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The BOYS' FRIEND 2d.

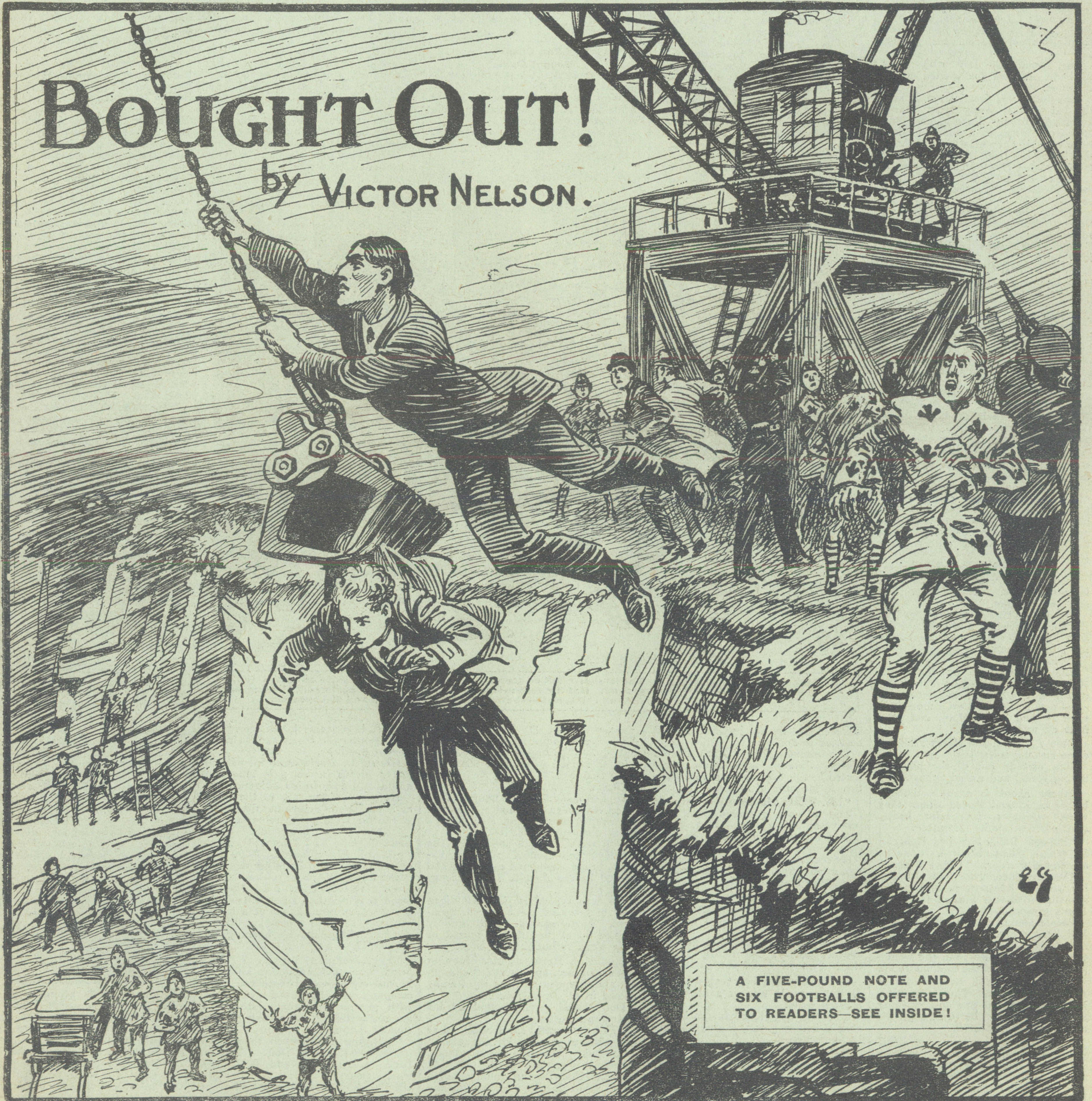
EVERY MONDAY.

SIXTEEN BIG PAGES!

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THE BEST BOYS' PAPER IN THE WORLD!

[Week Ending October 25th, 1924.



DON DARREL IN DIRE PERIL!

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

ANOTHER FASCINATING STORY OF THE CHUMS OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL!



A Lucky Find!

By OWEN CONQUEST.

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

It is indeed fortunate for Cuthbert Gower that he gets out of his scrape as easily as he does!

The 1st Chapter.

The Return of the Ambassador.

"Seen that ass Lovell?"

Three Rookwood juniors were asking that question up and down the Fourth Form passage as bed-time drew near.

The three were Jimmy Silver, George Raby, and Arthur Newcome. They were the three who had the privilege—not always a happy one—of being the bosom pals of Arthur Edward Lovell of the Classical Fourth.

They had asked the question a dozen times, and they were still asking it, without receiving a satisfactory answer. Sometimes they varied it a little; but always in a way that denoted an extremely disparaging opinion of Arthur Edward Lovell's intellect.

"Seen that chump Lovell?"

"Seen that frabjous fathead Lovell?"

"Anybody seen that burbling blitherer Lovell?"

Nobody had, apparently. Arthur Edward Lovell, of the Classical Fourth, seemed to have disappeared; he was gone from the gaze of his comrades like a beautiful dream.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were growing exasperated, and very uneasy.

There had been a difference of opinion in the end study, and Lovell had been displaying a dignified reserve; which was his more pleasing name for what other fellows called "sulks."

While the dignified reserve, alias sulks, lasted, his chums were not specially anxious for his society. But it was close on bed-time now, and they wondered what had become of Lovell. He did not seem to be in the school at all, and Mornington had seen him slipping into the box-room at the end of the passage—and the box-room window was a way of egress well known to juniors bent on breaking bounds.

"The silly ass has gone out!" Raby declared. "He's broken bounds without saying a word to us! Just like him to get nailed by a prefect when he comes in."

"Oh, just!" agreed Newcome.

Jimmy Silver sighed.

"Old Lovell can't help being a silly ass!" he remarked. "Asses are like poets—born, not made. But really this is the limit—getting out of bounds on his own, just because he's on his silly dignity! We'd better bump him when he comes in."

"Good egg!"

"Oh, he'll come in with a prefect's paw on his collar!" said Raby. "He's bound to land in trouble, otherwise it wouldn't be Lovell."

"It wouldn't!" agreed Newcome.

Jimmy Silver was worried. Nearly every fellow in the Classical Fourth had been asked whether he had seen Lovell; but nobody had seen him since Morny. In ten minutes, or less, Bulkeley of the Sixth would be shepherding the Classical Fourth off to their dormitory, and if Lovell was still missing then, it would mean serious trouble for the headstrong Arthur Edward. Arthur Edward was rather a complacent fellow, with unbounded confidence in himself. But that confidence his chums were far from sharing.

Their opinion was, that if any trouble happened to be lying around loose Lovell was precisely the fellow

to butt right into the middle of it, and stick there.

So they were anxious as well as exasperated. Lovell tried their patience often, and tried it hard. But, after all, he was their chum.

"If the blinking chump has gone out of bounds, he'll have left the box-room window unfastened," said Jimmy at last. "Let's go and see."

And the three juniors went into the box-room, which was near the door of the end study in the Fourth.

"No! Yes! Oh, yes!" stammered Gower.

"Then he's out of bounds?"

"I—I think so."

Raby gave an angry grunt.

"Is Lovell palling on with Gower?" he asked in disgust. "He never said a word to us about clearing out. Where has he gone, Gower?"

"I—I—" Gower stammered.

"If Gower's waiting here to let him in, we needn't trouble," said New-

the box-room he did not see his three chums. Gower caught him by the arm as he got in.

"Lovell—quick! Is it all right?"

"No!"

"Oh!" gasped Gower.

"I did my best," said Lovell. "I met Joey Hook where you told me. He was cheeky, and I knocked him down."

"What?" yelled Gower.

"He was cheeky, and I knocked him down," repeated Lovell. "I kicked him, too. I think very likely it's done him good, Gower."

"You fool!"

"What?" exclaimed Lovell.

"You fool—fool—fool!" hissed Gower. "Is that your way of helping a fellow? I'm done for now!"

"You were done for, anyhow, if I hadn't interfered and helped you!" growled Lovell.

"How have you helped me, you silly idiot?"

"Well, I've knocked that scoundrel down. He will have a prize nose, I think. That's something."

"Oh, you fool!"

Gower was trembling from head to foot with rage and terror. Arthur Edward Lovell glared at him.

"Is that your thanks?" he bawled.

"Fool!"

"Do you want me to serve you the same as I served Joey Hook?"

"Fool!"

"My hat! I—I'll—"

"No, you won't!" interposed Jimmy Silver, catching Arthur Edward Lovell by the arm. "Come away, fathead!"

"That you, Jimmy—"

"Yes, ass."

"Has Gower told you—"

"No—you have!" chuckled Jimmy.

"Come away! Gower doesn't look as if he wants punching."

"I'm done for!" moaned Gower.

man, meeting him in Coombe Lane," pursued Lovell. "I was going to try to get time for the shady ass to pay, and all that. Gower thought it might do good. I was a fool to go—"

"You were!" agreed Raby.

"Well, I went, and the man was cheeky—in fact, insolent—and I knocked him down," said Lovell. "What else could a fellow do, with a blackguardly rotter like that?"

"Oh crumbs!" murmured Jimmy Silver.

Newcome broke into an involuntary chuckle.

"Did you think that would make him go easier with Gower?" he inquired.

"Oh, don't be an ass, Newcome! I've no doubt it's done him good—he's wanted a lesson for a long time. I've jolly well knocked him down, and I kicked him when he bunked, too—and my opinion is that it will teach him a lesson. And all the thanks I get from Gower is—well, you've heard him," exclaimed Lovell, in great wrath.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you cackling at?" roared Lovell.

"My hat! I sha'n't select you for an ambassador, Lovell, if I ever get into a scrape like Gower's!" chortled Raby.

"Fathead! I've done my best—"

"I'm ruined!" groaned Gower wretchedly. "He said he would send my paper to the Head by post to-night, unless I paid. He might have relented—now he won't—not now that that fool has laid hands on him. I'm done for at Rookwood."

Gower limped out of the box-room trembling. Arthur Edward Lovell gave a snort of disgust.

"That's the thanks I get!" he exclaimed.

"And about all you've earned, I think," said Jimmy Silver. "Come on, ass—it's dorm now. We shall be missed in another minute. I suppose you don't want to have to explain to a prefect that you've been on an embassy to a loafer of the Bird-in-Hand. Come on."

And Jimmy Silver fastened the box-room window, and the Fistical Four hurried away after Gower—Lovell still fuming with indignation.

The 2nd Chapter. Lovell's Reply.

Clang!

The rising-bell of Rookwood rang out in the hazy October morning. The Classical Fourth turned out of bed. There was one member of the Form whose face was so white and worn that it attracted many curious, and in some instances derisive, glances from the other fellows.

Cuthbert Gower had slept little. He turned out of bed white and wretched, in a state of apprehension that he could not conceal, that he hardly thought of attempting to conceal.

More than once had the sportsman of the Fourth tempted fate; and now it seemed that the "chopper" was coming down at last, in deadly earnest.

The knowledge that he deserved it was no comfort to Gower. He had considered himself no end of a sportsman, in dabbling in pursuits that were forbidden to all Rookwood fellows—that, indeed, decent fellows never wanted to dabble in. He had liked to keep a pink sporting paper in his study, a box of cigarettes in his table drawer, and to talk knowingly about "geegees," and the odds. Now, having called the tune, it was time for him to pay the piper; and he did not like the prospect at all.

Mr. Joseph Hook, the dingy and disreputable sharper, held his written promise to pay seven pounds. Seven shillings were beyond Gower's resources at present.

In return for the sum mentioned, the sharper was prepared to hand over his I O U. He had brought it to the meeting-place the previous evening, expecting to see Gower there with the money—when Lovell had turned up instead. Indeed, Mr. Hook had had the tell-tale paper in his hand, ready to part with it for its face value, when Lovell so lamentably failed in the tact that was required of an ambassador on a delicate mission. Even Mr. Hook, rascal as he was, had his limit—he would not have kept Gower's paper, had he been paid. But he had not been paid—and Lovell, instead of persuading him to mercy by honeyed words, had knocked him down!

Lovell, in the kindness of his heart, had really intended to do his best to

(Continued overleaf.)



CAUGHT REDHANDED! As Jimmy Silver entered the end study Gower of the Fourth spun round from Arthur Edward Lovell's desk. Jimmy Silver stared at Gower. For a moment or two he did not understand. Then, as he saw that a chisel was clutched in Gower's trembling hand, he comprehended all of a sudden. His brow grew black. "You awful rascal!" he gasped. "What's your game? Are you a thief?"

It was very dark in the room, only the window showing itself as a glimmering square against the starlight.

Against the starlit window there was a dark shadow, and the juniors started as they saw it.

"Somebody's here!" murmured Raby.

In the darkness a junior was standing by the box-room window, his face pressed against the glass, staring out.

Jimmy Silver & Co. could not see who it was; the figure was simply a black shadow on the glass. But as Raby murmured, it spun round, and they caught a gleam of startled eyes.

"Who—who's there?" came a gasping voice.

"Hallo! Is that Gower?" asked Jimmy.

"Yes!" gasped Gower. "What—what do you want? Has—has Lovell told you? Has he—" Gower broke off.

Jimmy closed the box-room door, and came across to the window. In the dimness, Gower's face showed pale and scared.

"Has Lovell told me what?" asked Jimmy very quietly.

"Oh, nothing!"

"Are you waiting here for Lovell?"

come dryly. "If Lovell prefers a smoky, bettin' outsider for a pal, let him have Gower, and welcome. Let's get out of this!"

"Hold on!" said Jimmy Silver.

"I don't quite catch on. Only to-day Lovell was ragging Gower for slacking in the games practice. That's what our little tiff was about, in fact. I don't see how he's become so pally with Gower all of a sudden. I think—"

Jimmy broke off as a shadow moved outside the window.

The rather burly form of Arthur Edward Lovell loomed up there, standing on the flat leads outside.

"Here he is!"

"Oh, good!" gasped Gower.

Cuthbert Gower hurriedly pushed up the lower sash of the window. There was a startled exclamation from the junior outside on the leads.

"What—Who's that?"

"It's me—Gower!"

"You ass! You made me jump! I thought it was a prefect for a minute!" growled Lovell. "What the dickens were you waiting here for, Gower?"

"I—I was anxious about you."

"What rot!"

Lovell climbed in. In the gloom of

"Serve you jolly well right," said Lovell wrathfully. "My hat! I never expected any gratitude, but this is too thick. I've jolly well risked a flogging, going out of bounds to see that scoundrel for you. Now you call me names."

"Fool!" groaned Gower. "You've done for me! Hook might have let me off, or given me time—now he will be in a frightful rage, and he will take it out of me."

"Well, you've asked for it, haven't you?"

"What on earth's the trouble?" asked Raby, in wonder. "Mean to say you've been out of bounds, Lovell, to see that billiards sharper of the Bird-in-Hand, that rotter Joey Hook?"

"I say, that's the limit," murmured Newcome.

"I'll tell you," exclaimed Lovell angrily. "That blackguard Gower has been betting with Hook, and borrowing money of him to play cards, and owes him seven pounds, and has given him a written promise to pay. He can't pay—and Hook threatens to send his paper to the Head."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Gower got me to go and see the

You'll enjoy "Putty's Bright Idea!" the lively story of the chums of Rookwood School appearing in next Monday's BOYS' FRIEND!



A Lucky Find!

(Continued from previous page.)

save Gower from the result of his folly. It was not perhaps his fault that he had failed—Lovell was not fitted by nature to act as a go-between in delicate affairs. Arthur Edward had his own manners and customs, which his chums were wont to liken to the methods of a bull in a china-shop.

Whether Lovell had done his best, or his worst, Gower knew what to expect. The last hope was gone—Joey Hook would be quite ruthless now. The tell-tale piece of paper would be posted to the headmaster of Rookwood—and that was the end of all things for the unhappy sportsman of the Fourth.

Once Dr. Chisholm saw the statement, in Gower's handwriting, that he owed the billiards-sharper seven pounds, all that remained was the "long jump" for Gower. The very next train would bear him away from Rookwood, for ever—with a letter from the Head explaining matters to his father.

It was no wonder that Gower trembled at the prospect.

Valentine Mornington, in his wild days, had taken the same risks; but Morny had the nerve to face the music. Gower had played the blackguard, without the courage to face the consequences if disaster came. And now disaster had come—or was coming. As he crawled out of bed that morning, Gower had no doubt whatever that his "bit of paper" was already in the morning's delivery of letters, only waiting for Dr. Chisholm's eyes to fall upon it. No wonder he looked white and worn and wretched.

Jimmy Silver gave him a compassionate glance. He was disgusted with Gower's dingy blackguardism, but he could feel for a fellow who was down—and Gower was down and out now. Jimmy would have helped him if he could, but there was, of course, nothing to be done.

Arthur Edward Lovell, however, frowned at him. Lovell's view was that he had gone out of his way and taken trouble and risk, to help a measly outsider, and had been slanged for his pains. Naturally Arthur Edward was indignant.

So he gave Gower a lofty look of disdain as he left the dormitory, which Gower answered with a glance of haggard reproach.

The Fistical Four walked out into the quad before breakfast to punt about a football. Gower came out soon afterwards and looked round for them, and joined them.

"I want to speak to you, Lovell!" he called out.

"Oh, don't bother!" snapped Lovell. "I'm fed-up with you, Gower!"

"Let him speak, all the same," said Jimmy Silver mildly.

"I—I think it's up to you to help me somehow," muttered Gower. "You've landed me in this, Lovell."

"I have?" bawled Arthur Edward.

"Yes, you! Why couldn't you let the man alone—keep your hands off him? He might have let me off—now he won't! If the letter's posted to the Head I'm done for, but if it isn't, there may be a chance—if I could raise the money!"

"Are you asking me to lend you seven pounds?" asked Lovell sarcastically. "I've got about three-and-six. Not that I'd lend you any money if I had it, to give to a man like that!"

Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome followed the football. Lovell would have gone after them, but the wretched Gower caught him by the arm.

"Look here, Lovell—"

"Oh, give us a rest!" said Lovell. "Look here, Gower! That brute Hook wanted knocking down. My belief is that it was the best way to deal with him. It was what he's been asking for. I think it's very

his comrades. Then the wretched fellow picked himself up and moved away limply.

The 3rd Chapter. The Sword of Damocles!

"Who wouldn't be a jolly sportsman?" murmured Valentine Mornington in the Fourth Form room that morning, before Mr. Dalton came in. Some of the Fourth chuckled.

By that time Gower's disaster was very little of a secret in the Form. His wretched face gave away his trouble, and there were a good many fellows who knew his ways who had quite expected it to come to this in the long run.

Precise details were not known, but it was generally known that Gower had come a "mucker" in his sporting pursuits and was expecting to be called up before the "Beak."

His own pals, Peele and Lattrey, may have sympathised; but, if so, they did not err on the side of being too demonstrative about it. They seemed to be leaving Gower rather severely alone.

Probably they were rather uneasy about their own little peccadilloes coming to light, and were very anxious not to risk being dragged down in Gower's fall.

won't hear me whinin'!" said Mornington contemptuously.

Mr. Dalton came into the Form-room, and the juniors took their places in silence. Gower gave the Fourth Form master an almost anguished look. By that time Dr. Chisholm must have opened his morning's letters, and Gower fully expected Mr. Dalton to tell him that the Head wanted him.

But the Form master did not address Gower or take any special notice of him.

Gower felt relieved, and yet he would have been glad to get it over, as it had to come. He wondered whether the Head was leaving the matter till after morning lessons. It was rotten to keep him in suspense like this, he thought. Or was it that Joey Hook had not posted the letter overnight, after all? Was it barely possible that he had been cowed by Lovell's drastic method of dealing with him?

Between fear and hope, Gower was not in a happy mood that morning. He was deeply thankful when classes were over and Mr. Dalton dismissed the Fourth.

Gower slipped quietly out of gates as soon as he was at liberty. He felt that he must know the worst, and the only way was to see Mr.

Hook. Gower was prepared to eat "humble pie" to any extent to apologise submissively for Lovell's conduct—to say anything, to promise anything, to induce the sharper to hold his hand.

He hurried along Coombe Lane towards the village. At a short distance from the school he stopped suddenly. He had caught sight of Mr. Joseph Hook in the lane.

Gower stared at him. Joey Hook's occupation was a peculiar one. He was on his knees in the grass by the roadside, peering and blinking round him, with a red and angry face. Apparently he was looking for something that had been dropped, and his failure to find it was irritating his temper.

He glanced up and saw Gower looking at him, and rose to his feet, with a black scowl.

"Oh, you!" he snapped. "Lost something, Joey?" asked Gower, with an attempt at cheerfulness. "Let me help you find it."

"You mind your own business!" said Mr. Hook sourly. "I don't want any 'elp from you, young Gower!"

"What is it, Joey?" asked Gower. "I'll find it for you."

"Never you mind wot it is!" answered Mr. Hook. "You coming along to see me? You got the money?"

"No, I—"

"Then get out!" said Mr. Hook rudely. "Your pal last night punched me! Praps you're going to try on the same game?" And the fat man came towards Gower, with a threatening scowl. He did not care to handle a sturdy fellow like Arthur Edward Lovell, but certainly Gower could not have punched Mr. Hook with impunity.

The Rookwood junior backed away. "No—no! I—I'm sorry!" he stammered. "I—I—Lovell was a fool—a silly fool—I never meant—"

"You was a fool, to send him to 'it a man," said Mr. Hook. "You'll be sorry for it, young Gower."

"I never meant—"

"Get out!"

"I—I say, Joey—"

"Don't you say anything, unless you've got the dibs," said Mr. Hook. "I ain't posted that letter yet, but it's coming along to-day, if you ain't squared up. Now you get out!"

He made a threatening motion with his stick, and the hapless Gower turned away. There was evidently nothing to be got out of Joseph Hook. It was a relief to know that the tell-tale piece of paper had not yet been posted; but the blow was only averted. Gower tramped dismally back to Rookwood.

Joey Hook watched him out of sight with a scowling face, and then dropped on his fat knees again, and resumed his search in the grass.

Hither and thither he went, peering and blinking, growling to himself as he searched. But his search was in vain. Whatever it was that Mr. Hook sought, the object eluded him, and he rose at last, and slouched away towards the village, muttering to himself.

Gower came in at the school in time for dinner. He met Arthur Edward Lovell as he went into the House.

Lovell gave him a sarcastic glance. "Chopper not come down yet?" he asked.

"Not yet!" muttered Gower.

"I told you so."

"Eh?"

"I've knocked the cheek out of that scoundrel, as I told you," said Lovell. "That's all there is about it."

"Fool!"

"My hat! I'll—"

Gower hurried into the House. Mr. Dalton presided at the Fourth Form table, and Cuthbert Gower

(Continued on the next page.)

DON'T MISS THIS GREAT OPPORTUNITY! A FIVE-POUND NOTE AND SIX FOOTBALLS OFFERED IN PRIZES!

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 destroyers. 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. 6, BOYS' FRIEND Office, Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4, so as to reach that address not later than THURSDAY, October 30th.

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.

"You've got quite enough—in your desk in the end study—" Gower's voice was a hoarse whisper.

Lovell stared at him, not understanding.

"There's no money in my desk except the football funds," he said.

"I—I mean—"

Gower did not dare to finish, but his meaning dawned on Lovell. The brow of Arthur Edward grew thunderous.

"Are you asking me to embezzle the club funds to give you the money to pay betting debts?" he gasped.

"Only for a time—a short time. I—I— Oh!" roared Gower as Arthur Edward's fist shot out.

Crash!

Cuthbert Gower sat down in the quad.

"That's my answer to that!" roared Lovell. "Now get up again and I'll knock you down again!"

"Ow!"

Gower did not get up. Lovell, with a glare of contempt, left him sitting there and went after

I enter "WARSHIPS" Competition No. 6 and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and binding.

Name

Address

B.F. Closing date, October 30th.

Valentine Mornington had little sympathy to waste on Gower. A fellow who asked for trouble and lacked the courage to face it when it came evoked only contempt on Morny's part. The dandy of the Fourth, indeed, seemed to find something entertaining in Gower's long, dismal face.

"Who wouldn't be a merry old sportsman?" he repeated. "No end jolly and excitin', and all that! Isn't it, Gower?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, cheese it, Morny!" murmured Erroll. "The chap's down on his luck, you know!"

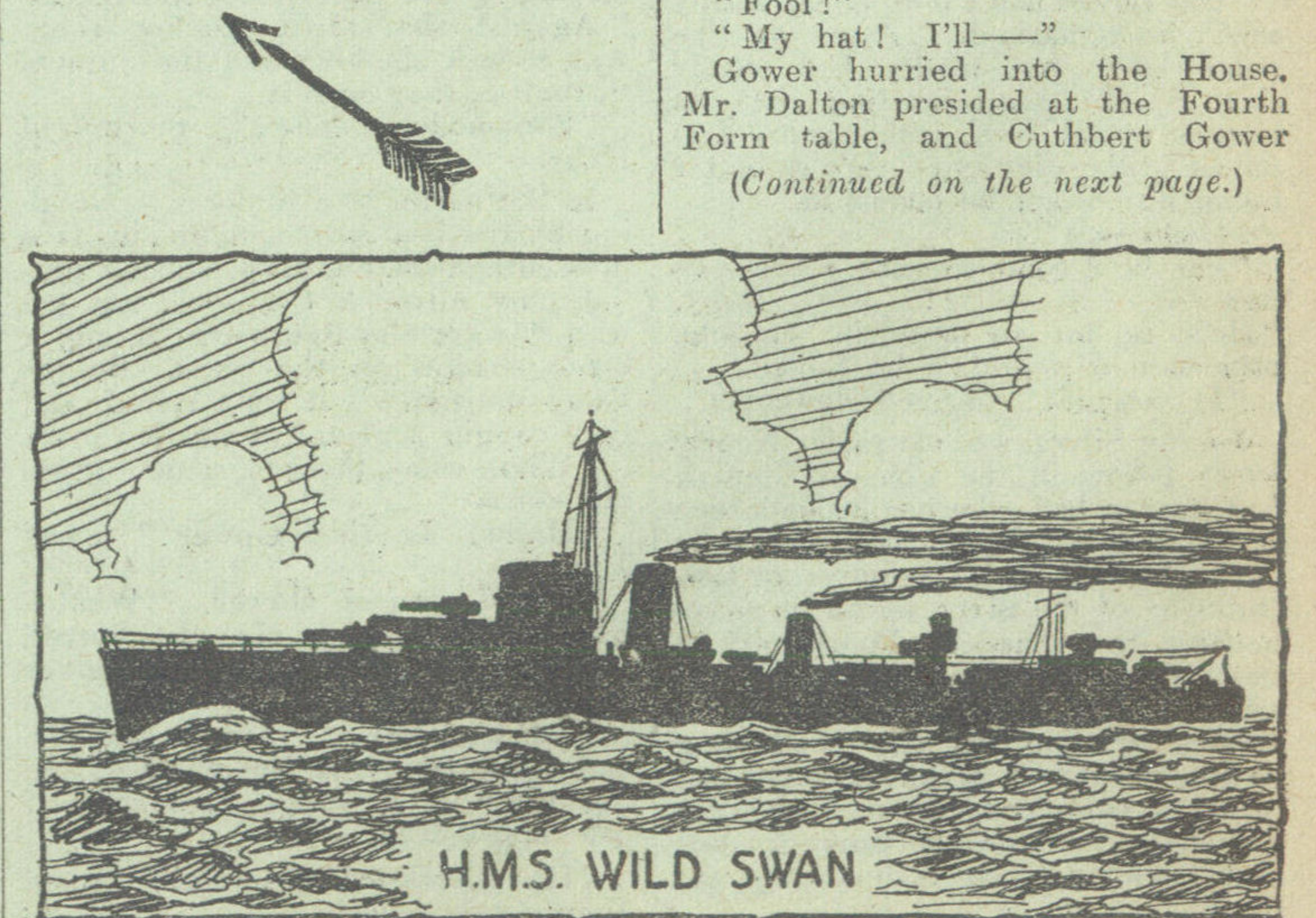
Mornington shrugged his shoulders.

"He's makin' enough fuss about it!" he said. "Why, if this goes on it will be a standin' joke soon!"

Gower gave him a bitter look.

"It won't go on!" he said. "I'm gettin' the sack to-day—as you ought to have long ago, Morny!"

"Well, if it comes my way you



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

A Five-Pound Note and Six Footballs must be won every week! Tell ALL your pals about our fascinating "Warships" competitions!

eyed him uneasily, and was relieved when he failed to catch the Form master's eye. Evidently Mr. Richard Dalton knew nothing so far. The Head had not received the letter from Mr. Hook. But—when it came—

Gower almost wished that it had come. This suspense was his hardest punishment. He felt like Damocles of old, with the sword suspended over his head by a single thread. After dinner the wretched fellow slunk away by himself, in almost a state of desperation.

The 4th Chapter. Morny's Find!

"Comin' out, Gower?" Valentine Mornington asked that question, with a derisive grin. Erroll, who was with the dandy of the Fourth, frowned a little. He quite failed to see anything funny in the hapless Gower's predicament, entertaining as it appeared to be to Morny.

Gower stared at them. He was "mooching" dismally under the old beeches, his hands driven deep into his pockets. Classes were over for the day, and it was a pleasant sunny afternoon; but sun and storm were all the same to Gower that day.

"We're goin' out, old chap," went on Mornington. "Nothin' in your line, of course. There was a time when I looked on the wine when it was red, and the billiards-table when it was green, but Erroll has put a stop to all that—haven't you, Erroll?"

Erroll did not speak. "Now, I'm like the johnny on the tub at the street corners," went on Mornington. "I used to be everythin' that was bad, and now I'm everythin' that's good. An hour or two in my improvin' society will do you good, Gower. Come along!"

"Oh, cheese it!" muttered Gower. He was in no mood for Morny's airy badinage. "After your pluggin' and sportin', it will be a nerve rest," said Morny. "We're not goin' to the Bird-in-Hand or to the races. We're goin' to take a quiet and sedate walk, and talk seriously about Shakespeare—ain't we, Erroll?"

"Fathead!" said Erroll. "We've got sandwiches in our pockets," went on Morny. "Sittin' under a peaceful hedge, we're goin' to have our tea, and reflect what really nice and well-behaved fellows we are! Come on. It's just the stunt for a repentant sinner. I'm sure you're repentant, now you've been found out."

Gower gritted his teeth, and turned his back on Mornington. Erroll caught his chum by the arm and dragged him away.

Morny laughed as he went. "Did you ever see such a sickenin' funk?" he asked. "By gad! He's makin' himself a figure of fun to the whole school, with that face of his. Dicky Dalton will notice it soon, and ask him what's the matter. Then Gower will begin weepin' and wailin'. Who wouldn't be a jolly sportsman?"

"The poor beggar's got it," said Erroll. "For goodness' sake let him alone."

Morny laughed again. "He looks as if he's taken the knock," he remarked. "But he hasn't taken it yet. What will he look like when he really gets it?"

"Poor beggar!" said Erroll.

The two juniors walked out of gates. Valentine Mornington was in a mocking mood, as his observations to Gower showed. As a matter of fact, Morny was still a good deal of his old self—the old Morny, who had been the most reckless fellow in the Fourth, and not a little of a black-guard. Erroll's serious influence over him had brought about a change, and the change had gone deep; but Morny was sometimes quite the old Morny. Left to his own devices, he would have preferred to spend his leisure hours that afternoon in some risky escapade—probably of a shady kind. With Erroll that was impossible.

But the idea of going out for a quiet ramble, and sitting under a hedge to eat sandwiches for tea, made Morny grin at himself. He wondered sometimes how he stood it, and why he did not throw Erroll over and chum up again with his former comrades—Peele and Gower and Smythe of the Shell, and fellows of that kind. But he never did.

"Hallo, there's jolly old Joey!" remarked Mornington, as the chums strolled down Coombe Lane.

Joey Hook appeared in a gap in the hedge, close by the spot where

Gower had seen him that morning—the spot where Arthur Edward Lovell had met him the previous night. Hook was apparently on his quest again, whatever that quest was; he was rooting about in the hedge, obviously in search of something he failed to find.

Morny gave him a cheery nod. Joey Hook was an old acquaintance of his—an acquaintance he had long dropped, however.

"Lookin' for somethin', old bird?" he asked.

"Yes!" grunted Mr. Hook.

Mornington glanced whimsically at his chum.

"Let's help Mr. Hook," he said. "We're Scouts, you know, and it will be our good turn for the day—what?"

"Oh, come on," said Erroll.

"Don't you want to do a good deed, old chap?" mocked Mornington. "Good deeds are really more in your line than my own. Ain't you keen on playin' the Good Samaritan?"

Erroll dragged him on, and Morny went, laughing. Mr. Hook was left rooting about, his fat face growing blacker and blacker, till at last he gave up the vain search and rolled away towards the Bird-in-Hand for refreshment.

Mornington and Erroll continued their walk. In the pleasant autumn sunshine it was agreeable enough to ramble in the fields and woods, and

tossed on the wind, here and there, and Mornington watched it idly. It dropped in the grass, disappeared, and he forgot it; but a gust caught it again and fluttered it to his feet.

His idle glance became suddenly fixed.

There was writing on the paper. It seemed to be a letter, or something of the kind, lost or thrown away by the owner. Other people's letters had no interest for Mornington; but, as the paper lay crumpled by his feet, he caught sight of a name written on it.

Cuthbert Gower!

"Good gad!" murmured Mornington.

He stirred lazily and picked up the paper and glanced at it. Then he laughed, and looked at Erroll. Erroll, his eyes fixed on the glorious sunset in the west, had not noted the incident.

"Erroll, old man—"

Erroll looked round at him.

"You remember seein' that man Hook rooting about yonder?"

"Eh! Yes!"

"He was lookin' for somethin'?"

"I dare say he was."

"I fancy I've found what he was lookin' for."

"No bizney of yours, Morny! You can't go and see that man if you've found anything of his," said Erroll.

"If it's of any value you'd better hand it in at the police-station."

Mornington chuckled.

that, but what did you stick your knee there for?"

Jimmy gave him an expressive glance.

"You shouldn't have, you know," said Lovell, with a shake of the head.

"Fathead!" groaned Jimmy.

"Better get off quick, and rub it, old chap," said Raby.

"Much better," agreed Lovell.

"Better still not to shove your knee in the way of a fellow's boot—prevention's better than cure. But, now you've done it, better get some Elliman's."

Jimmy Silver did not answer. Words were wasted when addressed to Arthur Edward Lovell.

"Keep on, you fellows," said the captain of the Fourth. "I'll chuck it for a bit."

"Shall I help you in?" asked Newcome.

"No—that's all right!"

Jimmy Silver limped off the football ground, leaving the pick-up sides still going on. He was glad to get to the changing-room and rub his damaged knee with embrocation. It was soon feeling better; but Jimmy was crooked for that day at least, and he went up to the end study, after changing, to rest.

The Fourth Form passage was deserted. Most, if not all, of the fellows were out of the House.

Jimmy limped along the passage to the end study. The door was closed, and Jimmy Silver threw it open.

if his spine had suddenly given way, and covered his face with his hands. Tears of terror and utter misery trickled through his trembling fingers.

Jimmy Silver looked at him in silence.

His indignation was deep, but the utter surrender of the wretched fellow disarmed him.

"I—I don't care!" muttered Gower. "You can take me to the Head, if you like, and tell him! I don't care! May as well be bunked for this as for the other! I've got to go, anyhow!"

He sobbed.

"For goodness' sake, pull yourself together!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "You were going to rob Lovell's desk. My hat, that's a pretty pass for a Rookwood fellow to come to. You silly rascal, do you think you wouldn't have been spotted?"

"I'm desperate!" muttered Gower.

"I don't care! I'll be glad to go, and get it over!"

"You're a precious sort of weak-kneed blighter, to kick over the traces, aren't you?" said Jimmy Silver. "Stop blubbing, for goodness' sake. I suppose it was bound to come to this—stealing is next door to gambling. If you'd had the sense to keep straight—"

"What's the good of telling me that?" groaned Gower. "I know that better than you do. If I get out of this I'll keep straight enough. But I can't get out of it! I'm done for here!"

"The sooner you go the better, I think!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver wrathfully. "I jolly well ought to march you to Mr. Dalton by the scruff of your neck."

"Do!" mumbled Gower. "I don't care!"

He removed his trembling hands from his face, and blinked at the captain of the Fourth with wet eyes.

"Do you think I haven't been through it?" he muttered. "I've been a fool, but I've suffered for it. You wouldn't understand—you've never got into a scrape like this. That brute Hook has got me into his clutches—he's got my paper with my name on it. And the money he lent me he got off me again, at banker."

"Of course he did," snapped Jimmy. "You knew jolly well the sort of man he was. Why couldn't you keep clear of him?"

"I—I wish I had! I will, if I get out of this! That fool Lovell knocked out my last chance by butting in. I could pay the man next week, only he doesn't believe me, and won't wait for the money. I—I say, Silver—"

Gower eyed the captain of the Fourth timidly and eagerly—"if you'd help me—"

"After I've just caught you stealin'?"

"I—I tell you I was desperate. I—I'd pay you back!" moaned Gower. "I can manage it next week, I tell you. It's only seven pounds, and I'd get clear, and—and I'd swear never to touch anything of the kind again if—"

There was a step in the passage, and Valentine Mornington looked into the end study.

"Gower here by any chance?" he asked. "I've looked in every dashed study along the passage—Oh, here you are, Gower! You look as if you've been enjoyin' your jolly old sportin' self."

Gower gave the dandy of the Fourth a look of hatred, but did not speak. Jimmy Silver kicked the chisel out of sight under the table. That last and deepest guilt of the wretched "sportsman" of the Fourth was not to be revealed, at least.

"Who wouldn't be a merry blade and a giddy plunger?" said Morny. "Gower's thrivin' on it. Looks like it, doesn't he, Silver?"

"No need to rub it in, Morny," said Jimmy Silver, rather tartly. "He's got it in the neck, anyhow."

Mornington laughed. "Never sign your name to a paper, Gower, if you can help it," he said. "It's injudicious, when you don't mean to meet the little bill."

Cuthbert Gower stared at him. "What do you know about it?" he asked. "Has Lovell told you about meetin' the man for me, and knockin' him down—the fool! The idiot! But for that—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Mornington. "That's Lovell's style. I thought Hookey's nose looked as if he'd run it against somethin' hard."

"You've seen him?" asked Jimmy. "Yes, rather! The dear man was rooting about in the hedges for somethin' he'd lost," grinned Mornington. "He never found it." He fixed his mocking eyes on Gower. "Dear old

(Continued on page 272.)



GOWER'S LESSON! "In with him!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver cheerily. Splash! "Ow! Wooooooch! Grooooooh!" Cuthbert Gower vanished into the ditch. Muddy water and ooze closed right over him. He came up, spluttering, gasping, and gurgling, and stood waist-deep in the ditch. He gouged at the slime in his eyes, and spluttered out mouthfuls of ooze. "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Jimmy Silver & Co., much amused.

Erroll was quietly enjoying it. Mornington was bored almost to tears, though he tried hard to conceal the fact. It cost him a good deal, sometimes, to play up to his quiet and sedate chum—more perhaps than Kit Erroll ever suspected.

They came back by a field-path towards Coombe Lane, and Erroll stopped at a spot where a clump of willows shaded a green, sloping bank, in the sunset. It was about a hundred yards from the spot where they had seen Mr. Hook; but there was no sign of Mr. Hook on the horizon now.

"Sit down here," said Erroll cheerfully. "I'm jolly hungry, Morny. Aren't you glad now we brought the sandwiches?"

"No end glad," said Mornington gravely. "Ever so much better than tea in the study—in this fine weather and in the midst of these jolly pastoral surroundings. Listen to the bleating of the sheep and the mooing of the cows. Ever so jolly peaceful and elevatin', isn't it?"

Erroll laughed, and sat down on the grass. Valentine Mornington suppressed a deep yawn and followed his example.

However, he gave his attention to the sandwiches—the ramble had made him hungry.

The sandwiches disposed of, Mornington leaned back in the grass on the sloping green bank and stared at the sky, red in the sunset. A light wind ruffled the grass in the wide meadow, and the lights and shadows danced on it as it ceaselessly stirred. A crumpled fragment of paper was

"I don't know about its value," he said. "The face value is seven pounds, but I don't feel at all sure that Hookey would ever collect the cash."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Look!"

Mornington held out the paper, to which the name of Cuthbert Gower was signed. Erroll stared at it and started.

"So that's what's the matter with Gower!" he exclaimed.

"That's it!" grinned Mornington.

And he laughed, and slipped the paper into his pocket.

The 5th Chapter. The Limit!

"Oh, my hat!"

"Sorry, old man!"

"Wow!"

Arthur Edward Lovell took a good size in football boots. The impact of a football boot upon a knee was never very pleasant—and when that football boot was one of Lovell's it was more unpleasant than ever.

Jimmy Silver gasped. He stood on one leg and gasped. The other leg felt as if it had been under a lorry.

Football practice was going on, but it had ended rather suddenly for Jimmy Silver.

"You got in the way, old chap," said Lovell. "Awfully sorry and all

The next moment he jumped.

There was a startled cry in the room, and Gower of the Fourth spun round from the desk in the corner. It was Arthur Edward Lovell's desk.

Jimmy Silver stared at Gower.

For a moment or two he did not understand. Then, as he saw that a chisel was clutched in Gower's trembling hand, he comprehended all of a sudden.

His brow grew black.

"You awful rascal!" he gasped.

Clang!

The chisel dropped to the floor from Gower's shaking fingers. The wretched junior cowered away to the wall of the study, his dilated eyes fixed on Jimmy.

Quietly the captain of the Fourth crossed over to the desk, in which Lovell, who was treasurer of the junior club, kept the club funds.

There were two or three scratches on the wood, showing that Gower had already been attempting to open the locked desk. Fortunately, Jimmy Silver had arrived in time to prevent him from going further than that. That clumsy kick of Lovell's on the football ground had had that good result, at least.

"You miserable rotter!" exclaimed Jimmy, turning his accusing eyes on Gower. "What's your game? Are you a thief?"

Gower cowered away and groaned.

"I—I—I—"

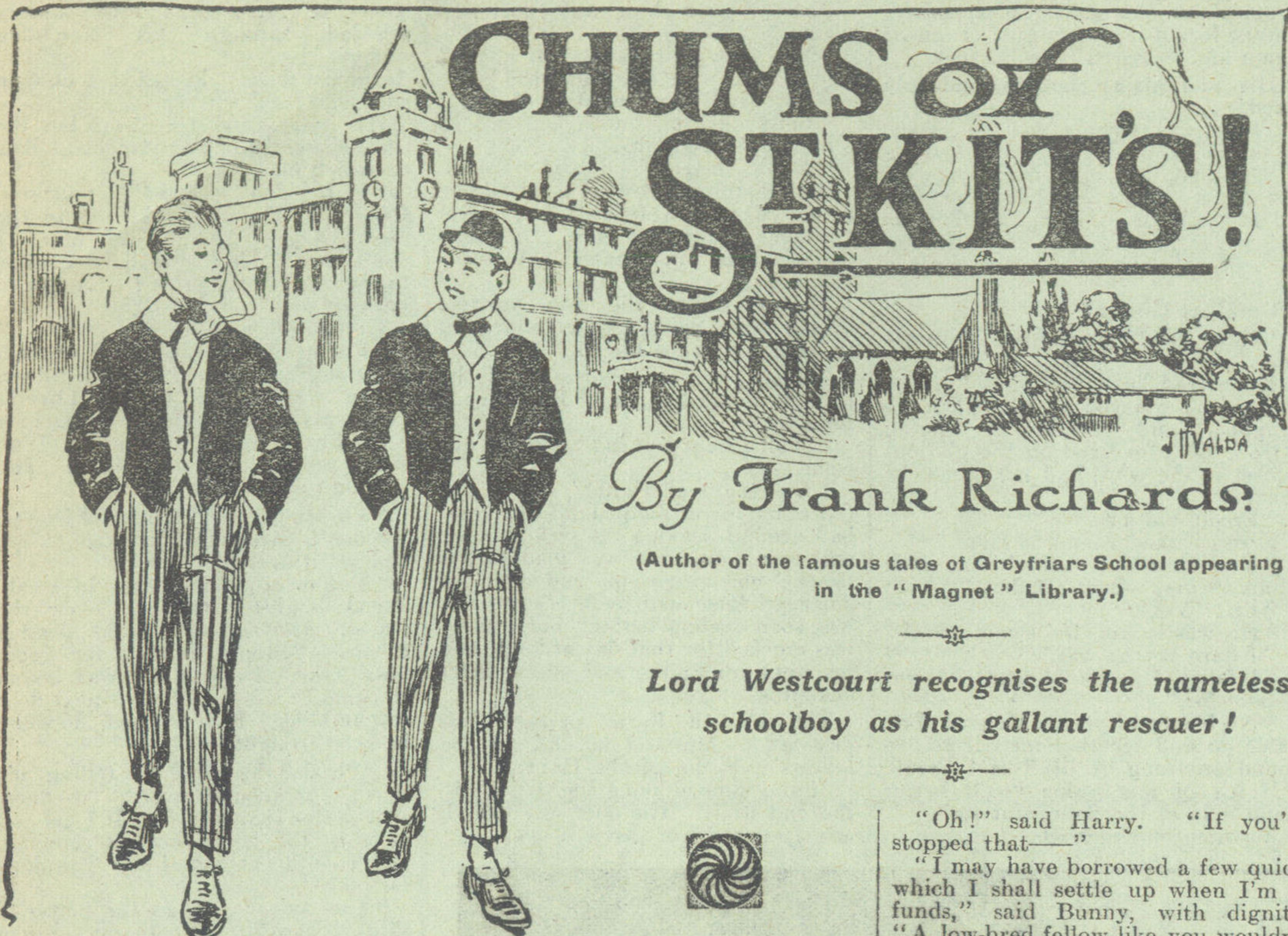
"You were trying to open Lovell's desk?"

"I—I asked him to lend me the money!" moaned Gower. "I—I—I'm up against it! I—I—I—"

He sank helplessly into a chair, as

ANSWERS EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2!

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

Lord Westcourt recognises the nameless schoolboy as his gallant rescuer!

The 1st Chapter.

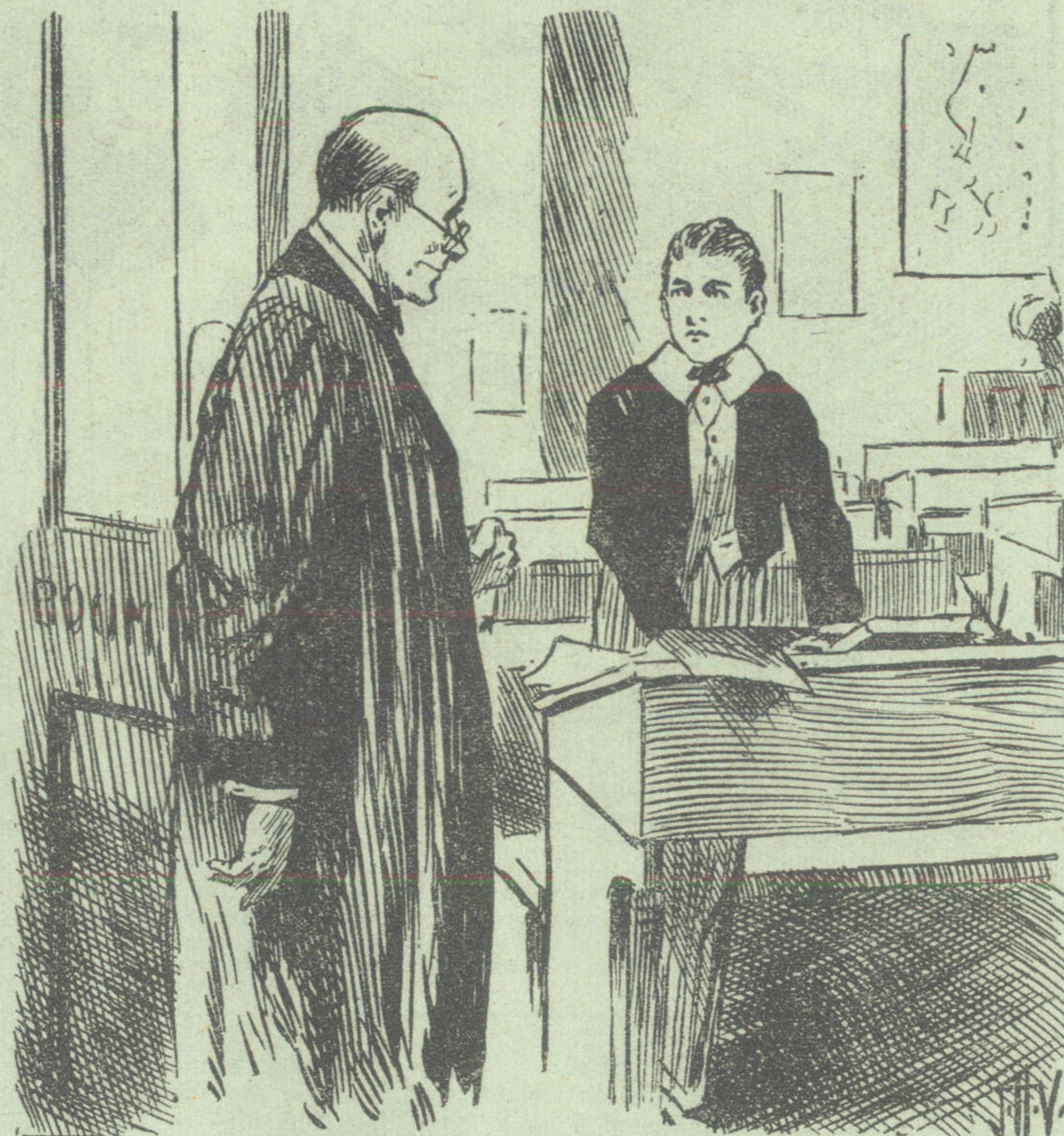
When it is learned at St. Kit's that a boy without a name is coming to the school, and is to be put into the Fourth Form, Vernon Carton, captain of the Fourth, decides to give the nameless boy a rough time when he arrives. When Harry Nameless, on his way to St. Kit's, arrives at the stone bridge which 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, Harry rescues St. Leger's father, Lord Westcourt, from the hands of a tramp when his lordship and Algy's aunts are on their way to the school to see for themselves whether the nameless schoolboy is a fit associate for St. Leger. At St. Kit's nothing is known of the identity of the lad who so gallantly attacked the tramp, for Harry slipped away without divulging his name to Lord Westcourt. A few days pass without Lord Westcourt's deliverer being discovered, and then, to the amazement of all St. Kit's, Bunny Bootles comes forward and poses as the missing hero.

The 2nd Chapter. Bunny's Little Bill.

"Trousers, two guineas!" Harry Nameless glanced at Bunny Bootles. The fat junior was seated at the table in Study No. 5 in the Fourth. He had a pen in his hand, ink on his fingers, and a dab of ink on his fat little nose. There was a wrinkle of thought in his fat brow as he scrawled on the sheet of impot paper before him. Bunny was deep in calculations. Harry Nameless had come up to the study to look for a book. The nameless schoolboy was still doing his work in the Form-room, and carefully avoiding Study No. 5. But one of his books had been overlooked in the study bookcase, and having seen St. Leger on the football-ground, Harry slipped up to the study to fetch it, having need of it just then. He found Bunny in the study.

Bunny looked up—and frowned. "What do you want?" he inquired. "This ain't your study now, Nameless. The Head said—" "I've come for my Horace," said Harry quietly. "It's here." Bunny gave a fat sneer. "You do Horace, do you, you blessed swot?" he asked. "Make out that you can read Horace." Harry Nameless did not trouble to answer that question. He looked through the bookcase for the volume he wanted. Bunny gave a sniff, and his attention returned to his calculations. "Trousers, two guineas—that's moderate. Waistcoat—say thirty bob. Thirty bob ain't too much." Harry found his Horace, and turned round to Bunny again. "I've been wanting to speak to you, Bootles," he said. "Now I'm here, I'll take the opportunity—" "The want's entirely on your side," snapped Bunny. "I don't usually talk with nameless bounders. Buzz off!" "You've been getting money out of St. Leger—" "St. Leger may have lent me a little money. No bizney of yours that I know of." "You've made him believe that you helped his father in the tussle with the tramp in Lyncroft Wood on—" "I've told him the facts, if that's what you mean." "The facts!" exclaimed Harry. "Yes." "You lying young rascal—" "That's enough!" Bunny lifted a fat forefinger, considerably inky, and pointed to the door. "Get out!" "I've something to say, first," said Harry Nameless quietly. "You can tell silly lies and swank as much as you like, Bootles—" "There's the door!" "I suppose that's not my business, but when it comes to getting money out of St. Leger it's time to stop." "Can't you mind your own bizney?" demanded Bunny. "This is my business, as I'm the only fellow in the school who knows that you are lying, and that you were miles away when the tramp attacked Algy's father." Bunny stared. "What do you know about it?" he asked. "You know that it was I," exclaimed Harry angrily. "I told you at the time, when I asked you to go to the police-station that afternoon." Bunny winked. "Draw it mild," he said. "I admit you pulled my leg at first, but I soon saw that you were gassing. That chicken won't fight, you know. If you're going to claim to be the chap who—" "I'm going to say nothing about it. But you're not going to draw money out of St. Leger—" "I'm going to do exactly as I choose," said Bunny Bootles calmly. "As for borrowing money of St. Leger, I should disdain to do anything of the kind after his ingratitude."

"Oh!" said Harry. "If you've stopped that—" "I may have borrowed a few quids, which I shall settle up when I'm in funds," said Bunny, with dignity. "A low-bred fellow like you wouldn't understand that a gentleman's bound to settle up his little personal debts, and that I never fail to do so."



HARRY'S VISITOR! Harry Nameless rose respectfully to his feet as his Form master entered the room. Mr. Rawlings blinked at him over his glasses. "Ah! At work, I see, my boy," he said kindly.

"Why, you—you—" "I can excuse you, Nameless, because you've been brought up among some sort of dashed hooligans, and don't know any better. But you ought to be careful how you express your low opinions in the presence of a gentleman." Harry looked at him fixedly. "You're not worth licking," he said, after a pause. "But you've got to stop sticking St. Leger for money, Bootles. If you don't stop, I shall think out some way of stopping you. That's all." With that the nameless schoolboy quitted the study. Bunny sniffed. He dismissed Harry and his warning from his fat mind, and bestowed his attention on his calculations again. Those mysterious calculations kept Bunny Bootles busy for quite a long time, and it was past tea-time when he had finished. Algy had not returned to the study. Without Algy, tea in the study was not a possibility, and Bunny hurried down to Hall in a very discontented frame of mind. He found Algernon Aubrey at the Fourth Form table there. It was seldom that Algy honoured the school table with his presence at

tea, but he was dropping into the habit of late. There was too much Bunny in Study No. 5, and since the rescue Algy did not feel that he could treat Bunny as of old. He could not kick his noble pater's rescuer, and without a due allowance of kicks Bunny was intolerable. So Algy was getting into the way of avoiding his own study, excepting for prep.

Bunny squeezed into a seat at the Honourable Algernon's side, and bestowed a lofty glance upon him.

"I want to speak to you after tea," he said.

Algy did not reply.

But he had taken the tip, and after tea he vanished. Bunny looked for him in vain.

At the usual hour for prep Bunny sought him in Study No. 5, confident of running him to earth then.

But No. 5 was empty.

"Where the thump is the silly ass!" Bunny exclaimed wrathfully. "I believe he's dodging me on purpose." Bunny's belief was well founded.

Bunny had his own prep to do, and the dread of Mr. Rawlings in the morning made him do it. He finished early, and looked along the passage for Algy. He found that noble youth in No. 6 doing his prep in company with Stubbs and Elliott.

"Oh, here you are!" said Bunny angrily. "You've been dodging me all—"

"Yaas."

"Well, I want—"

Elliott interposed at this point. He picked up a fives bat and started towards Bunny. That fat youth dodged into the passage just in time. The door slammed on him.

dignity, "I merely want a few words. I want you to settle up the money you owe me."

"Eh?" "You've lent me a little money lately," said Bunny. "I'm prepared to deduct that from the account."

"The—the account?"

"Yes. That will leave a balance due to me, which I will thank you to settle up at your earliest convenience," said Bunny, still in the same lofty and dignified manner.

Algernon Aubrey adjusted his eyeglass with care and stared at Bunny.

"I owe you money?" he ejaculated.

"Are you dreamin', dear boy?"

"Look here—"

"Go an' take a nap, old bean, and dream again!" suggested Algy.

"I've got the account here."

"My hat! He's wanderin' in his mind, I suppose," said Algernon Aubrey, in great perplexity. "Any of you fellows know what's the matter with him?"

Some of the juniors had gathered round, grinning. They were quite interested in this curious conversation.

"Of course, I'll send the bill to your pater, if you prefer it, St. Leger," said Bunny.

"But what—what—"

"I think you ought to pay it. Otherwise, I shall certainly send it to your father. I can't be put to heavy loss on account of your family."

"Babblin'!" said Algy, in wonder. "Burbliin' and babblin'! Quite potty! Poor old Bunny! I wonder how long this has been comin' on?"

"Here's the bill!" roared Bunny.

"Oh, begad!"

A sheet of impot paper covered with scrawling blots and smudges dropped on the knees of Algy's elegant trousers, and he turned his eyeglass upon it in wonder. Then he jumped, for the inky document ran as follows:

ACCOUNT IN COMPENSATION OF DAMMIDGES RECEIVED IN FITTING WITH A TRAMP.

| | £ | s. | d. |
|----------------------------------|-----|----|----|
| Trousers badly tawn | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Waistcoat burst | 1 | 10 | 0 |
| Cap tawn | 0 | 10 | 6 |
| Koller tawn | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| Valleuable gold sleeve-link lost | 10 | 10 | 0 |
| Diamond stud lost | 10 | 10 | 0 |
| TOTAL | £25 | 5 | 0 |

Unpaid!

"Oh begad!" Algernon Aubrey St. Leger's voice was quite faint as he uttered that amazed ejaculation.

He blinked at Bunny's little bill.

Bunny Bootles folded his arms across his podgy chest and stood looking at the dandy of the Fourth in a very lofty and dignified attitude, an attitude reminiscent of that of Ajax in his celebrated lightning-defying act.

The juniors crowded round Algy's armchair to stare at the little bill, and there was a howl of merriment in the Common-room.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Twenty-five quids!" roared Stubbs.

"Oh, my hat!"

"Why, the fat duffer isn't worth that melted down into tallow, with all his clobber thrown in," said Catesby.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Valuable gold sleeves links!" sobbed Howard. "I've seen those sleeve-links. Penny a pair at a fair."

"Look here, Howard—"

"Diamond stud, ten guineas!" shrieked Durance; "Bunny—with a ten-guinea diamond stud!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, this ain't any business of you fellows!" roared Bunny. "I want this bill paid, St. Leger."

"You—you want it paid!" stammered Algy. "Oh begad! Oh, my only aunt Belinda! You—you want it paid."

"If you're short of cash, I'm willing to give you time—"

"Give him time!" said Carton, with a chuckle. "I fancy a judge will be giving you time, Bunny, if you keep on like this."

"I'm asking for my due, St. Leger," said Bunny loftily. "For rescuing your father from deadly peril I make no charge—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I—I suppose this is—is—is some deep joke, Bunny," said Algernon Aubrey, at last.

"Nothing of the kind. I'm waiting to be paid."

"But you never had a diamond stud, dear boy—"

"Look here, St. Leger—"

"You never had any gold sleeve-links—"

"If you doubt my word, St. Leger—"
 "Your word! Oh begad! I suppose I should have seen something of them, in the same study—"
 "You did see them, St. Leger, often enough."

"If you mean that tin stuff—"
 "I mean those valuable gold sleeve-links," said Bunny firmly. "You're not going to wriggle out of it like that, St. Leger, now that they're lost beyond recovery. I rushed to the rescue that time, without thinking of the danger—or of losing my valuable gold sleeve-links, and—diamond stud. They went! Dropped in the grass, you know, while I was fighting like a tiger—"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Why, I could stick you for compensation for the fearful injuries I received," exclaimed Bunny indignantly. "This is moderate—jolly moderate. I suppose Lord Westcourt doesn't want a chap to be put to heavy loss for rescuing him, does he? I hope your pater's a gentleman, Algy?"

"I—I hope so," gasped Algy.
 "He can scarcely do less than pay this account. I can't afford to lose valuable gold sleeve-links and diamond studs for nothing."

"But you never had any to lose!" shrieked Algy.

"If you're going to prevaricate, St. Leger—"
 "Wha-a-at?"
 "Prevaricate. If you're going to prevaricate, I disdain to discuss the matter with you. Are you going to pay this account, or are you not going to pay this account?" asked Bunny Bootles categorically.

Algy blinked at him. The fat junior was in deadly earnest—that was evident.

The juniors were yelling with laughter. Bunny's little bill had taken Algy by surprise, and it had taken the Common-room by storm. They yelled—and howled—and almost wept. It was Bunny's greatest success.

Bunny looked serious enough. He did not seem to see anything to laugh at.

"I'm waiting, St. Leger!" he said, with lofty calmness.

"But—but—but—" stammered Algy.

"Are you going to pay up?"

"Begad! No jolly fear!" said Algernon emphatically.

"If you're thinking of swindling me, St. Leger—"

"What?" shrieked Algy.

"Swindling me—I can tell you—"

"Why, you—you—you fat, spoofing, swindlin' rotter!" spluttered Algy. "I'll—I'll—I'll jolly well kick you!"

"Then I shall send the account in to the proper quarter!"

"What?"

"I shall send it through the post to Lord Westcourt."

"You—you will send that awful rot to my father?"

"Look here—yaroooh—"

Algernon Aubrey leaped up. His noble temper failed him—which was not really surprising. He grasped Bunny with one hand, and Bunny's little bill with the other, and jammed the little bill down the back of Bunny's fat neck. Then he spun the roaring Bunny round, and planted an elegant but forcible boot behind the hapless Cuthbert Archibald.

There was what a novelist would call a sickening thud, and Bunny Bootles spun away, amid a roar of laughter.

"There!" gasped Algy; "I knew it would come to that! I knew that he would make me kick him, in the long run! I felt it!"

His Lordship is Shocked.

"St. Leger!"

"Yaas."

"You're wanted—Head's study."

"Oh begad!"

Oliphant of the Sixth walked on, regardless of Algernon Aubrey's evident desire to seek further information. Algy would have been glad to know what the Head wanted him for. But the captain of St. Kit's walked on his way, lofty and regardless.

"Now, I wonder what's the row?" said Algernon Aubrey plaintively. "I haven't been kickin' over the traces, that I know of. What the thump does the Head want?"

Algernon Aubrey betook himself reluctantly to the Head's study. That apartment was seldom approached with willing steps by members of the Lower School. Unless it was a "row," Algy could not guess what he was wanted for. And his noble conscience was quite clear just at present. Somehow or other, he

had dropped going out of bounds with Carton & Co., ever since Harry Nameless had come to St. Kit's. He was glad of it now. It would have been distinctly awkward to be called up before the Head on account of a surreptitious visit to the Lizard Inn.

He tapped at the Head's door, and entered as the doctor's deep voice bade him "Come in."

To his great relief, Dr. Chenies was looking as benevolent as usual, and there was no sign of a cane.

"St. Leger—"

"Yaas, sir."

"Your father has telephoned—"

"Oh!" ejaculated Algy.

"He desires to speak to you," said the Head. "You may take the receiver, St. Leger."

"Thank you very much, sir!"

Algy noticed now that the receiver was off the telephone. He took it up; and Dr. Chenies walked to the most distant window, and stood looking sedately out into the quadrangle.

Algy was still feeling uneasy. He was no longer uneasy with regard to the Head, certainly; he had transferred the uneasiness to the account of his father. It was most unusual for Lord Westcourt to telephone to his son at the school. Algy wondered whether there was illness at home, or whether it was a fresh "jaw" on the subject of Harry Nameless. He feared that it was the latter; and his voice was quite dispirited as he spoke into the transmitter.

"That you, dad?"

"Yes," came Lord Westcourt's

voice over the wires. "Is that you, Algernon?"

"Yaas, I'm here, dad. Anybody crooked?"

"No, no."

"I'm glad. What's the matter?"

"I have received a letter, Algernon—a letter from the school—signed by a—a person named Bootles."

"Oh!" said Algy.

He understood now. Then Bunny Bootles had sent his amazing account through the post in spite of the kicking he had received. It was upon the subject of Cuthbert Archibald's little bill that his lordship desired to speak.

Algy was greatly relieved. For once he was not to hear about the nameless schoolboy from his respected parent.

"It is a most extraordinary letter," went on his lordship. "The—the boy claims a large sum of money—a very large sum—"

"Yaas, dad."

"According to his letter to me, Algernon, this—this person—this Bootles—is the youth who assisted me when I was attacked by a ruffian in the wood—"

"Yaas."

"You are doubtless aware, then, whether he—ahem!—whether he actually possessed the very expensive jewellery enumerated in his letter to me?"

Algy grinned.

"He had some sleeve-links, dad, and a stud—I don't know whether he really lost them in scrapper with the johnny in the wood."

"Is his word not reliable, then?"

"Ahem!"

"Have you known him to tell untruths, Algernon?"

"Oh begad! Yaas—a few million," gasped Algy.

"Oh! Have you any idea, Algernon, of the actual value of the articles of jewellery he declares that he has lost?"

"About a shillin', dad."

"Eh?"

"Perhaps eighteenpence," said Algernon; "that's on the safe side."

"It appears, then, that this—this person—this Bootles—is attempting to impose on me?"

"Ahem!"

"What did you say, Algernon?"

"Bunny's a born idiot, sir."

"Bunny! What do you mean? What bunny? I am not talking to you about rabbits, Algernon."

"Oh dear! We call him Bunny, sir—that Bootles. He's a born idiot, sir—no more brains than a Cabinet Minister. He simply doesn't know right from wrong, you know."

"Nonsense!"

"Oh!"

"The boy must be dishonest."

"You—you see, sir—" stammered Algernon Aubrey feebly. He really did not know how to make his noble pater understand quite what a peculiar youth Bunny Bootles was.

"Yet he intervened in the most gallant manner to save me from injury," said his lordship. "It is astounding. Are you absolutely certain, Algernon, that this—this Bootles, is really the person who helped me on that occasion?"

following day. His lordship was coming down in his car; and he particularly desired that two junior boys, named Bootles and Nameless, might be on the spot when he came. His lordship's time, it appeared, was valuable.

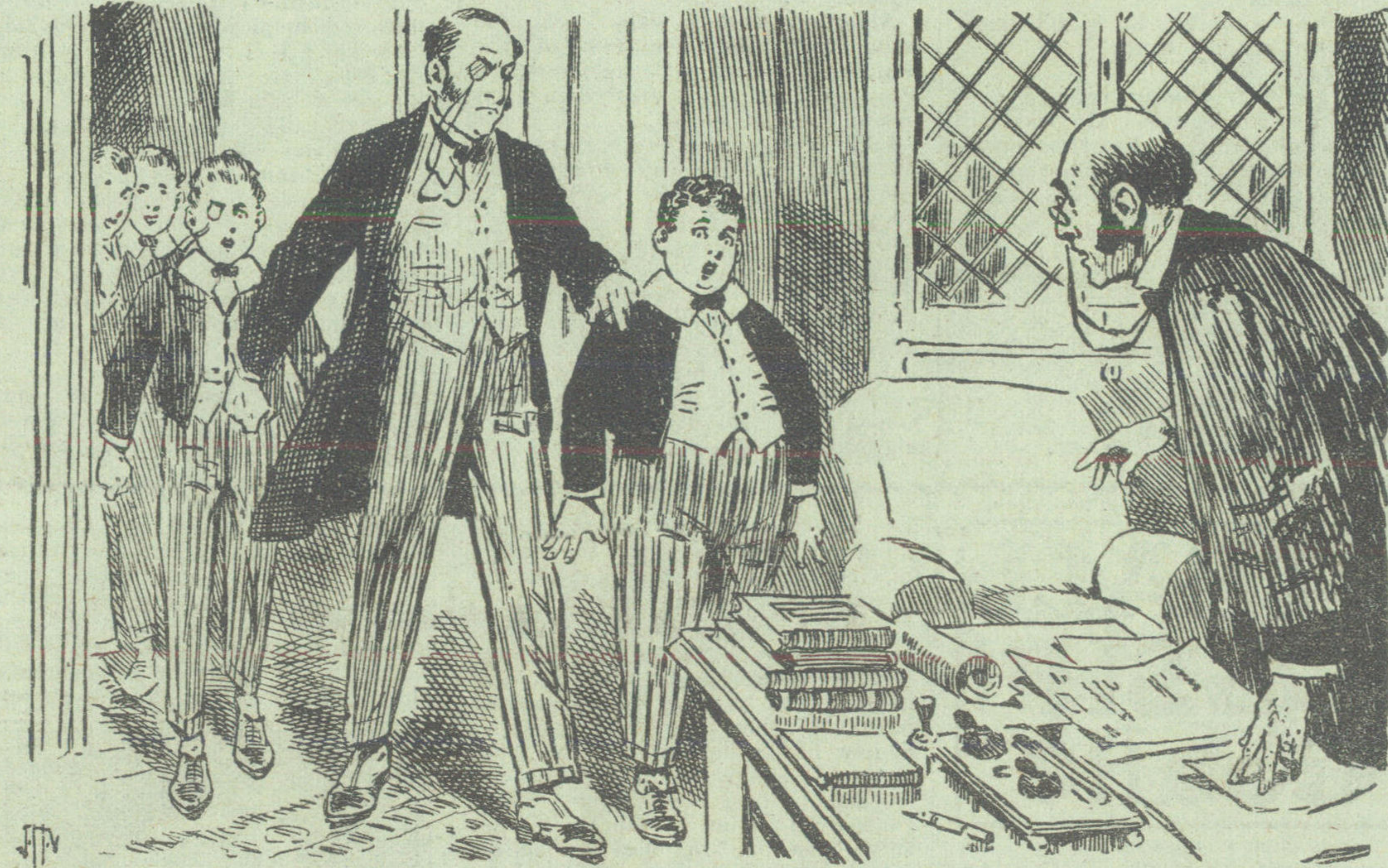
To all of which the Head politely assented; and when he hung up the receiver he sighed.

Even a public-school headmaster's life was not all a bed of roses. There were thorns; though it would have surprised Lord Westcourt very much to learn that he was one of the thorns.

Gating for Two.

The next day was a half-holiday at St. Kit's, and there was junior football in the afternoon. Carton's team was playing the Shell, and Algy, who sometimes honoured the Fourth by playing for them, asked Carton to scratch his name after dinner that day. So far, Algy had said nothing to anyone of his father's intended visit. He felt instinctively that it would have a dismaying effect on Bunny Bootles; and the good-natured Algy did not want to dismay Bunny. He considered it probable, too, that Harry Nameless would take his half-holiday out of gates if he knew; and Algy did not want that to happen a second time. So—with his usual policy of following the line of least resistance—Algy said nothing.

"Scratch you!" said Carton, when Algy proffered his request. "Why ain't you playin'?"



BROUGHT BEFORE THE BEAK! Dr. Chenies blinked over his glasses as Bunny Bootles marched into the study with Lord Westcourt grasping his fat shoulder. "Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Head. "What—what ever is the matter?"

voice over the wires. "Is that you, Algernon?"

"Yaas, I'm here, dad. Anybody crooked?"

"No, no."

"I'm glad. What's the matter?"

"I have received a letter, Algernon—a letter from the school—signed by a—a person named Bootles."

"Oh!" said Algy.

He understood now. Then Bunny Bootles had sent his amazing account through the post in spite of the kicking he had received. It was upon the subject of Cuthbert Archibald's little bill that his lordship desired to speak.

Algy was greatly relieved. For once he was not to hear about the nameless schoolboy from his respected parent.

"It is a most extraordinary letter," went on his lordship. "The—the boy claims a large sum of money—a very large sum—"

"Yaas, dad."

"According to his letter to me, Algernon, this—this person—this Bootles—is the youth who assisted me when I was attacked by a ruffian in the wood—"

"Yaas."

"You are doubtless aware, then, whether he—ahem!—whether he actually possessed the very expensive jewellery enumerated in his letter to me?"

Algy grinned.

"He had some sleeve-links, dad, and a stud—I don't know whether he really lost them in scrapper with the johnny in the wood."

"Is his word not reliable, then?"

"Ahem!"

"I—I suppose so, sir. Nobody else has turned up—"

"I am very much perplexed. I am both shocked and astonished," said Lord Westcourt.

Algy was silent. If his noble parent was in that mixed and painful state, Algy did not see how any remarks of his would help.

"This matter must be probed to the bottom," said Lord Westcourt. "I shall come down to the school tomorrow, Algernon. It is very awkward and inconvenient, but I must see this boy. While I am at St. Kit's I will take the opportunity of seeing Nameless—"

"Oh crumbs!"

"What did you say, Algernon?"

"N-n-nothin', sir."

"I thought you uttered a foolish and slangy ejaculation."

"Oh!"

"Kindly ask Dr. Chenies to speak to me for a moment."

"Yaas, sir."

Algernon Aubrey willingly relinquished the receiver to Dr. Chenies. He quitted the study, leaving the Head to enjoy Lord Westcourt's further conversation. The Head heard, with mingled feelings, that he was to be honoured with another visit from Lord Westcourt on the

"My pater's comin'," confessed Algy. "I shall have to be on hand to do the dutiful stunt."

"My only aunt! Is your pater goin' to live at St. Kit's?" said Carton, with a grunt. "Is he bringin' the giddy old gals this time?"

Algernon Aubrey frowned.

"If you want me to pull your nose, Carton, you've only got to repeat that remark!" he said.

"Bow-wow!" answered Carton, and he walked away.

Algy felt a tug at his sleeve. He turned to see a fat, scared face at his elbow—the startled countenance of Cuthbert Archibald Bootles.

"Algy! I—I say, did you say your pater was coming?" stammered Bunny.

"Yaas."

"Why didn't you tell me before, you beast?"

"Eh?"

"I suppose that's why he hasn't sent the cheque?" said Bunny. "He hasn't, you know."

"I know!" grinned Algy.

"I've been expecting it every post but—"

"Blessed are those who expect!" said Algy genially. "Perhaps he'll bring it with him, Bunny. Perhaps! If you make good your claim you'll get the tin. You've only got to make it good."

"But—but—" stammered Bunny in great dismay.

"He wants to see you, you see."

"I—I can't see him—"

"Why not?" demanded Algy.

"I—I've got a special appointment out of gates," stammered Bunny.

"I—I'm sorry I can't stay in to see your father, St. Leger. Tell him I'm

sorry, and—and ask him to leave the money with you."

"No jolly fear!"

"Look here, you rotter—"

"Cut it out, here's Rawlings!" said Jones minor.

Mr. Rawlings came out of his study. He glanced over the juniors and signed to Bunny Bootles.

"Bootles!"

"Yes, sir!" faltered Bunny.

"Lord Westcourt will be here about three o'clock, and he specially desires to speak to you."

"I—I'm going out, sir—"

Mr. Rawlings raised his eyebrows.

"You are not to go out, Bootles."

"I—I—"

"You are to be in the visitors' room at three o'clock precisely," said Mr. Rawlings curtly. "You need say no more, Bootles. If you should go out of the gates the consequences will be very serious for you."

"I—I—I—"

"I cannot understand you, Pootles. Probably his lordship desires to thank you in person for the service you rendered him."

"Ow!" gasped Bunny.

"In any case, you are to be here to see him. Nameless is also required. I do not see him here. Does anyone know where Nameless is?"

"In the Form-room, sir," said Stubbs.

"Thank you, Stubbs!"

Mr. Rawlings rustled away to the Form-room.

He found Harry Nameless there, deep in Latin. The Foundation junior rose respectfully to his feet as his Form master entered. Mr. Rawlings blinked at him over his glasses.

"Ah! At work, I see, my boy," he said kindly.

"I'm putting in a little extra, sir," said Harry colouring.

"You must not overdo it, Nameless. However, that is not the subject upon which I came here to speak to you. I do not wish you to go out of gates this afternoon."

"Very good, sir."

"You did not intend to go out of gates, Nameless?"

"Oh, no, sir."

"Very well. Lord Westcourt is coming—"

"Oh!" ejaculated Harry.

Mr. Rawlings smiled slightly at his dismayed look.

"I am aware, Nameless, that you avoided Lord Westcourt on the occasion of his last visit. That must not occur again."

"But—but, sir—" stammered Harry.

"You have nothing to fear from an interview, Nameless."

"I know, sir. But—"

"A governor of the school has a right to see any boy he chooses to see. You must be aware of that."

"Oh! Yes, sir; but—"

"You will observe my wishes, Nameless—the Head's wishes. Lord Westcourt is not coming specially to see you, but another boy—Bootles. But he desires to see you while he is here. You will remain here till his lordship comes."

"Very good."

Mr. Rawlings quitted the Form-room, very much perplexed, and a little annoyed. Both Nameless and Bootles had puzzled him.

Harry sat down at his desk again with a clouded brow.

There was no help for it; the long-avoided interview had to come at last—he was helpless. If he had refused to give his word to the Form master the Head would certainly have ordered him to be detained to meet the visitor even to the extent of having him locked in the punishment-room if necessary. There was no help for it, and Harry Nameless, with deep dismay and uneasiness, had to resign himself to the inevitable.

But deep as his dismay was, it was nothing to that of Bunny Bootles, the hero of St. Kit's. Compared with Bunny's dismay, it was as moonlight unto sunlight, as water unto wine!

The Woes of Bunny Bootles.

Bunny Bootles was quaking. He quaked with good reason.

Every nerve in his fat body shrank from that interview with his lordship.

Lord Westcourt was coming to see his heroic rescuer who had made on him such a very extraordinary claim for compensation.

And it was absolutely certain that, at the first glance, he would know that Bunny wasn't the heroic rescuer.

Bunny couldn't have any doubt on that point.

Who on earth had rescued Lord Westcourt Bunny didn't know and didn't care. He scouted Harry Nameless' statements on the subject.

(Continued overleaf.)

The Children's Best Coloured Paper
JUNGLE JINKS
 Out on Thursday—Price 2d



CHUMS OF ST. KIT'S!

By Frank Richards

(Continued from previous page.)

But whoever had or hadn't done it, Bunny hadn't!

That, at least, was certain. The prospect of meeting his lordship, face to face, made the fat junior tremble in every podgy limb.

In spite of Mr. Rawlings' stern warning, Bunny felt that there was only one thing to be done. He had to escape that interview. Better a licking from the Head afterwards, than exposure and punishment for having made a false claim. It was, in fact, a licking in any case, as Bunny dismally saw.

If he was bowled out, it certainly was a licking; if he dodged the interview, it was a licking; wherever the hapless Bunny turned his eyes he saw only licks on the horizon.

He could have kicked himself for having sent that claim for damages to Lord Westcourt. But, as he dismally asked himself, who could have expected this? Fancy the old bouncer coming down specially to St. Kit's about a miserable twenty-five quid! In his distress of mind, Bunny actually referred to a peer of the realm as "an old bouncer."

Escape was evidently the only way, and Bunny decided upon escape. But the fates were against him.

For a dozen fellows at least had discerned the very obvious fact that Bunny Bootles earnestly desired to avoid the personal thanks of the peer he had so heroically rescued.

Doubts as to Bunny's heroism had always lingered. The thrilling details he frequently gave of the Homeric combat in the wood added very considerably to the doubts.

Now his anxiety not to see Lord Westcourt—his feverish desire to keep out of that nobleman's sight—put the lid on, as Catesby expressed it.

So when Bunny Bootles drifted down towards the gates, to his horror he discovered that seven or eight juniors drifted after him. And they raised questions on him:

"Where are you going, Bunny?"

"Going to meet the car?"

"Aren't you going to ask his nibs for the quids?"

"Are you afraid he won't know his giddy rescuer again?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The hapless Bunny realised that there was no escape. He was still vainly imploring his heartless Form-fellows when the buzz of a big motor-car was heard at the gates. There was a yell from Stubbs.

"Here's his nibs!"

Lord Westcourt's big car rolled in and rolled on to the house. Bunny Bootles gave a squeak of terror.

"Help me out, you beasts—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come on, Bunny!"

"Bring him along!"

"Leggo!" shrieked Bunny.

But the hilarious juniors did not let go. They collared Bunny on all sides and marched him off towards the School House. In the midst of a chortling crowd Bunny Bootles rolled to his interview with Algy's pater—and to his doom! Quite a little army of juniors escorted Bunny Bootles to the room where his lordship waited. Algernon Aubrey St. Leger met them outside the visitors'-room, and turned his eyeglass upon the horrified Bunny in amused interest.

"What's the matter with Bunny?" he asked.

"He doesn't want to come—"

"He's too modest—"

"He doesn't even want his little bill settled now."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Poor old Bunny!"

Bunny Bootles cast a desperate glance round. Even at that late moment he would have bolted, if it had been possible. He would have given the amount of his little bill—if he had possessed it—to be safe in his study or locked up in a box-room.

But there was no escape. The hilarious Fourth-Formers saw to that. And Mr. Rawlings was visible in the distance, and through the open doorway of the visitors'-room was visible a slim, aristocratic-looking gentleman, with a curved nose and an eyeglass. Never had Bunny hated so much the company of a peer of the realm.

"Come on, Bunny old bean," said Algy encouragingly.

"Oh lor!"

Bunny was marched in.

Algernon Aubrey walked into the room with him, the rest of the juniors remained at the doorway. They were deeply interested in what was to happen.

Lord Westcourt glanced at his son and at Bunny. He seemed perplexed.

"Well, Algernon?"

"Here he is, father."

"Eh! Who is that?"

"Bootles, father."

"What?"

"Bootles—Bunny, you know," said Algy, perplexed in his turn.

"You wanted to see Bootles, father."

"I wanted to see the boy who helped me in Lynercroft Wood," snapped his lordship.

"This is the chap."

"What?"

"It's Bootles, anyhow."

"Oh dear!" moaned Bunny.

Lord Westcourt jammed his glass a little more tightly into his eye and surveyed Cuthbert Archibald Bootles with a glance that made C. A. Bootles quake.

"Are there two boys of St. Kit's named Bootles, Algernon?"

"Nunno. One's enough, dad."

"I received a letter from you stating that it was Bootles who fought with the tramp in the wood—"

"Yaas."

"I received a letter signed with the name of Bootles demanding compensation for losses sustained in that affair—"

"Yaas."

"And this is Bootles?"

"Yaas."

"Then you have been deceived!"

thundered his lordship. "This is not the boy who helped me in the wood."

"Oh!"

"He bears no resemblance whatever to the boy."

"Oh gad!"

"Boy!" Lord Westcourt's eyeglass seemed to be boring a hole into the unhappy Bunny, "you have deceived—"

"Nunno, sir."

"You have stated—"

"Not at all, sir," spluttered Bunny. "It—it's all a mistake, sir! I—I can explain if—if you'll give me time, sir."

"What?"

"I—I mean—I meant—"

Bunny spluttered helplessly. "I—I—it was a joke, sir—I—I was simply pulling Algy's leg, sir—Algy being such a silly ass, as you know, sir—"

"Oh begad!" ejaculated Algy.

"You—you understand, sir—"

stuttered Bunny.

"I understand quite well," said Lord Westcourt grimly. "You have claimed the credit of a brave action you never performed; you have claimed money in compensation for losses never incurred; you are a young rascal, sir."

"Oh crumbs!"

"And I shall take you to your headmaster at once, sir!" thundered Lord Westcourt. "Upon my word!

I never heard of such a thing! Come."

"Yaroooh!"

His lordship's slim but sinewy hand fell on Bunny's fat shoulder and closed there in a grasp of iron.

"Follow me, Algernon."

"Yaas," said Algy faintly.

Bunny Bootles limped out of the room, with a grip on his shoulder that made him wriggle. Algy followed. They passed through a grinning crowd of juniors. Bunny blinked round at the grinning faces pathetically. But there was no sympathy for Bunny.

The spoofer was exposed with a vengeance now; there were dry eyes in all the Fourth Form. Nobody had any sympathy to waste upon Cuthbert Archibald Bootles.

"I—I say, sir—" gasped Bunny, as they reached the Head's study.

"Silence!"

"Oh lor!"

Lord Westcourt tapped at the door and opened it; and Dr. Chenies blinked over his glasses as Bunny Bootles marched into the study with a peer of the realm grasping his fat shoulder.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Head. "What—what—"

"This boy, sir—this Bootles," said Lord Westcourt, in a very deep voice. "My son informs me that this is Bootles—"

"Oh, yaas," said Algy.

"That certainly is Bootles," said the Head, "the—the boy who aided you so—so gallantly, Lord Westcourt, on—"

"Nothing of the kind, sir! This is not the boy."

"What?"

"An impostor, sir," said his lordship. "An unscrupulous impostor! Look at that letter, sir."

Bunny Bootles yelped with terror as he saw his precious little bill tossed on the Head's desk. He knew what to expect now. Dr. Chenies gazed at the little bill with eyes that almost bulged through his spectacles.

"Bless my soul! Extraordinary! And—and you say he is not the boy at all."

"Most decidedly not."

Bunny's fat knees knocked together.

(Continued on the next page.)



FOOTBALL GOSSIP!

By "Goalie"

The Arsenal v. the Spurs.

If you look down the list of matches for decision this week-end I think you will be inclined to agree that it provides, in some respects at any rate, the most "captivating" collection of games on any one Saturday so far. Take the First Division of the English League by way of a start. What thrill and excitement are in store. In London there is the "needle" match between the Arsenal and the Spurs, those rivals of the northern end of the metropolis, who are sure to play before a full house if the weather is anything like decent.

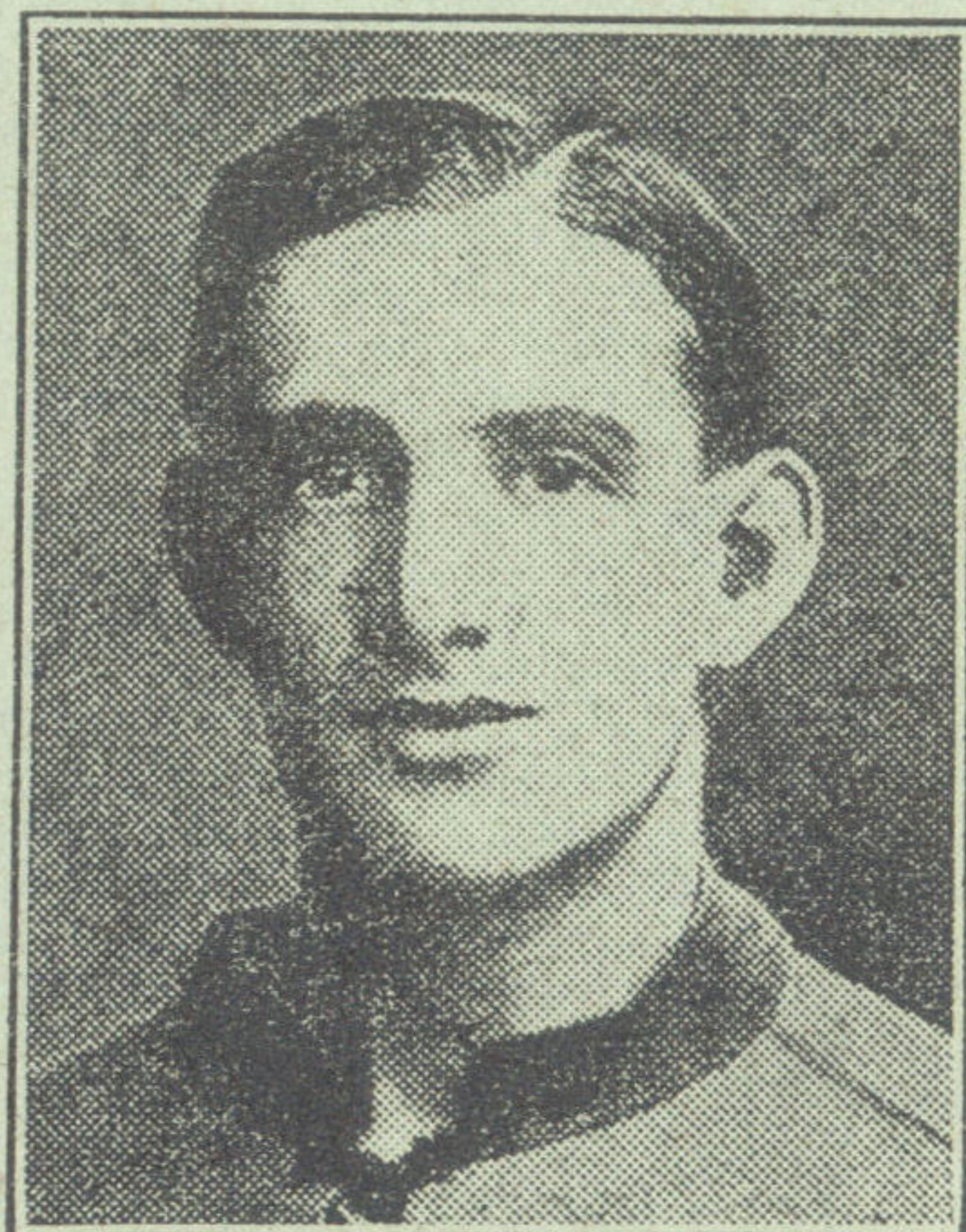
The Last Laugh.

Incidentally, it is to be hoped that the contest will go off without the slightest hitch, for there have been one or two games played between the clubs since the War which have scarcely reflected credit on the game or the men concerned. There was very real trouble over a Spurs-Arsenal match a couple of years ago, and the "Gunnery" had the last laugh. They were reported to the authorities by the Spurs, and a special commission was appointed, but it was a Tottenham man who got suspension, while the worst that happened to the Arsenal was a warning to one or two of the men.

"Set Your Teeth."

Another titbit of this week-end is Aston Villa against West Bromwich. What hair-raising Cup and League games have these two clubs taken part in during the last thirty years or so. Neither of the teams has done much which is particularly exciting this season, but little things like that are not allowed to count when such keen rivals meet. Also in the First Division there is Manchester City v. Bolton Wanderers, a game which is sure to recall to the minds of

many people that amazing Cuptie at Bolton, in the second round, in 1922. The crowd was the biggest which has ever been seen at Burnden Park, and



J. EWART.
(Airdrieonians.)

the Wanderers were at that time going so strongly that they were fully expected to win. Alas, the "good thing" did not come off.

It was one of the most dramatic games I have ever seen, for until late in the contest the City were a goal behind, and playing like a beaten team. But then they suddenly sprung to new life to demonstrate the truth of the old adage that in this game of football anything may happen. Three goals were put on by the Manchester City forwards in the concluding moments of the game, and they retired complete victors.

It was indeed a staggerer for the 66,000 people, but perhaps they forgot that Manchester City's motto, as stated in a frame of oak at their old ground, is, "Set your teeth and die hard." It is a motto which might well be taken to heart by the players of every football team, for it emphasises a great truth—that a game is never lost until the last whistle sounds.

Two Big Noises Together.

In Scotland, too, there is a great game which will rouse the land of the thistle to a high pitch of excitement—between those Glasgow rivals, Celtic and the Rangers. Possibly neither of these teams will this season prove the dominating force of other years, but all Glasgow will be at the Celtic ground to see these two teams of wonderful memory do battle for supremacy.

Taking my mind to Scotland serves to recall that I should of necessity refer to the doings of the Airdrieonians this season. They have

gained some smashing victories, which at one time carried them to the top of the table, and though they may not be there at the end of the season they are certainly showing form which suggests that they will put up a big fight for the honours. There are several well-known players



J. KENDALL.
(Everton.)

in the ranks of the Airdrieonians, but perhaps the man who will be most widely remembered up and down our islands is Jock Ewart, the goalkeeper, and one of the most brilliant men I have ever seen under a cross-bar.

Back to the Old Place.

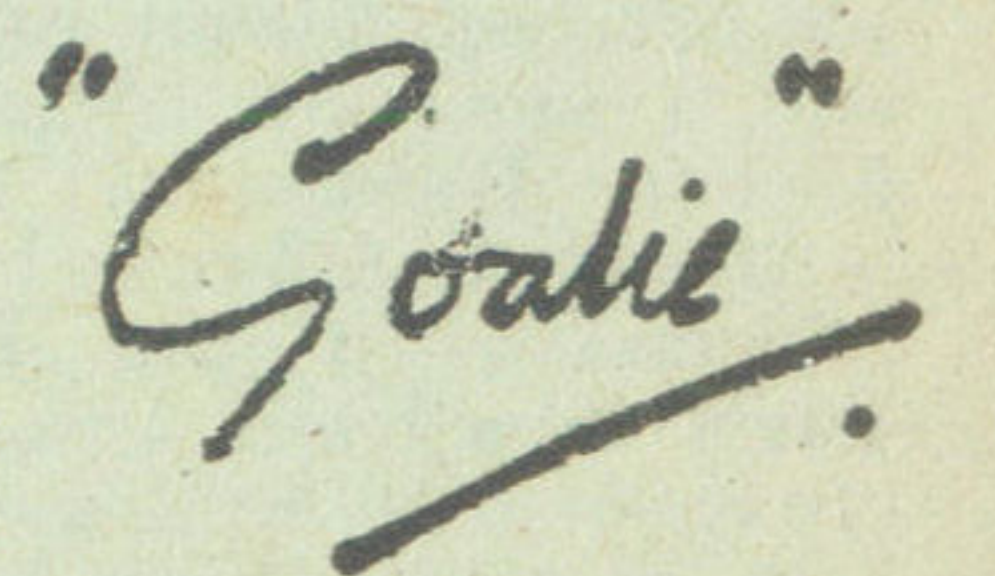
Ewart has had rather a remarkable

career, for it was the Airdrieonians who gave him his first chance to shine in big football, when they found him playing with Bellshill Athletic on a Saturday after he had worked in a colliery all the week. Then Bradford City induced him to take a single ticket to England, and for years and years he kept a safe and sound goal for them. Last season Ewart went back to the Airdrieonians, and was between the posts when they achieved their rather surprising Scottish Cup success.

A New Keeper.

They say in the dressing-rooms that good goalkeepers are always plentiful, and though this is one of those general statements which may not be entirely correct, it is certainly true that each season witnesses the arrival of one or two young goalkeepers who take the populace by storm. I have a feeling that this term a lad who is going to be talked about quite a lot is Jack Kendall, of Everton. He was secured during last season from Lincoln City—the same club where Everton got Tom Fern—and at the time he was only regarded as an understudy to Harland. During the practice games prior to the commencement of this season, however, Harland received a slight injury, and so it was found necessary to put Kendall into the first team at the start of the season. Immediately he proved his worth, so that he really could not be dropped even when Harland recovered from his hurt.

In the story of Kendall you really get another illustration of the luck of the game. But for that injury to Harland, the nineteen-year-old Kendall might have had to wait for a long time before getting his opportunity. But though we insist that lads who get a chance in the way Kendall did are lucky, it is not luck which enables them to make use of that chance as this goalkeeper did. It is skill.



(For the best footer information you can't beat "Goalie." Don't miss his great new article appearing in our next issue.)

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 25th. The likely winning side is printed in capitals. Where a draw is anticipated, both clubs are printed in smaller letters.

First Division.

ARSENAL v. Tottenham Hotspur.
ASTON VILLA v. West Bromwich A.
BLACKBURN ROV. v. Leeds United.
BURY v. Notts County.
HUDDERSFIELD TOWN v. Birmingham.
LIVERPOOL v. Sunderland.
Manchester City v. Bolton Wanderers.
NEWCASTLE UNITED v. Cardiff City.
Nottingham Forest v. EVERTON.
SHEFFIELD UNITED v. Preston N.E.
West Ham United v. Burnley.

Second Division.

Barnsley v. LEICESTER CITY.
BLACKPOOL v. Crystal Palace.
BRADFORD CITY v. Oldham Athletic.
DERBY COUNTY v. Clapton Orient.
FULHAM v. Stockport County.
HULL CITY v. Southampton.
MIDDLESBROUGH v. Stoke.
Portsmouth v. Chelsea.
PORT VALE v. Coventry City.
South Shields v. THE WEDNESDAY.
Wolverhampton W. v. Manchester U.

First Division. Scottish League.

AYR UNITED v. Queen's Park.
Celtic v. RANGERS.
Cowdenbeath v. Kilmarnock.
FALKIRK v. Motherwell.
Hamilton Acads. v. Airdrieonians.
HIBERNIANS v. Dundee.
Partick Thistle v. Hearts.
St. Johnstone v. RAITH ROVERS.
ST. MIRREN v. Morton.
THIRD LANARK v. Aberdeen.

as the Head turned a terrifying gaze upon him.

"Bootles! What have you to say?"

"I—I—"

"Wretched boy!" thundered the Head. "You have deceived me—deceived your schoolfellows—"

"Oh, no, sir! I—I think—his lordship is—is making a mistake, sir," gasped Bunny. "He's forgotten what the chap was like—"

"What?"

"He's rather short-sighted, I think, sir—he doesn't recognise me," spluttered Bunny. "That—that—that's it, sir. I—I forgive him, sir—c-c-c-can I go now, sir?"

"Bless my soul! You cannot go, Bootles. Do you dare to maintain that you are the boy that helped Lord Westcourt, against his lordship's explicit statement that you are not?" thundered the Head.

"Oh, no, sir!" gasped the quaking Bunny.

"The boy appears to be little more than an idiot!" said Lord Westcourt, who was staring in great wonder at Bunny.

"He is undoubtedly very obtuse," said the Head. "But for that fact, I should be disposed to expel him from the school for this action—"

"Ow!"

"Bootles, you will be flogged—"

"Oh crumbs!"

"Most severely—"

"Wh-wh-what for, sir?"

"What for?" gasped the Head. "Do you not know what for, you utterly stupid boy?"

"Nunno, sir! After my gallant conduct—"

"Leave my study!" gasped Dr. Chenies. He really felt unequal to dealing further with the amazing Bunny just then. "Go! I will deal with you later."

Algy gently led Bunny to the door and pushed him out.

A Startling Recognition.

"Nameless!"

Mr. Rawlings looked into the Form room.

"Yes, sir," said Harry, rising from his desk.

"Kindly go to the Head's study now, Nameless. Lord Westcourt is there, and will speak to you."

"Very well, sir," said Harry, compressing his lips.

He put away his books and left the Form-room. Two or three juniors met him on the way, and Stubbs gave him a consoling whisper.

"Keep your pecker up, kid. The old sport doesn't bite."

Harry Nameless smiled faintly, and nodded, and passed on. He was not afraid that his lordship would "bite." But he was shrinking inwardly from the interview that could no longer be avoided. He had no doubt that Algy's pater would recognise him at a glance; the secret that had been kept so long would be a secret no longer. But it could not be helped; and he nerved himself for the ordeal.

He tapped at the Head's door and entered.

Algernon Aubrey gave him a look in which commiseration and encouragement were mingled. Dr. Chenies looked at him very gravely over his glasses. Lord Westcourt started to his feet.

"The boy!" he ejaculated.

The severe frown which Lord Westcourt had all ready for Harry Nameless melted away at once at sight of the boy who had rescued him so gallantly from the tramp of Lyncroft Wood.

His look became extremely genial and cordial.

"Yes, this is the boy," said the Head, misunderstanding.

"My dear boy!" exclaimed Lord Westcourt, advancing towards the junior who stopped with a flush in his cheeks. "I am glad to see you."

Algy jumped.

A dreadful suspicion shot across his mind that his respected parent had suddenly taken leave of his senses.

The Head rose to his feet in blank amazement.

Lord Westcourt's prejudice against the nameless schoolboy had already worried the Head. He had been prepared for a disagreeable five minutes in his study. Instead of which, here was his lordship smiling most benignly upon the nameless junior, and holding out his hand—actually holding out his aristocratic hand to Harry Nameless.

"Upon my word!" gasped the Head.

"Father!" spluttered Algy blankly.

Lord Westcourt did not heed.

"Give me your hand, my boy," said his lordship, with a benignant smile at the crimson junior. "I am proud, my boy, to shake the hand of

a lad so brave, so plucky, so worthy of the best traditions of my old school."

"Bless my soul!" murmured the Head, wondering whether he was dreaming.

Harry Nameless mechanically held out his hand. He could not do otherwise, with the aristocratic fingers of a peer of the realm outstretched to shake it.

Lord Westcourt shook hands with him heartily.

Then he turned to the Head.

"This is very fortunate," he said.

"I understood the boy was unknown—"

"His—his origin is certainly unknown," stammered the Head.

"That is why he is called—"

"I do not quite follow, sir. The boy Bootles made a false claim—"

"Eh?"

"Which this boy could have disproved at once. It appears that he has not spoken of the matter—"

"Wha-a-t?"

"It is fortunate that he came to your study at this moment, while I am here," said Lord Westcourt. "I was very desirous of making his acquaintance."

"You—you were desirous of making his acquaintance—" spluttered the Head.

"Certainly."

"But—but—you—I— Bless

"Lord Westcourt!" spluttered the Head, "I—I—I am amazed—this is most—most extraordinary! This—this boy—this is Nameless!"

"Harry Nameless, father!" said Algernon, with a chirp of glee.

Lord Westcourt stood stock still.

His noble brain did not seem quite able to grasp the startling information for a moment or two.

"Nameless!" he repeated vaguely.

"I—I was waiting here to see Nameless—"

"He came because he was sent for to see you, sir," said the Head.

"This boy is Nameless, whose friendship with your son has—"

"Good gad!"

Harry's cheeks burned.

"I—I'm sorry, sir!" he faltered.

"It—it was not my wish to see you, sir—"

"You—you are Nameless!" Even yet his lordship did not seem quite able to grasp it. "But you are the boy who assisted me so gallantly in the wood—"

Harry smiled faintly.

"Yes, sir."

"The two are one and the same, apparently, Lord Westcourt," said the Head, with a smile. "It was Harry Nameless who helped you—"

Lord Westcourt sat down.

"I—I—I am somewhat at a loss," he said. "I—I never knew—I did not think—I—I— Boy, why did

Nameless. That is it—to be just. If I had seen you when I came—"

In fact, I did see you, it appears—not as I expected. I mean, if you had been here I should have formed a different opinion of you. Your avoidance of me gave me a bad impression. Perhaps I did not make a sufficient allowance for your natural feelings. My brother-in-law, Colonel Wilnot, saw you under very unfavourable circumstances, I believe. That accounts—"

His lordship paused again. He coloured a little as he rose to his feet. "My boy, I feel that I owe you an apology—"

"Oh, no, sir!" exclaimed Harry.

"I do—and I now render it," said his lordship in the most stately manner. "Algernon."

"Yaas, father."

"I hope that you and Nameless will be great friends."

Algy's eyes danced.

"Yaas, rather!" he said. "I'll make him be pally."

"I trust, Nameless, that you will let bygones be bygones and not remember any—any unfortunate misunderstandings—"

He shook hands again with Harry Nameless.

"Algernon, you may take your friend away while I speak to the headmaster a few minutes, and if you youngsters will ask me to tea in your study—"



A VICTIM OF CARTON'S WRATH! Vernon Carton suddenly gave Bunny Bootles a sounding smack across the face which sent the fat junior staggering against the wall. "Yow-ow-ow!" howled Bunny. "You rotter-ow-wow-wow!"

my soul! Do you know who this boy is, Lord Westcourt?"

"I do not yet know his name, sir; but I know he is the lad who helped me so gallantly one day last week—"

"What?"

"Oh, my only aunt!" yelled Algernon Aubrey, forgetting the august presence in which he stood. "So that's it?"

He shook his fist at Harry Nameless.

"You spoofing bounder, why didn't you tell me?" howled Algy.

"The boy appears to have kept quite silent on the matter," said his lordship, in some perplexity. "Modesty, of course, is—is quite becoming, but this was really carrying it very far. Have you quite recovered from the injuries you received, my dear boy?"

"Yes," gasped Harry.

"That is good, Algernon!"

"Ye-e-es, father."

"There is no need for you to seek friends among—among persons of—of obscure origin and unknown antecedents," said his lordship severely. "A boy like this would be a much more suitable friend for you."

"Oh gad!" gasped Algy helplessly.

"I hope that you will be friends, Algernon."

"We—we—we are, sir!"

"I am glad to hear it—very glad to hear it. By the way, I do not yet know your name, my boy," said his lordship, turning to Harry with a kind smile. "I must know the name of the brave lad to whom I owe my personal safety."

Harry Nameless looked helplessly at the Head. That gentleman seemed to be in a dazed state.

you not give me your name when I asked you? I asked you that afternoon, and you did not tell me—"

Harry's colour deepened.

"Because—" He spoke haltingly.

"I—I knew why you'd come down to St. Kit's, sir, and—and—"

"You did not choose to let me know that I was under an obligation to you?"

"Yes, sir," said Harry quietly.

"But—but—" His lordship was not often at a loss for words. But he was at a loss now. He looked long and earnestly at Harry's flushed, proud face. And he found words at last. "My desire was to be just,

"What-ho!" chuckled Algernon Aubrey.

He caught Harry's arm and marched him from the study.

It was a right merry tea-party in Study No. 5 that afternoon.

Bunny Bootles did not venture in, which did not detract from the happiness of the occasion.

Lord Westcourt had on his most charming manners.

Harry, rather to his surprise, found that he liked Algy's pater immensely.

When his lordship was gone the Honourable Algernon Aubrey St. Leger looked rather comically at his chum.

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"All serene now—what?" he said. "Yes, rather!" said Harry, laughing.

The door opened and a dolorous face blinked in.

"Has he gone?" groaned Bunny Bootles. "Anything left to eat? Oh dear! I say, the Head has been pitching into me! I—I've been flogged!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Algernon Aubrey rose to his feet.

"So long as I believed it was you helped my pater, Bunny, I felt that I oughtn't to kick you," he said.

"Now I know it wasn't you, I feel that I ought. Catchy on?"

"Look here, you beast— Yaroo-oo!"

The study door closed on Bunny. And that evening peace and contentment reigned in Study No. 5, and all was calm and bright for Harry Nameless and Algernon Aubrey—no longer parted chums.

"On His Neck!"

"Where's St. Leger?"

Vernon Carton, the captain of the Fourth Form at St. Kit's, looked into Study No. 5 and asked that question.

There was only one junior in the study—Harry Nameless of the Fourth. He had several books on the table before him, a pen in his hand, and a thoughtful and rather tired look on his handsome face. He looked up quietly as Carton stepped into the doorway.

"St. Leger? On the football-ground, I think."

"I wanted to speak to him," grunted Carton.

"He will be in to tea soon."

Harry Nameless dropped his eyes to his books again. He was hard at work that afternoon, though it was a half-holiday at St. Kit's.

Vernon Carton did not turn away. He came a step into the study, a sneering smile on his face.

"Swottin' as usual?" he remarked.

Harry Nameless made no reply to that.

He was deep in Virgil, and P. Virgilius Maro was difficult enough for a Fourth-Former without a conversation at the same time. And he had no desire for conversation with Vernon Carton.

"You're goin' in for a prize, I understand?" went on Carton.

"Yes."

"Money prize, of course?"

"Yes."

"Just your sort!" said Carton, with a sneer. "I've seen your sort before. You shove yourself into a decent school on a dashed scholarship, and set out to bag all the cash that's goin'! Prize-huntin' cad!"

Harry Nameless looked up again. His manner was still quiet, but there was a gleam in his eyes.

"Do you prefer to leave this study on your feet or on your neck, Carton?" he inquired.

It was Carton's turn not to reply. He lounged across to the window, with his hands in his pockets, and stared out into the quadrangle for a minute or two. Harry Nameless, after a glance at him, resumed his interrupted "grind."

Carton turned round from the window.

"I came here to speak to Algy St. Leger," he said; "but I've somethin' to say to you, too, Nameless."

"Well? Cut it short."

"Can't you leave your swottin' for a minute. Are you afraid some other chap will get a look in for the Fortescue prize?"

"Never mind that. If you have anything to say, say it, and get it over," said Harry impatiently.

"Well, I have somethin' to say. Ever since you've been at St. Kit's you've been tryin' to shove yourself into the junior games. I think you understand pretty clearly that so long as I'm junior captain you won't play football for St. Kit's."

"Very likely," said Harry contemptuously.

"You see, we don't want your sort in the eleven," explained Carton. "When we meet Lyncroft next week, for instance, we couldn't very well tell them that one of our men was brought up in a workhouse, could we, and doesn't even know his own name?"

The colour burned in Harry Nameless' cheeks.

He did not want to "rag" with Vernon Carton that afternoon; he wanted to work. But his temper was rising.

"I was not brought up in a workhouse, Carton," he said. "I should not be ashamed of it if I had been."

(Continued overleaf.)



"I dare say you wouldn't! Fellows are born with pretty thick skins in your class, I believe," yawned Carton. "However, that's neither here nor there. It's about the footer I want to speak. You know, of course, that there's a trial match on Saturday for selectin' the players for the Lyncroft fixture next week?"

"Of course."
"St. Leger's captain's one side."
"I know."
"I've heard from Bunny Bootles that he's asked you to play in the scratch team."
"That's so."
"You're goin' to play?"
"Yes."

"I thought so!" sneered Carton. "Well, I'm here to tell you that you're not. Catch on to that?"

Harry looked at him.
"I don't see that you've got anything to do with it," he said. "St. Leger can pick any man he likes for his eleven, I suppose."

"Not while I'm captain," said Carton emphatically—"nothin' of the sort, my boy! I know St. Leger's game. He wants to edge you into the junior eleven if he can, because he's been fool enough to chum with you. We're not havin' any, I can assure you. You're goin' to stand out of the trial match on Saturday, Nameless."

Harry shook his head.
"You won't?" exclaimed Carton.
"No."

"Then you'll be made!" said the captain of the Fourth savagely. "You know how you're looked on in the Lower School here, Nameless. You're a pushin' outsider comin' from the dickens knows where, without even a name of your own. The Head ought to be scragged for lettin' you into St. Kit's at all. We've got to stand you in the Form-room, but we're not goin' to stand you on the playin'-fields. That's plain enough, I hope?"

Harry Nameless rose to his feet.
"Quite!" he said. "And now—"
"Now what?"

"Get outside this study!"
Carton's eyes glittered, and he did not move. He had already had one encounter with the nameless school-boy, and he had not come off best. But he stood his ground now, his hands clenched, breathing hard.

"Are you going, Carton?"
"I don't take orders from a nameless cad!" said Vernon Carton between his teeth.

"Then I shall pitch you out!" said Harry Nameless coolly.

"Hands off, you cad! I— Ah!"
Carton broke off as the nameless schoolboy advanced upon him, with his hands up.

Harry Nameless had reached the end of his patience.

Carton's hands went up in defence, but his defence did not serve him well. His hands were knocked aside, and the nameless schoolboy's grasp fastened on him like the grip of a vice.

"You cad! Hands off—"

Carton struggled fiercely as he was whirled to the door. He struck out blindly, and the blow came home on Harry's cheek, leaving a red mark there. The next moment Vernon Carton was spinning through the doorway.

Crash!
The nut of the Fourth sprawled headlong in the Fourth Form passage. He rolled there and gasped.

Harry Nameless stood in the doorway, his eyes flashing.

Carton sat up dazedly.

A fat junior, coming up the passage from the stairs, stopped, and emitted a loud chortle.

"He, he, he! I say, you did come a cropper! He, he, he!" Bunny Bootles chortled with great enjoyment. "Have you damaged your pants, old top? He, he, he!"
Carton scrambled furiously to his feet. He made a spring like a tiger at the junior in the study doorway. In a second they were locked in a furious struggle.

"Go it!" chortled Bunny. "He, he, he!"

Crash!

Vernon Carton came out again.

He gave a loud howl as he landed. Harry Nameless, a little breathless and flushed, still blocked the study doorway, ready for another attack.

But the attack did not come. Vernon Carton picked himself up more slowly this time, and he showed no desire to renew the fray.

He gasped spasmodically for breath, and, with a black and bitter look at the Foundation junior, turned away up the passage.

"He, he, he! Yaroooooh!" roared Bunny Bootles.

Apparently the fat chortle of Bunny irritated Carton. He paused a moment to give the fat junior a sounding smack which sent Bunny staggering against the wall, and stopped his chortle with surprising suddenness.

"Yow-ow-ow!" howled Bunny.

"You rotter! Ow-wow-wow!"
Carton strode away towards the top study, red with rage and gasping for breath.

"Yow-ow-ow! Give him some more, Nameless!" howled Bunny Bootles. "You silly ass! Why don't you give him some more? Yow-ow-wow!"

Harry Nameless did not heed Bunny. He returned to the study table and to P. Virgilius Maro. And his "swotting" was not further interrupted by Vernon Carton.

Algy Has His Way.

"Still goin' it, old bean?"

Algernon Aubrey St. Leger made that inquiry as he strolled into Study No. 5 about half an hour after Vernon Carton's hurried departure therefrom.

Harry Nameless pushed his books away and rose to his feet, with a smile.

"I've been going it. Ready for tea?"

"Not quite—I've got to change first." Algernon Aubrey had come in from the football field, in coat and muffler, his aristocratic face ruddy from healthy exercise. "Just looked in to see how you're progressin'." You are an ass to stick indoors instead of comin' down to the footer. Ever so much better on Little Side."

"I suppose so," said Harry, suppressing a sigh.

He would have preferred to be on Little Side that afternoon, there was no doubt about that.

"But I offered to stay in and help you with your Latin, didn't I?"

"You did, old fellow," said Harry, smiling.

St. Leger's help with his Latin would not have been of much use to the junior who was working for an exam. St. Leger just managed to scrape through in class; but he had a fixed belief that if he really exerted his noble intellect he would be "no end of a big gun" at classics. He never did exert it.

"Of course, you'll pull off the prize," went on Algy. "But there's a more important matter than that, kid. You've got to play in the Lyncroft match next week."

"No chance of that, I'm afraid."

"It's got to be did. I've a special reason for wantin' you to play," explained Algernon Aubrey. "Swotting at Latin is all very well, but you've got to get into the eleven. I'm sorry I let you stay in this afternoon. Anyhow, you've got to be in your best form in the trials on Saturday."

"But—"

"Best men in the trials are picked

out for the Lyncroft match, and you've got to be one of the best."

"My dear old chap," said Harry, "I'd like it no end, of course, but Carton is skipper, and it rests with him. He wouldn't play me if there wasn't any fellow to fill the place. He would rather play a man short."

Algy nodded.

"I know that! But, you see, I'm up against Carton in this matter, an' I'm goin' to see you through. Catchy on?"

"You can't! As a matter of fact, Carton is raising objections to my playing in the trials on Saturday."

"Oh, I know that! Has he been here?"

"Yes."

Algy glanced at the mark on Harry's cheek and grinned.

"Trouble?"

"Yes."

"I needn't ask who came off second best," said Algernon Aubrey cheerfully. "You're playin' in the trials on Saturday, kid. I'm goin' to talk Carton out of his objections. Leave it to me. I'll go and change, and

"You, dear boy. But I'm captain of my own eleven in the trials, and I'm goin' to pick my men as I please. Catchy on?"

Durance and Tracy grinned. They were Carton's chums; but they were not displeased to see somebody "standing up" to the lofty and lordly Carton. There was rather too much of the "monarch-of-all-I-survey" about Carton to please even his dearest pals.

Carton's eyes glittered.

"Then you won't captain the scratch eleven in the trials, St. Leger!" he said.

"That was settled in committee, dear boy."

"I shall unsettle it pretty quick, if you insist on playin' that cad."

St. Leger shook his head.

"You won't, old bean," he answered gently. "You've made a set against my pal, Nameless—for your own reasons. You know as well as I do that he's the best winger in the Lower School here—you've seen him at practice. You can't keep a

want to see the best men play in the trials, don't you?"

"Ye-es, of course. But—"

"You don't, really, but you have to say you do," said Algy placidly. "That's where I've got you, Carton."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Durance.

Carton scowled at him.

"What the thump are you sniggerin' at, you ass? Look here, St. Leger, if you're goin' to drag the captain of the school into it—"

"I am, if you raise objections to any man I choose to play in the trials," assured Algy.

"Play whom you like, and be hanged to you," snarled Carton. "But it won't make any difference to the Lyncroft match. I wouldn't play Nameless for St. Kit's at any price."

"Sufficient for the day is the worry thereof," said Algy. "We'll talk about Lyncroft next week. We're talkin' about Saturday's trials now. I'm so glad you've got over your objections, Carton. It's so nice to be peaceable an' friendly an' in agreement, an' all that."

"You silly owl—" Carton jumped up, "you're standin' up for that Nameless cad out of sheer obstinacy and cussedness, because no decent fellow will speak to him. I'm fed up with you, St. Leger. Get out of this study before I kick you out."

"Draw it mild, old chap!" murmured Durance.

But Carton did not draw it mild; his experiences in Study No. 5 that afternoon had not sweetened his temper. He advanced threateningly towards the dandy of the Fourth.

Algernon Aubrey groped somewhere for his celebrated eyeglass, jammed it in his eye, and surveyed Carton cheerily.

"Keep your wool on, dear boy," he said. "You know what a thoughtful chap I am—always foreseein' things. I thought you might cut up rusty when I explained to you—so I came here specially with my football boots on. If there's any kickin' goin' on, I'm your man."

"Ha, ha, ha!" continued Algy, "waitin' to be kicked! Je kicks—tu kicks—nous kickons—"

Carton paused.

"Get out, you fool!"

"But I'm waitin' to be kicked out," urged Algy. "You've uttered the blood-curdin' threat, and I'm waitin' to see it carried out."

Durance and Tracy chuckled. Carton seemed rather at a loss. If it came to kicking, Algy certainly was better equipped for the business. And he seemed anxious to begin.

"Oh, buzz off, and don't play the goat," snarled Carton at last, and he returned to his chair.

"You're lettin' me off the kickin'?"

"Fathead! Clear out."

"Thank you, very much, dear boy."

And Algernon Aubrey St. Leger retired gracefully from the study. He left Durance and Tracy grinning, and Carton scowling. The captain of the Fourth gave his study-mates a savage look.

"I can't keep that Nameless cad out of the trials, I suppose," he muttered. "But as for lettin' him into a school match—"

"Can't be did!" said Tracy.

"It's a jolly queer thing," remarked Durance thoughtfully. "Nameless seems to be getting quite popular. If you put him in for the Lyncroft match, Carton, not more than half a dozen fellows would have anythin' to say against it. He's a jolly good winger—I've seen him at practice—"

"Are you backing him up now?" asked Carton, with a look of concentrated anger at his study-mate.

"Oh, no—I'm down on all pushin' bouncers," yawned Durance. "It would look queer to have a name like that in the list for a school match—Nameless. But there's no good denyin' that he's a good player, and if you put him in it would help us beat Lyncroft. I'd like to beat Turkey's lot next week."

"I'd rather lose the match than put him in," said Carton, between his teeth.

Durance whistled.

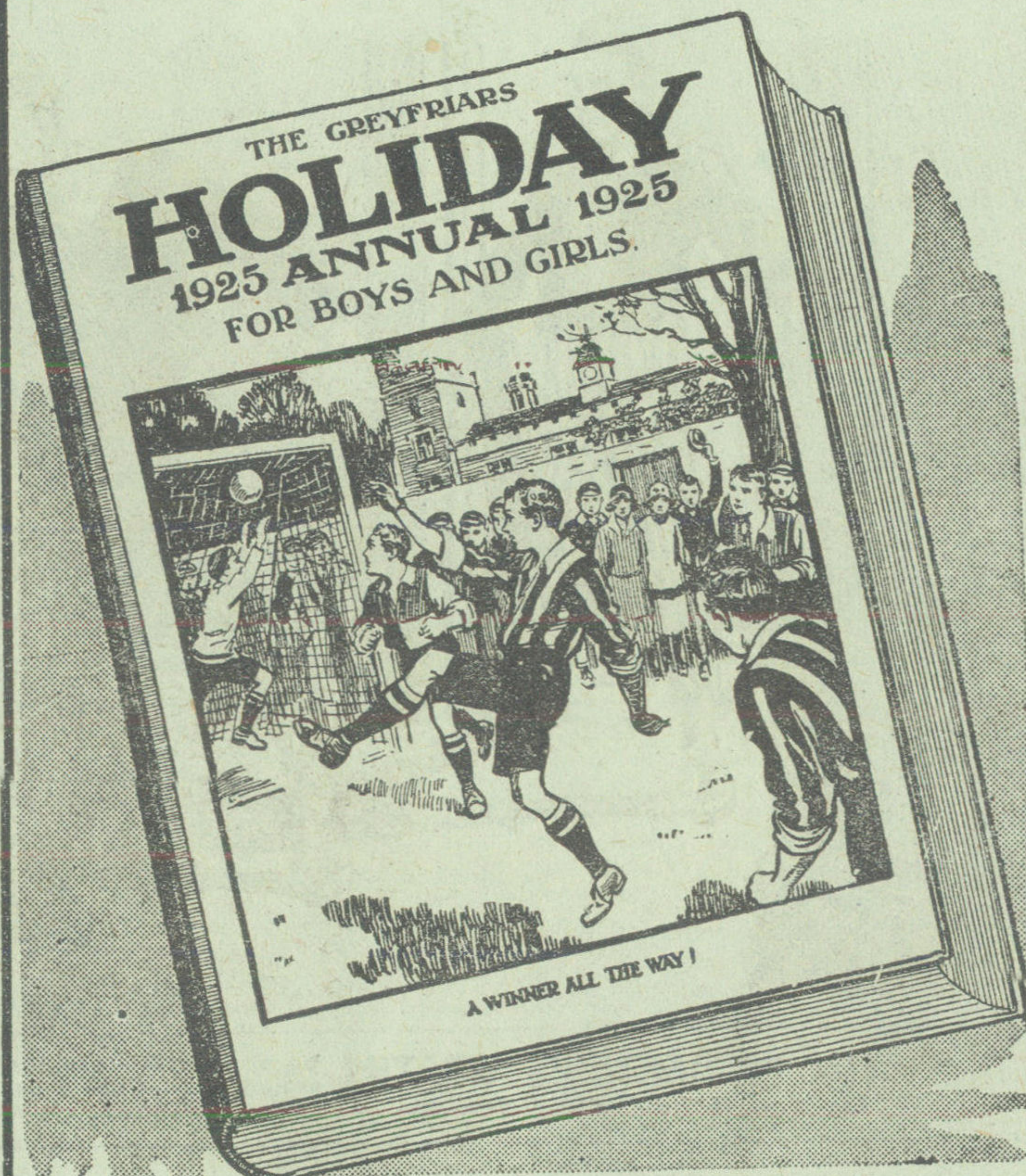
"Better not say that outside this study," he remarked.

"Oh, shut up!" snapped Carton.

Tea in the top study was not a happy or amiable meal that afternoon.

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then call on Carton—no, on second thoughts, I'll call on him first. May as well see him while I've got my football boots on."

Algernon Aubrey St. Leger nodded to his chum, and strolled out of the study. In his leisurely way, he sauntered along to the end of the Fourth Form passage, and up the step to the top study. The door of Study No. 9 was closed, and Algy tapped on it.

"Come in!" sang out Durance's voice.

Algy opened the door.

Carton & Co. were finishing tea. There was a deep frown on Vernon Carton's face; he was not in a good temper. Tracy had already lighted a cigarette—there were always "smokes" in Carton's study after tea.

"What do you want?" snapped Carton, as the dandy of St. Kit's gracefully filled the doorway.

"Just a word, old bean," said Algy. "You've been raisin' objections about my men for the trial match on Saturday."

"I object to one man—that nameless outsider."

"Yaas. I thought I'd better mench that I'm not goin' to take any notice of your objection," remarked Algy. "Clears the air, what?"

"Who's captain?" demanded Carton.

man like that in the shade for always. I'm goin' to play him, and if he turns out well in the trials, it will be up to you to put him in the team for the Lyncroft match."

"Talk sense!" snapped Carton.

"My esteemed old bean, I'm talkin' solid hoss-sense. Nameless plays on Saturday, that's settled. If you've still got any objections—"

"I have—rather."

"Then we'll go an' consult Oliphant."

"What?"

"Oliphant of the Sixth!" said Algy innocently.

"What the thump has Oliphant got to do with it?"

"Captain of the school, an' head of the games," said Algy. "Head of the games is the fit and proper person to settle a little dispute like this. I'm willin' to abide by old Oliphant's decision. Are you?"

Carton compressed his lips hard. He knew what Oliphant's decision would be, if the matter was placed before the captain of St. Kit's. So did Algy, for that matter.

"So you're goin' to drag Oliphant into a Fourth Form row, are you?" he asked, between his teeth.

"This isn't a Fourth Form row—this is a matter connected with the school games—quite a different thing," answered Algy calmly. "You



A Lucky Find!

(Continued from page 263.)

sport, suppose you got out of this scrape, would you undertake to become a reformed character, like my noble self, and never be naughty any more?"

Gower's face flushed with eager hope.

"Will you help me, Morny?" he gasped.

"Certainly, old bean!"

"It's only seven pounds!" gasped Gower.

"And I believe I've got nearly seven shillin's," said Mornington with a nod. "I can see myself givin' you seven pounds, Gower, if I had it—I don't think. But I'm goin' to help you. You know it's my special line to play Good Samaritan, and help lame dogs over stiles—what? And you're about the lamest dog I ever saw—not to say a lame cur." Morny chuckled. "How would you like me to fix it for you to pay Hookey when you like, and how you like, and on your own terms?"

"You—you can't."

"I can, old bean—an' will. Here you are."

Valentine Mornington drew a crumpled paper from his pocket and tossed it across the study to Gower. Then he turned, with a laugh, and walked away.

Gower, in amazement, caught the fluttering paper. He stared at it blankly.

"Oh," he stuttered. "My—my—my paper! My IOU. Then that was what Hook lost—what he was lookin' for! How the thump did Morny get hold of it? Oh gad!"

Gower leaped to his feet. The sight of that tell-tale scrap of paper seemed to have given him new life.

"Your IOU!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver.

Gower broke into a laugh. He could laugh now.

"I think I catch on!" he exclaimed. "Hook had this ready, of course, to hand over for the money, and then that fool Lovell pitched into him and punched him and kicked him, and Hook ran for it. Of course, he dropped the paper, and never thought of stopping for it, with that idiot Lovell goin' for him."

"Oh!" exclaimed Jimmy.

"That's what he was rootin' about for—that's why he never sent it to the Head!" Gower chuckled. "He jolly well won't send it now."

Gower struck a match, and lighted the paper at the corner. He held it over the study fender till it was consumed.

"That's that!" he said. "Hookey won't have much choice about givin' me time to pay now. Of course, I shall pay him. But he'll have to wait till I'm ready to do it."

Jimmy Silver looked at him grimly.

"And that's the last of your dealings with Joey Hook!" he said. "No more betting on geegees for you, Gower."

"That's my business," said Gower coolly.

"What?"

"When I want your advice, I'll ask you for it."

Jimmy Silver picked up the chisel from under the table.

"Very good!" he assented. "Now come along and see Mr. Dalton. We'll take the chisel with us."

Cuthbert Gower stared at him, and his new-found courage oozed away with startling suddenness.

"I—I—I mean, I swear—I promise—" he stuttered.

"Oh, cut it out!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver contemptuously. "If this lesson isn't enough to keep you straight, Gower, you're going to have another, and you'll get it from me. Keep that in mind! Now get out before I kick you."

And Gower got out.

The 6th Chapter. The Last Lesson!

"Halt!"

It was the following Wednesday, and Jimmy Silver & Co. were out of gates for the half-holiday. Cuthbert Gower of the Fourth, left the school and walked away quite jauntily down the lane towards Coombe.

DR. CHISHOLM,



Headmaster of Rookwood School.

The sportsman of the Fourth was quite a new Gower—he could hardly have been recognised as the same fellow who had excited the derision of the Fourth with his long, dismal face a week ago—the trembling culprit whom Jimmy Silver had barely prevented from becoming a thief. Gower was merry and bright, and he sauntered down the lane towards Coombe with his hands in his pockets and his cap on the back of his head, whistling. Gower's trouble was gone, and it seemed to have left little trace behind it.

From the lane he turned into a path which led across a field to a back gate on the garden of the Bird-in-Hand Inn. The sword of Damocles was no longer suspended over Gower's head; and like a moth he was fluttering once more about the candle where he had singed his wings. But he had reckoned without "Uncle James" of Rookwood.

He was close on the garden gate, when four fellows strolled out from the trees into his path. And Jimmy Silver rapped out "Halt!"

Gower halted, with a sneering grin. "Well, what do you want?" he asked.

"Looking for you, old bean," said Jimmy Silver. "You're going it again, what? Looking for more trouble, and another chance of disgracing your school?"

"No business of yours," said Gower. "I'm jolly well goin' to do just what I jolly well like, and you can put that in your pipe and smoke it, Mister Meddling Jimmy Silver!"

"Beginning again, are you?" hooted Arthur Edward Lovell.

"That's my bizney."

Gower gave the Fistical Four a vaunting look.

"Your bizney, is it?" said Jimmy Silver reflectively. "Ours, too, I think, just a little. Didn't I mention to you, Gower, that if one lesson wasn't enough for you you'd get another?"

"Oh, give us a rest!" said Gower.

"Didn't you promise—?"

"Did I?" yawned Gower. "Well, promises are like pie-crusts, you know—made and broken! Now let me pass."

"Collar him!" roared Lovell.

Gower jumped back.

"Look here—" he shouted.

The chums of the Fourth closed round Gower. Four pairs of hands were fastened on him.

"This way!" said Jimmy Silver.

Cuthbert Gower was led away across the field. He resisted desperately. But his resistance did not count for very much.

Each of the Fistical Four secured an arm or a leg belonging to Gower, and walked off with them. The rest of Gower, naturally, accompanied his arms and legs. He was borne away, yelling and kicking, to the end of the field, where there was a deep, muddy, and rather malodorous ditch.

"Leggo!" roared Gower.

"Dear old sportsman," said Jimmy Silver cheerily. "When we leggo, you won't be feeling fit for paying sporting calls. You won't feel at all equal to nap or banker. You won't, really."

"You rotter! I—I—"

"In with him!"

Splash!

"Ow! Wooooooch! Grooooooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Cuthbert Gower vanished into the ditch. Muddy water and ooze closed right over him. He came up, spluttering, gasping, and gurgling, and stood waist-deep in the ditch. He gazed at the slime in his eyes, and spluttered out mouthfuls of ooze.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Lovell.

"There's a picture for you!"

"Ooooooooch! Gug-gug-gug!"

Gower scrambled madly out of the ditch. Certainly he was not in a state now for calling at the Bird-in-Hand, or anywhere else. From the depths of the ditch he had dug up horrid odours, and the powerful aroma clung round him like a garment as he crawled out.

"Oh, my hat! This is too rich!" exclaimed Raby. "Keep your distance, Gower."

"Keep to the windward of him!" gasped Newcome.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow, ow! Gug-gug-gug! Ooooch! Mmmmmmmmm!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Fistical Four, as they retreated from the malodorous sportsman.

"Ow! Grooogh! Ooooooch!"

"Let's get off, for goodness sake!" gasped Lovell. "Gower is too rich for my taste. Good-bye, old sport!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Fistical Four walked away rather quickly—the neighbourhood of Cuthbert Gower really was not pleasant. They chuckled as they went; but Gower, as he sat down and scraped at mud and slime, did not feel like chuckling. It was hours later when Gower slunk wearily into school, and he looked quite pale and worn. Jimmy Silver met him with a smiling face as he came in.

"I'm keeping an eye on you this term, old bean," he said. "You're going to have some more of the same whenever you ask for it. You've only got to ask."

And Cuthbert Gower, on reflection, decided that he wouldn't "ask" for any more.

THE END.

(Fun and excitement galore in "Putty's Bright Idea!"—next Monday's great story of the chums of Rookwood School. Make sure you read it by ordering your copy of the BOYS' FRIEND in advance!)

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.

The Hit that Counts

There has been unearthed, somewhere in South America, a big fellow, a second Firpo, whose arms and shoulders have developed such tremendous strength by his ordinary occupation of wielding a felling-axe that he is reputed to be able to strike a harder blow than Firpo himself—and you haven't forgotten how Firpo knocked Jack Dempsey clean off his feet and out of the ring. On the strength of this mighty punching power, he, the South American, is declared to be the coming world's heavy-weight champion.

Why will people talk such rubbish? Everyone ought to know, but everyone doesn't know, that great weight and enormous physical power are not the deciding factors in the giving of a tremendous blow—a boxer's blow, that is. The records of boxing, in every country, prove that mere ability to deliver a ponderous blow does not always win contests, much less make a champion. And here's something for the student of boxing to bear in mind. In boxing it is not the slow, heavy blow that hurts most, but the quick, forceful, snappy punch. And, anyway, for every one of the former that gets home in an average boxing bout, there will be a dozen of the latter. And it mustn't be forgotten that there is such a thing as cumulative effect—that is to say, that a dozen blows of the sharp, forceful kind, landing on or about the same spot, will be far more weakening in effect than one smasher.

Old Dutch Sam, nearly a hundred years ago, though only a 9½ stoner, could hit as hard as the 14 stone Tom Cribb, England's champion, and was quite willing to prove it, too. Fitzsimmons was never a heavy-weight, not much above 12 stone, but his hitting was almost as devastating as that of Jefferies, the 16 stone boiler-maker. Goddard, the Australian, is another most tremendous hitter, as also was Farnum, or Farnham, the Australian bush blacksmith, who was quite satisfied if he could "just get one in," knowing full well that if his glove did get home—good-bye for his opponent. But the boxer who relies solely on that "just one" is going to lose to more men than he beats; though I am quite willing to admit that in a "fight to a finish" the cast-iron, ponderous, "just one" fighter is very liable to get the better of the cleverer but lighter hitter. But not always. I've known lumberjacks in the West—and if you want to meet tough men and strong strikers, you'll find such among the "jacks"—who have been put down and out by lighter, weaker men than themselves, who knew how to hit.

The hit that counts is the one that is well placed, that comes quickly, and with all the weight behind it, and, above all, is loosed with all the striker's energy, every ounce of it, behind it. Now, your ponderous and Sandow-like strong man can't get all his nervous energy into a number of blows in the same way as a smaller one does. He has the greater power, but he can't let it all go at the same moment. For one thing, he is willing to rely too greatly upon his tough and gigantic muscles. And, as I have explained before, it's the driving force behind the muscles that counts.

I recall a man of the woods, small rather than otherwise—he wasn't a full 11 stone—who could, and did, pulverise most fight-loving "jacks," simply by reason of the terrible speed and awful violence with which he launched his blows. He was like an indiarubber ball, and his fist fell like a viciously driven hammer. But he was wise enough not to do his boxing in a confined space.

There is mind as well as muscle in the blows that count; which means that the successful boxer must always have his brain keenly working, seeking the opportunities for effective hitting, never trusting to chance blows, but concentrating on that combination of speed, judgment of distance, accuracy of direction, and nervous force.

Where to Exercise.

The best place in which to go through one's daily exercise is somewhere in the open, where fresh, oxygen-laden air can be taken into the lungs—and you know that when exercising you take a lot more air into the lungs than when the body is at rest—to help improve the quality of the blood. The less oxygen a person breathes, the less redness is there in the blood.

If you can't exercise in the open—and our climate very often is against being able to do this—then the next best place is somewhere under cover into which plenty of fresh air can get. That's why I tell you to do your exercise every morning in your bedroom with the window wide open. Of course, you will have had the window open all night as well.

To go through severe exercise, especially for a long time in a place without an open window or door, so that no current of fresh air can enter, is to do yourself a real injury. You don't get any benefit from the exercise at all. True, the exercise brings more blood to your muscles, but is is not pure blood, freshened by the oxygen inhaled, but loaded with all sorts of impurities.

If men who smoke in a small and unventilated hall where boxing is going on had any real consideration for the boxers themselves they would at once put out their pipes and cigarettes. Tobacco-smoke fouls the atmosphere, and the unfortunate boxers carry that foulness into their lungs, from which it enters their blood, to the weakening of their muscles. "No Smoking!" is a notice that should be displayed—and the order enforced—in every room or hall where boxing or other vigorous exercise is being carried on.

There is another item in connection with exercising my readers must always remember. It is that no tight clothing should be worn. Belts are common enough, I know. Try to do without them. Anything tight-fitting about the throat should immediately be got rid of; garters, if worn, ought to be put aside. The reason is that any close-fitting article of clothing interferes with the free circulation of the blood.

Percy Longhurst

(Look out for another helpful article.)

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