor hard.

"Seven pounds!" repeated Lovell. "My hat! If it was seven bob, I'd lend you the money. But, look here, Gower, is it straight? How did you come to owe that man Hook such a sum of money as that?"

Gower made an impatient movement.

"Part of it was a bet on a horse, and part was money that Hook lent me when I was playing cards at the Bird-in-Hand," he groaned. "I was fool enough to give him my IOU for the whole amount—and the Head will know my writing. I can't deny my own hand."

"Well, you precious blackguard!" exclaimed Lovell in disgust. "You've jolly well asked for what you're going to get, that's certain."

"Rub it in!" muttered Gower.

"Well, I don't want to do that," said Lovell, relenting again. "But really, you've been an awful rotter, Gower. Look here, Peele ought to stand by you in this—he's more to blame than you are."

"He can't—or won't!"

"Can't you make terms with the man?" asked Lovell. "It won't pay him to get you kicked out of the school. He will never get his money then. Your father's more likely to prosecute him than to pay him anything, I should think. Make terms with him, and pay him a little at a time."

"I—I've tried. He says he's waited long enough!" mumbled Gower. "So he has, if you come to that. He agreed to wait while I sold my bike and got the money. Only—only—"

"I know you sold your bike," said Lovell. "Didn't it raise enough to pay him?"

"Yes; but—but—"

"But what?"

"The—the money went," mumbled Gower.

"Well, my hat!"

Lovell turned to walk away. Gower whimpered as he crouched in the shadows, and Lovell's kind heart smote him, and he turned back. He looked down on the wretched fellow with mingled pity and contempt.

"The man's a scoundrel to have such dealings with a schoolboy!" he said. "But you seem to have taken

"It's your only chance," urged Lovell.

"I can't! It wouldn't be any good if I did, and I can't! I—I'm not a fellow like you," groaned Gower. "I haven't your nerve. But look here, Lovell! If you wanted to help me you—" He peered up at Lovell's face in the shadows. "If—if you wanted to—"

"I'd help you if I could," said Lovell.

"Then—then if you went to speak to Hook—"

"Catch me speaking to a scoundrel like that! Besides, what good would it do?"

"I—I shall have some money next week," said Gower, in a gasping voice. "Hook won't take my word. But—but you will, Lovell. You know I wouldn't let you down. If you'd give him your word that the money would be paid, that might make it all right. He might wait. He knows about you. He knows you're straight. Your word would be good enough for him."

Lovell stared down at the shadowy white face.

"If I gave him my word it would have to be kept," he said. "He's a swindling rascal, but a promise is a promise."

"I shall have the money next week," whispered Gower. "I—I give you my word on that."

"You gave Hook your word that you'd pay him," said Lovell. "I couldn't make a promise on your word, Gower. And I couldn't go out of bounds after dark and meet a scoundrel like that. It's too thick.

As a matter of fact, he was thinking about Cuthbert Gower, not about his little tiff with his comrades of the end study. Gower's wretched white face and quavering voice haunted Lovell. He tried to dismiss the matter from his mind as no business of his. But he could not quite succeed. If Gower had been "up" for a flogging, Lovell would have regarded it as a good thing, and likely to do Gower good. But the "sack" was a terribly serious matter. From the point of view of a Rookwooder it was almost the end of all things. Contempt and disgust were swallowed up in compassion for a fellow who had come so fearful a cropper.

Lovell sorted out his books, and sat down in silence. He worked at preparation, but Gower's miserable face haunted him all the time.

"Still got 'em?" asked Raby, after a time.

"Eh?" Lovell looked up. "Still got what?"

"The tantrums."

"Oh, don't be an ass!"

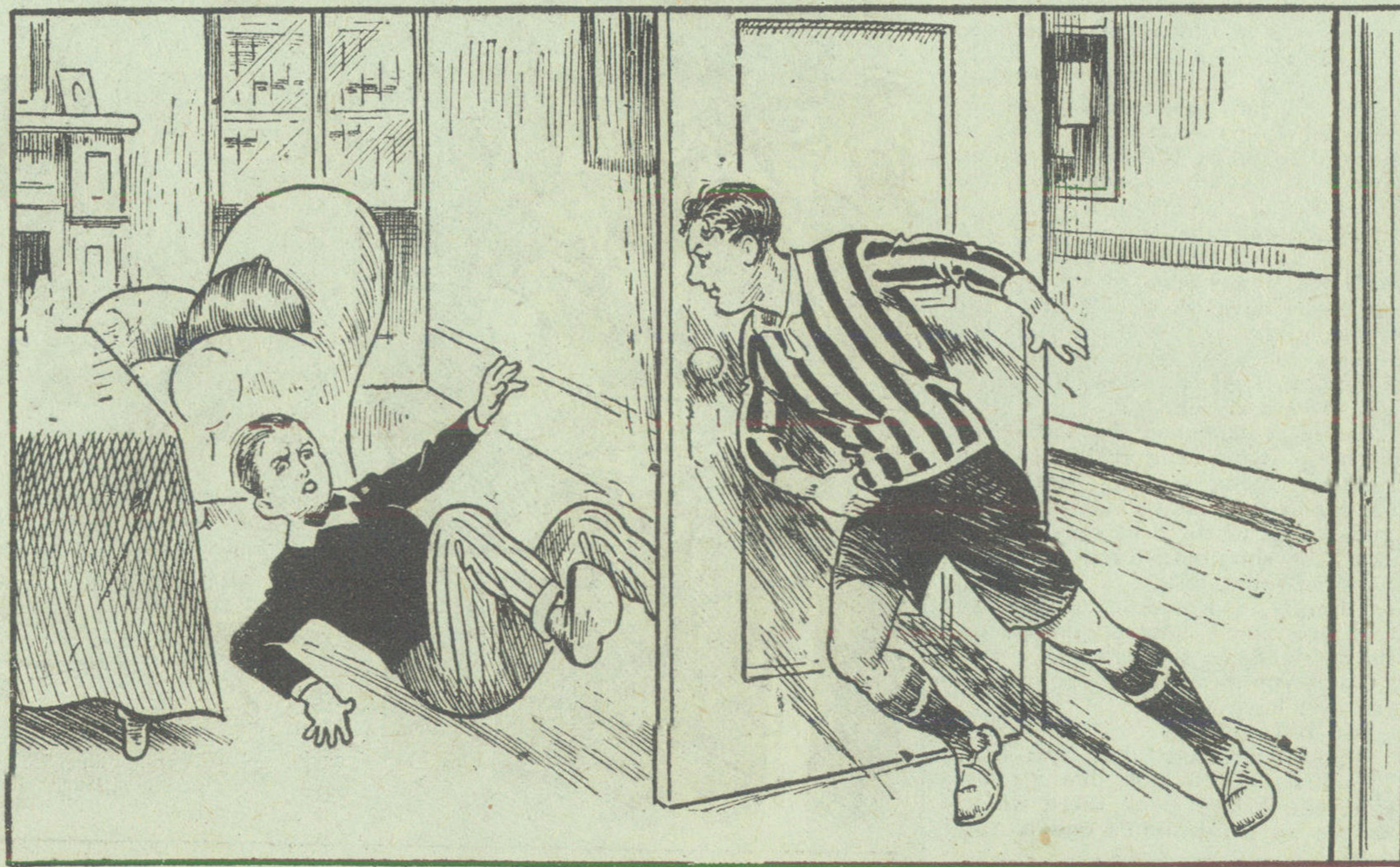
"Lovell, old man," said Jimmy Silver mildly, "isn't it about time you chucked this? What's the good of sulking?"

"Who's sulking?" snapped Lovell.

"You are, old bean."

"Oh, rats! Let a fellow work!" growled Lovell. "This study is like a cage of magpies."

"That chap Gower really is seedy," remarked Newcome. "I saw him when we came in after footer, and he looked like a giddy ghost. Looks to me as if he's got something on his mind."



NO ESCAPE FOR GOWER! Gower suddenly dodged into his study and slammed the door. His intention was to turn the key; but before he had a chance of turning it, Lovell's hefty shoulder crashed on the door, and it burst open again. There was a yell from Gower as the door crashed on him, and sent him spinning across the room. "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Arthur Edward Lovell.

him in, Gower. It's no wonder he's cut up rusty."

"I—I know. He's given me till nine this evening," mumbled Gower. "He's waiting for me in the road now, I think. He said he'd wait till nine, in case I came with the money. I—I can't pay him anything. I know I've been a fool—a rotter! I'm going to suffer for it now. If—if it wasn't for my people I wouldn't care so much. I've never done any good for myself at Rookwood. But—the mater, she'll be frightfully cut up—" Gower's voice trailed off miserably.

Lovell's face softened.

In that extremity of misery and fear, the wretched fellow could still think of his mother. It showed that he was not all bad, at all events.

"I'm sorry," said Lovell. "I—I wish I could help you out. You've asked for it, and no mistake. But you might have thought of your people a bit sooner, Gower."

"I know that."

"Well, I suppose you do. But, look here!" said Lovell. "Are you sure the man isn't simply frightening you? He mayn't intend to give you away at all."

"He does. He's awfully wild with me."

"Then take my tip and go to the Head first," said Lovell. "Make a clean breast of it, and he may let you down lightly. He's a tough old bird, but lots of the fellows say he's got a kind heart. Go to the Head before that man Hook can get at him."

Gower shuddered.

"I dare not! I—I couldn't."

Why, it would mean a flogging or the sack if it came out."

"I knew you wouldn't help me!" muttered Gower. "Of course you won't! Why should you? We've never been friends."

"It isn't that. But—"

"Oh, let me alone, then—let me alone!"

Lovell opened his lips, but closed them again. It was useless to tell Gower what he thought of him, and too much like hitting a fellow who was down. There was nothing he could do to help, and any advice that he could give was unwelcome.

He turned away in silence.

The sound of a miserable sob followed him as he went, and that sound was still ringing in Lovell's ears as he came along a little later to the end study in the Fourth.

The 5th Chapter. A Friend in Need!

Jimmy Silver & Co. were beginning prep when Arthur Edward Lovell came into the study.

They hoped that, by this time, Arthur Edward had got over his "tantrum." But Lovell's face was dark and gloomy.

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"Perhaps he has!" grunted Lovell.

"What the thump could he have on his mind?" asked Raby.

"Perhaps his latest gee-gee has run away with his money," grinned Newcome. "I know he's been going up and down the passage trying to borrow money for days and days."

"Blessed outsider!" said Raby.

"He will get it in the neck some day when it comes out. It's bound to in the long run. And Gower isn't the fellow to face it out. He will just crumple up and howl when the chopper comes down."

Jimmy Silver pushed away his books and rose.

"Finished!" he announced.

"Who's coming down?"

Raby and Newcome jumped up.

"Lovell—"

"I'm not finished prep. You needn't wait for me."

"Oh, all serene!"

Three juniors strolled out of the end study. Lovell was left to finish his prep. Generally, he was careful with prep. Mr. Dalton was rather an exacting Form master. But on the present occasion Lovell decided to let it slide. As soon as his comrades were gone he rose from the table, and, instead of working, he moved restlessly about the study, with his hands in his pockets, his boyish brow wrinkled in thought.

It was no business of his, he told himself again and again. Gower of the Fourth had asked for it and got it, and that was all there was about it. He was a rank outsider, and Rookwood would be all the better without him. In fact, the sooner he

was gone the better it would be for the school.

That was all true enough, and yet Lovell could not feel satisfied or at ease. Somehow, he could not dismiss the wretched fellow's tormented face from his mind. He wished he had never taken that walk under the dusky beeches. It was rotten to be loaded up with another fellow's troubles in this way. And that was all Gower's fault, too. But for Gower he would never have been on sulky terms with his chums, and would not have been avoiding them that evening.

The hand of the study clock pointed to half-past eight. Lovell remembered what Gower had told him—of Mr. Hook waiting in the road till nine o'clock, giving the hapless debtor a last chance. In half an hour it would be too late.

Lovell wavered.

It was risky to break school bounds at such an hour—terribly risky to meet such a character as Mr. Hook, of the Bird-in-Hand! Why should he run such a risk for a fellow like Gower? If Lovell had been in trouble, would Gower have lifted a finger to help him? Lovell knew that he would not. And yet—

He left the study, and moved along restlessly to Study No. 1, at the staircase end of the passage. He looked in.

Cuthbert Gower was there alone. Lattrey and Peele had finished their prep and gone down—probably soon tiring of Gower's company in his present state of spirits. Gower was not working. He was sprawling in the armchair, staring at the opposite wall, and did not even turn his head as Lovell entered.

"Done your prep?" asked Lovell awkwardly.

Gower scowled.

"What's the good? I sha'n't be in class to-morrow morning."

Lovell paused. He called himself a fool for what he was going to do, but he proceeded to do it, all the same.

"Look here, Gower, are you absolutely certain about the money next week?" he asked.

Gower looked up quickly.

"Absolutely!" he answered.

"Honour bright?"

"Honour bright!" repeated Gower.

"Well, there can't be any harm in telling the man so," said Lovell slowly. "I suppose I can take your word. Look here, if you think it will do any good, I—I'll go and speak to him."

Gower's face flushed with hope.

"I—I say, you're a good chap, Lovell," he said huskily. "If—if you can get the brute to give me time, it will make all the difference. Once I get out of this—"

"You'll promise me to keep clear of that kind of thing in future!" said Lovell sharply. "Otherwise, I'm keeping clear of you now."

"Of course I promise," said Gower. "Do you think I want this over again?"

"Well, I suppose not. Where is the man now?"

"He's waiting in the road—he said he would—five minutes' walk from the school gates," muttered Gower. "Walk down towards Coombe, and you'll see him."

"Nice if a Rookwood master happens to be coming along the same road about the same time!" muttered Lovell.

"It's not likely!"

"Well, I'll do my best," said Lovell ungraciously. "Blessed if I know why it matters to me whether you're sacked or not! But I'll do my best. Mind, I don't answer for anything, but I'll do what I can."

Without waiting for Gower's reply, Lovell left the study. Mornington and Erroll were on the stairs, and the former called to Lovell.

Lovell affected not to hear. He went up the passage, past the end study, to the box-room. There was little time to lose if he was to make an effort to save Gower from the results of his folly. Having made up his mind to it, Lovell lost no time.

He slipped from the box-room window to the leads outside, and dropped to the ground. He was fully conscious that he might be missed, and his absence discovered. But he had to take that risk now.

With great caution he skirted the school buildings, and reached the wall in a dark corner behind the beeches. There he climbed the school wall and dropped into the road.

It was a quarter to nine. Lovell gave a hasty and uneasy glance

(Continued on page 256.)

A GREAT SUCCESS—THIS MAGNIFICENT SCHOOL STORY!



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, decides to give the nameless boy a rough time when he arrives. When Harry Nameless, on his way to St. Kit's, arrives 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. From then on a firm friendship springs up between Harry and St. Leger, and at the request of the dandy of the Fourth the nameless schoolboy is put into his study, which is also shared by Bunny Bootles, the fat boy of the Form. At the first opportunity Carton picks a quarrel with Harry, and, much to the captain of the Fourth's dismay, the nameless schoolboy gives him a sound thrashing. To get even with Harry, Carton & Co. rag him just before Colonel Wilmot, St. Leger's uncle, arrives at the school on a visit to his nephew. Colonel Wilmot, seeing Harry in such a dishevelled state, and learning that he has no name, informs St. Leger that Harry is not a fit person to associate with, and that St. Leger should drop his acquaintance. Harry Nameless, in spite of the fact that St. Leger still wishes to carry on their friendship, evades the dandy of the Fourth as much as he can in consequence of Colonel Wilmot's opinion of him. Later, St. Leger tells Harry that his father, Lord Westcourt, and his aunts are coming to St. Kit's for the express purpose of seeing him, and Harry, to avoid meeting them, leaves the school. When the nameless schoolboy reaches the Lyncroft road it is to discover St. Leger's father and aunts stranded there owing to their car having broken down. Harry offers to guide them to the school through the woods, which he does, but en route Lord Westcourt is attacked by a tramp. Harry nobly rescues Lord Westcourt, and when the little party arrive at St. Kit's he excuses himself by saying that he is going down to the village to inform the police of the attack in the wood. When Lord Westcourt enters the school and the boys hear of his experience in Lyncroft Wood there is much speculation as to whom it was who rendered his lordship such a great service.

The 2nd Chapter.
Bunny Obliges!

Bunny Bootles stopped, stared, and sniffed. Bunny was surprised—Bunny was shocked—and Bunny was disgusted. Labouring under all those feelings at once, it was no wonder that Bunny sniffed. Bunny was sitting on a grassy bank by the side of Wicke Lane when Harry Nameless came along—fresh from his combat in the wood. Bunny sat up and regarded him. Bunny was in a disappointed mood. Not a single fellow at St. Kit's had

condescended to take any note of Bunny's tale that his uncle had promised to send him a pound, the said pound being freely offered by Bunny as security for a present loan. The security, somehow, did not seem good enough. Algernon Aubrey, generally a good resource when Bunny was hard-up, had failed him, being too worried that afternoon about his people to give Bunny any attention beyond a drive of his boot.

So the fat and fatuous Bunny was cross that afternoon, and feeling inclined to kick somebody. Probably he would have sniffed anyhow at the sight of the nameless schoolboy; but in these circumstances his sniff was loud, prolonged, and scornful.

Harry paused and looked at him.

The junior was feeling severely the effects of his fight with the tramp in the wood. He was torn, dishevelled, dusty, and he was aching all over from Bill Huggins' hefty blows. He had hurried away from Lord Westcourt towards the village, simply to escape from the party with his identity undiscovered—to give information to the police of the outrage was little more than a pretext. He was feeling greatly in need of rest and quiet. But it had been necessary to get away, and certainly he did not intend to go back to St. Kit's until he was assured that his lordship had left. The affair in the wood had made an encounter more awkward than ever.

Sniff! sniff! came from Bunny Bootles.

"Hallo, Nameless! Been through a mangle?" he asked.

"I feel a little like it," answered Harry.

"You look like it!"

"Dash it all! Am I very untidy?" asked Harry.

It occurred to him that it would be as well to brush down a little before entering the village.

"You might give me a brush-down," he remarked.

"What have you been up to?" asked Bunny.

"Scrap," said Harry briefly.

"Carton again?"

"No—no. A tramp in the wood."

"Shouldn't have thought a tramp would go for you!" grinned Bunny Bootles. "They say dog don't eat dog, you know!"

Harry Nameless gave the fat junior a quiet look.

"Do you want me to give you a thick ear, Bunny?" he asked.

"Eh? No!" Bunny jumped up in alarm. "Here, you keep off!"

"Keep a civil tongue in your head, then, you fat duffer!"

"Did the tramp rob you?" asked Bunny.

"No. I've nothing to be robbed of. He wanted to rob somebody else."

"You chipped in?" asked Bunny, opening his eyes.

"Yes."

"What for?"

"No reason that you'd understand, probably," answered Harry Nameless drily. "I say—"

He paused. He was extremely desirous of keeping the part he had played in the

affair from the knowledge of Algy's people. To place them under an obligation when they had come down to the school to denounce him, as it were, was something like heaping coals of fire on their heads, and he did not want to do that. Unjustly as



BUNNY IS LEFT UNHEEDED! Bunny Bootles stared after Police-constable Bandy as he started down the street at a great rate. "I say, Mr. Bandy!" shouted Bunny. "It's all right, Master Bootles," answered Mr. Bandy. "I've just 'eard all about it from the school." And Police-constable Bandy hurried on.

he felt he was treated, he was very wishful of sparing the feelings of Algy's people—for Algy's sake. Parted as the chums were, Harry Nameless was not likely to forget the friendship Algy had shown to him on his first coming to St. Kit's, or how much easier Algy's kindness had made his first days at the big public school. His only desire was to keep clear of Algy's people; certainly not to make them feel awkward or humiliated.

"Look here, Bootles!" he said. "A tramp has tried to rob Lord Westcourt in Lyncroft Wood."

"Phew!"

"I was going to the police-station at Wicke to tell them. The tramp's still in the wood; he was stunned. Lord Westcourt knocked him on the head."

"Great Scott!"

"Will you go to the police-station and tell them?"

"Why?"

"I—I'd rather not go," said Harry. "I—I'm going for a ramble, and if you'd go, Bootles—"

Bunny Bootles' fat face brightened. He was very willing to go—quite willing to do anything that would mix him up with such an exciting

affair. Anything in the nature of limelight—even of reflected limelight—was welcome to Cuthbert Archibald Bootles.

"Right, old top!" he said. "I'll go."

"Tell them the tramp is still in the wood at the cross-paths near the dead elm, and if they're quick they may find him before he clears off."

"Right-ho! But, I say! Why don't you want to go, though?" asked Bunny curiously. "If you were mixed up in the scrap I dare say the old codger would stand you a quid or so if you gave him a hint."

Harry laughed.

"Possibly," he said. "But I don't want Lord Westcourt to stand me a quid, Bunny!"

"You're an ass, then!" said Bunny sententiously. "A quid is a quid. I wish he'd offer me a quid. Oh, I catch on!" Bunny grinned. "Old Westcourt's sent you to tell the bobbies, and you're in a hurry to get back to St. Kit's before he goes. How much do you think he will shell out?"

"I'm not going back to St. Kit's now."

"But I say, old Westcourt won't stay long. You'll miss your chance."

"I'm willing to miss it."

"Blessed if I understand you, Nameless! You haven't got such a thumpin' lot of money that you can turn up your nose at a quid!"

"That's true enough," assented Harry. "Cut along to the station now, will you, Bunny?"

"I don't quite see why you don't want to go, though," said Bunny

ass!" said Bunny. "You're not a very intelligent chap, Nameless! Well, I'm off!"

And Bunny Bootles rolled off at last.

Harry Nameless turned out of the road into a lane that led towards Wicke Heath, and on the wide, open heath he lay down to rest in the grass. He was feeling badly in need of a rest, and he was very glad to be relieved of his task by Bunny Bootles. If he had gone personally to the police-station he would have had to give his name, and his name could scarcely have failed to be reported to Lord Westcourt, who would naturally want to know who his rescuer was. Now it looked as if his whole connection with the affair would remain unknown to his lordship—a consummation devoutly to be wished from Harry's point of view.

Meanwhile, Bunny rolled into Wicke, and made straight for the little village police-station.

The police force of Wicke, consisting of one plump constable, was smoking a pipe on the steps when Bunny arrived.

P.-c. Bandy gave ear to Bunny Bootles' information with a rather dubious, not to say incredulous, expression on his fat face.

"You stuffing, Master Bootles?" he asked suspiciously.

Just then the ringing of the telephone-bell called Mr. Bandy into the station, and he left Bunny to himself.

He came out in a few minutes with his helmet and truncheon on and started down the street at a great rate.

Bunny stared after him.

"I say, Mr. Bandy!" he shouted.

"It's all right, Master Bootles," answered Mr. Bandy; "I've just 'eard it from the school."

He hurried on, and called to a friend who was sucking a straw outside the Red Cow. Mr. Bandy felt that help might be required in dealing with a tramp who was of so desperate a character as to have laid hands on a peer of the realm. Mr. Bandy and his friend hurried away together, and lost no time in getting into Lyncroft Wood, and they reached the cross-paths by the dead elm in a state of breathlessness. There they found many signs of the conflict in trampled footprints and a spot or two of crimson on the grass. But, to their great disappointment, they did not find Mr. William Huggins.

That gentleman, with a headache and a temper that was nothing short of Hunnish, was already a mile away, tramping for his life, possibly reflecting that honesty was, after all, the best policy.

Called Over the Coals!

"Algernon!"

Three voices pronounced that name at once as the dandy of St. Kit's came into the visitors' room, with a sinking heart, to interview his people.

Lord Westcourt was quiet and severe. Aunt Georgina was more severe, but less quiet. Aunt Cordelia had an expression that was more of sorrow than of anger.

But all three were what would have been described in the language of the St. Kit's Fourth as "stuffy" or "frumptions." There was trouble in the air.

"Now, Algernon—"

"Now—"

"Now—"

"Yaas?" said Algernon.

"You may sit down, Algernon," said his lordship.

Algy sat down.

"Your aunts and I," said Lord Westcourt, "have come down specially to the school to see you, Algernon!"

"Specially!" said Aunt Cordelia.

"Particularly!" said Aunt Georgina.

Algernon Aubrey suppressed a groan.

"It's awfully kind of you!" he said. "I feel that—enormously. I—I hope you are feelin' all right, after your rather rotten experience in the wood?"

"Allow me to speak, Algernon," said Lord Westcourt.

"Oh, certainly!"

"It appears that you have made friends with a—certain youth, a boy who has come to this school on a Foundation scholarship?"

"Yaas."

"He has no name, his parents are unknown, he was brought up among rough sailors and fishermen?"

"I—I believe so."

"On the occasion when your uncle, Colonel Wilmot, came to see you he found this boy in your study—"

"He's my study-mate."

Packed with funny pictures and splendid stories—"Jungle Jinks!" The paper for the youngsters. Out Every Thursday!

"The boy had been tarred and feathered, I understand, by contemptuous schoolfellows," said Aunt Georgina.

"Nothin' of the sort, auntie. Some rotters ragged him for a rotten lark, because Uncle Wilmot was comin'—"

"Some what, Algernon?" "Rotters, auntie," said Algernon Aubrey innocently.

"What a word! Did you learn that offensive word from this boy Nameless?"

"I fear, Algernon, that you must have done so."

"Really, auntie—"

"Now, Algernon, your Uncle Wilmot was very unfavourably impressed with this boy Nameless," resumed his lordship.

"He only saw him for a few minutes, dad, tied to a chair, and lookin' awfully mucked up owin' to those rotters—ahem—"

"Why are his schoolfellows prejudiced against him if there is nothing wrong with the boy?"

"It's only a few snobs, father."

"Algernon, you are of too easy-going a disposition. You are liable to be victimised by any unscrupulous boy. I am surprised—really surprised at Dr. Chenies admitting the boy here. Doubtless he was in an awkward position, as the—the person had some legal rights founded upon an—ah—obsolete scholarship. Now, Algernon, it is quite possible that this boy may be quite—quite a nice person in his own class, but—but that does not make him a suitable associate for you."

"But, dad—"

"Algernon is growing argumentative," remarked Aunt Georgina. "I fear that this is due to the influence of a bad associate."

"Oh dear! I say—"

"I wish to be just," said Lord Westcourt ponderously. "My desire is to be strictly just. The desire of your aunts, Algernon, is to be strictly just. We will see this boy."

"By all means," said Aunt Cordelia.

"We will see him," said Aunt Georgina grimly.

"Call him here, Algernon."

Algernon shifted uneasily.

"I—I'm afraid he won't come, dad."

"What?"

"How?"

"Indeed!"

"He—he's awfully hurt at bein' treated like this," said Algernon, his face crimsoning. "He's in the Form-room now, workin'—he's swottin' for an exam, you know. He—he's been tryin' to drop my acquaintance—"

"Very proper on his part, since he knows that your relatives do not approve of your friendship with him," said Aunt Georgina.

"I presume he will come here when he knows it is my wish," said Lord Westcourt in his most stately manner. "He may be aware that I am a governor of the school."

"I—I hope so, father. But—but perhaps you'd like to step into the Form-room and catch him?" suggested Algy. "I—I think he's rather—rather shy, and—Uncle Wilmot hurt his feelin's, you know. He's a very sensitive chap."

Lord Westcourt rose.

"We will proceed to the Form-room," he said with great dignity. "Since this—ah—young person will not deign to come to us, we will—ah—go to him. Certainly we must see him."

"Undoubtedly!" said Aunt Georgina.

"Yaas. This way," said Algy.

Poor Algy's heart was sinking yet lower as he led the way to the Fourth Form room. Having left Harry Nameless there "swotting" for the afternoon, Algy fully expected to find him there still. But he was no longer expecting Harry to make a favourable impression upon his relations. Evidently, there was a very strong prejudice to overcome.

The Form-room was empty.

Algernon Aubrey blinked round it in surprise and dismay. This was worse than ever. It looked as if the nameless schoolboy was actually "dodging" a meeting with his lordship, as indeed he was. The august relatives were not likely to attribute that simply to pride or sensitiveness. A guilty conscience seemed more probable to them.

"Well, where is the boy?" asked his lordship.

"He—he isn't here!" babbled Algernon.

"Where is he, then?"

"I—I told him I was goin' to bring you in here," said Algernon Aubrey

wretchedly. "I—I suppose he—he—he cleared off!"

"To avoid us?" exclaimed Aunt Georgina in an awful voice.

"Perhaps—perhaps he's just round the corner somewhere," gasped Algy. "I—I—I'll look for him."

"We will return to the visitors'-room," said Lord Westcourt with intensified dignity. "We will await you there, Algernon."

"Yaas, father."

"Bring the boy with you, if he is still within the school. If he has deliberately gone out of gates to avoid us, I shall know what to think."

"Oh begad!"

The old gentleman and the two old ladies paraded solemnly back to the visitors'-room, what time Algernon Aubrey rushed to and fro, in great dismay, inquiring after the missing junior.

But his inquiries failed to unearth Harry Nameless.

It was with a heavy heart that the dandy of the Fourth repaired to the visitors'-room at last with the news that Harry Nameless could not be found.

His statement was received in chilling silence.

"The boy is deliberately avoiding us," said Aunt Georgina, breaking the painful stillness at last.

"He knew we were coming, Algernon?"

"Yaas, father."

And he had not seen the boy at St. Kit's.

He had taken it for granted that the boy would be at his beck and call as it were. A peer of the realm, who was also a governor of the school, did not consider it necessary to make a special appointment in advance when he wanted a few words with a fag in the Fourth Form.

That was natural enough. It was also natural that a junior not under detention should choose to spend his half-holiday out of gates. But that, though natural, was exasperating in the circumstances.

As Lord Westcourt explained to the Head, he was a busy man. His duties in the "House" made it impossible for him to come down to the school again for some time. It is barely possible, too, that grateful as Lord Westcourt must have felt to his two elder sisters for their affectionate interest in his son Algy, he did not wholly enjoy excursions accompanied by both of them at once, especially Georgina.

Lord Westcourt was a peer. He sat in the House of Peers. He had held important appointments. But to Georgina he was still her younger brother Edward, whom she was a little doubtful about trusting out of her sight.

This was very kind and affectionate of Miss Georgina St. Leger. But it caused a mingling of feelings in his

surroundings, but his record was spotless."

"Still—"

"It is true that his origin is—ah—obscure. But Mr. Carew, an old St. Kit's man, answers for him. In fact, taught him most that he knows, and helped him prepare for the Foundation examination."

"I remember Carew; he was here in my time," said Lord Westcourt. "A kind-hearted fellow, and no judge of character."

"Hem! But—"

"I fear, Dr. Chenies, that this boy, this—this Nameless—what a very extraordinary appellation!—I really fear that he may be quite unsuitable to associate with St. Kit's boys. His deliberate avoidance of me gives me that disagreeable impression, at least."

"The boy may have felt shy—awkward—"

"Boys suitable to associate with my son do not feel shy or awkward. Far be it from me to criticise your administration of the school, Dr. Chenies," said his lordship, apparently unconscious of the fact that he had been criticising it fairly freely. "But with regard to my own son—"

"Oh, certainly!"

"I prefer that he should see nothing of this boy, who skulks away to avoid seeing my son's relatives."

"Very good," said the Head quietly, "your wishes shall certainly

to that boy. I should like to know his name. His conduct was very creditable to the school. Perhaps you would ascertain—"

"Undoubtedly," said the Head. "I will inquire into the matter, and ascertain which of the boys had the happiness to be of service to you."

And so his lordship took his leave, greatly dissatisfied with the result of his visit to St. Kit's.

That dissatisfaction was laid to the account of Harry Nameless, and Lord Westcourt took away a very bad impression of that hapless youth in consequence.

So did Algy's aunts, especially Georgina.

Stumpon had long ago arrived with the car, repaired. Lord Westcourt and his sisters entered the car, perhaps to the relief of the Head—certainly to the relief of Algernon Aubrey.

Algy was an affectionate son and an affectionate nephew. But there were trials that were hard to bear, and this visit was one of them.

Affectionate youth as he was, Algernon Aubrey could not help experiencing a feeling of relief when the car glided out of the gates of St. Kit's.

Bunny Has a Brain-wave.

Harry Nameless went into the Hall to tea after call-over, and for once Algernon Aubrey omitted to ask him to come up to the study. Although, since Colonel Wilmot's visit, Harry had refused steadfastly to enter Study No. 5, Algy had never omitted to press him to do so, especially at tea-time. But on this occasion Algy was feeling sore and worried, and he let the nameless schoolboy have his own way without remark.

Harry found himself the centre of a great deal of interested observation at the Fourth Form table.

Not half the Fourth were there; most of the juniors had tea in their studies. It was generally a tightness of funds that drove them to the common table in the hall. But the fellows who happened to be there all looked at Harry with great interest.

His "cool cheek," as they considered it, in going out of gates when a governor of the school wanted to see him had been talked of up and down the Fourth, and it elicited great admiration for the nameless schoolboy's nerve.

After tea a number of the Fourth gathered round Harry Nameless in the passage, and marched him off to the Glory Hole, there to give a full account of his daring.

Harry gave a modest account enough. Algernon Aubrey sauntered in while he was speaking to his very attentive audience, and Carton & Co. also dropped in.

"Hallo, here's old Oliphant!" said Catesby.

The captain of St. Kit's came into the Glory Hole, eyed rather suspiciously by the juniors.

The Glory Hole was their own special domain, where seniors had no admittance. Even prefects were not supposed to venture into that sacred apartment save on very special occasions. Carsdale of the Sixth had once been mobbed there for breaking the unwritten law. Oliphant, the popular captain of the school, was too much liked for his presence to be objected to anywhere. Still, the fags eyed even Oliphant suspiciously. In the Glory Hole even Oliphant's authority carried less weight than elsewhere.

"I'm looking for a fellow," said Oliphant amiably. "The Head's asked me to find the kid who pitched into a tramp to-day in Lyncroft Wood. Is he here?"

No answer.

He was there, as a matter of fact, but he did not care to speak. Harry Nameless fervently hoped that his connection with that affair would never come to light.

"Not here?" asked Oliphant, looking round. "It's dashed queer. I've asked a horde of fags, and nobody seems to be the chap. Lord Westcourt is certain that it was a St. Kit's fellow. I suppose I've got to go on huntin'. Dashed bore."

And the St. Kit's captain went out.

"Begad!" remarked Algernon Aubrey St. Leger, "I want to find that chap, too. I'm awfully obliged to him for savin' my pater from bein' knocked on the napper. Doesn't anybody know who it was?"

"Blessed if I do," said Carton. "I dare say it's a lot exaggerated, and there wasn't much in it."

"Yaas, that's just what you would think, dear boy," said Algy. And he walked out of the Glory Hole to join in the search for the missing hero.

(Continued overleaf.)



MISSING! Algernon Aubrey St. Leger blinked round the empty Form-room in surprise and dismay. "Well, where is the boy Nameless?" asked Lord Westcourt. "He—he—he isn't here," babbled Algernon. "Where is he, then?" "I—I told him I was goin' to bring you in here," said Algernon Aubrey wretchedly. "I—I suppose he—he—he cleared off."

"You told him you would bring us to see him?"

"Ya-a-as."

"Then there is no doubt whatever that he is intentionally avoiding facing us."

"You—you see—" stammered Algy.

"I see only too clearly," interrupted Lord Westcourt icily. "You may go, Algernon. I shall now express my views to the Head."

"Oh dear!"

Algernon Aubrey almost limped away.

He had looked forward with dread and misgiving to this afternoon, but he had not expected it to be quite so bad as this. He limped away with a woebegone look that made Carton & Co. chortle when they sighted him in the passage.

His Lordship Is Not Pleased.

Lord Westcourt was gone.

His lordship's interview with the Head had been short and not particularly sweet.

The old gentleman was in a state of annoyance, and he had a feeling that he had been treated with something like disrespect, or, at least, negligence.

He had come down to St. Kit's specially that afternoon to lecture his son on the subject of forming thoughtless and reckless friendships, and to see the nameless schoolboy, and ascertain exactly what sort of a fellow he was. His lordship desired to be just.

lordship's breast, not all of them of a satisfactory nature.

Certainly he was not anxious to repeat that family visit. Moreover, the episode of the tramp in the wood had upset his nerves a little and made him irritable. In that state of mind he was inclined to take the darkest possible view of the conduct of Harry Nameless. The fact that the Head of St. Kit's seemed to entertain a rather high opinion of the nameless schoolboy somehow irritated his lordship further. He had a high opinion of Dr. Chenies as a scholar and a headmaster; of the Head's knowledge of the world he had not a very high opinion. He thought it probable that the amiable old Head might be deceived quite easily.

"The boy has deliberately avoided meeting my son's relatives," said his lordship in the Head's study. "Knowing I was coming, he left the school, not by chance, but deliberately."

"But—" murmured the Head.

"I have the worst possible impression of the boy, Dr. Chenies. I cannot say I am pleased at his admission to St. Kit's."

The Head raised his eyebrows.

"Every investigation was made, Lord Westcourt," he answered with a touch of loftiness. "The boy was poor, and brought up in poor

be met. I will see that Nameless does not occupy the same study."

"Chance meetings in the Form-room and about the school, of course, can do no great harm. But intimate association—I set my face very seriously against that, Dr. Chenies."

"I will see that your wishes are observed, Lord Westcourt."

"Very good!"

"On another occasion I will give the boy instructions to remain within gates—"

"I fear that I shall be unable to visit the school for some time to come. My duties in the House—"

"Yes, yes, no doubt. I may mention that the boy's Form master has a high opinion of him," said the Head.

"I am glad to hear it." His lordship did not look glad, however. "I desire to be just. I only request that my own son may be relieved from—ah—contact with this—this young person from—from, in fact, possible contamination. He made a bad impression upon my brother-in-law, Colonel Wilmot, whose judgment I respect greatly. But I think we understand one another."

"Oh, quite so, quite so!" said the Head, with the corner of his eye on the clock.

Lord Westcourt rose.

"One other matter, Dr. Chenies. You are aware that some lad belonging to St. Kit's acted very gallantly when I was—ah—attacked by a scoundrel in the wood to-day. I should like my—ah—thanks to be conveyed

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2:



(Continued from previous page.)

"Good! I want you not to mention me at all, Bunny."
 Bunny winked a fat wink.
 "What's the game?" he asked.
 "There isn't any game."
 "Oh, come off!" said Bunny. "You've got some awfully deep game on, I can see that. No green in my eye, you know."
 "Nothing of the sort," said Harry patiently. "I simply don't want to be talked of in connection with the affair."
 "Why not?"
 "Well, I don't."
 Bunny stared at him.
 "Do you mean to say you're not going to own up, and you're going to keep it dark about helping old Tin-ribs?" he ejaculated.
 "Yes."
 "I don't catch on. I'd rather you told me what the game was," said Bunny suspiciously. "I know it's something awfully deep."
 Harry Nameless laughed. The fat junior knew his motives, as a matter of fact, but did not believe in them in the least. Delicacy of that kind was an unknown quantity to the fat Bunny.
 "Well, will you keep it dark, Bunny?" he asked. "Simply say nothing. Nobody knows you know anything about it, and you needn't say anything. The whole thing will be forgotten in a day or two."
 "If it was me I wouldn't let it be forgotten in a hurry," said Bunny. "Still, I don't mind keeping it dark if it comes to that. No bizai of

mine to go around blowing your trumpet, is it?"
 "Exactly!" said Harry, relieved.
 "In fact," said Bunny, with another wink, "I rather think I catch on. It wasn't you at all."
 "Eh?"
 "If it was you you'd own up fast enough and bag the glory," said Bunny, wagging his head sagely. "I know. You can't spoof me, you know. I'm pretty wide."
 "Why, you young ass—" began Harry indignantly.
 Bunny wagged a fat forefinger at him reprovingly.
 "Come off!" he said. "It wasn't you. Old Tin-ribs asked you to go to the bobby-station all right, same as you asked me. But it was another fellow in the wood. I see that now. I wonder I didn't tumble before. Do you know who it was all the time, Nameless?"
 Harry stared at him.
 Evidently the fat youth was satisfied with the new theory that had entered his powerful brain. He simply couldn't imagine any fellow who had a chance of getting into the limelight would prefer to blush unseen.
 "Well," said Harry, laughing, "I don't mind what you think about it, Bunny, so long as you don't say it was I."
 "Not likely to say so when I know it wasn't," retorted Bunny. "The queer thing is, who was it? Got any idea?"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "I don't see anything to burble at, Nameless. My idea is that it wasn't a St. Kit's chap at all, or he'd have spoken up before now," said Bunny.
 "Old Tin-ribs was mistaken in thinking it was a St. Kit's chap. What?"
 "Let it go at that, if you like," said Harry.
 "Might have been me, for all you know," said Bunny.
 "Eh?"
 "Well, I was out of gates," said Bunny argumentatively, "and I think my boundless pluck is pretty well known—"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "If you cackle at me, you rotter, I'll—"
 Harry Nameless walked away, laughing. He went to the Form-room to put in some time with P.

Virgilius Maro before prep. Bunny Bootles sat in the window-seat, at the end of the Fourth Form passage, and thought.
 He thought deeply.
 Bunny wasn't much given to thinking, but now he was thinking hard, with a deep wrinkle in his fat brow. There was a peculiar gleam in his little round eyes, and several times he grinned gleefully. Great thoughts were working in the fat brain of Cuthbert Archibald Bootles, and the outcome of that "big think" was to be quite surprising.

The Missing Hero.

The following day there was considerable discussion and speculation at St. Kit's—on one topic.
 That topic was the missing hero!
 A St. Kit's fellow—unknown—had chipped in to rescue a governor of the school from a tramp's savage attack. And that St. Kit's fellow couldn't be discovered.
 It was a remarkable state of affairs. Lord Westcourt was grateful, his sisters were grateful, and Algernon Aubrey St. Leger was grateful, and ready to testify his gratitude for the valuable service rendered to his pater.
 With so much gratitude going begging, so to speak, it was extremely odd that there should be no claimant.
 Moreover, as Catesby of the Fourth—a very keen youth—remarked, Lord Westcourt's gratitude was likely to take a solid and practical turn, if he found the proper recipient. A gold watch, Catesby thought, was the least his lordship could do, in the circumstances.
 Catesby, indeed, expressed his regret that he had been watching the senior football match at the time. If only he had been out of the gates he would have been tempted to "put in" for the gratitude.
 At Lord Westcourt's request, the Head was inquiring after the modest hero who was hiding his blushes in this unexpected way, and he had called on the Sixth Form prefects for assistance. The prefects had gone up and down, and round about, without discovering the hero.
 "The chap's too modest to come forward," Algernon Aubrey observed. "Real heroes, you know, are modest. I'm awfully modest."

A remark which called forth a loud chortle from Algernon Aubrey's hearers.
 Modesty carried to that extent was decidedly uncommon in the Lower School at St. Kit's.
 An impression spread that his lordship had been mistaken, and that the gallant rescuer wasn't a St. Kit's fellow at all. Might even have been a Lyncroft cad, some of the fellows thought.
 Harry Nameless heard the verdict, and was quite willing for any possible glory to be attributed to some unknown Lyncroft fellow.
 An interview he had with the Head that morning made him all the more anxious that his part in the affair should not come to light. After morning lessons, Mr. Rawlings had told him that the Head wished to speak to him in his study, and Harry repaired hither. He found the Head as amiable and benevolent as usual; in fact, a little more so, but slightly hesitating in his manner, which was very unusual.
 "You sent for me, sir?" said Harry.
 Dr. Chenies coughed.
 "Yes, I—I sent for you, Nameless," he said. "I have an—er—a—ah—communication to make."
 "Yes, sir," said Harry quietly. He could guess that the Head's communication had some connection with the visit of Lord Westcourt the previous day.
 The Head coughed again. He was feeling most uncomfortable.
 "Pray understand, in the first place, Nameless, that I have no fault to find with you," he said.
 "Thank you, sir!"
 "You are aware that St. Leger's father came down yesterday—he wished to see you. Unfortunately, you were out of gates."
 "It was a half-holiday, sir."
 "Quite so, quite so. You had every right to be out of gates. It was, however, rather unfortunate. His lordship wished specially to see you, and he—ah—has an impression that you were intentionally eluding an interview."
 "That is correct, sir," said Harry.
 "Eh?"
 "I did not wish to see Lord Westcourt, sir," said Harry, flushing.
 (Continued on next page.)



Two Hundred Goals.

It is not an unique feat for a footballer to score two hundred goals in League matches for the same club, but it is an event sufficiently scarce to deserve special mention. Since the present season started Charlie Buchan has brought his total of successful shots on behalf of Sunderland in League matches to the second century, and thus one of the most remarkable footballers of this or any other day passes another notable milestone. How long the popular Charlie will be able to keep up his consistency is a question which nobody can decide, but he has a long way to go before he equals the record of Steve Bloomer, who shot 352 goals in League matches only, in addition to a bagful in Cup ties and representative matches.

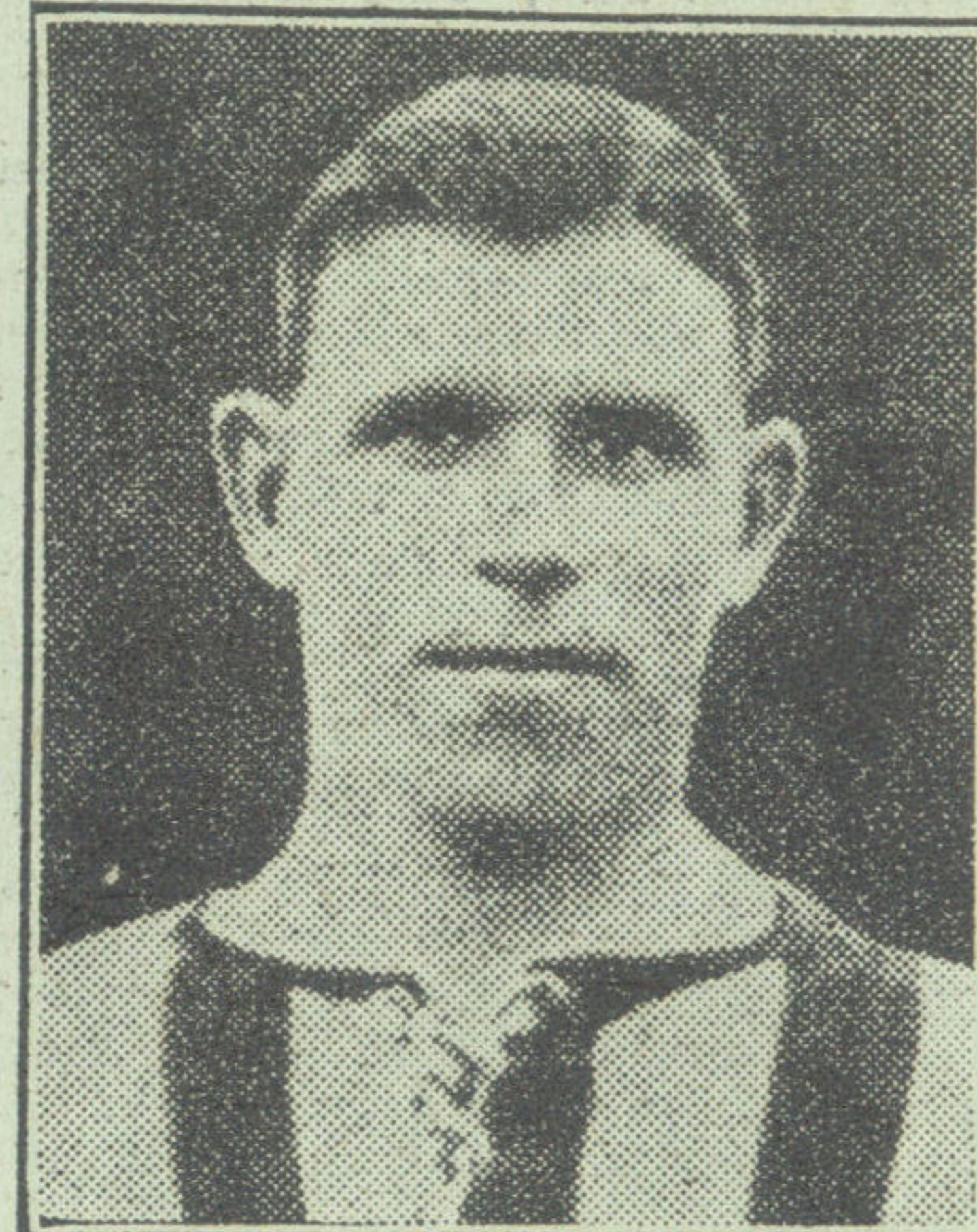
Bloomer and Buchan Compared.

It may be of interest to my readers who are too young to have seen Bloomer to compare these two inside-rights. I have pointed out that in the business of goal-scoring Buchan is still a long way behind the old Derby County player, but in some respects, at any rate, I should say that the Sunderland man is the greater footballer. Steve was essentially an opportunist, and when given half a chance it seemed as easy for him to score goals as it is for most of us to shell peas. Steve could dribble, too, don't make any mistake about that; but I don't think he was ever quite such a remarkable all-round football artist as Buchan. For one thing, Bloomer did not have the inches of the Sunderland man to help him to nod goals with his head.

A Player With "Four Feet."

Perhaps the truest thing which was ever said of Buchan is that he has

four feet. This may appear rather an obscure sort of remark until I explain just what is meant. Buchan



O. BUCHAN.
(Sunderland.)

has the facility, possessed by very few footballers even in the top class, of playing the ball with the outside as well as the inside of both feet. When next you are out on the football-field try this trick of flicking the ball with the outside of your foot, and I guarantee that you won't find it so easy as it seems, at any rate, to get either distance or direction. Buchan can do it perfectly with the outside of either boot, and the accomplishment helps him a lot.

Too Clever!

Most of us think that Buchan ought to have played for England much more frequently than has been the case; but there is a certain amount of logic in the way he has been passed over from time to time by the selectors of England teams. The trouble with Buchan, from the International match standpoint is that it is extremely difficult to find colleagues who are up to his level, or who anticipate so accurately what he is likely to do that they can help him reap the full benefit of his amazing cleverness. Forwards who are constantly playing with him have, of course, a better opportunity of becoming acquainted with his out-of-the-ordinary methods. Hence he is more successful in the Sunderland side than in International games.

Charlie and the Autograph Hunter.

That Charlie, of Sunderland, is a very human fellow with his heart in the right place was once demonstrated to me in a way which gained

for him my whole-hearted admiration. He had played in a trial match down at Millwall, and, as usual, there was a crowd of young admirers waiting when he came out of the ground, to get his autograph. It was



W. WATSON.
(Huddersfield Town.)

quite impossible for Buchan to accede to all the requests, but his eye alighted on one boy a little more eager than the rest, and obviously more poor. "Give me your book, sonny," said Buchan, stooping down. As a matter of fact, it wasn't an autograph-book which the lad handed up at all, but a piece of dirty paper,

which, I suspect, had been picked up from the gutter. But that didn't worry the famous footballer. He scribbled his name on it, and handed it back to the boy. Can't you see that poor little urchin sleeping with that bit of paper under his pillow that night and dreaming his dreams? I can.

Some Consistent Scorers.

There are two other footballers at present in the game who have equalled Buchan's feat of scoring two hundred goals for the same club. One is Joe Smith, of Bolton Wanderers, and the other is George Elliott, of Middlesbrough. Horace Barnes, of Manchester City, is also getting near the two hundred mark, and may touch it this season.

A Steady Plodder.

The winning of the First Division championship two years in succession is not an easy performance, but Huddersfield Town supporters are hopeful that the club will gain this distinction. The praises of some of the Huddersfield men are frequently sung, but, for my part, I do not think nearly sufficient credit has been given to William Watson, than whom no club has ever had a more conscientious or consistent left half-back. Indeed, it is the opinion of Mr. Herbert Chapman, the manager of Huddersfield, that Watson is one of the best players who have never received recognition from the selectors of representative teams. Perhaps the reason for this is that Watson is not what I should call a spectacular player, but I have seen him in two Cup Finals and in many other contests without noticing a single weakness in his play. Watson jumped from minor football with Bolton-on-Deane United into the Huddersfield team in 1913, and that he is still going strong is demonstrated by the fact that not once last season was he marked absent.



(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 18th. The likely winning side is printed in capitals. Where a draw is anticipated, both clubs are printed in smaller letters.

First Division.

ARSENAL v. Aston Villa.
 Burnley v. Bolton Wanderers.
 BURY v. Blackburn Rovers.
 Cardiff City v. Everton.
 LEEDS UNITED v. Tottenham Hotspur.
 Liverpool v. Sheffield United.
 Manchester City v. HUDDERSFIELD T.
 Notts Forest v. West Ham United.
 PRESTON N.E. v. Notts County.
 SUNDERLAND v. Newcastle United.
 WEST BROMWICH v. Birmingham.

Second Division.

Barnsley v. PORTSMOUTH.
 Bradford City v. DERBY COUNTY.
 CHELSEA v. Stockport County.
 CLAPTON ORIENT v. Stoke.
 CRYSTAL PALACE v. Leicester City.
 MIDDLESBROUGH v. Hull City.
 Oldham Athletic v. South Shields.
 Port Vale v. BLACKPOOL.
 THE WEDNESDAY v. Coventry City.
 SOUTHAMPTON v. Manchester United.
 WOLVERHAMPTON WAN. v. Fulham.

First Division. Scottish League.

ABERDEEN v. Dundee.
 AYR UNITED v. Kilmarnock.
 HEARTS v. Hibernians.
 Morton v. Airdrieonians.
 MOTHERWELL v. Hamilton Acads.
 Queen's Park v. THIRD LANARK.
 RAITH ROVERS v. Cowdenbeath.
 RANGERS v. Falkirk.
 St. Johnstone v. CELTIC.
 ST. MIRREN v. Partick Thistle.

Free Photogravure Plates for Every Reader—See this week's "Magnet" Library.

"Hem—hem! As Lord Westcourt is a governor of the school, Nameless, it would have been more respectful."

"Lord Westcourt objects to my friendship with his son, sir," said Harry, his colour deepening. "As soon as I knew that, I told St. Leger we could no longer be friends. It was quite unnecessary for his lordship to speak to me on the subject. I have some pride, sir."

"Hem—hem! Quite so, my boy. I understand that you share St. Leger's study in the Fourth?"

"Not now, sir."

"Indeed! I was not aware—"

"I left the study, sir, after Colonel Wilmot's visit a week or two ago. As soon as I knew St. Leger's relations objected."

"I see. A very proper step on your part, Nameless," said the Head. "It shows a proper pride—very proper, indeed. What study do you occupy now?"

"None at present, sir. I work in the Form-room."

The Head regarded him rather curiously over his glasses.

"Ah! I must speak to Mr. Rawlings on that subject," he said. "It is—ahem!—then unnecessary for me to mention, Nameless, that your intimacy with St. Leger should cease?"

"Quite, sir. I have explained very clearly to St. Leger. He is a good, kind fellow, and—and—I—Harry's voice faltered a little—"I've never liked a fellow so much as I do Algy—I mean St. Leger. But I keep out of his way now all I can."

"Quite right, Nameless, quite right. Pray understand that I do not share Lord Westcourt's views in the least. But you know that I am bound to respect a parent's wishes. You may go, Nameless. By the way, your Form master has spoken to me very highly of you, Nameless, and I have no doubt that you have—a—very useful and honourable career before you at St. Kit's."

So Harry Nameless left the Head's study rather pleased than otherwise, but almost passionately determined that Lord Westcourt should never know to whom he was under an obligation.

And the missing hero remained missing.

But not for long. Bunny's brain-wave was about to produce its effect, to the astonishment of St. Kit's, and to the astonishment, most of all, of Harry Nameless.

Amazing!

"Bootles!"

"Yes, sir?" said Bunny Bootles in an expiring voice.

Mr. Rawlings frowned.

Afternoon lessons were on in the Fourth Form room, and Bunny Bootles was drawing some unusual attention to himself. Bunny had let the morning pass, to give the missing hero a last chance, as it were, of turning up. He had not turned up, and Bunny felt safe. Babbie of the Shell had proved to his own satisfaction, and many other fellows, that the missing hero wasn't within the walls of St. Kit's at all. So the fat and fatuous Bunny felt that the coast was clear—clear for the entrance of the unknown hero in all his glory.

Blissfully ignorant of the amazing thoughts working in Bunny's remarkable brain, Mr. Rawlings was only perplexed and annoyed by his conduct that afternoon. The fat junior was always as inattentive as he dared to be—now he was openly, almost flagrantly, inattentive. He leaned his head on his desk several times with a tired and suffering air, and when his Form master sharply told him to sit up, he sat up with the look of a patient martyr.

All the Fourth began to take note of Bunny and his mysterious stunts, and wondered what was the matter with him.

The general opinion was that he was looking for trouble, and would undoubtedly find it. Mr. Rawlings was getting very restive.

Once more Bunny's elbows rested on his desk, and his head dropped into his fat hands for support, with an exhausted air. And then Mr. Rawlings thundered:

"Bootles!"

"Now he's goin' to catch it!" murmured Algernon Aubrey St. Leger. "The silly ass is simply askin' for it!"

And the Fourth grinned in anticipation.

Mr. Rawlings came towards Bunny, thoughtfully picking up his cane on the way.

"Bootles," he said grimly, "you

are always inattentive, always idle, and always obtuse. This afternoon you seem resolved to exhibit these qualities until I cane you. In order to save time, Bootles, I will cane you now. Hold out your hand, Bootles."

There was an audible smile from the Fourth. Mr. Rawlings was being grimly humorous. A Form master's humour has to be acknowledged by his Form—on such an occasion a chuckle is expected and delivered.

But Bunny did not hold out his fat paw. He gave his Form master a sad and reproachful look.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said meekly, "but I feel so bad—"

"Have you been over-eating again, Bootles?"

"Oh, no, sir—I never do! I eat very little!"

"Oh begad!" murmured St. Leger.

"But—but that blow on my chest, sir—"

"That what?"

"Blow on my chest, sir."

"What do you mean, Bootles? If you are ill—"

"Not exactly ill, sir, but that fearful blow—"

"Will you kindly tell me at once what you are talking about, Bootles!" exclaimed Mr. Rawlings angrily. "Have you met with an accident? Is that your meaning?"

"No, n-not exactly, sir. But that blow—"

"I—I couldn't help it, sir!" gasped Bunny. "I—I couldn't see an old man knocked about—"

"What?"

"And—and robbed, sir—"

"Wha-a-at?"

"And two old ladies, sir!" said Bunny. "I couldn't stand by and see it, sir! A—St. Kit's chap was bound to play up, sir!"

Mr. Rawlings blinked at Bunny.

The Form stared at him.

A pin might have been heard to drop in the Fourth Form room of St. Kit's for one astonished moment.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Mr. Rawlings at last. "You—you—you tell me, Bootles, that you—you—you attacked a tramp, to—to—to save an old gentleman and two old ladies from—from robbery—"

"I felt bound to, sir," said Bunny; "I should have felt an awful cad, sir, if I'd stood by and—"

"Are you alluding to Lord Westcourt and the Misses St. Leger?"

"I—I never meant to say anything, sir—"

"Answer my question."

"Yes, sir!" gasped Bunny.

The die was cast now—it was a case of "jacta est alea." The egregious Bunny was fairly committed now to the role of hero.

Mr. Rawlings regarded him long and attentively.

Like the other masters at St. Kit's,

impudence quite took his breath away.

"This is a most remarkable statement, Bootles," said Mr. Rawlings, breaking another silence.

"Is it, sir?" said Bunny. "Quite an ordinary thing, I think, sir. Any fellow would have—"

"I shall require proof of your assertion, Bootles."

"But I'm not making an assertion, sir," said Bunny calmly. "I'm only explaining why I feel bad this afternoon, sir. I hope you don't think, sir, that I'm telling you this with the idea of getting any credit for my brave action. I'm too modest, sir!"

"Bless my soul! You are a—very odd boy, Bootles. If you are really the person concerned in the affair, great credit is due to you. But—but I am somewhat surprised!" Mr. Rawlings glanced over the class, and saw a grin upon nearly every face. Evidently the Fourth Form was not taking Bunny the Hero very seriously, so far. "Can anyone tell me where Bootles was yesterday afternoon, at the time of the outrage in Lyncroft Wood?"

"He was out of gates, sir," said Stubbs; "I saw him go."

"At what time, Stubbs?"

"While the Senior football match was on, sir."

"That would be about the time. However—" Mr. Rawlings paused.

kindly keep order here while I am absent for a few minutes."

Mr. Rawlings left the Form-room.

Found—The Missing Hero!

Algernon Aubrey St. Leger extracted his eyeglass from his waistcoat-pocket, polished it thoughtfully, and adjusted it in his noble eye. Then he fixed it upon Cuthbert Archibald Bootles.

"Bunny, you awful fabricator," he said; "is there a single word of truth in what you've been tellin' Rawlings?"

"I disdain to answer that question!" said Bunny.

"What?"

"It's a reflection on my personal honour!" said Bunny loftily.

"His personal honour!" said Catesby; "my only winter bonnet! His honour—Bunny's honour!"

"I never knew Bunny was such a dashed funny merchant!" remarked Carton. "Where do you keep your honour, Bunny?"

"Jolly dark, somewhere," said Jones minor. "I've never seen anything of it!"

Bunny sniffed.

"Wait till Rawlings comes back," he said; "you'll know the truth then!"

"The truth?" exclaimed Harry Nameless, speaking for the first time, with a stare of contempt at Bunny, which had no perceptible effect upon that fat and unshamed youth.

"Yes, the truth—the frozen truth," said Bunny calmly. "If you're hinting that I'm not telling the truth, Nameless—"

"You awful little liar!" exclaimed Harry indignantly.

"Oh, draw it mild!" said Carton, inclined at once to take Bunny's side as soon as the nameless schoolboy came out on the other. "You can't know anything about it, Nameless. You weren't there!"

"I—" began Harry hotly.

He checked himself abruptly.

It was evidently too late for him to state the facts, even if he wanted to—and he did not want to.

To state them now was not to find believers, he realised; it was to enter into a ridiculous competition with Bunny Bootles.

He would be in the position of claiming credit for a brave deed—a position that no earthly consideration would have induced him to take up, and in competition to Bunny—disputing with Bunny which was the hero!

Harry sat down again and closed his lips.

Carton grinned, feeling that he had scored for once. With a jeering grin at Harry Nameless, the captain of the Fourth went on:

"After all, Rawlings has gone to find out for certain. It's just barely possible that it was Bunny. It was somebody, and nobody else has laid claim to the merry distinction."

"If it is true that you helped my pater, Bunny, I am very grateful to you," said Algernon Aubrey thoughtfully; "but—"

"Hullo, here comes Rawlings!"

"Look out for the cane now, Bunny!"

"You're going to be bowled out, you fat fraud!"

The juniors scudded back to their seats as Mr. Rawlings' footsteps were heard in the corridor. They were all in their places when their Form master entered.

All eyes turned upon him.

He came towards the class with a very grave brow.

The juniors noticed that he did not pick up his cane.

"Bootles!"

"Yes, sir?"

"I have telephoned to the police-station at Wicke, and Police-constable Bandy has informed me that it was you—Master Bootles—who came to him yesterday afternoon with the news of the outrage in Lyncroft Wood."

Bunny smiled serenely.

There was a buzz in the class.

"Begad!" murmured Algernon Aubrey. "Bunny! Then it's true!"

"I can no longer doubt your statement, Bootles," continued Mr. Rawlings kindly. "I am sorry that I doubted it at all, but—"

"Oh, don't mench, sir," said Bunny cheerfully; "it's all right! I knew you'd do me justice, sir, when you knew the—the truth!"

"Certainly, Bootles! I understand that the boy—I mean, you—had a very severe struggle with the rascally tramp—"

"Frightful, sir!"

(Continued overleaf.)



BUNNY IS ELATED! Algernon Aubrey St. Leger slipped his elegant hand through the fat arm of Cuthbert Archibald Bootles. "Come up to the study, dear boy," he said. "I'm sure you're ready for tea—" "You bet!" said Bunny. "Come on, old chap!"

"What blow?"

"I—I was hit awfully hard, sir, when—"

"You have been fighting?"

"Ye-es, sir, yesterday. I—I had to, sir—"

"With whom were you fighting, Bootles?"

"A—a—a tramp, sir."

"A tramp! You should not fight with a tramp," said Mr. Rawlings crossly. "What nonsense! How dare you go out of the school and fight with tramps, Bootles?"

This was not a good beginning. Mr. Rawlings evidently did not suspect yet the particular tramp Bunny was alluding to.

"I—I couldn't help it, sir!" murmured Bunny.

"Do you mean that you have been attacked by a tramp, and injured?" exclaimed the puzzled Form master.

"Nunno, sir! I—I attacked him in—"

"Bootles! You venture to tell me that you deliberately picked a quarrel with some disreputable character, and fought with him!" exclaimed Mr. Rawlings. "You have the impudence—the audacity—"

"Nunno, sir!" gasped Bunny. "I—I—"

All the Fourth was watching Bunny very curiously now. What had not yet dawned on Mr. Rawlings had dawned upon them.

"Then tell me what you mean!" snapped the Form master. "I warn you, Bootles, that I am very near the end of my patience!"

he had wondered who was the unknown junior who had so gallantly tackled the hulking ruffian in Lyncroft Wood. Certainly he had never thought of Bunny Bootles.

Bunny's name was not one that was likely to occur to anybody's mind in such a connection.

And Mr. Rawlings had very strong doubts now. He was willing to give credit where it was due; but he was well aware that Cuthbert Archibald Bootles was not a disciple of the late lamented George Washington. That excellent gentleman, according to his own statement, could not tell a lie. Bunny Bootles could, and did—often.

"So you are the—the—" stammered Mr. Rawlings at last.

"Yes, sir," Bunny smirked. "I—I wasn't going to mention, sir—I—I hate to seem like bragging of a little thing like that, sir—a thing any fellow would have done—any fellow with my pluck, I mean! But that—that fearful blow on my chest, sir! The ruffian fought like a tiger, sir, and—and I'm not feeling very well to-day, sir, in consequence."

"My only hat!" murmured Carton.

"The awful little liar! He's makin' out that he's the chap—"

"The giddy hero!" grinned Durance. "What a surprise! If Rawlings swallows that, I reckon he will swallow anything!"

Harry Nameless sat silent.

He was too astonished to speak, even if he had felt inclined to do so. The barefaced audacity of Bunny's

"Bootles, you assure me that what you have stated is the truth?"

"Oh, sir! Yes, sir!"

"You are aware, Bootles, that the matter can be put to an unmistakable test?"

Bunny quaked.

"Oh, sir! I—"

"The boy concerned was sent to the Wicke Police Station, by Lord Westcourt, to give information regarding the assault," said Mr. Rawlings; "as the boy has not come forward, Dr. Chenies intends to apply at the police-station for his name. It will, of course, be known there."

Bunny smiled.

"That's all right, sir."

"You are prepared to stand that test, Bootles?"

"Of course, sir! A fellow who's telling the exact truth has nothing to fear, I suppose?"

Mr. Rawlings coughed.

"N-n-no; quite so, Bootles—"

Mr. Rawlings paused. He was perplexed, but he was a little impressed now.

"If you are really suffering from the effects of a struggle with a brutal ruffian, Bootles, I shall excuse you from lessons this afternoon."

"Oh, thank you, sir!"

Bunny made a prompt move.

"You need not leave the Form-room yet, Bootles. I shall speak to Dr. Chenies, and ask his leave to telephone immediately to Police-constable Bandy at Wicke. The matter shall be set at rest immediately. Boys, you will continue your task, and



"No doubt you are feeling the effects of it to-day—"

"Awful, sir," said Bunny pathetically. "Aching all over, sir. A fearful blow on my chest—"

"If there is a bad bruise, Bootles, you had better go to the house-dame immediately, and—"

"Oh, no, sir, it's not so bad as that!" said Bunny hastily. "Just a-a-ache, sir. I'm not a fellow to complain. But—but I am a bit tired to-day, sir. I had a terrific fight—simply terrific!"

"I shall excuse you from lessons for the remainder of the day, Bootles. You may leave the Form-room. When the Head is disengaged he wishes to speak to you, and you may go to his study at half-past five."

"Yes, sir," said Bunny. "I—I don't want a fuss made, sir. I—I'm sure any fellow would have done what I did."

Bunny Bootles, scarcely daring to believe in his good luck crossed to the Form-room door. The Fourth stared after him speechlessly.

Bunny—Bunny was the hero—Bunny of the Fourth! If he was

officially accepted as the the hero by the Head and the Form master, there could be no further doubt on the subject. But—but it was astounding.

Heroic!

"Here he is!"

"Here's the merry hero!"

"What does it feel like to be a hero, Bunny?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Did you bark your knuckles on his boko, Bunny?"

"Three cheers for the giddy hero!"

Quite a crowd surrounded Bunny Bootles in the passage when the Fourth Form came trooping out at last, dismissed by Mr. Rawlings.

Harry Nameless hurried away at once. He was not likely to take a deep interest in the new hero of St. Kit's. He was, in fact, sorely exercised in his mind on the subject.

It was too trying to hear Bunny Bootles rolling out astounding "whoppers," and to see the young rascal swanking on his borrowed glory. Yet Harry could not see what was to be done. He took it for granted that Bunny would be bowled over sooner or later, and he had to leave it at that for the present.

Seated on a bench in the quad, with his Virgil on his knees, Harry put in the interval to tea-time in

extra study, and soon forgot all about the hero of the Fourth.

But he was the only member of the Fourth Form who wasn't interested.

Even the lofty Carton & Co. condescended to join the crowd round Bunny Bootles, and give him a little attention.

Some of the fellows were rather admiring—all were surprised. Algernon Aubrey felt some compunction at being so surprised at Bunny turning out to be a hero. He felt that it implied want of gratitude to the fellow who had saved his father from injury.

He dropped his hand on Bunny's fat shoulder in the most cordial manner. Somehow or other, he couldn't like Bunny very much, heroic as he was; but he was determined to be very kind, and to make up for some past shortcomings. The fellow who had saved Lord Westcourt's "napper" from being broken by a tramp's bludgeon was a fellow whom Algernon Aubrey delighted to honour.

Bunny Bootles bore his blushing honours thick upon him—not modestly. If, as Algy had said, real heroes were modest, there must have been some doubt about the reality of Bunny's heroism.

For he was not modest. Far from that. He swanked, he almost strutted. Limelight so seldom came Bunny's way, that perhaps it was pardonable in Bunny to make the most of it, now that he had it in liberal measure.

"My dear old bean," said Algernon Aubrey. "I feel bound to apologise. I—I admit I doubted your word at first, old chap. I'm sorry!"

Bunny waved a fat hand loftily. "You know better now," he said.

"Yaas, I'm awfully obliged to you, Bunny! My pater said he would have had his head cracked if you hadn't chipped in; might have been awfully dangerous at his age, you know! I'm no end obliged to you, Bunny! I'm sorry this didn't come out while my pater was here!"

Bunny wasn't! Lord Westcourt's presence would

have been extremely disconcerting to the fat youth who claimed to be his heroic rescuer.

But Bunny was careful not to mention that.

"Well, I'm sorry, Algy!" he said. "But a fellow couldn't very well seem to be bragging of a little thing like that. You can write and tell your father, if you like. But I don't want his thanks—I don't really!"

"Blessed if I can catch on to this!" said Carton, in wonder. "Bunny's such an awful funk, as a rule—"

"Look here, Carton—" bawled Bunny indignantly.

"Well, you are," said Carton; "and you're such a braggin' ass, too! If you did a thing like this, it's like you to shout it all over the place—right from the giddy housetops, by Jove! But you've kept it dark—"

"I'm not a fellow to brag!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"It came out by accident, didn't it?" demanded Bunny. "I just mentioned it to Mr. Rawlings, by chance—"

"Before all the Form!" said Durance. "Couldn't have timed it better for everybody to hear!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You rotter, Durance! I—I—" said Algernon Aubrey. "It isn't as if there's any doubt on the subject, Durance. It's proved. Mr. Bandy at the police-station knows whether it was Bunny came to him—"

"That's what beats me!" said Carton. "It must be true—and it's too steep to swallow, at the same time. Jolly odd!"

Algernon Aubrey slipped his elegant arm through the fat arm of Cuthbert Archibald Bootles.

"Come up to the study, dear boy," he said; "I'm sure you're ready for tea—"

"You bet!" said Bunny. "Come on, old chap!"

That afternoon the brew in Study No. 5 was a right royal one. Algernon Aubrey could not help feeling puzzled, but the main fact was assured that Bunny had saved Lord Westcourt from injury—at least, Algy thought it was. And Algy was

quite pleased to expend a whole pound-note on a royal feed as a testimony of his gratitude.

And Bunny, as he did justice—full justice—to the brew, reflected upon the advantages of being a hero, and perhaps wondered a little, incidentally, who on earth had really rescued Algy's pater.

Too Much Bunny.

"Arma virumque cano—"

"Eh?"

"Trojæ qui primus ab oris—"

"What?"

"Italiam, fato profugus—"

"What the dickens are you driving at, St. Leger?"

"Refreshin' your memory, dear boy," answered Algernon Aubrey, dropping into a seat on the desk.

"Didn't you tell me you were muggin' up merry old Virgil for the Fortescue prize?"

Harry Nameless laughed.

"Yes; but I'm a little beyond 'arma virumque,'" he said. "St. Leger, if you don't mind, I—I'd rather you didn't interrupt!"

"I'm botherin' you?"

"Yes."

"Too bad! But what's to be done?" asked Algy. "Bunny's botherin' me, and I've fled for my life. If I venture out of the Form-room he will have me again. I'm not exactly dodgin' Bunny, of course; only keepin' out of his way. Can I help you with your Latin?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Come up to the study."

"I wish you'd look at things as they are, St. Leger. The Head has told me to keep clear of you, practically, owing to your relations' view of the matter. You place me in a rotten, awkward position by coming and speaking to me!"

"I suppose a chap is entitled to speak to his pal?"

"But we're not pals."

"Yaas we are, dear boy," assured Algernon Aubrey calmly.

"But your father, your uncle, and aunts—"

HEALTH AND SPORT

Conducted by
PERCY LONGHURST

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



Apples.

There are countries I have been in where the people look upon fruit as a food; they eat enormous quantities of it; seldom eat meat, though they're fond of fish; and most of them don't look as if they stood in any need of a course of physical training. In England there's a good deal of fruit eaten also, but nothing like so much as should be. We regard fruit, not as a food, but as something to finish off a good, square meal. Well, that's better than eating no fruit at all, but it would be still better if the square meal were a bit smaller and more fruit eaten.

Fruit is a genuine food, and one of the best fruits of all is the apple. Some of you know the old Devonshire saying, "An apple a day keeps the doctor away." Well, there's a mighty lot of truth in that saying. Apples are food and medicine combined. If it's a choice with you between buying an apple or a banana, buy the apple; buy two if you can, and eat them raw. And don't suppose that the highest-priced, nicest-looking apples are the best from the food point of view. If an apple is juicy it is all right.

There's a dentist I know who tells all his patients that if they'd eat an apple after every meal their teeth would be better, their gums harder, and they wouldn't have to go to him to get so many teeth stopped, or be treated for pyorrhœa. If they did as he told them he wouldn't be earning such a big income. But they don't. Being English, they think fruit is a sort of luxury, something to eat a little at a time, and they go on with their ordinary food and hot and cold drinks to quench thirst, with the

result that they have to go and see the dentist again and again.

Don't think you're spending money extravagantly when you buy fruit, especially fruit that you eat raw, and apples more particularly. You're not; you're helping to keep yourself in good health, internal organs working properly. Eating fruit is not a waste of money; but if you buy fruit, don't make the mistake of eating just as much other food, as you would if you didn't have the fruit.

An ideal breakfast, especially in warm weather, is a couple of apples and plenty of bread-and-butter; but if you're sensible you'll have brown-wholemeal-bread, not white. And do chew everything thoroughly. I dare say some of you will think "Not substantial enough. I should feel hungry and sinking an hour after." Well, have you tried it? If you haven't, give the advice a trial before you condemn it. I have tried it—am still trying it, and am perfectly satisfied. Though I don't mean to say that if it should happen occasionally that I feel I'd like something else I don't have it; I do, because I am satisfied that variety is good for one.

Apples cooked, though nice, aren't anything like as valuable as raw apples; the heating destroys much of their food qualities. But if you happen to like stewed fruit and milk puddings together—jolly good, too—what is there to prevent your having the pudding and fruit together, but eating the fruit raw? Nothing, except that the idea is something new to you. Never mind; try it.

Chewing an apple cleans the teeth and hardens the gums as nothing else will. It also helps digestion, and assists in preventing or getting rid of

constipation. But don't chew that apple between meals; let it be part of your meal.

Apples, oranges, and lemons are perhaps the most valuable of all fruits, good for improving the blood—and that means the condition of the whole body, skin included—but be sure that the apples are ripe. While the apple is ripening the juice undergoes an alteration; the juice of sour, unripe apples is not beneficial, the natural sugar hasn't been developed.

The Narrow Chest.

The narrow chest and the forward-drooping shoulders almost invariably go together; they indicate the need for regular deep-breathing exercises, and also the habit of wrong carriage of the body. One of the most satisfactory exercises for correcting such faults is the following exercise, but the help of a chum is necessary to perform it. Both performers will benefit by it.

Stand up back to back, heels together and toes out; the heels of both performers must touch each other's, also their shoulders. Each extends his arms sideways, level of shoulders. One must have both palms up, the other palms down, so that they may join hands, palm to palm. Both now rise on full tiptoes, taking in a deep, full breath, leaning well forward. Of course, heels come apart, as do the shoulders, but chins should be raised and heads turned back, so that the heads are touching closely, crown against crown. The expanded chest is brought well forward, while the hips are to be kept drawn back. This position is to be held while one counts, not fast, from one to ten. Then grip is broken, muscles relaxed, and each comes back to position of attention. Repeat ten times, being careful to keep arms fully extended and a fair strain on the hands. Allow a pause between each movement long enough for a full inhaling and exhaling of breath.

The exercise need not be done more than once a day, and early morning is best.

Good for Nothing.

A question recently asked me by one of my correspondents is the reason for this paragraph. He wrote: "Is excessive swimming harmful?"

Now, there is an old-fashioned saying that has a very great deal of truth in it. It is "Too much of any-

thing is good for nothing." I will go further than that, and tell you that too much of anything may be positively harmful. Eating and drinking are not only good, but necessary to existence. Exercise is necessary; play is necessary; and swimming is one of the best and healthiest of sports. But when one mentions "excessive swimming" one really means "too much swimming," and, as I've said, too much of anything is not only not good, but may be, and generally is, productive of a great deal of harm. Excessive eating, for example. Well, I dare say there are several of my readers who can call to mind examples of the disagreeable results of eating too much.

Take it from me, and don't forget it—you'll be unpleasantly reminded of it if you do allow yourself to forget—excess in anything is bad.

But what is "too much"? some will be asking. That's the point—the real question. And there's no definite answer. What may be too much for me may not be enough for you. You may be quite a small eater, for instance, but a meal large enough to satisfy your appetite might easily not be big enough to make your brother even begin to forget that he was ravenously hungry. Five minutes' exercise of a particular movement may make one chap tired; another, stronger, better trained, more fit, could work at that movement for a quarter of an hour, and then be none the worse for it.

You see, there isn't any definite rule, but common sense will be a reliable guide. When common sense isn't able to help, then the experience of others must guide you. If a fellow told me, for instance, that he spent two hours in the swimming-bath every day of his life practising sprint swimming, then I should tell him, without hesitation, that he was doing too much, because experience has proved that, for the average person, so much time in the water is liable to be harmful.

When exercise of any kind is continued for so long that at the end one feels wearied—which is a very different thing from just pleasantly tired—"too tired to move"—then it is quite certain that it has been excessive, and the next spell must be cut down very considerably. A bout of exercise should have the effect—unless a chap is wholly out of condition—of making one feel fresher. If,

at the end of it, the muscles are really sore and aching, then it is a reminder that the exercise has been continued too long, or too great vigour has been put into it.

But for goodness' sake don't let what I have just told you about excessive exercise make you feel like the fellow who once informed me that he didn't take exercise because "it always made him feel tired." He became tired because his muscles were flabby and unhealthy for the want of work.

Massage and Muscular Growth.

Why does massage assist towards the enlargement of muscle? The explanation is an interesting one, and, being quite simple, it will enable anyone to understand at once why massage plays so important a part in training.

Massage is friction, and you know for yourself that if you apply moderate friction for some time to any part, the flesh gets red, there is an increase of warmth, and slight swelling. Why? Because more blood is attracted to the part rubbed. If this moderate—and it must be moderate for good effects to result—friction be continued, say for weeks, the veins of the part rubbed will be observed to be larger, they stand out more prominently, showing that the blood is circulating in a larger quantity. Now, if you are able to bring more blood to a particular part—which is one of the effects of exercise—that part gets bigger. In other words, the muscle develops; for it is from the blood that flesh—muscle—is made.

There is another effect of massage that must not be forgotten. Friction, at the same time as it helps to increase growth and makes the fibres of the muscles operated upon elastic and supple, robs them of their tenderness, and toughens them. After friction has been continued regularly for some time it becomes almost impossible to bruise the part, even when the rubbing is really severe, though when the rubbing was first commenced even moderate friction would cause bruising.

Percy Longhurst

(Look out for another helpful article.)

"My pater misunderstands, my uncle misapprehends, my aunts don't know anything. Wash them out!" said Algy cheerfully.

"But I can't wash them out!" said Harry, half laughing and half vexed. "It's awfully decent of you to want to stick to me, St. Leger, and I'd like it no end if it was possible; but it isn't. Do be a good fellow and cut it off!"

Algy shook his head. "It was four or five days since Lord Westcourt's visit to St. Kit's, and during that time Algernon Aubrey had had several letters from his people.

He had sighed over them lugubriously.

He had other worries, too. There was Bunny—Bunny the Hero.

At the first flush Algy had been quite grateful to Bunny the Hero for the supposed assistance rendered to his pater. He had stood Bunny nobly; he had lent him ten-bob note after ten-bob note; he had even walked in the quad with Bunny's fat arm through his—an experience that made him shudder, but which he felt it his duty to go through with patience.

Perhaps it was not surprising that Algy's gratitude was wearing a little thin. Bunny Bootles would certainly have worn out anybody's gratitude in the long run.

Algy had fallen into the way of dodging along passages and disappearing round corners when he caught sight of Bunny.

He felt that he could not be brusque to the fellow who had heroically helped his noble pater in the hour of peril. But every nerve in his aristocratic body rebelled against the familiarity of Cuthbert Archibald.

He missed his chum sorely.

Harry Nameless was the only fellow at St. Kit's whom Algy felt seriously disposed to pal with, and it seemed quite "rotten" that he should be parted from his chum just when he needed him. Harry, he felt, could have helped him to endure Bunny.

At this very moment he knew Bunny Bootles was looking for him. He felt rather a beast for dodging the heroic rescuer in this way. But he could not help it. Hero or not, he could not stand too much Bunny.

Harry Nameless dropped his eyes on his work again. He had been getting some extra tuition—extra foot, as the juniors called it—from Mr. Rawlings, and he was beginning to have high hopes of the Latin prize.

Carton & Co. were already referring to him sneeringly as "the prize-hunter." Harry did not heed the sneers; the money prize was wanted to help old Jack Straw in his cottage at South Cove, and for that object Harry could have tolerated a good deal of sneering.

He went on with his work, while Algernon Aubrey sat on the desk and polished his eyeglass and watched him.

Two or three times Algy glanced apprehensively at the door. He feared to see a fat face looking into the Form-room.

"Gettin' on all right, old bean?" he asked at last.

"Eh? Oh, yes!"

"You want me to hook it?" said Algy dismally.

"You—you see, my dear old chap, I—"

"I wish you'd seen my people last week, Nameless," said Algernon Aubrey wistfully. "I've got a feelin' that that would have made it all right. You don't really know what my pater's like, as you've never seen him.

Harry smiled a little over P. Virgilus Maro.

His meeting with Lord Westcourt in Lyncroft Wood was still a secret, and not likely to be revealed now.

Bunny's claim to be the missing hero covered up the nameless school-boy's tracks completely.

"He's quite a good old scout," pursued Algy. "He was offended at your goin' out to avoid meetin' him, and that's really done the mischief. Now, if he comes down to St. Kit's again—"

Harry made a restless movement. "I hope he won't!" he said.

"He's bound to come sooner or later," said Algy. "In fact, if he can find time he may come down in the car and see Bootles."

"Bootles?"

"Yaas; I've told him about Bunny, of course."

"About Bunny?" repeated Harry Nameless.

"About Bunny bein' the giddy

rescuer, you know. The pater's awfully keen to know who saved his napper from bein' cracked by that tramp. He was no end pleased when I wrote and gave him the chap's name."

Harry bit his lip hard.

"You told him Bunny—"

"Yaas."

"But it's not true, St. Leger.

Bunny's lying—"

"Begad!"

"It's a rotten spoof from beginning to end!" exclaimed Harry, his face flushing with anger. "Surely you ought to be able to see that!"

"My dear old bean, you're mistaken. You see, it's proved."

"A lie can't be proved!" growled the Foundation junior.

"But it isn't a lie this time. I admit that it's rather remarkable for Bunny to be tellin' the truth. And—and he does pile on the agony about the terrific combat," Algy grinned. "But there's no doubt he's the chap. The Head himself has commended him—"

"He's taken the Head in!"

"And Mr. Rawlings—"

"He's taken Mr. Rawlings in!"

"But all the fellows—"

"He's taken all the fellows in!" exclaimed Harry impatiently. "I tell you, Bunny would have scooted like a bunny rabbit if he'd been there at all!"

"Yaas, so I should have thought; only, you see, it's proved. I'm rather surprised to see you so down on Bunny, old scout, when he's played up decently for once in his life!"

"He hasn't!"

"Bow-wow!" said Algernon Aubrey good humouredly. "I suppose you find Bunny rather disagreeable; but honour where honour is due, you know. Give a chap credit when he earns it!"

"When!" grunted the nameless junior.

"That's one reason," continued Algernon Aubrey thoughtfully, "why I want you back in the study, Nameless. I'm bound to stand Bunny now. As a pal, I think you ought to help me stand him—what!"

"Why should you stand him at all?"

"Because he rescued my pater."

"Spoof, I tell you!"

"Bow-wow! You're prejudiced, old chap! It's awfully on my conscience that I kicked him that very afternoon," said Algernon Aubrey remorsefully. "I did, you know. I was feelin' bothered about my people comin', and he came into the study an' bored me an' I kicked him out."

"Serve him right!"

"And he went straight off and chipped in to help my pater—"

"Oh, rot!"

"Do you know, Nameless, that you're the only fellow in the school that doesn't believe Bunny did that?"

"Very likely!"

"Of course, he exaggerates a lot; but he did it. It's taken as proved. I really think, Nameless, that a decent chap like you might do a chap justice. I—I'm rather surprised—"

Algy paused. "You've talked like this before, old bean, and some fellows put it that you're jealous of Bunny gettin' so much kudos. I'm mentionin' that just to put you on your guard. It's so unlike you to run any fellow down. And Bunny is—"

"Oh, hang Bunny!" said Harry Nameless.

"Hallo, old tops!"

It was Bunny's fat voice in the doorway, and Algernon Aubrey groaned. The fat junior looked in with an agreeable grin.

"I've been looking for you, Algy."

"Ha—have you?" stammered Algy guiltily.

"Yes, everywhere. Coming out, old fellow?"

Algernon Aubrey detached himself from the desk.

"Yaas, if you like."

"Mrs. Coote has some new tarts in," said Bunny confidentially. "I'm going to stand you some, Algy; you've stood me a good bit lately. One good turn deserves another! Come on, old top! You won't mind lendin' me a few bob; my uncle's promised to send me a pound-note, and when it comes—"

Bunny's voice died away down the passage as he led Algernon Aubrey St. Leger away to his fate.

Harry Nameless sat down with a frown on his face, and it was some minutes before he resumed his work.

(There will be another long instalment of this fascinating school story in next Monday's issue. Order your BOYS' FRIEND in advance and thus make certain of obtaining it!)

In Your Editor's Den



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

THAT COMPETITION!

A Five-Pound Note and Six Match Footballs to be won every week! If chance offered, I would not mind a bit devoting a column of my Chat to the outstanding merits of a brisk and lively competition. Chance does not offer, so don't be afraid. Yet there is much to be said concerning our grand competition which causes immense pleasure each week. It is unique. The winner of a snug little lump of cash sees the world from a new vantage-point, and as for those six footballs, well, we all know the interest attaching to kicking off with a new leather. Tell all your chums about these topping prizes. They will be indebted to you for the tip. Good news wants spreading. That is half the game. We like everybody to know of a real first-class opportunity such as that put forward in the BOYS' FRIEND, the oldest and the best.

"CHUMS OF ST. KIT'S!"

Frank Richards' serial romps away as gaily as a two-year-old in a clover field. Next Monday's instalment shows more of the bitter struggle of the nameless schoolboy. He is a plucked one, and a sportsman, but the best fellows are bound to meet reverses. That's all in the business. One has but little use for a "good" hero who walks serenely on velvet, and finds the world a soft thing. Frank Richards introduces troops of characters. Each one stands out in clear relief, the creation of a master hand. By this time we have got to know St. Leger, and are glad to have met him. He is a born aristocrat, but with that sterling stuff in him which makes a man, no matter whether the individual concerned has been fitted out from the start with a silver spoon, or has had to rough it all the way. This serial is just grand. It is another feature of the old paper

about which you should tell your pals.

"WARNED OFF!"

In theme, plot, humour, and all other ingredients, next Monday's yarn by the inimitable Sidney Drew is a nailer. The whole thing goes with a scream, and it all reflects the amazing spirit of this author with his inexhaustible gaiety of spirit. If you saw Sidney Drew passing down the street you would set him down as just about the quietest fellow in the world. He looks a bit as if he walked in a dream. For aught I know to the contrary, he may do that at times, but his dreams, anyway, are intimately concerned with the people he has met all over the world. He sees the funny side of life, the jolly, broadly humorous, and kindly things which are going on. And his power to transfer to paper the happenings which come his way is matchless. Like the famous gentleman in the old song, he gets there all the time. You read about that amazing personage, Captain Scobber, of the Menagerie Ship, next Monday, and you will see what I mean. The point is not obscure at all. You will be tickled till you ache. Of course, such a craft as a menagerie ship offers gay, glad possibilities, especially when Val Hilton, the irrepressible, and the gentle Gan Waga are on the scene.

"A LUCKY FIND!"

Our Rookwood yarn next week brings into play some of the pleasing intricacies of fate. As we all know, Lovell put the cat among the pigeons by indiscreetly biffing the portly Joey Hook. That is common knowledge and needs no recapitulation. But while there is often much virtue in drastic measures, there is frequently

a big diff. between one biff and another. The Lovell left-hander was not strictly speaking diplomatic; it was condemned out of hand by Gower. The latter, like the turtle, was in the soup. But the reckless Lovell meant well, anyhow, when he went for Hook like a bull at a gate, and the subsequent proceedings, in which Val Mornington takes a hand, will be found fascinating and refreshing in the extreme. There is no obvious moral, but the events narrated next Monday do serve to show that hitting a man when he is "up" and no end assertive about it, does sometimes produce cheery results. As for Gower—but that is another story. You will have mixed opinions. You will also want to revise the bird in the hand proverb. See the yarn next week.

"BOUGHT OUT!"

This is a financial transaction, and it has to do with some very nippy negotiations dealing with the Red Crusaders F.C. A certain crafty schemer is out to get the whip-hand of Don Darrel, "Bulldog" Holdfast, and the others, and this rank outsider imagines that if he makes himself proprietor of the bulk of the shares of the club he will have matters all his own way. In a sense he is right; the man who holds the bulk of the shares in any business concern, whether it is a soap-boiling affair or a crack footer club, is top-dog, but he has, first of all, to catch the shares! Look out for a rousing finale!

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As when the auctioneer raises his hefty hammer and says "Going, going—gone!" so will it be with the "H. A." The demand for the book is unprecedented, so take Time by his old grey forelock! Says a Chelmsford chum: "It is even better than its predecessors." Carried nem, con.

EXCELSIOR.

It is an old weather-beaten yarn about the banner with the strange device, and the mountain pass, but the colours of that banner are those beneath which we are all marching, with the BOYS' FRIEND included. Something better each week. A ceaseless progress on to bigger success.

Your Editor.

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furniture—To reseat chairs—To upholster sofas, etc.—To install a speaking tube—To clean a stove—To repair bicycles—To work in metal—To repair water taps—To varnish a violin—To repair the piano—To make a padded chair from an old cask—To stuff furs—To stuff and mount birds—Wood inlaying—To prepare working drawings—To renovate a grandfather's clock—To make garden arbours, arches, seats, summer-houses, etc.—To use metal-drilling tools—To renovate mirrors—To mend china—To do fret-work—To lime-white poultry-houses—To do gold and silver-plating—To clean a watch—To mend keyless watches and ordinary watches—To distemper ceilings and walls—To make picture-frames—Curtain fitting—Metal castings—To clean boilers—To fix an anthracite stove—To re-gild and restore picture-frames—How to use spanners—To make doors and windows draught-proof—To paint walls—To do nickel-plating—To cure noises in hot water pipes—India and blue varnishes—To make plaster casts, etc., etc.

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A FRIEND IN NEED!

By OWEN CONQUEST.

(Continued from page 247.)

about him, and hurried up the dark road towards Coombe. There was no time to lose now.

In the deep shadows by the roadside a spot of crimson glowed, and Lovell guessed that it was the lighted end of a cigar. He halted, and made out the figure of a squat man in a coat and a bowler-hat. The crimson spot shifted, as Mr. Joey Hook removed the cigar from his mouth and peered out at the school-boy in the road.

"Jest in time!" came a husky voice. "Jest in time, young Gower! Ten minutes more and I'd have been gone!"

The 6th Chapter. Lovell's Way!

Arthur Edward Lovell breathed hard.

In the darkness, Mr. Hook had mistaken him for the junior whom he was expecting—the wretched "sportsman" of the Fourth. But a moment later he realised his error. Lovell's sturdy figure was a good deal bulkier than the weedy Gower's.

The bookmaker muttered a startled exclamation.

"What's this here? Who are you?"

"It's all right!" whispered Lovell. "I—I've come for Gower."

"Oh, you've come for Gower, have you?" said Mr. Hook surlily. "All right if you've got the dibs. Let's 'ave a look at you."

He struck a match, and the light flickered on Lovell's face. Joey Hook stared at him.

"I've seen you afore," he said. "You're young Lovell! I didn't know you was a friend of young Gower's—not that sort at all." His manner became more civil as the match went out. "Why, I'm glad to meet you, Master Lovell—very glad indeed! If there's anything in my line you're after, Joey Hook's your man, fair and honest."

Lovell's eyes gleamed.

"I'm not likely to want anything in your line!" he exclaimed. "I'm not that kind of a fool, or rascal, either."

"Oh, ho!" said Mr. Hook. "Then what may you 'appen to want, young Mister 'Igh-and-mighty? I never asked you to come along 'ere and talk to me, that I know of."

"I've come for Gower—"

"Gower can come himself, if he's got anything to say," said Mr. Hook, evidently very much offended. "I don't want to have anything to do with you!"

Lovell realised that he had been a little lacking in tact. But it was difficult to speak to this man without betraying the scorn and disgust that he felt.

"It's about his debt to you," he said, speaking as civilly as he could force himself to speak.

"If you've brought the money, you can hand it over," said Joey Hook sullenly. "I ain't stopping you. I've got young Gower's paper here, all fair and square, and it's his'n when he's paid up. Where's the dibs?"

Lovell coughed.

"I haven't brought the money," he said.

"Then what 'ave you come for?"

"To ask you to give Gower time to pay," said Lovell. "He will be able to square next week—"

"I've heard that story before," said Joey Hook, interrupting rudely. "I've heard it several times. That's a chicken that won't fight, young Lovell. You needn't spin me that

yarn. Hand over the dibs, or take yourself off. And that's that!"

Lovell gritted his teeth. It was hard to bear talk like this from a dingy loafer like Mr. Joseph Hook, and Lovell's eyes fairly blazed at the squat fat man in the bowler-hat. But he tried hard to keep his temper.

"Gower says—" he began again. "I don't want to 'ear what he says, or what you say, neither!" said Mr. Hook surlily. "I want seven

D'ARCY'S LATEST!



Arthur Augustus D'Arcy of St. Jim's with his baby!

(See the screamingly funny school story in this week's GEM Library. Out on Wednesday.)

pounds, and I don't want nothing else. Don't he owe me the money?"

Lovell's anger broke out. "No, not honestly!" he exclaimed. "A scoundrel who leads a kid like that to play cards and make bets ought to be in prison. That's where you ought to be!"

"Oh, that's the tune, is it?" exclaimed Mr. Hook, his hard face growing purple with rage. "Why, you cheeky young rascal, you dare to talk to me! Why, I'll lay my stick round you—"

"I'd like to see you do it!" retorted Lovell contemptuously, quite forgetful by that time that he had come as an ambassador.

"Would you, by gum!" exclaimed Joey Hook.

And the squat man lurched out of

the shadows, his walking-stick grasped in his hand, and made a cut at the Rookwood junior.

Lovell caught the stick with his shoulder, and gave a yell. The next instant he was leaping at Joey Hook, with clenched fists and blazing eyes.

Crash!

"Ow! Oh, my eye! Yooooop!" spluttered Mr. Hook, as he reeled back from a terrific right-hander, which landed fairly on his red and bulbous nose. "Ow! Oh! My hat! Ow!"

Lovell's left followed up his right with terrific vim. Mr. Hook's fat legs doubled under him, and he was strewn along the lane. He smote the earth with a heavy thud.

Lovell stood over him, panting.

"Now, you scoundrel—" "Ow! Keep orf! Wow!" gasped the astonished Mr. Hook. "You young 'ooligan! Keep your 'ands orf!"

"Do you want any more, you rascal?" roared Lovell.

"Ow! Ow! Keep orf!" yelled Mr. Hook.

He scrambled to his feet. His stick had fallen somewhere in the grass, but Mr. Hook did not stop to look for it. He dodged away from Arthur Edward Lovell in great alarm.

His bulbous nose looked more bulbous than ever, and a stream of crimson ran from it over his ragged moustache. One of his eyes blinked painfully.

Mr. Hook had had enough—more than enough! He gasped with rage and apprehension as he dodged away from Lovell.

"I'll make you sorry for this!" he spluttered. "Laying 'ands on a man! You young villain, you, I'll make you—Ow! Keep orf!"

Mr. Hook fairly ran as Lovell made another jump at him. As he fled, Lovell let out a hefty boot, which landed on Mr. Hook and sent him spinning forward. He very nearly went down again, but he just saved himself, and plunged on, disappearing in the shadows down the lane.

Lovell stared after him, frowning. He had dealt with Mr. Hook as that dingy rascal deserved; there was no doubt about that. But it dawned on Lovell's mind—rather late—that though Mr. Joseph Hook had certainly received his deserts, the cause of the hapless Gower had not been much improved thereby.

"Well, he asked for it!" muttered Lovell.

Mr. Joseph Hook was gone; his stertorous breathing had died away down the lane. Slowly Arthur Edward Lovell turned back towards Rookwood. From somewhere in the distance the hour of nine had chimed out through the autumn night.

Lovell hurried back towards the school.

THE END.

(For next Monday—"A Lucky Find!" Another top-notch story featuring Jimmy Silver & Co. of Rookwood School. Make sure you read it by ordering your copy of the BOYS' FRIEND in advance!)

A TURN OF LUCK!

By RICHARD HOLT.

(Continued from page 249.)

turning on his toes he could just about make that l'il old needle stop where he liked.

"Now, I was lucky enough to see him change over that bar one night, when he got plumb tired of twisting on one foot, and I saw how I could beat him. I hadn't got a bigger magnet, but at back o' Pike's Peak there is a chunk of lodestone bigger'n a mountain. All I does is to chip a bit off. I smuggles it in under my hat, and I gets the bulge on Slim prop'ly."

There was a roar of laughter at the Kid's explanation, but it gave way to a roar of anger as soon as the riders realised how they had been done. One or two had drawn guns, but the old-timer who had spoken before stood alongside the terror-stricken gambler.

"You has also to deal w' me, boys," he said. "Put them irons away. Guess the sher'f 'll deal with Slim in due course. Meantimes we'll make a list of our losses, and mebbe Slim will oblige by paying out."

And Slim did without delay, just before the sheriff came to take charge of him.

Next day Brown Bear's ponies were put up for sale. With the exception of a few of the animals Big Bill was able to buy the lot for the rancher. One of the ponies, however, a little bay with a white fore-foot, he bought himself for forty dollars.

"I is aimin' to make you a present of that little hoss, Kid," he said, "just as a little memento of your first trip to Bourke."

And the big foreman would not hear of any denial.

It was an animal after the Kid's own heart, and he took it with all the joy of possession.

"Guess I hardly know what to call him," he said jokingly. "What about Slim?"

But Big Bill shook his head. "I reck'n I'd call him Lodestone," he said. "That's a lucky name."

THE END.

(Val Hilton, Prince Ching Lung, and Gan Waga & Co. all appear in "Warned Off!"—next Monday's magnificent story by Sidney Drew. Don't miss it! Order your BOYS' FRIEND in advance and avoid disappointment!)

FIGHTS THAT HAVE MADE HISTORY.

By STANLEY HOOPER.

Earlier Fighters.

A brief record of some of the great fights that have been enacted in the realm of fisticuffs would not come amiss. In appending a list of names of champions who have made history I would preface my remarks by informing the reader that pugilism, as a sport and a means of self-defence, was bred and born in Britain. In the days I am speaking of not even America took a hand in the game, which is rather strange, seeing how predominant our cousins across the water are to-day. It thus fell out that each British champion was universally regarded as holder of the world's title—there being no member of a foreign country to compete with him.

The first recorded champion was James Figg, who was heralded as such in the year 1719. Figg's brawny fists kept all comers at bay for many years, for it was not until 1733 that we find a newcomer having a tilt at the title. This was Tom Pipes, who twice beat another bare-knuckle fighter by the name of Greeting.

Then came that famous old fighter, Jack Broughton, who held the championship for eighteen years before he was finally vanquished by Jack Slack, in the year 1750. From then onwards, until the days of Jem Belcher, some fifty years later, many warriors fought between the ropes on the green sward.

Famous Names.

There followed later the great knuckle fights between Belcher and Joe Burke which the former won in the sixteenth and fourteenth rounds respectively. Belcher was eventually beaten by Henry Pearce, the "Game Chicken" as he was familiarly known.

Then came the advent of that great fighter, Tom Cribb, who fought some stirring battles in the ring, and twice overcame Tom Molineaux, the first black man who ever contested a title. The matching of the pair for their second bout caused tremendous excitement, and twenty thousand spectators gathered together to witness the Englishman's triumph. Cribb retired from the ring shortly afterwards.

A host of famous battlers followed including Tom Spring, Jem Ward, James (Deaf) Burke, Bendigo, Bill Perry—the Tipton Slasher—Harry Broome, and Nat Langham.

Tom Sayers.

Perhaps the most fascinating fighter of the old days was Tom Sayers, who has since been made the hero of many a novel dealing with pugilism. Sayers, despite the fact that his weight was something under eleven stone, fought all the giants of his day, and in the

year 1857 beat Perry in nine rounds for £200 a side and the championship belt. His most famous battle was with J. C. Heenan in 1860. The fight went 42 rounds and occupied 2 hours, 20 minutes, the result being a draw. This historic contest took place on April 17th, at Farnborough, Kent.

Then came the days of the famous English pugilist, Jem Mace, and with his advent came a new era in pugilism. Mace practised what is now known as the English style of fisticuffs, standing perfectly upright and using the straight left. He was a master in his art and held the championship until 1870.

America to the Fore.

The next great English fighter was Jem Smith, who fought a draw with Jake Kilrain, at Seine, France, for £2,000 and the championship. But now we find that America entered the field with a vengeance; John L. Sullivan and Peter Jackson made their bow, although, it must be added, the great Sullivan was thoroughly extended in a drawn battle with the English champion, Charlie Mitchell, which went 39 rounds at Chantilly, France, and lasted 3 hours 11 minutes.

The next great contest of note was between James J. Corbett and "Gentleman" Peter Jackson, the fight taking place in 1891 at San Francisco, and was called a draw after 61 fierce rounds. And then followed a long sequence of American world's champions, including Jim Corbett (mentioned above), James J. Jeffries, Tommy Burns, Jack Johnson, Jess Willard, and Jack Dempsey, the present champion. We must not forget, however, that Bob Fitzsimmons, who won the world's title from Corbett in 1897, although generally looked upon as an American, was actually an Englishman born in Cornwall.

Modern Champions.

It is generally conceded that Tommy Burns started the big purse craze by demanding £6,000 win, lose, or draw for his fight with Jack Johnson. But this is a small amount in comparison to the large sums which came the negro's way afterwards, while the £100,000 purse fought for by Jack Dempsey and Georges Carpentier in 1921 completely dwarfs all previous amounts.

Carpentier is perhaps the best heavyweight Europe has produced during the last twenty years, and his fight with Dempsey at Jersey City drew the record gathering of 83,000 spectators.

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