

£5 and 11 FOOTBALLS WON! MORE OFFERED AGAIN
— THIS WEEK! —

The BOYS' FRIEND 2d

EVERY MONDAY.

SIXTEEN BIG PAGES!

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THE BEST BOYS' PAPER IN THE WORLD!

[Week Ending November 8th, 1924.]

The Jape of the Term!



CARTHEW RECEIVES AN OFFER OF TEN SHILLINGS FOR HIS BIKE!

(An amazing incident from Owen Conquest's great story of the chums of Rookwood School inside.)

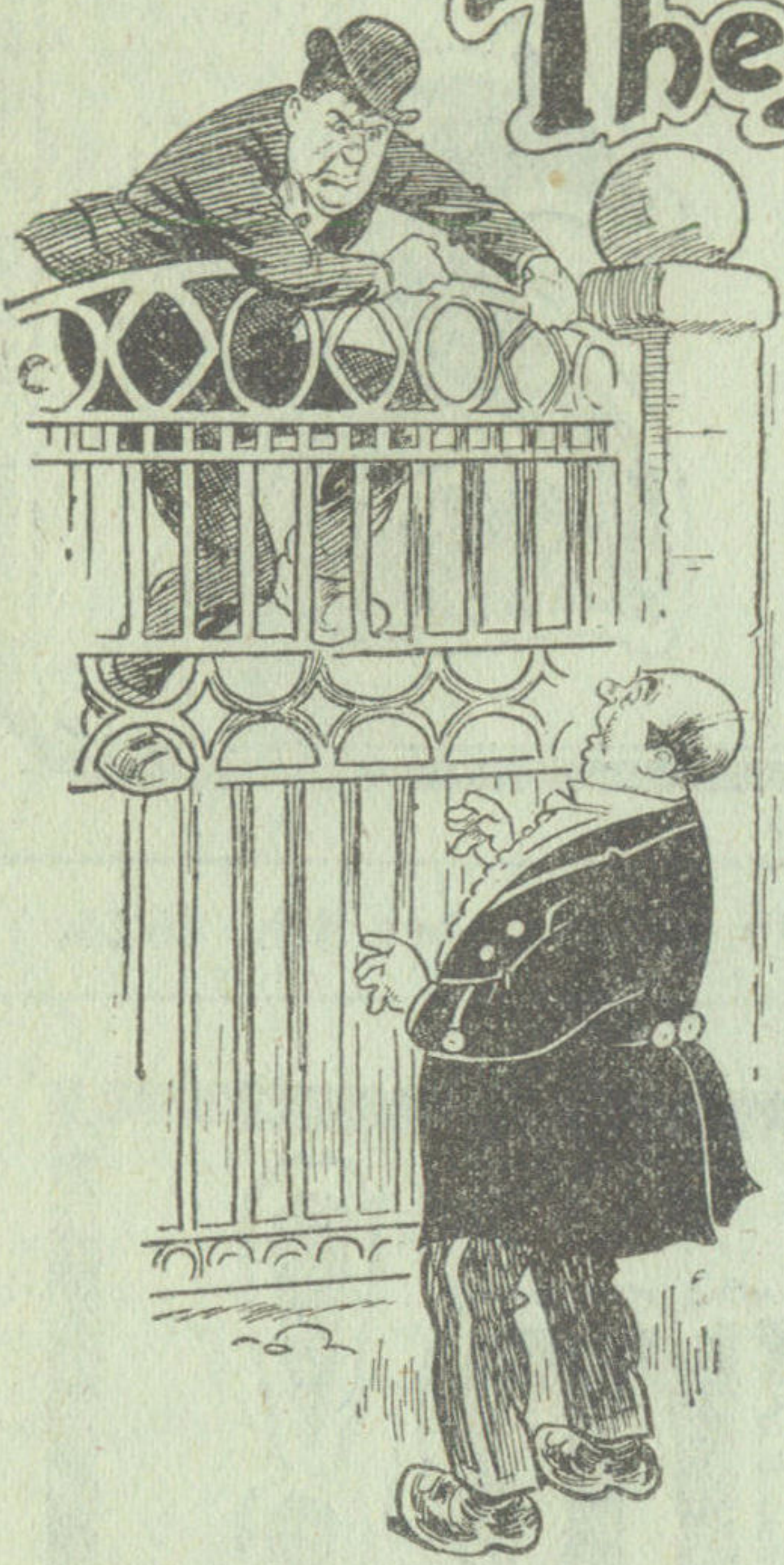
A LIVELY TALE OF THE BOYS OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL!

The Jape of the Term!

By OWEN CONQUEST.

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

There is a great rush of would-be purchasers for Mark Carthew's bicycle at ten shillings!



The 1st Chapter.

Too Funny!

"Ow!"

"Feeling bad, old chap?"

Jimmy Silver asked that sympathetic question.

Arthur Edward Lovell, who was about to groan again, paused, to fix a glare on his sympathetic chum.

"You ass!"

"Eh?"

"Do you think I should be kicking up this row if I wasn't feeling bad?" demanded Lovell.

Jimmy Silver smiled.

There was no doubt that Lovell of the Fourth was feeling bad, and equally no doubt that it had a deteriorating effect on his temper.

The Fistical Four, of the Fourth, were in the end study, and for some time Arthur Edward Lovell had been yow-owing.

He was hurt.

A fellow could not be whacked emphatically by a prefect's ashplant, and kicked more emphatically by a prefect's boot, without being hurt. And such had been Lovell's painful experience at the hands of Carthew of the Sixth.

"Ow!" went on Lovell. "Wow!"

"Keep it up, old chap, if it relieves your feelings," said Newcome.

"Don't mind us!" added Raby generously.

"I'm not minding you!" grunted Lovell. "Ow! That awful rotter! Oh! I've got pains all over! Wow! Of course, he's mad!"

"Mad as a hatter!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Mad as a giddy March hare," said Raby. "Really, something ought to be done about it. Somebody ought to be told."

"His people ought to know," remarked Newcome. "The Head, anyway. He's really dangerous."

"Ow! Wow!" groaned Lovell.

"It's awfully queer," observed Jimmy Silver thoughtfully. "Carthew of the Sixth is a beastly bully at the best of times. He's got a special down on this study. But that doesn't account for it. He advertises his bike for sale, and as soon as a fellow goes to make him an offer for it, he jumps at him—"

"Like a tiger!" groaned Lovell.

"Ow!"

"I—I suppose there can't be some mistake about it," said Jimmy. "It really is jolly odd—unless Carthew's mad."

Jimmy Silver picked up the "Coombe Times" from the study table, and looked down the advertisement columns. Once more he read over the advertisement which had caused so much and such unexpected trouble, to Arthur Edward Lovell in particular.

The advertisement was plain enough; there did not seem any room for mistake or misapprehension in it. It ran—the juniors really knew it by heart by this time:

FOR SALE.—Enfield bicycle in excellent condition. 10s. or nearest offer. Call personally only to M. Carthew. School House, Rookwood.

Naturally, Jimmy Silver & Co. had been surprised to find that Carthew was offering his handsome jigger for

sale for ten shillings. But there it was, in black and white; and Lovell, in good faith, had gone to Carthew's study to offer him the ten shillings and take over the bike. Then the trouble had started, and Lovell, whacked and kicked out of the study, had fled, as it were, for his life. Carthew's conduct was absolutely inexplicable.

It was not explained by the fact that the bully of the Sixth had a special "down" on the end study, and that Lovell was a member of that famous study.

For Smythe of the Shell had gone to Carthew to make the offer for the bike, and had been treated in the same way—and even more drastically. Carthew had no "down" on Smythe of the Shell—indeed, he was generally rather civil to Adolphus Smythe, who was a wealthy fellow.

So the whole thing was a puzzle—unless Carthew was out of his senses. The Classical Fourth, discussing the matter, came to the conclusion that Carthew was as mad as a hatter.

And that really was an alarming theory. A prefect of the Sixth Form who was as mad as a hatter was a rather dangerous customer—quite unpleasant at close quarters.

"The advertisement's straight enough," groaned Lovell. "Carthew put it in the paper. It's the advertisement he sent you with on Wednesday, Jimmy—the message Putty took to the printer's office for you. He may have changed his mind about selling the bike so cheap. But that's no reason why he should spring out at a fellow like a tiger."

"No reason at all," agreed Jimmy.

"It says ten shillings, and I offered him ten shillings. It says call personally, and I called personally. What more did he want?"

"Oh, he's potty," said Newcome.

"The Head ought to be told—ow!" said Lovell. "Carthew ought to be put under restraint—yow-ow!"

Lovell rubbed his injuries and groaned.

There was a tap at the half-open door of the end study, and a cheery junior came in. It was Teddy Grace, otherwise known as Putty of the Fourth. Putty's cheery face wore a bright smile.

"You fellows seen the local paper?" he asked.

"Yes—we've got it here," said Jimmy.

"Good! I want to look at it," said Putty. "I've been over to Rookham, and got back only just in time for lock-up—too late to get the paper, and I want to see it particularly."

He glanced down the advertisement columns, and chuckled.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Is that Carthew's advertisement you're looking at?" asked Raby.

"Ha, ha! Yes." Putty of the Fourth carefully closed the door of the end study. "I can tell you fellows—you'll keep it dark. Of course, it will have to be kept dark—it's rather risky pulling a prefect's leg—especially Carthew's."

"What the thump—"

"I'll tell you. You remember Carthew sent you to the printer's with an advertisement about selling his bike, last Wednesday, Jimmy. I took it off your hands, as you were going to Bunbury."

"I remember," said Jimmy Silver. "I'd been having some trouble with Carthew, and I got a bright idea for making him sit up," continued Putty brightly. "I altered the advertisement before I took it in."

"What?"

"You see, Carthew was offering his bike for ten pounds—"

"Ten pounds!" repeated Jimmy.

"Yes, and put in 'communications by letter only.' Of course, he didn't

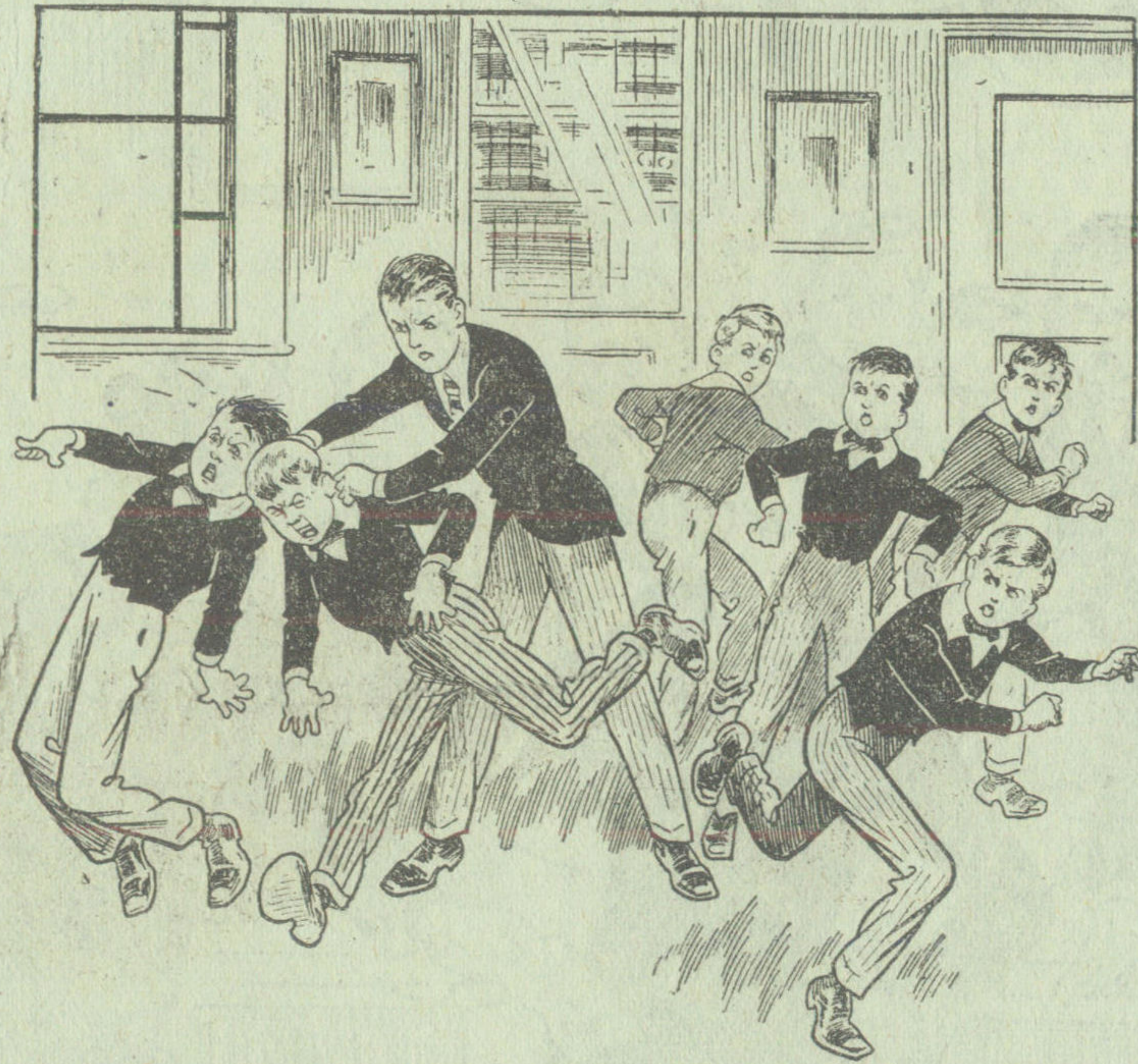
want people calling here about his old bike, perhaps during classes, too. His idea was to fix up appointments to show it to a buyer."

The Fistical Four stared at Putty. The expression on Arthur Edward Lovell's face was really startling. He was beginning to understand.

"Catch on?" continued Putty, still merry and bright, and quite failing to note Lovell's expression. "I altered the ten pounds to ten shillings, and put in 'call personally only.' Here it is, in the paper."

"You—you—" gasped Lovell.

"Bright idea, wasn't it?" grinned Putty. "You see, lots of readers of



CARTHEW DEALS WITH THE FAGS! Like lightning seized Algy Silver and Lovell minor by the collars. Crack! Two feindish yells rang through the prefects' room as Algy's and Lovell minor's heads came together with a resounding concussion. "Oh! Ow!" "Yaroooh!"

that paper will see the advertisement, and there will be a regular mob after an Enfield bike for ten bob. And they're told to call personally. They'll come all right. While Carthew is in class with the Sixth to-morrow, very likely. Catch on? Ha, ha, ha!"

Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome stared open-mouthed at the practical joker of Rookwood.

They comprehended now.

That surprising advertisement was quite explained—and so was Carthew's amazing conduct. Having—as he supposed—advertised his bike for sale at ten pounds no wonder he was enraged when a junior dropped in to offer him ten shillings for it. No wonder Carthew had supposed that it was a "rag" on the part of the juniors, and had rewarded Lovell, and Smythe of the Shell, with the ashplant.

"So—so—so that's it!" stuttered Raby.

"That's it!" grinned Putty of the Fourth, beaming with glee. "No end of a catch on Carthew—what?"

"You silly ass!" roared Lovell.

"Eh?"

SPECIAL NOTICE

Owing to pressure of space, Mr. Longhurst's Health and Sport article has unavoidably been held over this week. It will appear in next Monday's BOYS' FRIEND

"You howling dummy—"

"Hallo! What's biting you, Lovell?" asked Putty, in astonishment. "Don't you think it's no end of a jest on Carthew? Think of people coming here to see him in class—and Carthew not being able to make head or tail of it when they offer him ten bob—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Raby. "You silly ass, I suppose it never occurred to you that some Rookwood chaps would see that advertisement, and would take it as genuine."

Putty started.

"You don't mean—"

"You silly ass!" howled Lovell, jumping up. "You funny chump! I've been to Carthew, through that fatheaded jape of yours, and offered him ten bob for his bicycle."

"You have!" yelled Putty.

"Yes, I have, you blithering funny bandersnatch!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Putty. "What did Carthew do?"

"He thought it was a rag—I can see now why he thought so. He pitched into me—"

"Pitched into you?"

"Yes—whacked me right and left and—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"And booted me out of his study!" roared Lovell.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Putty.

"You think it's a laughing matter?" bawled Lovell.

Apparently Putty did. He simply yelled with merriment.

But Lovell did not hold on. He was full of aches and pains that he owed to Putty's misdirected sense of humour. He was quite keen to give Putty his share of pains and aches, and he did—with energy.

He rushed after the sprawling Putty, still smiting with the cushion. The thwacks of the cushion and the yells of the hapless Putty rang through the Fourth Form passage.

Whack! Whack! Whack! Bump!

"Oh! Ow! Yaroooh! Gerroff! Keep him off! Oh crumbs!"

Putty of the Fourth scrambled up somehow and fled. Lovell, unappeased, pursued him along the passage, smiting frantically with the cushion. He did not stop till Putty bolted into Study No. 2 like a rabbit into a burrow, and slammed and locked the door.

Then Lovell returned breathlessly to the end study. He was breathless, but he was feeling better.

The 2nd Chapter.

The Third Form Syndicate.

Algy Silver of the Third Form, at Rookwood came into the Third Form room with a crumpled paper under his arm, and a cheery grin on his face. Prep in the Third Form room was over; Mr. Bohun, the master of the Third, had finished with his Form for that evening. After prep the fags had the room to themselves until nine o'clock; they preferred it to the junior Common-room, where they were in awe of the Fourth and the Shell. Generally, after prep, there was plenty of noise going on in the fags' quarters—the Rookwood Third had no idea at all of the repose that stamps the caste of Vere de Vere. The present evening was not an exception—there was plenty of noise going on, when Jimmy Silver's fag cousin strolled in.

Stacey and Wegg and Hawes were "buzzing" inkballs at one another. Lovell minor was arguing with Grant at the top of his voice, and Grant was arguing with Lovell minor with all the power of his lungs. Pipkin and Lucas and Wylie were gathered round the fire, cooking herrings for a fag supper—or perhaps scorching them would be more correct. There was a scent of herrings, and a smell of burning, and an aroma from Pipkin's boots, which had been too near the fire.

Algy Silver looked round the noisy Form-room, and signed to Lovell minor and Grant. His look and gesture indicated that something was "on," and the two fags ceased their argument, and joined him in a corner.

"What's up?" asked Lovell minor.

"A chance for us!" said Algy impressively. "Either of you fellows got ten shillings?"

"I've got sixpence," said Lovell minor.

"I've got half-a-crown," said Grant. "And I'm keeping it," he added, as an afterthought.

Algy frowned.

"I tell you this is a chance for us, young Grant," he said. "If you want to keep out of it, keep out, and be blown to you! If you want a chance of turning your half-crown into a quid, say the word."

"A quid!" gasped Grant.

"Or perhaps thirty bob," said Algy.

"Gammon!"

"Look here, young Grant—"

"What's the game?" asked Teddy Lovell. "Give it a name, Algy! If it's a sweep, you can leave me out."

"And me!" said Grant.

"It's not a sweep. Look here!" Algy held up the crumpled paper. "You know I went to see my cousin Jimmy in the Fourth, to see whether I could raise a few bobs from him. Well, Jimmy's gone over to Manders' House, to jaw about the football with Tommy Dodd—so Rawson told me. His pals have gone with him, and there was nobody in the end study."

"What about it?"

"I'm coming to that. It was no good waiting for Jimmy—you know what he is when he gets going on football-jaw. He won't be back till dawn most likely. But this paper was lying on the study table, and I had a look at it while I was waiting, before I asked Rawson where the silly chumps were."

"The 'Coombe Times,'" said Lovell minor. "I believe that's my major's paper—I saw him with it."

"Very likely—I've only borrowed it to show you chaps," said Algy Silver. "I suppose a fellow can look at the advertisements in your major's paper, can't he, young Lovell?"

"What the thump do you want to look at the advertisements for?" demanded Lovell minor. "Lot of bosh!"

"There's an advertisement here

from Rookwood," said Algy. "Carthew of the Sixth is advertising his bike for sale, for ten shillings."
"Phew! Must be an ass! It's worth pounds."
"I dare say he's hard up!" grinned Algy. "You know Carthew—banker and nap in the study, and always two or three IOU's knocking about among the Sixth and Fifth. I dare say he's in a hole for money."

The fags chuckled. Apparently the young rascals of the Third knew more about Mark Carthew's manners and customs, than the prefect dreamed of suspecting.

"Anyhow, there it is," went on Silver II. "Now, you've seen that bike—a ripping Enfield, with three-speed gear, and a back-pedal brake, and in jolly good condition, just as Carthew says in the advert. He's a howling ass to sell it for ten bob; but that's his own business. Of course, we couldn't ride Carthew's size in bikes—but if we wheeled it over to Rookham, a dealer would easily give four or five pounds for it."

"Why doesn't Carthew, then?" asked Grant.

"Blessed if I know—silly ass, I suppose. Anyhow, look at the advert, and you'll see it's offered for ten bob."

Grant and Lovell minor looked, and were convinced. There was no doubting plain print.

"I've told you," resumed Algy Silver, "that this is a chance for us. I'm letting you fellows into it because you're pals of mine. And—and I haven't ten bob just now, as it happens. Of course, Carthew will expect cash."

The three fags looked at one another. Their faces were growing eager. A chance of bagging a handsome bicycle for ten shillings, to be sold the next half-holiday for four or five pounds, perhaps six or seven, was the chance of a lifetime. It appealed to the business instincts of the comrades of the Third. It was a more extensive and more profitable operation than "swopping" postage-stamps and white rabbits.

"I say, that looks all right," said Grant. "If we can make up ten bob among us—"

"You've got half-a-crown," said Algy. "I've got two shillings."

"I've got sixpence," said Lovell minor. "That makes up five bob."

"Five bob isn't enough."

Grant looked thoughtful.

"It says ten shillings, or nearest offer," he remarked. "If we're first in the field, and offer five shillings cash—"

Algy Silver shook his head. "The bike's worth pounds," he said. "Carthew's a fool to let it go for ten bob. We don't want to risk losing it by offering too little. We shall have to take some other fellows into it."

"That means whacking out the profit," said Grant reluctantly.

"But we've got to get hold of the bike—that's the first thing. We can't raise the money by ourselves. We shall have to fix up a syndicate."

"A—a—what?"

Lovell minor and Grant looked at Algy Silver with something like awe. The word syndicate was impressive—all the more because the fags did not quite know what it meant.

Algy smiled the smile of superior knowledge. He knew all about financial syndicates. He had once read a novel in which a financial syndicate figured, and he fancied that there was not much left for him to learn on that subject.

"A syndicate!" he said. "They have them in the City, you know—lot of fellows get together, and pool their spandulics, and they whack out the profits according to the amount of rhino they put up. See?"

"I see. Then we're a syndicate," said Lovell minor.

"We are!" assented Silver II. "But we've got to let some more into it. We've got to raise capital."

Algy Silver glanced over the fags in the Form-room, debating in his mind which should be the lucky fellows to be admitted into the syndicate. By this time the confabulations in the corner had drawn a good many curious glances towards the three. The rest of the Third realised that something was on.

"Pipkin!" called out Algy. "You too, Wylie."

The two fags named came over to the corner.

"What's the game?" asked Pipkin.

"Have you got any money?"

"Not to lend," said Pipkin promptly.

"Don't be a young ass, Pippy! Have you got any money, or haven't you got any money?" asked Silver II. severely. "If you haven't, you can

clear. You can't come into this syndicate without any money to put up."

"That what?" ejaculated Pipkin. "Syndicate," said Algy Silver, with studied carelessness. Pipkin and Wylie were duly impressed.

"I've got a shilling," said Pipkin. "So have I," said Wylie. "But what—"

"That would make seven!" said Algy Silver thoughtfully. "We'll let these two chaps into the syndicate."

"Good," said Lovell Minor. "But how—"

"I say, Wegg," called out Algy Silver. "Come over here a minute, old chap!"

Wegg of the Third came over. Wegg was rather a big fellow, and he called himself captain of the Third.

By this time there was keen curiosity in the Third. Several fags drifted over towards the corner, anxious to know what the mysterious confabulation was about. But Algy Silver had no intention of letting out the valuable secret. This chance of a lifetime was to be reserved for the members of the syndicate—other fellows were not to be given a chance of butting in.

"You kids clear off," called out Algy. "This is private—strictly private."

"Rot!" said Smithson.

"Wegg, old man, kick Smithson,

notice that French penny, among such a heap of small currency."

"We've got the money now," said Algy Silver, when he had made up the list of shareholders in the syndicate, with the subscribed amounts ticked off against each name. "Now about dividing the profits."

"Equal whacks all round, when we sell the bike," said Lovell minor.

Five separate and distinct glances were turned on Lovell minor.

"Cheek!"

"Look here—"

"Do you think you're going to bag as much for your measly tanner as I get on three bob?"

"Chuck it!"

"Equal whacks is the rule in a syndicate," insisted Lovell minor.

"Bosh!"

"Cut it out!"

"You're in a minority, Lovell minor," said Algy. "Shareholders whack out profits according to the amounts of their subscriptions."

"That's all very well," said Lovell minor warmly. "But—"

"There ought to be something extra for the biggest shareholder," suggested Wegg thoughtfully. "My idea is that I should take half the profits, and you fellows whack out the other half."

"Cheese it!"

"That won't do," said Algy Silver decidedly. "We calculate according to

hotly. "I've put you fellows up to this. I've had all the trouble of forming a financial syndicate."

"Bow-wow!"

"Rats!"

There was a hot argument among the members of the Third Form syndicate. Matters looked rather serious. Wegg introduced a knobby set of knuckles into the discussion, and Algy Silver picked up a ruler. But Grant poured oil on the troubled waters, by pointing out that if they talked much longer it would be bedtime and too late for the financial operation to be carried out that evening at all.

"And to-morrow Carthew may get a lot of offers for that bike," added the cautious Scottish fag. "Bound to at that price!"

"That's so," said Algy. "Just like you fellows to waste time jawing and haggling about money and lose the chance of a lifetime! Look here! We'll decide about dividing the profits afterwards. We haven't got the bike yet."

There was general assent to that. The members of the Third Form syndicate realised that they were rather following the example of the hunters who divided the lion's skin before the lion was caught. The first and most important step evidently was to become the legal possessors of Mark Carthew's bike.

He was chatting with Frampton of the Sixth, a Modern senior. Frampton had come over to see Carthew on a matter very important to the two of them. Most of the Classical prefects were in the room, including Bulkeley, the captain of Rookwood—for which reason Carthew and Frampton were talking in low tones in a quiet alcove. Their subject of discussion was not one that they could let Bulkeley hear about.

"Monday will be in time!" Frampton was saying. "I've seen old Hook, and he will put the money on for us on Monday. It looks like a good thing, Carthew."

"The very best," agreed Carthew. "From what I've been able to get hold of, Sweet Lavender is bound to win!"

"We can get three to one against now," said Frampton. "Hook thinks we shall get the same odds on Monday. I'm goin' in to the tune of three pounds."

Carthew smiled.

"I'm hopin' to put up a tanner," he said.

"Phew! I wish I had tenners to throw about!" said the sportsman of the Modern Sixth.

"I'm sellin' my bike," explained Carthew. "I sha'n't want it any more this year, anyhow. I expect to get ten quids on it. Anyhow, I sha'n't let it go under nine. And every quid I get on it is going on Sweet Lavender for the two o'clock on Wednesday at Rookham."

"Well, you're a plunger, old man," said Frampton admiringly.

Carthew looked complacent. The black sheep of the Classical Sixth liked to fancy himself as a plunger.

Bulkeley's voice was heard just then.

"Hallo! What do you fags want here?"

Carthew and Frampton glanced round. Six fags of the Third Form were looking in at the door of the prefects' room rather nervously. Fags were not supposed to enter that important apartment unless on messages for prefects or masters.

"We—we hear that Carthew's here," said Algy Silver. "We want to speak to Carthew, Bulkeley, if you don't mind."

"Speak to him, then," said Bulkeley, with a smile. "There he is, over in the corner."

Thus encouraged, Algy Silver & Co. entered the prefects' room.

Carthew stared at them.

He wondered what the fags wanted. Certainly he had no suspicion that this was a financial syndicate.

Frampton rose from his chair with a grin.

"Well, I've got to get back to my house," he said. "I'll leave you with your friends, Carthew."

"Oh, don't be an ass!" said Carthew.

Frampton walked out of the prefects' room; and Carthew sat and eyed the half-dozen fags as they came across to him. His look was not pleasant. He was still feeling the annoyance of the supposed "rag" on the subject of his bicycle.

Carthew had not taken the trouble to get a copy of the local paper to look at his advertisement in it. He knew that the advertisement would be there. Naturally, it never occurred to him that the advertisement had been altered in transit to the newspaper-office by the misdirected humour of Putty of the Fourth. He supposed that his bike was advertised for sale at ten pounds. That it actually was advertised for sale at ten shillings was not likely to occur to his mind.

Lovell's offer of ten shillings, followed by Smythe's offer of the same sum, he had taken as a "rag" concerted among the juniors to worry him. He hardly thought that fags of the Third would venture into joining in such a rag on a prefect. Still, he would not have been surprised if it proved to be so when he recognised Jimmy Silver's cousin and Arthur Edward Lovell's young brother in the party.

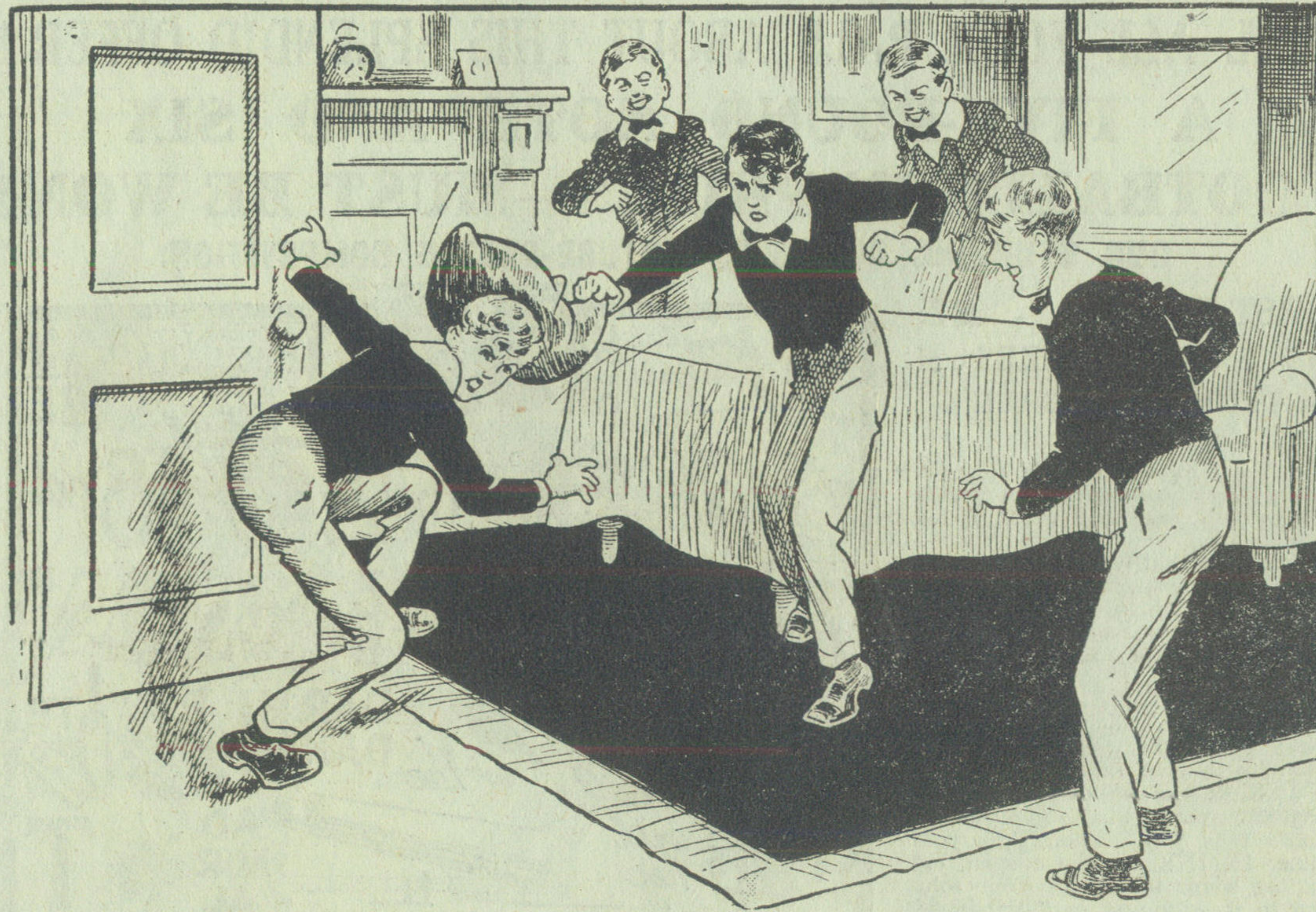
So Mark Carthew was quite prepared for drastic measures if these fags proved to be ragging.

Algy Silver and his comrades came over to where Carthew was sitting in the alcove. They noticed that he was scowling; but there was nothing unusual in that. The bully of the Sixth scowled much oftener than he smiled.

"Well," snapped Carthew, "what do you want?"

"It's all right, Carthew," Algy Silver hastened to assure him. "We have heard that you're selling your bike."

(Continued overleaf.)



LOVELL LANDS OUT! Arthur Edward Lovell made a jump for Putty Grace, catching a bulky cushion as he jumped. "Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Putty. "You must have been surprised—ha, ha—yah—oh—yooooo! Wharrer you at? Oh, my hat! Whoop!" Swiipe, swiipe, swiipe! Putty's merriment came to a sudden end, as Arthur Edward Lovell swiped him right and left with the cushion.

will you? We want you in this, but Smithson's out of it."

Wegg cheerfully kicked Smithson, and that youth retreated with a howl. The other curious observers backed off.

Privacy having been restored, Silver II. proceeded to explain the matter to Wegg.

Wegg listened, and looked at the advertisement, and nodded.

"Looks a good thing!" he commented. "Carthew must be off his dot to sell that bike for ten shillings. I cleaned it for him the other day—it's a ripping bike."

"That's where we come in," said Algy. "If Carthew's off his dot, that's his own bizness. We shall make pounds on this."

"Have you got three shillings, Wegg?" asked Teddy Lovell.

Wegg of the Third went through his pockets. He produced two shillings, a sixpence, a threepenny piece, and three pennies.

"That does it!" said Algy, with great satisfaction.

"Good egg!"

"Shove the money on this desk, and let's count it, and I'll make up a list of shareholders," said Algy.

The word shareholders was impressive—almost as impressive as syndicate. With serious faces the six fags pooled their financial resources on the desk—quite a remarkable variety of coins. Lovell minor was the smallest shareholder—his contribution was sixpence, in pennies, and on examination it turned out that one of the pennies was a French penny. But after some discussion it was agreed that Carthew of the Sixth would not be likely to

sixpenny shares. Lovell minor takes one share. Pipkin and Wylie take two each, for their bobs. And so on."

"That's fair!" said Pipkin.

"Only the chairman of the syndicate takes a double share," added Algy Silver hastily. "As the originator of the idea, I'm chairman of the syndicate—"

"Rot!"

"Think again!"

"Can it!"

"Now, look here!" said Algy

Algy jumped up.

"Come on!" he said. "We'll see Carthew at once before anybody else can butt in."

"Good!"

And the members of the syndicate hurried out of the Form-room in search of Carthew of the Sixth.

The 3rd Chapter. Declined Without Thanks.

Mark Carthew of the Sixth Form was in the prefects' room.

Result of BOYS' FRIEND "Warships" Competition.

No. 2.—H.M.S. Iron Duke.

In this competition one competitor sent in a correct solution. The first prize of £5 has, therefore, been awarded to:

BERNARD WALLIS,
14, Egerton Road,
Bishopston,
Bristol.

Eleven competitors, with one error each, tied for the six footballs offered. In the circumstances, the Editor has decided to award a match football to each of these eleven readers:

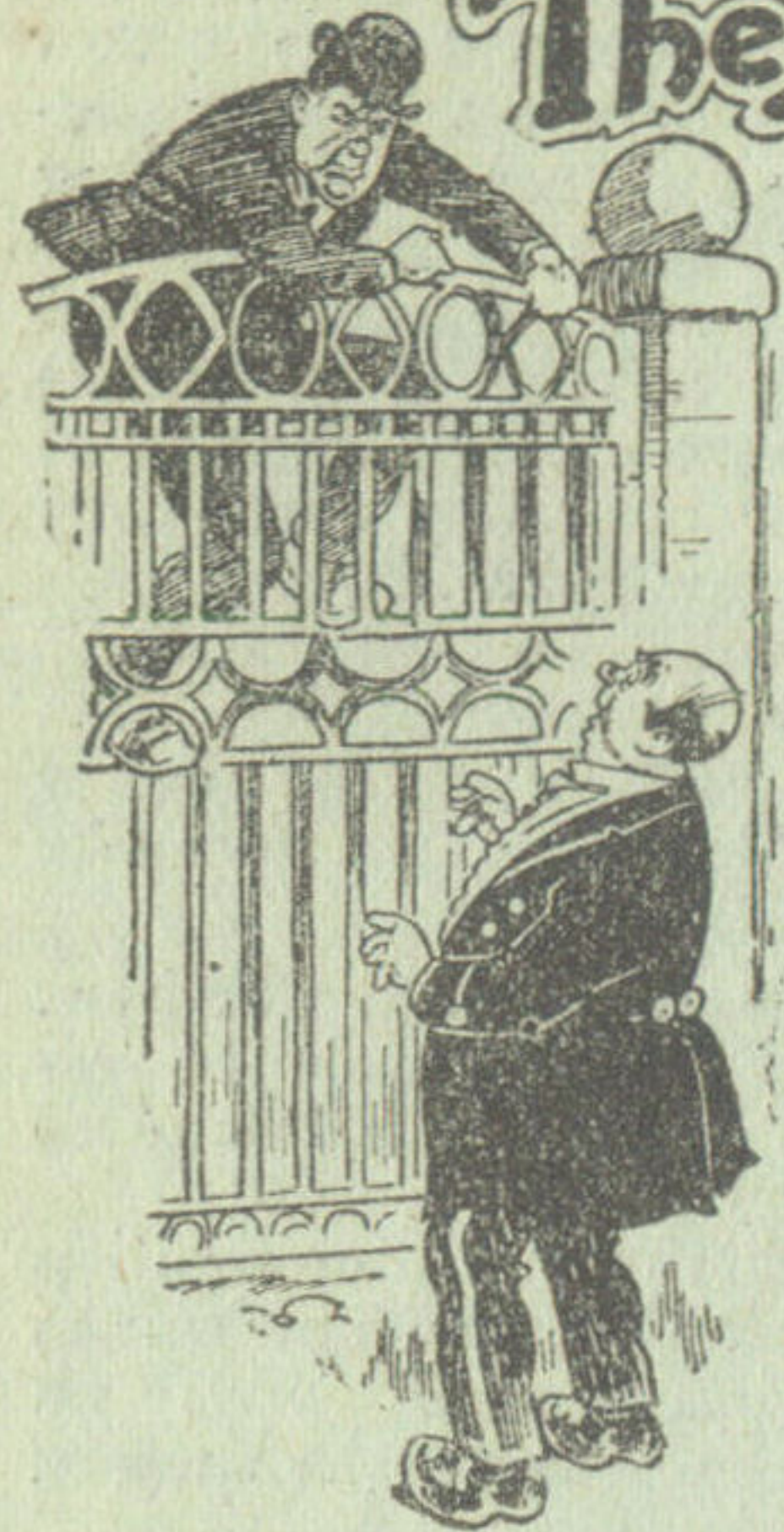
F. C. Dummler, 103, Sunderland Road, Gateshead; A. Hine, 18, Warwick Place, Maidstone, Kent; A. E. Holmes, 51, Upper Branch Street, South Bank, R.S.O.; A. Johnson, junior, 19, Catherine Street, Alfreton, Derbyshire; J. McBurnie,

21, Plewlands Terrace, Edinburgh; Reg. Needham, Bonner Street School, Bethnal Green, E. 2; Sidney T. Quayle, College Green, Castletown, I.O.M.; David Rees, 28, Pottery Street, Llanelly, S. Wales; G. Rosemorgan, Castle Hill, Haltwhistle, Northumberland; W. Thornton, 54, West End, Whitchurch, Salop; Charles J. Wishart, 5, Abbey Street, Edinburgh.

The correct solution is as follows:

The Iron Duke has a brilliant war history. She was Lord Jellicoe's flagship during that awful time, carrying more responsibilities than any other vessel afloat. The Iron Duke is a battleship, and led the fleet at Jutland. Will she ever occupy the same place in our hearts as does Nelson's famous "Victory"?

The Jape of the Term!



(Continued from previous page.)

Yells and howls arose as he boxed their ears right and left. Whack! Crack! Smack! Thump! "Oh crumbs—"

The Third Form syndicate scattered, and scampered for the door. Even Grant did not think of lingering to pick up the money.

In amazement and terror, Algy Silver & Co. bolted through the doorway into the passage.

Algy was last to go; and as he went he received Carthew's boot, planted behind him with terrific energy. Algy Silver fairly flew into the passage, and sprawled over the rest of the syndicate.

"Carthew!" called out Bulkeley. "What—look here, chuck it—"

"Do you think I'm going to be cheeked by the Third!" bawled Carthew. "This is a rag—they're all in it—Third and Fourth and Shell! I'll jolly well show them they can't rag me!"

They ran the humorous Putty to earth in Little Quad, in a nice quiet spot; and after telling him what they thought of him, they proceeded from words to deeds. After they had finished with him Putty of the Fourth was left in a state of wreckage—and he dizzily wondered whether it paid, after all, to be the brightest humorist at Rookwood, and to think out these bright ideas. Certainly, judging by Putty's looks, the Third Form syndicate had had their ten shillings' worth.

The 4th Chapter. Callers For Carthew!

Jimmy Silver & Co. observed Carthew on his way to the Sixth Form room in the morning, and smiled.

Carthew noticed them, and noticed their smiling faces, and scowled. He had no doubt that they were smiling over the "rag."

Carthew, however, felt assured that he had knocked that "rag" on the head. The fate of the Third Form syndicate had been a warning to ragers, in Carthew's opinion.

Certainly, no other Rookwood junior had ventured near Carthew to make him a ridiculous offer for his bike.

Jimmy Silver & Co., as a matter of fact, were smiling, not over the past, but over the future. They

consider it quite a good joke on the bully of the Sixth, and he was prepared to punch any fellow who should enlighten Carthew. But no one wanted to enlighten him—Carthew was not popular.

Dr. Chisholm was taking the Sixth that morning in Greek. The Head was fairly launched when there was a tap at the door of the Sixth Form room, and Tupper, the page, looked in. The Head frowned at him. He detested any interruption in class.

"What is it, Tupper?" he snapped. "Gentleman called to see Master Carthew, sir," said Tupper.

The Head stared, as well he might. "A gentleman has called to see Master Carthew during class!" he exclaimed. "Nonsense!"

"Leastways, a man, sir," amended Tupper. "I don't know as he is a gentleman, Rough-looking cove, sir."

"Wha-a-at?" "Rough-looking cove, sir," said Tupper.

Some of the Sixth grinned. They wondered whether the Head knew what a "cove" might possibly be.

Dr. Chisholm looked at Carthew.

"Carthew! What do you mean by having callers during class?" he demanded. "What does this mean?"

"I don't know, sir," answered the surprised prefect. "I wasn't expecting any caller, sir."

"I should hope not," said the Head. "Kindly tell this gentleman, Tupper, that he cannot see Master Carthew."

"Very good, sir." Tupper retired, and the Sixth resumed the entrancing study of Sophocles. But Tupper came back in a few minutes.

"Please, sir—" "You must not come here, Tupper, interrupting me."

"A gentleman says he wants to see Master Carthew, sir—" "Have you not told him to go?"

"Please, sir, this is another gentleman," said Tupper. "He hiked in, sir, just as the other cove was hiking out."

"Really, Carthew, this passes all patience!" exclaimed the Head. "I demand to know what it means."

"I don't know, sir," said Carthew, bewildered.

"Gentleman says it's about a bike, sir, to be sold."

"Absurd!" exclaimed the Head. "Oh!" Carthew started. "He shouldn't have come here."

"Explain what this means, Carthew," said the Head tartly. "What is this about a bicycle?"

"I'm advertising my bicycle for sale in the local paper, sir. But I specially said correspondence only," said Carthew. "I should make an appointment to show the machine, of course. The silly fellow seems not to have understood."

"It is very annoying!" said the Head. "Tupper, tell the man he must write to Master Carthew, and certainly cannot see him. Go to the porter's lodge and tell him to admit no one again to see Master Carthew."

"Yessir." Timothy Tupper retired, and the Sixth Form room door closed. From a distance the Sixth Form heard the sound of an excited voice—apparently the gentleman who had called was displeased at being turned empty away. But the voice died away—apparently the gentleman had gone. The Sixth settled down again to Sophocles.

It was a mild and sunny autumn morning, and the big windows of the Sixth Form room were open. A little later through those big open windows there floated sounds, from the direction of the school gates. The Sixth-Formers looked at one another, and the Head's brow was observed to grow grimmer. At last the Head stepped to a window and looked across towards the gates, which were in view in the distance.

Old Mack, the porter, was standing there, in argument with a man whose voice was loud and whose gestures were excited. Apparently the man wanted to come in, and Mack was refusing him admittance. A dusty bike leaned against the buttress of the old stone gateway; and the gentleman, who was rather dusty himself, looked as if he had made a long journey. Undoubtedly he was in a state of excitement. His powerful voice was borne on the breeze to the open windows of the Sixth Form room.

"Look 'ere, old man, I've rode all the way from Rookham to see that thee bike, and I'm goin' to see it, see?"

"You can't come in now," said old Mack. "Ead's orders."

"I'm come 'ere to see Master Carthew, according to the advertisement," shouted the caller. "Do you think a bloke is going to push a bike ten mile for nothing?"

"Bless my soul!" said the Head. "This is really most annoying. Carthew, this is intolerable."

"I'm sorry, sir," gasped Carthew. "I—I never supposed anybody would have the cheek to call here, when I said communications by letter only, quite plain. I can't understand it."

The Head looked from the window again.

(Continued on page 304.)

TELL ALL YOUR PALS ABOUT THIS SPLENDID OFFER! A FIVE-POUND NOTE AND SIX FOOTBALLS IN PRIZES—MUST BE WON! 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 the Queen Elizabeth. 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. 8, Boys' FRIEND Office, Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4, so as to reach that address not later than THURSDAY, November 13th, 1924.

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

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

Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete. The result of "Warships" No. 2 appears on page 291.

"Yaroooh! Oh, my hat! Run for it!"

"Hook it!" Carthew rushed into the passage after the Third Form syndicate. They bolted in terror.

Scattered and breathless, the hapless syndicate found refuge at last in obscure corners, and Carthew tramped back, scowling to the prefects' room. And later on, when the unfortunate syndicate foregathered again in the Third Form room, there was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

It was not till the next morning when Lovell minor told his tale of woe to his elder brother, Arthur Edward, that the Third Form syndicate understood the cause of Carthew's amazing conduct. Then they looked for Putty of the Fourth.

It was no use looking for Carthew—they could not handle a Sixth Form prefect. But they could handle a Fourth Form practical joker. And they did.

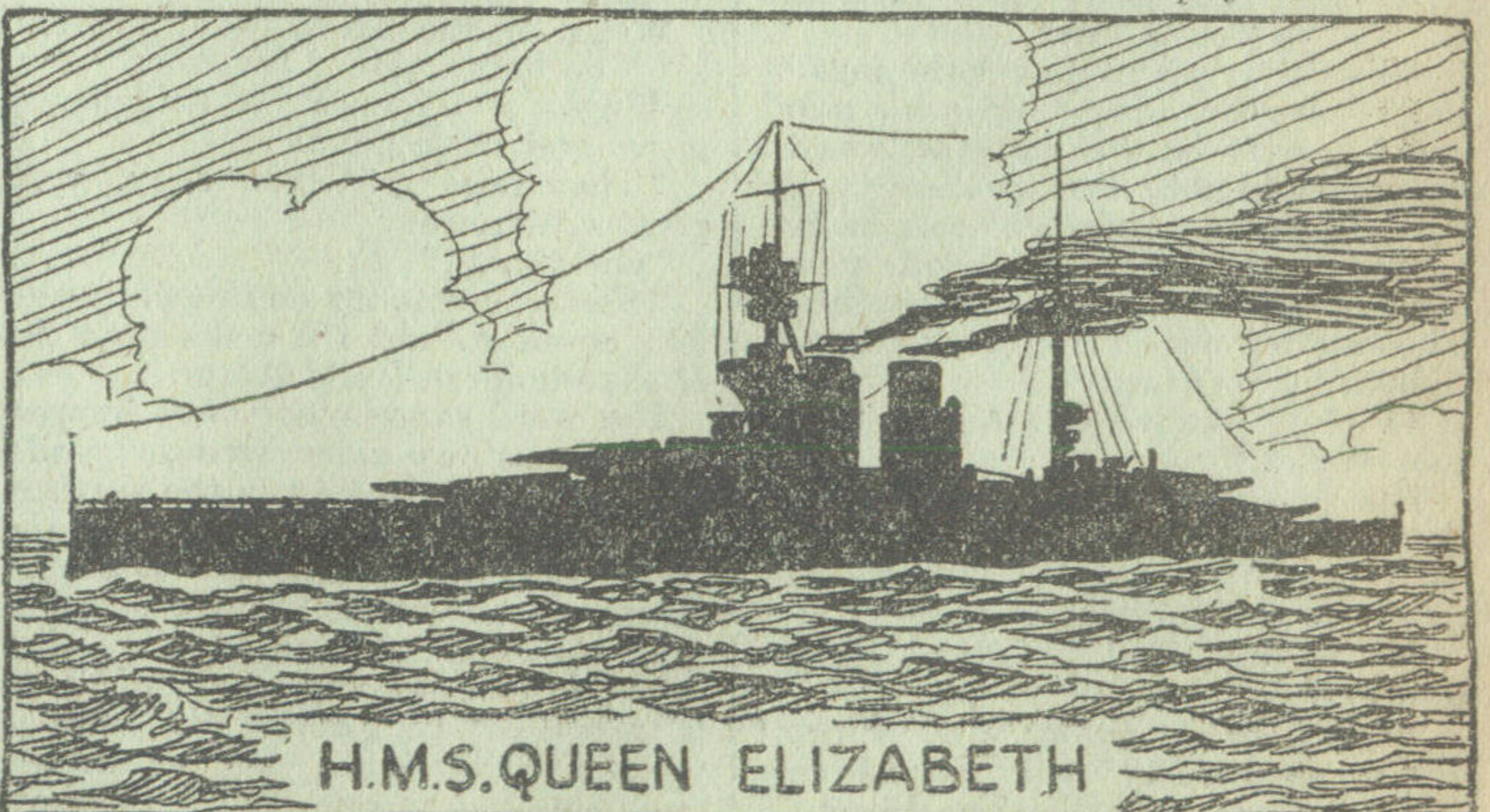
They were wondering whether Carthew would have any callers that day, on account of the bike advertisement. It seemed very probable. The way it had "caught on" at Rookwood indicated that it would "catch on" elsewhere—there must be plenty of people round about Coombe and Latcham who would be keen to bag the Enfield bike in excellent condition for the absurd sum of ten shillings. So the Fistical Four expected something to happen that morning, and they only regretted that they would be in their own Form-room at the time.

Putty of the Fourth was anticipative, too, though he was not smiling. The handling he had received from Algy Silver & Co. had deprived him of any desire to smile, for the present.

Most of the juniors by this time knew of Putty's trick with the advertisement; but no one dropped a hint to Carthew. Arthur Edward Lovell, having recovered from his licking by this time, began to



I enter "WARSHIPS" Competition No. 8 and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and binding.
Name
Address
B.F. Closing date, November 13th.



H.M.S. QUEEN ELIZABETH
This is an outline of the famous Warship, the history of which is told in the above picture-puzzle. Can you read it?

Carthew's teeth came hard together.

"We've seen the advertisement in the 'Coombe Times,' you know," said Lovell minor.

"So you're in it, are you?" said Carthew unpleasantly. "I suppose your major put you up to this, young Lovell?"

"Oh, no," said Lovell minor. "It was Algy's idea."

"Your idea, what?" said Carthew, fixing his eyes upon Silver II.

"Yes," said Algy Silver brightly. "We want the bike, Carthew. I couldn't raise the money personally, so we've formed a syndicate."

"A what?" ejaculated Carthew.

"A syndicate. We're going Co. to buy your bike, if you'll sell it to us," explained Algy.

Carthew had half-risen, to put into force the drastic measures he had ready. But he sat down again now. If six fags had combined their resources to purchase the bike, it was possible that this was not, after all, a rag—possible that they were going to offer him the advertised price. He decided to give them a chance, at least.

"Oh, you're a syndicate, are you?" he said, with a grin. "Well, you can have the bike if you can pay for it. I don't care who buys it!"

"What's the good of a Sixth-Form's bike to you little asses?" asked Neville of the Sixth, who was looking on.

"Well, we want it," said Algy Silver. "We're ready to pay for it, Carthew, and we've got the money here."

"Shell out, then!" said Carthew laconically.

Algy Silver proceeded to shell out. "Here you are!"

Carthew was quite good-humoured now. There was a rattle and a clink of coins as Algy sorted the funds of the syndicate out of his trousers' pocket.

"We shall want a receipt, you know," said Grant cautiously.

"That's all right. Carthew will give us a receipt, of course," said Algy Silver. "Here you are, Carthew!"

A grubby fist, crammed with coins—most of small denominations—was held out. Carthew received the money in his palm.

He stared at it.

The brief good-humour faded from his face. It was a "rag," after all—so it seemed to Carthew, at least.

"What's this?" he asked, in a grinding voice.

"Ten shillings!" said Algy Silver innocently.

"Ten shillings!"

"Yes."

"Now the bike's ours!" said Lovell minor.

Carthew looked at the fags for one expressive moment. Then he quite surprised them. He lifted his hand and hurled the handful of small silver and coppers at the syndicate.

"You young sweeps—" he roared.

"Oh, my hat!"

"Ow!"

"What—"

Carthew jumped up. Algy Silver and Lovell minor were nearest to him, and he seized those two hapless youths by the collars.

Crack!

Two fendish yells rang through the prefects' room, as Algy's and Lovell minor's heads came together with a resounding concussion.

"Oh! Ow!"

"Yaroooh!"

"What—" gasped Pipkin.

"Look here—"

"Pick up the money!" gasped Grant.

But there was no time to pick up the scattered money. Carthew was on the Third Form syndicate like a whirlwind.

There's a grand photogravure plate of H.M.S. Queen Elizabeth Given Away FREE in the "Magnet" Library, out to-day. Don't miss it!

A BIG SUCCESS—THIS SUPERB SCHOOL STORY!

(Author of the famous tales of Greyfriars School appearing
in the "Magnet" Library)The nameless schoolboy is sent to
"Coventry" by the Fourth Form at
St. Kit's!

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. So favourably impressed is Lord Westcourt with Harry that he expresses a wish to his son that he and the nameless schoolboy will always be firm friends. Much to Vernon Carton's dismay, he is forced to play Harry Nameless in the St. Kit's junior football team against Lyncroft. At half-time Colonel Wilmot, who is watching the game, demands a chat with the nameless schoolboy, and openly accuses him of telling lies when the youngster denies all knowledge of ever having seen the colonel prior to the time when he came to the school just after Carton & Co. had ragged him. It is the colonel's idea that he has previously seen Harry whilst sitting on the magistrate's bench. Although very much upset as a result of his interview with the colonel, Harry, by scoring two goals, is the direct means of St. Kit's defeating Lyncroft.

The 2nd Chapter.

Facing the Music.

Harry Nameless escaped from the excited football crowd as soon as he could. He wanted to get out of the sight of so many eyes. He wanted to be alone, to think. What had happened that day must make a difference to him, he knew that—though what difference he could not realise yet. And it was not over. He was not done with Colonel Wilmot, he felt that. Oliphant of the Sixth called to him as he was going into the School House, with Algernon Aubrey only a few yards behind him.

"Good for you, kid! I thought

you'd play a good game," said Oliphant.

Harry glanced up. "Thank you, Oliphant!" he said, in a low voice.

He thought he caught a peculiar expression on Oliphant's face for a moment, and his cheeks burned. It was borne in upon his mind that Oliphant had been a witness to the scene on Little Side.

Well, it did not matter. All St. Kit's would know about that soon.

"I've got a message for you," said Oliphant. "The Head wants you. You've got to go at once."

"I'll go then."

"I'm comin' with you," whispered Algy, as he came up.

"Did the Head tell you to come?"

"Nummo. But I'm going to stand by you—"

Harry shook his head.

"No need for you to get into trouble with your uncle, St. Leger. You can't do me any good, either. Stay here."

"I'm comin'!" answered Algy calmly.

"But—"

"Cut it out, old bean. I'm comin'."

And Algy went.

Dr. Chenies wore a troubled look as the two juniors presented themselves in his study. He glanced at Algernon Aubrey over his gold-rimmed pince-nez. The colonel was there, sitting like a bronze statue.

"Come in, Nameless! I did not send for you, St. Leger."

"I—I came, sir—"

"You may go."

"Mayn't I stay with Nameless, sir?" said Algy. "He's my chum, sir—"

"Leave the room, Algernon!" said Colonel Wilmot, with a frown.

For the first time, probably, in his youthful career, Algernon Aubrey was deaf to a command from his uncle. He did not appear to hear the colonel's words at all, and remained with his eyes fixed on Dr. Chenies.

The Head made a hasty gesture.

"Go, St. Leger!"

There was no remaining after that. Reluctantly enough Algernon Aubrey quitted the study, and the door closed after him. The colonel's brow grew a shade darker. He had not been blind to his nephew's disregard.

Dr. Chenies coughed.

"Nameless, you are probably aware why I have sent for you."

"I think so, sir."

"Will you state when, and under what circumstances, you met Colonel Wilmot before you came to this school?"

"I never met Colonel Wilmot at all, to my knowledge, sir," answered Harry simply.

"He informs me that he recognises you perfectly. You do not recognise him?"

"Only from seeing him here a few weeks ago, sir."

"You had never seen him before?"

"No, sir."

"The boy's answers seem perfectly clear, Colonel Wilmot," said the Head, turning to his guest. "It appears that there is some mistake in—"

"There is no mistake whatever, Dr. Chenies," said Colonel Wilmot icily. "The boy's face is perfectly familiar to me. That I have seen him before is certain, to the extent of taking note of his features, and he must, therefore, have seen me."

"You accuse Nameless of—of—"

The doctor hesitated.

"Of falsehood." There was no hesitation about the colonel. "Most decidedly. I know that he is not speaking the truth."

The doctor coughed.

"Nameless, you have nothing to say—"

"Yes, sir," said Harry, in a voice

somehow when I did not see him. Is it of any consequence?"

"It is of the very greatest consequence," said Colonel Wilmot, before the Head could speak. "If you have lied—"

"I have not lied!"

"If you have lied," repeated the colonel, unmoved, "it is because you have something to conceal. Your origin is unknown. You have lived among persons of a low class—"

"Nothing of the kind."

"Dr. Chenies has told me—"

"Dr. Chenies has not told you that the people I lived among were low, I am sure of that. I was brought up by an honest sailor—one of the best men that ever walked the earth," said Harry, and there was a choke in his voice. "He was not educated, but he was a man whom anyone might have been proud to call his friend—a man I should have been proud to call my father. There is no one in the kingdom who has a right to look down upon him, or call him—what you call him."

"My dear boy—" murmured the Head, in a moved voice.

"I have never seen the man, and do not intend to pass an opinion upon him," said Colonel Wilmot. "I simply intended to say that you have lived among persons of a poor station, very different from your present surroundings—"

"That is true."

"You were not content with that

station. You were ambitious, it appears—"

"Everyone has a right to raise himself by his own efforts," said Harry.

"I found a kind friend in a man who had once belonged to St. Kit's, and he gave me my education. I hoped to get on, to repay him, and to repay Jack Straw what I owe him, though I never can repay all his goodness. If I was ambitious for myself, too, that is no crime."

"Quite so. But young fellows with ideas and ambitions above their station are liable sometimes to make short cuts to fortune," said the colonel dryly. "In short, I can only conclude that your object in denying having seen me before is to conceal some secret—some guilty secret. You have met me under some circumstances that you dare not reveal to your headmaster."

"That is not true."

"Colonel Wilmot," said the Head, very quietly, "you yourself are unable to recall the circumstances under which you met Nameless—if you did meet him—"

"There is no 'if' in the matter, sir. I did meet him, and know him well. If I cannot recall the circumstances, there is only one explanation—that the boy was then passing under another name."

"That is my opinion, sir." Such a name as 'Nameless' I certainly never heard until my nephew mentioned it to me as that of his new friend here. But another name—"

"Have you ever been called anything else, Nameless?"

"Never, sir."

"That is the only possible explanation to my mind," said the colonel grimly. "The boy has lied once in saying that he does not know me; he lies again, doubtless, in stating that he has never passed under another name. It may even be that he came before me when I was sitting on the magistrate's bench."

Harry's lip quivered.

"Come, come!" murmured the Head, greatly shocked.

"I think it very probable, sir. I may even have sentenced him for petty larceny, or something of the kind."

"Am I to stay here, sir, and listen to this?" exclaimed Harry, appealing to the headmaster. "Is this man to insult me as he chooses?"

"Pray be silent, Nameless," said the worried and distressed doctor.

"Colonel Wilmot, I cannot think but that you are mistaken—"

"I am not accustomed to making mistakes, sir," said the colonel. "My opinion is quite definite. Unless this boy can make a full and frank explanation, my opinion is that he is not a fit person to associate with St. Kit's boys, and should be sent away from the school forthwith."

"Have you anything to say, Nameless?"

"Only what I have already said, sir."

"You may go for the present."

"Thank you, sir!"

Harry Nameless quietly left the study. Dr. Chenies sat and drummed on his desk with his white, slim fingers for a minute or two when the door had closed behind the nameless schoolboy. The colonel watched him in silence, with a grim and rather sarcastic look.

"The boy has his legal rights here," said the Head at last. "He is here on the Foundation, as you know, having passed the necessary examination in open competition with others. His character is vouched for by Mr. Carew, of South Cove, an old St. Kit's man. With his obscure origin I have nothing to do. I cannot send him away from the school, sir, unless for some serious fault committed—some serious offence committed at St. Kit's, and he has committed none. So far from that, I have his Form master's assurance that he is a boy of exemplary character, with a good influence on others."

"A boy of unusual depth of character, perhaps—with enough guile to deceive others," said Colonel Wilmot.

"That is not my opinion."

"It is mine."

There was a pause.

"So it is your intention to keep the boy here in spite of what I have said?" asked the colonel at last.

"I have no choice in the matter. Without something more definite I—"

"He is to remain here, a close companion of my nephew?"

"St. Leger's father is perfectly satisfied with him as a companion for his son. In that matter I am bound to regard only the wishes of Lord Westcourt."

"True," said the colonel, biting his lip. "I may as well take my departure. I am bound to warn you, however, that the matter is not ended."

"How so?"

"I feel in duty bound to raise the question at the next meeting of the school governors."

Dr. Chenies' brow wrinkled.

"That is as you think best, Colonel Wilmot," he answered stiffly.

"Very good, sir."

And the colonel, bowed himself stiffly enough out of the Head's study.

Disowned!

"St. Leger here?"

Licke of the Fourth put his spectacles in Study No. 5 and blinked round. St. Leger was there with Harry Nameless.

"What's wanted, old bean?"

"You are," said Licke. "Your uncle's downstairs waiting to say good-bye to you, and he sent me to tell you."

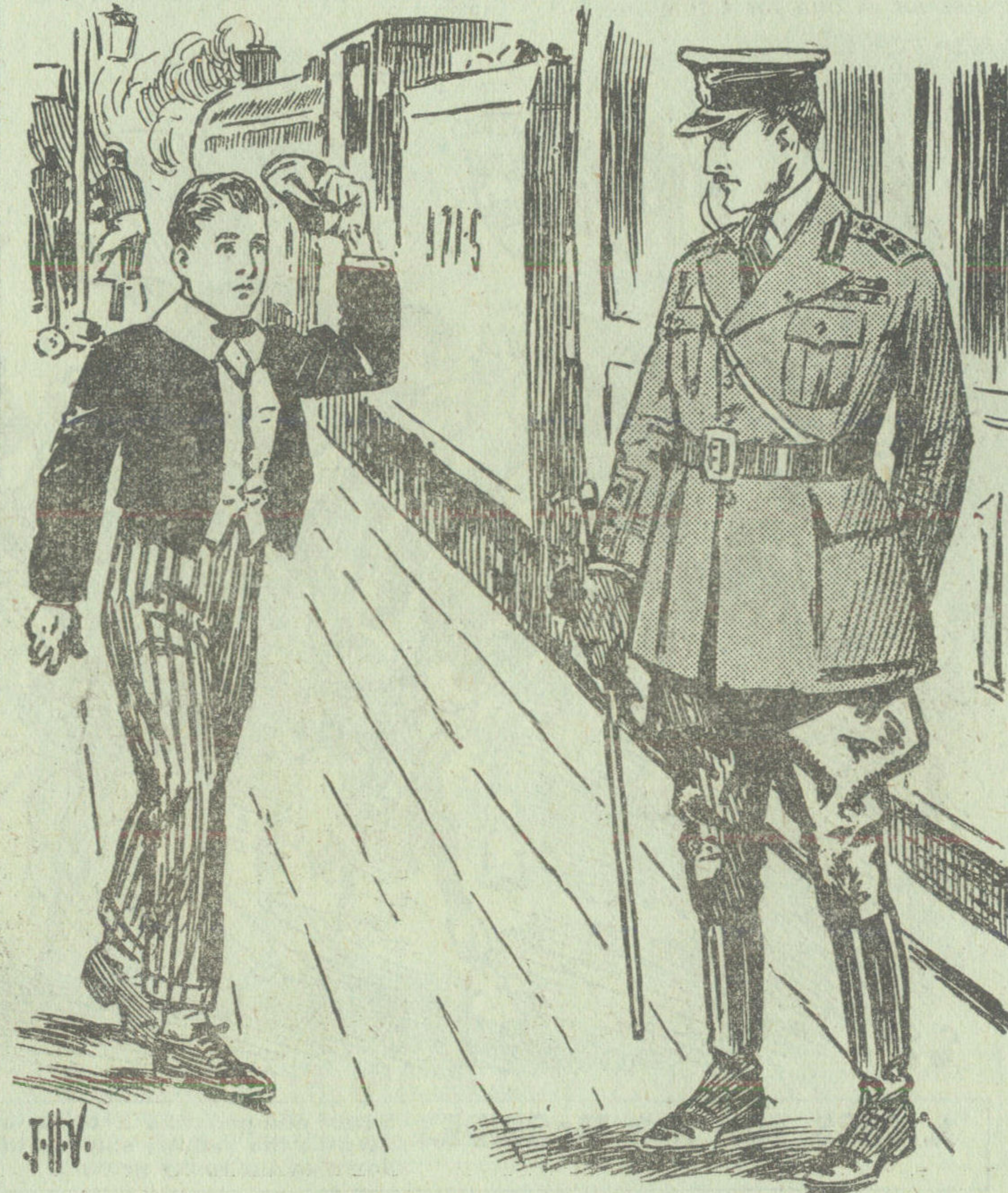
"Tell him I'm sorry I can't come down."

"Eh?"

"Gettin' deaf?" asked Algy.

Licke stared.

"I say, you don't really want me



HARRY MEETS THE COLONEL! Harry Nameless flushed as he caught Colonel Wilmot's stern eye bent upon him, and raised his cap as he quickly came across the platform. "Thank you for coming, sir," he said in a low voice.

to say that to Colonel Wilmot, do you?" he ejaculated.

"Yaas."

"Well, I'll do it," said Licke, in wonder. "My hat! The old boy isn't the kind of old boy I'd care to send a message like that. Sure you mean it?"

"Yaas."

"St. Leger!" began Harry.

"All serene, old fellow. Cut off, Licke!"

Licke of the Fourth cut off, still wondering. Such a message from the most polished youth at St. Kit's to a near relative was something to wonder at.

Harry Nameless turned a look of deep distress on his chum.

"St. Leger, if it's on my account, you—"

"Yaas."

"You can't send a message like that to your uncle."

"I've done it, dear boy."

"He will be angry—"

"Very likely," said Algernon Aubrey indifferently. "I'm angry, too. I'm rather an ugly customer when I'm waxy, old bean."

"But your uncle—"

"I disown him," said Algy calmly.

"He has not acted as an uncle of mine was bound to act. He hasn't played the game. I'm sorry to say it, but there it is. Unless he apologises to you, Nameless—"

"What?"

"Unless he apologises to you," said Algy firmly, "I don't see how I can speak to him again."

"Dear old chap," said Harry, "you can't do this. You've got to remember that he's your uncle—"

"He should have remembered that you are my friend," said Algernon Aubrey, with calm dignity. "If he forgets himself he cannot expect me to remember that he is my uncle."

There was a heavy tread in the corridor. It was preceded by a scuffling, as of a rabbit in a hurry, and Bunny Bootles blinked breathlessly into the study.

"I say, Algy—"

"Blow away!"

"Your uncle's coming, and he's looking like a regular Hun!" gasped Bunny. "I say, is he going to lick you?"

"Ring off, you ass!"

Bunny bolted into the study. Not for worlds would he have missed what was going to happen. He dodged behind the armchair to keep out of the way, evidently in expectation that the colonel's walking-cane would soon be active. As a matter of fact, the fatuous Bunny was not the only fellow interested. Three or four juniors had heard Licke deliver the astounding message to the colonel, and had jumped at the expression which followed on the old soldier's bronzed face. And they followed the colonel up the staircase, at a respectful distance, in a breathless state.

The heavy tread came along to Study No. 5.

Harry Nameless felt his heart beat. But Algernon Aubrey St. Leger was as calm as could be. He only gave his eyeglass a little extra screw into his eye. The coolness of the proverbial cucumber was not in it with the Honourable Algernon at that moment.

A tall, sturdy figure darkened the doorway. Colonel Wilmot had arrived.

Algy and Harry rose to their feet. That much respect, at least, was due to age if to nothing else.

The colonel's deep-set, penetrating eyes glittered into the room. He took no notice of Harry Nameless. All his attention was given to his hopeful nephew.

"Algernon!" His voice was like the rumble of distant thunder.

"Yaas, uncle."

"I sent you a message that I was about to leave."

"Yaas."

"Did you send back the impertinent message the boy brought to me?"

"Certainly I did not send an impertinent message, uncle," answered Algernon Aubrey calmly. "I trust I am not capable of impertinence to my elders."

"What message did you send?"

"That I was sorry I could not come down."

"That is what I was alluding to, Algernon."

"Yaas. But that was not impertinence, sir. That was simply a statement of fact," said the cheery Algy. "I was sorry I couldn't come down, and I asked Licke to say so."

"Why could you not come down, boy?"

"I did not desire to see you again, sir."

"Wha-at!"

"After your treatment of my friend Nameless, sir," said Algernon Aubrey, with much dignity, "I considered it better for us not to meet."

The colonel looked at him. From somewhere in the passage came a sound distinctly like a chuckle. Algernon Aubrey on the "high horse" was always found entertaining by the St. Kit's Fourth.

"Are you out of your senses, boy?" the colonel ejaculated at last.

"I hope not, sir."

"It appears that you intend to maintain your friendship with this—this boy in spite of my strong opinion on the subject?"

"Yaas."

"And—and you—"

Colonel Wilmot seemed at a loss for words.

"And you choose to be guilty of unnatural impertinence towards your uncle—"

"Excuse me, sir," said Algy. "Under the circumstances I am bound to act as I am doing. My best chum has been insulted and outraged, sir, by a relative of mine. I have apologised to him for you—"

"You—you—you have dared to apologise for me?" stammered his uncle.

"I regarded that as my duty, sir, though it would be much better if you would withdraw your words and apologise personally—"

situation. His aristocratic face was calm and severe.

The colonel gazed at him at a loss for words. The malacca cane he carried twitched in his hand. Doubtless the thought was in his mind of laying it about his lofty nephew.

"This impertinence, Algernon—"

he said at last.

"Kindly refrain from characterising my conduct as impertinent, Colonel Wilmot," said Algernon Aubrey. "The word is offensive to me."

"Boy, I—I— Do you desire me, sir, to thrash you within an inch of your life?" roared the colonel.

"Certainly not! I desire you to close this far from pleasant interview," said Algernon Aubrey, with as stately a manner as his noble pater had ever displayed in the House of Peers. "I am shocked at you, sir—"

"Wha-a-at!"

"Shocked! I wish you a very good-afternoon, Colonel Wilmot!"

Colonel Wilmot gazed at his hopeful nephew for a moment or two blankly. Whatever he had expected from Algernon Aubrey, certainly he had not expected this.

He seemed at a loss how to act, but he made up his mind quite suddenly. He strode into the study with a heavy tread that almost shook

nephew as suddenly as he had grasped him, and strode from the room and away through a crowd of grinning juniors. In Study No. 5 Algernon Aubrey's lofty dignity had momentarily forsaken him. He rubbed the place where the malacca cane had fallen, and gasped.

"Begad! Oh dear! The awful ruffian! Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The doorway was crowded with grinning faces. Harry Nameless hastily closed the door.

"Algy, old man—"

he murmured.

"It's all right, old bean," said Algernon Aubrey, recovering his equanimity. "Do you think I put it to him straight enough?"

"Too straight, I'm afraid."

"Gammon, old bean. What is that beast Bunny cackling about? Kick him for me, will you?"

Harry Nameless glanced from the study window. In the dusk below the tall figure of the colonel was seen striding to the gates. It was with a strange ache at his heart that the nameless schoolboy watched the tall, stern figure disappear in the dusk.

Under a Cloud.

Colonel Wilmot had gone, but his visit had borne its fruits, and the fruits remained.

"What?"

"Unless he apologises to you," said Algy firmly, "I don't see how I can speak to him again."

"Dear old chap," said Harry, "you can't do this. You've got to remember that he's your uncle—"

"He should have remembered that you are my friend," said Algernon Aubrey, with calm dignity. "If he forgets himself he cannot expect me to remember that he is my uncle."

There was a heavy tread in the corridor. It was preceded by a scuffling, as of a rabbit in a hurry, and Bunny Bootles blinked breathlessly into the study.

"I say, Algy—"

"Blow away!"

"Your uncle's coming, and he's looking like a regular Hun!" gasped Bunny. "I say, is he going to lick you?"

"Ring off, you ass!"

Bunny bolted into the study. Not for worlds would he have missed what was going to happen. He dodged behind the armchair to keep out of the way, evidently in expectation that the colonel's walking-cane would soon be active. As a matter of fact, the fatuous Bunny was not the only fellow interested. Three or four juniors had heard Licke deliver the astounding message to the colonel, and had jumped at the expression which followed on the old soldier's bronzed face. And they followed the colonel up the staircase, at a respectful distance, in a breathless state.

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Algy and Harry rose to their feet. That much respect, at least, was due to age if to nothing else.

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"Algernon!" His voice was like the rumble of distant thunder.

"Yaas, uncle."

"I sent you a message that I was about to leave."

"Yaas."

"Did you send back the impertinent message the boy brought to me?"

"Certainly I did not send an impertinent message, uncle," answered Algernon Aubrey calmly. "I trust I am not capable of impertinence to my elders."

"What message did you send?"

"That I was sorry I could not come down."

"That is what I was alluding to, Algernon."

"Yaas. But that was not impertinence, sir. That was simply a statement of fact," said the cheery Algy. "I was sorry I couldn't come down, and I asked Licke to say so."

"Why could you not come down, boy?"

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"Wha-at!"



ALGY IN THE WARS! Colonel Wilmot strode into the study with a heavy tread that almost shook the room, and grasped his dignified nephew by the collar. Then the malacca cane sang through the air. Whack! Whack! "Oh! Begad! Yarooooop!" roared Algernon Aubrey St. Leger.

"Algernon!"

"I expect it of you, sir," said Algernon Aubrey. "Otherwise, I cannot see how I can continue to know you."

"Wha-a-at?"

"So long as you maintain this attitude of impertinence towards my friend Nameless, sir—"

"Impertinence!" said the colonel.

"Yaas. So long as you do so you cannot expect me to regard you as an uncle or any relative at all."

"Good gad!"

"I am sorry, because I have always respected you highly till this afternoon," pursued the happy Algernon. "I have, I trust, treated you with the respect due to an elderly relative. But your conduct this afternoon, sir—"

"My—my conduct—"

"Yaas, your conduct was most offensive, sir, to my friend Nameless and to myself. Unless you withdraw the offensive words you have uttered to my friend Nameless, I am bound to tell you that I disown you!"

"D-d-d-d-disown me!"

"Yaas."

There was a very audible chuckle in the passage now.

The St. Kit's fellows had heard of such a thing as an uncle disowning a nephew, but they had never heard of a nephew disowning an uncle. They heard it now, and it seemed to entertain them.

Algernon Aubrey, however, evidently saw nothing humorous in the

the room, and grasped his dignified nephew by the collar. Then the malacca cane sang through the air.

Whack, whack!

"Oh! Begad! Yarooooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came from the passage in a roar.

"He, he, he!" came from behind the study armchair.

Colonel Wilmot released his

For days that followed the chief topic among the St. Kit's juniors was the strange scene on the football-field on the occasion of the Lyn-croft match.

It was impossible that the juniors should not draw from it conclusions unfavourable to the nameless school-boy.

Carton & Co. naturally made the

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most of it. But there was really little for Vernon Carton to add.

The facts, as Durance remarked, spoke for themselves.

A governor of the school had accused the nameless outsider of falsehood, of having a shady secret to conceal, and evidently believed firmly in the justice of his accusation. There was no getting round that stubborn fact. Colonel Wilmot had to be supposed to know what he was talking about. A gallant old soldier, who had come home from the War with medals and honours galore—a colonel—a brother-in-law of a noble earl—an influential member of the governing body of St. Kit's! It was not likely that the denial of a nameless nobody would be credited against his positive assertion.

It was true that during the weeks Harry Nameless had been at St. Kit's he had never been guilty of a dishonourable action, or uttered an untrue word. But he was new in the school, and Catesby of the Fourth remarked, in his sapient way, that you never knew a fellow till you found him out. And the other juniors agreed that you never did.

Harry Nameless had proved that he was plucky and a good man at games, and a good man in class. But he was a feather in the scale against the weight of the colonel.

Harry Nameless was not long in feeling the effects of the colonel's visit and of his strange accusation.

The sneering looks of Carton & Co. were triumphant now. Their enemy was down, and they had no compunction in giving a fallen enemy an additional kick.

Harry had been winning his way in the school; his own good qualities had told. Hardly a fault could be alleged against him, but that his temper was passionate; and his temper was well under control, save on that one occasion of Bunny's "passing round the hat." Certainly it had broken out fiercely enough then. He was liked, he was growing popular, and Carton had almost despaired of ever putting him in his "place," as he regarded it. But his chance had come now.

Carton coolly debated the question whether it was for theft or poaching that Harry had come before the magistrates. He calmly took it for granted that it was as a magistrate on the bench that the colonel had seen him. Which, as Carton explained, was why Nameless denied the meeting.

It seemed plausible enough to the St. Kit's fellows, for there was no altering the fact that the colonel, a man universally respected, believed the worst of the nameless schoolboy, and considered it his duty to get him removed from St. Kit's.

Fellows who had been in the habit of greeting the nameless schoolboy with a cheery nod now forgot to nod.

Some deliberately looked another way when they saw him; others looked uncomfortable, a few were apologetic.

But there was no mistake about their attitude.

Even Licke, the youth with the bulging brain, who was head of the debating society, followed the rest. Licke had quite taken to Harry, because that patient youth was the only fellow at St. Kit's who would let Licke bore him. But now Licke ceased to urge Harry to turn up at the debates. If he came into the Glory Hole when a meeting was on the Glory Hole would become suddenly silent, and grim stares would stare him out.

Harry Nameless was not the fellow to conciliate the St. Kit's juniors, nor the fellow to try to do so. After one or two rebuffs he understood, and when he understood he withdrew into his shell. If his feelings were wounded his handsome face was not allowed to betray the fact.

There was no longer any question of Harry figuring in the junior eleven. He even dropped attending football practice. He was given so very wide a berth when he turned up there.

Olipphant of the Sixth, whose duty it was to see that the juniors attended at least the compulsory practices, turned a blind eye upon this dereliction.

In Harry's case it certainly was not slacking, and, in fact, Olipphant himself turned a cold eye on the hapless junior. It was natural enough that he should take Colonel Wilmot's view of the matter. Some of the prefects, especially Carsdale, the bully of the Sixth, made it a point to be officiously down on the nameless schoolboy.

(Continued overleaf.)

Must be won! A Five-Pound Note and Six Footballs! Get busy with our splendid "Warships" Competition without delay!



Chums of St. Kit's!

By FRANK RICHARDS.

(Continued from previous page.)

Algy reflected. "In the circus it wouldn't be any good goin' to Oliphant," he said. "Very good."

And the next news of Algernon was that he had resigned his membership of the St. Kit's junior football club, and that Carton had to find another man for the next match. It was Algy's determination to be in nothing to which his chum was not admitted, and that determination he carried out to the bitter end.

Algy was the fellow in the Fourth who was most often asked to tea. Now he never by any chance accepted an invitation—such invitations not including his chum.

It began to look as if Algernon Aubrey would become as complete an outcast as the nameless schoolboy had already become.

Harry realised that, and one evening in the study he took his chum to task on the subject. O'Donoghue of the Fourth had just looked in to ask Algy to tea, studiously ignoring the other fellow in Study No. 5. Algy's reply to the kind invitation had been a negative—short, but not sweet.

Harry Nameless pushed aside the book he had been studying.

"This won't do, St. Leger," he said abruptly.

"What won't do, old bean?"

"This sort of thing," said Harry restlessly. "I've had awful bad luck, owing to—"

"To my uncle," said Algy quietly.

"No need for you to get the same. Algy, old man, you're making yourself nearly into a hermit," said Harry, in distress. "I can't stand that. You're giving up everything to stick to me."

"Wouldn't you for me?" asked Algy innocently.

"Of course, I would!"

"Well, then, you ass—"

"But it's not the same," said Harry. "I can stand it, St. Leger. You're out of the footer now—"

"So long as you're out," assented Algy.

"You'll have the Form down on you—"

"Yaas, I don't mind."

"But I mind," said Harry. "St. Leger, old chap, I—I wish you wouldn't! I—I'd rather you went your own way. I'm spoiling everything for you."

"Rats!"

"But I am," said Harry. "Look here, old fellow! When I came I never expected to have much of a joyful time here. I came here to work. Your friendship made it over so much easier for me. But now it can't help me, and—and you're sacrificing yourself for nothing."

"You want to get rid of me?"

"Don't be a silly ass, old chap."

"Do I bore you?" asked Algernon Aubrey, with solicitude. "I've often wondered whether I'm a bore. So many people are."

Harry Nameless laughed.

"I wish you'd look at it sensibly, St. Leger, and—and—"

"And act like Bunny or Licker?" asked Algy quietly. "Don't be a goat, old bean. I know you mean well, but you're askin' me to do a mean thing. Besides, astonishin' as it may seem to you, I'd rather pal with you than be on cheery terms with the Fourth. Astonishin', but true."

"I should miss you frightfully," said Harry. "Of course, you know that. But I'd rather get out of the study, and work in the Form-room, and leave you as I found you when I came—"

"I should come to the Form-room, too. You know I'm no end of a determined chap, don't you?" said Algy, cheerily.

Harry Nameless gave it up.

It was evident that there was no moving the loyal Algy; and it was only for Algy's sake that the nameless schoolboy had spoken. Now that the tide had turned against him, he hardly dared contemplate what life would be like at St. Kit's without Algy.

"I suppose you must be feelin' pretty bitter against the fellows for goin' back on you like this," said Algy, after a pause. "You never show it."

"I don't feel it," answered Harry quietly. "How can I blame them? They think I'm a shady character—"

on the word of a governor of the school. I should be an ass to blame them."

"Well, that's a sensible way of looking at it, though such an amount of hoss-sense is rather unusual, old bean. But—"

Algernon Aubrey paused. "I—I'm afraid you must hate nunky."

Harry flushed.

"I don't hate anybody, St. Leger, and least of all your uncle."

"Least of all!" exclaimed St. Leger, in astonishment.

"Least of all," said Harry. "I—I hardly know why, but—but I can't even feel angry with him. He has done me a lot of harm; but I suppose it was a sense of duty in his own way—though I'm afraid he is a hard man. But—but I can't dislike him, or feel angry with him."

"Why not?"

"I don't know," confessed Harry, and his eyes went thoughtfully to the fire. "I don't know at all. But—but I suppose it will surprise you, but I—I like your uncle."

"Like him?" howled Algy.

"Yes."

"After what he's done?"

"After what he's done," said Harry. "It's queer enough, I know—I don't quite understand it myself. But—but when I first saw your uncle, St. Leger, I felt attracted to him somehow. I'd give my right hand, I think, for his good opinion, and to make him like me. I—I thought perhaps he might come to like me—your father did—"

"The pater thinks no end of you," said Algy.

"I wish your uncle would," said Harry, with a sigh. "It's a strange thing—I can't explain it myself. But—though it's true that I never saw Colonel Wilmot before he came to St. Kit's to visit you—I have a strange feeling that I have seen him before—somewhere, some time, that I don't recollect—when I was too young to remember, perhaps."

"Begad!" said the astonished Algy.

Harry coloured under his chum's surprised glance.

"I know it sounds odd," he said.

"Begad, it does!"

"Like some silly fancy, I know," said Harry. "Of course, that's all it is. But I've thought, sometimes, it's barely possible that he may have known my people—when I had people

—before I could remember—" He shook himself, as if shaking strange and haunting thoughts from him. "Never mind—but you can be sure, St. Leger, that I don't feel bitter towards your uncle and never will."

"I'm glad of that," said Algy. "Jolly glad! If—if he comes round in time, and sees his mistake, you won't mount the high horse—"

"No fear! I'm not exactly a humble fellow, I think, but I know I'd be only too glad to meet Colonel Wilmot half-way if he would be civil."

Sent to Coventry

Tramp!

It was the sound of many footsteps in the Fourth Form passage.

The footsteps were accompanied by a buzz of rather excited voices.

Algernon Aubrey polished his eyeglass carefully upon the corner of a cambric handkerchief, and smiled serenely.

Thump!

It was a loud summons at the door of Study No. 5.

"Trot in, dear boys!" sang out Algernon Aubrey.

Without that invitation being waited for, the door was thrown wide open. Vernon Carton, Durance, Tracy, and Lumley walked into the study. Behind them came Howard and Catesby, Elliott, Stubbs, and several more juniors. And behind them the doorway was crowded with others, and still others swarmed in the passage. It looked as if nearly all the Fourth Form of St. Kit's was calling on Study No. 5.

Harry Nameless kept his eyes upon his work sedately. But Algernon Aubrey detached his eyeglass from his eye for a moment, waved it in greeting to the visitors, and then replaced it.

"Good evenin', dear boys!" he said cheerily. "This is an unexpected pleasure. Crowd in."

Some of the juniors grinned, though Carton & Co. were looking serious enough.

"We've come here—"

began Carton.

"Yaas, I know why you've come."

"Oh! You know?" exclaimed Carton, in surprise.

"Yaas. You've held a Form meetin'—"

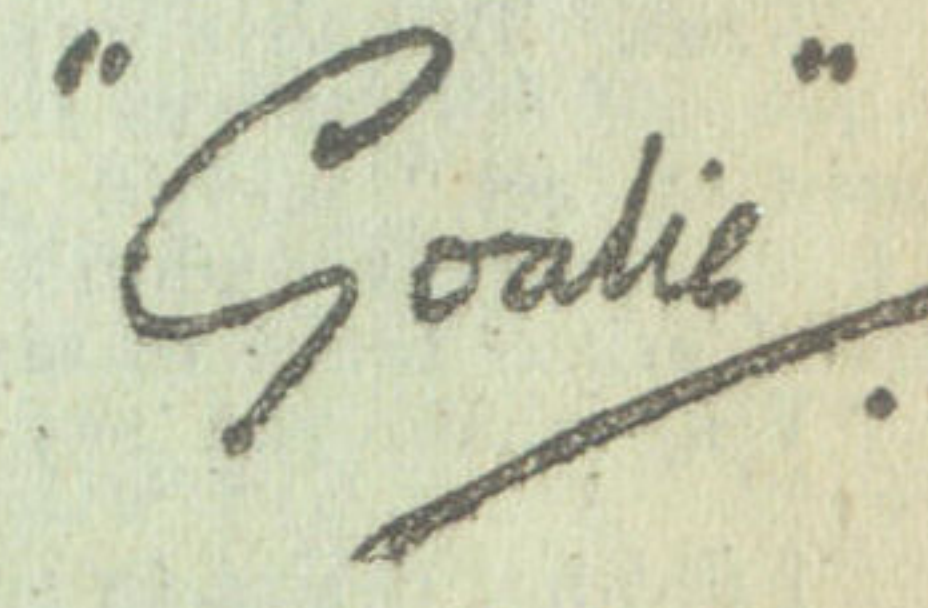
(Continued on the next page.)

A Match-Winning Centre.

Newcastle United may not be such an attractive side in the purely scientific sense as they were a few years ago, but they are still a force to be reckoned with, as Aston Villa found to their cost in the Cup Final last season. The man who scored the first goal at Wembley last April—Neil Harris—is still finding the target for the Novocastrians, and when he is in his best shooting form there are precious few centre-forwards who can give him a start. Harris learned the game in Scotland, and this is evident in his style, for he has the ability to control the ball well when moving at a fast pace. He cost Newcastle quite a lot of money when they secured him from Partick Thistle soon after the end of the War, but he has been well worth the expense. His most successful season, from the goal-scoring sense, was that of 1921-2, when he found the net twenty-two times in League games only.

"Potting" in the Potteries

Last week I mentioned that players who changed their clubs seem to make rather a habit of doing well when facing their former colleagues. A case in point is that of William Tempest, the outside-left of Port Vale. Not so long ago this player was transferred from Stoke to the other club in the Potteries, and when the two teams met for the first time this season Tempest got the goal which won the game for Port Vale. Tempest was born at Stoke, and for many years rendered the club most consistent service. Like plenty of other wing-men who could be mentioned, he is on the small side, standing only five feet six inches, but he is clever enough to overcome whatever handicap is imposed by lack of height.



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



FOOTBALL GOSSIP!

By "Goalie"

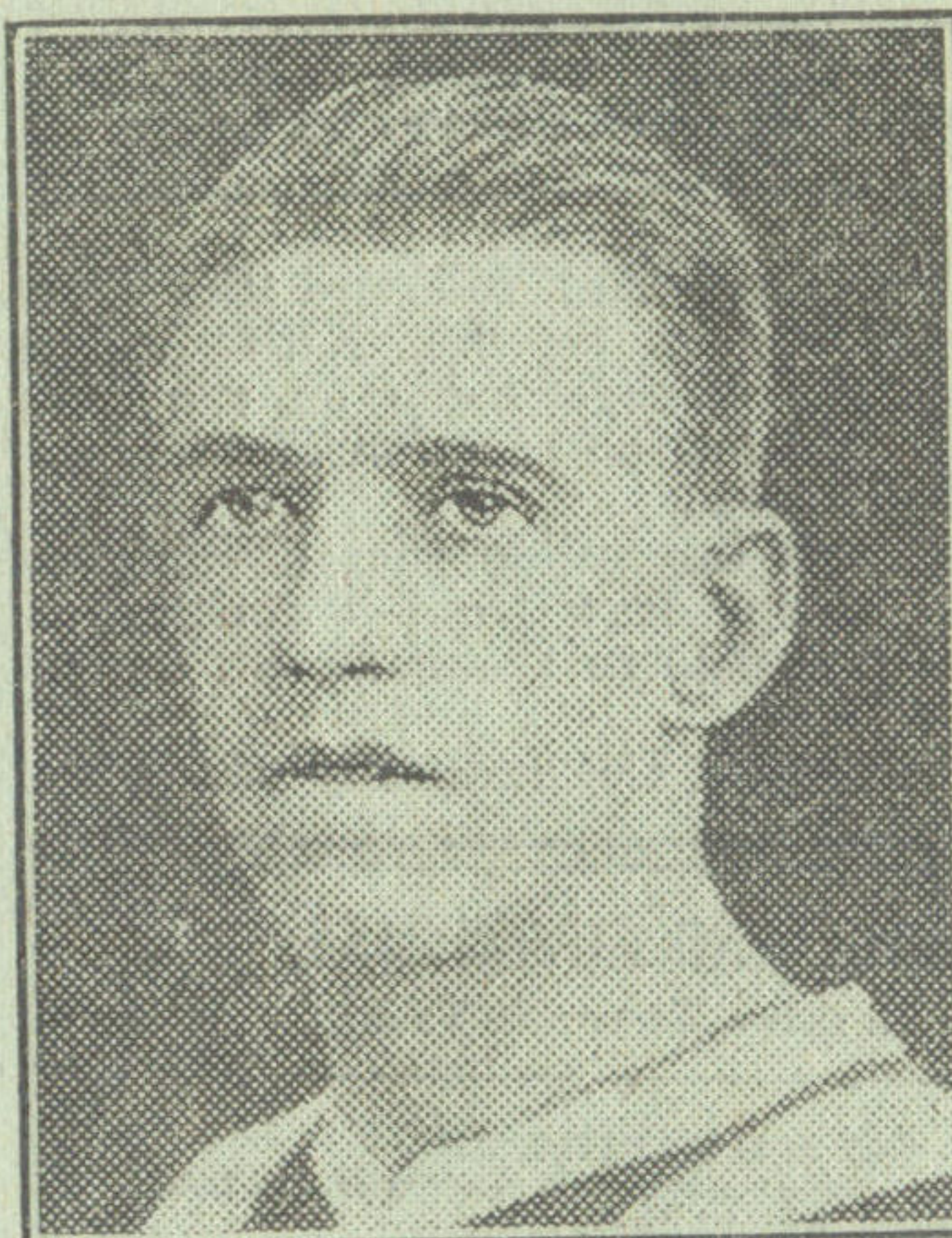
A Query.

A regular reader of these notes sends me a question the reply to which may be of sufficiently general interest to justify reference to it here. It is this: "Why do the home teams win so frequently?" There is no necessity for me to enlarge on the fact that home teams do win, for the most part. A glance through the list of results any Saturday night will serve to drive home the truth that in some mysterious way the home teams do appear to have a real advantage. Very seldom in any section of the League will it be found that even half the visiting clubs manage to avoid defeat. My correspondent says that he has noticed these home teams win so pointedly that he is hoping to win a big coupon prize one of these days by continually giving all the home teams to win. I am afraid that he won't be lucky with this method, even though there is reason behind it, for it may be quite a long time before the whole of the games on any particular newspaper coupon end in wins for the home side. However, to get to this subject of why home teams win.

How Tradition Counts.

On the face of it, there seems something illogical in home team successes so far as the big clubs are concerned. The whole of the grounds of the big clubs are, practically speaking, of the same size, and for the most part, too, the surface of the pitches are such that there cannot be much real value in "knowing" the lie of the land, as it were. To a very large extent, I believe, the answer to the question of why home teams win is to be found in the phrase—just human nature. There

is something in having the people on your side, as the players of the home



N. HARRIS (Newcastle United).

team usually have. There is also something in the mere tradition that the home team wins, for the most part, because this tradition gives the players a greater heart for the contest. Boiled down, the foregoing really amounts to another way of stating an old truth—confidence begets success, and that lack of confidence is the short cut to failure.

Things Which Go Wrong.

I am not at all sure, however, that in the explanation given above we have the whole secret. When I was young enough to play football of the first class it always seemed to me that it took our players some time to get their "bearings" when playing on a strange ground. Playing on a familiar pitch the men know—though they may not even be conscious of the knowledge—the "geography" of the place. From this knowledge of the appointments they know instinctively exactly where they are when they have the ball at their toes; know without any necessity for taking one glance round. Watch teams playing away from home, and you will see quite a lot of cases of, say, the centre-forward over-kicking his wing-men, or the centre-half failing to find his men with a pass. These may be little things, but they tell in these days when there is precious little difference in quality between the play of one side and another.

Shown in Other Games.

My conviction that there is some-

thing in this idea is strengthened by my experience of other games. When I play tennis on a strange court



W. TEMPEST (Port Vale).

I find, for quite a long time, considerable difficulty in getting my returns just right as regards length. The size of the tennis-court is the same everywhere, yet on a strange ground I have frequently lost a set to an opponent I really ought to have beaten because of this failure to find either the side-lines or the base-line. Yes, intimate acquaintance with the surroundings does tell, in my view.

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, November 8th. The likely winning side is printed in capitals. Where a draw is anticipated, both clubs are printed in smaller letters.

First Division.

- ARSENAL v. Notts County.
- ASTON VILLA v. Bolton Wanderers.
- BLACKBURN ROVERS v. W. B. Albion.
- Bury v. SUNDERLAND.
- HULLERSFIELD T. v. Tottenham H.
- LIVERPOOL v. Preston North End.
- MANCHESTER CITY v. Everton.
- NEWCASTLE UNITED v. Burnley.
- Nottingham Forest v. Cardiff City.
- SHEFFIELD UNITED v. Leeds United.
- WEST HAM UNITED v. Birmingham.

Second Division.

- BARNESLEY v. Coventry City.
- BLACKPOOL v. Chelsea.
- Bradford City v. Clapton Orient.
- DERBY COUNTY v. Southampton.
- Fulham v. Leicester City.
- HULL CITY v. Stockport County.
- MIDDLESBROUGH v. Oldham Athletic.
- PORTSMOUTH v. Manchester United.
- Port Vale v. The Wednesday.
- South Shields v. Crystal Palace.
- WOLVERHAMPTON W. v. Stoke.

First Division. Scottish League.

- AYR UNITED v. Dundee.
- CELTIC v. Kilmarnock.
- Cowdenbeath v. AIRDRIEONIAN.
- FALKIRK v. Queen's Park.
- HAMILTON ACADS. v. Hibernians.
- HEARTS v. Aberdeen.
- PARTICK THISTLE v. Motherwell.
- St. Johnstone v. Morton.
- St. Mirren v. Raith Rovers.
- Third Lanark v. RANGERS.

"Dick o' the Highway!" featuring Dick Turpin. Grand romance starting in this week's "Popular." Out on Tuesday!

"Yes, and—"
And you've decided to apologise to Nameless—"
"What?"
"An' you've come here in a merry crowd to do it," continued Algy, amiably. "Go ahead—I wouldn't interrupt for worlds. In fact, I'll put in a word for you with Nameless, an' ask him to overlook your conduct, an' take you into favour again."

There was a stupefied stare from the crowd of visitors. Harry's grave face broke into a smile over his books. He did not think that was the object of the visit.

"You silly ass!" roared Carton. "Am I makin' a mistake, dear boy?" asked Algernon Aubrey, raising his eyebrows in mild surprise. "You chump!"

"Haven't you decided to do the decent thing, then?" inquired Algy. There was a chuckle in the crowded doorway. Carton scowled.

"We haven't come here to listen to you being a funny ass, St. Leger!" he snapped. "We've held a Form meetin' on the subject of Nameless, and it's been decided, nem. con., to send him to Coventry."

"Rats!"
"Carried unanimously!" said Rex Tracy. "Bosh!"

"Are you goin' to set yourself up against the Form, St. Leger?"
"Yaas."
"You cheeky ass—"

"Don't yell, old scout," said Algy soothingly. "I've told you before that I hate yellin' in this study. Jars on my nerves, you know."
"Look here—"

"I'm lookin'. There's nothin' nice to look at, but I'm lookin'."
"You've got to hear the Form's verdict, St. Leger," said Vernon Carton. "Nameless is sent to Coventry. Any fellow speaking to Nameless after this evening will be out."

"Bow-wow!"
"Your own uncle says—"
"Never mind my uncle," interposed Algy. "I decline to discuss my uncle with you, Carton."

"You know what he thinks of Nameless, and he's a governor of the school. We're not takin' the word of a nameless outsider against a governor's word. You wouldn't if you weren't an obstinate ass."

"Will you oblige me by ringin' off, Carton? Your remarks are in the worst of taste, and your voice isn't really melodious."

"For all we know, the fellow has been a thief, or a pickpocket, or may have been in prison," continued Carton.

Harry's cheeks burned over his books. But he did not speak, so far.

"Colonel Wilmot plainly thinks so—as good as said so," remarked Tracy.

"Yes, rather!"
"And the fellow won't explain," said Howard.

"Can't!" remarked Lumley.
"Go it, Carton! Let St. Leger hear the verdict."

"I'm goin' to. Nameless is sent to Coventry, St. Leger—barred by the whole school. Catch on?"
"Not at all."

"No fellow at St. Kit's is goin' to speak to him; any fellow who does will be sent to Coventry along with him. That's a plain tip. We're here to let you know."

"That's awfully kind of you."
"Look here, Algy—" said Durance persuasively.

"Let me finish!" snapped Carton. "You can see that all the Form are in it, St. Leger; we've all come to tell you so. Gentlemen, is it the verdict of the Form that Nameless goes to Coventry?"

"Hear, hear!"
There was no doubt about the verdict.

"To stay there till he's hooped out of St. Kit's?" continued Carton.

"Hear, hear!"
"You hear that, St. Leger?"

"I'm not deaf, dear boy," answered Algernon Aubrey, unmoved. "And now, is that all you've got to say?"

"Yes, you fathead!"
"Well, a chap ought to be thankful for small mercies," said Algy. "Shut the door after you."

"Do you understand, you ass? Unless you cut Nameless dead, the same as us, you'll be sent to Coventry with him."

"And you won't speak to me any more?" asked Algy sadly.

"Will you cut Nameless or not?"
"Not."

"Are you setting yourself up against the Form?"
"Yaas."

"Then you'll be sent to Coventry."
"Thanks!"
"We mean it!" howled Carton furiously.

"Now, what I want is the fair thing," said Algernon Aubrey, surveying his crowded visitors blandly. "If I'm sent to Coventry, is it fair for Carton to be yellin' in my study, when he knows my strong objection to yellin'?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
Carton shook an angry fist at Algernon Aubrey's placid face, and stamped out of the study. His followers, some of them grinning and some looking rather sheepish, crowded after him.

Algernon Aubrey rose to his feet, and pushed the door shut after them. Then he met Harry's troubled and anxious look with a smile.

"About time for prep, isn't it?" murmured Algy.

"Algy, old chap—"
"Yaas?"

"This won't do," said Harry. "You can't—you simply can't stand this—just for my sake. I can't have it—"

"You think I'd better not speak to you?"

"For your own sake, yes."
"Do I bore you?"

"No, you ass. But—"
"Tell me when I bore you, old bean, an' I'll try to rein in my genial an' exuberant conversation," said

about the exclusion he was bringing upon his chum.

Harry might have been non-existent; so far as the Form was concerned. Not a word was spoken to him in the Form-room, the quad, or the dining-hall. No one looked at him or caught his eye; no one passed him anything; fellows would talk near him as if he were not there. It was bitter enough to the lonely boy, conscious of having done nothing to deserve it.

Yet he could hardly blame the juniors. They had taken their cue from a governor of the school; they were in the right, according to their lights. Carton & Co. were actuated by malice; but most of the juniors were indifferent to Harry personally, and only followed Carton's lead because they believed it was right. Harry tried to take a just view of the matter; but the position was bitter enough to him.

As for Algernon Aubrey, his exclusion was not very complete. Even Carton was anxious not to "drop" the son of Lord Westcourt. All the fellows were keen for Algy to "come round." So for the first day the juniors treated Algernon Aubrey much the same as usual.

It was Algernon Aubrey who really took the initiative, carrying the war into the enemy's camp, as it were.

"Coventry" being Harry's fixed portion, the lofty Algernon Aubrey

You see, everybody likes Algy, and he can walk out of Coventry whenever he likes."

And Carton scowled; he was aware that that was the case.

At tea-time Bunny Bootles put a very uncertain fat face into Study No. 5. Bunny's position was awkward. No. 5 was in Coventry, and Bunny fully agreed with that. But No. 5 was also in the land of plenty—a land flowing with milk and honey, so to speak. Bunny's "whack" towards the milk and honey was always going to be paid when he received his celebrated pound-note from his uncle. It was some terms overdue now. Certainly Algernon Aubrey had never expected Bunny to pay his whack. Nobody ever expected Bunny to pay anything. But Bunny wondered whether he could bag the lion's share of a feast where "Coventry" and its rigid rules forbade him to speak to the founders of the feast.

Not that Bunny had any sensitive feelings on the subject. Very far from that. It was a question of whether he would be "booted" from the festive board. That was what worried Bunny.

Harry Nameless and Algy were at tea—quite a cheerful tea—when Bunny appeared in the offing. Tea, certainly, was a less expensive meal than it had once been in Study No. 5. The nameless schoolboy had little money to waste, and he was very

"Oh, I say!"
The generous Bunny was rather taken aback.

He eyed the muffins and the new-laid eggs hungrily.

"I say, Algy—"
"Shut up!"

"You're not going to be mean, are you?" asked Bunny pathetically. "I happen to be short of money—that pound-note hasn't come from my uncle yet—"

"Feed, and shut up," said Algy. "So long as you don't talk. If you talk I shall kick you out!"

"Look here, Algy—"
"You're in Coventry, Bunny," said Algernon Aubrey solemnly. "This study is sending the Fourth Form to Coventry."

"What?" yelled Bunny.
"Now, don't talk any more, or it will be my painful duty to persuade you to leave us—on your neck!"

Bunny didn't talk any more; he started on the muffins. After all, the muffins were the important matter.

Tea was still going on when the door opened and admitted Durance of the Fourth. Rex Tracy followed him in. Their expressions showed that they had come once more to try persuasion on Algernon Aubrey.

"Getting tired of Coventry, St. Leger?" asked Durance.

"If it's fine on Saturday we'll have a ride round Lyncroft Castle," Algy remarked to his chum. "It's a fine old place—"

"I spoke to you, St. Leger," said Durance, growing red.

"Algy—" began Tracy.
"It's more than half in ruins, you know," continued Algernon Aubrey. "Vaults under it, though—jolly old place to explore."

"St. Leger!" bawled Tracy.
"We'll take some tuck and have tea there," continued Algernon Aubrey. "We can take a spirit-stove for the tea—"

"Will you speak, you silly idiot?" asked Durance, breathing hard.

Algernon Aubrey seemed to become suddenly aware of the existence of his visitors.

He turned his head and fixed his eyeglass upon Durance and Tracy, who were both red with wrath. Still he did not speak.

"Can't you answer, you thumpin' ass?" demanded Tracy.
Algy shook his head.

"Look here, old fellow," said Durance, "we don't want any more of this rot. We want you to line up with the Form."

No reply.
"Will you answer, you idiot?" shouted Durance, losing his temper.

Algernon Aubrey seemed to reflect. Then he rose to his feet and glanced round the study, the two juniors watching him in wonder. Algy found what he wanted—a stump of chalk on the mantelpiece. Solemnly he picked up the chalk, and chalked on the looking-glass:

"SORRY! CAN'T SPEAK!"

"Are you dumb?" howled Tracy. A shake of the head.
"Then why can't you speak, you ass?"

Algy chalked again:
"YOU'RE IN COVENTRY!"

"What?" yelled Durance and Tracy together.

Again Algernon Aubrey set to work with the chalk. And this was the result:

"THIS STUDY IS SENDING THE FOURTH FORM TO COVENTRY UNTIL THEY APOLOGISE TO NAMELESS."

Tracy and Durance blinked at that inscription on the glass. Leaving it there, Algernon Aubrey laid down the chalk and resumed his place at the tea-table.

"You haven't been over to Lyncroft Castle, yet, old bean?" he asked, addressing his chum.

"No," said Harry, with a smile.
"Good! Then I'll be your merry guide, and we'll have a nice little excursion on Saturday—"

"St. Leger!" roared Tracy.
"If the weather's fine, of course, we—"

"What do you mean by that rot, St. Leger?"
"We'll go on the bikes," continued Algy imperturbably: "we'll put 'em up in the ruins, and explore the giddy old place, you know—"

Slam!
Durance and Tracy had departed, closing the door after them with unnecessary force. Algernon Aubrey St. Leger smiled serenely.

(Continued overleaf.)



NOT WANTED! "Algy, you fathead!" bawled Bunny Bootles indignantly. Without a word Algernon Aubrey St. Leger rose to his feet and seized Bunny's fat ear between a finger and thumb. Then Algy led the fat junior to the door.

Algernon Aubrey urbanely. "Now, I suppose I'd better do some prep, or there will be an argument with Rawlings in the mornin', an' I hate argument."

And Algy, with a sigh, sat down to his books. Prep was a worry. But it was quite clear that the verdict of the Fourth Form did not worry him.

Algy's Reply!

Harry Nameless had already learned that he was something like an outcast in his Form, since the hapless visit of Algy's uncle to the school. But after the Form meeting in the Glory Hole, and the verdict given by the assembled Fourth, the line was drawn much more tightly. From that evening the Fourth Form at St. Kit's elaborately ignored the existence of the Foundation junior.

It was the hour of Carton's triumph.

This had been his object from the beginning, but by his own efforts he would never have been able to bring it to pass. Colonel Wilmot's visit had made all the difference.

Carton had succeeded now more completely than he had ever hoped to succeed.

In all the Lower School there was only one fellow who remained conscious of the Foundation junior's existence; and that was Algernon Aubrey. In Harry's opinion, he was worth all the rest; but the nameless schoolboy was deeply distressed

declined to speak to anyone who did not speak to his chum.

He thought that matter over during lessons that day, and came to his decision; and soon made it known.

After lessons he came out of the Form-room with Harry Nameless—who was given a wide berth by everyone else.

In the Form-room passage Carton & Co. stopped to speak to him, to make a last effort, as it were, to gather him into the fold.

"St. Leger—stop a minute," said Carton.

Algernon Aubrey walked on with his chum.

"St. Leger!" bawled Carton.
Algy seemed deaf.

He walked cheerily out into the quadrangle, chatting with Harry Nameless, oblivious of Carton & Co.

The nuts of the Fourth stared at one another.
"What's the matter with the silly ass now?" growled Carton.

"Got his merry back up!" grinned Durance. "I don't think Algy will come round, Carton. He's as obstinate as a mule."

"He'll go to Coventry with that cad if he doesn't."
Durance whistled.

"I fancy not, if he doesn't choose."

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2:



(Continued from previous page.)

There was a fat chuckle from Bunny Bootles. "You don't mean that, Algy, old top?" he said. Silence. "Look here, Algy—" "No answer." "Algy, you fathead—" bawled the exasperated Bunny. Algernon Aubrey rose to his feet and seized Bunny's fat ear between a finger and thumb. In silence—on Algy's part, not on Bunny's—he led the fat junior to the door and opened it. Still without a word, he kicked Bunny Bootles gently but firmly into the passage. Then he closed the door.

To Go or Not to Go!

The peculiar state of affairs in the Fourth Form soon became known outside that Form. All the Lower School joined in the sentence of "Coventry"—but as a Fourth-Former had little to do with the Third or the Shell, the attitude of those Forms did not trouble Harry Nameless very much. Neither had he much to do with the seniors, and he gave little heed to what view the Fifth and Sixth might take. He was sorry to see "old Oliphant" look coldly on him when they happened to encounter, but that could not be helped, and he did not give much thought to it. But Mr. Rawlings, the master of the Fourth, grew kinder in his manner to the nameless schoolboy as he saw him shunned by his Form. And one day after lessons the Form master signed to Harry to remain when the Form went out.

Harry stopped by the master's desk with a rather uncomfortable flush on his cheeks. He could guess what was coming.

"You do not appear to be on good terms with your Form-fellows now, Nameless," said Mr. Rawlings, looking at him curiously over his glasses. "No, sir—only St. Leger."

"Am I to understand that you have been sent to Coventry, as I believe the boys call it?"

"That is so, sir." "For what reason?" "Because of what Colonel Wilmot said the day he came."

"That is all?" "Yes, sir."

"H'm! I shall think about this, Nameless, and speak to Dr. Chenies. You may go."

Harry's flush deepened.

"I'm not complaining, sir, I don't want to complain. I—I don't blame the fellows, either—they think Colonel Wilmot knew what he was talking about."

"I understand."

Harry Nameless left the Form-room and joined his chum in the quad. Mr. Rawlings, after some thought, made his way to the Head's study. He found that gentleman frowning over a letter at his desk.

In a few words the Form master explained the state of affairs, and added:

"Colonel Wilmot—unintentionally, perhaps—has done this boy a very serious injury, sir. Perhaps if he were communicated with he might see fit to take some step to undo the harm he has done."

Dr. Chenies shook his head.

"I fear that there is little hope of that, Mr. Rawlings. This letter is from the colonel. He states that a special meeting of the governors is to be convened here and the matter raised before them. His demand is that Nameless should be sent away from the school—with due compensation, of course, for the loss of his scholarship."

"In view of the present state of affairs, it might be better for the boy to go," said Mr. Rawlings musingly. "He cannot be happy at St. Kit's in the present circumstances."

"No doubt. Please send the boy to me."

Mr. Rawlings quitted the study,

and a few minutes later Harry Nameless presented himself. The Form master had given him a hint of what was to come, to prepare him; and Harry entered the study with his head very erect and a flush on his cheeks.

The Head seemed in no hurry to begin. He coughed a little before he spoke at last:

"I am sorry to hear, Nameless, that you are—ahem—upon rather—hem—disagreeable terms with the rest of your Form."

"That is not my fault, sir." "No doubt. But—you are not happy here?"

"I have one friend, sir—and I have my work. I am not unhappy," answered Harry quietly.

The doctor coughed again.

"Yes—yes. You hold a scholarship which entitles you to remain three years, on the Foundation, Nameless."

"It is my intention to remain for the full period, sir."

Another cough.

"If you decided that you would

induces the board to take his view of—"

"The scholarship will be cancelled?"

"Yes."

Harry breathed hard for a moment.

"Well, sir, I cannot help that. Colonel Wilmot must do as he thinks fit, and the board must decide."

"But you see, my dear boy," said the Head gently, "if—if you should avoid this unpleasant extremity, by deciding to leave St. Kit's of your own accord—"

"Never!"

"Nameless!"

"Never, sir," said Harry, his eyes flashing. "Colonel Wilmot has done me wrong, but by leaving the school I should be practically admitting that it was I who was in the wrong. I have nothing to be ashamed of, sir—I am not afraid to look anyone in the face. Why should I act as if I were ashamed—and sneak away like a guilty fellow? I will not."

"But—"

"If I am sent away, let them send me—it will be unjust, but I shall have to bear it. Of my own accord I will not stir. If I lose my scholarship it will be by no fault of my own—and I will not touch a penny of compensation. The scholarship is mine—but if it is in the power of the governors to take it away, let them take it."

"If you resign it of your own accord—on my advice—you can claim com—"

"I claim nothing, sir, and I will accept nothing," said Harry calmly.

to be chairman of the governors. The pater thinks no end of you—and he will stand by you like a brick."

Harry's face clouded.

"Your father! But the colonel is his brother-in-law—your mother's brother, Algy—"

Algy nodded.

"They're good friends, aren't they?"

"Quite; always have been," said Algy. "The pater thinks a lot of nunky—quite right, too; he's a dear old bean, exceptin' in this one affair. This time he's got a bee in his bonnet, of course."

"But—" faltered Harry, "if your father opposes the colonel, and—and has his way—won't that make bitterness?"

"Hadn't thought about it."

"But won't it?"

Algy reflected.

"Nunky is rather a hard man to cross," he said reluctantly. "I—I suppose he will feel rather—rather waxy with the pater. Can't be helped. I know the pater is backin' you up."

"How do you know?"

"Because I've asked him," answered Algernon Aubrey serenely, "as soon as I heard a whisper of this bizney, I wrote to the pater. Quite a touchin' letter. I reminded him that you pulled me out of the Wicke the day you came—"

"You shouldn't have done that."

"Rats! I reminded him of the way you backed up when a tramp went for him in Lyncroft Wood—"

"Algy!"

"Piled it on, you know—put it to

"Old bean," he said, "you're an odd fish. Never heard of a johnnie like you for thinkin' of others. I—I hadn't looked at that aspect of the case. I—I suppose the mater will feel it a bit, if nunky gets his back up with the pater—as I suppose he will. It's rather rotten, but you can't help it! You've done nothin'. The pater's bound to back you up; he believes in you, and he's bound to see justice done."

"If—if the matter comes before the board!" said Harry slowly.

"Yaas, of course! And it will—nunky is a sticker."

"The—the meeting is early next week, I think."

"The board meetin'—yaas, I think so," assented Algernon Aubrey.

"The pater referred to it in a letter—"

He broke off.

"Look here, old bean, what's the matter with you? I don't like the look in your eyes."

"I seem to have brought you trouble in every way by coming to St. Kit's," said Harry, in a low voice. "You're in disgrace with your uncle—"

"I've disowned him, you mean," said Algy loftily.

"You're in Coventry—"

"You mean, I've sent the Fourth to Coventry—"

"And now your father and uncle may come to ill terms over this disagreement—"

"That can't be helped."

"It—it might—"

"How?"

"If—if the matter never came before the board!" faltered Harry.

Algernon Aubrey stared.

"But it's comin' before the board—sure as anythin'," he said. "I tell you nunky is a sticker—a sticky sticker. Never lets up his grip—like a giddy bulldog. Oh, it's comin' before the board all serene."

Harry Nameless made no reply. He walked on in moody silence; and there were new thoughts in his mind now. Presently Algernon Aubrey strolled off to the tuckshop for supplies for tea, and the nameless schoolboy paced alone under the old oaks. Carton & Co. strolled by, and bestowed jeering glances upon him—Bunny Bootles hove in sight and treated him to an audible sniff. Harry Nameless did not even see them.

He was thinking—thinking deeply and sadly—and the thoughts in his mind would have startled his loyal chum, could Algy have known them.

The Last Sacrifice.

Colonel Wilmot descended from the train at Wicke Station and glanced about him. It was Saturday; a half-holiday at St. Kit's; and in the pale winter sunshine a St. Kit's junior was pacing the platform. The colonel's stern face grew a shade sterner as his eyes fell upon the junior, and he recognised Harry Nameless of the Fourth.

Harry flushed as he caught the stern eyes bent upon him, and raised his cap as he came quickly across the platform.

"Thank you for coming, sir!" he said in a low voice.

The colonel eyed him grimly.

"I received your letter," he said in icy tones. "I decided to come. If you have decided to act according to a sense of propriety, and retire from a school you ought never to have entered, I shall not regret the journey. I understood from your letter that such was your intention, but that you desired to see me personally. I am here."

He interrupted the junior as the latter was about to speak.

"Come into the waiting-room; we cannot speak here."

With his heavy stride the colonel led the way. Harry Nameless followed him in silence.

The little shabby waiting-room of Wicke was deserted. The two had it to themselves for this strange interview. Colonel Wilmot did not sit down. He stood as erect as a ramrod, his deep-set grey eyes fixed on the junior before him, on the lowered eyes and flushed cheeks.

"Well?" he said laconically.

"I shall not waste much of your time, Colonel Wilmot," said the junior, with a quiet dignity that impressed the colonel a little in spite of himself. "I have been told that you are determined that I shall leave St. Kit's."

"Quite!"

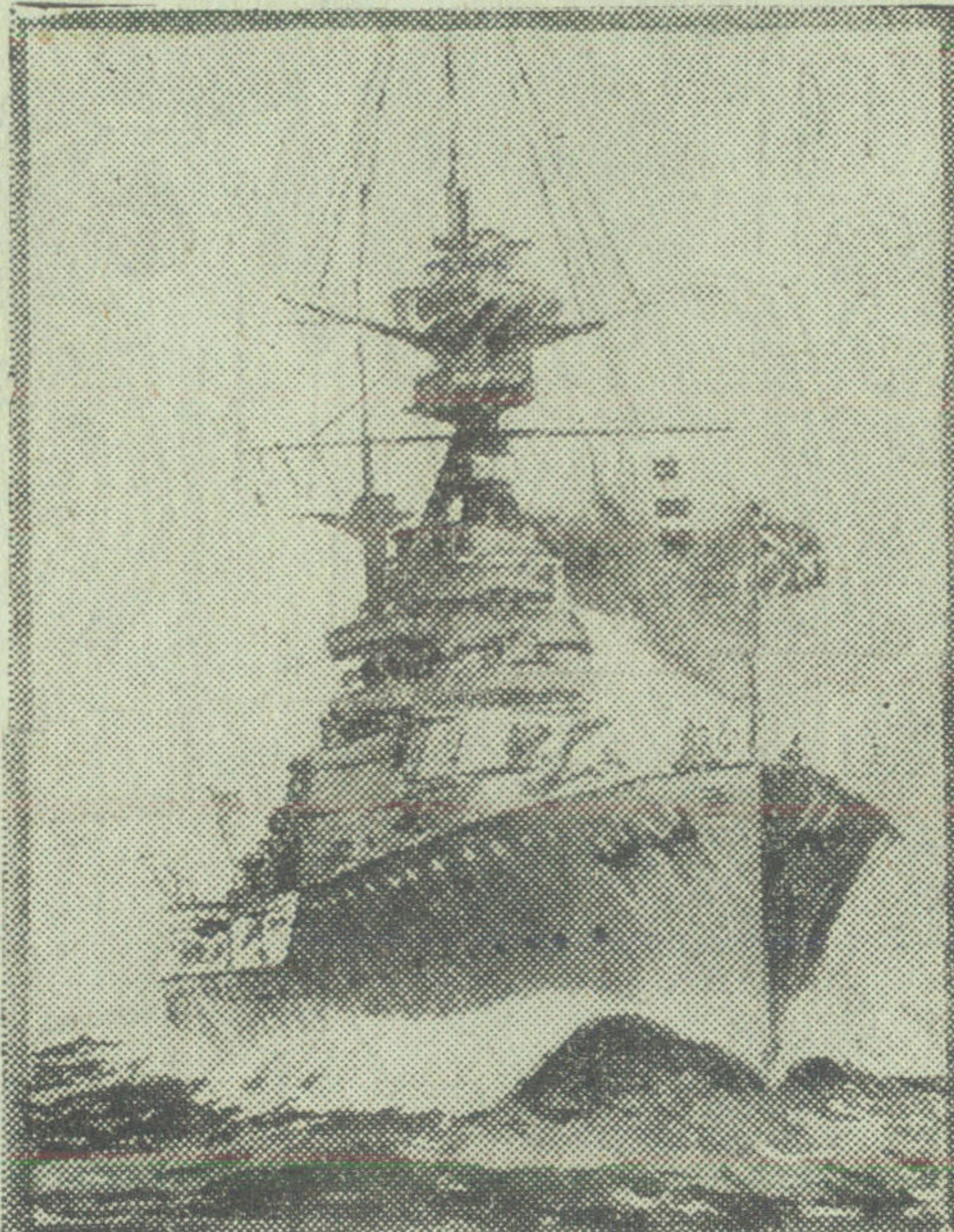
The colonel's answer came like a pistol-shot.

"Is it useless for me to tell you, once more, that you are mistaken in me—that you have done me injustice?" said Harry in a low voice.

"Perfectly useless. I am quite

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rather leave the school, Nameless, there is no doubt that your—ahem—your guardian would consent. Full compensation in every way would be made for the value of the scholarship you surrender. Its value in money would enable you to enter another school. This would doubtless be a change for the better for you in many respects."

"I do not think so, sir."

"Really, Nameless—"

"I have a right to remain at St. Kit's," said Harry quietly, though his lip quivered. "If I am guilty of any conduct that makes me unfit to remain, it is in your power to send me away."

"That is not the question, Nameless. There is no fault found with your conduct—since you have been here, at all events. But you are aware that one of the governors—"

"Colonel Wilmot?" said Harry; and his voice trembled a little.

"Yes. Colonel Wilmot has a very strong opinion that you should go."

"That is his business, not mine."

"To be plain, Nameless, a special meeting of the governing board is to take place shortly, when Colonel Wilmot will raise the question. He has a very considerable influence with the board, and I think it is very probable that the governors may decide to act on his suggestion."

"And in that case, sir—"

"The governors have the power to cancel a scholarship at their own absolute discretion. Such a thing has seldom happened—never in my recollection; but the power undoubtedly exists. If Colonel Wilmot

"I shall keep the scholarship until I am compelled to give it up. When that happens—if it does happen—I shall go, with empty hands, as I came. I will not touch the money."

The Head adjusted his glasses and looked very curiously at the junior.

"You are not acting wisely in this, Nameless," he said, at last.

"Possibly, sir."

"If you change your mind, on reflection, you may come and tell me so, at any time before the governors' meeting."

"I shall not change my mind, sir."

"Very well, Nameless, you may go."

The Head remained in deep thought for some time after the nameless schoolboy had quitted the study. Harry Nameless had plenty to think about as he went. Algernon Aubrey joined him at the corner of the passage, and they went out into the quadrangle together.

"Anythin' up?" asked Algy.

"Ye—e—es."

"Go it!"

Harry Nameless explained.

"Begad! Quite right, old bean—you're not goin'. It would look like backin' down," said Algy.

"I'm glad you agree with me, old chap."

"All along the line," said Algernon Aubrey cheerfully. "And nunky—naughty old nunky—won't find it so jolly easy to carry the board along with him either. The pater's on the board, you see."

"But he—"

"He will stand by you," said Algy confidently, "and the pater happens

him like a Dutch uncle. He wrote by return—thing the pater seldom does. He said—you'll get conceited if I tell you all he said—"

Harry smiled.

"He thinks no end of you," said Algy. "He's goin' to back you up with all his heaviest guns, or words to that effect. And I fancy the pater will have his way—giddy peer of the realm, you know—that's no end weighty. And the fact that he's the colonel's brother-in-law takes the wind out of nunky's sails a bit. Shows it's only a matter of opinion, you know, and that the colonel hasn't any real ground to go on. Depend on it, old bean, the pater will see you through."

"But—but—" stammered Harry.

"Never mind my uncle," said Algernon Aubrey loftily. "I've disowned him. You heard me."

"But—but—" stammered Harry.

Algy turned an inquiring eyeglass upon him.

"What's bitin' you now?" he inquired. "You can't help it if the colonel quarrels with Lord Westcourt or gets his back up—my pater will do what's just—his favourite word—and if nunky don't like it nunky will have to lump it. He will get his back up, I know. Probably won't speak to the pater—shouldn't wonder. He's a bit of a tough old biscuit. Can't be helped."

Harry's face was deeply distressed.

"But your mother, Algy—she's his sister—"

"Yaas."

"Won't it—won't it hurt her?"

Algy stared at him.

certain that we have come in contact before, and can therefore only believe that you have lied in denying it," said Colonel Wilmot icily. "If you have lied, it must be to conceal some shady or guilty secret. Your peculiar name is unknown to me—I judge, therefore, that you were passing under some other name when I came in contact with you. In short, you are an utterly unsuitable boy to be at St. Kit's. You must know that yourself. Why bandy words? Have you decided to leave? Unless that is the case, why have you brought me here?"

"There is a meeting of the governors soon—"

"In a few days—"

"You intend to make them cancel my scholarship if possible?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Lord Westcourt will oppose you?"

The colonel's jaw shut hard.

"That is no business of yours."

"I think it is my business, sir."

Will you not answer me? I—I have heard that Algy's father—that Lord Westcourt will take my side, but—"

"No doubt Algernon has told you so. It is the fact." The colonel's brow grew darker and in the black lines there it was easy to read of grim dispute and resentment. Undoubtedly the opposition of his brother-in-law was a sore point with the colonel.

"That makes no difference to you, sir?"

"None."

"You know that Lord Westcourt thinks well of me," said Harry timidly.

"I conclude that you have somehow deceived him."

Harry breathed hard.

Why did he not hate this hard, stern man, who stood before him like a grim judge—a hard judge and an unjust one? Why not? He did not. He could not have told why; but there was no anger in his heart. One kind word from the stern old man would have brought sunshine into his face. But that kind word was not likely to be spoken.

"Have you anything else to say?" rapped the colonel, as Harry had fallen into troubled silence.

"Yes, sir."

"My time is of value—I must take the next train."

"There is ample time for the little I have to say," said Harry Nameless bitterly. "I have to say this—I will not be the cause of dispute or bitterness in the family of my best friend

—my only friend. You have wronged me, sir; I hope some day you will understand it is so. St. Leger has been the best, kindest friend a fellow could have—and I have done him harm enough. I will do him no more. There is no need for the governors to meet and debate what is to be done with me. I will go."

Colonel Wilmot stared at him. He had expected that the Foundation junior had decided to go, but he was far from expecting to hear this reason given.

His lip curled sarcastically.

"Your motives—if genuine—do you credit?" he said. "You know, of course, that full compensation will be given to you, in money, for your loss of the Foundation Scholarship, if you resign it of your own accord and save unpleasantness."

Harry lifted his head proudly.

"I shall not touch a penny."

"What?"

"I shall resign the scholarship for the reason I have given. The end of the term is not far off. All I require is to leave St. Kit's at the end of the term with the rest, and I will not come back. That is not much to ask."

"It would be better for you to leave immediately."

"A few weeks can make little difference, sir. I have others to consider as well as myself—Jack Straw and Mr. Carew—both will be disappointed—I have to think of them. I am not asking much, sir, considering what I am giving up," said Harry in a low voice.

Colonel Wilmot nodded curtly.

"Let it be as you say, then; you leave St. Kit's when the school breaks up for the holidays, and you do not come back. On that definite understanding I take no further steps in the matter."

"Then it is settled," said Harry Nameless, with a heavy heart.

He stepped back, raised his cap to the colonel, and walked out of the waiting-room. The interview was over. Had he, when he asked for that interview, had some thought of appeal to the stern old man—some effort to convince him that he was in error? If so, the thought had died under the blighting glance of those grim eyes. The interview was over, and Harry Nameless walked along the platform to the exit with a slow step and a heavy heart.

Colonel Wilmot stepped from the waiting-room and looked along the platform after the junior. He twisted

his grizzled moustache, and his brows were darkly knitted. There was, for the moment, indecision, something like relenting, in the hard face. Had he been too hard on the boy?

He looked after him, musing. Was he too hard? In spite of himself, there was something in Harry that had touched a chord in his heart. Something that reminded him of—what? He was a hard man, a bitter man, and he knew it—one terrible grief in his life had hardened and soured him. If his boy had lived he would have been about the age of this lad whom he was driving from St. Kit's. His boy! The hard, bronzed face twitched for a moment—the eyes that stared after the junior were dim.

With an angry exclamation the colonel turned sharply on his heel and strode up the platform. The momentary weakness was past; he was again the man of bronze.

Harry Nameless did not look back as he left the station.

He left all his hopes, all his ambitions, there; but he did not regret what he had done.

It was for Algy's sake—for the sake of the chum who had been loyal and true when all others had turned against him. He tramped along the lane to St. Kit's, over the old stone bridge, whence, on his first day at the school, he had dived to rescue Algy, his chum ever since. The end of the term was not far off, and then he was to go! It was for Algy's sake.

Was it all for Algy's sake?

Not all! Deep down in his heart he knew that he was thinking of the colonel, too, of the hard, stern man who was driving him forth, an outcast. Why was it he could feel no hatred, no bitterness, towards the man who was so hard upon him—only kindness and respect after all that he had done? Why?

He did not know; he only knew that it was so. It was so that he would have felt to his father, if he had known a father. His father? The nameless schoolboy sighed. If only he had a father!

He turned in at the gates of St. Kit's—his school still, though not for long now. Algy met him at the gates with a relieved look, and linked an arm in his to cross the quad.

"I wondered where you'd got to, old bean," said Algernon Aubrey. "You didn't tell me you were goin' out. Come up to the study—there's

a brew goin' on—Bunny's done the shoppin'—I put it all in chalk for him on the lookin'-glass—I'm keepin' him in Coventry, you know." Algy chuckled.

Harry smiled faintly.

In Study No. 5 Bunny stayed for the "brew" in silence. He dared not speak, lest a boot should be introduced into the conversation before the brew was finished. When the last crumb had vanished Bunny vanished, too—to expend his pent-up conversation upon less fortunate fellows, and the chums of the Fourth were left alone.

"Penny for 'em, old bean," said Algy suddenly.

Harry looked up quickly and coloured.

"I—I was thinking—"

"Bad habit—get out of it. I never do. Not worryin' about merry old Coventry, what?"

"No," said Harry, with a smile.

"I haven't been anythin' like so bored since we've been in Coventry," said Algernon Aubrey placidly.

"What a howlin' joke if it goes on to the end of the term! Save me all the trouble of dodgin' the fellows who want to come home an' bask in the pater's smiles for the vac. What? You'll come home with me for the vac, old bean, an' we'll have no end of a time. Pater and mater and Aunt Georgina and Aunt Cordelia all want you to come—begad! You must try to stand 'em, old chap—they're not half bad; though they do bore a fellow—"

Harry smiled, but did not answer.

"And next term," grinned Algy, "fancy beginnin' a new term in Coventry? No end of a screamin' lark, what?"

Algy rose.

"But you want to swot! Go ahead—I'll take a stroll down the passage, cuttin' all the fellows dead!"

And the cheery Algy sauntered out of the study in great spirits. Harry's glance followed him.

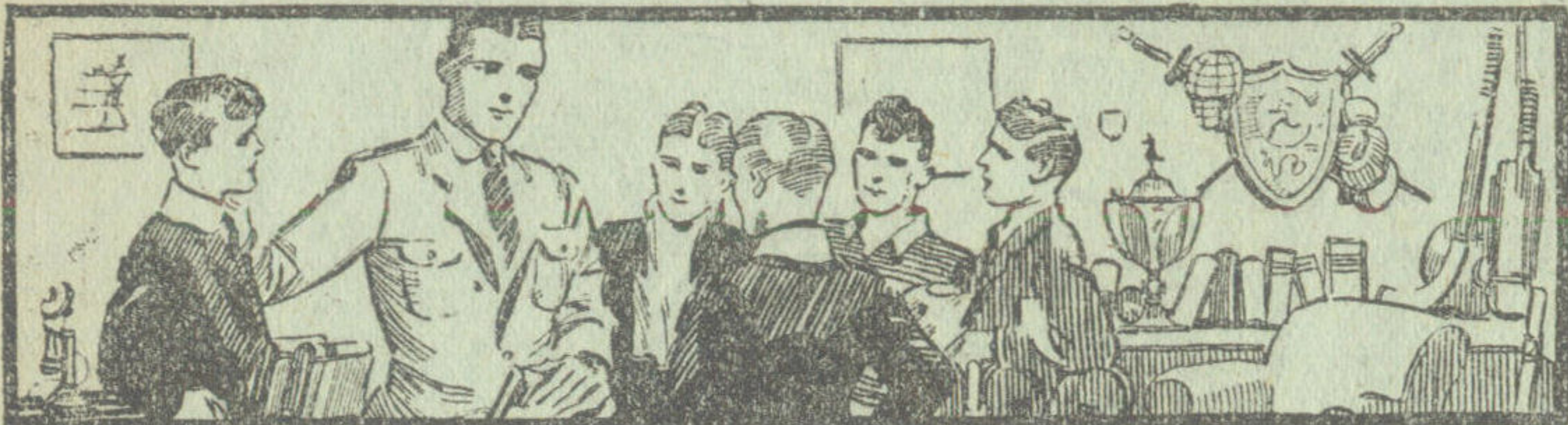
"He will know soon enough!" he whispered.

His brow was clouded, but he went quietly to work—quietly and steadily. Work, after all, was a cure for many troubles. It was the darkest hour for the nameless schoolboy.

But the darkest hour comes before the dawn!

(On no account must you miss next Monday's long instalment of this wonderful school tale! Order your Boys' Friend in advance and avoid disappointment!)

In Your Editor's Den



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

A GREAT COMPETITION.

Nothing like being prepared! It is with this snug and uncontestedly sound notion in my mind that I am starting off this week with mention of the famous competition which is titillating everybody's curiosity. A Five-Pound Note and Six Grand Footballs given away each week! Think of it! Here is something worthy of thought. And this particular week there is something extra-special of which you might take note. I am awarding Eleven Match Footballs this time. In the Second Competition Result, appearing in this number, it will be seen that eleven readers succeeded in qualifying for the Six Footballs. In these circumstances, of course, I have awarded Eleven Prizes instead of Six as advertised. Some hard-working fellows have not yet had time to get a good hefty kick at a leather this season. But the time will come! Maybe one of the weekly half-dozen footballs will come their way. As for the "fiver" which is asking for an owner every Monday—well, nobody has yet imagined all the brilliant possibilities encompassed by one of these cheery little souvenirs which the Bank of England, with commendable foresight, sends gaily fluttering round the world.

LINE UP FOR THE PRIZES!

Whatever else you do, just squeeze in time for this competition! It

will please you all no end. Let your chums know that it is the chance of the season. Nobody ought to miss such a golden opportunity. As we all know, life is made up of one thing after another. But it is a wise thing to attend to it that a jolly prize punctuates the procession here and there. Five-pound notes and footballs give just that bright touch to affairs we are wanting.

THAT REMINDS ME!

By your leave, I will drop in a hint here. While on the subject of the Boys' Friend competition I should like to draw your attention to the magnificent photogravure plate of H.M.S. Queen Elizabeth, which our Companion Paper, the "Magnet," gives away in its current issue. Make a note of this, and don't miss the plate!

SOMETHING IN THE AIR!

Another brilliant AI surprise in store! I am not giving details yet, but when the news does leak out there will be a bigger rush for the old "Green 'Un" than any yet recorded. The new attraction which will shortly pop out of the future is the finest thing yet. Sport-lovers and all and sundry will be keen as mustard on this.

AND ANOTHER SPECIALITY!

We can all stand pots of good news. Most of us would barge along

for miles and get as footsore as the weary pilgrim to get it. But here is some cheery intelligence which comes to you all ready packed and delivered carriage paid at the door.

SIGHTING THE BOMBAY CASTLE!

Yes, it's true! The famous ship, the Bombay Castle, with Dick Dorrington & Co. on board, is under full steam for port. Then there will be some more voyages, I give you my word! Short of sending reply-paid wires "When is Duncan Storm returning?" readers of the Boys' Friend have done their compelling best to bring back this sturdy old favourite. And it will be so! This is news for the housetops and for Gath. I don't care who knows it! Spread it round! Duncan Storm has been travelling here and there and everywhere, but I ran him to earth at last. Result: A splendid new series about the Bombay Castle! Ship ahoy!

"CUFFY IN GOAL!"

By Owen Conquest.

Now let me get to Cuffy! I hated to keep the good fellow waiting; but Cuffy will not mind. Most obliging fellow he is! If you let him, he would proceed to tell you he had not the faintest objection to passing a short period in the salle d'attente, which is French for waiting-room, and Cuffy speaks the Entente language very prettily. But there was so much to say about the present number of the B.F. and concerning the brisk young troop of giddy surprises which are now busy rehearsing their parts in the wings. Cuffy, in next week's sparkling Rookwood yarn, surpasses himself as a sinewy and invulnerable keeper of goal. You can easily picture the gladsome duffer, with his yards of talk, pausing as the leather biffs him on the dial to argue the matter out with the ref. Cuffy on the footer field furnishes forth a sight for the gleeful gods. Possibly

Jimmy Silver wishes Cuffy would play some other part. It may be so. But a good, conscientious duffer has his uses. Cuffy has them next week. He will make the wide world rock with laughter.

"THE MYSTERY OF THE LIFT!"

By Victor R. Nendick.

For our next number, too, I have a yarn which will grip the interest of everybody. There have been stories galore about lifts, but you will frankly admit there has never been anything quite so all-round clever as the plot of this tale. It deals with a big business house in which things happened which had no business to have occurred. The lift is the important vertical transport highway for all manner of valuable goods. And there was tinkering somewhere en route. The mystification is baffling. Keep your eye on the junior partner; also on the employee on whose shoulders the blame for the crooked dealing falls.

"TERRY HILTON'S RETURN!"

By Victor Nelson.

Like the celebrated Willie, Terry has been missed. His absence proved a bit of bad luck for the Red Crusaders. But the lightning forward skips back into the arena next Monday, to the delight of Don Darrel, "Bulldog" Holdfast, and everybody. There would have been sunshine all round, as a matter of course, only for the fact that that devious and crafty spoil-sport, Hiram D. Hertz, is on the track of the crack player of the team. Hiram has no use for the advice to let bygones be bygones, and his tactics bring disaster. Hertz is no sport. You will be interested in this yarn.

"CHUMS OF ST. KIT'S!"

By Frank Richards.

Frank Richards supplies an extra-long instalment of the serial next week. It is crammed full of incident, and there is a topping friendly

THE RUSTLER'S BEST PAL!

By Richard Holt.

(Continued from page 297.)

smashed open the gates and backed into the street. It was carried out with such quickness and thoroughness that it might have been rehearsed a hundred times.

The little trumpeter Kid McBride had bowled over so neatly was suffering acutely from his loss of dignity. He made a special point of hurling a huge chunk of splintered timber at the boy. "Fortunately, the Kid saw it coming and was able to dodge, but he took careful aim at the little man as he held another piece over his head to throw. There was a snap of the Kid's gun, and the little man dropped his missile with a yell.

"Guess he won't play a trumpet again!" said Kid McBride grimly. "That's broken his first finger for him, anyways."

Fortunately San Pedro is a border town; across the river lay Texas and safety. Followed by a jeering crowd, the white men and the black horse moved quickly towards the bridge. Once across it they breathed again—the crowd did not dare to follow them.

The cattle thief took advantage of the breathing space to staunch certain wounds that his black horse was suffering from. Having performed this to his satisfaction, he turned to the others.

"Waal, I ain't met any of you gents, bar one, officially before, but I'm mighty obliged for your assistance," he said. "It was kind of you to butt in."

"You ain't to mention it, stranger," replied the rancher. "It was through us the trouble began. But I would like you to know that when we sold your hoss we had no idea that it was for such a purpose. Likewise, it was much against the Kid's wishes here that your hoss was not returned to you as arranged."

The Black Rider nodded.

"I guessed that," he said simply. For a moment there was an uneasy silence, then the rancher spoke again.

"I don't know what your arrangements may be, stranger," he said courteously, "but we are aiming to rest here for an hour or two. So if you are anxious to hit the trail, doan't let us detain you."

The rider nodded, and threw his leg over his black horse.

"Waal, I'm rather full up for the moment, so I'll be getting along," he said. "But you can take it from me as it'll not be along your bit o' range again. So-long, gents!" And off he rode. But a few yards distant he drew rein and looked back.

"Say, Kid," he cried, "when you is reckonin' to play Injuns agen, don't scout on your hands and knees. I spotted you weren't the real goods d'rectly you crept up that arroya."

"Which gentlemanly remark shorely proves," as the Kid remarked afterwards, "that men are like cattle, they often carry a brand they don't deserve."

THE END.

(Be sure you read "The Mystery of the Lift!"—an amazing story specially contributed to next Monday's Boys' Friend. Order your copy of the "Green 'Un" in advance and avoid disappointment!)

element in it all which wins admiration and loads of sympathy. I don't know all the inner, mysterious workings of F. R.'s mind, but I do wonder sometimes whether he knew that in creating the St. Kit's characters he realised that they are fellows who will always be wanted. They will that!

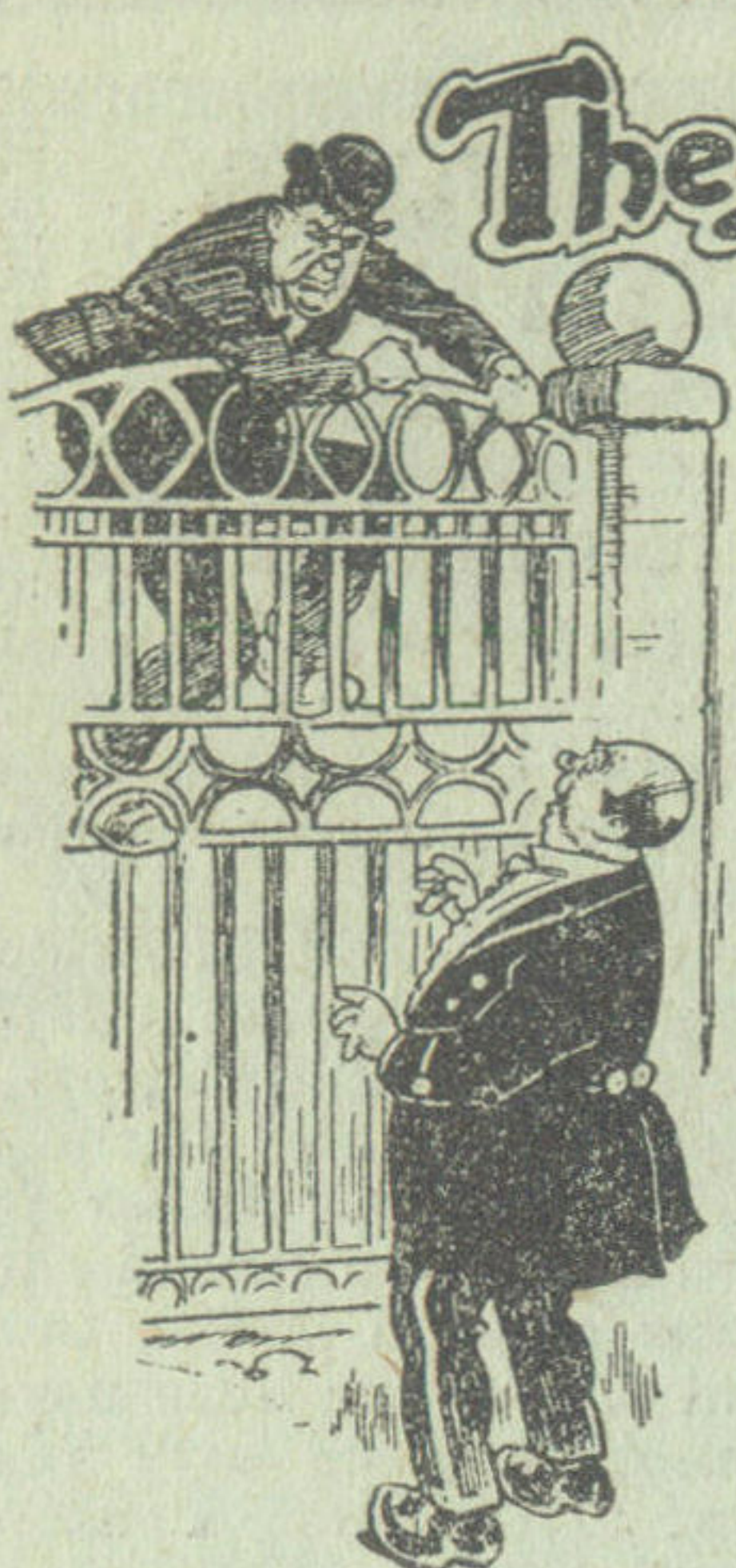
FOOTBALL AND HEALTH AND SPORT.

These subjects are capably handled in our new issue by "Goalie" and Mr. Percy Longhurst. Mr. Longhurst will always reply to queries by return of post. In fact, he is doing so every day. *Experientia docet!* There are crowds of things no fellow can know off his own bat. They have to be learned. And Mr. Longhurst has mastered all these intricacies and little doubts and difficulties about training and physique. So drop him a line if you find yourself up against some knotty problem.

Your Editor.

Coming shortly! A great new series of stories about Dick Dorrington & Co. of the Bombay Castle. Tell ALL your pals this stunning news!

The Jape of the Term!



(Continued from page 292.)

"Bless my soul!" he ejaculated. An unexpected sight met the Head's view. It was the sight of a dusty gentleman climbing over the gate that old Mack refused to open. The Head stared on blankly from the Sixth Form-room window. He almost wondered whether he was dreaming. But it was no dream—the climbing gentleman came right over the gate, and dropped down beside the astonished Mack.

The 5th Chapter. A Shindy in the Sixth.

"Ere we are!" said the dusty gentleman. He grinned at Mack. He was a powerfully built gentleman, with broad shoulders, and fists that looked like legs of mutton. Old Mack had spoken to him quite sharply through the bars of the gate. At closer quarters, however, old Mack backed away, eyeing him warily and uneasily. One hefty drive from those leg-of-mutton fists, and Rookwood would have been in need of a new porter. Old Mack had no desire whatever to reduce unemployment on those lines.

And the dusty gentleman looked quite ready to use his big fists. He was quite a rough-looking gentleman, and his complexion looked as if he had stopped at the Red Cow and the Bird-in-Hand to refresh himself on his long and dusty ride.

"Ere we are!" he repeated. "No offence, mate, but I'm 'ere on business. A bloke don't ride ten miles to be told he can't see the cove while he's come to see."

"You can't see Master Carthew now," gasped old Mack. "He's in class with the 'Ead."

"Then wot does he mean by telling a bloke to apply personal?"

"I don't know; but—"

"Where's this 'ere Carthew?" demanded the dusty gentleman. "I sha'n't keep 'im long—only long enough to 'and him ten bob and take hover the bike—if in good condition as stated. You go and tell 'im that Bill Biggins has called about the bike."

"I tell you I can't—I tell you—"

"Oh, stow it!"

The dusty gentleman looked round him, and started for the House, old Mack blinking after him helplessly.

The scandalised Head leaned from the Sixth Form window.

"Fellow!" he called out, as Mr. Biggins drew nearer the House.

The dusty gentleman stared round. "Hallo, old gent!" he said.

"Leave these premises at once."

"Eh?"

"How dare you force your way in here?" thundered the Head. "Go at once, or the police will be called in."

"What's biting you, old gent?" asked Mr. Biggins. "You Master Carthew?"

"Eh! What? Certainly not!"

"Then 'old your row," said the dusty gentleman.

And Mr. Biggins walked on to the big doorway of the House, leaving the Head petrified. In all his scholastic career Dr. Chisholm had never before been told to hold his

"row"! He really looked as if he might never recover from the shock. Mr. Biggins arrived at the door and banged on it. He banged once, and twice, and thrice, till it was opened by a startled Tupper.

Tupper blinked at the dusty gentleman.

"Tell Master Carthew I've come about the bike!" said Mr. Biggins.

"Oh, my eye!" said Tupper. "You can't see Master Carthew now be—"

"Can't I?" said Mr. Biggins. "Not arter pushing a bike ten mile to see him personal, like he asked in his advertisement! I don't think! Look 'ere, you blooming menial, you tell him I'm 'ere—see?"

A large and knuckley fist was shaken at Tupper's startled face, and the page slammed the big oak door. But it slammed on Mr. Biggins' big boot, which was swiftly jammed in the way.

The next moment the big door was hurled wide again, and Mr. Biggins strode into the House.

He grasped Tupper by the shoulder.

"Now, then, no tricks," he said. "I've called on business, and I can tell you that I don't understand this 'ere treatment. I don't understand it, and I ain't taking it quiet, see? Where's this 'ere Carthew?"

"You can't—Yaroooh!" roared Tupper, as Mr. Biggins shook him till the teeth almost rattled in his head. Mr. Biggins appeared to be losing his temper. Perhaps that was not surprising, in the circumstances.

"You'll take me to this 'ere Carthew, you blinking menial," said Mr. Biggins. "Now, then, sharp's the word!"

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Tupper.

He led the way to the Sixth Form room, with Mr. Biggins' powerful grasp on his shoulder. Tupper did not want another shake—the first hefty shake had left him with a semi-detached feeling, and he most decidedly did not want any more.

He knocked at the Sixth Form room door. It was opened by the Head in person. Dr. Chisholm's face was crimson.

"Fellow!" he gasped.

"Feller yourself!" retorted Mr. Biggins independently. "I ain't 'ere to see you. I'm 'ere to see Master Carthew. Think I'm frightened of an old donkey dressed up in an old woman's gown?"

"Bless my soul!" said the Head faintly.

Mr. Biggins shoved into the Form-room. Tupper, only too glad to be released from his iron grasp, disappeared promptly.

The Sixth were all on their feet now, in great astonishment. The dusty gentleman surveyed them.

"Which of you blokes is Master Carthew?" he asked. "That's the cove I'm 'ere to do business with."

"Carthew," gasped the Head.

"I—I shall call you to account for this. Tell this man to go."

"What the thump do you mean by coming here, my man?" exclaimed Carthew indignantly.

"You Carthew—"

"Yes. I—"

"Then you're the blooming advertiser. Where's the bike?"

"You can't see it now, you fool!" shouted Carthew. "Haven't you any sense? Go away at once—"

"I've rode ten mile to see that bike. If it's in excellent condition, as stated, it's a blinking bargain, and I'm 'aving it," said Mr. Biggins.

"I don't understand this treatment of a man calling on business, fair and square. I don't that! 'Ere's the ten shillings."

"The—the what?" Mr. Biggins flourished a currency note.

"'Ere's the money! Now where's the bike?"

Carthew stared at him like a fellow in a dream. The repeated offers of ten shillings for his bike from Rookwood fellows he had taken as a "rag."

But he could not suppose that a rough character from Rookham was concerned in a schoolboy rag. He simply could not comprehend.

"Man!" gasped the Head. "Do—do—do you wish me to telephone for the police, and give you in charge?"

"Oh, 'old your row, old gent!" said Mr. Biggins contemptuously.

"I was asked to call personal, and I've called personal. And 'ere I am, ready to do business. Where's the bike?"

"Shall we deal with this man, sir?" asked Bulkeley of the Sixth. The captain of Rookwood measured Mr. Biggins with his eye, and received a glare of defiance in return.

"The—the man must be drunk, sir," gasped Carthew. "I never offered my bike for ten shillings, and I never asked—"

"Wot's that?" roared Mr. Biggins angrily. "Trying to back out of it, arter a bloke's rode ten miles to see the jigger? Going back on your own advertisement, are you?"

"I never—"

"Carthew!" gasped the Head.

"You are to blame for this. You—you had better hand over the machine to the man, and let him go."

"'Ere's the ten bob, as soon as I've seen the jigger, and seed that it's in good condition as stated," said Mr. Biggins.

Carthew spluttered.

"I'm selling that bike for ten pounds—"

"Ten shillings, you mean—"

"Ten pounds!" roared Carthew.

"Oh, dror it mild!" said Mr. Biggins. "Think I'd 'ave rode ten miles to buy a bike for ten pounds? I can get 'em cheaper where I live. Ten shillings is what you said, and 'ere's the blinking advertisement to prove my blinking words."

And Mr. Biggins jerked a much soiled copy of the "Coombe Times" from his pocket, and pointed with a grubby thumb to the advertisement.

"It's ten pounds, and communications by post only—read it for yourself," hooted Carthew.

"It's ten shillings, and call personal—"

"It isn't—" yelled Carthew.

"Ain't you got any eyes?" roared Mr. Biggins, thrusting the paper fairly into Carthew's face. "Look!"

Carthew looked—he couldn't help it. He stared blankly at Putty of the Fourth's second edition of his advertisement.

"Oh crumbs! It—it—it's a misprint," he gasped. "The silly fool of a printer has made a mistake—"

"Oh, come off!" said Bill Biggins surlily. "That's too thin. You've changed your mind about selling that bike for ten bob, wot—and you think a man's going to ride ten miles for nothing. Well, he ain't."

"Give me the paper!" said the Head, in a grinding voice.

Dr. Chisholm looked at the advertisement. Then he fixed a baleful glance on Carthew.

"The matter is precisely as this—this man states, Carthew. You are responsible for this interruption of lessons—for this disgraceful scene in a Rookwood Form-room."

"I—I—I—" stuttered Carthew helplessly. "It—it—it's a misprint."

"Nonsense! Either you will hand over the bicycle to this man for the sum stated in the advertisement, or you will compensate him for his waste of time."

"Now you're talking, old gent!" said Mr. Biggins, more amicably. "I ain't the man to drive a 'ard bargain. If the young gent's changed his mind, let him call it off; but a man ain't riding ten miles to be told that a young gent has changed his mind—not for nothing. Make it 'arf-a-sovereign."

"You cheeky rotter!" exclaimed Carthew. "I'm not giving you any money. I—I—Yaroooh!"

Carthew roared as the enraged, dusty gentleman grasped him by the collar.

Shake! Shake! Shake!

"Ow! Ow! Help! Yooop!"

"Calling me names, arter making me waste a 'ole morning, are you?" shouted Mr. Biggins. "I'll 'arn you!"

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the Head. "Man—control yourself. Bulkeley—Neville—Lonsdale—control him."

Three stalwart Rookwood prefects collared the angry Mr. Biggins. He was dragged off Carthew by main force.

For some minutes there was a terrific scene in the usually quiet and scholastic precincts of the Sixth Form-room. Then Mr. Biggins went whirling through the doorway, and crashed in the passage.

"See him off the premises!" gasped the Head.

Mr. Biggins struggled up—still in a fighting humour. Really, he had cause to be angry; and undoubtedly he was very angry indeed. He charged into the Sixth Form-room like a bull; and half the Sixth were needed to get him out again.

Then the dusty gentleman was escorted down to the gates, and he went struggling and shouting. Form-room windows were packed with faces, watching the amazing scene. Fighting-man as he evidently was, Mr. Biggins was tired by the time he reached the school gates. Old Mack swung open the gates, and the dusty gentleman was hurled forth in a heap. Then the gates clanged on him.

For fully ten minutes Mr. Biggins stated, at the top of his voice, what

he thought of Rookwood and the dwellers therein. Then, at last, he mounted his dusty bike, and disappeared down the road.

That morning, and that afternoon, there were many callers at Rookwood, to see Carthew and the ten-shilling bike. Every caller was turned away, old Mack so far departing from the straight line of veracity as to inform them that the coveted bike had been already sold—as the easiest method of getting rid of them.

It was with the greatest difficulty that Carthew succeeded in convincing the Head that his advertisement must have been somehow misprinted. The Head allowed himself to be convinced at last—after Carthew had been reduced to a state of almost tearful apprehension.

In the Lower School, there were howls of laughter—Putty's jape was admitted to be the jape of the term. The jester of Rookwood came quite into the limelight, and bore his blushing honours thick upon him, but—

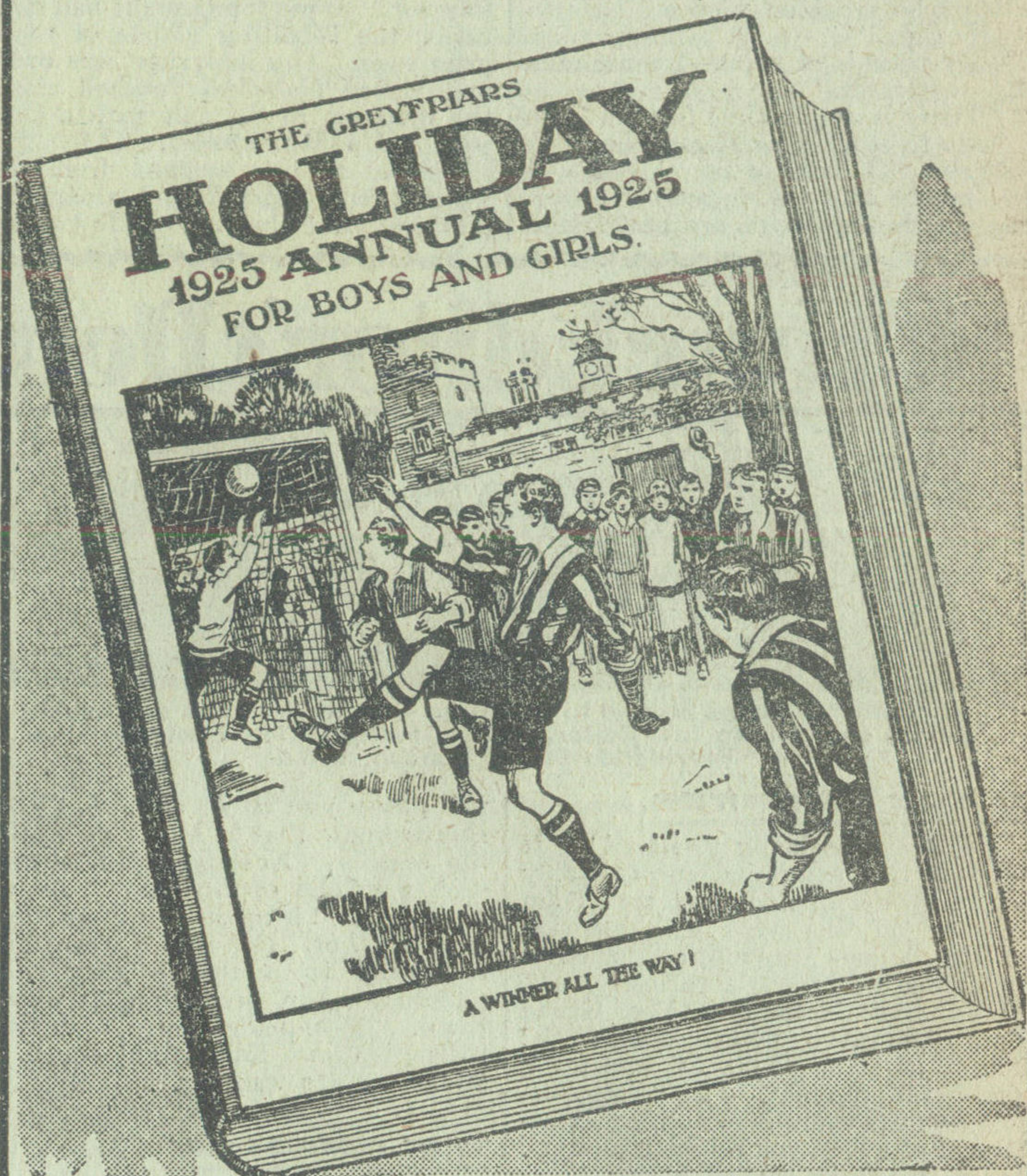
There was unfortunately a "but." For Carthew of the Sixth was keenly investigating the extraordinary misprint—with such success that Putty of the Fourth in the midst of his cheery satisfaction found himself called upon the carpet—and in the next scene the Head's birch figured prominently.

After which, it was several days before Putty of the Fourth was in a mood again for jesting.

THE END.

"Cuffy In Goal!" is the screamingly funny story of the chums of Rookwood School for next Monday. Be sure you read it! Order your copy of the BOYS' FRIEND in advance and thus make certain of obtaining it!

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