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The BOYS' FRIEND 2d

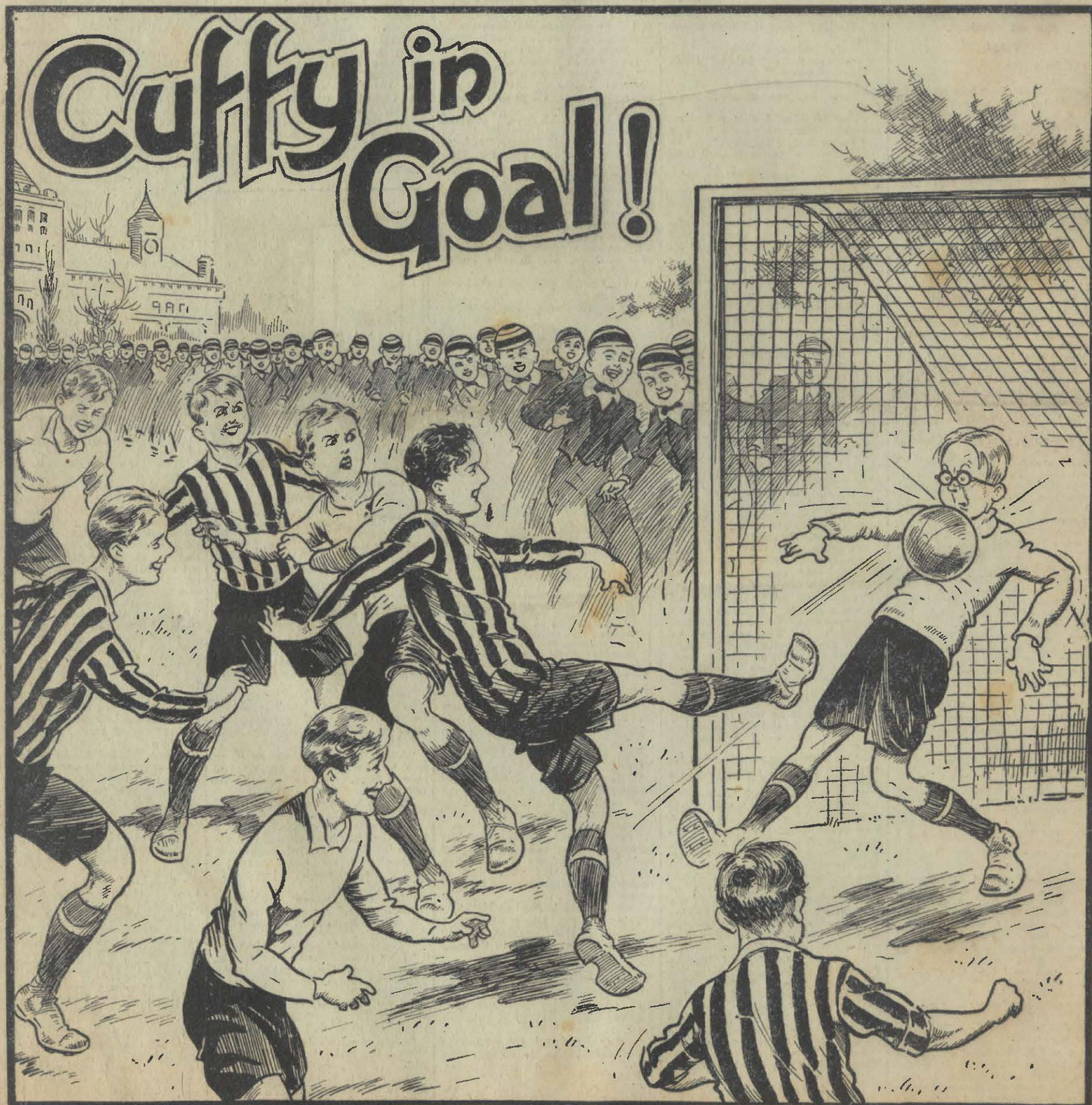
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No. 1,223. Vol. XXV.—New Series.]

THE BEST BOYS' PAPER IN THE WORLD!

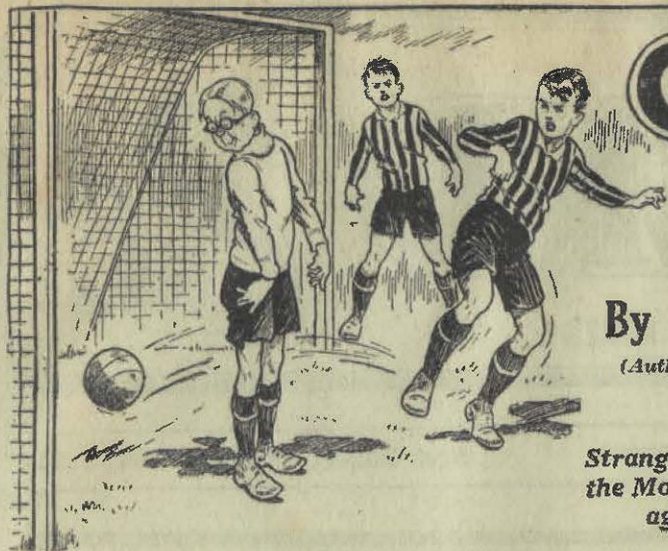
[Week Ending November 15th, 1924.]



BIFF! — CUFFY AND THE BALL FIND THE NET!

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

IT'S A SCREAM—THIS STORY OF THE CHUMS OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL!



Cuffy in Goal!

By OWEN CONQUEST.

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

Strange to say, Cuffy plays in goal for the Modern House in their football match against the Classical juniors!

The 1st Chapter.

Brag!

"I've done it!" Thus Tommy Dodd. Tommy Dodd came into his study in Mr. Manders' House at Rookwood with a lugubrious face, and made that announcement in a lugubrious voice. Lugubriousness, indeed, was written all over Tommy Dodd of the Modern Fourth. Evidently something had happened. Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle regarded him inquiringly. "You've done it?" inquired Cook. "Yes." "What may 'it' happen to be?" asked Doyle. "I've fairly put my foot in it!" said Tommy Dodd. "It really wasn't my fault. That ass Lovell was bragging about footer." "But what have you done?" inquired the other two Tommies, together. "You know Lovell's style," said Tommy Dodd, without replying to the question. "How his pals get on without punching his nose every day regularly is a mystery to me." "Have you punched Lovell's nose?" "No harm in punching a Classical duffer's nose." "No," groaned Tommy Dodd. "I wish I had. Perhaps I'd better go over to the Classical side and punch his nose now. Not that punching his nose will do any good. You see, it's fixed now." "What is?" roared Tommy Cook. Tommy Dodd flung himself into a chair, drove his hands deep into his pockets, and regarded his comrades lugubriously and pessimistically. He seemed in the lowest of spirits. "The worse of it," he said, "is that I sha'n't be able to make good. It's rotten all round." Cook picked up an inkpot from the table. He was getting impatient. It was clear that something very serious had occurred, and the two Modern juniors wanted to know what it was. "Are you going to tell us what's the matter, you thumping ass, or shall I buzz this inkpot at you?" inquired Cook. "I may as well tell you, now I've done it," said Tommy Dodd. "As I said, Lovell was bragging about footer. Those Classical asses seem to think they're the big noise in footer, because they happened to win the last House match on a fluke. Well, I got fed-up, and—and—and I said—" "You said?" "I—I said—" Tommy Dodd paused. He seemed reluctant to state what he had said in the heat of a football argument with Classical fellows. "Well, what did you say?" demanded Doyle. "Something fat-headed, of course, or it wouldn't be you. But what was it?" "I—I said we'd beat the Classical Fourth at football—" "So we will intirely." "With Cuffy in goal," said Tommy Dodd. "What?" "Phwat?" Cook and Doyle stared at Tommy Dodd, and he blinked at them dimly. That reckless offer he had made in the heat of argument. When the heat of argument had passed, and Tommy Dodd considered the matter coolly, he realised what he had done. Undoubtedly he had put his foot in

it. He had "done it" with a vengeance. "Cuffy!" repeated Doyle. "Clarence Cuffy!" babbled Cook. "That dummy—" "That ass!" said Doyle. "That frabjous chump!" said Cook. "That blinking, burbling, bandersnatch! Why, he doesn't know a goalkeeper from a goalpost!" "He doesn't know a football from a fancy-dress ball!" "That howling duffer!" "That—that Cuffy—" "You ass!" "You chump!" It was a kind of chorus, strophe and anti-strophe, and Tommy Dodd listened to it without a word in his own defence. "Pile it on!" he said bitterly. "You can't call me a bigger ass than I'm calling myself. Keep it up." "Play Jimmy Silver's team with Cuffy in goal!" roared Tommy Doyle. "It's potty ye are." "Go it!" "Cuffy can't keep goal. Why, he can't keep white mice!" "I know he can't." "Well, you ass!" "Well, you chump!" The three Tommies of the Modern side at Rookwood were great pals. Being great pals, they talked to one another with great frankness of speech. But never had Cook and Doyle been quite so frank as on the present occasion. "Of all the fatheads—" said Cook. "Of all the blinking, blithering, burbling dummies—" said Doyle. "Of all the chumps!" "Of all the idiots—" Tommy Dodd stretched his legs and nodded. He seemed almost to welcome this chorus of opprobrium. "You've got it," he said. "I was an ass, a chump, a fathead—any old thing you like. I told you I'd done it, didn't I? You see, that ass Lovell was bragging, and he really drew me and made me play the goat. I told him we'd beat the Classical junior side, playing Cuffy in goal, just to shut him up and make him sing small. Of course, I never really meant it. But he took it seriously and closed on it, and then, of course, I couldn't back out. So there we are." "Are we?" roared Cook. "We're jolly well not. I'm not playing in a team with Cuffy in it." "Nor little me!" said Doyle. "It's asking for a licking," said Tommy Cook, more calmly. "Putting swank aside, the Classics are quite up to our weight at footer. Every House match is touch and go. They've got more men to select from than we have, being a bigger House. That's an advantage, and it's no good making out that they don't win more matches than they lose, because anybody can read it up in the records. And now you think of tackling them with a passenger in the team—" "In goal, too!" said Tommy Doyle. "Might as well leave the chicken run empty. Better, in fact, than putting Clarence Cuffy in it." Tommy Dodd nodded. "We're for it," he said. "I've got to keep my word. We can't let those classical asses make out that we swank and then eat our words. Next House match Cuffy goes into goal." "You ass!" "You duffer!" "Go it!" said Tommy Dodd resignedly. "I've asked for it, and you can sling it out all you want to. All the same, I'm keeping up the brag,

and Cuffy goes into goal next match. And—and—and we've got to beat the Classics, anyhow, all the same." Tommy Cook jumped up. "You're not landing us like that, you ass! I dare say Lovell was just pulling your leg. I'll go over and see Jimmy Silver." "I'll come with you," assented Doyle. "No good," said Tommy Dodd. "I tell you they're holding us to it. They want to make us look asses." "Rats!" Cook and Doyle, in a rather excited frame of mind, quitted the study. Tommy Dodd was left alone to reflect upon the impudence of "gassing" in the heat of argument. There was a gentle tap at the door of the study, and Tommy looked round irritably. A kind and gentle face looked into the study. It was the simple, benevolent face



BIFF! Tommy Dodd picked up a cushion. "My dear Thomas, Clarence Cuffy in mild surprise, Tommy Dodd did not answer in words. He let his actions speak for him. Whiz! Crash! Bump! The cushion flew, and it caught Clarence Cuffy upon the chest, and Clarence Cuffy flew. He sat down in the passage with a terrific concussion. A yell rang through the passage. "Yoooooop!"

of Clarence Cuffy, who was admitted on all hands to be the biggest duffer inside Rookwood, or out of it. He smiled sweetly at the frowning face of Tommy Dodd. "My dear Thomas—" Grunt! "I trust, my dear Thomas, that nothing has occurred to disturb the serenity of your temper," said Clarence Cuffy anxiously. Grunt! "In the unfortunate event of any untoward happening having disturbed your equanimity, my dear Thomas, perhaps you would find relief in confiding the circumstances to me," suggested Cuffy. Tommy Dodd blinked at him. This was the fellow who, in a wild and reckless moment, he had engaged to play in goal in the next House match. Tommy Dodd rose to his feet. He picked up a cushion. "My dear Thomas, what are you going to do with that cushion?" inquired Clarence Cuffy in mild surprise. Tommy Dodd did not answer in words. He let his action speak for him. Whiz! Crash! Bump! The cushion flew, and it caught Clarence Cuffy upon the chest, and Clarence Cuffy flew. He sat down

in the passage with a terrific concussion. A yell rang through the passage. "Yoooooop!" "Now wait a tick till I get the poker!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd. Clarence Cuffy did not wait. It was only too clear that the serenity of dear Thomas' temper was very much disturbed. Cuffy was not a bright youth. But he was far too bright to wait for Tommy Dodd to get on with it. He picked himself up and fled for his life.

The 2nd Chapter.

Nothing Doing!

Jimmy Silver & Co. were smiling as they sat down to tea in the end study in the School House. Arthur Edward Lovell, especially, was grinning hugely. The Fistical Four were in enjoyment of a great joke. Tommy Dodd's brag, which had caused so much dismay in Tommy's study, was causing great merriment among the Fistical Four. "The silly owl, you know!" said Arthur Edward Lovell, for about the tenth time. "Swanking about Modern football—as if those Modern chaps can play footer! I told him that marbles was nearer his mark, you know. And then he said he'd beat the Classical side at Soccer, with Cuffy in goal! Ha, ha, ha!" "Ha, ha, ha!" echoed Jimmy Silver, Raby, and Newcome. "Just swank, you know," grinned Lovell. "Of course, he didn't mean a word of it. But I nailed him down."

Tommy Doyle came into the end study. Jimmy Silver & Co. smiled at them. They could guess the purport of the visit. Evidently Tommy Dodd had informed his comrades of his unfortunate little brag, and Cook and Doyle had dropped in to speak on the subject. The two Modern juniors grinned rather uneasily. "Trot in, old beans," said Arthur Edward Lovell hospitably. "Try these muffins—they're good. I hear you've got a new goalie on the Modern side." "Ha, ha, ha!" "Fact is, we came over to speak about that little joke of Dobby's," said Cook. "Joke?" repeated Lovell. "Has Dobby been making jokes? What's the joke this time?" "That little joke about Cuffy—" "Is there a joke about Cuffy? Cuffy's rather a joke in himself, isn't he? But what's the joke now?" The Fistical Four smiled—politely, but implacably. Cook and Doyle exchanged a glance. "That little joke about playing Cuffy in goal in a House match," said Cook. "Ha, ha!" "Ha, ha!" echoed Doyle feebly. "Oh, that's not a joke," said Lovell calmly. "That's a fixture." "Oh, quite," said Jimmy Silver. "You see—" murmured Doyle. "We see," agreed Raby. "You're not satisfied with Dobby's choice of a goalkeeper. But Dobby's your skipper, isn't he?" "Yes, but—" "Has Dobby sent you over to climb down for him?" grinned Lovell. "Is he owning up that he was only bragging?" "Backing out—what?" grinned Newcome. "Well," said Doyle haltingly. "Our idea is that it was just a joke, you know—" "Cut it out!" said Arthur Edward Lovell cheerily. "If Dobby wants to climb down, and own up that he was gassing, let him go ahead. He said before a dozen fellows that he would beat the Classics at footer with Cuffy in goal. He's got to do it, or else swallow his jolly old words. No good telling us it was a joke." "You're holding him to it, then?" asked Cook. "Of course—unless he climbs down. He's only got to own up that he was bragging, and talking out of the back of his neck." "You know he won't do that!" snapped Cook. "Then let him go ahead, and beat us at footer, with Cuffy in goal." "Ha, ha, ha!" The Fistical Four roared, and the ambassadors glared. That Tommy Dodd would consent to eat his words was not to be thought of—that was out of the question. But if he did not, it was evident that the football match, with Cuffy between the posts, was a fixture. "Oh, out the cackle!" exclaimed Cook. "After all, we can beat you all right, Cuffy or no Cuffy." "We'd beat you with an empty goal!" snorted Doyle. "Is that a challenge?" grinned Lovell. "If you mean it—" "Oh, go and eat coke! I'll jolly well bet you ten to one in dough-nuts that we beat you, Cuffy or no Cuffy!" roared Doyle. "Done!" Arthur Edward Lovell jerked out a pocket-book and a stump of pencil. Doyle glared at him. "Ten to one in dough-nuts," said Arthur Edward. "That's all right. Save up your pennies for Saturday, Doyle." "Ha, ha, ha!" "You plunging, too, Cook?" asked Lovell hilariously. "What's your giddy wager?" "Back up your own side, you know!" chortled Raby. "What's the odds?" Tommy Cook opened his lips, but closed them again. Really, the ambassadors were making matters worse rather than better. "Oh, we'll beat you all right!" said Cook at last. "But—" "But you don't fancy backing your opinion?" grinned Newcome. "Ha, ha, ha!" "Oh, rats!" Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle exchanged a glance, and made a sudden rush at the Classical tea-table. As ambassadors they had failed, but as raiders they were fairly successful. Before Jimmy Silver & Co. could make a movement the two Modern juniors had grasped the tea-table and up-ended it. Crash! Clatter! Crash!

"Hook it!" gasped Doyle.
 "Why, you rotters—"
 "Oh, my hat!"
 "Collar the cads!"
 Cook and Doyle dodged out of the study and fled. They went down the Fourth Form passage as if they were on the cinder-path. Jimmy Silver & Co. leaped up, in the midst of the wreck of their tea-table.

"After them!" roared Lovell.
 The two Moderns had only a few seconds' start. But they made the most of it.

They arrived at the staircase at top speed. It was unfortunate for Tubby Muffin of the Classical Fourth that he was coming upstairs just then. Cook and Doyle had no time to stop for him.

Crash!
 "Whooooo!" roared Muffin.
 He sat down on the stairs. Cook rolled over him, and Doyle rolled over him and Cook.

They had intended to go down quickly. They went down much more quickly than they had intended. They arrived on the next landing, rolling, in a breathless state.

But they did not linger. They picked themselves up and fled, and vanished down the lower stairs, just as Jimmy Silver & Co. arrived at the top landing. As they went they heard behind a sound of rolling and tumbling and bumping, which seemed to indicate that the Fistical Four also had come to grief on Tubby Muffin.

But they did not stay to listen. In a few seconds they were speeding out of the School House and sprinting across big quad.

On the staircase the Fistical Four disentangled themselves from Tubby Muffin and from one another. They returned to the end study in a breathless state, leaving Tubby Muffin also breathless, but apparently with breath enough to roar. Tubby's roars awoke distant echoes.

"The cheeky cads!" gasped Lovell.
 "Look at our crocks!"

"The blessed butter's in the blessed grate!"

"The teapot's gone west!"

"My hat! We—we—we'll—"

Jimmy Silver burst into a laugh.

"Never mind! It's all in the game!" he said cheerily. "Keep smiling!"

"That's all very well!" snorted Lovell.

"And they're playing us on Saturday with Cuffy in goal!" said Jimmy Silver. "We shall put the ball in about fifteen or sixteen times!"

And the chums of the Fourth chuckled once more.

And there was chuckling all through the Classical Fourth when the news spread. Tommy Dodd's unfortunate predicament furnished food for merriment in all the studies in the Classical Fourth passage.

Junior House matches were always keenly contested at Rookwood, and generally they were looked forward to with keenness. But never had the Classical juniors anticipated a House match so keenly as on the present occasion, when Tommy Dodd was to make good his reckless words, and Clarence Cuffy was to figure as goalkeeper, and the Modern footballers were to be overwhelmed with defeat and confusion.

**The 3rd Chapter.
 Coaching Cuffy!**

"We've got to pull it off!"

That was Tommy Dodd's decision. While on the Classical side there had been chuckling and chortling without limit, on the Modern side there had been a considerable amount of grousing.

Tommy Dodd, as junior captain of Manders' House, was very popular, and as a footballer he was greatly admired and respected. There was no doubt that he was as good a skipper as the House could have found anywhere within its ranks. But there was something very near rebellion among the Modern footballers when they learned to what Tommy Dodd had committed them.

Some of the fellows even went so far as to suggest that it was time that Duddy resigned. Some of them declared that they wouldn't be found dead in a team with Clarence Cuffy in it. All of them told Tommy Dodd what they thought of him in language that was frequent and painful and free.

Whereupon, of course, Cook and Doyle, like loyal chums, rallied round their leader, and backed him up for all they were worth. In private they told Tommy Dodd that he was every imaginable kind of an ass, a duffer, and a piffing fooler. But in public they stood by him nobly, and even went to the length of declaring that

Tommy's rash challenge to the Classics was a jolly good idea.

It would, Cook declared, put the Classics in their place if they were beaten by a team minus a goalie, for that was what it amounted to. It would, according to Doyle, show the Classic side what the Moderns thought of them, when they played them with such a howling dummy as Cuffy between the posts.

Tommy Dodd was grateful for this loyal support. It helped him to bear what Cook and Doyle told him in the study.

The fellows groused, but they acquiesced. There was, indeed, nothing else for them to do, unless they sacked Duddy from the captaincy. That was a length to which no one wished to proceed.

But it was quite on the cards that it would come to that if the defeat in the House match proved to be ludicrously overwhelming.

"We've got to pull it off!" said Tommy Dodd. "It's the only way. I admit I opened my mouth a bit too wide, talking to that silly owl Lovell. It can't be helped now. We've got to play those blighters, and play them with Cuffy in goal. Well, if we win the match the Classics will be laughed to death, especially after the way they've been chortling."

"Busy?" asked Tommy Dodd grimly.

"Not at all, my dear Thomas, if there is any little service I can perform for you," said Cuffy brightly.

"There is. I'm going to play you in the House match on Saturday."

Cuffy started.

"My dear Thomas, I am very flattered at your selecting me," he said. "But I feel bound to warn you that I am not expert at this game. It is not one of the games I play well."

"Go on!" gasped Cook.

"It would be false modesty on my part, my dear fellow, to deny that I am very expert indeed at noughts-and-crosses," said Cuffy. "I have had some success, too, at draughts and—"

"Draughts!" gurgled Doyle.

"But to games of a more strenuous, indeed rough, character, I have given little attention," said Cuffy. "To be quite frank, I have rather considered them beneath my intellectual powers. Projecting a ball across a field by the impact of a foot does not appear, to me, to be a form of activity adequate to my mental gifts. I trust, my dear Thomas, that you will not regard me as speaking in a boastful or vain-glorious spirit."

Tommy Dodd gazed at him.

"After all, he's got a good wind,"

"My dear Thomas—"

Clarence Cuffy did not really seem keen on it. His glance lingered longingly on "Gentle Georgie." He really did want to pursue the enthralling, if somewhat mild, adventures of the youth who never spoke an unkind word. But the three Tommies persuaded him out of the study—Tommy Dodd took him by one ear, Tommy Cook by another. Cuffy's ears had to go down to the changing-room, and the rest of Cuffy had no choice about going with them.

So Cuffy changed for footer, and a few minutes later emerged from Mr. Manders' House, and walked down to the Modern practice-ground with a crowd of Modern fellows.

Most of the footballers seemed to be in a mocking humour, apparently not expecting great things of Clarence Cuffy. But it was agreed that, as Cuffy was to play on Saturday, it was better to put him through his paces. Even Cuffy, they considered, ought to be able to pick up a few tips about keeping goal, with plenty of coaching, and a little kicking and cuffing to brighten him up—though, of course, he could never expect to become so expert at footer as at noughts-and-crosses.

Tommy Dodd pointed to the goal.

"Really, my dear Towle—"

Towle rubbed his nose, and seemed disposed to charge into the goal and commit assault and battery. But Tommy Dodd pushed him back, and placed the ball for another kick.

"Look out, Cuffy! Mind you stop it this time."

"I will endeavour—"

"Shut up and look out!"

Whiz!

Clarence Cuffy had been kicked once. He did not want to be kicked twice. So he glued his eyes on Tommy Dodd and the ball, and as it came in he jumped at it, and stopped it—with his features. There was a loud smack as the footer came on Cuffy's features, and there was a wild and dismal yell from Cuffy.

"Ha, ha! Well stopped!"

"Bravo, Cuffy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Modern juniors roared. Some of the Classical fellows, who had heard that Cuffy was on the football-ground, had hurried along to see the entertainment, and they yelled. The only fellow present who did not chortle was Clarence Cuffy. He yelled in quite a different way. The impact of the whizzing footer had hurt Cuffy's features. There was a little stream of red oozing from his nose, and one of his eyes blinked wearily. And he was feeling very startled and shocked and upset. He had always known that Soccer was a rough game. That was why his fond father had stipulated that he should be exempt from games practice. But he had never realised that it was quite so rough as this. More than ever, Clarence Cuffy realised how much superior noughts-and-crosses was, as a game.

Cuffy dabbed his injured nose, while the Modern juniors yelled. He blinked dazedly at Tommy Dodd.

"That's right!" said Tommy encouragingly.

"My dear Thomas—"

"You stopped it all right," said Tommy Dodd. "Do that again! Every time you stop the ball, you're let off a kicking, see?"

"Oh dear! But—but really, my dear Thomas—"

"Play up!"

Clarence Cuffy blinked at the juniors in dismay, almost in horror, as Tommy Dodd prepared to kick the ball in again. Apparently he had done right—by accident. But if it was the duty of a goalkeeper to stop a whizzing ball with his nose, Clarence Cuffy felt that he was not really up to a goalkeeper's duties. He was very, very sorry, but really, he could not undertake duties like that.

So while Tommy Dodd was kicking, and the other fellows stood back laughing, Clarence Cuffy made a sudden bolt out of goal, and fled across the field.

There was a roar at once.

"Stop!"

"Stop him!"

"Come back!"

"After him!" yelled Towle.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Classics as the whole troop of Modern fellows rushed in pursuit of Clarence Cuffy.

Cuffy was not, as a rule, much of a sprinter. But circumstances alter cases. Fear lent him wings.

He was off the football ground almost in a twinkling. He was fleeing across the quad in a few seconds more. Puffing in breath in great gasps, he fled into Manders' House, and raced up the staircase.

He bolted into his study like a rabbit into a burrow, and slammed the door and turned the key.

A minute later Tommy Dodd was rapping on the door.

"Cuffy!"

"Oh dear! Go away!"

"Come out, you villain!"

"My dear Thomas, it is with exceedingly deep regret that I resolve to refuse a request made by you, but in the circumstances I feel that I have no alternative but to do so," gasped Cuffy.

"You've got to practice!" roared Tommy Dodd.

"My dear Thomas—"

"Will you come out?" shrieked Tommy Dodd.

"The answer, my dear Thomas, is in the negative."

"I'll jolly well punch your silly nose!"

"I trust, my dear Thomas, that you will not yield unthinkingly to an angry impulse—"

"B-r-r-r-r!"

Tommy Dodd tramped away. Football practice on the Modern junior ground went on without Clarence Cuffy after that. It was not till dark that Clarence ventured to unlock his study door. The

(Continued overleaf.)



RAGGING JIMMY SILVER & CO. Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle exchanged a glance, and made a sudden rush at the Classical tea-table. Before Jimmy Silver & Co. could make a movement the two Modern juniors had grasped the tea-table and up-ended it. Crash! Clatter! Crash! "Hook it!" gasped Doyle. "Why, you rotters—!" "Oh, my hat!" "Collar the cads—!" Cook and Doyle dodged out of the study and fled.

"If!" snorted Tommy Cook. "If the skies fall there will be catching of larks."

"We've got to," said Tommy Dodd.

"To-day's Tuesday. Match on Saturday. We've got nearly a week. Cuffy's got to learn to play footer."

"In a week!" yelled Doyle.

"Yes."

"Make it ten years, and he might begin to commence to start to get an inkling of the game."

"He's going to learn in a week. After all, he's watched games, and he's done some games practice—not much, but some. We've got to coach him and keep him at it, and make him play up. Let's go and see him now about it."

"Rats!"

"Rot!"

"Oh, shut up and come on!" said Tommy Dodd.

Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle came on, but did not shut up.

Tommy Dodd, in fact, had almost given up hope that Cook and Doyle ever would shut up again.

Clarence Cuffy was in his study when the three Tommies called. He was sitting at the table, gently poring over a volume his kind father had sent him on his birthday. It was entitled, "Gentle Georgie, the Boy Who Never Said an Unkind Word."

The career of Gentle Georgie was deeply interesting to Clarence Cuffy. His eyes were moist with emotion as he followed the adventures of that interesting youth. But he looked up with a sunny smile as the three Tommies butted in.

he said. "Must have plenty of wind, or he couldn't chin-wag like that."

"That's so," agreed Cook.

"Well, you're playing on Saturday, in goal," said Tommy Dodd. "I suppose you know what a goalkeeper does?"

"Certainly, my dear Thomas. I have learned quite a good deal by watching games, though I have seldom taken a personal part in them. The goalkeeper, I think, stands in the goal area—"

"You— you think?" gasped Cook.

"You don't know? You only think?"

"I should be sorry, my dear Cook, to speak positively on a subject in which I am not well grounded. But I am somewhat keen of observation, and I think I may venture upon saying that the goalkeeper occupies the goal, and one of his occupations is to wave his arms about and thump himself on the chest. At least, I have often observed this."

"Oh dear!"

"He also has to keep the other side from putting in the pill," suggested Doyle.

"Dear me! I did not know a pill was used in the game," said Cuffy.

"That is indeed news to me."

"The ball, fathead—the ball!" shrieked Doyle.

"My dear Doyle—"

"Come on, Cuffy," said Tommy Dodd. "We're going to make a goalkeeper of you. We've got an hour for practice this afternoon. You're putting in sixty minutes. Come down and change."

"That's the goal, Cuffy," he said patiently. "See?"

"I certainly observe it, my dear Thomas."

"Got into it."

Cuffy got into it.

"Now, you've got to keep this ball out," said Tommy Dodd. "We're all going to pile in shots, see? Every time you let the ball pass you, we're going to kick you, hard. Catch on?"

"My dear Thomas!"

"Play up!"

"Look out in goal!"

Clarence Cuffy looked rather unhappy in goal. He thought it very, very hard that he should be kicked if he let the ball pass him. But he could see that dear Thomas was in deadly earnest, so he resolved to do his very, very best.

Tommy Dodd sent the ball whizzing in.

Clarence Cuffy blinked at it. He had to turn his head to finish blinking at it. It dropped, and there was a shout from Tommy Doyle.

"Kick him, bedad!"

"My dear Thomas— Yaroooooh!"

"Why didn't you stop that ball?" roared Tommy Dodd.

"Yow-ow-ow! My—my dear—"

"Chuck that ball out, and stand up to it!" howled Towle.

"My dear Towle—"

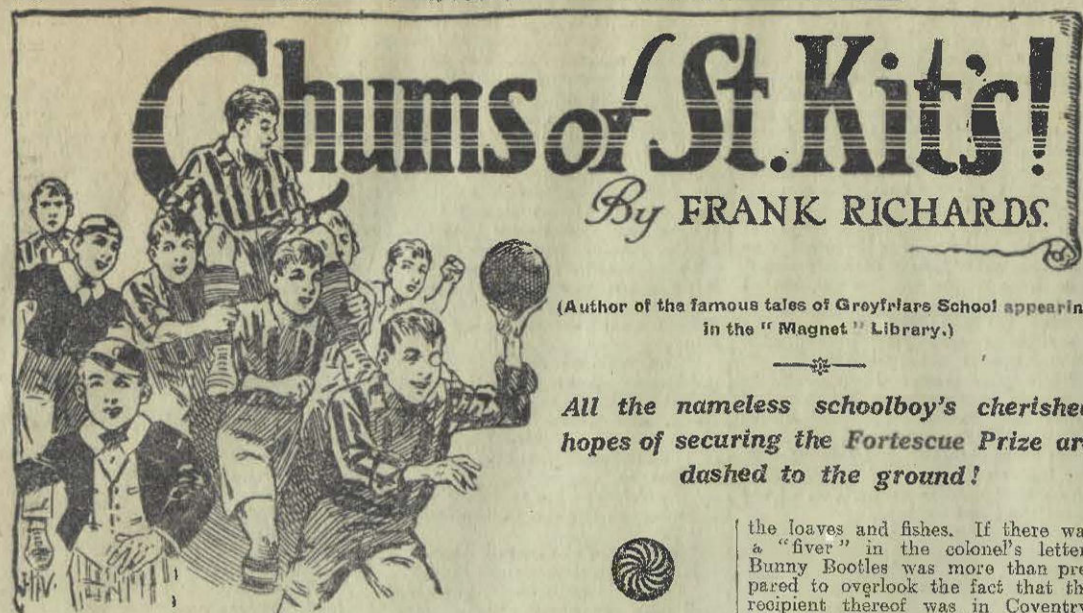
"Chuck that ball out, fathead!"

"Certainly, my dear Towle."

Clarence Cuffy hurled the ball out. It landed on Towle's nose, and there was a shout from Towle.

"You clumsy ass—"

YOU'LL ENJOY THIS MAGNIFICENT SCHOOL STORY NO END!

(Author of the famous tales of Greyfriars School appearing
in the "Magnet" Library.)All the nameless schoolboy's cherished
hopes of securing the Fortescue Prize are
dashed to the ground!

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.

Colonel Wilmot pays another visit to St. Kit's, and openly accuses Harry Nameless of telling lies when the youngster denies all knowledge of ever having seen the colonel before he—Harry—came to the school. It is the colonel's idea that he has previously seen Harry Nameless whilst sitting on the magistrate's Bench. As a result of Colonel Wilmot's accusation against Harry the nameless schoolboy and St. Leger are sent to "Coventry" by the Fourth Form. So upset is Harry with the state of affairs at the school that he secretly meets Colonel Wilmot and gives him his word that he will leave St. Kit's at the end of the term.

The 2nd Chapter.

A One-sided Conversation!

"Algy!"
No reply.
"Algy, old top!"

Bunny Bootles spoke in his palliest tone, and with his most pally grin. But Algernon Aubrey St. Leger was evidently not inclined to be pally.

Algy was seated on one of the old benches, under the ancient oaks in the quadrangle, cheerfully and sedately occupied in polishing his celebrated eyeglass. He did not seem aware of the existence of Bunny Bootles. The fat junior stood in front of him, grinning his friendliest grin; but that grin was wholly wasted on

Algy. He did not look up, and he seemed quite deaf.

"Algy, old fellow!" said Bunny reproachfully.

And as Algernon Aubrey was still deaf, Bunny Bootles reached out with a fat paw and tapped him on the shoulder.

Then the dandy of St. Kit's looked up.

He rose to his feet, and drew a cambric handkerchief from his pocket. With the handkerchief he carefully wiped the spot where Bunny's fat fingers had touched his shoulder.

Then he walked away to the next bench and sat down again.

And still he did not utter a word.

Bunny Bootles blinked after him in surprise and wrath. Bunny was not a very pleasant youth, perhaps; but he did not like being treated as if his touch were contamination.

"Algy, you ass!" bawled Bunny.

Algernon Aubrey recommenced polishing his eyeglass, oblivious of the existence of Cuthbert Archibald Bootles.

The fat junior rolled after him, and once more planted himself before the elegant Fourth-Former.

"Now, look here, Algy," he said; "enough of this rot! You ought to be jolly glad for a chap to speak to you when you're in Coventry. If Carton saw me speaking to you, I should get into a row!"

Again Algernon Aubrey St. Leger rose to his feet, walked along under the oaks, and sat down on another bench.

Again the fat and exasperated Bunny rolled after him.

"I say, Algy, don't be a beast, you know," urged Bunny. "I'm really your old pal, you know, and I'm sure you must be feeling awfully lonely and down, and I've come along to talk to you and cheer you up. You ain't in Coventry so far as I'm concerned. There!"

No answer from Algernon Aubrey.

"The fellows would let you off if you'd give up sticking to that boulder Nameless!" went on Bunny. "You know it's only just obstinacy, Algy. Carton says so. But look here, old chap, I'm not going to give you the go-by. I'm going to stick to you. I really am, old top."

Algernon Aubrey St. Leger might have been a stone image for all the effect Bunny Bootles' remarks produced upon him. Not by the flicker of an eyelid did he betray the fact that he was aware of the fat junior's presence.

"The afternoon's post is in, Algy," continued Bunny Bootles. "I came along to tell you—like a pal, you know."

Grim silence.

"There's a letter for you, Algy."

Algernon Aubrey had finished polishing his eyeglass. Now he proceeded to jam it carefully in his eye.

"It's from your Uncle Wilmot," said Bunny. "I know the colonel's fist. I suppose you want to see your uncle's letter, Algy. He used to send you jolly good tips. I remember seeing you take a liver out of one of his letters once. Ain't you anxious to see the letter?"

For a moment a faint grin dawned upon the aristocratic features of Algernon Aubrey St. Leger.

Bunny's sudden friendliness was explained now.

The fat junior—as usual—was after

the leaves and fishes. If there was a "liver" in the colonel's letter, Bunny Bootles was more than prepared to overlook the fact that the recipient thereof was in Coventry. Such a trifle was not likely to bother Bunny when he was on the track of the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table.

"The fact is," resumed Bunny, encouraged by that momentary relaxation of Algy's countenance—"the fact is, old top, I knew you'd be anxious about the letter, so I've brought it to you."

Bunny felt in his pocket.



HIS MOTHER'S PORTRAIT! "Would you like to see the portrait of my mother, Algy?" asked Harry Nameless. "Yaas, rather." Harry drew a slender gold chain from under his waistcoat. At the end of it was a little gold locket. He snapped open the locket, and Algy looked with keen interest at the face of the miniature within.

He extracted therefrom a letter with several well-marked thumb and finger stains on the envelope. A finger-print expert would have had no difficulty in tracing that letter through Bunny's hands.

"There, old chap!" said Bunny, extending the letter.

Algernon Aubrey took the letter from Bunny's fat fingers. It was addressed to him in the handwriting of his uncle, Colonel Wilmot. But Algy seemed in no hurry to open it.

He slipped the letter into his pocket much to Bunny Bootles' disappointment. The fat junior's eyes followed it hungrily as it disappeared.

"I say, Algy, ain't you going to open the letter?"

No answer.

"There may be a tip in it, you know."

Still no reply.

"I say, Algy, if you're in funds, I want you to do me a favour. It isn't often I borrow money."

Again a grin dawned upon Algy's face.

"Seldom—I might say never," pursued Bunny. "But this is how it is, Algy. My uncle's promised to send me a pound note—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you cackling at, Algy?"

Silence.
"Dashed if I see anything to cackle at," said Bunny peevishly. "But to come to the point, that pound note hasn't turned up yet. If you could let me have the pound out of that fiver—"

Algernon Aubrey rose from the bench and strolled towards the School House. Bunny rolled after him.

"Only until the next post, Algy. My pound note is practically certain to come by the next post, or the post after—"

Algernon Aubrey walked faster. Bunny Bootles had to break into a trot to keep pace with him. He puffed and blew as he trotted. It was not only cash that Bunny was short of, he was short of breath also.

"I say, Algy, old chap! I say, old top! Oh, you rotter! Stop a minute while I speak to you! I say, dear old boy—"

Algernon Aubrey mounted the steps into the School House.

"Algy!" bawled Bunny Bootles.

Three juniors came out of the School House, passing St. Leger. They were Carton, Tracy, and Durance, of the Fourth. They did not speak to St. Leger or look at him, but they came towards Bunny Bootles and surrounded him.

"Talkin' to a chap in Coventry, what?" said Carton agreeably.

Bunny jumped back in alarm.

"Oh, no! Not a word, Carton!" he said hastily. "I wouldn't, you know—"

"Why, we heard you, you fat fraud!"

"Nunno, not at all!" gasped Bunny. "You—you see—"

exam, Algy. Better chuck it now for tea."

"Better chuck it, anyhow," agreed Algy. "I want to talk to you."

Harry Nameless smiled and laid down his pen. He had been "grinding" for the Fortescue examination, close at hand, and he was tired.

The examination for the Fortescue prize was only a few days off now, and Harry was almost desperately anxious to be successful. It pleased Carton & Co. to sneer at him as a "prize-hunter"; but it was not for his own sake that Harry was keen to "bag" the money prize. Old Jack Straw, who had saved him from a stormy sea in childhood, and had been a father to him ever since, was falling on evil days in his old age; and it was for his sake that Harry was grinding Latin for the prize, with a grim determination to succeed. There were other fellows at St. Kit's who were "swotting" for the same exam, but there was no one who showed Harry's unswerving determination. The general opinion in St. Kit's Fourth was that Harry would be the winner, probably by a wide margin of marks, and that probably added to the feeling against him.

"Swots" were not popular, and it seemed a good deal like "cheek" to many of the juniors, for a fellow who was sent to Coventry to carry off a prize over the heads of other fellows.

"Go ahead," answered Harry, turning to St. Leger.

"I've got a letter from my uncle," continued Algy.

"Colonel Wilmot?"

"Yes."

"Oh!" said Harry.

His handsome face clouded a little.

"I haven't read it yet," said Algy.

"Bunny brought it to me in the quad. He was kind enough to let me out of Coventry for the occasion; he thought there might be a tip in the letter. I've just left Carton & Co. bumping him for speaking to me."

Harry Nameless laughed.

"Not that there's likely to be a tip in the letter," chuckled St. Leger. "More likely some emphatic words. You see, I've written to Uncle Wilmot about you."

"About me?" exclaimed Harry.

"Yaas, I've pointed out to him that he did you a lot of harm when he came down to St. Kit's a couple of weeks ago. His silly prejudice got known to all the fellows, and they sent you to Coventry, and I'm in for the same, being your pal. I've told uncle that—"

"Oh!"

"Pitched him the whole yarn," said Algernon Aubrey cheerfully. "I've pointed out to him that he played the goat—"

"You—you haven't—"

"I have! Nothin' like givin' it to a man straight from the shoulder, you know," said Algernon Aubrey cheerfully. "I've told him he's done a lot of harm with his silly rot—"

"St. Leger!"

"Do you think that was pitchin' it too plain?"

"Well, a little," said Harry Nameless, half-laughing and half-distressed.

"I don't! I wanted him to understand, you know," said St. Leger. "I asked him to do the right thing now."

"And what was that?"

"To come down to St. Kit's and set matters right. He's a giddy governor of the school, and it's up to him. He's made a mistake about you, old bean, an' I've told him so, and pointed out what he ought to do. Catchy on? The proper caper is for him to come back here and own up he's wrong. That's what I told him!"

Harry Nameless drew a deep breath.

He could hardly imagine the effect of Algy's brightly letter upon the stern old colonel.

"Now he's answered," said Algernon Aubrey, taking the letter from his pocket. "I hope he has seen wisdom, and is goin' to do as I suggested. But I've got some doubts about it. The colonel is a dry old stick—awfully tough, you know. You've noticed that?"

"Yes," said Harry. The face of Colonel Wilmot was before his mind's eye as he spoke—a strong, hard face, bronzed, lined, stern, but not wholly unkindly—the face of a man Harry could like and respect, though the colonel had brought harm enough to him.

"He's not a bad old sort, in his own way," said Algy. "The mater is awfully fond of him; he's her favourite brother. A horrid thing

(Continued overleaf.)



Chums of St. Kit's!

By FRANK RICHARDS

(Continued from previous page.)

"You—you you burblin' jabber-wook!"
"My dear chap—"
"You frabjous, frumpitious duffer!" shrieked Algy.
"But—but what—"
"I won't allow it!"
"You won't allow what?" asked Harry, in amazement. "What on earth—"
"Begad! I've a jolly good mind to punch your head!" Algy's face was pink with wrath. "You—you—you howling chump!"
"But—"
"Read it, you ass!"

The Honourable Algernon threw the letter on the table. He paced round the study, restless and angry, while the nameless schoolboy looked at it. Every moment or so he uttered an ejaculation—not of a complimentary nature. Evidently Algy was greatly exasperated with his chum.

Without heeding Algy or his wrathful ejaculations, Harry Nameless perused the letter which had caused this remarkable ebullition of wrath. It ran:

"My Dear Algernon,—I have received your impertinent letter; I excuse the impertinence because I think you have written under the influence of your new friend.

"Your foolish and unfounded remarks have not changed my opinion in the slightest degree.

"The boy called Nameless is not, in my opinion, a fit companion for you, or a fit associate for other boys in my old school.

"That there is nothing to be said against him since he came to St. Kit's is beside the point. I fear that there may be much to be said against him previously.

"I repeat that when I was at St.

Kit's a short time ago I recognised Nameless as a person I had seen before. His face was quite well known to me. He denied having been in any place where he could have been under my observation.

"Evidently he lied. Nameless is a name quite unknown to me, and I conclude therefore that when I saw him earlier he was passing under another name. I conclude, moreover, that the occasion of our meeting was discreditable to him; that I was upon the magistrate's Bench at the time, and he came before me as an offender. This is the only way I can account for my recognition of him, and his denial of knowing me.

"He has lied; and he would not lie without some good reason, such as a shameful secret to conceal.

"For this reason I intended to bring the matter before the Board of Governors, and cause him to be sent away from St. Kit's.

"I have refrained from doing this, on his solemn undertaking to leave the school quietly at the end of the term, and not return.

"If he should fail to keep his undertaking, I shall take immediate steps to have his scholarship cancelled and himself excluded from the school. This is my duty, and I shall do it without compunction.

"I trust that when this evil influence is removed you will be once again the respectful and dutiful nephew you have always been until now.—Your affectionate uncle,

"HENRY WILMOT."

A Face from the Past!

Harry Nameless laid down the letter, and a deep sigh escaped his lips. An "evil influence"—that was how Algy's uncle regarded him. It was unjust—cruelly unjust! The injustice of it rankled bitterly in his breast. Why did the colonel despise him so? What had he done to deserve it?

His conscience told him—nothing. He was nameless. He came from nobody knew where. He had no "people." He had been brought up in a sailorman's cottage; he had come to St. Kit's "on the Foundation," paying no fees. Those facts had set Carton & Co. against him; but they should not have influenced a man like Colonel Wilmot. But it

was the colonel who had done him the harm Vernon Carton had tried in vain to do. His bitter condemnation of the nameless schoolboy had set all St. Kit's against him, and the sentence of Coventry was the result. For a couple of weeks now Study No. 5 had been sent to Coventry by the school, and it dated from the day of the colonel's visit.

Algy had thrown in his lot with his chum, the only fellow at St. Kit's who stood by the nameless schoolboy. It was very well known that Carton & Co. would have received Algy with open arms if the dandy of St. Kit's had chosen to desert his ostracised chum. But the thought of that never even crossed Algy's loyal mind.

"You frabjous ass!"
Algernon Aubrey came to a halt at last in his restless tramp round the study, and stared wrathfully at his chum across the table.

"You footlin' chump!"

"But—"
"Nunky says you've undertaken to clear out at the end of the term."

"Yes."
"You sha'n't!" roared Algy.

Harry Nameless smiled faintly. "I must," he said. "The colonel will hold me to my word. I—I've given my promise, Algy. I—I wasn't going to tell you till the end. I—I knew you'd not like it!"

"Like it!" hooted Algy derisively. "You sha'n't do it! I won't let you. What about your scholarship? It's for three years."

"I'm going to resign it."
"Ass! What will you do then?"

"Go home!" said Harry.
"To South Cove?"

"Yes."
"You—you shriekin' ass! You sha'n't! You told me that old Jack Straw, your old sailorman chap, was hard-up—you were working for the Fortescue prize to help him."

"I hope to win that, Algy. And—and when I go home I shall give up the idea of—of a lot of things I've dreamed about," said Harry, with a clouded brow. "I shall get to work somehow, and help old Jack Straw that way. It seems rather rotten, after I won my scholarship here—and that wasn't easy; but I've got to stand it."

Algy sniffed.

"You sha'n't stand it, and if you do, I won't! What on earth possessed you to promise my uncle anything of the kind?"

"I—I had to—" Harry coloured painfully.

"Because you thought he'd influence the governors? I tell you my pater was goin' to stand up for you, and he's chairman, and I know jolly well he would have his way."

"That's the reason," said Harry, in a low voice. "St. Leger, old chap, it couldn't be helped. Your father has been very kind to me, and—and you've been a good chum, when I wanted one badly. And—and Colonel Wilmot is doing what he thinks is his duty. I—I couldn't be the cause of trouble in your family—"

"Fathead!"
"If Lord Westcourt defended me before the governors—"

"No 'if' about it—he would; he's told me so."

"Yes, and you told me that if he did and the colonel was defeated in his object there would be serious disagreement between them—your father and your mother's brother, who have always been friends—"

"You couldn't help that!"
"I could—and I think I ought. Look at it reasonably, old chap. You've been my only friend here, and your father has treated me kindly. Your mother has been kind to me. Dash it all, you must see how I feel about it! I'd rather clear out of St. Kit's to-morrow than bring trouble among your people."

"You—you awful old ass!" muttered Algy; and there was a shake in his voice. "You're sacrificin' everythin' just for my sake and the sake of my people! You—you frabjous ass!"

"It's better so," said Harry quietly.

"I might have guessed it was some quixotic rot like this!" said Algernon Aubrey wrathfully. "Now you have promised nunky—"

"Yes. And I must keep my promise, though he doesn't seem to feel sure that I shall," said Harry, his lip quivering a little.

"You can't break your word," said Algernon Aubrey. "That's impossible, of course. But you're not goin'."

(Continued on the next page.)

FOOTBALL GOSSIP!

By "Goalie"

Difficult Positions to Fill.

One of the most surprising things about big football is the manner in which good players for some particular position come in shoals. For many seasons past the English International selectors have been hunting for a centre-forward with whom they would be completely satisfied; but it seems as though such a player will never be found. Anyway, we have tried about a dozen in representative games since the War, whereas Scotland have invariably called upon Andrew Wilson when he has been fit, in addition to having other excellent fellows in the background. Centre-half seems to be another of the positions difficult for the English selectors to fill satisfactorily just now, though a few years back—just before the War—we had at least three men for this important post with scarcely a pin to choose between them. They were McCall, of Preston North End, Roberts, of Manchester United, and Wedlock, of Bristol City.

Plenty of Outside-Lefts.

In recent seasons, too, it has required a specially brilliant outside-right to get a place in an England team, because we have been specially well blest in this particular position. Now for the moment the glut has passed from the outside-right position to the outside-left, and if it were necessary to choose three or four England teams to-morrow we could find outside-lefts for each one who would certainly not let us down. There is Seymour, of Newcastle United, good enough for any team in the world, and Tunstall, of Sheffield United, is an extreme left-winger, who is regarded by many people as the best who ever donned a jersey in that position.

A Man the Wolves Missed.

Then the English League eleven which played against Ireland the other week had in it another brilliant



W. ELLIS (Sunderland).

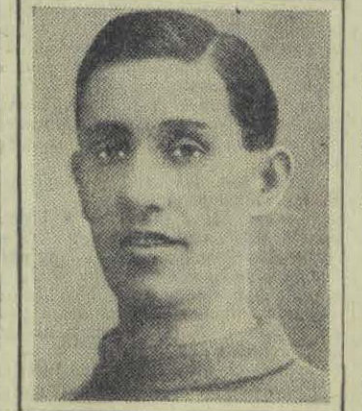
extreme left in William Ellis, who has played some magnificent games for Sunderland during the present season.

Ellis is of the younger school, for he only joined the Sunderland club some time after the War was over; but that even in his early trial with them he was regarded as a most promising player will be gathered from the fact that when he was a member of the reserve eleven he was chosen to represent the North-Eastern League against the Central League. Ellis is a native of Wolverhampton, and in his teens he actually had a trial with the Wanderers' club of his native town. As they did not then appreciate his possibilities they must have felt like kicking themselves on many occasions since. Still, the Wolves are not the only people who have allowed good youngsters to slip through their fingers, and, indeed, there is a pretty wide-spread belief that the old adage about a prophet having no honour in his own country can well be applied to the game.

Panic-Building Again.

The happenings since the start of the season have led many people to revise hastily-expressed opinions that we had seen the last of big transfer fees. It is all very well in the summer-time, when no games are being played, for managers to give voice to pious resolutions that they will not in future indulge in big gambles for star men. But when the cold breeze blows—which being interpreted means that with defeats come the temptation to restore the

falling fortunes of the side by indulging in wild gambles is oft-times too strong to be resisted. Herein is



C. S. SUTCLIFFE (Sheffield United).

the real explanation of the three and four thousand pounds transfer fees which have been paid in recent weeks, and there will be more of them before the season is much older.

Troubles of Sheffield United.

During the summer, Sheffield United had a difference with their International goalkeeper, Harold Gough, who went to be host in licensed premises against the wishes of the directors. This meant that the Bramall Lane people had to hunt around for a new goalkeeper,

and they tried a couple before hitting on the right man in Charles Spencer Sutcliffe, from Rotherham County. Incidentally, the Sheffield United directors have frequently shown a preference for Rotherham County players.

Possibly the name Sutcliffe conveys little to the young football enthusiast of to-day, but we players of yesterday never hear the name in connection with goalkeeping without being reminded of one of the most brilliant keepers who ever stood between the posts. I refer to John William Sutcliffe, who kept for Bolton Wanderers many years ago. He is the elder brother of the Sutcliffe who joined Sheffield United recently, and there will be no cause for complaint if the new Blade turns out eventually to be as good as his illustrious brother.

Master of Both Codes.

I have some most vivid memories of John Willie Sutcliffe in his Bolton Wanderers time. I cannot agree with the people who hold the opinion that he was the greatest goalkeeper who ever stopped a shot, because he had certain weaknesses. But I say without hesitation that I have seen no custodian in all my football experience who was capable of doing more brilliant work than "John Willie." He simply revelled in playing all the other fellows himself; thrived on work, and was a fine figure of an athlete. Incidentally, Sutcliffe was one of the very small band of fellows who have played for England at both codes—Rugby and Association. Before Sutcliffe took up the Association game he was a fine Rugby player, and it is interesting to recall that he first played for Bolton Wanderers as a centre-forward. However, he could not get out of the habit of catching the ball and darting over the line with it in his arms, so the Bolton people decided that he had better go into goal. It was an inspired decision, as later events proved.

"Goalie" will contribute another top-notch footer chat to our next issue. Don't miss it!

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 15th. The likely winning side is printed in capitals. Where a draw is anticipated, both clubs are printed in smaller letters.

First Division.	Second Division.	First Division.
BIRMINGHAM v. Sheffield United.	Chelsea v. DERBY COUNTY.	First Division.
Bolton Wanderers v. Huddersfield Town.	CLAPTON ORIENT v. Port Vale.	Scottish League.
Burnley v. Liverpool.	Coventry City v. Wolverhampton Wanderers.	ABERDEEN v. St. Mirren.
CARDIFF CITY v. Bury.	CRYSTAL PALACE v. Bradford City.	AIRDRIEONANS v. Falkirk.
EVERTON v. Arsenal.	LEICESTER CITY v. Portsmouth.	Ayr United v. Partick Thistle.
Leeds United v. Newcastle United.	MANCHESTER UNITED v. Hull City.	DUNDEE v. Cowdenbeath.
NOTTS COUNTY v. Aston Villa.	OLDHAM ATHLETIC v. Barnsley.	HEARTS v. Third Lanark.
PRESTON N.E. v. Nottingham Forest.	The Wednesday v. Middlesbrough.	Morton v. Hamilton Acads.
SUNDERLAND v. Manchester City.	SOUTHAMPTON v. South Shields.	MOTHERWELL v. St. Johnstone.
TOTTENHAM H. v. Blackburn Rovers.	Stockport County v. Blackpool.	Queen's Park v. CELTIC.
WEST BROMWICH A. v. West Ham U.	STOKE v. Fulham.	RAITH ROVERS v. Kilmarnock.
		RANGERS v. Hibernians.

"My dear chap—"
"There's another way—nunky will have to release you from your promise."

"He will not do that."
"He will if he finds he is mistaken about you, and is playin' the goat on the subject."

"But he won't—"
"I'll make him!" said Algy savagely. "I'll make him see sense somehow. You're not goin' to leave St. Kit's. If you do, I—I'll leave, too. I'll jolly well chuck up, and come along with you."

Harry Nameless smiled.
"I mean it," said Algernon Aubrey. "I tell you I won't let you go. Nunky has got to see reason, and I'm the merchant that is goin' to open his eyes. Catchy on?"

"But how—"
"I don't quite know how yet," confessed Algy; "but I mean bizney. I'm a no end determined chap, as perhaps you've noticed. And I tell you I'm goin' to bring nunky round. I shall speak to him very severely when I see him on Saturday."

"You're going to see Colonel Wilmot on Saturday?" asked Harry, in surprise. "Is he coming here?"

"No; I'm goin' to visit him. I've telephoned to the pater, askin' him to beg me off for the week-end from the Head," said Algernon Aubrey placidly. "I'm goin' up to town to give nunky a very severe talkin' to. I think I mentioned that I was goin' to bring nunky round, didn't I?"

Harry Nameless smiled faintly.
"You said so," he answered.

"I mean it, dear boy. I'm goin' to talk to him like a Dutch uncle. I'm goin' to make him see your old guardian chap—"

"Jack Straw?"
"Yaas."

"What on earth for?" asked Harry Nameless, with a stare.

"I've been thinkin' it out," said Algy cheerfully. "I'm a bit of a downy bird, you know—as I've mentioned once or twice. When I get my powerful intellect fairly geared up, you know, it goes tremendous. Now, Nunky Wilmot was down on you. For what reason? He thought he knew you—an' as you denied it, he thought you must have been passin' under another name at the time—p'raps came before him as a magistrate. Don't look waxy, old bird—I'm only goin' into the matter. Now, you deny havin' met him before you came to St. Kit's, and I, of course, take your word. So there's a mistake somewhere. Nunky must have seen somebody like you at some time, an' got it all mixed. See?"

"I suppose so," said Harry slowly.
"I—I've wondered sometimes whether Colonel Wilmot may have seen some connection of mine—I must have relations somewhere, though I don't know them. I—I may even have a father living, without knowing him. Though I'm afraid he must have been on the ship when she went down off South Cove ten or eleven years ago."

Algernon Aubrey looked rather curiously at his chum.

"It's a jolly odd story, yours," he remarked. "Never heard anythin' like it before, by gad! Nobody else was saved from the wreck?"

"Nobody!"
"What was the name of the ship?"

Harry shook his head.
"That's not known," he said. "She went down with all hands on the shoals, and hardly a stick came ashore—so I've heard from Jack Straw. He was out that night, having seen signals of distress, to help if he could. But the vessel went down on the sunken rocks a quarter of a mile out at sea."

"But you—"
"I was thrown ashore by the waves—from a boat. The boat got quite close in, when it was overwhelmed by the waves and sunk. Who was in the boat beside myself. I've no idea—but nobody was saved. Jack Straw plunged into the water to help, and he got hold of me and brought me safe to land—but he was exhausted, and fell down beside me on the sand, just out of reach of the sea. Of course, I only know this from what he's told me; I was too young to remember. He thought I was about four."

"Jolly queer!" said Algy. "And nobody ever inquired after you?"

"Nobody. I—I suppose my people were on the ship," said Harry, with a clouded brow. "Father and mother, perhaps—and I never knew them to remember. I—I've got a faint recollection, I think, of my mother—but nothing of my father. Of course, I know my mother's face."

"How's that?"
"I've got her miniature in a locket. It was on a little gold chain round

my neck when Jack Straw picked me up."

"You've got it still?"
"I'm not likely to part with it."
"And there's no name on it?"
"No."

"You're sure it's your mater?"
"I shouldn't be likely to have anybody else's portrait in a locket round my neck," said Harry, with a faint smile. "Besides, it's like me a good deal—different, of course, but there's a likeness. I don't know her name—or my own—"

"But you're called Harry—"
"Yes, I know that much—I don't remember, of course, but Jack Straw says that I said at the time I was called Harry. That's my Christian name right enough; the surname I suppose I shall never know." Harry sighed a little. "When I grow up at South Cove I came to be called Nameless—that's the only name I've ever known. Would you like to see the portrait?"

"Yaas, rather!"
Harry drew a slender gold chain from under his waistcoat. At the end of it was a little gold locket.

He snapped open the locket, and Algy looked with keen interest at the face of the miniature within.

It was a sweet, kind face, with blue eyes that were very like Harry's own. There was some resemblance of features—though those in the miniature were of a softer cast.

Uncle Wilmot suspects. Then there's the neighbours—I suppose you had neighbours?"

"Plenty."
"They all knew you?"
"Of course."

"Well, then, if nunky goes down to South Cove to inquire, he's bound to find that you're all O.K., and that his suspicions are simply silly. Catchy on?"

"But will he go?" asked Harry doubtfully.
"I'll make him."
"Oh!"

"I shall put it to him as an old sport, you know," said Algernon Aubrey. "He's bound to give you a chance. I'll make him, you'll see."

Algy's Mission!

Algernon Aubrey St. Leger came out of the School House on Saturday afternoon, with a bag in his hand and a rug over his arm. Algy had obtained his "exeat" from the Head; his noble pater had requested week-end leave for him, and Dr. Chenies had granted it. There was some envious glances at the dandy of St. Kit's as he came out, Harry Nameless with him.

Harry Nameless was to walk to the station with his chum and see him off. Vernon Carton scowled after them from the gateway. As a

pal," said Algy, as the train was signalled. "Your Uncle Algernon is a downy bird! Keep your pecker up, and don't be surprised if I bring the merry old colonel back with me to extend the right hand of fellowship and apologise handsomely for playing the goat. He's a good old sort is the colonel, really; a bit of a back number, of course, and lackin' the bright intelligence of the present generation—our noble selves, you know. But he's all right when you get through the crust. I'm goin' to talk to him till he sees reason."

"I—I hope you'll succeed."
"My dear old bean, I'm goin' to succeed. I dare say it will surprise nunky a bit when I walk into his club," remarked Algernon Aubrey reflectively. "May do him good. I'm going to work him round all serene. He's made me his heir, but I'm not going to crawl up to him for his money. You see, he rather likes me personally—no accountin' for taste, you know."

"I should think he would," said Harry, with a smile.
Algy nodded.

"Hallo! Here's the train. Now keep your pecker up and put your money on your Uncle Algernon. He's a dashed downy bird!"

Algernon Aubrey stepped into the train and shook hands with his chum. Harry watched him till the train was out of sight beyond the curve.

hoped; and, after all, the old sailor-man, though disappointed, would be glad to see him home again.

He thought it over as he walked back to St. Kit's, his face grave, but cheerful. He little dreamed, at that moment, of what was to happen before the end of the term.

The Ragging!

Sunday was not a happy day to the nameless schoolboy.

He missed his chum sorely. Never had he felt the sentence of Coventry so keenly as he felt it now. Study No. 5 was silent and desolate.

Even the far from fascinating society of Bunny Bootles was withdrawn. It was only when Algy was there that Study No. 5 was a land flowing with milk and honey. While Algy was away, Bunny Bootles did not honour Study No. 5 with his presence.

Harry Nameless had his "Sunday walk" by himself. It came as quite a relief to him to "do" Milton in the Sunday class with Mr. Rawlings.

The nameless schoolboy still held his head proudly erect, and did not allow his face to betray his feelings. But undoubtedly that day his looks were more clouded than his Form-fellows had seen them before.

There was no "swotting" that day for Harry Nameless. It was Sunday, a day on which swotting was barred; and, moreover, he knew that it was wiser not to grind on that day before the exam. He fixed all his thoughts on the examination that was to take place on Monday. Most of the day he spent in the open air, taking care, however, not to fatigue himself. He had to be at the top of his form the next day. He had eight competitors for the Portescue prize—three of them in the Shell—and Babbie of the Shell, at least, was a dangerous rival. He could not afford to run risks.

The evening was fine and clear, though dark, when he turned out for his usual "trot" round the quadrangle. Not the remotest suspicion of danger crossed his mind as he left the lighted School House and followed the gravel path round under the old oaks in deep shadow.

Deep and dark shadow was round him, but he was familiar with every inch of the way, and he kept up an easy trot. And he was taken quite by surprise when dark forms leaped suddenly from the shadows and seized him.

Ho staggered, with four pairs of hands grasping him, and came down with a crash to the ground.

The shock half dazed him.
"Bring him along!"

It was Carton's voice in a panting whisper.

Dazed as he was, Harry struggled as he was lifted from the ground. But each arm and leg was grasped by one of his assailants, and he was helpless.

He was rushed along in the darkness, writhing.

His teeth set.

He knew that he was in the hands of Carton & Co., and was booked for a ragging. But even yet he did not suspect the truth.

A dim shape loomed up in the darkness. It was the old stone fountain in the quad.

"In with him!"
Harry struggled desperately, but in vain.

Splash!

He rolled into the great stone basin, and the icy water covered him, even his face. He came up, spluttering, only to find the grasp of hostile hands upon him again.

"You cowards!" he gasped. "Let me go—let me go—"

"Duck him!"
Splash!

He went under again, gasping and choking.

"I—I sav, that's enough, Carton!" muttered Tracy.

"Shut up, you fool! Duck him again!"
Splash!

Harry Nameless struggled furiously. The water splashed round him in showers, and there were gasps and exclamations from the ruggers, as they caught many of the splashes.

"Hang him! Keep him in—"
"Dash it all, I'm drenched—"
"Confound the fellow—"
"I'm soaked—"

"Keep him in, I tell you!" hissed Carton.

Harry Nameless tore himself loose at last. He struggled away in the water, and rolled out of the stone basin on the other side.

He was soaked to the skin, icy
(Continued overleaf.)



A BUMPING FOR BUNNY! "Bump him!" exclaimed Vernon Carton. "Here, I say—Help! Yaroooh!" roared Bunny Bootles. Carton & Co. seized the alarmed Bunny and bumped him on the bottom step with a loud and heavy bump. There was a howl of anguish from Bunny Bootles.

"The poor lady!" murmured Algy softly. "What a beautiful face, Harry, old chap. And you think she was on the ship with you?"

"I think she must have been." Harry replaced the locket. "But I don't know—I can't remember—I could not have been more than three or four years old. I shall never part with this—it's all I have of my people." He smiled faintly. "The fellows here think a lot about a chap's 'people.' I can understand it, too; I'd give a great deal to find even one blood-relation. But I never shall, of course."

St. Leger looked very thoughtful.
"I don't know," he said slowly.

"There's the fact that nunky is certain that he knows your face—and you know that he never saw you before you came to St. Kit's. Isn't it jolly likely that he may have seen some relation of yours—perhaps your father—years ago, when he was young? I shall jolly well put that to him when I see him."

"I'm afraid it's not much good your seeing him, St. Leger," said Harry quietly. "He's down on me—and you can't alter that. And—and if he sees Jack Straw it can't do any good. How could it?"

"Ass!" said Algy politely. "Don't you see this? Old Jack Straw can prove that you've always lived at South Cove—wherever that is—and if you've always lived there, you can't have gone round on the ran-dan as

matter of fact, Carton would have been very glad to join the noble Algy in that trip for the week-end; and but for Harry Nameless he might have done so. It was the nameless schoolboy, he considered, who caused him to be on his present bitter terms with the second son of Lord Westcourt.

There was five minutes to wait for the train on their arrival at the station, and Harry waited on the platform with his chum. His handsome face was very grave. In spite of Algy's assurance that he would "make" Colonel Wilmot take a right and proper view of the matter, Harry had little faith in the success of the mission. He did not share Algy's lofty confidence in the least.

He was thinking, too, how lonely and desolate Study No. 5 would be without Algy's cheery presence there.

The sentence of Coventry would be doubly and trebly severe when his chum was gone.

But he would not say a word to dash Algy's high spirits, and he smiled as cheerfully as possible as he listened to Algy outlining his programme.

"Put your money on your old

Then he left the station, his brows knitted in thought.

It was for Algy's sake that he had made the promise to leave St. Kit's at the end of the term, and, though he had not repented of it, perhaps he had repined a little at the hardness of fate. But now he was glad—more than glad—that he had made that promise to the colonel.

The stern, unbending face came before his thoughts. He had little doubt that the grim old man would disinherit his nephew if his anger was seriously roused, and he was angry already. The thought of causing a heavy and irreparable loss to his best friend was acutely distressing to the nameless schoolboy.

On all counts, it was better for him to go; he realised it very clearly. Without Algy's friendship he felt he would scarcely care to remain at St. Kit's, if it came to that—and if he kept Algy's friendship it would be ruin to his chum's prospects.

It was better for him to go—better for him to relinquish his ambitions than to cause injury to his best friend. It was hard—bitterly hard; but he had to face it. He would not have recalled that promise to Colonel Wilmot if he could.

A few more short weeks and he would be gone. At least, he would win the Portescue prize. The exam was on Monday, and he was practically sure of success. He would be able to help Jack Straw, as he had

ANSWERS
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cold, and his teeth were chattering together.

For a moment he was inclined to charge at the four raggers in the dark, but he restrained himself. He started at a run for the School House. He was shivering with bitter cold, and he knew that it was dangerous to linger in his wet clothes. If he was ill—if he even caught a cold—it was all up with the exam. Of course, Carton had thought of that! Like a flash it came to Harry what was the meaning of that savage ragging.

He ran on, squelching out water with every step. He left wet foot-prints on the stone steps as he ran up to the open lighted doorway. He left wet marks across the hall when he entered.

Half a dozen fellows stared at him in amazement as he came in.

Harry ran up the stairs. In the dormitory Harry stripped off his drenched clothing and rubbed himself down hurriedly with a towel.

His fingers were blue with cold and almost frozen stiff, his teeth chattered like castanets. It was long before he could restore the circulation.

When he came down at last he was very pale.

The fire was out in Study No. 5, and he re-lighted it and sat down before it to warm himself through.

His thoughts were bitter enough as he sat there.

No one came to the study; even Bunny Bootles did not look in. Harry remained in Study No. 5 till bed-time, when he went quietly to the Fourth Form dormitory. Carton & Co. were already there, and they grinned as the nameless schoolboy came in.

Harry walked directly towards the captain of the Fourth, and the mocking grin died off Carton's face. He made a movement to back away, and a scornful smile crossed the nameless schoolboy's lips.

"I am not going to touch you—now," he said quietly.

"Don't talk to me!" said Carton, with an attempt at bluster. "You're in Coventry!"

Harry looked at him steadily.

"You've tried to crock me for the exam to-morrow, Carton."

"I don't know what you're talkin' about."

"Whether you've succeeded or not I don't know yet," said Harry, unheeding the interruption. "I shall know better to-morrow. But if you have succeeded in that, Carton, you shall be sorry for it. I will thrash you like a dog!"

"You bullyin' cad!" Harry Nameless turned away without another word.

The Examination!

Mr. Rawlings, the master of the Fourth, glanced rather curiously at Harry Nameless at the breakfast-table the next morning. He could not help noticing that the junior did not look well.

Harry was feeling far from well that morning.

Fat and healthy as he was, the ordeal he had been through had told severely upon him. He had caught

a cold, and though it was not developed yet, it lurked all over his system—his throat burned, his head was heavy, and his eyes had lost their brightness. His keenness, his fitness, had gone, his energy had lost its edge. Carton had rather over than underdone the ragging; but for Harry's perfect health he might have been made really ill. As it was, he was feeling "rotten" from head to foot—"rotten" was the only word that expressed it. He would have found it a heavy labour to go through the ordinary class work that morning. And it was the morning of the exam—the exam he had worked for through long weeks.

He knew that he was in no fit condition to enter the examination-room—he knew that only a miracle

pay for it—and for many other transgressions at the same time.

While the other fellows were in Form that morning the entrants for the Fortescue were shepherded into the examination-room. Three hours was the time allowed, and there was plenty of work to fill the three hours.

Harry glanced over his paper when it was handed to him, and he saw that it was a paper he could have dealt with easily—after his long, long preparation for the test. He was confident that under normal conditions he would have finished his paper well within the specified time, and that he would have scored at least as many marks as any other fellow present.

But it was not to be. By sheer effort of will he concen-

He had barely half-done his paper when Mr. Rawlings gave the signal for all papers to be handed in.

Harry rose, with a heavy heart, and took his unfinished paper to the desk with the rest.

Then he left the examination-room with the other fellows, with a black cloud on his face. Babbie of the Shell glanced after him curiously.

"That's the only chap I was afraid of," Babbie remarked to his chum Verney, "but dashed if he looks like a winner now."

"Anythin' but that!" grinned Verney. "He don't seem to think so. Judgin' by his merry and bright expression, he will be at the tail-end."

"Just about," remarked Scott.

Harry Nameless went out into the quadrangle alone.

For long weeks he had worked and "swotted," and all for nothing—all to be robbed of his prize by treachery at the last moment.

It was not like Harry to nourish bitterness in his breast; but for once he could not help it. He thought of old Jack Straw, in his cottage on the cliff at South Cove—of his needs, that could not be supplied. This opportunity had come of repaying a fraction of what he owed the kind old man—of helping him in age, as Jack Straw had helped him in childhood. And the opportunity had been taken from him by the foulest of foul play.

The result of the examination was to be announced on the morrow, when the Head was to award the prize. Perhaps the nameless school-boy was still clinging to a faint hope. He knew his paper was bad, but it was barely possible that the others were worse. At all events, he avoided Vernon Carton that day—much to the great Carton's relief.

It was the following day, at tea-time, when Harry Nameless was alone in his study, that Bunny Bootles put a grinning face in at the doorway.

"Ain't you anxious to see it?" he asked.

Harry looked up without speaking. He was feeling better that day; the threatened cold had been staved off, and he was feeling more like his old self. Indeed, he had a thought that if the exam had been postponed for one day he might have done well enough.

"Ain't you anxious to see it?" continued Bunny. "All the other fellows have been staring at it ever since it was put up."

"At what?"

"The list."

"What list?" exclaimed Harry impatiently.

Bunny sniggered. "Of course, you don't know anything about the rules here," he said scornfully; "a blessed outsider like you! Don't you know that the list is put up after an exam as soon as the result's known, with the fellows' names and the number of marks?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Harry; and he rose quickly.

"He, he, he! You needn't break your neck to see it, though! Babbie's bagged the quids, and you're last on the list!"

Harry's heart sank. His last faint hope, such as it was, vanished.

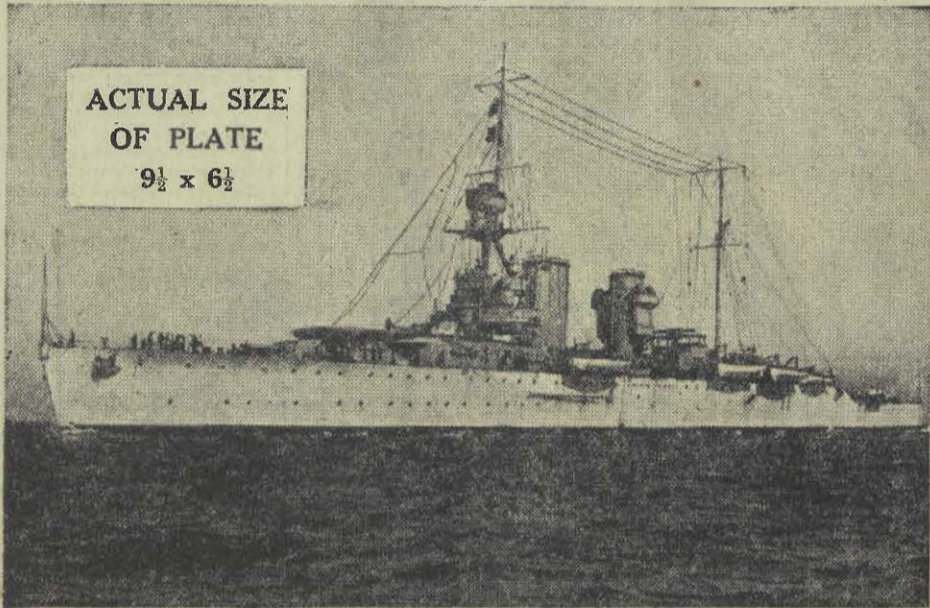
He brushed past the fat junior and hurried downstairs. There were still a few fellows hanging about the notice-board, and they grinned as Harry Nameless came up. A glance at the paper was enough for the nameless schoolboy.

Bunny had told him the facts. He turned away without a word and strode towards the door of the Glory Hole. Some of the juniors round the board glanced at one another.

"There's going to be ructions in the Glory Hole this evening!" said Stubbs. "I'm going to see the circus."

(Continued on the next page.)

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could bring success now. But he did not think of standing out.

All or well, he had to face the music that morning and do his best, for old Jack Straw's sake. He was at liberty to take his name off the list if he liked; but that was all. He did not care to do that. He had a faint hope that by sheer determination he might pull through yet.

He would—he would pull through, he told himself. But if he did not. His eyes burned as they rested on Vernon Carton, cheery and debonair, on the other side of the long table. If he failed Vernon Carton should

trated his thoughts on the paper before him. But he worked slowly, and he knew that he was not working well. His head ached, his eyes were heavy. In spite of his determination, it was impossible to keep his attention concentrated.

But he worked on grimly. He knew that he was better up in Latin than any other fellow in the room, but it did not serve him now. Passages that he would have elucidated without a second thought the day before now seemed to him crabbed and thorny and full of difficulties.

If Algy had been there he would have found some comfort in his chum's society; but Algy was not there. There had been a letter from him, stating that he was going down to South Cove with Colonel Willnot, and that his "exeat" was extended for a few days.

Not before the middle of the week, at the earliest, was Harry Nameless likely to see his chum again. And never had he missed him so sorely.

But, for once, Harry was thinking less of his friend than of his foe.

Carton had robbed him of the fruits of his toil.

HEALTH AND SPORT

Conducted by PERCY LONGHURST

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



A Health Hint.

Otherwise perfectly healthy persons, who take plenty of exercise, eat freely of fruit and vegetables, and chew their food thoroughly, sometimes find themselves suffering from constipation. In such cases, the explanation is very likely to be too little variety in their diet, or else that their diet is of too dry a nature. An insufficiency of liquids taken daily frequently brings about the trouble, the cure of which will be evident. From two and a half to three pints of liquids a day, about one-half of which is cold water, is enough for the average person, who is almost certain to drink less in winter than in summer. The practice of a tumbler of cold water before breakfast, and again just before going to bed, has nothing disagreeable about it, and is

highly useful in obtaining a daily movement of the bowels.

A Cure for Backache.

Backache, even with those who are not unused to physical exercises, will frequently follow upon certain kinds of muscular exertion to which one is not used—digging and rowing, for instance. Such pains are purely muscular, and have nothing to do with rheumatism or lumbago; they are the result of use of muscles which in the ordinary way do not come in for a great deal of work. These are the loin muscles, and here is a simple means of strengthening them and training them, so that they will not become sore and stiff if called upon for a bit of prolonged work.

You want a weight of some kind, but I hesitate to recommend a fairly heavy dumbbell, because the chances are too heavy a one will be made use of; and a barbell is awkward. With a little trouble you can make a weight which will be more useful than either. Get a sack—not too big a one—and be sure that the bottom of it isn't unsound. Put into it something solid and weighty—sand or dry earth will be the most convenient material. Put in enough to weigh up to, say, 14 or 16 lbs.; 10 lbs. if you're not particularly strong or are less than eighteen years of age. Then get a length of wood—about 12 inches of a broomstick or a similar rounded bit of wood—and fasten the double edge of the mouth of the sack to it, not bunching up the sack, but spreading it out so as to leave about four inches of the stick clear at each end. Lay the weighted sack on the floor, and turn the stick over and over into the slack of the sack until you can wind up no more and the stick lies flat on top of the sack. Then secure at each end with a few turns of strong cord. You will have something resembling the object in the accompanying sketch. It won't be elegant, but it will be useful.



Stand erect, feet well apart, the sack being between the feet, but back of the heels. Now for the exercise. Breathe out as you bend down, being careful not to bend the knees, and grasp the handles of your piece of apparatus. Take in a good breath, and rise to an upright position, bringing the sack with you, arms straight all the time. Then bend and replace sack where it was, arms quite straight. Repeat until your loin muscles let you know they are being worked.

Note: Both when raising and lowering the sack, don't carry it directly upwards or with a jerk or snatch, otherwise the back muscles get all the benefit of the exercise. Lean well forward as you raise the sack, carrying it forward, say, a foot, just clearing the ground, before you begin to straighten the back; the same when you bend to replace the sack, but reversing the movement. And be sure you keep the arms quite rigid.

Strong Wrists.

Some of you know the resistance exercise performed by placing palm against palm, fingers also in opposition, and then, keeping the hands in position, for right hand to force the resisting left over backwards as far as it will go, the exercise to be continued by the left hand next forcing back the right. Well, here is a variation which, like the other, can be done at any odd minute, with splendid results so far as the strength-

ning of the hands, wrists, and fore-arms is concerned.

Place the hands in oppositor exactly as for the other movement, but instead of forcing one hand back, let fingers work against fingers until the hands come apart just above the wrist, then at the base of the fingers, continuing until the tips of the thumbs are separated. Take a deep breath and start again, going on until the hands begin to ache.

It is quite likely that during the exercise you'll forget to keep up the pressure of thumb against thumb, though the fingers are pushing for all they're worth. But the thumb action must not be neglected. If you'll give the thumbs as much sideways extension as possible, the same with the little fingers, you'll discover that it is easy to get the thumbs working as hard as the other fingers.

Here is another good movement for the hands—one at a time. Place hand quite flat on a table or bench. Pressing firmly downwards with all first joints, slowly raise hand, forcing the knuckles forward, until the upper joints of the fingers—not including the thumb—are almost at a right angle with the lowest joint.

Percy Longhurst

(Next Monday Percy Longhurst will impart more useful Health and Sport knowledge to readers of the BOYS' FRIEND. Be sure you read his article!)

"Same here!"
And the juniors followed Harry Nameless.

Paying the Penalty!

There was already a crowd of the Fourth Form in the Glory Hole. Vernon Carton had called a meeting in that celebrated apartment to settle certain important matters in connection with the junior football club. As a matter of fact, nobody but Carton quite understood the importance of the meeting; and Durance, at least, guessed Carton's real motive. Carton had called the meeting hurriedly after looking at the announcement of the Fortescue result. He wanted to have a crowd about him of his friends and backers when Harry Nameless started on the warpath—as Carton knew must happen soon. He was right on that point. The flinging-open of the door of the Glory Hole, and the abrupt entrance of the nameless schoolboy, interrupted the meeting.

"Here he comes, Carton!" murmured Durance. "Pull up your socks, old man! He looks wrathful."
Carton answered only by a fierce scowl.

The buzz of voices in the room died away, and all eyes were turned on Harry Nameless as he strode towards the captain of the Fourth. The look on his face made a tremor pass through Vernon Carton. For the moment he wished fervently that he had never thought of that cunning scheme for "dishing" the Foundation junior.

He pulled himself together, however, and faced the newcomer with as much coolness as he could muster. "Get out of this, Nameless!" he said sharply. "You're not wanted here! This is a football meetin'!"

Harry did not heed.
He came straight on towards Carton, his hands clenched, and his eyes glittering under knitted brows. "Collar him and put him out!" shouted Carton.

No one stirred.
A number of juniors followed Harry Nameless into the room, and Catesby closed the door after they were in.

So far from showing any desire to "put out" the nameless schoolboy, the juniors seemed rather inclined to watch the proceedings with something like enjoyment.

Carton breathed hard.
He had carried all the Lower School with him in ostracising the nameless junior; but there was a limit. The trick that had been played on Harry just before the exam was pretty well understood by the Fourth, and it was condemned on all sides. Even the fellows who had helped Carton were not proud of themselves or anxious to have their part in the affair known. And all the rest considered that, as Carton had done it, Carton could answer for it without their assistance. Indeed, some began to suspect, as well as Durance, why Carton had called that superfluous meeting at that precise time.

"Will you get outside, Nameless?" panted Carton.
"No!"

"Put that cad out!" exclaimed the captain of the Fourth.
"Put him out yourself if you don't want him here!" said Elliott.
Harry stopped a couple of paces from Carton. The captain of the Fourth backed a step.

All eyes were fixed on them; and not a hand was raised. It dawned upon Vernon Carton that he had only himself to depend upon at that moment.

Harry glanced round at the crowd of faces.
"I think you fellows know what that cad has done!" he said, his voice trembling with anger. "You have sent me to Coventry. That's your own affair. But on Sunday night that coward, with three others, caught me napping in the quad after dark and ducked me in the fountain and held me in the water a long time! On Monday I was too rotten to work in the exam. You all know that he did it. He dare not deny it!"

Carton shrugged his shoulders.
It was not of much use to deny what every fellow present knew to be the truth.

"I am not sure who the others were," continued Harry Nameless. "I think Tracy was one. I don't care about that. It was Carton's doing, and Carton is going to answer for it. I've lost the exam that I've been sweating for for six weeks! Carton, before all the Form, I call you a coward and a scoundrel! Now put up your hands!"

Carton put his hands behind him. "I'm not goin' to fight you," he said sullenly. "I've fought you once, and given you best. I'm not goin' to fight you again."

"You are going to be thrashed whether you fight or not!" answered Harry Nameless. "You can please yourself."
"You rotten bully—"

"Stand up to him, Carton," whispered Durance.
Harry Nameless advanced a step, and Carton backed away, a savage glitter in his eyes.

"Stand back, you rotter!"
He cast a fierce glance round.
The meeting was there. There were two dozen fellows in the room, or more. But the crowd brought no safety to the plotting junior; they were only witnesses of his humiliation.

He backed further away, and there was a murmur from the Fourth-Formers, and the word "funk" was plainly audible.

"Put up your hands, you cad!" said Harry Nameless between his teeth.
Smack!

His open palm struck the captain of the Fourth across the face with a crack like a pistol-shot.
Carton staggered.

The scorn in every face stung him

The Fourth-Formers were grinning now.

Their derisive remarks lashed Vernon Carton like whips; he realised, only too clearly, that his hold on the Fourth Form of St. Kit's was going, if it had not already gone. After this bitter humiliation, he would have fallen from his high estate. Contempt, it is said, will pierce even the shell of the tortoise; and Carton was by no means thick-skinned. But there was no help for it—his courage failed him, and he backed away, and backed farther, till he was almost running backwards.

Loud laughter rang through the Glory Hole now.
Harry Nameless stopped at last.

"Will you come on, you coward?" he exclaimed.
Carton panted, but did not answer.

"That's enough, then," said Harry contemptuously. "You haven't had half the licking you've asked for; but you've shown yourself up as a coward as well as a hooligan and a rotter. If you like it better that way, please yourself."

And he turned on his heel and walked out of the Glory Hole.
Carton panted for breath.

He hardly dared to look at the faces round him. In every face he knew was scorn and contempt and derision. He glanced at Durance, and Durance

ever forget that scene in the Glory Hole. It was very doubtful whether he would remain captain of the Form; but if he did, his position would never be what it had been of old. He shut himself up in his study, and the feelings of rage and hatred and shame ran riot in his breast.

Vengeance upon the nameless schoolboy was his thought now—vengeance upon the fellow who had shamed him; vengeance, by any means, and the more savage and implacable, the better. That was all that remained to Vernon Carton.

A Letter from Algy.

There was a letter from Algernon Aubrey St. Leger the next day, in the afternoon, and Harry Nameless was very glad to receive it. It was Wednesday, a half-holiday, and Harry had the afternoon to himself. Football was going on, on Little Side, but the nameless schoolboy had no concern with that. The Fourth were playing the Shell, and Vernon Carton captained the Fourth Form side. It was not easy for Carton, with all his nerve, to face a crowd of his Form-fellows again, after the scene in the Glory Hole. And the derisive grin that greeted him on the football ground stung him to the quick. It was likely to be a long time before his humiliation was forgotten—if

I'm very kind to the poor old soul; I believe in treating grown-ups with gentleness and tact. They need it, poor things.

"We shall be at South Cove about the time you get this letter; and interviewing your respected guardian, or whatever he is, Mr. Straw. From what you've told me about him, I'm sure I shall like the old sport no end. I hope nunky will depend on it, old bean, everything is going to turn out all right."

"Nunky is still very grim on the subject of you. He is convinced that he knows your face quite well, and that you've related tarradiddles on the subject. Don't be waxy; man can't help what he thinks. Mr. Straw will convince him all right, I'm sure. As soon as nunky knows he's made a mistake, he will own up like a little man; he's a real sportsman, you know, though a bit rusty and crusty and dusty."

"I hope you've bagged the Fortescue. The names should be out on Tuesday—to-day. I wish I knew! But I feel sure you are rolling in the quids by this time. Don't lend any of them to Bunny. Expect to see me Thursday morning. Au revoir, old bean.—ALGY."

Harry Nameless smiled as he read the letter, and he read it a second time. It was a cheering letter; and it seemed to bring Algy's cheery presence back to him.

As for faith in Algy's mission, he had little or none. Jack Straw, certainly, could prove, and his neighbours could prove, if necessary, what kind of a life Harry Nameless had led at South Cove. But was Colonel Wilmot likely to take much note of evidence, in his bitter prejudice? And in spite of evidence, the strange fact remained that the colonel was convinced that he had seen the nameless schoolboy before he came to St. Kit's; his conviction was too strong to be shaken by evidence to the contrary. Harry felt sure of that. For he knew that the stern old man was just and honourable; without a strong conviction in his mind he would never have uttered the words at St. Kit's which had turned the school against Harry.

But though Algy's letter gave him little hope, it brought comfort; with its assurance of his chum's loyalty. That the colonel would desire to keep Algy away for the remainder of the term, and prevent any further meeting between him and his chum, was certain; but Harry did not think it was likely that he would succeed. He would see Algy again, once at least, before he left St. Kit's for ever.

He put the letter in his pocket at last, and strolled out of the school gates. It was a rough and windy afternoon; and Harry spent it in a ramble over Wicke Heath. He did not return to St. Kit's till dusk, when he went into Hall to tea. He did not care for tea in the study in Algy's absence.

As a rule, when the nameless schoolboy turned up to tea in Hall, there was a good space left on either side of him, and the rest of the juniors displayed a total ignorance of his presence there; the sentence of Coventry was rigidly enforced there. But on this occasion Harry Nameless soon became conscious of a relaxation.

Licke dropped into the seat beside him and gave him a nod.
"Been for a stroll?" asked Licke.

Harry nodded.
Durance passed him bread and butter, and Jones minor pushed the marmalade dish his way.
Harry smiled a little.

It was the beginning of the relaxation of the severe rules of Coventry, and it was due to the fall of Vernon Carton from his high estate. Carton's influence counted for little now in the Fourth Form of St. Kit's, and without Carton keeping them up to the mark, many of the fellows were naturally inclined to let the matter "slide." It was some weeks now since Colonel Wilmot had been at St. Kit's, and schoolboy memories are short.

Harry Nameless wondered whether, after all, he could have succeeded in living down that painful episode, and holding up his head at St. Kit's, in spite of the colonel. But that was not to be thought of now. His promise was given, and the end of the term was near at hand, when he was to leave for ever. That was his own secret, so far, shared only with his chum. And bitterly as he regretted leaving the school he had learned to love, he did not regret that he had given his word.

(There will be another long instalment of this magnificent school story in next Monday's BOYS' FRIEND. Order your copy to-day!)



DUCKED! "In with him!" Harry Nameless struggled desperately in the grasp of Carton & Co., but in vain. Splash! He rolled into the great stone basin of the fountain, and the icy water covered him.

then, and he made a savage spring at Harry Nameless.
In a moment more they were fighting furiously.

Crash!
Carton went down heavily.
"Man down!" grinned Wheatford. "Pick him up, somebody. He can't get up by himself."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"I'm waiting for you, Carton," said Harry Nameless, after the captain of the Fourth had sprawled on the floor for fully half a minute.

Carton raised himself on his elbow.
"Hang you! I give you best."
"You are not thrashed yet," said Harry Nameless grimly. "You should have thought of this before you croaked me for the exam."

"By gad, you should, you know, Carton!" remarked Durance. "Get up, man; you're not licked yet!"
"Funk!"

"And that fellow's the captain of the Form!" ejaculated Stubbs. "I fancy the Fourth will want a new captain after this."
"Stand up to it, Carton!"

"Get up, man!"
"Funk!"
Carton staggered up. Shame was stronger than fear, and once more he faced the lashing fists of the nameless schoolboy.

The juniors looked on breathlessly.
Carton had sowed up his courage to the sticking-point, and for a full minute he fought gamely enough. But he soon began to give ground, and backed away, and backed farther and farther, till he was driven fairly round the long mahogany table.

turned his back on him, with a shrug of the shoulders. He looked at Tracy—and Rex Tracy carefully avoided meeting his eye.

"Funk!" shouted a dozen voices.
With a crimson face, Vernon Carton limped to the door. Nothing seemed so desirable at that moment as to get out of the sight of so many scornful eyes.

A howl of derision followed him, as he disappeared.
Carton almost staggered away to the top study.

He had not been much hurt in the fight, such as it was; but he writhed with shame and rage and humiliation. He had lost his place in the school—lost it for ever. He knew that. Nobody in the Fourth would

ever it was. He played badly enough that afternoon, which was not surprising.

Harry Nameless gave little thought to his enemy. He had lost the prize he had laboured for, and it was a heavy blow; but he was not a fellow to keep on mourning over what could not be helped. He tried to dismiss the matter from his mind. Algy's letter helped. It was a very cheerful letter, and quite in Algy's style.

"Dear old bean," it commenced.
"I hope you are going strong, and not missing me much. I'm off to South Cove with nunky on Wednesday. I wanted him to make it Monday; but it couldn't be done; nunky has his own affairs, you know—not of very much importance, I dare say; but he thinks so."

"Nunky is unusually calm and reasonable. He was no end flabbergasted when I meandered into his club on Saturday evening. He was there, snorting over politics with some other old fogies, and he nearly fell down when I walked up and said, 'Hallo, nunky!'"

"But he was glad to see me. Not only because I'm an awfully nice chap, you know. I see right through nunky. He's chinned the pater, and got him to get me a further extent from the Head. I can stay away till the wind up of the term if I like. Guess why?"

"Nunky hasn't told me; but I read the dear old boy like an open book. He's glad of the chance of keeping me away from my dear old pal! He thinks you're not coming back to St. Kit's next term, and he calculates I shall never see you again."

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CUFFY IN GOAL!

(Continued from page 308.)

"To make things fair all round, as Tommy Dodd is playing Cuffy. It's up to us to play our silliest ass if Tommy Dodd does."

"Oh! Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Dickinson minor.

He understood then. But P. C. Gunner did not understand—and Dickinson minor, when he returned to the study to congratulate him, was careful not to explain. It would really have been a dangerous undertaking to explain to Gunner that he was being played, on this special occasion, because he was the silliest ass and the biggest idiot in the Classical Fourth. Dickinson minor wisely left him to make the discovery for himself.

The 5th Chapter. Well Matched.

"Will it rain?" murmured Tommy Dodd.

It wouldn't!

This was the very first time that Tommy Dodd had desired to see a heavy downpour of rain on the occasion of a football match. But that Saturday morning was quite bright and sunny; and the weather showed no sign whatever of obliging Tommy Dodd.

During the week, Clarence Cuffy's career had been something like that of a hunted rabbit.

Tommy Dodd was determined to turn him into something distantly resembling a footballer. Although very, very anxious to oblige his friend and relative, dear Thomas, Cuffy had developed surprising gifts as a dodger.

Nevertheless, he had been dragged down to games practice several times, and each time Cuffy's sufferings had been enough to touch a heart of stone. But his knowledge of the great game had not perceptibly increased.

In fact, his preference for noughts-and-crosses, as a game, had been greatly intensified.

But hope springs eternal in the human breast; and with a few more days, or a week, to work in, Tommy Dodd would not have despaired of turning Cuffy into a rather less hopeless ass. So a downpour of rain, postponing the match, would have been welcome.

And so, as Tommy said bitterly to Cook and Doyle, it was bound to be fine! You could always depend on the British climate to play up in the wrong way!

Kick-off was timed for two-thirty; and it was not in cheery spirits that Tommy Dodd led his merry men down to Little Side in the sunny afternoon.

Clarence Cuffy was with them.

Dear little Cuffy had loved to dodge out of gates, or into a coal-cellar, or anywhere; but that afternoon there was no dodging for Cuffy. Tommy Dodd had to make his words good—he had said that he would play the Classics with Cuffy in goal, and that he was going to do. He had said also that he would beat them; but that was quite another matter.

Jimmy Silver greeted him with a sheery smile.

"Goalie going strong?" he asked affably.

Tommy Dodd snorted.

"Oh, cheese it!" grunted Tommy Cook. "If you ask me, it's rather mean to hold Tommy to it, because he gassed a bit. Just like you Classics!"

"Oh, just!" said Doyle.

"Cut that out!" said Tommy Dodd morosely. "We're going to be as good as our word, and we're ready when you Classical chumps are."

Jimmy Silver laughed.

"We're ready," he said.

It was then that Peter Cuthbert Gunner, in shirt and shorts, as a member of the Classical junior team, dawned on the Moderns.

They blinked at him.

Gunner, with an air of great self-satisfaction, walked to the goal after the skippers had tossed. Tommy Dodd blinked after him, not understanding.

"I say, Silver—"

"Hallo!" smiled Jimmy.

"You're not playing, Gunner?"

"Oh, yes!"

"What on earth for?" asked the amazed Tommy. "He's jolly nearly as big an idiot at footer as our man Cuffy."

"My dear Thomas—" murmured Cuffy.

Jimmy Silver laughed.

"That's why!" he said.

Tommy Dodd looked at him. He seemed slow to grasp the situation. But at last he grinned with relief.

"Silver, old man," he said, with feeling, "you're a brick! You know I got myself into a scrape by opening my mouth too wide—and you're letting me off. You're a real brick!"

That was all that was said; but Tommy Dodd lined up with his men in much better spirits. All the Moderns, in fact, seemed to be considerably bucked, by the sight of Peter Cuthbert Gunner in the Classical goal.

Apart from the custodians, the teams were fairly well matched—ten good men a side. And the goalies were fairly well matched, too, if it came to that—for two worse goalkeepers would not have been found inside Rookwood or out.

Quite a crowd of Classics and Moderns gathered to see the game—a game without goalkeepers, for that was what it amounted to. And the Moderns generally agreed that Jimmy Silver was no end of a sportsman.

Tommy Dodd kicked off in great spirits. He had kept his word—he was playing Cuffy; and he was escaping the dire consequences of his brag. For Gunner was undoubtedly as heavy a handicap to the Classical side as Cuffy could possibly be to the Modern.

It was a match on fair terms after all, and on fair terms the Moderns were sure of beating the Classics. The Classics, on their side, were equally sure of beating the Moderns.

It was quite an interesting game. Arthur Edward Lovell put in the ball first, catching Cuffy on the chin with it, and causing him to sit down with surprising suddenness.

But Tommy Dodd soon followed that up with a Modern goal, the ball

missing Gunner's clutch by about a yard.

The full-backs had the duty of defending the goals; and at one end of the field Cuffy thumped his chest to keep warm, and at the other end Gunner stamped and thumped likewise, neither of them having anything else to do. For when the backs failed to keep the goal intact, the ball always went in—Cuffy generally seeking to dodge it as it came, and Gunner sprawling at it in vain.

In the peculiar circumstances the footballers expected a heavy score. It was heavy enough. In the first half, Classics led by four goals to three. After the interval the Moderns picked up, and for a time they led by seven goals to five. Then the Classics gave Cuffy some concentrated attention, and their figure jumped to eight. By that time it was getting near the finish, and almost on the stroke of time Tommy Dodd planted the ball on Gunner's chin, and Gunner sat down in goal apparently nursing it like a baby.

Then the whistle went.

"Eight all!" grinned Jimmy Silver. "It's a giddy draw! Well, Gunner hasn't beaten us!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And Cuffy hasn't beaten us!" chuckled Tommy Dodd. "I was going to slaughter him if he did."

"My dear Thomas—"

"I'll kick him, anyhow."

"Yaroooh!"

Clarence Cuffy quitted the football ground, determined that wild horses should never drag him into so very, very rough a game again. Peter Cuthbert Gunner walked off, with his head up, apparently quite satisfied with himself and his performances. In the changing-room he called to Jimmy.

"I say, Silver! You've seen my quality now."

"Ha, ha! Yes."

"Satisfied, I hope?"

"Quite. One sample is enough."

"When are you playing me in a House match again?"

"Next time Tommy Dodd plays Cuffy."

"Eh?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Which was not a promising prospect for Gunner.

Clarence Cuffy was quite, quite determined that he never would play in a House match again. But he was not quite so determined upon that point as Tommy Dodd.

THE END.

(You'll laugh loud and long when you read "Leaving It To Lovell!"—next Monday's ripping long story of the chums of Rookwood School!)

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That's what a Canterbury reader of the Boys' FRIEND is doing. He finds the old "Green 'Un" the finest weekly obtainable. That's natural. Just look at what the Boys' FRIEND is doing!

OUR GRAND COMPETITION.

To begin with, there is this magnificent Competition. A Five-pound Note and Six Match Footballs are given away each week. In the present issue of the Boys' FRIEND it is the history of H.M.S. Hawkins which is in question, and you will be interested to hear that in its current number our Companion Paper, the "Magnet" Library presents a splendid Free Photogravure Plate of this famous ship. Get this grand picture, and then sail in to win a prize. You might as well also tell your chums what a chance it is—one not to be missed on any account.

ANOTHER COMPETITION POINT!

Competition No. 3 supplies another record! You will see all details on page 311 of this number of the Boys' FRIEND. Eight readers tied for the six footballs, so, once again, I have increased the number of "leathers" to be handed out. It was the only way, and a jolly good way, too!

"LEAVING IT TO LOVELL!"

Next week's Rookwood complete goes with a bang. There is an extra special reason for the crash this time, for an auctioneer's hammer figures conspicuously in the yarn. Thor, Vulcan, and all that old-time lot were handy with their hefty hammers, but the whole boiling was not in it with the presiding genius at a brisk auction sale. Matters are very brisk next Monday, for the one and only Lovell attends the sale. It is a knock-down for him, and almost a K.O. in the way of a sensation. You can't trust Lovell anywhere, he is so impulsive. At an auction the fellow is simply mad and hopeless. He gets landed; but, after all, it is really Mr. Owen Conquest who lands the big thing—to wit, a thumping new Rookwood success.

"FLEET STREET FRANK!"

This fine long tale of the Fourth Estate and a young journalist who hitches himself on to the ladder of fame, is really good. Thousands of my chums are keen on amateur journalism. If you take the real meaning of the word "amateur," any professional journalist who was not heart and soul for his calling would not be worth his cost in ink. The hero of the new yarn brings off a "scoop" which puts him up pegs,

and brings along that magical thing called kudos.

"THE TRAINER'S SECRET!"

by Victor Nelson.

Good old Jock! His other name is MacPherson, and you cannot go far wrong with a name like that! Jock is football trainer to the Red Crusaders, and good things, goals included, depends on this engaging little circumstance. There will be plenty of compliments to this well-known story of the Crusaders, in which "Bulldog" Holdfast and Don Darrel figure in more than usually effective style.

"CHUMS OF ST. KIT'S!"

by Frank Richards.

St. Kit's for ever! As you read in all the dog-eared volumes of ancient philosophic lore, life is made up of just one giddy thing after another. They may put the thing differently, but that's what it all amounts to. For the nameless fellow at St. Kit's all this is especially true. His career is all ups and downs, a perfect switchback of misunderstandings, and with each instalment interest increases, with more sympathy for the hard-pressed fellow. This serial is magnificent. It touches the heart, and it has got humour in it, just the crisp, enlivening, cut-and-come-again humour which makes one step out lively and feel glad about the jolly old world. In other words, the story is by Frank Richards!

THE BOMBAY CASTLE!

This is real hurrah sort of news! In a few weeks' time Duncan Storm will weigh in with a fresh series of the Bombay Castle, that A 1 at Lloyd's craft. Three cheers for the school ship! Look out for a treat! Dick Dorrington & Co. are in for some more adventures compared to which all others will pale their ineffectual fires, as the poet so beautifully says. Also, some fine new characters come aboard—notably the two Jocks! Look out for them!

FOR CHRISTMAS!

This is a hint about the "Holiday Annual." It is the best Christmas present in the world. Verb, sap. When someone comes hustling up with the usual "What will you have for a Christmas present?" you know the proper reply—namely, the "Holiday Annual."

Your Editor.

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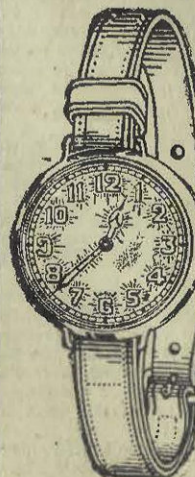
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