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THE BEST BOYS' PAPER IN THE WORLD!

[Week Ending January 24th, 1925.]

The BOYS' FRIEND Detective Book



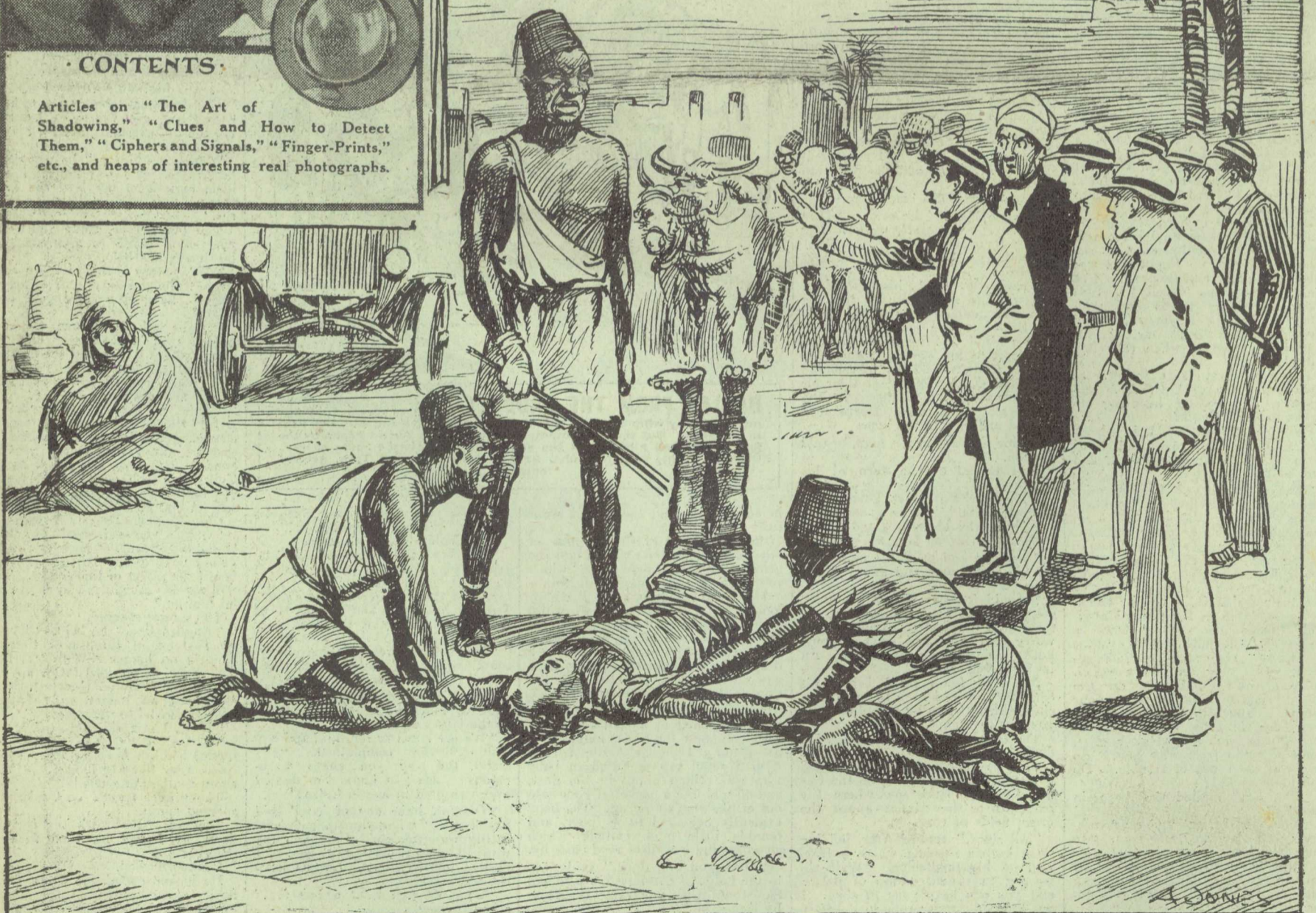
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The DESERT ADVENTURERS!

BY DUNCAN STORM.

FREE IN THIS ISSUE!



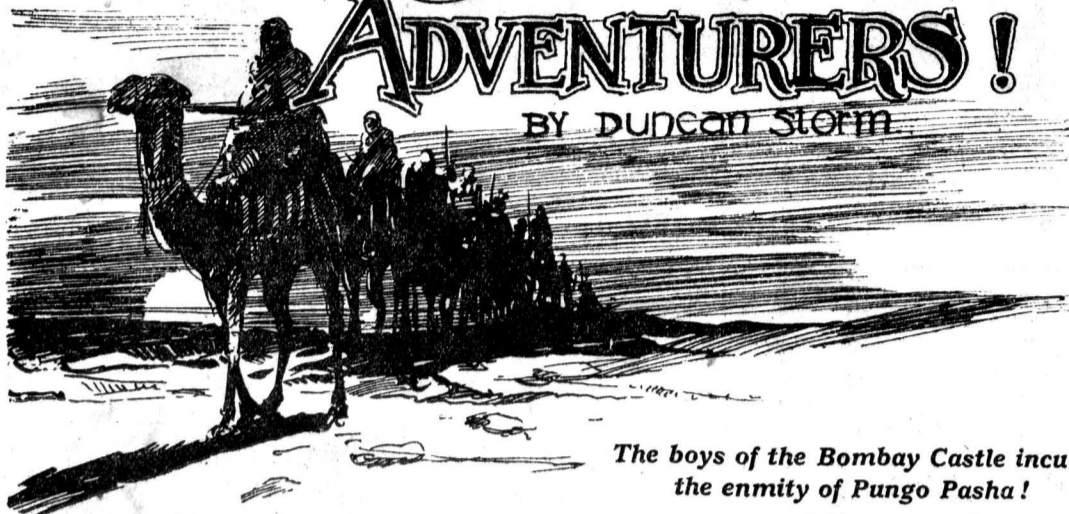
The Dreaded Bastinado! The Boys of the Bombay Castle Interfere with Egyptian Justice!

(A dramatic incident from the grand long story of Dick Dorrington & Co. inside.)

THRILLS AND EXCITEMENT GALORE IN THIS LONG STORY OF DICK DORRINGTON & CO. OF THE SCHOOL-SHIP, BOMBAY CASTLE!

The DESERT ADVENTURERS!

BY DUNCAN STORM



The boys of the Bombay Castle incur the enmity of Pungo Pasha!

The 1st Chapter.

Into the Desert.

"Nice ouse," said Doolan, pointing out a flashy German nouveau art palace, which stood back from the dusty Egyptian road.

"Looks like a picture palace, Doolan," said Arty Dove, who was sitting on the back end of a large white Egyptian donkey.

The boys of the Bombay Castle were taking a little donkey cruise along the banks of the Nile as a stretch from the two long lateeners which were taking them up that mighty river, famous as the fountain of the granary of Africa, the birthplace of Gus, the crocodile, and the original home of Horace, the goat.

The Bombay Castle they had left at Suez to coal and scrape and repaint herself into a new ship.

Dr. Crabhunter was very eager to investigate some newly discovered tombs in the desert of Southern Egypt.

Doolan was their dragoman, a lean, leather-faced Arab, gorgeously attired in a blue-and-gold robe of honour. His real name was Hafiz el Sheems. But the boys called him Doolan for short.

Doolan worked hard trying to arouse their enthusiasm for the new Egypt that was arising amongst the ruins of the old, an Egypt that was cheap and nasty and German. But the boys were too travelled to care about the flashy hotels and posh villas of the new Egyptians. And they found that Egypt was not such a pleasant place as when they had last visited it.

Yellow-faced students scowled at them and spoke of the British oppressors, and passed insulting remarks in good English.

Before they had left the school-ship Captain Handyman had lined them up in the fore well-deck, and had addressed them.

"Look here, boys," he had said, leaning over the bridge, "you are going to be let loose for a flip up the river, and, before you go, I want to warn you to sing small and not to be too fresh with the Gippies. The young Egyptians are not wanting to kiss the British just now. We've put their house in order for them, we've saved them from the Mahdi, and turned the Sudan from a desert of skulls into a rich country and we've given them their independence. But they are not satisfied. So you won't be popular up the river, except amongst the poor people. You will keep quiet, and remember that the Gippies, especially of the student and clerk class, don't want to frisk with you. So you will keep out of trouble. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boys in chorus.

"You may be put under provocation," said Captain Handyman. "In that case I want you to sweat your tempers like policemen in a riot. I don't want any 'incidents' coming back on the ship. Have you got me?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boys. "Right," said the captain. "Enough said! You will be under the charge of Hafiz el Sheems, who is the best dragoman in Egypt. He

understands that he is taking a great responsibility in running such a gang round Upper Egypt at the present time. Don't give him any trouble." "We won't, sir," said the boys heartily.

And they had kept their word, disregarding a good many insults and a clod or two which had been hurled at them by the educated young natives who were studying to be lawyers and small government officials.

The peasants or fellaheen they found all right. They were patient, industrious, and simple folk, with always a friendly grin for this troop of white-faced English boys who, they knew, for all the new teachings, stood for justice in Egypt, against the old Turkish and Egyptian Pasha rule which had crushed them into the brown rich mud which they tilled.

"Nice 'ouse," said Doolan again, pointing to the country palace which was afloat in a great garden of geraniums and palms.

"Bit too flashy for me, old fruit," answered Arty Dove. "I suppose it is the country seat of some Egyptian swell."

Doolan rolled his black eyes.

"Pungo Pasha," he said. "Him big man! Veree stiff man! Big young Egyptian!"

"Hates us, I suppose?" said Arty nonchalantly.

Doolan shrugged his shoulders. He was far too polite to tell the boys how much Pungo Pasha hated the British rule against which he had ever plotted and schemed with all the craft of his Turkish father, his Greek mother, and his Armenian grandfather, who had made their bit by squeezing the fellaheen in the good old days when Egypt was robbed and bled to the bone.

"Him veree stiff man," said Doolan.

Doolan turned on the stern of his donkey.

"That's where Pungo Pasha lives, chaps," he said. "You know him—the chap who hates England!"

Dick Dorrington laughed. "Let's go and paint a Union Jack on his front door and annoy him," he said.

"Would for two pins!" grumbled Arty. "But we promised the old man we'd be good this trip and not worry Doolan. And we have been good, too. If I go on like this I'll be sprouting wings!"

And Arty felt a patch behind his ear where he had been biffed with a clod hurled at him by an enthusiastic young Egyptian.

The cavalcade rode on through the dust.

"I'm so jolly hungry," complained Skeleton, his eyes rolling on the fair flat Egyptian landscape where the palm groves showed flat above the green fields of corn.

"All right," replied Arty, holding up a horse's nosebag which he carried on his saddlebow. "Wait till we get to yonder clump of palms, and you can have your nosebag. I put a dozen sausage-rolls in it before we started."

"You are a good chap, Arty," said Skeleton gratefully. "You are always thinking of people!" Arty Dove grinned.

"If some people knew what I thought of 'em, they wouldn't like it," he said. "I'd like to have a turn with that chap Pungo Pasha. I heard of him from an English chap at Suez. He's starting up the old game of squeezing those poor chaps who till the fields, and he was behind the shooting of two English officers. But they couldn't bring it



HAILED FROM THE SADDLE! The angry Pasha drove his horse forward, bringing his heavy whip down on Arty Dove and Mr. Lal Tata in one lash. But the next moment Arty grabbed Pungo Pasha by the foot and jerked him out of the saddle as the spirited horse reared. "That's right, sock him one, Arty!" yelled Mr. Lal Tata, greatly enraged.

home to him, and they don't want to!"

Soon the head of the column of boys and donkey-boys turned into the grove of graceful date-palms which rose from the rich dark Nile soil.

Mr. Lal Tata brought up the rear, looking very smart in a new white drill suit and a pink silk turban. He sat on the stern of a wise-looking donkey that was nearly as big as a dray-horse, and carried over his head a white umbrella, to keep off the rays of the warm Egyptian sun.

Arty slipped from his donkey, which marched to a pool of muddy water amongst the palms and started to drink. Then he made friends with a small brown Egyptian baby who was rolling about in the dust, and offered him a packet of chocolate out of Skeleton's nosebag. The baby evidently belonged to a poor and humble little mud cottage which stood behind a wall of reed close by.

"Here you are, Jack," said Arty to the baby. "See how much of old Skeleton's grub you can eat before he comes up."

But Skeleton was not long in coming up. He slipped off his donkey, which marched into the pool, breaking its calm surface into a thousand broken lights. Then he sat

down in the shade of the palms, crowing to the baby and cooing over the plentiful supply of sausage-rolls with which Arty had stored the nosebag.

"Here you are, baby," said the kind-hearted Skeleton to the little brown son of Egypt. "Try one of Uncle Arty's sausage-rolls. That'll fill you out and make you shine like a new half-crown."

"Don't give him sausage-rolls, Skeleton, you silly ass!" whispered Arty, with a look at the reed fence. "He is a Mohammedan kid, and the swine is accursed amongst them. If his mother caught you giving him slinkers she'd crack on as if you were giving him prussic acid."

"Right-ho!" replied Skeleton. "All the more sausage-rolls for me. He can have the milk chocolate. Listen to me, gentle child," added Skeleton, stuffing himself with sausage-rolls. "I am an unfortunate fellow devoured inside by a horrid wolf of hunger. The wolf is not at my door. It is in my tum-tum, and it has to be fed regularly every two hours or it whoops."

The Egyptian baby looked up seriously at Skeleton as if it understood him.

"You are a decent little chap," said Skeleton, holding out a bony finger to the dusty baby. "It's a pity you've got to be handed over, when you are grown up, to the stiff-necked lot of thugs in charge of this old country and will never taste a good cut of York ham. A rotten shame, isn't it. Conkey old bean," he added to Conkey Ickstein, who came up to make friends with the baby.

"This is a rotten country," said Conkey. "They gave our people an awful time in Egypt. Made us build their rotten Pyramids, but we did 'em in the long run!" added Conkey triumphantly.

give him a bob and that will make him a millionaire," said Skeleton benevolently.

"He won't be a millionaire long, if I know Egypt," said Conkey. But his heart was softened at the sight of the little brown baby, and he gave Skeleton the desired shilling, booking it carefully down in his washing-book. "Skeleton gave nigger baby Is."

At this moment Skeleton's attention was suddenly drawn from his nosebag by a long-drawn wail from behind the reed fence.

"Hoy, Doolan?" demanded Skeleton. "What's that?"

Doolan, who was squatting on the ground under the palms, smoking his kalia, or waterpipe, blew a cloud of smoke into the air.

"It is womans hollerin', sar," he said.

"What about?" asked Skeleton. "Pasha's men dey collect rent," said Doolan.

"But why is the woman hollerin'?" asked Skeleton. "Do they always wail like that on Monday morning?"

The dragoman smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"You see, sar," he said, "dis woman's ole man, him hide up his corn. He pay his rent in corn. He say he have no crop—all spoiled by locust, sar. But de Pasha's men dey say dat lie. Now dey whack him on de feet to make him tell where he hide de corn. So de lady holler! You like to see man whacked? Yes?"

The dragoman rose. "It was the most ordinary thing to him that the feet of the poor cultivator of the soil should be bound by thongs to the felek and that he should be thrown on to his back and his legs hoisted in the air, and his soles beaten till his feet were a broken mass of weals."

The preparations for this were just getting ready behind that reed fence where the nigger bailiffs of Pungo Pasha had been interviewing the unfortunate fellow. The baby, hearing his mother wailing, started to wail as well.

"Here, cheer up, George!" said Skeleton. "Don't cry. We'll see father righted. Come along, Conk, we'll pay off these thugs from the treasury. It won't be more than half a nicker at the most."

The 2nd Chapter. Making Enemies!

The dragoman opened a gate in the rush fence, and there, on his back, lay the unfortunate peasant, his eyes wide with terror.

"Mercy! Mercy!" he was crying in Arabic. "I did indeed hide a little corn from my lord the Pasha that my wife and my little one might eat."

The big nigger, sulky and sullen, who stood ready to administer the bastinado, sneared.

"What story is this to tell my lord Pasha?" he sneered. "How long in Egypt have the fellaheen eaten corn?"

"'Twas all there was, O Aga!" wailed the peasant. "The rats devoured the millet, and the horses of my lord the Pasha broke into my field when the dhurra was in the sheath and devoured all!"

"This is young Egypt!" said Arty, staring through the gates, clenching his fists in his pockets so that he might not punch anyone's head. "Hi, Chip, you speak Arabic. Tell these coffee-coolers that we'll pay up this poor beggar's rent if they will let him go!"

Chip Prodgors stepped forward. "O Aga," he said, speaking politely to the big nigger. "Here are certain young lords of the British who have heard the plaint of this fellow. They will pay his rent in money if you will let him go."

The nigger sneered. "English dog," he said. "This is no business of thine now that the English no longer rule in this land. The orders of my lord Pasha are that this fellow shall be thrashed till he can walk no longer and that his house be razed to the ground!"

"Here, I say, old chap, that's a bit steep, isn't it?" put in Conkey in a sort of Yiddish Arabic which he could speak very fluently indeed. "What about ten bob to settle it?"

The nigger turned on Conkey and sneered again.

"Yahudi!" he growled. "Get thee gone, or I will hit thee with my stick!"

Conkey flushed. He looked round. It was a proper farm seizure. Behind the niggers who had got the unlucky peasant in hand were thirty evil-looking tough necks who had roped up the donkey of the farm and two tired-looking old plough-oxen. They had dragged out a few poor farm implements from the

sheds, and were loading up sacks of corn and fodder into a motor-lorry. The motor-lorry was a Ford. But it was the same old Egyptian oppressor at work.

But Conkey kept his temper. "This chap's assets are all right," he said. "He can't owe all that much. Where's his rent-book? Let me see your authority. Let me see your documents, and we will discharge the debt. Here are two rich Scotch lords, Angus MacPherson and Hamish MacCosh. They are Pashas!"

The nigger snarled. He had seen more Scots than he ever wanted to see again, for he had fought with the Turks in the War, and had been chased for miles by Glasgow and Aberdeen Highlanders. The sight of the kilts woke unpleasant memories for him.

"Dirty Jocks," he said, and he lifted his stick to beat the peasant. But Conkey ran in and caught his wrist, snatching the stick from him with a sudden twist.

"Look here," said Conkey, "we don't allow this sort of thing. When I talk business, I talk business. We're ready to pay this poor man's debts so that he shall not be beaten. And we are not ready to stand by and see his feet beaten to a pulp. It wasn't for this sort of thing that we beat Arabi Pasha and the Mahdi and Abdullah. That chap is under the remnants of the British flag. If he's not exactly a British subject he was partly a British subject, and—"

"Bravo, Conkey! That's the talk!" cried the boys.

The nigger snatched his stick from Conkey and gave Conk a welt over his shoulders. Conkey kicked him on the shins.

The nigger howled and stood on one leg, which was just how Conkey wanted him to stand, for he punched him in the stomach and sent him sprawling to the ground in a cloud of dust. Then he jumped on him, for the blood of the Ikesteins was up.

"Bravo, Conk!" cried the boys of the Bombay Castle, rather forgetting Captain Handyman's injunctions in their natural and generous kick against tyranny and oppression.

For a moment or two the crowd of niggers in the background stood by astonished. They were so accustomed to bow down to Selim, who was Pungo Pasha's head bailiff, putting the tenants through it, that they did not realise that Selim could be put through it himself. And there he was on the ground, with Conkey dancing a sort of MacIkestein reel on his chest.

With a yell they rushed forward to the rescue of the bully, but with a shout of defiance the boys of the Bombay Castle swarmed into the farmyard to meet them. The Egyptians flourished their ox-goads threateningly, but Arty grabbed the first ox-goad that hit at him and gave the nigger one that felled him to the ground.

Angus and Hamish, yelling like savages, leaped into the fray, hitting right and left, sending the oppressors of the poor flying.

An ugly row was in the making, when suddenly from behind the farm buildings came riding a yellow-faced man of about thirty, smartly dressed in a London riding-kit, but with a tall Egyptian fez perched jauntily on his head.

He gave a shout, and his negroes fell back.

"What is this?" he demanded haughtily.

"It's a row," said Arty, bristling as he realised that this was none other than Pungo Pasha himself.

"What are you English dogs doing here?" demanded the Pasha, in admirable English, for he had received some of his education in England.

"Why, we stepped in to protect this poor chap from being beaten to a jelly," said Arty, who had unslashed the feet of the trembling peasant from the felek.

Both the peasant and his wife had thrown themselves in the dust before the feet of the Pasha's horse, and the little brown baby squatted in the dust howling behind his unfortunate mother, as if he, too, realised that the Plagues of Egypt are not yet ended.

"I know you boys!" snarled the Pasha. "I have heard of you. Insolents. You come into our country, and you ride about as if it still belongs to you, interfering with the law and justice of the land!"

"Is this your justice?" demanded Arty, pointing to the stick and the felek that lay at his feet.

The yellow Pasha turned a shade yellower.

"These people are mine," he said. "I will deal with them as I will. They shall both be flogged, the

woman and the man, for they have hidden their corn from me, and in corn they pay their rent."

"We have offered to pay their rent!" said Arty.

"Have you?" sneered the Pasha. "Just you stand back!"

But Arty had picked up the crouching woman, and had placed her behind him.

"Look here, dook," he said, "if you touch that poor woman I'll pull you off that horse and give you a hiding! You will see that little Conk has damaged your coon here. Touch that woman—"

"My dear Arty!" exclaimed Mr. Lal Tata, who, awakened from a snooze under the palms, had come running up. "What is this scandal? Pray come away, and create no disturbances, according to instructions! I am a fearsome man, Arty, my dear boy. Do not create troubles. This is Pungo Pasha himself—tremendous Egyptian swells!"

The angry Pasha drove his horse forward, bringing his heavy whip of rhino hide down on Arty and Lal in one lash, nearly knocking Arty over. But Arty grabbed him by the foot and jerked him out of the saddle as the spirited horse reared.

Mr. Lal Tata's views had changed swiftly with that cut from the whip. There is nothing like a lick from the

take ma and pa and the kid with us. They'll be killed if they are left here. That bun-faced beggar is capable of anything. He'll wreak his vengeance on the weak. Come on, ma!" added Arty, bustling the little Egyptian woman on to his donkey, whilst Skeleton put her baby in her arms.

The retreat on the Nile commenced at once. Mr. Lal Tata and the dragoman hurried ahead with the unfortunate peasant and his wife.

The little wiry woman was weeping behind her yashmak; but the

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brown baby was chuckling and crowing, and so pleased with Arty that he would hardly stay in his mother's arms.

The boys brought up the rear-guard, their donkey-boys bustling their donkeys along as fast as they could, looking behind them appre-

behind came on like the wind. They were still a quarter of a mile from the river bank.

"They'll be charging us directly, Conk," said Arty, rather anxiously, as he looked back. "There's thirty of them."

Conkey looked round. The road they were now on was bounded on each side by a wide irrigation ditch or canal. A gentle breeze was waiting back towards their pursuers.

"It's all right, old chap!" said Conkey, with a grin. "I have provided for a chance like this. A little thing of my own, which I invented in the Chemmy Lab. It is the Conk Ikestein patent stink-bomb. I'll barrage the road with a smoke screen, and if an Arab horse can stand it he'll stand anything."

As he rode, Conkey dipped his hand into his saddlebags, and produced a small firework, about the size of an orange, furnished with a touch-paper, and looking rather like a maroon.

He lit the fuse, and dropped it in the dust behind. It fizzed in the dust for a moment, then there rolled up from it such a volume of black smoke that it looked as if Conkey were loosening a genie from some magic bottle.

Arty looked back as he rode. The leading horseman dashed into



CONKEY ROUTS THE ENEMY! As he rode Conkey Ikestein dipped his hand into his saddlebags and produced what appeared to be a small firework. He lit the fuse and dropped the thing in the dust behind. It fizzed for a moment, then there rolled up from it a huge volume of smoke. The leading horseman in pursuit of the boys of the Bombay Castle dashed into the fringe of the cloud of smoke boldly enough. But his Arab steed, getting a sniff of Conkey's queer mixture, stood on its hind legs and pitched its rider into the ditch by the side of the road.

whip of the oppressor to stimulate the mild and peaceful.

"Sock him!" he cried. "Sock him, Arty! That's right! Hit him some big kicks! That'll teach him to ride down Englishmen!"

Pungo Pasha was a powerful man, and the devil was in him; but he stood no chance at all with Arty, who lashed him with his own whip, punched his head, and turned him upside down till the money fell out of his breeches pockets.

The Arab horse bolted, as though unable to bear such a scene. The followers of the Pasha jabbered, but were smitten with a sudden fright. They followed the horse.

Arty suddenly picked up the Pasha in his mighty arms, and hurled him into the muddy pond with a splash that sent the ducks flying.

"There you are, Archibald!" he said. "That will be a lesson for you. The next time you want to play Pharaoh, think twice!"

An evil light shone in the eyes of Pungo Pasha, as he stood up in the pond and shook his fist at the boys. "Dogs!" he said. "Dogs and sons of dogs! I will be paid for this! I am a powerful man in Egypt—"

He broke off, speechless, strode out from the muddy water, and disappeared amongst the palms.

Arty looked round him and grinned. Doolan was shaking with fright, unable to speak.

"Oh, goodness and Maria!" he stammered at last. "This is a day of misfortune! Let us go quick, young Bimbashi! You have made biggest enemy in Egypt. We shall have all throats cut! That man is a verree stiff man!"

Arty grinned again. "I think we'd better retreat on the Nile, quick," he said. "But we'll

hensively, as if they dreaded the recoil of the vengeance of Pungo Pasha on their own heads.

The long, level, green banks of the Nile were in sight, and the masts of the lateeners showed above them.

They could see a long way across the flat country, and there was Mr. Pugsley, who was in charge of the marine side of the expedition, looking out rather anxiously for them.

"There's Puggo," said Arty. "I'll see if I can signal him."

With his arms he semaphored the message:

"Get ready to cast off at once. We are chased!"

That was enough for the astute Mr. Pugsley. They saw him running along the bank, and soon there was a bustle, which showed that every preparation was being made for getting away. The great lateen sails were unbrailed, and flapped in the breeze.

"Good old Puggo!" said Dick Dor-

rington. "Here they come, Arty!"

They looked back along the dusty road, and half a mile behind them they saw a cloud of dust rolling up, in the midst of which rode horsemen who lashed their steeds unmercifully.

"These are some of Pungo Pasha's pups," said Arty. "He's turned out his private bunch of cavalry. Get on, boys!"

There was no need to urge on the donkey-drivers. They whacked their donkeys to a furious gallop. Then they threw down their sticks and bunked across the fields to hide in the corn, for they had no mind to be overtaken by Pungo Pasha's people in the act of assisting his enemies to escape.

The dragoman, Lal, and the fugitive peasants were well away; but the Arab horses who were racing up

the fringe of the cloud of smoke boldly enough. His Arab steed took its first sniff of Conkey's mixture, stood on its hind legs, then stood on its head, pitching its rider into the ditch. Then, swerving round, it dashed back amongst the pursuers, throwing them into the utmost confusion.

Conkey dropped six more bombs in rapid succession, and over two hundred yards the road belched forth black juicy smoke, blinding and nauseating.

The horsemen bunched as this terrible fume drifted down the road towards them. They lashed savagely at the beasts and covered their faces with the dust-cloths of their turbans.

But the horses would not stand it. They turned and fled, the smoke cloud chasing them up the road before the breeze.

Conkey pulled up his donkey and looked back.

"Nice things, aren't they?" he said. "They are all right if the wind don't change. I was thinking of trying them on a swarm of locusts, but they've come in very handy on this job. That chap who was chucked into the ditch was Pungo Pasha!"

In a few minutes more they had reached the lateeners, and, jumping off their donkeys, ran up the gang-planks and on board.

"What have you been up to, young gents?" asked Mr. Pugsley as the two craft pushed out on the broad blue bosom of the Nile.

"We haven't been up to anything," said Arty. "But we've got into a row with a chap called Pungo Pasha, who is lord of all this bit of country along the bank here!"

Mr. Pugsley shook his head.

"We shall hear of 'im again," he said. "He's one of these young Egyptians that our people at 'ome are so fond of. I s'pose he was going to lick that peasant you brought aboard!"

"That's it!" said Conkey. "It's wonderful how these liberators of their country do always put it over the working classes. What are you going to do with those poor people. They've lost their little bit!"

"We'll get up a subscription for them," said Conkey, "and we'll land them at some place on the other side of the river with enough to start another little farm."

Mr. Pugsley nodded his approval, and grinned as he saw the group of horsemen driven before the dark fume of Conkey's smoke cloud.

"They don't like that tiddley-wink of yours, Master Ikestein," he said. "But it's saved you from Pungo Pasha's bashi-bazouks. They might ha' killed some o' you if they'd got amongst you. In future we'll camp on the other side of the Nile."

Mr. Pugsley was as good as his word.

As the lateeners sailed up the mighty river he kept to the right bank and was constantly watching the left bank.

In the evening, when, in the rosy glow of the Nile sunset, the boys sported themselves on the banks, Mr. Pugsley sat and smoked his pipe and watched the western bank.

It seemed strange to him that always were there two horsemen heading south.

Mr. Pugsley had a sense that his little flotilla was being watched. But he did not say anything to Mr. Lal Tata or to Dr. Crabhunter, who sat in the cabin at nights pondering over Egyptian papyri and the books of the learned which dealt with the object of his excursion.

The boys did not think about Pungo Pasha at all. They played football on the green banks of Africa's classic river, and they taught the fellow they had saved boxing, so that he could, in future, protect himself against the oppressor. The veiled woman sat with her baby in her arms and watched them at their play, calling down the blessings of Allah on these merry souls who played like children and fought like men for the oppressed and downtrodden.

And Conkey would wander round the little riverside villages in the afterglow, selling a cheap line in twopenny mirrors, making quite a lot of money to swell the fund that was to set the rescued fellahs on their feet again at a little place far up the Nile where they had relations.

The brown baby wailed when at last they left the ship, for he had taken a great fancy to Skeleton. But the peasant and the little veiled mother were as happy as they had ever been in their lives, for they stepped ashore with the price of a new farm.

"These 'ere boys will do all right," said Mr. Pugsley to himself as he sat in the starlight and watched a camp-fire across the wide river, that same mysterious camp-fire which had followed their course all the way from the landing of Pungo Pasha. "They've got the right feelin' in them, though they are as 'ot a lot o' young devils as I've ever had to do with."

And, with a final glance at the camp-fire across the river, which showed the figures of two turbaned Arabs, he went to bed.

The 3rd Chapter.

A Perilous Situation.

The cultivated land gave way to barren hills, and the desert drew in on the river till, one morning, the boys woke to find their two craft moored alongside the sandbitten pylons of two mighty temples, from which colossal figures, whip in hand, looked dreamily down on them.

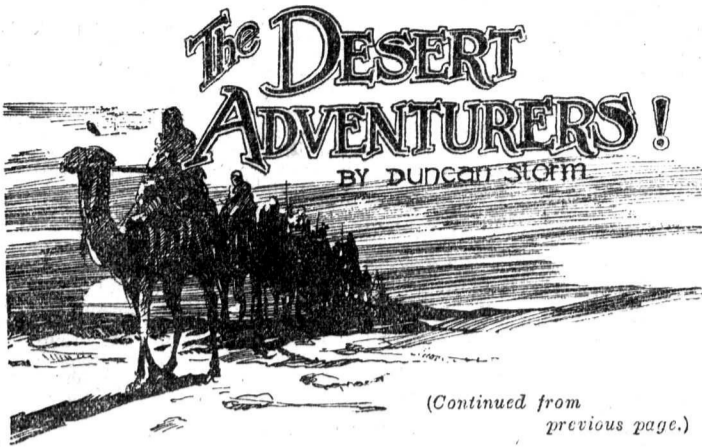
"Show a leg, Conk!" called Dick Dorrington to Conkey, who was getting in his beauty sleep. "Look! Here are the chaps who put your crush through it in Egypt!"

Conkey sat up and rubbed his eyes as he looked out at the waste of rocks and sand gleaming in the sunshine, and the great figures carved in the living rock in the hillside.

"The dirty dogs!" he said. "But we did 'em in the Red Sea!"

Then he turned round on his pillows in the white-walled cabin and went to sleep again, only waking to the delicious scent of kippers and bacon and the rattle of knives and forks in the long saloon.

(Continued overleaf.)

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previous page.)

"Hey!" yelled Conkey. "Don't eat it all, you ruffians!" "There will be plenty of porridge!" called Hamish. "Me and Angus hae given up porridge! It brings us out in prickly heat!"

On the roasting bank of the Nile Doolan was very busy, arguing and quarrelling with a gang of Arabs, who looked about as big a lot of ruffians as could be found anywhere.

These were the proprietors of the camels, and with them Doolan was bargaining.

"O unholy ones!" he yelled at the top of his voice. "May wild asses sit on the graves of thy fathers! O carrion fowl!"

The grim faces of the camelmen did not relax in the slightest. They had the camels and Doolan had the money. It was quite a simple proposition. They wanted Doolan's money as much as he wanted their camels.

Doolan took off his turban and wept and put dust on his head. He told the ruffians that he was a poor orphan, and that the price they mentioned would not leave a piastre of buckshee money for himself.

The sheikh of the camel-drivers was a grim-looking old stiff who said nothing. He allowed Doolan to weep and to call upon the Prophet as witness that he only had this much money to spend on camels, and that if the price was too high his young lords would descend the river again without setting foot over the border of the Sudan where the Tombs of the Older Kings were situated.

Then he suddenly dried his eyes. "Listen, O camelmen," he said, "who but Englishmen and madmen would pay this money for a great ride into the desert?"

"O brother," said the old sheikh of the camels, "it is a hard journey for our beasts and will hurt them sore. There the price is high, but I will abate a little—a very little!"

The price was fought out. Doolan put on his turban and smiled again, for he had made a little bit for himself. And the diamond eye in the dark face of the old sheikh glittered, for he also had made a bit for himself—in a way that Doolan did not dream of.

It was a long journey that the boys were undertaking—seventy miles into the desert and over the border into the Sudan, a waterless ride save for one blackish pool on the road.

It was arranged that they should not start till the evening. So they played football in the sand, to the astonishment of the sons of the desert, who looked on and agreed that these were indeed infidels, otherwise they would drop dead of heat.

And the old sheikh, under a canopy, stroked his white beard and smiled, approving that the boys should thus spend their superfluous energy.

Away they went in the sunset, the long line of camels trailing over the desert throwing long shadows in a mist of crimson and gold, Angus and Hamish playing their bagpipes on the leading camels to encourage the beasts.

Cecil, very much against the will of the camelmen, was mounted on a fine camel which did not appear to like the scent of orang-outang very much.

Conkey had insisted on loading up his own and Pongo's camel with large saddle-bags. He had also given Arty two suitcases to swing on his beast, and had several other parcels distributed amongst the expedition.

"What do you want all this stuff for, Conk?" grumbled Arty.

"There might be a chance of doing a bit of business in the desert!" said Conk cunningly.

"Upon my word, you are a lad!"

said Arty. "What we want to carry are more water-bags. We've got to be very careful of our water; a hundred and fifty miles is no joke."

They travelled all night by the starlight, the boys drowsing on their camels, which covered the ground with a sort of policeman's walk which, without seeming to be very fast, none the less left the miles behind.

The boys could only see hazy ridges and waves of sand, broken here and there by great gravel ridges and piles of rocks. Now and then a few mimosa-bushes and thorns showed black in the deeper hollows, and here and there jackals barked.

But Hamish and Angus answered the barks of the jackals with a little

and by six in the evening they were still as far off it.

Doolan told them that they had crossed the Sudan border during the afternoon, and were now on British territory.

"You allee same as England now," he said.

Pongo Walker gazed over the wild expanse of blood-red sand and purple rock, which cast long shadows.

"It looks a bit like Trafalgar Square, doesn't it?" he said grimly. "You miss the fountains, though, and the water."

They were all more or less suffering from thirst. But they agreed that they would not touch the bags on the water camels till they reached Jebel Faro, the mountain where the Tombs of the Older Kings were situated.

It was ten o'clock at night when they found themselves on the slopes of this arid rock.

The camels were unsaddled and the camp-fires lit from the thorn. Tea was made, and the parties gathered round the mouth of one of the old tombs, in which they stored their luggage. They had a jolly good drink of tea. Then it came to filling the kettles again.

"Go and get some water, Doolan," said Porkis.

Doolan went off down the slope with a couple of canvas buckets to the place where the camels and camelmen were encamped. But he found only the fires burning. The camels and men were gone—water, camels, and all! And they were eighty miles in the desert, all unused to thirst.

"But we can beat it home!" said Arty stoutly.

Scorcher Wilkinson shook his head.

"You don't realise what a tramp of eighty miles without water means, my boy," he said. "Those scoundrels have abandoned us. We must dig in the sand at the foot of these rocks. We may get enough water to subsist on till help comes."

"Help will not come, Mr. Englishman," said a harsh voice from the darkness. And into the circle of the firelight, mounted on a superb racing camel, and attended by two armed followers, rode a figure whom the boys had no difficulty in recognising as Pungo Pasha.

He looked down on the party and smiled, his white teeth gleaming under his black moustache.

"The position is reversed now," he said. "Some of you young gentlemen saw fit to insult me on my own land and to throw me into a ditch. Now you shall know what it is to be thrown into the dry. I have dogged you on your journey up the Nile, seeking my vengeance in my own fashion. Your camel drivers were my men. They have withdrawn from the mountain and have surrounded it in a cordon. Any trying to pass that cordon will be shot. Such is the vengeance of Egypt!"

And Pungo Pasha wheeled his camel and faded into the night.

"Well, that's a bit of all right!" said Arty, realising the seriousness of their situation. "The kettles are empty, and there is not a drop of water left. What are we going to do about it?"

It was a stiff climb of a thousand feet to the Jebel Faro. Under Conkey's superintendence his props were lashed up rock after rock, till at last all arrived safely on a little platform at the top, commanding a view over an enormous stretch of desert.

Down below the Arabs watched the line, ready to shoot any messenger who might come through.

Presently a "Who!" of astonishment, not unmixed with awe, went up from the besiegers, for the crest of the mountain broke into a glare of red light playing upon huge columns of smoke.

"Wah, it is the work of djinns!" mumbled the Arabs.

It was Conkey who was working the oracle with his smoke-bombs, played upon by his coloured fires. Then there was a flash and a boom, and up went a rocket, bursting into a cloud of stars, visible for miles through the clear desert atmosphere.

"Who!" gasped the Arabs.

Conkey kept them amused. Rocket after rocket went up in steady procession. And so busy were the Arabs following up the golden streaks and the bursts of red, blue, and green stars against the sky that they did not notice a shadowy figure which crept out towards the water-bags.

Cecil had nothing to learn in moving quietly. The camels had grown reconciled to him on the journey, and made no sign as they chewed thorn and watched the fireworks that were going on on the crest of Jebel Faro.

Cecil got away with two heavy water-sacks, and melted with them in the shadow of the mountain, where Arty humped them up the hill and hid them in a cave.

Away went Cecil over the rocks and sand again, looking no more than a dirty mark on the ground, and two more of the eight water-sacks passed into the hands of Arty.

These were set in caves to keep cool as carefully as if they were the most precious wines, and before Conkey's display of fireworks was over every drop of water had passed from the enemy into the hands of the boys.

It was not till dawn that the Arabs, who had been chewing dates all night as they marvelled over Conkey's firework display, felt a bit thirsty. They went to look for water, and a howl went up from them when they found that of water there was none. Then, to increase their discomfort, they saw, from the summit of Jebel Faro, huge black clouds of smoke rolling up in the dawn like the smoke of a volcano. It rose and rose in the still air like the smoke of a volcano, spreading out in a great mushroom, climbing and climbing till it had risen to the height of some eight thousand feet.

Then the stabilisation of the atmosphere fixed it in one majestic pillar of smoke, eight thousand feet high, and from the mountain Conkey despatched a pigeon, which lit out at fifty-five miles per hour, flying direct to Mr. Pugsley.

The besiegers of the mountain were thoroughly worried. Their master had ridden off with his two followers, leaving them the job of guarding the boys of the Bombay Castle and their masters till they should die of thirst. Pungo Pasha was heading for the Nile, in British territory, intent on crossing and picking up the line of the Sudan Railway on the other bank.

But great was his surprise, not to say his fear, as behind him he saw rising a huge column of smoke, which seemed to take shape in the sky as it rolled up from the ridge of Jebel Faro like some genie of a brass bottle. And as it hung the cloud took the shape of the face of Conkey Ickstein, school cap and all.

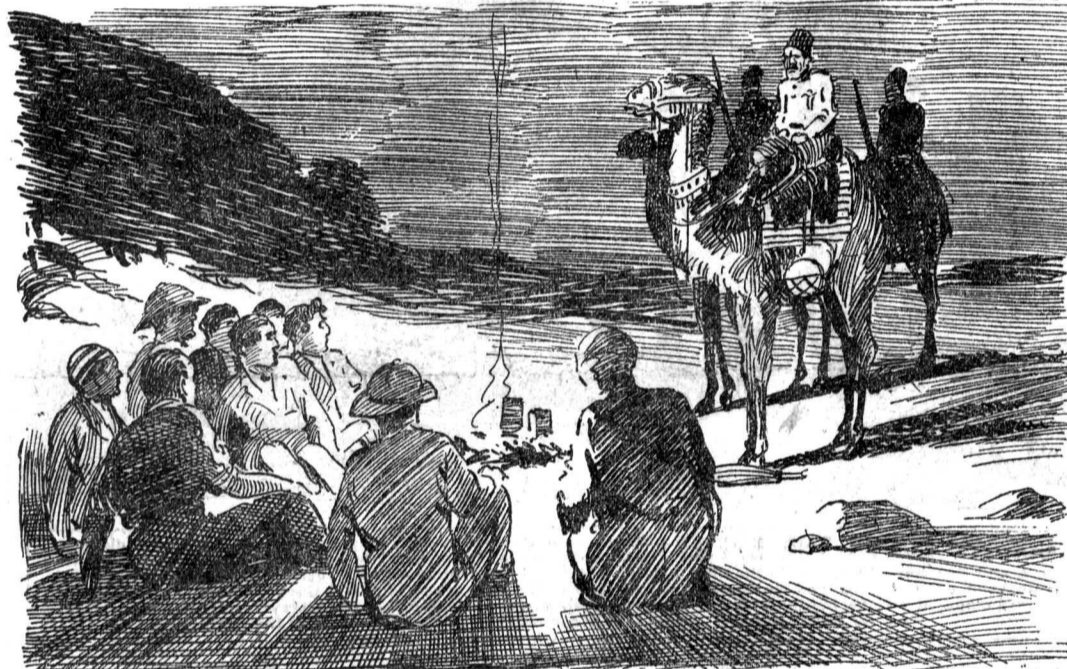
"Halt!" Pungo Pasha reined in his camel as round the deep hollow of a sand-dune came the head of a long, orderly column of camels, each camel ranged two camels lengths from the next with military position, and each carrying a Sudanese trooper.

At the head of the column rode two officers.

"Good-morning!" said the first officer affably.

Pungo Pasha scowled. "Sowwy to overhaul you, old ffruit," said the British officer; "but we are watching the fwontier rawther closely just now, and we have noticed stwange signs from the diwrection in which you come—wockets and coloured ffish, bai Jove,"

(Continued on page 475.)



PUNGO PASHA'S REVENGE! Into the circle of the firelight, mounted on a superb racing camel and attended by two armed followers, rode a figure whom the boys of the Bombay Castle had no difficulty in recognising as Pungo Pasha. He looked down on the party and smiled, his white teeth gleaming under his black moustache. "The position is reversed now," he said. "Some of you young gentlemen saw fit to insult me on my own land and to throw me into a ditch. Now you shall know what it is to be parched in the desert!"

band performance on the bagpipes, and down wind went the jackals, travelling with their tails between their legs.

The savage camelmen who rode with the column did not like the bagpipes at all. They said it was the music of ghouls and djinns, and they asked Doolan who Hamish and Angus were when they were at home, and if they were any relations to Cecil, whom they regarded as Eblees.

The boys looked after Dr. Crab-hunter, who was an old gentleman to take such a hard journey. But he was full of enthusiasm, and when they gave him coffee and sandwiches at three o'clock in the morning by a fire of camel thorn, he was very pleased.

Conkey had had a talk with Mr. Pugsley, and he looked at his bundles and counted them carefully. Carefully packed in a hamper were two live carrier pigeons. Skeleton would have liked to have eaten these for supper. But Conkey shook his head.

"Never live on your capital, Skeleton," he said. "We may want these pigeons."

The night ride was a lark, the march after a snooze was less of a lark, and it grew harder and harder as the sun burned itself down to the west again, setting behind a queer-shaped mountain, a thousand feet high, which was their destination. It seemed as if they never grew nearer to this mauve pile of rocks. They sighted it at three in the afternoon,

Doolan shouted.

"Ow, my hat!" he exclaimed. "O sins of burnt fathers! O murderers! We are abandoned!"

He ran back to the camp.

"Goodness, what is commotions? What is matters?" demanded Mr. Lal Tata.

"Oh, terrible happenings!" exclaimed Doolan, tearing his garments. "O dust on my head! These wicked ones have laughed in my beard. They have taken the camels away, and we are left to die of thirst in the desert."

Conkey shook his head.

"I will fly a pigeon in the morning," he said. "Mr. Pugsley suspected that fellow, and he gave me a couple of carrier pigeons. He trusted them to me because he said that I would know how to manage the Egyptians, and I have got my own smoke-bombs and coloured flares in my portmanteaux. We will have a pillar of smoke by day and a pillar of fire by night. Come along, you chaps; help me to carry my things to the top of the hill."

Result of BOYS' FRIEND "Booklets" Competition No. 3.

In this competition no competitor sent in a correct solution. The First Prize of £5 has therefore been awarded to:

E. NELSON,

29, Ley Street,

Ilford, Essex,

whose solution, containing two errors, came nearest to correct.

Seven competitors, whose solutions each contained three errors, tied for the Six other Prizes of Wireless Apparatus. In the circumstances, the Editor has decided to award Wireless Apparatus to each of these seven readers:

Ernest Brain, 47, Dove Street, Kingsdown, Bristol; Edward Hodge,

7, Mayors Walk, Waterford, I.F.S.; A. Llewellyn, 47, Dove Street, Bristol; Eric Parker, 48, Malefant Street, Cathays, Cardiff; Frederick Shaw, 61, Pontypridd Road, Porth, Rhondda; P. Stevenson, 22, Forster Street, Old Radford, Nottingham; Bernard Wallis, 14, Egerton Road, Bishopston, Bristol.

The correct solution is as follows:

Is there a lad in this country not interested in wireless? Of course not! Well, next week our gift will be a booklet on this wonderful invention. It will contain articles galore on how to construct receiving sets, including a crystal set for half-a-guinea, and a single-valve set for under twenty shillings. Order your "B.F." at once.

NO ONE SHOULD MISS READING THIS POWERFUL WAR STORY. TELL ALL YOUR PALS ABOUT IT!

The LION AT BAY!

By Roger Fowey



The Green Army invaders make a desperate attack upon London!

The 1st Chapter.

In July of the year 1975 the Asiatic races combined in an endeavour to gain world domination. In Great Britain, the forces of the Green Army, under the leadership of Huen Lo, the Chinese dictator, landed at Baddow Holme and other places on the East Coast, coming in gargantuan vessels known as land-submarines. These vessels carry many thousands of men and weapons, including beetle machines, which are capable of moving at a great rate and which possess very deadly weapons.

No sooner did the invaders gain foot on British soil than the land-submarines threw out a wireless heat-belt, through which nothing human or otherwise could either pass in or out.

Keith Ashley, son of General Sir Dennis Ashley of the British Army, and his chum, Donald Wentworth, who were in the vicinity of Baddow Holme when the enemy landed, fell in with a Secret Service man when on their way to British headquarters at Martlesham. This man told them to report at once to headquarters that the invaders intend to make an attack upon London. No sooner had the chums reached headquarters, and informed General Sir Dennis Ashley of the enemy's intentions, than a message came through to the effect that, as an attack on the capital was feared, all available men were to be despatched there forthwith.

The 2nd Chapter.

The Terror in the Thames.

For tense seconds there was silence in General Sir Dennis Ashley's quarters. The general and Keith and Don stood looking at one another, the words that had come over the narrow wireless beam from Whitehall ringing in their ears.

"We fear a direct attack upon London—every available man is to be sent to London area immediately!"

The enemy had broken the boom across the Thames at Tilbury, and there was not the slightest doubt that, even at that moment, the waters of the Thames were hiding some fiendish craft which would loose death and destruction upon the greatest city in the world, and upon the General Headquarters of the Allied Armies in Whitehall.

"Acknowledge orders, Ashley!" The crisp tones of Lord Morton came from the radio instrument, and General Ashley stiffened.

"I will issue instructions immediately to give effect to your orders, and—"

"Confirmation coming by land-line!" the voice broke in. "Good-bye, Ashley. I think we're going to have the dickens of a time here."

"Good-bye, Morton—and good luck!" answered the general.

There was a click from the instrument; then General Ashley twisted on his heel to face his son and Don Wentworth. There was a strange grimness about his features, and his grey eyes were gleaming with a hard light.

"I've seconds only to spare on you two lads," he said; and even as he spoke his right hand was going out to a row of bell-pushes on his table. "Keith, you want to enlist, don't you?"

"I do, dad," answered the general's son.

"And you, Don?"
"I, too, sir," answered Don Wentworth eagerly. "We've seen a bit of war this last day or two, and I—"

"You've had your baptism of fire, all right," answered the general. "Now ask for Major Hawley. He will enlist you in the Air Force. Ask him to attach you to the Mobility Squadrons, London area, and take your instructions from him. Good-bye now—look after yourselves!"

He shook hands with Don, just as an orderly came to the door and saluted, then stood waiting. Don turned away as he saw Keith's fist

anxious to be tied down to any particular unit. They wanted to be, more or less, free lances—in a position to take a tilt at the enemy whenever opportunity offered.

They had already obtained airmen's leather-fabric suits, and when they left the major they managed to get a flying-helmet each and both were given a deadly automat, with ammunition.

"Now for London, eh?" said Keith. "I bet there'll be something doing! We'd better try to go by Morelli line—there's a halt near here!"

They made their way on to a



FLEEING FROM THE INVADERS! Travelling on foot, by mono-cars, freight wagons, light tractors, and lorries, people were pouring out of London by the thousand in a frantic endeavour to escape the horrors of war in the capital itself.

going out to meet that of his father. Keith was smiling, as he looked into the old soldier's eyes.

"Good-bye, my boy. Do your duty and—"

The grim-set lips relaxed for a moment, and the general's eyes softened. Both knew that this might be the last time they would ever meet. There were no words that could express their feelings, except perhaps the little phrase which the Great War of more than fifty years earlier had put in the mouths of soldiers:

"Best o' luck!"

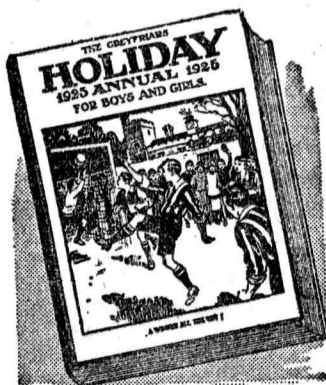
A moment afterwards and the two chums were outside, while the general was mustering his staff, and an operator was busy taking down confirmatory orders over the land-line. In less than three minutes the headquarters beneath the huge sweep of camouflage was alive and humming, as instructions were issued that would send reinforcements to besieged London.

The chums found Major Hawley. He made them take the soldier's oath to serve his Country, and then told them to report to the Mobility Squadrons Headquarters in London. "That's if you can find them," he added. "If you can't, tag on to whatever you can."

This suited the chums down to the ground. Neither was specially

broad, smooth, motor-way, which was lively with scouting tanks, mobile guns, and mono-cars. Running on

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clear ground just off the wide road, there loomed up the heavy bulks of landships. These were mighty tanks designed for very heavy work; but they were, of course, nothing like so large as the amphibians with which the Federal Army had already made five landings in England.

The chums soon reached the Morelli line halt for which they were making, and they saw the lights of a waiting train—it appeared to be a special train, for there was only one coach behind the mighty locomotive.

The locomotive, like the coach, was long and rounded, with the front coming almost to a point. It was stream-lined to perfection and formed one of the fastest known methods of wheeled travel. It ran on specially-cupped rails, and its motive-power was electricity; its speed was anything up to two hundred miles an hour—which meant that it would carry them to London in a little more than twenty minutes.

The chums found that a number of staff officers were going aboard. One of them, Lieutenant-Colonel Lee, happened to know Keith, and the pair were able to secure a passage without trouble. The Morelli lines—improvements over the old steam railway—all over the country had been commandeered by the military, and no sooner were all the staff officers aboard than the train moved off.

Colonel Lee was accompanied by Staff-Major Benson. The pair were, as Keith knew, a couple of the cleverest and most daring airmen in the Allied Armies; they were young, not very much older than the two chums, and were looking forward with the keenest anticipation to getting into action.

"Your dad wouldn't let us do anything at Baddow Holme," said Lee, with a grin. "I don't know that he wasn't right, because nothing could live in the face of the wireless heat that those amphibians put out. The

"What's the cause of it?" It was a grey-haired general who spoke. The man did not answer, but turned to the radio instrument at his side.

"Hullo, Stratford! Hullo, Stratford! Hullo, Stratford!"

He was calling up the great power-station just outside London, but it was some moments before a reply came through the receiving-horn.

"Stratford calling!"

"Hullo, Stratford. Forty-seven calling—Ford speaking!"

"Hullo, Jimmy—this is Tom. You're stuck, eh?"

"We're slowing now," answered the pilot. "What's happened? Why haven't they switched to reserve power?"

"There ain't any!" came the operator's answer. "The power station went sky-high about three minutes ago. We're half a mile away, but we got the pieces. Somebody said it was spics!"

"Ask him the situation in London?" came the terse voice of the grey-haired general, and the pilot obliged.

"Well, everybody who can go out of London has gone," came the answer from the radio instrument. "We've been tapping stations and have got a little information. The Federals busted a boom that we had across the Thames at Tilbury, and about twenty minutes afterwards all communication with Grays was cut off. There appears to be some big vessel in the water which moves along with its top just showing. They say that it's different from the amphibians."

"This thing in the water got to Erith, then they sent up a wireless heat emitter and burnt up Dartford. Some green troops came ashore at Erith and made a base, while the machine moved on. Last I heard, it was making a mess of Woolwich, and it's burning up every ship it meets!"

The operator's voice was shaking with excitement as it came over the ether. Keith and Don could make a guess at what had happened on the banks of the Thames—they had seen what occurred when the amphibians came ashore on the East Coast.

But if the Federal vessel was at Woolwich—what of London? In no time at all it would be in the heart of the City!

"Hold on a minute, Jimmy—more news!"

They waited in silence for a time, while the Morelli train went slithering on with its speed slowing gradually. It was three minutes before another word came from the radio instrument.

"Jimmy, they've landed more men! They smashed through the docks right across the Isle of Dogs, but a Heaviside aeroplane got their wireless heat emitter, and put two bombs on the machine itself! It's stopped at Rotherhithe! They've sent up planes, and they're dropping bombs of liquid fire on the artillery. Men have come ashore at Wapping and Shadwell! We can see the bombs bursting from the window here, and they—"

The voice broke off, and the pilot began to call frantically into the receiver:

"Tom—Tom! What's the matter? Tom—Tom!"

The Morelli train had almost stopped when the voice came again in answer to his appeals.

"It's all right, Jimmy! I'm all right! Jackson's been on the roof. He says those bombs aren't liquid fire—they're sort of blue. They don't set fire to anything—Jackson says they're phosphor bombs. The machine in the river's moved on again—the aeroplane didn't put it out. They say the aeroplane's been brought down!" His voice was coming jerkily now, like that of a man out of breath. "A lot of little tanks have come ashore—they're killin' every man they can see. I'm goin' to get out of this, Jimmy—it's awful! It's all blue down at the river, and our guns aren't firing much—their planes are putting them out! We can hear them flying near; they dropped a—"

The tense voice ended abruptly, and then followed deadly silence as the train came to a stop. The pilot began to call frantically into the transmitter, but he got no reply.

The group of staff officers were looking at one another now.

"Gentlemen," said the old general, "things are evidently serious. We had better get off the train to the motor-way and reach general headquarters as best we can. Pilot, open the door for us—we want to get out of this."

The white-faced man turned from his instrument.

"I don't know where we are, sir,"

(Continued overleaf.)

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The LION AT BAY!

by Roger Fowey



(Continued from previous page.)

he replied. "Not far from Stratford, I should think."

"Well, open the door, anyway." The man touched a lever, and the door at one side of the saloon slid open. One by one the general and the staff-officers stepped out. Don and Keith came last, with Colonel Lee and Benson.

They heard someone say that they were near Woodgrange Park. Gazing round, Don saw a line of machines moving on a wide motor-way near by; a moment afterwards and the quartette were racing towards it. They ran by way of open fields, and they were almost up to the motor-route, when they saw that the traffic was moving in the wrong direction—out of London!

So far as they could see, there was not a single vehicle going towards the city. The motor-way was crowded with refugees, travelling by every conceivable method—mono-cars, freight-wagons, light tractors, and lorries—running away from the green fields who had risen up from Father Thames to attack London.

"There must be a panic somewhere!" exclaimed Lee. "This is a troop road—it should have been kept clear. They'll hold up the reinforcements from the Eastern Command if they're not cleared off."

"That's not our funeral—somebody else's job. Ours is to get to Whitehall—a car's impossible. Can't we get a plane from somewhere?" gasped Benson.

"Bound to be a landing-station off the motor-way," answered Don. "Come on!"

They ran on, now level with the broad road, looking for one of the small aerodromes which, here and there, were stationed along the motor-way. They found one ere they had travelled half a mile, by which time the four of them had lost all sight of the staff-officers who had been with them in the Morelli train.

The aerodrome was absolutely deserted, and at first it seemed as though all machines had been chartered to carry refugees, but at last they found a light biplane at the back of a hangar, but its engine was out of order.

Lee made a swift examination of it.

"It's an old Paige!" he exclaimed. "I know 'em well. Our only chance, Benson, is to get this thing going. The Federals are pretty certain to block this road as soon as they can—so we can't walk!"

Together the four of them looked over the engine.

"I think I could fix that in about an hour and a half," Don said at last. "It's an internal turbine, and it looks to me as though something has burnt out. I might be able to patch her up enough to get us to Whitehall."

There was not much Don did not know about engines. Since his opinion was confirmed by Lee, all set to work to get the machine into order.

While they worked, the sun dipped lower and lower towards the western horizon, and through the twilight there came the boom and roar of guns. Aeroplanes whined and hummed overhead. And towards the city the darkening sky grew blood-red with fire reflected from burning buildings.

This was the sight which met the gaze of the quartette, when at last they got the old plane into shape and she lifted from the ground, turning her oily, battered nose in the direction of Whitehall.

In a matter of hours, London had been turned from an orderly city, the hub of the Allied Armies, into a blazing inferno, its roads choked by terrified refugees, while at its gates hammered the green-clad men of the Orient.

The Attack upon London.

The attack upon London had been launched in masterly fashion. The

declaration of war was barely twenty-four hours old, yet the yellow and brown and black men were attacking the very heart of the Allied nations.

In Whitehall were gathered the Allied commanders, and it was quite possible that the attack which was rising from the murky waters of the Thames had as its objective the capture of the headquarters staff. This would, of course, throw the white armies into almost hopeless confusion, and at one stroke the Federals would all but win the war.

In any case, the capture of London would be a tremendous blow. In

on either embankment threw a lurid glow upon the waters. From the west, the setting sun tinted roofs and domes and towers gold and russet, while a bank of clouds reflected by their blood-red hue the ugly work which was toward in the city below.

The streets and motor-ways were packed with people fleeing from the raiders. Around Ludgate Circus and St. Paul's Cathedral white puffs of explosions showed continuously, and the chums glimpsed the swift-moving figures of khaki-clad Britishers who were battling to stem the advance of a group of raiders.

Flying low over the city, they saw a number of enemy planes. They could not distinguish them clearly, but they saw one sheer round to the fight which was raging at Ludgate Circus. An instant afterwards and the scene was blotted out by a sudden spurt of bluish-red flame.

From a cloud of black smoke spears of fire darted in every direction, while twisted spirals of blue flame spun out over the tops of the buildings and on to the men below.

Over the scene there came a queer blue glow, sinister and ugly, and the boys could make out tongues of blue light trickling down the sides of the buildings, while the foreshortened figures of soldiers ran blindly in all directions.

"Phosphor bomb!" Keith heard Lee gasp. "The hounds!"

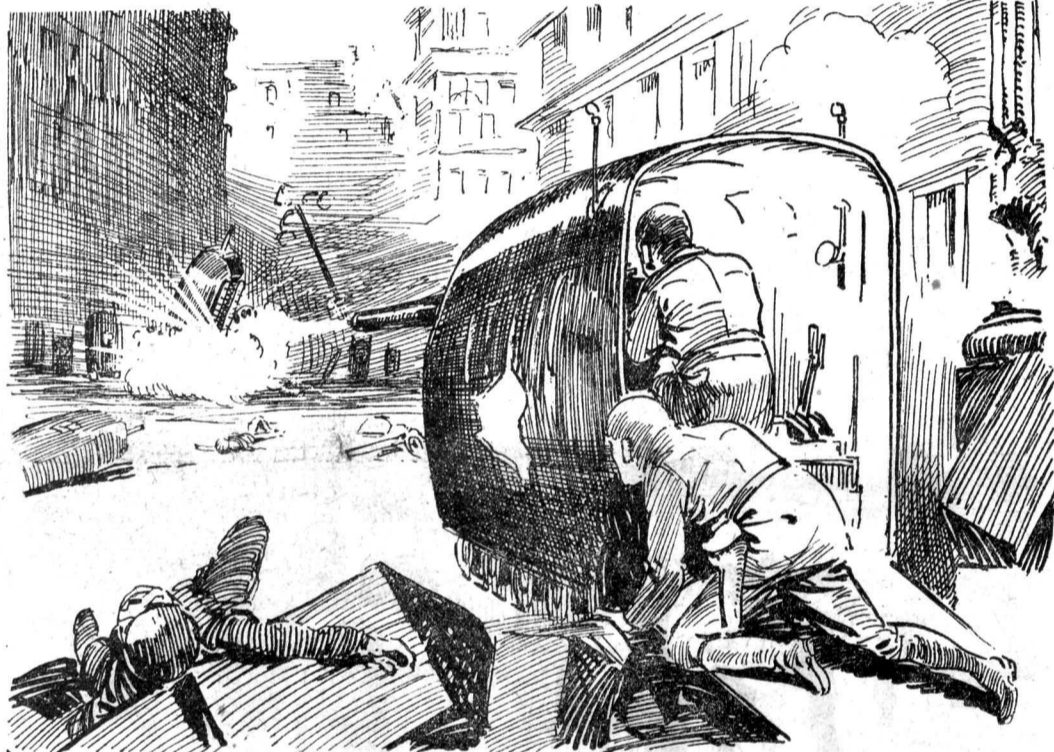
sight, although a few minutes before the air had been humming with them.

Benson gave the engine all it would stand, and they hurtled through the air at something like a hundred and seventy miles an hour. They were barely two miles from Whitehall, and, since they were not armed for air fighting, it meant a race to reach headquarters before the enemy plane could reach them.

The machine beneath was coming at them like a projectile. It was long and very narrow, with practically no wings. Its nose was rounded and blunt, and, despite the failing light, they could make out a short gun-muzzle jutting forward. This appeared to be its only weapon, and from the size of the machine it seemed as though it could accommodate no more than two men.

"Coming close to make sure of us," exclaimed Lee; "or else their gun won't carry far! I heard they'd got some deadly sort of close-range fighting-machine—probably this is one of them, designed for use against ground troops."

"Better drop, hadn't I?" asked Benson. "We're helpless. Might as well play for safety and—" He broke off. His voice had been quite steady and cool, and his hands were firm on the controls. But suddenly he gave vent to an exclamation, then shouted: "Pipe-planes! Dozens of 'em!"



THE FIGHTING IN WHITEHALL! "I'm going to use this gun on 'em!" called Don. "You keep under cover, Keith!" Ere the words were out of the youngster's mouth, the muzzle of the short-barrelled weapon spat blue flame, and one of its powerful shells caught a man-machine full on the side. The hit tank was a bare hundred yards distant, and it vanished as though it had never been. A moment afterwards and Don was working the gun as fast as he knew and he had six of the man-machines demolished before half a minute had passed.

view of the Allied military organization, the conquest would be of considerable strategic value. This, however, was dwarfed by the value of the impression that it would make upon the people of other countries.

By the time that Don and Keith reached the scene the green-clad armies had spread along either side of the Thames, while the planes which had been sent up from the Federal vessel were carrying death and disaster far and wide. At the same time, the vessel itself surged on up river.

The old plane in which the chums flew rose swiftly to a height of some six thousand feet, and the whole of London spread like a panorama beneath them. They could clearly see the winding, silvery stretch of the Thames, and could make out the spans of its bridges.

Here and there, buildings burning

Phosphor bombs were designed solely to make an enemy position untenable. They had the effect of rendering it impossible for gunners to see, while burning phosphor running down a man's neck and clinging to his hands was enough to daunt the stoutest heart. In their actual effect the phosphor bombs did more harm than the most powerful explosive ever designed, for they inflicted hideous wounds, and one spot in the eyes was enough to blind a man.

Keith and Don stared down in horror when they heard an exclamation from Benson, who was at the controls of their machine.

"One of 'em comin' up after us!" he exclaimed. "We'll have to race for it!"

From below a machine was climbing up towards them at an enormous speed, and it then struck Keith that there were no British machines in

From over the closely-packed buildings which marked King's Cross the darkling sky had suddenly erupted a whole fleet of pipe-planes. But they seemed much too far off to be able to render assistance to the plane in which the quartette hurtled through the air, and the enemy machine came streaming towards them.

Don glanced upwards, and even as he did so he saw half a dozen of the swift, deadly pipe-planes drop abruptly from the stringy, stratum clouds above—the advance guard of the pack.

The six came hurtling down in close formation, dropping like plumbets. Two of them began to fire, and the chums saw a shell burst squarely on the back of the narrow enemy plane. The powerful explosive ripped and tore the metal fabric, sending the air-vessel spin-

ning downwards in a welter of smoke and debris.

As though its fall was a signal, there leaped up from the roof-tops a fleet of its fellows. Keith grinned to himself as he thought of the fleet of pipe-planes hurtling from the north. They would be on those enemy machines before the occupants realised that they had more than six British aircraft to deal with. There would not be many of the enemy left by the time that the pipe-planes had done with them.

By this time the old Paige plane was over the Strand, and Benson began to spiral down. Behind the solidly-massed buildings which marked Whitehall was the Horse Guards Parade. A wide, open space this, that was hedged on the one side by St. James' Park. Right in the centre of the bare ground lay the remains of a huge, metal-sheathed airship—one of the Heavyside Aeronefs. It had evidently been caught by the enemy before it had a chance to rise, for there still hung a film of smoke over the big, broken bulk.

In broad Whitehall itself showed the small figures of soldiery, running back from the direction of the river, and turning to fire, even as they ran. At the far end of the wide thoroughfare the chums made out a number of black blotches that were darting swiftly forwards in pursuit.

They had but one glimpse of this scene, then Benson was swinging the plane round, seeking a vacant spot on which to land.

"Have to take a chance!" he shouted; and a moment afterwards he was doing it. He had chosen a spot between the wall of a building and one of the shattered gondolas of the wrecked aeronef. The bulk of the smashed vessel rushed up to meet them, the floor of the plane tilted, jerked violently, then the landing-wheels touched the ground; an instant later and the nose of the machine thudded up against the gondola, the plane reared, then crashed to one side, with its four occupants thrown into a struggling heap.

The plane was utterly wrecked, but none of the four were hurt, although all were bruised. Lee was up and had opened the sliding door before any of the others had collected themselves, and, as they followed him, he led the way towards an arch which gave on to Whitehall.

And as they ran through the arch into the wide thoroughfare beyond they found themselves in the midst of a raging battle.

A Fierce Battle.

Explosive bullets were bursting in the air and on the walls of the buildings, while the road was dotted here and there with the figures of running soldiery. At the Trafalgar Square end of Whitehall a trench-digging machine was making havoc of the road as it fashioned shelter for the troops who were massing in the turnings round.

Behind the machine three mobile guns had come up, and as Keith and Don and their companions came on the scene their muzzles belched flame and smoke and sent shells down the length of the street.

General headquarters was in a building almost opposite the arch, and Lee led the way towards it at a run. All four had their automats out, and they went sprinting across the road. As they went a swarm of swift-moving objects came sweeping up towards them, and it was amidst the leaders of these that the three shells from the gun burst.

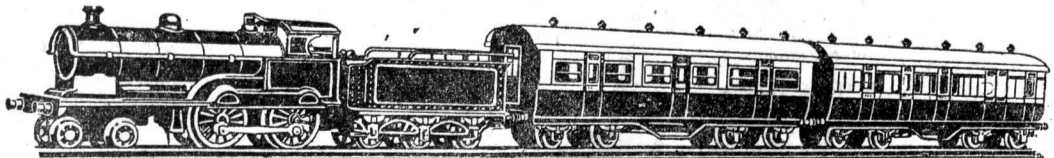
Keith and Don saw that the things were little tanks, some four feet in height, with pointed prows and a single gun. The fronts were shield-shaped and rounded; the sides hugged the ground, protecting the tractors which propelled it. From their size it was clear that they could house but one man.

Half a dozen of the machines were upset by the bursting shells, but the rest came on, and, as they moved, their guns began to belch blue flame and fling deadly shells at the four figures streaking across the road.

A great rent appeared in the rubber-paved way before Don, and he was pitched sideways by the burst of a shell. Keith was thrown headlong with him, then the two scrambled frantically to their knees and began to crawl onwards through choking gas and blinding fumes.

Lee had already reached the entrance to the building when he saw them on the road, and he ran back with Benson to help them on. His appearance was a signal for another volley from the scampering machines, but neither of them were

SOMETHING WORTH HAVING!



This is an illustration of one of the splendid "Bassett-Lowke" model railways offered as prizes in our great new competition on page 475. Get busy with it now, boys!

What do you think of "The Lion At Bay!"? Write and let your Editor know!

hit, and they reached the building in a welter of smoke and flying fragments, falling in a heap just inside the massive porch.

A group of soldiers were standing there, working madly to bring a small, quick-firing gun to bear on the advancing man-machines of the enemy. The four were helped up, and passed through to the wide hall beyond.

Lee pulled himself together as he saw uniformed men standing there, stiffening to the salute. Benson followed his example, and so did Keith and Don. For in that hall were grouped the commanders of the Allied Armies, caught there by the swift advance of the enemy.

"We've just come from the Eastern Command, sir," said Lee, addressing Lord Carr, a big, upright figure, upon whose broad shoulders rested the responsibility of Allied strategy. In terse sentences Lee told what he knew of the reinforcements which were on the way.

The commander dismissed him with a nod, and spoke a few quiet words to the men who were with him. There were representatives from all the Allied nations—Frenchmen, Italians, Americans, Spaniards, Danes—all were there. The big Dane had unsheathed his long sword, and stood there with the naked blade in his hand. It looked as though he alone of them all realised the personal danger they were in. Perhaps the others knew it, but paid no heed.

The group turned, and every man of them went upstairs, leaving the hall empty. Keith and Don guessed that the troops in Trafalgar Square would soon come charging down, and would secure the safety of the Allied commanders; but even as they thought this, the quick-firing gun in the porch began to stammer its bands of shells.

"Every man to the windows!" A voice roared from somewhere near. The chums ran with the rest through a doorway to the big windows of the building. The glass shattered even as they crossed the room, and the wall seemed to dissolve in a mighty explosion that flung them backwards to the floor.

When they were able to see through the writhing smoke, they made out a great gap in the floor and the wall. Don and Keith jumped forward, clambering over the debris to a natural embrasure which the broken stonework made.

In front of them they could see the man-machines, a bare fifty yards away—some more than half hidden in the smoke haze from bursting shells and exploding bullets, fired by the weapons of the entrenched soldiers in Trafalgar Square.

The machines began to leave the centre of the road, and to hug the walls, seeking shelter in openings and doorways. One of them brought its gun to bear on the headquarters doorway, and a fraction of a second later a shell quieted the quick-firing gun, while the smoke that it made again hazed the vision of the chums.

Through this smoke something approached swiftly, looming suddenly up before them. It was one of the man-machines, and it was making for the shelter of the shattered wall behind which they were ensconced.

They could hear the hum of its engine as it approached, and saw its rounded prow, with the reeking gun-muzzle, jutting out. The top of the thing was curved, and so was the back, with little slits cut here and there around the sides for periscopes.

It swung in, grinding over the broken masonry, and bringing up, with its back part sticking through the breach in the wall, a few feet from the hidden chums. It came to a halt there, and, as it stopped, a spurt of flame darted from the muzzle, and one of its powerful shells winged towards the British troops, two hundred yards away.

"Put the blighter out of—" Don began; but Keith was already raising his automat. Both ducked as he pressed the trigger, and the explosive bullet got home on the side of the machine. They could not see what damage had been done, because of the smoke which followed the explosion, and Keith pressed the trigger a second time.

The actinic gun with which the man-tank was armed had stopped firing, and when the smoke cleared they saw that there was a gaping hole, some six inches across, in the side of the machine. The shots had been fired from a range of about six feet, and there was not much doubt about what had happened to the Oriental who had manned the machine.

Under cover of the wall the two stepped forward. Keith peered in

through the hole. The interior was lit up in some way, and he could make out the figure of a man inside, huddled up on a seat. Keith was seeking for some means of slipping the catch on the door of the machine.

He thought he could make out the shape of a door in the back, and, thrusting a hand through the hole, he felt for and slipped along a heavy catch, which drew bolts in four places on the door of the machine. A narrow slab of metal dropped out to the length of its hinged rods, and they were able to see inside the tank.

The man on the seat was quite dead. Apparently a fragment of metal from the side had caught him in the head. Between them they pulled him out, then stood peering into the machine.

The gun in the forepart was almost exactly the same as the ones they had seen in the beetle machines, except that it was of smaller calibre. The steering was apparently done with the feet, and the controls were so simply designed that it was evident a man could drive the thing and fire at the same time.

"Here's a chance to get some of our own back!" Don exclaimed. "Let me get in and turn the thing round."

The engine was still humming, and Keith made way for his chum. Don stepped into the machine, and, leaning over the seat, pulled at a lever. At the same time he put his feet on the steering mechanism.

Don and the strange craft into oblivion.

Indeed, a shell ploughed a mighty hole in the roadway just in front, even while the thought was in Keith's mind. But an instant later, and Don had wiped out the machine which had fired it.

The effect of his shooting had been sufficient to drive every man-machine of the enemy under cover. Those which had been visible had been smashed under Don's deadly gun.

Whitehall was perfectly clear, save for debris, and the inert forms of those who had fallen in the fight; but every inequality in the faces of the buildings on either side of the road hid one of the man-machines.

There was a momentary lull, and this was broken by a deep-throated British cheer from the Square. The mobile guns stopped firing, and Don, peering through one of the periscopes in front of him, saw a landship come looming over the trench, lurch across it, then butt forward down Whitehall.

The huge vessel towered half as high as the buildings beside it, and it was fully a third as wide as the street. There was a very low turret placed fore and aft of the vessel's rounded deck, and from each turret protruded the barrels of heavy guns.

The sides of the machine literally bristled with weapons, with the lighter quick-firers close to the ground, and heavier guns higher up.

thing clearly. But they could make out the landship, rolling like some wounded beast, as her crippled engines strove to send her forward.

But the enemy machines had done their work too well, and now they clustered round, picking off gun after gun, until the landship stood heeled over sideways—a battered hulk, criss-crossed by scars and gashes. Every weapon was silenced.

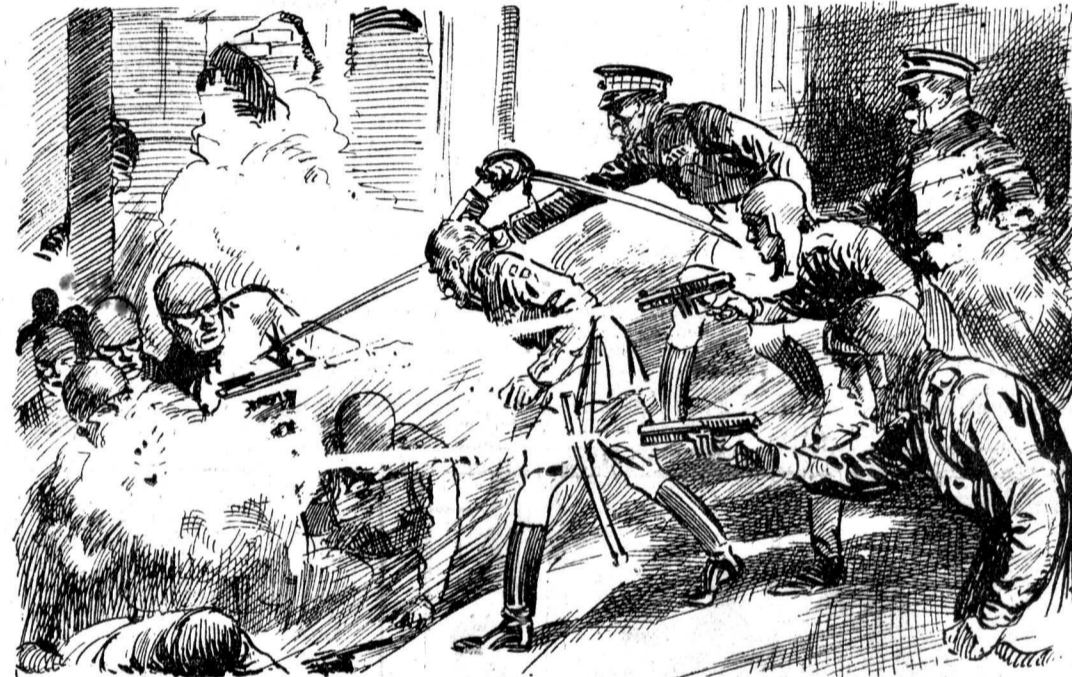
As soon as it was clear that the landship was disabled, the little tanks drew off. It was evident that all were in touch with some leader, for every one of them swung round to face the front of the battered building which sheltered the Allied generals.

Keith jumped out of his shelter to climb up and bend over Don, as his chum slammed shell after shell at the swarming machines before them. It was Keith who saw gun-muzzles in the other man-tanks swinging round to bear on them. They were discovered, and in a moment would be wiped out.

With a shout Don jerked backwards from his seat, and both dived for the shelter of the embrasure behind the stonework.

The very earth seemed to open behind them in a sheet of living red, and there was an appalling roar as the machine they had left split asunder, and its debris was flung far and wide.

The two, dazed and shaken, were



THE ATTACK ON HEADQUARTERS! No sooner did Don and Keith see the Allied generals, armed only with their swords, fighting shoulder to shoulder against the yelling, exultant, green-clad enemy, than they darted forward and plunged into the grim battle.

Instantly the machine jerked forward, slewing round to face where others of its kind were sheltering from the deadly missiles that the mobile guns were hurling down the street from Trafalgar Square.

Don got it squarely round, then backed it into the opening again. "I'm going to use this gun on 'em!" he called. "You keep under cover!"

Keith could do nothing else but obey. There was not room for them both in the machine, and he knew that he would only hamper his chum if he tried to assist.

Don had used one of the guns in the beetle machine they had entered after the Battle of Bromeswell, and he knew how to use the one before him. Ere the words were out of his mouth, the muzzle of the short-barrelled weapon spat blue flame, and one of its powerful shells caught a man-machine full on the side.

The hit tank was a bare hundred yards distant, and it vanished as though it had never been. A moment afterwards, and Don was working that gun as fast as he knew. He had six of the man-machines demolished to flailing debris before half a minute had passed.

Keith could see him working madly. He saw Don slew the machine farther round, in order to bring his gun to bear down Whitehall. It was as this happened that realisation came to Keith of what must inevitably happen in a little while.

The rest of that demon fleet would guess that one of their machines had been captured and turned against them, then they would bring their own guns to bear, and would wipe

When it was half-way to the machine against which Don and Keith stood, the now shattered buildings that lined the street seemed to erupt the strange, low man-machines of the enemy. They knew that the landship screened them from the fire of the troops, and of the mobile guns.

They swarmed forward, like wasps winging to attack a huge gull, and as they moved their actinic guns spouted their deadly shells.

In a moment the front of the landship was spattered with explosions, and through the whirling, belching smoke there appeared huge rents and gashes in the metal.

Don got busy once more with his gun, and with every shot that he fired he brought some man-machine low. But, deadly though his enfilade fire might be, he could not alone cope with the number of machines which came racing forward.

The landship stopped almost level with them, its prow battered beyond all semblance of shape. Gun-barrels hung bent and twisted from their embrasures, but towards the stern quick-firers and the heavier weapons were slamming shells at the small machines, which were doing such drastic work with their strange guns.

The roadway was ploughed with shells and hazed by smoke, until neither Don nor Keith could see any-

sent rolling across the room, with broken masonry and dust hurtling all about them. They were flung almost to the door, and it was what they now saw in the wide hall that helped them to recover.

Immediately in front of the building, the man-machines were forming a semi-circle, some with their guns out-turned, ready to repel any attack, others backing round, and then erupting the single man who formed their crews.

The green-clad figures came swarming up the broad, stone steps, and dashed into the hall.

They were met by a handful of soldiers who were defending this position, and the rush of the enemy was stemmed.

Then, through the reeking smoke and swirling dust, the chums saw the Allied generals come racing down the steps from above—racing to meet the enemy.

The steely glint of bared swords gleamed through the murk. Keith saw the burly Dane go into the green warriors, yelling madly, with his big sword whirling. He saw the Federal horde give before him, then swing forward to bear him down.

An instant later, and the Allied generals—grey-haired men, armed only with their swords—were fighting shoulder to shoulder against the yelling, exultant, green-clad enemy.

Keith and Don scrambled to their feet, cheered in mad defiance, and then plunged side by side into the grim battle.

(On no account must you miss next Monday's long instalment of this amazing war story! Order your copy of the BOYS' FRIEND to-day and thus make certain you secure it!)

IT!
BY YOUR EDITOR.

No apology is needed for the brevity of the above title. That being so, I shall offer no excuse. Short words often do the work better. Besides, there is only one term for Harmsworth's BUSINESS ENCYCLOPEDIA. It is IT!

You know yourselves just how the land lies. You have heard of the luck of some smart pal in an office who happened to know just what the boss wanted him to understand. That is the fellow who rises hand over fist. But everybody can do it.

And this is just where the famous BUSINESS ENCYCLOPEDIA comes in. Ask for it at any news-agent's, or bookshop. The cost is one penny per diem. Worth paying a small daily toll to win! You cannot say No to that!

Well, then, here we are! Harmsworth's BUSINESS ENCYCLOPEDIA reads like a fairy tale, but it is all good, sound fact. I spoke of it being a signpost. That hits the nail on its trusty head. But it is not a signpost such as one meets in many districts, the lettering all worn out, nothing clear. Such a guide is worse than useless. The BUSINESS ENCYCLOPEDIA puts things plain. It contains the pick of piles of books, and the results of the research of many learned men. It saves you from getting sidetracked in a welter of dingy little thoroughfares of so-called knowledge—knowledge which is of no practical use.

But the BUSINESS ENCYCLOPEDIA is a sure thing. We hear about the ladder of fame. Some people think it is a jolly easy climb to hear them talk. It isn't. Every fellow worth his salt and mustard knows that much. But that ladder can be climbed, and from the bottom rung! Stiff going, and a crop of disappointments. But it can be done. It is being done. Now comes the point. Knowing the difficulties of the task, the compiler of Harmsworth's BUSINESS ENCYCLOPEDIA said to himself: Why not make the whole thing easier? Why in the world not pack up the best knowledge in small compass so that time can be saved?

That question had but one answer. The work was taken in hand. When you once start studying the advice given in the ENCYCLOPEDIA, it may strike you that you have got hold of a fairy tale. So you have, but better by far than the old-fashioned fairy tale with the magician and his wand, etc. That wand is not much use to anybody. It is knowledge that is the real wand which causes obstacles to vanish. The genuine treasure-casket is the sealed box of wisdom. Prise that chest open, and you have the world at your feet, ready to serve, to take your orders, to come smartly in like the genii of old, with a suave, "Your pleasure, sir."

Now one thing more. Don't worry! It is quite interesting. You will say to me: "That's all jolly fine, but how on earth is it to be done?" You will find the explanation in Harmsworth's BUSINESS ENCYCLOPEDIA. It will put you wise to things. It will put before you in a manner infinitely more fascinating than any dissolving view, the wonder-pageant of the work that England and the world at large are doing, day in, day out. It will give you a grip of secrets which are worth all the gold and the scintillating diamonds which ever came out of Ophir.

For to know is to win! Why not know? You will be a credit to yourself, to your folks at home, to your country. No need to let the other fellow lag out everything. Lag it out yourself. Why should one, or a dozen, get the big rewards? The prize is for you, if you will stretch out your hand and take it.

In all this big, ever-changing, mysterious world of ours, there is nothing finer than ladder-climbing. Up and up! The view gets bigger. You quit the muzzy little housetops and the twirling coils of smoke from the chimneys. The view becomes wide, always bigger. You see things you had not dreamed of before. I am saying this much because this BUSINESS ENCYCLOPEDIA is a big thing. It is a big work. It holds you like a spell. Get it and see for yourselves if every line I have set down is not correct.

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2:

Tell ALL your pals about our wonderful new competition. They're bound to want to enter for it!

The 1st Chapter. Not Off!

"I'm off!"

Arthur Edward Lovell, of the Classical Fourth, spoke in determined tones.

"Off!" repeated Jimmy Silver.

"Yes."

Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome regarded Lovell with surprised inquiry.

They were due in No. 2 class-room at two-thirty, in the "set" presided over by Mr. Skinforth, mathematics master.

It was now two-twenty-nine, so the Fistical Four of Rookwood had exactly one minute in which to reach No. 2 class-room. And they did not want to be late; at all events, three members of the quartette did not. Mr. Skinforth was not a pleasant gentleman, and he had a special dislike for the Fistical Four—a dislike quite unfounded in the view of the four, but probably not in Mr. Skinforth's view.

With sixty seconds at their disposal, and trouble awaiting them if they were late, Jimmy Silver & Co. were not disposed to hang about the corridors. But Lovell had stopped, with his most obstinate expression upon his face, and announced that he was "off."

"I don't quite catch on," said Jimmy, puzzled. "You've not forgotten that it's maths, I suppose?"

"No."

"Well, then, come on; we've only just time—"

"I'm not going in to Skinforth's set," said Lovell, with calm deliberation. "I'm going to cut maths."

"Fathead!"

"I'm off!"

"I think you must be," agreed Newcome. "Right off—off your onion. You can't cut maths."

"I jolly well can—and shall."

"Look here—" began Raby.

"I've made up my mind," said Lovell. "I'm fed-up with Skinforth. Isn't he always down on me?"

"Hem!"

"Doesn't he try to make me look a fool before all the mathy set?"

"He doesn't have to try very hard," murmured Raby.

"What?" roared Lovell.

"I—I mean— Oh, come on! We shall be late."

"He's been down on me ever since

"I'm not standing him."

"Lovell, old man—"

"You fellows can go in, if you like. If Skinny asks after me, tell him he can go and eat coke—from me."

"We're likely to!" chuckled Newcome. "Now, come on, Lovell, and don't play the giddy ox!"

"I'm off!"

Arthur Edward Lovell settled the matter by swinging round and walking through the door to the quadrangle.

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Jimmy Silver.

"Lovell!" shouted Raby.

Lovell did not heed.

He disappeared from the gaze of his anxious chums into the quad, evidently quite determined that he would not endure, that afternoon, any more of the unpleasant manners and customs of Mr. Skinforth, the temporary "mathy" master at Rookwood.

Mornington came hurrying along the passage.

"You fellows will be late!" he called out in passing.

Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome followed Valentine Mornington. Lovell was gone; and anxious as they were about him, they could not run him down and collar him and carry him bodily into No. 2 class-room. That really was out of the question.

Arthur Edward Lovell, with a grim and determined expression on his face, strode out into the quad.

He had suffered a good deal at the hands of Mr. Skinforth, and now he had taken the bit between his teeth, so to speak.

The Fistical Four had had trouble with Mr. Skinforth on the way to Rookwood on the opening day of the term, not then being aware that he was coming to the school at all. During the subsequent week the new master had made them only too painfully aware that he had not forgotten or forgiven.

Lovell, indeed, was a rather easy victim. It was more than easy to catch him out in maths. Indeed, at simple arithmetic Arthur Edward did not shine. Putty of the Fourth had declared that, if Lovell had to add two to two, he might make three of it, or he might make five of it, but was most unlikely to reach a total of four.

day Annual" and a bag of nuts. This was distinctly an improvement on "maths."

But alas for Arthur Edward! He had just reached the archway leading into Little Quad, when forth from the old stone arch stepped a majestic figure.

Dr. Chisholm, headmaster of Rookwood, stopped, and fixed his eyes on the Classical Fourth-Former.

Lovell paused at a sign from the Head.

"Lovell!"

"Yes, sir!" faltered Arthur Edward.

"Why are you not in class?"

"I—I—"

It was useless to hope that the Head would be ignorant of anything going on within the ancient walls of Rookwood. There was not the most trifling detail in the school time-table that the Head did not have at his august finger-tips.

Dr. Chisholm glanced at his watch.

"You should be with Mr. Skinforth now, Lovell, I think."

The Head said "I think"; but as the hapless Lovell remarked afterwards to his friends, he jolly well knew!

"Oh! Yes, sir!" mumbled Lovell.

"You are going directly away from the House, Lovell." The Head knitted his brows. "Is it possible, Lovell, that it was your intention to play truant?"

No answer.

"Follow me!" said the Head grimly.

He rustled on, and Arthur Edward Lovell followed him, in the lowest of spirits. Rebellious as he was that afternoon, Lovell did not think of disobeying the Head. It was "maths," after all, and trouble with the headmaster to boot! Truly, it was not Arthur Edward Lovell's lucky day.

Lovell trailed dismally after his headmaster.

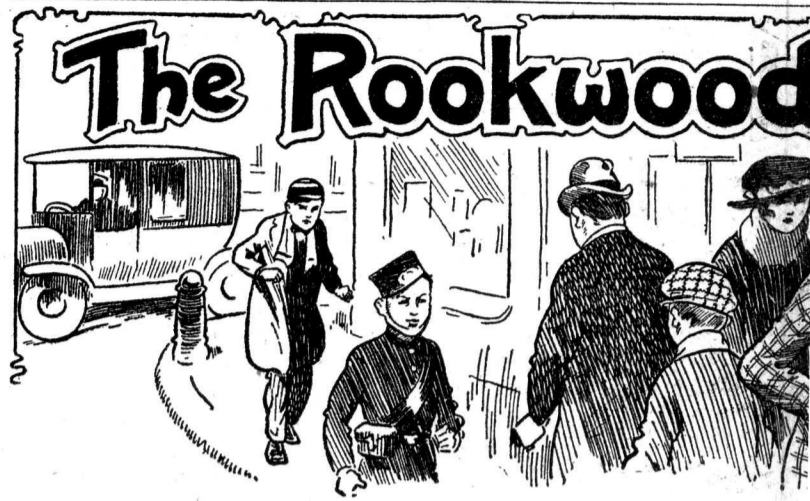
Dr. Chisholm walked, slow and stately, into the House; slow and stately, to No. 2 class-room.

Slow, but anything but stately, Arthur Edward Lovell limped after him.

The "mathy" set were just about to settle down to business when the Head came in with Lovell.

Mr. Skinforth's close-set, greenish eyes glittered at Arthur Edward.

HERE'S ANOTHER OF OUR GREAT STORIES OF JIMMY SILVER & CO.



"Hold out your hand, Lovell." Swish!

"The other hand!" Swish!

"I trust, Lovell, that this will be a warning to you," said the Head; and he left the class-room taking the cane with him.

And the hapless Arthur Edward, squeezing his hands convulsively, was left to the tender mercies of Mr. Skinforth.

The 2nd Chapter. Too Thick!

"Old bean, you're wanted!"

Valentine Mornington came along the Classical Fourth passage, and looked into the end study with that announcement.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were at tea.

One member of the Co. looked savage and morose; the other three members looked as sympathetic as they could. Arthur Edward Lovell was "up against it," and naturally his comrades sympathised. Doubtless, it was partly by Arthur Edward's own fault that he had landed into such a peck of troubles. Nevertheless, his chums sympathised deeply.

"Wanted!" repeated Jimmy Silver, looking round. "Who wants Lovell now?"

"Dicky Dalton."

Lovell gave a snort.

"More trouble!" he said. "I know jolly well that Skinforth has reported me to Mr. Dalton. I knew he would."

"Well, you did rather cheek him at mathy," said Newcome.

"Isn't he a rotter?" demanded Lovell.

"Hem! But—"

"Hasn't he got a special down on me because I happen to know that he's a rotter?"

"Hem!"

"Dicky Dalton told me to bring you the message, Lovell, old bean," said Mornington, with a curious look at Arthur Edward. "You seem to be in the jolly old wars! You never see the Skinny-bird without trouble!"

Lovell's eyes gleamed.

"I could tell you why, if I liked," he said.

"Least said, soonest mended!" said Jimmy Silver. "Mr. Skinforth is only here till Mr. Bull comes back, and he's coming back this term. Grin and bear it."

"I'm not standing much more!" growled Lovell. "I've a jolly good mind to tell Mr. Dalton what I know."

"It wouldn't be any good—and likely as not there's nothing in it," said Raby.

Mornny stared.

"You're jolly mysterious," he said. "What's the giddy secret about the Skinny-bird—if any? We all know he's bad-tempered, and stingy, and a rather foxy sort of a bird. Anythin' more?"

"Come in and shut the door and I'll tell you," said Lovell. "I'd like to have your opinion, Mornny. You're a keen chap."

"Thanks."

Mornny, much surprised, came into the end study, and the door was shut. Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome looked rather uneasy. But Arthur Edward Lovell went ahead.

"You know we had trouble with Skinforth in the train, coming here the first day of term," said Lovell. "Well, he smacked my head afterwards, and I ragged his rooms in return."

Mornny whistled.

"Like your neck!" he said. "No wonder the Skinny-bird is down on you, if you ragged his rooms. He knew you did it?"

"Well, I know he knows, though he's said nothing," said Lovell. "Ragging his things, a trunk burst open—"

"Great Scott! You must have been goin' it!"

"I was going it," said Lovell. "I admit it was a bit thick—I never really meant to go that far. But that's what happened. When the trunk burst open, I kicked the things in it right and left. And then—"

Lovell paused. "Then I saw the banknotes."

"Banknotes!" said Mornny blankly.

"He had bundles of banknotes in his trunk."

"Gammon!"

Make certain you get your FRIEND Detective Bo with this

"I tell you he had!" roared Lovell. "More than a thousand pounds in fivers and tenners!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Mornington. Arthur Edward Lovell glared at him.

"What are you cackling at, you dummy?" he demanded.

"My dear man," chuckled Mornington, "a yarn like that might do for Tubby Muffin—might send him rootin' round the Skinny-bird's rooms lookin' for loot! It might do to stuff up Gunner. But what's the good of spinnin' such a yarn to me?"

"Don't you believe me?" howled Lovell.

"Of course not."

"These fellows saw the banknotes, too."

"Rot!"

"We did, Mornny," said Jimmy Silver quietly. "Fairly took our breath away! Nearly two thousand pounds, I think."

Mornington ceased to chortle, and stared at the Fistical Four.

"You're not stuffing me, then?" he asked.

"No."

"It's genuine," said Raby. "We all saw them. We were keeping cave at the door while Lovell was ragging the man's rooms."

"The banknotes were there right enough," said Newcome. "Tied up in bundles, with rubber bands, like they have them at banks, you know."

"Well, my only summer hat!" said Mornington.

"You believe it now?" snapped Lovell.

"Well, if you fellows give me your word, I—I suppose I believe it," said Mornington, in great astonishment. "But what does it mean? Mathematics masters don't have thousands of pounds. Fifty pounds in the bank, perhaps, put aside for a rainy day. But thousands in banknotes—pshaw! Are you fellows quite sure you didn't dream it?"

"Fathead!" growled Lovell. "The money was there. We were pretty startled, I can tell you—"

"I can quite believe that!" grinned Mornington.

"We left the stuff just where it was," went on Lovell. "Of course, when Skinforth went to his rooms, he found what had happened. He knew that somebody must have seen his bundles of banknotes. He knew jolly well that it was I, too. I don't know whether he guesses that these chaps were with me—perhaps not. But he knew it was I, right enough. That's why he's down on me. It's put his back up."

"Well, the ragging would do that," said Mornington. "But he



A SURPRISE MEETING! "Blessed if he isn't haunting us!" exclaimed Lovell suddenly. "He! here!" ejaculated the captain of the Rookwood Fourth. "That beast Skinny!" "Skinforth and Newcome and Raby looked. A tall, thin gentleman was standing at the "Left Luggage" office, his back partly turned to the juniors, who were at a little distance. But they had a glimpse of his profile, and they knew the thin features and sharp nose of Mr. Skinforth, the new mathematics master of Rookwood.

the term started," said Lovell. "He knows jolly well it was I who ragged his rooms the first night, here. He hasn't said anything about it; but he knows. And he tries to take it out of me in class. I'm not a whale at maths—"

"You're not!" grinned Newcome. "Not even a tadpole!"

"But if I could beat the head of the Sixth at the game, Skinforth would still find fault," said Lovell.

"Well, I'm fed-up. I'm off."

"But you can't cut maths, old man," argued Jimmy Silver. "I know Skinforth is a first-class rotter, and I jolly well wish Mr. Bull were back again. But we've got to stand the Skinforth-man so long as he lasts."

This was an exaggeration; but undoubtedly Arthur Edward did not shine at figures. Under Mr. Bull he had often been in trouble. A master set upon finding fault had a very easy victim in Lovell.

Hence the rebellion of Arthur Edward, and his determined stalking across the quad at the moment when he should have been hurrying into No. 2 class-room.

He did not expect his dereliction of duty to pass unpunished. But a licking from his Form master, Mr. Dalton, was really better than the mathy set with Mr. Skinforth, in Lovell's opinion.

So he stalked away, resolute.

His idea was to pass the next hour in the old clock-tower, with a "Holi-

His manner to the Head was extremely deferential; "soapy" in the opinion of the class.

"Mr. Skinforth, this boy should be present, I think—"

"Yes, sir. He has absented himself without permission," said Mr. Skinforth. "He is a very unsatisfactory pupil in every way, sir."

"Silver!"

"Yes, sir."

"Kindly fetch the cane from the desk in my study."

"Oh! Yes, sir."

Lovell stood with a dogged face, while Jimmy Silver was gone on that unwelcome errand.

The captain of the Fourth returned, and the Head took the cane from him.

"Bulkeley's Enemy!" is the tip-top story of Jimmy Silver & Co. of Rookwood School for next Monday. Be sure you read it!

SILVER & CO. OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL!

Detective!

By Owen Conquest

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

Arthur Edward Lovell's suspicions concerning the new mathematics master of Rookwood are well founded!



could have reported it to Mr. Dalton.

"He didn't want the banknotes mentioned, I fancy. What's a mathy master in a school doing with thousands of pounds in banknotes in a bag?" demanded Lovell. "Can it be his own money?"

"Great Scott! Whose, if not his?"

"Well, it's a lot of money, and he's a beast. He's pretty unscrupulous, too—I'm sure of that. Looks to me as if he's pinched all that money from somewhere," said Lovell.

"That's rot," said Mornington decidedly. "The Skinny-bird hasn't

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been distinguishin' himself in a hold-up at a bank, what?"

Jimmy Silver & Co. grinned involuntarily at the thought. Certainly Mr. Skinforth did not look like a man to carry out a desperate enterprise of that kind.

"Well, where did the money come from?" said Lovell. "If he had thousands of pounds of his own he wouldn't be working as a mathy master in a school."

"Blest if I can make it out!" said Mornington. "He may have had a legacy or somethin'."

"Legacies ain't paid in banknotes. The money would be in a bank."

"Most likely. But—" Mornington wrinkled his brows. "Look here, you fellows, are you quite sure? You may have taken bundles of somethin' else for bundles of banknotes."

"We're sure enough," said Jimmy Silver. "Lovell thinks that Skinny never reported the ragging of his rooms, because he didn't want it mentioned about the money being there."

"Perhaps he preferred to take it out of Lovell himself," smiled Morny. "He seems to have done that pretty effectually. I say, I take your word about this, of—of course. But it's not a yarn I'd tell in the Common-room, if I were you. It sounds much too steep, you know."

"I know," said Jimmy. "Well, I'm jolly well thinking of telling Mr. Dalton," said Lovell grimly. "Skinny is down on me like a Hun because I know. If there's anything fishy about it the Head ought to know."

"The Head wouldn't believe a word of it, or Dicky Dalton either," said Mornington. "It's altogether too much like a fairy tale. Even if they believed that the money was there, they'd be bound to believe that it was Skinforth's own. Whose else could it be?"

"You don't think—" Lovell hesitated.

"I don't think he's a giddy burglar, hiding his giddy loot at Rookwood," grinned Mornington. "Not quite. If—if you're sure the money was really there—"

"You silly owl, it was there!" howled Lovell. "Do you think four fellows could be mistaken?"

"Well, I dare say you were a bit hurried and excited, and—and—well, let's take it that the money was there," said Mornington, evidently with a lingering doubt. "In that case, I should say that most likely the Skinny-bird had received a legacy, and was keepin' the money in hand till he reinvested it, or somethin' of the sort. If you tell Dicky Dalton the banknotes were there, you won't

have the neck to suggest that Skinforth didn't come by the money honestly, will you?"

Lovell was silent. Bitter tongue-lashings in the mathy set, many canings following reports to his Form master had deeply embittered him. But even Lovell realised that his intense personal dislike of Mr. Skinforth could scarcely justify so terrible an accusation against him.

"Besides, you're known to be up against him," said Mornington. "Only to-day the Head caned you himself for cutting maths with Skinforth. Anythin' you said would be put down to malice."

Jimmy Silver started a little. "My hat! Is it possible that that's why Skinforth is so awfully down on Lovell—to discount in advance anything he might say?"

"Jolly likely!" growled Lovell. "Well, I've asked your opinion about it, Morny. What do you think?"

"I think you'd better keep your head shut about the giddy banknotes—if any," said Mornington, with a laugh. "Nobody will swallow such a story, to begin with; and you can't mention it without admittin' that you ragged the Skinny-bird's rooms so frightfully that a dashed trunk burst open. That's a Head's flogging, if it comes out!"

"Oh!" Mornington strolled to the door. "Dicky Dalton expects you in his study, you know," he remarked, and he sauntered away, smiling.

His smile seemed to indicate that he did not, on the whole, place a very firm belief in the story of the banknotes. That Jimmy Silver & Co. had told untruths he did not think for a moment, but that they were mistaken seemed much more likely than that the mathy master had thousands of pounds in banknotes in his possession.

The Fistical Four looked at one another.

"The silly owl doesn't quite believe it!" growled Lovell. "If—if he doesn't, I suppose Dicky Dalton wouldn't."

Jimmy Silver shook his head. "It's too thick," he said. "In fact, I've been wondering a bit whether it's possible we made some sort of a mistake. Anybody can see that Skinforth isn't a rich man. He doesn't dress well, he never spends money, and—and—"

Lovell grunted, and left the study. He had to see his Form master, whether he told him of the strange discovery in Mr. Skinforth's rooms or not.

Mr. Dalton, the master of the Fourth, received Arthur Edward Lovell with a frown. A cane lay on his table.

"Lovell, I am sorry to say that I have received another report from Mr. Skinforth concerning your conduct in the mathematics set," he said.

"He's always down on me," said Lovell sullenly.

"He informs me that you were insolent in the class, and that you actually snatched, or pushed, a pointer out of his hand," said the Fourth Form master sternly.

"He was rapping my knuckles with it," muttered Lovell.

"Do you consider that an excuse?"

"Yes." "Then our opinions differ very considerably," said Mr. Dalton dryly, taking up his cane. "You will hold out your hand, Lovell."

Lovell hesitated. "I—I could tell you why Mr. Skinforth is down on me, sir," he stammered.

"I refuse to believe for one moment that Mr. Skinforth is down, as you call it, on you, or any other junior," said Mr. Dalton.

"I know something he wouldn't like me to tell!"

Mr. Dalton stared. "Do not be absurd, Lovell!"

"I can tell you, sir—"

"If you know anything about Mr. Skinforth's personal affairs, Lovell, you are quite well aware that you have no right to repeat it, especially to me," said Mr. Dalton sternly. "Not another word! Hold out your hand!"

Swish, swish!

Arthur Edward Lovell left his Form master's study with his hands tucked under his arms, squeezing them desperately. He fairly wriggled his way back to the end study in the Fourth.

The 3rd Chapter. Suspicious!

"There's the rotter!" It was Saturday afternoon, and Jimmy Silver & Co. came out of the House a cheery little crowd. It was a half-holiday, and there was no match on at Rookwood that day, and the Fistical Four were going over to Bunbury for the afternoon.

Bunbury was a good distance from the school—fifteen miles, at least—and, of course, out of bounds but there was a football-match at Bunbury that afternoon, between the Bunbury Rovers and the Latham Ramblers, and the Co. had obtained a special exeat from their Form master to see the match. It was one of the occasions when the excellent reputation of the Fistical Four stood them in good stead. Their Form master was aware that they could be trusted out of bounds, and out of bounds they were going.

Lovell's remark was caused by the sight of Mr. Skinforth walking down from the house to the gates. Evidently the mathy master was going out for the half-holiday. There was nothing to cause surprise in that, however, for it was a custom of Mr. Skinforth to spend his leisure hours away from the school.

In the few weeks he had been at Rookwood he had never spent a single half-holiday within the walls.

Rain or shine, Mr. Skinforth left after dinner, and did not return till lock-up. It was understood that he was a great walker, and went for long walks, and it had rather been

in his lofty way, to a man who, as he expressed it, was "new among us." And he had been greatly offended when Mr. Skinforth made it clear that his portly company was not desired; and since then Mr. Greely never bestowed more than the curtest of nods upon Mr. Skinforth, and never spoke of him if he could help it.

"There he goes!" repeated Lovell, with a dark look after the thin, angular figure of the mathy master. "Off on one of his jaunts."

"Let him rip," said Jimmy Silver carelessly. "Thank goodness, we've done with him for this week, anyhow!"

"Yes, rather!" The Fistical Four walked away to the bike-shed for their machines.

It was a clear, frosty afternoon, with an unusual amount of sunshine for the time of year. The chums of the Fourth were prepared to enjoy their ride to Bunbury.

They pedalled away cheerfully from Rookwood. As they passed through the village of Coombe they sighted again a tall, angular figure in a dark overcoat and silk hat, a bag in his hand.

"Skinny again!" grinned Raby.

"Blow Skinny!"

"Blow him as hard as you like, old chap."

Mr. Skinforth was entering the railway-station at Coombe, and he did not notice the four cheery juniors wheeling by. They rode on, and the tall thin figure vanished from their sight and from their thoughts. The Fistical Four had much more pleasant things to think about that sunny afternoon than the unpopular mathy master.

It was a long run to Bunbury, and the juniors enjoyed every mile of it.

Bunbury was reached at last. And the Fistical Four stopped at the railway-station there, where they intended to put up their machines while they walked down to the football ground.

The bicycles were disposed of. And the juniors were about to leave the station, when Arthur Edward Lovell uttered a sudden ejaculation.

"Blessed if he isn't haunting us!"

"He! Who?"

"That beast Skinny!"

"Skinforth here!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver.

a dark overcoat and a silk hat. Now he was wearing a light check overcoat and a bowler-hat.

But for the well-known sharp features, the juniors would not have known that it was Mr. Skinforth at all; the change of hat and coat made a very great difference in his appearance. Had they seen only the back view of him, indeed, they would never have observed that it was Mr. Skinforth at all.

Mr. Skinforth, having handed in his bag and taken a ticket for it, walked away to the street without a glance in the direction of the Fistical Four. Obviously, he did not know they were anywhere near at hand; in fact, Bunbury being far out of bounds for Rookwooders, he could not have supposed that any Rookwood fellows would be in the town that afternoon at all.

"Well," said Arthur Edward Lovell, with a deep breath, "what do you fellows think of that?"

"Queer!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Jolly queer!" said Lovell emphatically.

"I say, do you think the Skinny-bird is a bit off his rocker?" asked Newcome. "He must have brought that hat and coat in his bag and changed in the train from Coombe. Why should he?"

"Must be a bit potty!" said Raby. "Anyhow, no bizney of ours! Let's get off to the Rovers' ground. There'll be a crush!"

"Yes. Come on!" said Jimmy.

The proceedings of the mathy master were undoubtedly singular. But they were, after all, no concern of the Fistical Four, who had come over to Bunbury for the football match.

But Arthur Edward Lovell halted. "Hold on," he said.

"We haven't got too much time," urged Raby. "We want to get a front place. We're not taking expensive seats, you know!"

"Hold on, I say. I don't like the look of this!" said Lovell.

"Of what?"

"Skinforth—"

"Nobody could like the look of Skinny!" grinned Raby. "He's no beauty. But what the thump are you driving at, Lovell?"

"It's fishy!"

"What is?" exclaimed Raby impatiently.



THE COUNTERFEIT NOTE! The shop assistant came back from the cash desk with a five-pound note in his hand. "It looks all right," he said. "Right as rain!" The constable took the banknote, and examined it with care. His brow grew more and more thoughtful as he examined it. "It's one of the best I've seen," he said at last. "Ninety-nine people in a hundred would be taken in by that note, I fancy! By gum! I should be taken in myself, only I've seen one like it that was passed at Rookham a week ago. It's a stumer."

commented upon that he always went by himself, no other master ever accompanying him on those long walks. But in that, too, there was nothing surprising, for Mr. Skinforth was not popular in masters' Common-room. He was on civil terms with the rest of the staff, but he had made no friend among them, and he had made it fairly clear that he did not care for their company in his leisure hours.

Indeed, it was known that Mr. Greely, the master of the Fifth, had one day condescended to join Mr. Skinforth as he walked out, and had been snubbed for his pains. It was an act of condescension on the part of the portly, important Fifth Form master; he had intended to be kind,

"Look!"

"My only hat!"

A tall, thin gentleman was standing at the "left luggage" office, his back partly turned to the juniors, who were at a little distance. But they had a glimpse of his profile, and they knew the thin features and sharp nose of Mr. Skinforth.

They stared. They could not help it.

Mr. Skinforth was handing in a bag to be taken care of—the bag he had carried in his hand from Rookwood. Why a man should carry a bag from Rookwood, take a train to Bunbury, and hand the bag into the left luggage office there, was rather a mystery. But that was not all. Mr. Skinforth had left Rookwood in

"This is," said Lovell warmly. "Is it a natural thing for a man to come out in one hat and coat and bring another lot in a bag and change in a railway-train?"

"Well, no. But I suppose it's no bizney of ours. Blow Skinny and his hats and coats!"

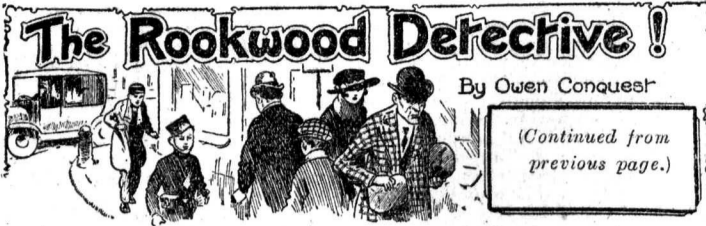
"It's practically a disguise," said Lovell.

"Oh, my hat!"

"Anybody seeing him here would never know that it was Skinforth, unless he saw him quite close. He's never worn that coat at Rookwood, and I've never seen him in a bowler-hat. It's been remarked on that he always sports a topper."

"So does old Greely," said Jimmy (Continued overleaf.)

There's another big surprise in store for readers of the BOYS' FRIEND. Look out for further announcements!



The Rookwood Detective!

By Owen Conquest

(Continued from
previous page.)

Silver. "The Fifth Form chaps say that Greely lives in his top-hat, and goes to bed in it."

"But he doesn't change it for a bowler out of sight of the school. That man is up to something over here this afternoon, and he doesn't want to be recognised."

"Oh crumbs!"

"Well, if he's up to something, let him rip," said Newcome. "Are we going to miss the Rovers' match while we discuss Skinny's hat?"

"I'm going to whether you fellows do or not," said Lovell deliberately. "My belief is that Skinny is up to no good!"

"Oh, don't be an ass, old fellow!"

"I'm going to keep an eye on him and see what he's up to!" said Arthur Edward Lovell obstinately.

Jimmy Silver shook his head.

"You're not," he said quietly. "We don't like Skinny. And he may be up to some game he doesn't want known at Rookwood for all I know. But you can't watch a man. That's outside!"

Lovell flushed.

"Can't pry on a man like Tubby Muffin, old chap. Cut it out and come along!"

"If he's up to something—"

"Not our bizney if he is!"

"It may be everybody's bizney. He may be going to add to his collection of banknotes," said Lovell sarcastically.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you cackling at?" roared Lovell.

"Well, old chap, if you're suggesting that Skinforth has come over here this afternoon to hold up the Bunbury Bank—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You silly owls!" hooted Lovell. "I don't know what he's up to, but it's no good, and I'm going to see. And if you like to call it prying, you can call it prying, and be blown!"

And with that Arthur Edward Lovell marched out of the station, taking the direction Mr. Skinforth had taken, which happened to lead directly away from the Rovers' ground.

"Lovell!" shouted Jimmy.

"Rats!" retorted Lovell over his shoulder.

"Look here! We're going to the match!"

"Go, then! I'm not stopping you!"

"Aren't you coming, you ass?"

"No, I'm not!"

"Then turn up at the station at five. We'll be here, then!"

"All right!"

Lovell marched on after the tall, angular figure that was still visible at a distance in the High Street of Bunbury. His three chums looked at one another in a rather exasperated mood.

"The silly ass!" growled Raby. "Lovell's fairly got a bee in his bonnet on the subject of that man Skinny! Anyhow, we're not going to miss the Rovers' match, playing detectives!"

"No jolly fear!" said Newcome emphatically.

"Come on!" said Jimmy Silver.

The three juniors walked down to the football ground. They were soon watching the struggle between Bunbury Rovers and Latcham Ramblers, quite forgetful of Mr. Skinforth—and indeed of Arthur Edward Lovell, too. It was not till the match was over that they remembered their chum and wondered where he was and what he was doing.

The 4th Chapter. Lovell—Detective!

Arthur Edward Lovell was perplexed.

More than once, as he "kept an eye" on Mr. Skinforth that afternoon in the busy streets of Bunbury, he stopped, and was tempted to give it up; and join his chums at the Rovers' ground to see what was left of the football match.

Of what he suspected Mr. Skinforth he could hardly have said himself. He knew, too, that his opinion of the man was coloured by his dislike of him, and the man's harshness towards himself.

Yet the great sum of money he had

seen in Mr. Skinforth's room at Rookwood was suspicious—more than suspicious. Added to that, Mr. Skinforth's change of coat and hat on this expedition—what could it mean, if not that Mr. Skinforth was on some "shady" business of some kind.

Was he a thief—perhaps a pick-pocket. Lovell shook his head over that. Pickpockets, howsoever skilful and successful, do not accumulate wads of banknotes in their peculiar profession.

Yet, whether it was dislike of the man, or superior sagacity—the latter, he was inclined to believe—Lovell was sure that the great mass of money in Mr. Skinforth's trunk had not been come by honestly. If it had been come by in honest ways, why did the man carry it about with him in banknotes instead of banking it? That question seemed to Arthur Edward Lovell unanswerable.

Yet Mr. Skinforth's proceedings that afternoon—in spite of the change of coat and hat, that seemed so suspicious—appeared innocent and harmless enough.

He went into a clothier's shop in the High Street, and emerged with a bundle in his hand. He seemed to have been buying hosiery, or something of the sort. Later, he dropped into a bookshop, and came out with a little parcel under his arm, that apparently contained books. His third visit was paid to a bootshop, and another parcel swung from his hand when he emerged.

Lovell began to feel rather foolish. In the firm belief that Mr. Skinforth was "up to something" of a shady nature, Lovell had felt it his duty to watch him. But he was quite conscious of the meanness of watching a man's actions. It savoured horribly of spying. Only a sense of duty could justify it—as in the case of a detective, for instance, or a policeman. Lovell had constituted himself a private detective for the afternoon. And he had discovered that Mr. Skinforth had visited Bunbury to buy shirts or socks, boots and books. It was rather a "facer" for Lovell, and he felt more and more uncomfortable.

He was more and more careful, too, that Mr. Skinforth should not see him on the watch. He kept at a distance—all the more carefully because he noticed that Mr. Skinforth looked round sharply at times—really almost as if he half expected to be watched by someone.

After Mr. Skinforth's visit to the Bunbury Boot Emporium, Lovell gave it up. He was disappointed and annoyed, and rather ashamed of himself—which was a very uncomfortable state of mind to be in. Mr. Skinforth, too, was heading for the railway-station at a brisk walk, as if he had finished his business in Bunbury, as, doubtless, he had.

He disappeared from sight—no doubt to reclaim his bag at the station, and take the train home to Coombe.

Lovell leaned on the shop-front of the Bunbury Boot Emporium and thought it out—worried, puzzled, and irritated. Was the man wrong in his head? Why had he practically disguised himself by that change of coat and hat, in order to buy harmless and necessary goods at the shops in Bunbury? Lovell felt that if a policeman had known of the thing he would have become suspicious. But what would he have suspected? Lovell could not guess that.

What could there possibly be of a suspicious nature in the purchase of a pair of boots? Lovell flushed deeply when he thought of meeting his chums and reporting progress. He could hear, in advance, the chortles of the Co. when he should tell them what he had discovered—that the suspected man had been buying shirts and boots.

Really Lovell couldn't possibly confess that to Jimmy Silver & Co. And in his eager keenness to think of something that would at least justify his having "kept an eye" on Mr. Skinforth that afternoon, Lovell thought of another circumstance. Why had Mr. Skinforth come to Bunbury at all to do his shopping—a railway journey of fifteen miles? Everything he wanted, everything he

had bought, could have been obtained in Latcham, a few miles from the school, or in Rookham, a few more miles. Why pay the extra fare, and take the extra time, for a journey to Bunbury?

Lovell wrinkled his brows over it. There was something in it—something, he was certain. All Mr. Skinforth's proceedings were strange, odd, suspicious. A detective would have detected something—Lovell felt sure of it. But what? More and more Lovell felt that the man was some kind of a roguer. But what was his roguery? He remembered the incident of the first day of the term, when Mr. Skinforth had attempted to annex the half-crown Lovell had dropped on the platform at Latcham. A man who would steal a half-crown would steal anything. But he could not have been stealing in the Bunbury shops. A thief could not walk out of a shop with his plunder in parcels.

What did it all mean? Lovell cudgelled his brains. Was it possible that Mr. Skinforth had got the goods on "tick," without intending to pay the bill? It was wildly improbable; in fact, it was certain that the shopkeepers would not let the goods go without the money, in dealing with a stranger.

Then what—what—

Arthur Edward Lovell strolled into the Bunbury Boot Emporium at last. What he hoped to learn there he did not know; but he had a desperate hope of picking up some information—enough to justify himself in his own eyes, at least. Anyhow, Mr. Skinforth was safe off the scene now, and would know nothing about it.

The emporium was deserted, save for a couple of yawning shopmen. A very large proportion of the inhabitants of Bunbury were on the Rovers' ground that afternoon, and trade was not brisk. A young man came towards Lovell to inquire what he wanted.

"Has my uncle been here?" asked Lovell, adopting Mr. Skinforth as his uncle on the spur of the moment, by what he really regarded as an inspiration.

The young man smiled slightly.

"I'm afraid I don't know your uncle, sir," he said. He could see that Lovell was a schoolboy, and he plainly thought him a rather foolish schoolboy.

"I think he was here," said Lovell, colouring under the shopman's smile. "He wore a light check overcoat."

"I think Mr. Montgomery served a gentleman in a light check overcoat, about twenty minutes ago," said the young man. "I will ask him."

"Thank you!"

The young man crossed over to the other young man, and spoke to him. Mr. Montgomery came over to Lovell.

"I'm afraid your uncle's gone, sir," he said kindly. "Is it Mr. Judson you are inquiring for?"

"Judson?" repeated Lovell. "I mean a man—rather tall and thin, with a light check overcoat and a bowler hat; nose rather like a beak, and a very tight mouth."

Mr. Montgomery smiled.

"I think that was the gentleman," he said. "Name of Judson."

Lovell's brain was almost in a whirl. Had Mr. Skinforth given a false name in the shop? Why had he given a name at all? Customers do not give their names, true or false, in boot emporia, as a rule. But Lovell calmed himself with an effort. He felt that he was undoubtedly on the track of something now—though of what he was still in the dark.

"That's all right," he said, his heart beating. "If he told you his name was Judson—"

"H. E. Judson," said the young man.

"You know him, I suppose?" said Lovell.

"Not at all, sir—quite a stranger here."

"But he, my—my uncle, told you his name was Judson?"

"He wrote it on the banknote."

Lovell almost staggered.

"The—banknote."

"The—banknote."

"The—banknote."

"The—banknote."

"The—banknote."

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Who Wants a Cricket Bat?

TWELVE

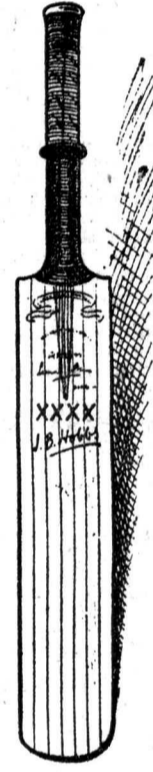
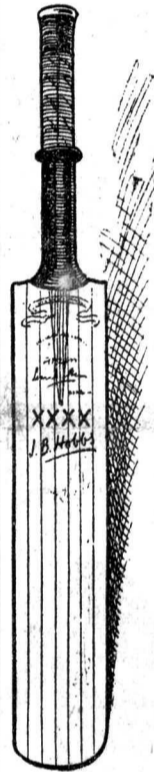
Best Quality "J. B. Hobbs"
Autographed Cricket Bats

(shown here in miniature)

offered as prizes in the
great new "SPORTING
FAVOURITES" Competition
on the next page.

Get busy with it at once.
And don't forget to tell all
your chums to do likewise.

IT IS AN OPPORTUNITY
THAT NO ONE SHOULD
MISS!



Then what—what—

Arthur Edward Lovell strolled into the Bunbury Boot Emporium at last. What he hoped to learn there he did not know; but he had a desperate hope of picking up some information—enough to justify himself in his own eyes, at least. Anyhow, Mr. Skinforth was safe off the scene now, and would know nothing about it.

The emporium was deserted, save for a couple of yawning shopmen. A very large proportion of the inhabitants of Bunbury were on the Rovers' ground that afternoon, and trade was not brisk. A young man came towards Lovell to inquire what he wanted.

"Has my uncle been here?" asked Lovell, adopting Mr. Skinforth as his uncle on the spur of the moment, by what he really regarded as an inspiration.

The young man smiled slightly.

"I'm afraid I don't know your uncle, sir," he said. He could see that Lovell was a schoolboy, and he plainly thought him a rather foolish schoolboy.

"I think he was here," said Lovell, colouring under the shopman's smile. "He wore a light check overcoat."

"I think Mr. Montgomery served a gentleman in a light check overcoat, about twenty minutes ago," said the young man. "I will ask him."

"Thank you!"

The young man crossed over to the other young man, and spoke to him. Mr. Montgomery came over to Lovell.

"I'm afraid your uncle's gone, sir," he said kindly. "Is it Mr. Judson you are inquiring for?"

"Judson?" repeated Lovell. "I mean a man—rather tall and thin, with a light check overcoat and a bowler hat; nose rather like a beak, and a very tight mouth."

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"You know him, I suppose?" said Lovell.

"Not at all, sir—quite a stranger here."

"But he, my—my uncle, told you his name was Judson?"

"He wrote it on the banknote."

Lovell almost staggered.

"The—banknote."

"The—banknote."

"The—banknote."

"I say, we've got a long way to go, you know. What about lock-up?"

"Blow lock-up!"

"Oh, all right!" said Jimmy Silver resignedly.

The three followed Lovell into a quiet corner by a stack of luggage. There they listened, with smiling faces, as he started his narration. It was plain that they were not disposed to take Lovell's detective work very seriously.

But their faces grew serious as he came to the incident of the false name endorsed on the banknote in the boot emporium.

"I say, that's jolly queer!" said Newcome.

"It's more than queer," said Lovell, with a sombre look. "There's something awfully fishy in it. He comes fifteen miles to buy his boots, which he could get at Latcham if he liked, and he endorses a banknote with a false name. What does he do it for?"

Jimmy Silver wrinkled his brows.

"Can't imagine," he said.

"It's a sort of forgery, isn't it?" said Lovell.

"Well, no. The banknote was his own, I suppose, and it's just as good with Judson on the back as Skinforth. Perhaps he doesn't want it known that he does his shopping at Bunbury, though why, goodness know. Let's get the bikes out."

"The bikes?" repeated Lovell.

"Yes. It will be rather a close thing for lock-up at Rookwood. We don't want to be late, as Dicky Dalton was so decent about letting us come."

"You can leave the bikes where they are," said Lovell coolly. "I can't quite understand this; but it's frightfully fishy, and I'm quite sure that a policeman would know what it meant. I'm going to ask one."

His chums blinked at him.

"You—you ass!" exclaimed Raby. "You're going to spin yarns to a policeman about a Rookwood master? Are you off your chump?"

"I can ask without mentioning names," said Lovell. "I've a right to ask a constable for advice."

"Yes, but—"

"Lovell, old chap—"

"I'm going to," said Lovell; and he settled the matter by walking across to a stout gentleman in blue who was on duty at the railway-station.

"Excuse me, officer," said Lovell, while his comrades looked on in silence.

The big policeman looked down at the schoolboy good-naturedly.

"What is it, my lad?" he asked.

"Can I ask you something, as an officer of the law?" said Lovell.

The constable smiled.

"Certainly. Go ahead."

"Suppose a man changed a banknote in a shop," said Lovell—"suppose he was asked to endorse it with his name and address, you know, and suppose he put a false name on it?"

The constable stared.

"What's that?" he ejaculated.

And the good-natured smile on the officer's face was replaced by a very keen and alert look, as Jimmy Silver & Co. noticed at once.

"What would you think he did it for?" asked Lovell. "I can't make it out, but I thought a policeman might be able to. Of course, a man changing a banknote in a shop where he wasn't known would have to sign his name on it. Why should he sign a false name?"

"Only one reason, I suppose," said the constable, staring. "Either he'd stolen the banknote, or it was a stumper."

"A—a what?"

"A counterfeit note," explained the constable. "If you know about anything of the kind, young man, you'd better tell me."

Lovell fairly staggered. Like a blinding flash of light the revelation came to him.

"Kik—kik—counterfeit!" he gasped.

"Counterfeit!" murmured Jimmy Silver. "False banknotes! Oh, my Aunt Matilda!"

The constable dropped his gloved hand lightly on Lovell's shoulder.

"What's happened, and what do you know about it?" he said, very quietly, but very decisively. "Come now, out with it!"

Lovell gasped.

"Can you tell a false banknote when you see one?"

"I fancy so."

"Then I'll take you to the place. But, mind, I'm not going to mention any names till I know. But I'll tell you this, the man has got thousands of pounds in banknotes in his trunk,"

(Continued on page 480.)

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(Continued on page 480.)

YOU AND ALL YOUR PALS MUST ENTER THIS GREAT NEW CONTEST!

SPORTING FAVOURITES

COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZE

£25



FIRST PRIZE, £25

SECOND PRIZE, £5

3 Splendid Real "Bassett-Lowke" Model Railways (complete with rails)

12 Best Quality "J. B. Hobbs" Autographed Cricket Bats

And 25 Handsome Pocket Knives

MUST BE WON!

All these magnificent Prizes of Big Sums in Cash, Model Railways, Cricket Bats, and Pocket Knives are open to YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS—and the way to be a winner yourself is simple!

RULES AND CONDITIONS WHICH MUST BE STRICTLY ADHERED TO

SET No. 1.

THERE WILL BE SIX SETS IN ALL.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO is to write in INK in the allotted space under each puzzle-picture the name of the "sporting favourite" which you think the picture represents.

The First Prize of £25 will be awarded to the competitor who sends in the correct, or most nearly correct, solution of all six sets of the pictures.

No solutions may be sent in until all the sets of the pictures and the necessary coupon have been published.

ALL solutions must be written in INK.

Any number of attempts may be sent in by one reader, but each attempt must be complete in itself.

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

To help you still further, we give the following list which contains all the names figuring in the competition.

Put it out and keep it for reference.

Grid of six puzzle pictures labeled 1-6. Picture 1: A hat with the letter 'L' below it. Picture 2: A motor car with 'WINDERMERE' written on it. Picture 3: A rose with the letters 'er' to its right. Picture 4: A cliff with 'HS' written on it. Picture 5: A fish. Picture 6: A man writing at a desk with the letter 'i' to his left.

DO NOT SEND ANY ENTRIES YET.

Abel, Abrahams, Adams, Ahearn, Aiken, Aird, Aitken, Allan, Alchurch, Allen, Allwright, Almond, Alonso, Altham, Anderson, Andrews, Ashon, Arch, Archibald, Armitage, Armstrong, Ashcroft, Ashdown, Ashton, Astill, Atterbury, Attewell, Bacon, Bagge, Bagshaw, Bailey, Baker, Bale, Ball, Banks, Bannerman, Banner, Barber, Barron, Barsley, Baring, Barlow, Barnes, Barratt, Barry, Barson, Barstow, Bartfield, Barton, Basham, Bassett, Bates, Beamish, Bean, Beare, Beckett, Beeching, Beet, Bell, Bellamy, Bennett, Benstead, Benton, Berridge, Best, Bewick, Bettington, Bickmore, Binney, Birch, Bird, Biscock, Bishop, Black, Blackburne, Blackman, Blackmore, Blackwell, Blair, Bliss, Blood, Bloomer, Blyth, Blythe, Board, Bond, Booth, Bookman, Bosanquet, Bourne, Bow, Bowker, Bowyer, Bowles, Boyes, Bradley, Bradshaw, Braidwood, Brandon, Branfield, Branton, Braund, Brearley, Brennan, Brewster, Bridges, Briggs, Britan, Britton, Broad, Brookwell, Brooke, Brooks, Brown, Brownie, Bruce, Bryan, Buchan, Buckley, Buckton, Bull, Bullock, Burge, Burgess, Burns, Burrows, Burton, Butcher, Butler, Cadman, Cairns, Callan, Calthorpe, Cameron, Campbell, Cannon, Cantrell, Capper, Carpenter, Carpentier, Carr, Carroll, Carlake, Carter, Cartman, Cassidy, Castle, Challenger, Chambers, Chance, Chandler, Chaplin, Chapman, Charles, Charlesworth, Charlton, Chaterton, Chedgoy, Cheetham, Chip, Chippierfield, Christie, Clark, Clarkson, Clay, Cliff, Coates, Cook, Cockerill, Coleman, Collier, Collins, Connor, Considine, Cook, Cookson, Cooper, Cops, Corbett, Cornthwaite, Cornwallis, Cosgrove, Couter, Coventry, Coverdale, Cowan, Cowell, Cowley, Cox, Craig, Crawford, Crickmore, Cripps, Crisp, Crockett, Croft, Crompton, Cross, Crossley, Crowe, Crumley, Crutchley, Cuffe, Cullen, Culley, Cunningham, Currie, Curtis, Dalton, Daly, Daniel, Dark, Darling, Davidson, Davies, Davy, Daws, Dawson, Day, Deacon, Dean, Dempsey, Dennis, Dent, Denton, Dick, Dickinson, Dickson, Dillon, Dimmock, Dinsdale, Dipper, Dixon, Dicker, Doggart, Doll, Dolphin, Donny, Donkin, Donaldson, Donnelly, Donohue, Doonan, Doran, Dorman, Dorsett, Douglas, Douglas, Dowling, Downs, Driscoll, Ducat, Duckett, Duckworth, Duff, Duncan, Dundee, Dunn, Durston, Duttall, Duxbury, Dyke, East, Eastman, Eastwood, Edwards, Edwards, Elliott, Ellis, Elson, Elvey, Emmett, England, Evans, Ewart,

Fairclough, Fairservice, Falcon, Falkner, Fano, Fare, Farrar, Farrell, Faulkner, Fay, Fazackerley, Fell, Fender, Fern, Field, Fielder, Findlay, Finlay, Firth, Fisher, Fitzsimmons, Fleetwood, Fleming, Fletcher, Flint, Flood, Flynn, Forbes, Ford, Forester, Forrest, Forshaw, Forster, Forsyth, Fort, Forward, Foster, Fowler, Fox, Foxall, Frame, Franklin, Fraser, Freeman, French, Fry, Fryer, Fulton, Furniss, Gardner, Gavin, Geary, Gee, Gell, George, Gibbon, Gibbons, Gibson, Giffen, Gilbert, Gilchrist, Gill, Gillespie, Gilligan, Gillingham, Goddard, Goldswain, Goodchild, Goodman, Goodwin, Gordon, Gould, Gourlay, Grace, Graham, Grant, Gray, Graves, Green, Greenaway, Gregory, Grierson, Griffin, Griffiths, Grimshell, Grimshaw, Grimwood, Groves, Grundy, Gunn, Hacker, Hacking, Hadley, Hagan, Haig, Hake, Hall, Halley, Halliday, Halligan, Halliwell, Hallows, Halsey, Hamilton, Hammerton, Hampton, Hampton, Hand, Hands, Hamney, Hannigan, Hanlon, Harbridge, Hardinge, Hardstaff, Hardy, Hargreaves, Harper, Harris, Harrison, Harrold, Harrow, Harrow, Hart, Harvey, Harwood, Haslam, Hatton, Hawes, Hawke, Haworth, Hawley, Hawson, Hay, Hayes, Hayward, Haywood, Hazleton, Heap, Hearne, Heath, Heathcote, Heaton, Heddes, Henderson, Hendren, Hendry, Henshall, Hepple, Herbert, Hewison, Hibbert, Higgins, Higgs, Hitch, Hill, Hillcoat, Hillman, Hilton, Hill-Wood, Hinton, Hird, Hirst, Hitch, Hoar, Hobbs, Hobson, Hoddinott, Hodge, Hodges, Hodgson, Hodgkinson, Hodson, Hogg, Hole, Holford, Holland, Holley, Holliday, Holmes, Holsby, Horneman, Hope, Hopewell, Hopkin, Hopkins, Hopper, Horley, Horton, Hornbrook, Horsley, Horsman, Horton, Howard, Howarth, Howell, Howes, Howie, Howson, Hoyland, Hudspeh, Hutton, Huggall, Huggins, Hughes, Huiish, Hulise, Hunt, Hunter, Hutchings, Hutchinson, Hutton, Inglis, Inman, Iredale, Iremonger, Irvine, Irving, Islip, Jack, Jackson, James, Jamerson, Jaques, Jardine, Jarvis, Jenckoce, Jeeves, Jefferson, Jeffries, Jelliss, Jenkins, Jenkinson, Jenner, Jennings, Jephcott, Jephson, Jessop, Jewell, Jewett, John, Johnson, Johnston, Johnstone, Jones, Jordan, Joseph, Joutney, Joyce, Jupp, Kane, Kay, Keay, Keen, Keenan, Keenor, Keller, Kelleway, Kellock, Kelly, Kempton, Kennedy, Kenyon, Kerr, Kershaw, Kidd, Kilbane, Kilborn, Killick, Kilner, King, Kingscote, Kirk, Kirton, Kitchen, Knight, Knighton, Knott, Knox,

Lacey, Ladbury, Lafferty, Lambert, Lane, Lang, Langdon, Langford, Lansdale, Laver, Lawrence, Lawson, Laycock, Lea, Leach, Leafe, Ledoux, Lee, Lees, Leigh, Leitch, Lengien, Lennon, Leonard, Leslie, Levinsky, Lewis, Liddell, Lilley, Lindley, Lindon, Lindsay, Linfoot, Ling, Linley, Little, Livingstone, Lively, Lloyd, Lock, Lockett, Lockhead, Lockton, Lockwood, Ledgo, Lofthouse, Logan, Lomas, Long, Longman, Longstaff, Longworth, Lorimer, Low, Lowe, Lowry, Lowson, Lucas, Lumley, Lyett, Lynch, Lyon, Lyons, Mace, McAlpine, McAndrew, Macartney, McEain, McCall, McCarthy, McClure, Macconachie, McCormack, McCormick, McCoy, McCracken, McCrae, McDonald, McDonnell, McEwan, McFadden, McFarland, McFarlane, McGea, McGoorty, McIntosh, McIntyre, McKane, McKay, Mackenzie, Mackenzie, Mackesy, Mackie, McKinlay, McKinney, McKinnon, McLachlan, McLaren, McLean, McLeod, McMullan, McMurray, McNab, McNair, McNaught, McNeil, McNeil, McTavish, McVea, McWilliam, Mailley, Maitland, Makepeace, Makin, Mann, March, Marchbank, Marquis, Marriot, Marsden, Marsh, Marshall, Martin, Mary, Mason, Matthews, Mayne, Mead, Mec, Meehan, Meiklejohn, Mellor, Menlove, Mercer, Meredith, Merrick, Metcalf, Mew, Middleboe, Middlemiss, Middleton, Middlem, Miles, Millard, Miller, Mills, Milne, Milton, Minter, Miskie, Mitchell, Mitton, Moir, Molyneux, Montgomery, Moody, Mooney, Moore, Moorwood, Moran, Morgan, Morris, Morrison, Morton, Moss, Moule, Muirhead, Mulholland, Murdoch, Murphy, Murray, Murrell, Musson, Natch, Myers, Nash, Neave, Needham, Nell, Nelson, Nesbitt, Newall, Newham, Newman, Newton, Nicholas, Nicholls, Nicholson, Nicoll, Nisbet, Nixon, Noble, Norris, North, Norton, Nourse, Oates, O'Brien, O'Dowd, O'Keefe, Oldacre, Oldfield, Oldroyd, Oliver, O'Neill, O'Rourke, Orr, Osborne, Osmond, Oumet, Oxberry, Pace, Pagnam, Palairat, Palmer, Panes, Pantling, Papin, Papke, Park, Parker, Parkin, Parkinson, Parry, Parsons, Partridge, Paterson, Paton, Patrick, Pattison, Peach, Peacock, Peake, Peall, Pearce, Pearson, Pease, Peel, Peers, Pegler, Pellow, Penman, Penn, Pennington, Perrin, Perry, Phillipson, Pidgeon, Pilkington, Pinch, Plant, Platt, Ponsbury, Poole, Poore, Potts, Poulton, Power, Pratt, Preece, Prentice, Preston, Price, Pringle, Pudgefoot, Purdie, Purdy, Pursell, Pyke, Pym, Quaffe, Quantrell, Quinn, Radford, Ra, Ralphs, Ramsay, Rance, Ranjitsinhji, Rankin, Ransford, Ratcliffe, Ratner,

Rattray, Raven, Rawlings, Raymond, Read, Reader, Reed, Rees, Reeve, Reeves, Reid, Reilly, Reif, Remnant, Reynolds, Rhodes, Rice, Richards, Richardson, Richmond, Riddell, Rieby, Riley, Ritchie, Robb, Robbie, Roberts, Robertson, Robinson, Robson, Rodgers, Roe, Rogers, Rogerson, Ronald, Rooks, Rooze, Root, Rosier, Ross, Rotherham, Rouse, Rowden, Rowlands, Rowley, Roxburgh, Rudd, Ruddle, Rusby, Russell, Rutherford, Ryan, Ryder, Sage, Sait, Salisbury, Salmon, Salt, Sandham, Sanduan, Savage, Saville, Sayles, Scott, Seabrook, Seddon, Seed, Severn, Sewell, Seymour, Shakespear, Sharp, Shaw, Shea, Shears, Sheldon, Shelley, Shepherd, Sheppard, Shervell, Shields, Shingleton, Shipman, Shore, Short, Shrewsbury, Shuter, Sibbald, Silcock, Simmons, Simms, Simon, Simpson, Sims, Sinclair, Skeet, Skermer, Skiller, Skinner, Slater, Sloan, Smailes, Smart, Smelt, Smith, Snook, Southern, Southway, Speak, Spence, Spencer, Spofforth, Spooner, Sprat, Stallard, Stanley, Stannard, Stanton, Staples, Steel, Steele, Stephens, Stephenson, Stevens, Stevenson, Stewart, Stirling, Stoddart, Stone, Storer, Storey, Strain, Street, Streets, Stringfellow, Strudwick, Sturgess, Sulliv, Summers, Sutcliffe, Sutherland, Swann, Swift, Symonds, Tait, Tanner, Tarrant, Tarbox, Tate, Tatton, Taylor, Tempest, Tennant, Tenyson, Thomas, Thompson, Thomson, Thorpe, Tindall, Tilden, Tull, Tinsley, Tirrell, Tolley, Tomkins, Tomkinson, Tomkinson, Toms, Toner, Tomner, Toone, Torrance, Townley, Townrow, Townend, Travers, Treasure, Troit, Trotter, Trumble, Trumper, Tudor, Tunstall, Turnbull, Turner, Tydesley, Ulyett, Urwin, Utley, Vardon, Venn, Vine, Vizard, Voisey, Vowles, Waddell, Waddington, Wadsworth, Waincoat, Wainwright, Waite, Walden, Waldoek, Walker, Wall, Wallace, Wallington, Walls, Walsh, Walter, Walters, Walton, Ward, Warner, Warren, Watkin, Watson, Weaver, Webbe, Wedlock, Weight, Wells, Welsh, West, Weston, Wethered, Whalley, Whately, Wheatcroft, Whibley, Whipp, White, Whitehouse, Whiting, Whitley, Whittaker, Whittingham, Whittington, Whiston, Whitty, Whitworth, Whysall, Whyte, Wightman, Wild, Wilde, Wilding, Wilceman, Wilkinson, Willard, Williams, Williamson, Willis, Willis, Wilson, Windridge, Wining, Winter, Womack, Wood, Woodburn, Woodhouse, Woodland, Woods, Woodward, Wooley, Woolley, Woosnam, Worboys, Worrall, Wren, Wright, Wylie, Wynne, Wynn, Wynyard, Yates, York, Young,

THE DESERT ADVENTURERS! (Continued from page 468.)

and now there is that tremendous smoke! And where there is smoke there's fish, you know!" Pungo Pasha suddenly whipped out a revolver. He had a racing camel of the Baggara, and there was yet a chance for him. But a shot rang from the head of the column, the trooper firing nigger fashion from his hip, and before Pungo Pasha had time to fire at the officer his famous camel rolled over dead, pitching him headforemost into the sand.

"Sowwy, old bean!" said the officer, calmly regarding the scowling Egyptian. "If you touch that revolver you will get the next bullet. We have to be wather bwainy in dealing with you people in these parts. My name is Waffles—Captain Bertie Waffles, of the Camel Corps. Aw," added the officer, "this is—aw—the Camel Corps." And he pointed to the column of camels and men, machine-guns, water camels, and stretcher camels which defiled round the corner of the dune and was taking up position in hollow square. "I am natuwallly a little bit anxious, personally, at these signs and portents, old fwuit," continued the officer. "My brothah, Willie Waffles, is blowing about these parts with an excursion pawty. So I shall want to know a little more about you and your two armed followers promenading in Bwittish tewwitywy. If you—aw—will take a little bweakfast with us, we will look—aw—into the mattah," added Captain Waffles pleasantly.

Pungo Pasha did not want any breakfast. He scowled and made young Egyptian remarks.

"Abdullah," said the officer quietly, "this seems a wather unpleasant fellah. Wemove him. Tie his arms, and see that his followahs have their bweaker!"

And, foaming at the mouth, Pungo Pasha was removed.

So it happened that about half-past eleven o'clock, the Arabs being short of water, and attributing the absence of that useful fluid to the influence of djinns and efreets, decided to leave their victims to perish of thirst and to beat it before they were in the same plight.

Shots were fired as a signal of withdrawal. But before they could melt away an orderly column of camel-riding policemen came trotting round the spur of Jebel Faro. There was not even a fight. It was a clean round-up. The Arabs laid down their arms, and the boys hastened down from the mountain, cheering at the tops of their voices.

"Why, it's my brothah Bertie and his cwush!" exclaimed Willie Waffles.

"Why, Willie, old fwuit!" exclaimed Bertie. "Why are you twyng to get killed? I thought you were doing algehwah! And here you are waising columns of smoke in the—aw—desert! I have awwested your fwient Pungo Pawsha—in fact, we want Pungo Pawsha on a charge of murdah," added Bertie Waffles.

As Mr. Pugsley afterwards remarked, "it was a fair knock-out"—something like the meeting of Livingstone and Stanley.

And on the top of the mountain there was a tremendous outpouring of smoke and explosions of daylight fireworks, for Conkey Ikestein was rejoicing over the second spoiling of the Egyptians in his own fashion.

THE END.

(All your old favourites of the school-ship, Bombay Castle, appear in "Cheering up the Rajah!"—Duncan Storm's lively story for next Monday. Don't miss it! Order your BOYS' FRIEND to-day, and thus make certain of obtaining it!)

A Tip-Top Footer Story—"Football Chums!"

Just commencing in the "Gem" Library. OUT ON WEDNESDAY!

HERE IT IS—FRANK RICHARDS' FASCINATING SCHOOL STORY!



The CAPTAIN OF THE FOURTH!

By FRANK RICHARDS

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

The great fight behind the school chapel between Harry Wilmot and Bob Rake ends in surprising fashion!

The 1st Chapter.

When it seems that Rex Tracy will become the new captain of the Fourth Form at St. Kit's without there being a contest, Algernon Aubrey St. Leger persuades his cousin and study-mate, Harry Wilmot, to oppose the leader of the nuts of the Fourth. As both Wilmot and Tracy secure ten votes on election-day it is decided to take another count on the following Saturday, in case one of the Fourth-Formers decides to change his mind and vote for the other candidate. All the Fourth, however, remain firm to their parties, and, therefore, when it is learned that Bob Rake, a new junior hailing from Australia, is coming to St. Kit's on the Saturday and is to be placed in the Fourth, great is the rivalry of the two parties to secure his vote which will decide the issue. In spite of the fact that Rake is assigned to the top study, which is the apartment of the nuts of the Fourth, the Australian junior votes for Harry Wilmot in the election, and thus the captaincy is at last decided in Wilmot's favour. As captain of the Fourth, Harry Wilmot now has the right to the top study, but it is only after a fierce scrap between

the rival parties in which Rake stands by his studymates that Wilmot & Co. succeed in obtaining possession of that apartment. Determined to regain their old quarters, Tracy & Co., by a piece of underhand work, fix up a fight behind the school chapel between Wilmot and Rake, the victor, according to agreement, to take over the top study.

The 2nd Chapter. The Great Fight.

Algernon Aubrey St. Leger looked a trifle anxious as the second round of the fight proceeded. Bob Rake was rather bigger and heavier than his opponent, and he seemed to be carrying things before him. The captain of the Fourth gave ground a good deal, and several times only a quick side-step saved him from being cornered. The nuts looked more and more cheerful. They did not like Rake personally—but all their hopes were with him. "Good man!" sang out Lumley. "Go it, Rake." "Let him have it!" chirruped Howard. "Buck up, Wilmot!" howled Stubbs.

Algernon Aubrey was silent; but he looked on with keen and anxious eyes.

"Time!"

Harry Wilmot came back to his corner, and Algy made a knee for him. The dandy of the Fourth summoned up a cheery smile; but Harry could read his thoughts easily enough.

Twelve superb J. B. Hobbs (Autographed) cricket bats offered in our great new competition. See page 475 right away!

"I think it's all right, old chap," he said. "But he's a good man—a jolly good man."

"Yaas, he looks it," said Algy. "But you're goin' to beat him."

"I'm going to try!" said Harry quietly.

"Think of the top study, you know," urged Algy. "I've ordered the sofa." Harry Wilmot laughed. "If only for that, I'll put all my beef into it," he assured his chum. "It's going to be a stiff

proposition, but we've hardly begun yet."

"Time!" sang out Babbie. Harry Wilmot came up promptly, but not more promptly than Bob Rake. The third round was hard and fast.

Bob Rake seemed to have the advantage, and there was a buzz of excitement as he came through Harry's guard, and landed a straight right full on his chin. Wilmot staggered back, and Bob followed it up with his left, and then with his right again, and Harry came down on the turf with a crash.

"Man down!" roared Lumley. "Hurrah!"

"Two to one on Rake, in quids!" said Tracy loudly. Babbie began to count.

But Harry was on his feet quickly enough, and he stalled off the Australian's attack pretty successfully, till the call of time gave him relief.

In the fourth round, Bob pressed the fighting hard, and again the captain of the Form was driven round the ring.

"All over bar shoutin'!" said Tracy.

Durance nodded; but he looked dubious. And his doubts were soon justified. The retreat suddenly stopped as Bob pressed on, and the captain of the Fourth woke up to new life, as it were. He closed in on his adversary, and drove home his right with terrific effect.

Crash! Rake caught the blow on the point of the chin, and it fairly lifted him off his feet and crashed him to the earth.

There was a deep buzz in the crowded ring.

"My hat! What a drive!" murmured Durance. "If the chap stands up after that he's got grit."

"Get up!" roared Tracy savagely.

"Shut up, Tracy!" "By gad, he's goin' to be counted out!" said Lumley blankly.

Babbie was taking the count. He had reached seven before Bob Rake moved, and the eyes of the eager crowd were riveted on the fallen champion.

"Eight—nine—"
Algy caught his breath.

But at nine Bob Rake dragged himself to his knees, his head swimming, but his courage undaunted. He scrambled to his feet.

"Give him the knock-out, you dummy!" yelled Bunny Bootles.

By all the rules Wilmot was entitled to knock his opponent down again, and certainly Bob Rake had no chance just then. But Wilmot stepped back, his hands at his sides.

Bob Rake stood unsteadily, but his hands were up, and he was ready to go on.

"Wilmot, you ass!" yelled Bunny.

"Shut up, Bunny!" growled Algernon Aubrey.

"The silly ass could have knocked him right out—"

"Dry up!" "Time!" Bob Rake almost staggered back to his corner. Durance made a knee for him, and sponged his scorching face.

"Bad, that!" Durance remarked. Bob nodded, but he did not speak. He needed all his breath.

"Fifth round, and last!" said Stubbs confidently, when Babbie of the Shell called time once more. But Stubbs was mistaken.

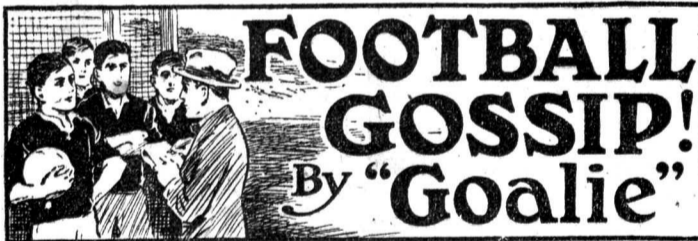
In the fifth round Bob Rake showed a remarkable recovery, and he stalled off attack while he recovered further. It was Harry Wilmot who was pressing the fighting now; but he found the Cornstalk as good at defence as at attack. Two minutes of good sparring elapsed, and then Babbie called time.

"To be continued in our next!" grinned Catesby, and some of the juniors laughed.

"Sixth round!" said Wheatford. "They're stickers—good men both!" "Time!"

The sixth round started, and it was hammer and tongs. Both the fighting-men were a little excited, though they held their excitement well in check. The fighting was hard now, and a good deal of punishment was given and taken. One of Wilmot's eyes was almost closed, and Bob Rake's nose looked like an enlarged edition of itself. Right up to the call of time the hammering lasted, and both the

(Continued on the next page.)



FOOTBALL GOSSIP!

By "Goalie"

The Scottish Cup.

The English Cup Competition is well on its way, and the possibilities of the second round are already being discussed. In Scotland, however, they only start on the serious quest for the Cup this week-end. It would scarcely be correct to say that there is the same wild enthusiasm about the Cup in Scotland as there is in England but all the same a great deal of interest is taken in the knock-out competition beyond the Border. And what is equally important is the fact that it is just as difficult to find the probable winners of the Scottish Cup as it is to pick the likely successful teams in England.

A Remarkable Record.

By way of illustrating the truth of the foregoing statement, we have only to look at the record of Glasgow Rangers in the Cup. For some time past the Rangers have been regarded as usually about the strongest team in Scotland, and on more than one occasion recently they have walked off with the championship in a common canter. But the way the Cup has eluded this side is indeed remarkable. Indeed, their name has not been inscribed on it since 1903, though they have, of course, been in the Final more than once in the intervening spell. On the other hand, the Celtic, not nearly so consistent in the League as the Rangers, have won the Cup no fewer than seven times

since their Glasgow rivals were successful. In 1909 the Rangers might have won it when they appeared in the Final, but the Cup was withheld by the authorities as punishment for



A. ARCHIBALD.
(Glasgow Rangers.)

the incidents both on the field and among the spectators.

Rangers Start Favourites.

The trophy is now held by the Airdrieonians, who beat the Hibernians in the Final Tie last season, but

in spite of the consistent bad luck of the Rangers in this competition, they will start easy favourites this time round. And on the principle that such a good side must get through sooner or later, it is not at all a bad idea to stick to them through season in and season out. At any rate, the Rangers have a good side, with forwards who are the envy of many League clubs in England. Among the famous attackers is outside-right Alexander Archibald, a fellow bigger than the average run of extreme wingers, but both fast and clever. He has been a most consistent performer since the War, and has also played in many International games as well as other representative contests. The discovery of Archibald was one of the many romances with which the game abounds. In February of 1916 a young engineer from Kirkcaldy attended at the ground of the Raith Rovers club for massage treatment by the trainer of that side.

How a Winger was Found.

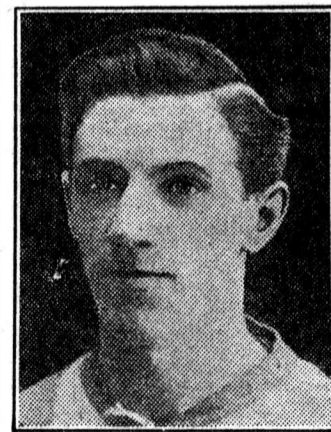
While the massage business was going on, the engineer naturally chatted about football with the trainer, and in the course of the conversation the former mentioned that he had recently seen a most promising lad playing at outside-right. Diamonds in the rough being the sort of material which is never by any chance neglected by Scottish clubs, a representative of Raith Rovers was sent to see the youngster, and forthwith signed him on. Later Archibald was "lent" to Glasgow Rangers, who were so pleased with his play that they rapidly made the necessary financial arrangements for his permanent move to Glasgow. And they have been well satisfied with the bargain.

Ways of the Goalscorers.

The ways of the men who get the goals are always interesting, but it

seems to me that in this phase of football "form" is more varied than in any other department. We see fellows getting goals consistently for several weeks, but just when we have decided that at long last there has arisen a fellow who has really discovered the secret, this particular fellow has a spell when little or no success comes his way.

Several cases from the current season may be quoted. Bedford, the



J. MCINTYRE.
(Blackburn Rovers.)

famous centre-forward of Blackpool, started off the campaign with a rush and scored in a big proportion of Blackpool's early matches. Then he got four in a representative game, and everybody thought that the solution of England's centre-forward problem was solved. Alas, almost immediately Bedford struck a bad patch, and went for weeks without getting a single goal. One reason for this sort of thing is that players who are sharpshooters have their fame noised abroad, and usually an oppo-

nent is set to play the part of Mary's little lamb to them—to follow wherever they may go.

A Question of Confidence.

Then, too, this goalscoring business is to a certain extent a matter of confidence. When a player is "hitting them right" he often "goes mad," as the man in the crowd puts it. Take the case of Neil Harris, the centre-forward of Newcastle United. When his total of goals for the present season amounted to only ten he had included three hat-tricks among his performances. It certainly looks as if fellows like this need to taste blood before they get properly on the go, and that once they have done this all the stoppers in the world can't prevent them from carrying out their designs.

Another player very much on the lines of Harris is Johnny McIntyre, the versatile forward of Blackburn Rovers. He used to play for Fulham, and later for the Wednesday. He has been known to go through many weeks for Blackburn, playing regularly without getting a single goal, and then to burst out at the least expected time. I recall that in one match some little time ago, McIntyre actually put four shots past the Everton goalkeeper in one short spell of five minutes of the most brilliant shooting I have ever seen.

The forecast of the probable results of the big games to be played on Saturday will be found on page 478 of this issue.

"Goalie"

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

What is the Rookwood Secret Society? Read about this amazing organisation in this week's "Popular." Out on Tuesday!

champions were breathless when they sought their corners.

The seventh round was inconclusive. But in the eighth there came a dramatic turn.

Bob Rake succeeded in getting in one of his straight drives with the right, and Wilnot went down as if shot.

He crashed on the ground, and lay gasping.

"Oh gad!" murmured Algy.

Tracy & Co. brightened up again.

"If that chap isn't an ox he won't get on his feet again," said Rex Tracy, with a joyful grin.

Apparently Wilnot was an ox, according to Tracy, for he was on his feet again in a few seconds.

Bob Rake came on, hard and fast, but he was met and stopped, and the round ended with Bob staggering back under a crash in the ribs, which landed him on his back.

"Time!"

When the adversaries toed the line for the ninth round there was no doubt that both of them looked rather "groggy."

There were few fellows present who could have stood up to such punishment as they had already received. But they were going on, with grim and ruthless determination.

It was such a fight as had seldom been seen, even on the historic battle-ground behind the chapel at St. Kit's.

Each had an eye that was fast blackening; each had a swollen and streaming nose; each had dark bruises forming on face and arms and chest. But the ninth round was fought through determinedly, and at the call of time it was hard to say which had the advantage.

"My hat! There's going to be ten rounds!" said Stubbs, with glistening eyes. "That's a giddy record!"

"Time!"

Harry Wilnot moved up rather unsteadily; Bob Rake seemed almost to be groping his way. But both were determined, and the tenth round of that great fight began amidst breathless excitement. But that round was destined never to be finished.

There was a sudden yell from Judson of the Third, seated on the chapel railings.

"The Head!"

Judson turned backwards over the railings, picked himself up on the green, and fled. Round the corner of the chapel came an awe-inspiring figure—the figure of Dr. Chenies, Head of St. Kit's.

"Oh gad!" whispered Algernon Aubrey. "The merry fat's in the fire now!"

Some of the juniors bolted; but the rest realising that it was too late, stood still. And an awed whisper ran round as the battered combatants dropped their hands and separated.

"The Head!"

The Head Comes Down Heavy.

Dr. Chenies stopped and looked at the crowd of juniors over his pince-nez.

The Head, in taking his gentle stroll round the quadrangle that fine evening certainly had not expected to come upon such an Homeric scene.

It surprised him.

He came rustling on, and his expression grew grimmer and grimmer, sterner and sterner as he beheld the two champions—who assuredly were not in a fit state to meet their headmaster's eyes just then.

Wilnot and Rake stood unsteadily, with blood streaming from their noses, each with a black eye, and with the other eyes shadowed. It was no wonder that the reverend old gentleman was shocked.

"Upon my soul!" ejaculated Dr. Chenies.

He stood and looked at them.

Wilnot and Rake dropped their eyes. Their faces were red already with exertion, but they grew redder now.

"What is all this?" exclaimed the Head.

It was really a superfluous question. The Head did not need telling that it was a fight.

"You have been fighting!" said the Head, in his most magisterial tone.

"Yes, sir!" gasped Harry.

"Bless my soul! Have you any idea how you look—what a loathsome and disgusting appearance you present to the eye?"

"Nunno, sir."

"Your eyes are blacked!"

"A-a-are they, sir?" stammered Bob.

"You look like—like—" The Head paused for a comparison, but apparently did not find one, for he went on: "This is disgraceful."

The delinquents stood silent. Fellows were detaching themselves from the crowd and slipping away in ones and twos. The Head was evidently in a terrific "wax," and there was no telling upon what devoted heads his wrath might fall. The fags of the Third had vanished helter-skelter round the chapel; Tracy & Co. were walking off as quickly as they could. Of the nutty crowd, only Durance remained on the spot.

"It—it—it's only a fight, sir!" stammered Algernon Aubrey.

"Silence, St. Leger!"

"Oh! Yaas, sir!"

The Head surveyed the culprits grimly.

"I am not opposed, in principle, to a few rounds, provided that the gloves are worn," he said majestically, "but this—this—is a prize-fight! You are injured—you are disfigured! This dispute has been carried on with — with ferocity."

"Oh, sir!" murmured the two combatants, looking anything but ferocious now.

"With unexampled ferocity!" said the Head impressively.

Silence.

"I am ashamed of you both!"

"Oh, sir!"

"But for the fact that you are both very seriously damaged, I should consider it my duty to inflict a very severe caning!" said Dr. Chenies.

The delinquents felt some solace in that remark for their serious damages!

"But you will certainly be punished," said Dr. Chenies sternly. "I shall set you an imposition of a thousand lines each."

"Oh dear!"

It was agreed at St. Kit's that a hundred lines was better than a caning; but a caning better than two hundred lines. Any caning, however severe, was better than five hundred lines. A thousand lines was almost unheard of—even a flogging would have been better than that. The unhappy recipients of that tremendous imposition stood in blank dismay.

"To-morrow," continued the Head, "is a half-holiday. Both of you will be detained in your Form-room to write out your lines."

"Oh dear!" murmured Bob.

"Very well, sir," said Harry resignedly.

"I shall request your Form master to see that the imposition is written out to the last line," said Dr. Chenies. "And now I require you to give me your word of honour that this disgraceful struggle will not be resumed."

Grim silence.

Wilnot and Rake looked at one another, and they did not speak. Dr. Chenies compressed his lips.

"You hesitate to reply!" he said, in his ponderous manner. "Very good! Unless that promise is given—and unless it is kept when given—I shall send you both away from the school to-morrow morning."

"Phew!" murmured Durance.

The Head was "coming down heavy" with a vengeance.

"Now, your answer!" rapped out the Head.

Wilnot and Rake exchanged glances again. Neither wanted to be the first to speak.

"Wilnot! Answer me!"

"I give my word, sir," said Harry quietly.

"And I mine, sir," said Bob, at once.

"Very good. I think I can trust you both to keep your word," said Dr. Chenies. "Now go at once, both of you, and remove, so far as possible, the disgraceful aspect which is an offence to the sight."

And the Head sailed majestically on, and disappeared round the further end of the chapel railings, much to the relief of the juniors.

"My only hat!" said Babbie of the Shell, with a deep breath. "The old sport was in no end of a bait. Glad he didn't drop on me."

Wilnot looked at Rake. He smiled—a rather twisted smile, for his features all felt as if they were in the wrong places.

"That settles it, Rake," said the captain of the Fourth. "We can't go on after that."

Bob chuckled.

"Blessed if I specially want to," he said. "I'm feeling like a hospital case, and I dare say you feel the same."

"I do," said Harry frankly. "But we've been fighting for the study."

"Oh, rot!" said Bob. "It's your study."

And Bob Rake turned and began to put on his jacket. Durance helped him; he needed help. Algernon Aubrey ministered to his chum; and the principals in the historic struggle departed, and the crowd broke up—full of excited comments upon the terrific fight, and agreeing that the Head ought to have had sense enough not to "butt in" before the finish.

"Rotten, the Head droppin' on us like that," Durance remarked, as he walked away with Rake.

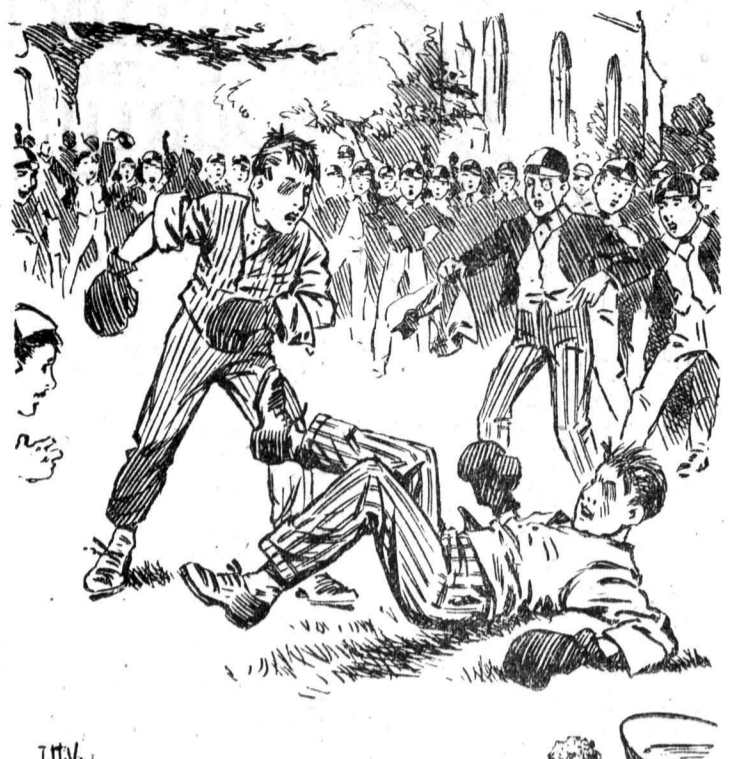
"You'd have licked him."

"I'm not sure of that," said Bob simply. "He's quite as good a man as I am with the mittens on."

"Feel pretty bad?"

"Yes."

"You'll have to rest over for a few days," said Durance, eyeing him in a sidelong way. "Next time you'll have to tackle him



MAN DOWN! Suddenly Bob Rake succeeded in getting in a straight drive with his right, and Harry Wilnot went down as if shot. The captain of the Fourth crashed on the ground, and lay gasping. "Oh gad!" murmured Algernon Aubrey St. Leger, in dismay.

somewhere outside the gates, to a finish."

Bob turned on him.

"I've given my word to the Head!"

"Oh, my dear old nut, that doesn't count! The Head shouldn't have butted in. Pullin' the Head's leg is fair play, you know."

Bob's lip curled.

"My word counts," he said. "I'm pretty certain that Wilnot intends to keep his. I'm keeping mine."

Durance shrugged his shoulders.

Bob Rake went to a bath-room to clean up after the combat. But when he had done all that he could he surveyed the result in the glass with something like dismay. One eye black, and the other discoloured, and a swollen nose and cut lip did not make for beauty. It was likely to be a long time before Bob looked his sunny self.

"My hat!" he murmured, as he blinked at the reflection in the glass. "No wonder the Head said it was disgraceful! It is—a bit."

He grinned when he met Wilnot in the Fourth Form passage, a little later. The captain of the Fourth looked every wit as damaged as Bob Rake.

It was not a happy evening for either of them.

Aches and pains followed the excitement of the combat and both of them, perhaps, suffered a little in temper in consequence.

In the top study, when Bunny Bootles offered to sell his bottle of embrocation at a reduced price, out of pure friendship, a Latin grammar was hurled at his head, and Bunny yelled and dropped the subject.

And in Study No. 5, when Tracy made a sneering remark on the subject of the promise given to the Head, and hinted at "funk," Bob Rake took Tracy by the collar and banged his head on the study wall. After which Tracy, like Bunny, dropped the subject and preserved a judicious silence.

Wednesday afternoon was fine and sunny.

The St. Kit's fellows turned out for the half-holiday cheerily—some to the football ground, some to ramble out of gates, Tracy & Co. to dodge in at a back door of the Lizard and play billiards. There were two fellows in the Fourth Form, however, to whom the bright sunshine brought no solace. They

From Foes to Friends.

They were the two detained juniors, Wilnot and Rake.

The fiat had gone forth—the Head's sentence had to be carried out. The staggering "impot" of a thousand lines apiece had to be written out, and that sunny half-holiday had to be spent on the task. The two delinquents felt that punishment more than they felt darkened eyes and swollen noses.

"It's frightfully hard lines, old chap," Algernon Aubrey said sympathetically. "I almost wish I could do half the impot, though I'm quite sure that I should perish under five hundred lines of Latin."

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"It's frightfully hard lines, old chap," Algernon Aubrey said sympathetically. "I almost wish I could do half the impot, though I'm quite sure that I should perish under five hundred lines of Latin."

Harry smiled.

"Can't be helped!" he said. "It's all in the day's work. You go and get some footer."

"Too much like work, dear boy."

"We're going to try to pull the footer eleven into shape, you know, Algy, now we've got a chance," said the new captain of the Fourth.

St. Leger nodded.

"I'm backin' you up," he said. "I'll sit in the study an' think it out while you're detained. I'll make up a list of possibles for the eleven."

"Put in an hour on the field."

"I'll think about that," said Algernon Aubrey amiably.

"Hallo, there's the Rawlings bird makin' faces at you!"

Mr. Rawlings beckoned to Harry from a distance. The Fourth Form master had been assigned the task of seeing the two delinquents through their detention.

"It is time to go into the Form-room, Wilnot," Mr. Rawlings said, rather coldly.

"Very well, sir!"

"Deepest sympathy, old bean!" murmured Algy, as he drifted away with quite a disconsolate expression on his face. And he was not even comforted by a kind offer from Bunny Bootles to sell him several "articles" at unheard-of prices.

Harry Wilnot went into the Form-room and took the Virgil from his desk, and received a sheaf of impot paper from the Form master. Bob Rake was already in his place, with a stack of paper before him, a pen in his hand, and a glum look on his face.

"You will remain here until five o'clock," said Mr. Rawlings grimly. "If your impositions are not finished by then, they will have to be completed on Saturday afternoon."

"Yes, sir!" groaned the two juniors.

(Continued overleaf.)

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The CAPTAIN OF THE FOURTH!

By FRANK RICHARDS

(Continued from previous page.)

A fat figure loomed up in the Form-room doorway.

"Going strong?" grinned Bunny Bootles.

"Rotten!" said Harry.

"Poor old chap—it's too bad!" said Bunny. "I say, I'm running frightful risks in coming here, out of pure sympathy. Rawlings would be no end waxy at my talking to chaps under detention. But I'm going to help you fellows out, and chance it," said Bunny nobly. "You'd get on ever so much quicker, Wilmot, if you used a fountain-pen."

"Br-r-r-r!"

"I've got a nickel-plated fountain-pen, among some other articles, that I can let you have awfully cheap," said Bunny.

"Oh, scat!"

"What do you say, Rake?"

"Rats!" said Bob.

"Well, what about the musical-box?" asked Bunny. "It will amuse you during detention; it plays the Funeral March of a Marionette, you know—"

"Go away, for goodness' sake!" grunted Bob. "Detention's bad enough without your chin-music, Bootles!"

"Yah!"

"Hallo, here comes another merry visitor!" said Bob, as Dick Durance pushed Bunny aside and entered the Form-room.

Durance gave the new fellow a nod.

"I thought I'd give you a look in," he said. "How are you getting on?"

"Beastly!"

"It's hard cheese," said Durance.

"Yes, rather! I wish you'd won the toss," said Bob, with a faint grin. "Then you'd have this eye, and this nose, and this impot."

Harry Wilmot glanced up from his Virgil.

"You don't mean to say you tossed up for it, which was to take on-the scrap, Rake?" he asked.

Bob nodded.

"That's it," he said. "I was the lucky winner—I look as if I'd had a lot of luck, don't I?"

"And put the merry old Head's back up," said Bob. "Not to speak of Mr. Rawlings frowning at us as if we were a pair of giddy Huns. What a life!"

"He, he, he!"

"That musical cachinnation came from Bunny Bootles."

Bob glanced at him, and gripped his Virgil.

"So you think it's funny, do you?" he demanded.

Bunny chortled.

"He, he, he! You are an ass, Rake! You tossed with Durance which was to fight Wilmot. He, he, he!"

"What is there funny in that, you fat dummy?"

Bunny roared.

WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN ON SATURDAY.

Below will be found our expert's opinion of the probable results of the big games to be played in the First and Second Divisions on Saturday, January 24th. The likely winning side is printed in capitals. Where a draw is anticipated, both clubs are printed in smaller letters.

First Division.
BIRMINGHAM v. Preston N.E.
Blackburn Rovers v. Huddersfield Town.
BOLTON WANDERERS v. Everton.
Leeds United v. Burnley.
LIVERPOOL v. Bury.
NEWCASTLE U. v. Manchester City.
Nottingham Forest v. Notts County.
SHEFFIELD UNITED v. Arsenal.
TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR v. Sunderland.
WEST BROMWICH A. v. Cardiff City.
West Ham United v. Aston Villa.

Second Division.
BLACKPOOL v. Fulham.
Bradford City v. Middlesbrough.
CHELSEA v. Clapton Orient.
DERBY COUNTY v. Wolverhampton W.
HULL CITY v. Portsmouth.
LEICESTER CITY v. Coventry City.
MANCHESTER U. v. Oldham Athletic.
Port Vale v. Stoke.
Southampton v. Crystal Palace.
SOUTH SHIELDS v. Barnsley.
Stockport County v. The Wednesday.

"We've been rather a pair of asses," said Harry, with a smile. "We've nothing at all to fight about that I can see—and we've marked ourselves for a week, lost a half-holiday, landed a thousand lines—"

"I'll bet Durance called head!" he said.

"Shut up!" muttered Durance hastily.

"He, he, he!" cachinnated Bunny.

Bob gave the fat junior a startled

look. How Bunny guessed that Durance had called "head" he could not fathom. Bunny certainly had been nowhere in sight when Bob and Durance tossed for the championship.

"How on earth do you know, Bootles?" demanded Bob.

Bunny chortled till the tears ran down his fat cheeks. He was evidently immensely tickled by something.

"You used a shilling to toss up with?" he asked.

"Durance did."

"And it came up head?"

"Yes. What—"

"Durance called head, of course!" exploded Bunny. "He, he, he! You needn't glare at me, Durance! He, he, he!"

"Blessed if I see where the cackle comes in, or what you know about it, Bootles!" said Bob, in utter perplexity.

"He, he, he! I sold him the shilling!" roared Bunny.

"What!"

"I got it among some articles, you know," giggled Bunny ecstatically. "Fancy his taking you in with it! He, he, he! I sold him that double-headed shilling for eighteenpence."

Bob Rake fairly jumped.

"A double-headed shilling!" he roared.

"He, he, he!"

"Durance, you rotter!"

"I—I—" stammered Durance.

Harry Wilmot's glance of scorn he did not heed; but he was evidently concerned by the expression on Bob Rake's face. In his own way Durance had taken a liking to the sturdy Australian junior.

"You needn't deny it!" exclaimed Bob hotly. "You claimed heads for you, tails for me, before you threw up the shilling. I might

(Continued on the next page.)



Talks to My Troop

by "The Scoutmaster."

("The Scoutmaster" will be pleased to answer any queries addressed to him, c/o the BOYS' FRIEND, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4. A stamped addressed envelope for a reply should accompany all communications.)

No. 8.—HOW TO RUN A MODEL PARLIAMENT.

When I went in to see Mr. Whiffin the other night, to pay our rent and find out how we stand with regard to the rebuilding of these premises, he was asking me how we manage to amuse ourselves in the winter-time.

I said: "Well, Mr. Whiffin, you are kind enough to let us have our headquarters on very generous terms, and you ought to come in one evening to see what we get up to."

He was tickled to death when I observed that we shouldn't expect him to wear shorts, and after a little persuasion he promised to pop in one day and tell us what boys were like fifty or sixty years ago.

He was explaining to me some of the winter evening amusements which were in fashion when he was a kiddie. There was the "spelling bee," which I have a very good mind to revive, for some of you fellows can't spell for monkey-nuts. The idea came from America in 1875. The company would sit around, and get a lot of fun out of asking one another to spell crack-jaw words. Marks and prizes were awarded, and there was an umpire, or chairman, armed with a dictionary, who settled disputes.

Another great attraction was the "penny reading." Clubs and societies got them up, and the chap who could read well was always in demand. Short extracts were given from all sorts of books and periodicals, and were sometimes followed by a discussion. Only the chairman knew what was coming, so that each

selection came on the audience as a mild surprise.

"Dumb-crambo" was another winter pastime, very much like charades; but in dumb-crambo no words were spoken. Half the party went out of the room and returned, suitably dressed up in any old "togs" they could find, to do a little play representing the syllables of a word, and then the word itself. For example, castor-oil would require four little acts, which were all made up on the spur of the moment. An angler making a cast, a gold-digger finding a chunk of ore, a chap putting some oil into his bicycle, and a doctor administering a dose out of a bottle, would be suitable tableaux. The audience had to guess the word represented, and if they succeeded it was then their turn to go outside and do the acting.

Later on, Mr. Whiffin says, there were more brainy stunts—debating societies and model parliaments—and that brings me to what I wanted to talk about. I can see Joe Sudley nudging old Rallen, and I know that some of you are thinking of "scraps" between Conservatives and Liberals and Labour men; but that isn't the kind of thing I have in my mind. You all know what a patrol leaders' conference is like. Well, instead of a chairman, we should have a "speaker," and instead of one patrol leader reading a paper, we should pick up sides, called "Government" and "Opposition," and the Government would bring in "Bills" which

would really be the subjects for debate.

It is all very well for Jackson to laugh, but all you fellows will be voting one day, and I don't see why you shouldn't learn something about the machinery of government, and get some fun out of it at the same time.

It would be better if we could get another troop to join in. We might ask St. Cuthbert's, then we should have fifty or sixty members, and a certain amount of healthy rivalry. We could put up our champion orator to "knock spots" off their champion orator. However, we can see about that afterwards. The method of making a start would be the same in any case.

To begin with, I should be the Speaker, and the first thing would be a General Election. I should nomin-

ate two leaders—say Rallen and Blundell—and the rest of you would support one or the other by placing your votes in the ballot-box. Whoever wins will form the Government, and the losers will be the Opposition. So, you see, we may have a Rallen Government, or a Blundell Government. Say the Rallen party comes out on top. Rallen will proceed to form his Cabinet, and I suggest that we shouldn't have more than six Ministers. Something like this:



Opening the debate at a Scout Parliament.

Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary—Bob Rallen.

Minister for Camping—Joe Sudley

Minister for Games—Tom Elfin.

Minister for Correspondence—Jack Spiers.

Minister for Finance—Harry Blenkinsop.

Minister for Recruiting—Tim Dempsey.

I am only giving you these names by way of illustration.

Rallen would make his own appointments. He would be leader of the "House," and decide with his Cabinet what Bills were to be brought in. As Foreign Secretary he would represent us in all communications with outsiders. The other Ministers would deal with questions pertaining to their respective departments—Camping, Games, Correspondence, Finance, and Recruiting, and would be responsible for answering the questions of private members.

On Rallen reporting to me that his Cabinet was formed, I should appoint a day for the "Opening of Parliament," and I should take the Speaker's chair, with Rallen and the Ministerialists on my right, and

Members will speak as they "catch the Speaker's eye"—that is to say, I shall decide by a glance who is next to address the House.

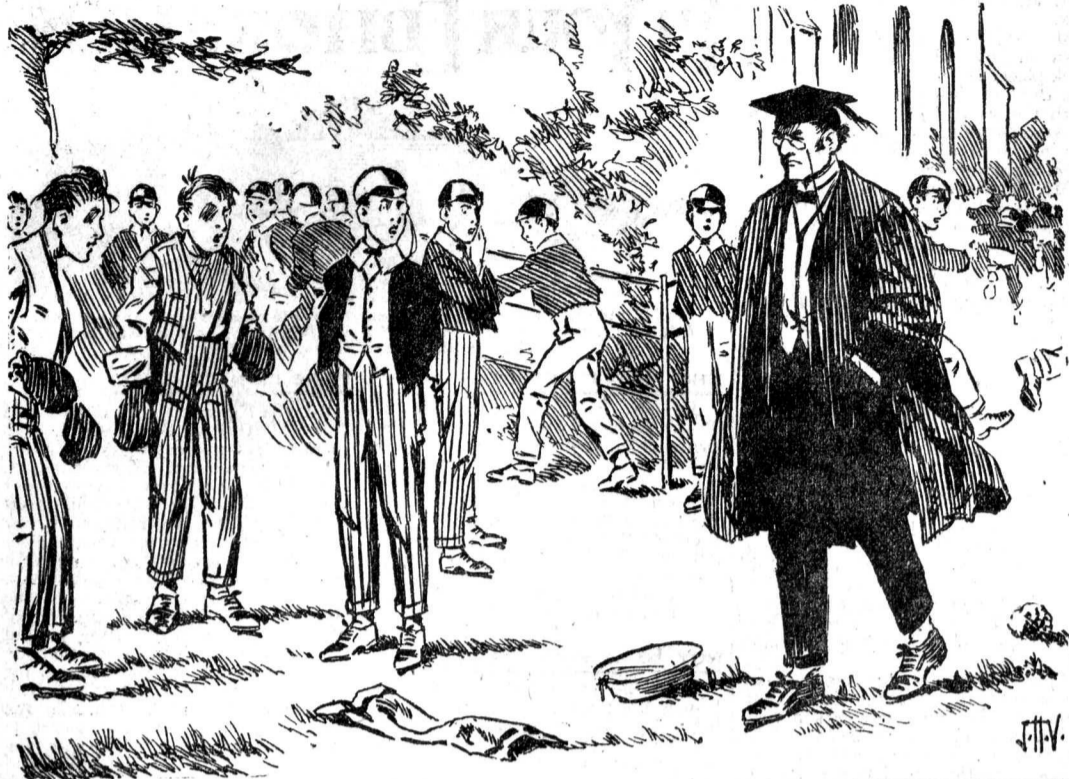
On the opening night the Prime Minister will move the "Address," a general statement concerning the condition of Scouting, with an outline of his policy for making improvements and modifications. New legislation will be foreshadowed. A supporter of the Rallen Government having seconded his chief, the leader of the Opposition will reply, and when the debate is exhausted a vote will be taken. The Address is almost bound to be carried, because the Prime Minister will have consulted his followers beforehand, with a view to securing their backing.

The rest will be very much like an ordinary debating society, or patrol leaders' conference, with Parliamentary trimmings. You will have a Bill for the Selection of a Summer Camping Site, introduced by the Minister for Camping; a Bill for an Inter-troop Football League, introduced by the Minister for Games; a Bill for the better Raising of Troop Funds, introduced by the Minister for Finance; and a Bill for Attracting more Boys into the Scout Movement, introduced by the Minister for Recruiting. I think the Minister for Correspondence should keep the minutes, and act as Clerk to the House, and so save the multiplication of offices.

The Opposition will put their spoke in, of course; but members will not be obliged to vote strictly on party lines. An Opposition member will also have the right to bring in a Bill. The defeat of a Ministerial measure will mean the resignation of the Government, and I should then call upon Blundell to form a Cabinet. "Questions" would afford a good opportunity for extracting useful information from the Government. Someone might say, "I should like to ask the Right Hon. member for High Street—Minister for Finance—when we are going to have another troop concert and display?" or, "I beg to ask the Prime Minister whether the Government is in favour of starting a troop magazine?"

I think you can see the drift of the notion, and the next time I see Mr. Biffin, the S.M. at St. Cuthbert's, I will ask him whether he and his fellows would join in.

("The Scoutmaster" will chat to you about "Boy Scout Badges and What They Mean" in next Monday's BOYS' FRIEND. Don't miss this fine article!)



THE HEAD INTERVENES! There was a sudden yell from one of the juniors watching the fight between Harry Wilmot and Bob Rake. "The Head!" Round the corner of the chapel came an awe-inspiring figure—the figure of Dr. Chenies, Head of St. Kit's. "My hat!" murmured St. Leger. "The merry fat's in the fire now!" Some of the juniors bolted; but the rest, realising that it was too late, stood still. And an awed whisper ran round as the battered combatants dropped their hands and separated. "The Head!"

have known it was another dirty trick."

Durance shrugged his shoulders. He had his limits, more closely drawn than Tracy's; he would not tell a direct lie about it.

Not that a lie would have served him. Bunny Bootles had given him away a little too completely for that.

Bob Rake jumped up and left his desk. Durance breathed rather hard, but he did not retreat. Bob came over to him.

"Give me that swindling shilling, Durance."

"What for?"

"Give it me, or I'll take it. You're not going to cheat anybody else with it," exclaimed Bob.

Durance hesitated a moment; then, with a laugh, he drew the double-headed shilling from his waistcoat pocket and tossed it to Bob. The latter examined it, with a snort of contempt, and pitched it into the Form-room fire.

"That's that!" he said. "Now get out of this Form-room, Durance. You make me sick."

Durance opened his lips to speak, but closed them again. It was not much use for him to say anything. He turned and walked out of the Form-room without a word.

"He, he, he!" chuckled Bunny. "What a give-away! I say—"

"Shut up, you fat cad!" roared Bob.

"Oh, I say!"

"Get out, Bunny, you fat beast!" said Harry Wilmot. "Kick him out, Rake—Bunny has to be kicked at least once a day!"

"Yah!"

Bunny Bootles rolled out of the Form-room without waiting to be kicked.

Bob Rake closed the door, and returned to his place. His face was clouded, and he did not seem able to concentrate his attention on Virgil—though he had, by this time, progressed as far as the famous shipwreck passage.

He was thinking, for the first time, that he was not glad that he had come to St. Kit's. In Study No. 5 he had two companions whom he disliked and despised, and somehow—he hardly knew how—he had been set in bitter opposition to the fellows he could have liked and pulled with. Somehow he had made a bad break at the school, and the prospect before him did not seem sunny.

Harry Wilmot was looking at him across the desks.

"Rake!" he said suddenly.

"Well?" said Bob, rather gruffly.

"Don't you think we've been a pair of duffers to row like this?" said Harry, with a smile. "You seem to have been made use of—and cheated in the process."

"Not much doubt about that!" growled Bob.

"You can't like it much in the study with Tracy and Durance."

"I know I sha'n't ever speak a word to either of the cads again."

"That won't be agreeable—"

"I know it won't!"

"I owe you this black eye," said Harry. "You owe me that one! Did you really want a fight to a finish, old scout?"

Bob's clouded face relaxed.

"I don't know that I did," he answered. "Oh, dash it all, I never really wanted to scrap with you, anyhow. I've been made a fool of."

"I might have done a bit more thinking," confessed Harry. "But—after all, there's no harm done."

He rubbed his eye, and smiled. "Is there any reason why we shouldn't be friends?"

Bob's face brightened.

"None at all, if you'd care to!" he answered.

"I would!" said Harry frankly. "And if you'd care to change studies, there's plenty of room for one more in the top study. I never wanted to turn you out of your quarters. Will you dig with us in the top study, and let bygones be bygones?"

"My hat!" said Bob.

"St. Leger will be pleased, I know—and as for Bunny, whether he's pleased or not doesn't count. If you can stand Bunny—"

"Better than Tracy or Durance, anyhow," grinned Bob. "If you really mean it, Wilmot—"

"With all my heart."

"Then it's a merry go!"

Harry Wilmot held out his hand, frankly, and Bob Rake gave him a grip. And that settled it.

And it is much to be feared that more time, during that afternoon's detention, was spent in cheery talk than in transcribing Virgil.

Algernon Aubrey St. Leger woke up with a start, from a nap on his new sofa in the top study.

"Hallo, dear old beans!" he yawned, as Harry Wilmot came in with Bob Rake. "I almost think I dropped off. Tea-time, what?"

"Yes," said Harry.

"Bunny! Where's Bunny? Why hasn't that fat boulder got tea ready?" exclaimed St. Leger indignantly.

"Bunny, you fat

blighter—Bunny, you ravenous rabbit—"

"Oh! I say—"

"Get a move on, you slacking barrel, or you sha'n't have any tea. Can't you see we've got a guest?"

"A new study-mate!" said Harry.

Algy jumped up.

"How good! Delighted, old bean!" he exclaimed. "Welcome to the top study! Kick Bunny for me, will you?"

"Certainly," chuckled Bob.

"Yaroooooh!"

And quite a happy party sat down to tea in the top study—and the hatchet was buried for ever between the two juniors who had been the foes of the Fourth.

(On no account must you miss next Monday's long instalment of this ripping school story! Order your BOYS' FRIEND right away and avoid disappointment!)

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.



Simple, but Good.

Here is a simple exercise that those who have not strong wrists may practise with advantage. Fix the elbow; and the best way of doing this is to bring the bent arm in to the body, elbow firmly pressing on the hip. The hand (left) is palm upwards, finger-tips at about shoulder-level. Now place the thumb of right hand squarely across left palm, just at base of the fingers. The left hand is thus within the fork of the right. Press down strongly with right thumb, and against this pressure, closing the fingers, force the left hand inwards, upon its own forearm, as far as you can get it. For the return movement, open the fingers, and let left hand vigorously resist the effort of the right hand to bend it backwards as far as it will go. Continue the movement until wrist muscles begin to ache.

Chilblains.

It is just the time to speak of this disagreeable and painful complaint, and the treatment explained is not only a cure for (unbroken) chilblains that have developed, but will also prevent their coming. The cure has been given me by one who has suggested it in scores of cases and never found it fail, so I am passing it on with the hope that it may benefit some sufferers for whom winter is a time of pain and misery.

Chilblains are due to defective blood circulation, especially in those small vessels which lie immediately below the skin. Quickened circulation and the trouble will not develop. To effect this, moist heat is required. Therefore, soak the parts affected, or likely to be affected, at least once ever day (just before going to bed will be a convenient time for most persons) for not less than ten minutes in water as hot as can be borne, adding boiling water from time to time to maintain the heat. If you can give the soaking more often than once a day, so much the better.

And here is a useful tip: Avoid washing the hands in hot water and going into the cold air immediately

after. To do so at once checks the surface circulation, with the result that chilblains are encouraged.

Floating.

With regard to my last talk about floating, it would be best to learn the movement with the arms by the sides; the hands may seem more under control when in that position. The movement remains the same. Don't lift arms from the water; just bend up the wrist a little and twist the hands away from body with a circular movement, the last half of which—towards the body—may be made a bit quicker than the first half.

When tired of this, you may try treading water, which is simply carrying the legs down so that you are in an upright position—head tilted back a bit so that lips clear the water, arms extended from shoulders, palms down, in order to maintain position of body. The legs then begin what is just a "marking time" movement, and, perhaps to your surprise, you'll find you stay thus quite easily.

If you will learn these very simple feats before "trying to swim," you'll discover there is a real pleasure in being in the water; that your confidence increases, driving from your mind all fears as to drowning. You'll also discover how really easy it is to keep afloat, and how unnecessary is hard work to accomplish so much, and the result of this will be that your learning of the actual swimming strokes will be accomplished more quickly and more easily than if you start trying to learn them straight-away.

As I was one of those unfortunates who do not take kindly to swimming, and who wrongly assume that hard work is essential if the game is to be learned, I have every sympathy with those for whose benefit this article is written. I wish someone had told me when I was learning what I'm now trying to teach you. But it wasn't so. I was just told that I was wrong; not why.

(Look out for another helpful article.)

WIN SUCCESS IN BUSINESS

This NEW WORK will help you to
Tackle a Bigger Job
Earn More Money
Carve Out a Big Future for Yourself

Knowledge is the secret of success. When you start in business—any business—it's the little bit of extra knowledge which makes the difference between the boy who stays on junior pay and the boy who climbs from job to job to a big position at the top. This new work will give you much more than a little extra knowledge—it will tell you **all you want to know**, whatever business you take up. It will tell you—How to become an Accountant, an Auctioneer, Electrical Engineer, a Shopkeeper, an Architect, or how to enter any profession you can think of. Once you have decided, or if you have already entered upon a career, it will give you the fullest possible information about every subject connected with it.

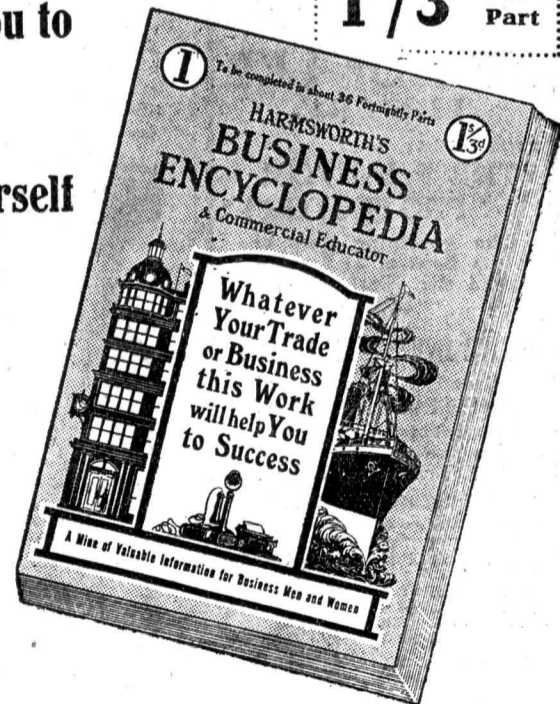
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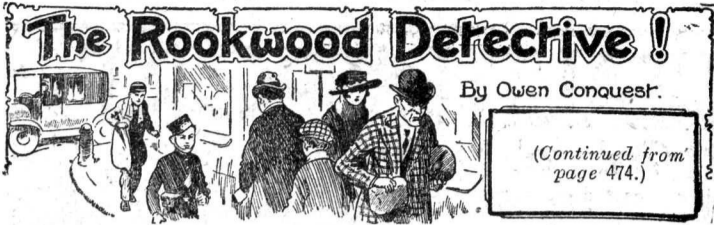
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The Rookwood Detective!

By Owen Conquest.

(Continued from page 474.)

and I've seen them. I—I never dreamed they might be counterfeit." "If you're pulling my leg, young man—" "Come to the shop! For goodness sake, come to the shop!" exclaimed Lovell, and he jerked at the constable's tunic in his excitement. "Where's the shop?" "The boot emporium, only a few minutes from here."

"Right!" With a heavy tread the big policeman marched beside the excited, gasping schoolboy. Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome followed, quite forgetful of lock-up at Rookwood now. They were almost as breathless with excitement as Arthur Edward Lovell. Was it possible—was it—or was Lovell putting his foot in it again, in the way his chums knew only too well? But this time, apparently, Arthur Edward had something to "go" upon.

The two shopmen in the Bunbury Emporium looked rather surprised when the constable entered with four schoolboys. Lovell gasped out: "That banknote—" "Eh?"

"That banknote with Judson on it—show it to the constable." "What on earth—" "The man's name wasn't Judson!" shouted Lovell. "I know him, and his name wasn't Judson! He signed a false name."

"Your uncle—" "He's not my uncle. That was gammon!" "Oh, was it?" said Mr. Montgomery sharply. "I think—" "Better let me see the banknote, sir," said the constable. "There's been a lot of stumers passed the last few weeks in these parts; it's supposed that somebody's working the district."

That was enough for Mr. Montgomery. He looked quite alarmed as he cut across to the cash-desk. In a few minutes he came back with a five-pound note in his hand. "It looks all right," he said—"right as rain! We sold a thirty-five shilling pair of boots, giving three pound five change."

The constable took the banknote and examined it with care. "It's one of the best I've seen," he said at last. "Ninety-nine people in a hundred would be taken in by that note, I fancy. By gum! I should be taken in myself, only I've seen one like it that was passed at Rookham a week ago. It's a stumer!"

"Done!" breathed Mr. Montgomery. Lovell's eyes danced. Jimmy

Silver & Co. looked intensely relieved. For once, at least, Arthur Edward had not put his foot in it.

"You'd better let me take this note away for the present, sir. And you young gentlemen had better come to the station with me. You'll have to tell us what you know about the man; he's the man that's been wanted for weeks."

"He went to two other shops," said Lovell. "I know them both."

"Come on, then." The constable and the excited juniors visited the bookshop and the clothier's shop in turn. In each was found a banknote, one endorsed in the name of J. A. Smith, the other in the name of William Brown. Evidently Mr. Skinforth used a different name every time.

Lovell seemed to be walking on air as he accompanied the constable to Bunbury Police Station. He gave his comrades triumphant looks. Undoubtedly there was a hint—more than a hint, in fact—of swank in the manner of Arthur Edward Lovell.

Arthur Edward was immensely pleased with himself. And for once—it did not happen often, but it had happened this time—his comrades were pleased with him. Lovell was often, if not always, a great man in his own eyes, and now, for once in a way, he was a great man in the eyes of his comrades.

The 6th Chapter. Exit Skinforth!

Jimmy Silver & Co. were late for lock-up that evening at Rookwood. But that did not matter very much in the circumstances.

They arrived at the school in company. Four bikes were stacked on top of a big car, and in the car were packed the Fistical Four and an inspector and two constables from Bunbury. And in the inspector's pocket was a warrant entitling him to search the belongings of Mr. Skinforth, mathy master pro tem. at Rookwood.

The sight of the official uniforms caused a sensation in the school. Crowds of Rookwood fellows stared at the two constables, while the inspector was admitted to the Head's study to explain the purport of his visit to Dr. Chisholm.

Lovell remarked to his chums that he would have liked to see the Head's face. That privilege was denied him, however. Doubtless it would have been worth seeing.

In Mr. Dalton's study the Fistical Four explained the matter to their Form master. They had the privilege of seeing Mr. Dalton's face

when he heard; and it was, as Lovell said afterwards, worth a guinea a box.

Mr. Skinforth had been in more than an hour when the official visit took place. He was in his room when the Bunbury inspector arrived there, with the startled Head and the two constables bringing up the rear—behind them a buzzing mob of excited Rookwooders.

Mr. Skinforth opened his door to a knock, and his face changed colour at the sight of the police.

The Bunbury inspector, the Head, and the two constables entered the room. The door closed, much to the disappointment of the Rookwood crowd.

A quarter of an hour later it opened.

Mr. Skinforth came out, his face chalky white, walking between the two policemen, with handcuffs on his wrists!

He was hurried down to the car and whirled away, and Rookwood was left to thrill with excitement.

Arthur Edward Lovell spread himself considerably in the following days. He felt that he was entitled to do so.

He had spotted the rascal! It was through Lovell that the rogue had been captured. There was no doubt about that.

Lovell—amazing to realise—had been right all along the line. That alone, as Mornington remarked, was flabbergasting. Nevertheless, flabbergasting or not, such was the fact.

Many particulars became known later with regard to Mr. Skinforth. He was not the counterfeiter himself, he was the distributing agent for a gang of counterfeiterers in London. He was a good man at mathematics, with good testimonials to show; and sometimes he had a post in a school, sometimes he set up to take private pupils, but wherever he was his dwelling-place was the centre of his operations as a distributor of counterfeit notes. Never more than a few weeks in one place, he had hitherto followed his peculiar profession with impunity. And he might have been following it with impunity still, as Lovell pointed out in the end study, but for one person of the name of Arthur Edward Lovell.

But he had been brought up with a round turn now, so to speak. His activities were at an end, and he was booked for a long, long rest, and Rookwood had lost its unpopular mathy master, which was still better news to the juniors. Altogether, it was admitted in the Classical Fourth that Lovell was entitled to swank a little.

And there was no doubt that Lovell did!

THE END.

(Simply top-hole — "Bulkeley's Enemy!"—the long complete story of the chums of Rookwood School for next Monday. Be sure you read it! And don't forget to tell ALL your pals about Owen Conquest's fine school tales!)

IN YOUR EDITOR'S DEN.



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

THE GREAT DETECTIVE BOOK!

Be sure you get the splendid Boys' FRIEND Detective Book. This prime manual on the business of a detective is given away with this week's bumper number of the old "Green 'Un." Some will say it is the best of the bunch, this book with a punch, but, anyhow, it is first rate. All the Boys' FRIEND Free Books are in the front line. You can get any numbers you have missed from the Publisher.

NOT TO BE FORGOTTEN!

Since the earliest pinky dawn of history the science of detecting crime has figured prominently. No wonder! It is a case of the art of the investigator against the low cunning of the rogue. The detective stands for the protection of society. We know that thieves fall out, thereby bringing honest men back to their own. But it is not safe to trust to this contingency. The wary thief has to be met with his own weapons. It always has been so; the Stone Age johnny who got back home to supper and found his best axe had been "scrounged," had to dodge about amidst the hunky rocks after the "borrower" of the article. You hear all about detective work in our fine book, and there are many wrinkles, and plenty of sound facts of real value. We are not all going to prowl round after wrongdoers, but there is horse-sense, and much interest in picking up any good little details of the business. It is a subject of rare fascination.

BETWEEN YOU AND ME!

This was what the man said as he skipped over the thorn hedge out of the track of the frisky bull. But the phrase hits the occasion as regards a mighty big surprise which is coming. This is a stunning fresh attraction. Full details later!

NOTHING LIKE A PICTURE-PUZZLE!

It catches the attention at once. Everybody likes this feature. In this grand issue of the old "Green 'Un" you will find the first set of a new Picture-Puzzle Competition. Fix your keen gaze on it. A picture-puzzle makes anybody sit up and take notice. It is always a brisk, pleasing, artistic affair. It illustrates cheery, familiar sights—such as washing day, and trouble with the suds, or a lively scene in a country lane. The prizes offered in the new Competition are as varied as ever—and better. They comprise a First Prize of £25; Second Prize £5; three superb Bassett-Lowke Model Railways, with all the dinkiest and latest fittings and equipment; twelve "Hobbs" Cricket Bats, and twenty-five razor-sharp pocket-knives. Get busy and let your chums know about this topping treat.

"SPORTING FAVOURITES."

Next Monday you will get the second set of pictures in this entrancing "Sporting Favourites" Competition. Keep your sets until the time for sending in. I will announce the closing date later. The Boys' FRIEND has started the New Year in noble style with its competition department, and there is better still ahead!

"THE LION AT BAY!"

"A la guerre, comme a la guerre!" Our wonderful serial, with its picture of war in 1975, hums along its dramatic course. Next Monday's instalment will give any reader heaps to think about. The half-century, which the brilliant writer leaps in order to reveal certain grim possibilities, has brought a prodigious alteration in methods of fighting. But though we can ponder over the chances of the "ringing grooves of change," yet it is inspiring to find that in fifty years, as now, there is scope for life's fine loyalties, and for the display of pluck, as exhibited by the chums, Don and Keith. In the coming chapters there are moments of tense excitement. We get the whirlwind tactics of the powerful Yellow-Black confederacy, which threatens to engulf the world in far more devastating style than when the Huns and Goths swept south and west. Read next week's weirdly, enthralling chapters of this serial. It is an epic, which is a snug, short word for a stunner!

"BULKELEY'S ENEMY!"

Has it ever occurred to you that as the merry weeks chase each other down the echoing corridors of Time, so to speak, that I must run short of words in which to deal with Mr. Owen Conquest's prime yarns of Rookwood? If it has, well, the answer is a lemon. Anyway, I am not stuck for a phrase. The versatile author of the Jimmy Silver tales would inspire the Seven Sleepers to wake up, wave their nightcaps, and sing the praises of the series. Next week Bulkeley is versus Carthew. The latter takes a tip from the Greeks, but he does not fight like the gallant old Athenians. He knows not how!

"CHEERING UP THE RAJAH!"

A high-spirited Bombay Castle yarn this! Look out for it! Dick Dorrington & Co. earn good marks for their fine work in lifting the depression from the brows of the Eastern Maharajah. Just like them to do a good turn!

"THE CAPTAIN OF THE FOURTH!"

St. Kit's for ever! Frank Richards is a born carrier-on! This is a compliment to his tenaciousness. He insists upon being interesting, and he is all that next Monday—wheeze-ful and energetic.

"BOY SCOUT BADGES, AND WHAT THEY MEAN."

"The Scoutmaster" discourses on this subject in our next. A Badge has many things to tell as you will see.

FOOTBALL BY "GOALIE."

Now is the winter of our discontent! Humpback Richard said it, and the saying went for his day. Not now! Winter spells footer, and there is no discontent in that. Richard never kicked the leather. And, as usual, on Monday next, we have good old "Goalie" busy as a bee, trotting in with all the latest.

Your Editor.

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