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The BOYS' FRIEND 2d

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THE BEST BOYS' PAPER IN THE WORLD!

[Week Ending February 7th, 1925.

The CAPTAIN of THE FOURTH!

BY Frank Richards



The St. Kit's and Lyncroft Fellows Pelt the Interfering Stranger with Eggs!

(A screamingly funny incident from Frank Richards' great school story in this number.)

OUR POWERFUL STORY OF GREAT BRITAIN'S DEADLY PERIL!

The LION AT BAY!

By Roger
Fowey



British troops make a valliant attempt to drive back the Green Army hordes who are pushing towards 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 amphibians, or 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 amphibians 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, at once enlisted in the Air Force and proceeded to London to join their squadron. When the two chums arrived in the capital, however, it was to find that a great number of the Green Army, who had come up the River Thames in a huge underwater craft, had landed and were fighting in the streets around Whitehall. Immediately the boys made for Allied headquarters, where they were appointed to the Special Section, and dispatched in a pipe-plane to cruise around King's Lynn. Their instructions were to look out for enemy aircraft, which, it was suspected, might be landing troops in that neighbourhood. After some time in the air the chums suddenly came upon a big fleet of enemy planes, which at once attacked them and sent their machine hurtling down towards earth.

The 2nd Chapter.

The Pipe-Plane's Fate.

The purple black of the night sky about the monster enemy troop-carrying aeronefs was slashed and stabbed by the blue flashes of actinic guns, and the fighting craft which guarded the huge machines came streaking forward like hounds unleashed, firing madly at the whirling pipe-plane as Keith and Don dropped downwards.

The concussion from the explosions of powerful shells staggered the little metal machine on its downward plunge, and enemy aircraft swooped after it—still firing, and intent upon hurling into oblivion the only men who had, as yet, sighted the invaders.

Within the machine Don was braced in his seat, held by broad, webbing straps, with his hands clinging to the controls, his gaze fixed on the blackness of the night ahead as he stared through the thick observation window.

Keith was hanging on for dear life to the leathern seat behind his gun. He was being whirled round and flung from side to side with dizzy, bewildering, heartstopping swiftness. He knew that they were falling at a terrific rate, that the little pipe-plane was in a nose-dive and was twisting as she fell; he thought that Don had lost control.

But Don knew that the only way to escape the enemy machines was to drop—and to drop sheer! Earth lay a full six miles below them, and for

fully half that distance they simply fell out of the sky.

The motors were still running, and they roared madly as Don strove gradually to pull the machine out of her terrible dive. They must have fallen to within ten thousand feet of the ground before he got the plane flattened out, and by that time the enemy had lost them utterly, convinced that the machine had gone down out of control.

For long seconds Keith hung on to his seat, trying to steady the mazed whirling of his head. They were flying level now, and Don's voice helped to rouse him.

"Get on to headquarters, Keith!" he called above the rush and burst of the motors and the pressure device. "Get on and report!"

Mechanically, Keith groped for the little radio set which Major Hastings had given him. It was a wonderful instrument, amazingly compact, with three miniature filamentless "S" valves—working on the two-way principle with the ease and facility of an ordinary wired telephone.

Keith adjusted the little, white, vibrating reed headphones, and switched on the tiny, powerful generator. He lifted the microphone out of its niche, and called:

"Hallo, S.S.! Hallo, S.S.!"

The wavelength was fixed permanently, and almost immediately came the reply:

"S.S. calling! Who are you?"

"Keith Ashley speaking. With Don Wentworth somewhere above Newmarket. Important report to make concerning—"

"Hang on a moment!"

Keith heard the operator in Whitehall call to someone, and a second

later he heard Major Hastings over the other.

"Hallo, Ashley! Hastings calling."

"We've sighted about twenty-four enemy aeronefs, apparently carrying troops, protected by a powerful squadron of aircraft. They forced us down. They were flying in the direction of London at a height of not much short of forty thousand feet. It was about over Thetford that we first saw them."

"Good work, Ashley! Try to keep on their track. Report every few minutes. We shall be standing by for you. Acknowledge instructions."

"We will try to follow enemy aircraft, and will report every few minutes," Keith repeated his orders, then switched off and told Don.

"Sit tight, then," answered his companion. "We're going to climb."

The little pipe-plane shot towards the stars at an amazing speed, with both of them trying to catch a glimpse of the enemy.

"See if there's anybody else coming up!" called Don, and Keith glanced down through the observation windows in the floor.

There was no moon, and he could distinguish nothing.

They were thirty thousand feet up when Don thought that he could see the enemy machines, but they appeared to be descending in a close-packed bunch. The pipe-plane slowed, and they were able to make out exactly what machines formed the enemy squadron.

Keith got into touch with headquarters again, and reported details as he made them out.

He counted twenty-five of the

troop-carrying aeronefs and a whole host of fighting machines.

"They are descending rapidly," he reported. "But we cannot locate ourselves, and cannot give you their prospective landing."

"You are now exactly over Leaden Roding," came the reply, and Keith knew that headquarters were keeping track of him by direction-finding instruments.

"Then the enemy appear to be making for somewhere below Harlow," Keith replied.

Even as he spoke he saw the darkness that cloaked the earth pierced for the fraction of a second by a powerful white light, two others lit up immediately afterwards, so that, for the merest fraction of time, the trio formed a triangle.

He reported this, and continued his reports as Don tilted the machine and they began to descend in the immediate wake of the enemy planes.

"We have located intending enemy landing-place as north of High Beech," came the operator's voice from the special section headquarters at Whitehall. "Major Hastings directs that you shall attack and attempt to bring down as many as possible of the enemy aeronefs, with the object of creating confusion. Acknowledge instructions."

Mechanically Keith repeated the orders, switched off, then turned with a whoop of joy to Don.

"We've got to attack 'em, old man!" he shouted. "The big 'uns only. Go to it!"

A yell from Don was his only answer. The pipe-plane gathered speed, and an instant later it was hurtling towards the black shapes below them.

Neither of them thought for one moment of what might follow their attack. The chances were that they would be blown to bits under the devastating actinic guns of the enemy fighting planes. Yet, if they succeeded in bringing down only one of the enemy troop aeronefs, they would have served their country well.

Keith stretched up in his seat. Tested the moving band of shells which fed the breech of his gun, then hauled the weapon round to bear on the dark blotches ahead of them.

"I'll get through the cordon of battle-planes!" Don called. "Don't fire until we're right on top of one of the big 'uns. I'll make for the fellow on the extreme right!"

The fierce little machine was swooping down on the enemy now, going all out. Keith spared a few swift seconds to call up S.S. headquarters again, and to report that they were about to engage the enemy; then he put the tiny radio set away, and devoted all his attention to the work in hand.

It was strange and eerie there in the darkness. Before them loomed the swooping, swaying shapes of the enemy battle-planes, monstrous steel craft which flew above and below and between the aeronefs they guarded. Mingled with these dreadnoughts of the air were the darting black forms

of the screeching, narrow, close-range machines which had figured in the initial attack upon London.

Coming from the rear, the chums stood a good chance of being unseen; or, if they were spotted, of being taken by the enemy for one of themselves. Before the error could be rectified the pipe-plane would be inside the cordon and at its deadly work.

Don sent the machine down at an angle, and the huge bulk of an aeronef seemed to rush up to meet them.

"Rake him right along his envelope!" Keith heard Don bawl. "I'll try to get his engines. They're at the ends, I think!"

An instant afterwards and they swooped past the tail of a great battle-plane. They dived between a pair of the darting two-man machines, almost scraped the wing of another big craft, and then they were a bare hundred yards from the aeronef they had marked down.

But they were spotted. A broad white beam shot downwards from the battle-plane they had just passed, and it fixed them instantly. Immediately other rays struck out from craft around, and in a moment the pipe-plane was the centre of a group of shifting white beams.

The searchlights illumined the interior of the pipe-plane, shining through the observation windows—and with the light the chums' hearts leaped, for they knew that death was now inevitable.

But they had the aeronef at their mercy! They could strike one big bldow for old England and the world before they went under.

With a fierce, vicious roar Keith sent his first shell slashing into the metal-protected envelope of the aeronef. The band that fed the gun jerked up, and an instant later another shell roared through the night air.

The gun kicked and bucked under the youngster's hands, and it took all his strength to hold it steady.

He saw blinding flashes of red light appear on the side of the aeronef where the shells got home—a line of lurid, spurting flame that stretched farther and farther along the metal envelope as his gun got to its deadly work.

Forward of the aeronef Don was plunging a stream of shells into where he judged the engines to be, even as he sent his pipe-plane downwards in a steep dive to carry them beneath the great craft and to dodge the blinding glare of the searchlights.

From the darting, glimmering, metal shape of the pipe-plane there spouted two tongues of continuous flame. From before and behind them the darkness about the enemy cordon was split by the blue glare of actinic guns, and one side of the aeronef was hung by black smoke that concealed the huge gashes in her side.

Keith kept his gun on the enemy as the pipe-plane swooped, lifting the muzzle round on the turret and firing almost directly upwards as they swung beneath the machine. He saw a long, metal, keel-like stretch at the base of the aeronef, and part of it changed to twisted debris as three of his shells caught it fairly.

A moment afterwards and they were climbing close alongside the machine, firing at point-blank range.

They were too close and too swift for the aeronef to bring its armament to bear. They raked it from stern to bows as they shot along its length, and as the pipe-plane zoomed upwards again, they left the aeronef with mighty, reeking holes in her sides, and with flame spouting from two points where Don's shells had burst amongst two sets of engines.

She was petrol-driven. Those flames tongued towards a gashed tank, and an instant later a tower of flame shot to the sky from the tail of the aeronef. Her nose dipped, and a moment afterwards she began to fall.

The pipe-plane cleared her, then became the centre of a staggering cluster of bursting shells from the actinic guns. The machine was tossed like a cork in a whirlpool, her under-part was ripped, and her motors devastated; then she went out of action, falling to earth, twisting and turning like a dropping leaf.

And to join her in destruction fell the aeronef. It came roaring down from out the purple sky like a lit torch, leaving behind it a trail of smoke and scattering the green-clad figures of Federal soldiery as it fell.

For a moment or so the lurid glare of the burning craft lit the dark, hovering shapes of its fellows, then it lost them, and came swirling to the night-hidden fields and roads of the British countryside below.



WRECKED! A young lieutenant was leading the platoon which passed close beside the wrecked pipe-plane, and he stopped. "Crashed, eh?" he asked. "All right?" "Yes, thanks," answered Keith Ashley.

A big list of handsome prizes offered in our great new "Sporting Favourites" Competition on page 507. Get busy with it at once, boys!

The Aerial Invasion.

While the pipe-plane's motors were put out of action, neither its wings nor its elevators were much damaged. Both Keith and Don lolled unconscious in their seats as the machine fell, and it was, perhaps, this fact which saved their lives.

The pipe-plane stalled and swooped and twisted, but ever its shapely wings, pressing upon the air, strove to lessen the speed at which it dropped, and time and again it fell half into the natural gliding angle which is a feature of all well-designed aircraft.

As though Don's hand was still on the controls, the pipe-plane sought to right itself, and in this it succeeded when it was a bare two thousand feet from the ground. After that, it still fell, dropping in a steep vol-pique.

A current of air, rushing upwards from the warm earth, tended to lessen the angle of its drop, and a few seconds later the rounded, broken under-part hit smooth earth, shot up again with all the resilience of a rubber ball, then crashed nose foremost into a cradle of tree branches. From these it dropped sideways to earth, slid a few yards, then crunched to the ground right side up, slithered a little farther, and finally stopped.

It had come down close by the Epping motor-way, and beyond the western edge of Monk Wood, and for an hour or more it lay silent amongst the dew-wet leaves and branches which it had broken in its fall.

outfit, food, and a small bottle of spirits. The burning of the fiery liquor in Keith's throat helped to bring him round again, and then Don examined both his chum and himself.

They had bruises, but no broken bones. The fall had knocked both sick, and it was a full hour before either of them made any attempt to move. Then they made some sort of meal from the food in the locker. It helped them to recover, and soon both were standing up and walking to test their legs.

"I feel all right now," Keith said. "Bit shaky, though. We got that big fellow all right; I saw him coming down. Wonder where he dropped?"

"Good way from here, I should think," Don answered. "I'd like to know where we are."

It was then that they heard the muffled roar of guns from somewhere to the west, and almost immediately there came the crash and thunder of big weapons from, so to speak, their very elbows. They heard the shrieking note of aëtic guns, and then:

Whooooo! Whooooo! Whooooo!

It was a distant moaning whine of beetle machines!

An instant afterwards, and there came a crashing and trampling through the trees about them. It was not a beetle-machine, because their ugly sounds were more afar off. Tensely Keith and Don watched the trees, and a few seconds later caught

England's experience was the same as that of other white countries. The vast Federal hordes had split up to attack the world at various points, and they had swooped down upon all the great capitals.

New York, Paris, Berlin, Lisbon, Warsaw—all were fighting. This was no war of trenches and slow movement. Great aircraft dropped the green armies at strategic points, and swift-moving reinforcements were on hand to follow up. Huen Lo, the dictator, was cunning; he fought with fantastic weapons, and he used a strategy that was new in the ancient history of warfare.

Ready with strange craft of amazing powers, he swooped with the advantage of complete surprise upon the Allies; for though they had had many years of warning of this war, they had not anticipated the weapons which the Federals would use.

Yet, though the war was but hours old, they were getting busy with armaments which offered an effective counter to those of the green armies. Norton's triple gun was but one of a dozen similar things that were to startle the enemy.

The wonderful Heavyside aeronefs, of which Keith and Don had heard, and the wreckage of one of which they had seen, were needed elsewhere than in the defence of London. The great capital was not of much strategic value, nor, even, was England. If the enemy could be held out, well and good, but there were

trunks of Epping Forest trees were broken and shattered by screaming shells, and from the shelter of leafy glades and bowered paths there burst khaki-clad Britishers, who attacked with bullet and bayonet, sweeping down on the Federals and their machines—to be repulsed and to attack again, to fall back only to dash into the fight once more.

And in the blue sky of early morning there waged a battle just as grim. The darting craft and monster battle-planes of the enemy were subjected to swift and deadly attacks no less purposeful than that of the ground soldiery beneath them.

Keith and Don, after the troops had passed them, got into touch with S.S. Headquarters, reported what they had done, were complimented, and then received further instructions.

They were told that there was a baby aeronef under repair at Jack's Hill Crossroads, where three motor-ways met, about two miles south of Epping; it was in charge of a Captain Duncan, and they were told to report to him.

They reached the Epping Motor-way, to find it strangely quiet and deserted.

Occasionally an overshot shell plunked into the trees near at hand, bursting with a mighty roar and uprooting oaks and beeches. They heard the whine of a beetle machine once, and made out its sinister form amongst the trees. Apparently, it

wounded of the enemy. But even as they moved a green-clad soldier squeezed out of the machine and went running over the turf.

Keith and Don knew what was coming. They jumped to their feet and shouted with all their might. The soldiers heard them, caught the import of their gestures and ran back for the shelter of their tanks. Even as they moved the beetle machine was ripped from port to starboard by a vivid sheet of flame, and its debris was scattered far and wide over the glade and the motor-way, pieces narrowly missing the two chums.

The Federals were under orders to destroy those beetle machines rather than let them fall into the hands of the Allies. In every possible case it was done, even though—as now—the man who fired the explosive perished with his machine.

The two chums went on, and, in a little while, they came to the giant cross-roads by Jack's Hill. They found the baby aeronef behind the motor-way police building, and reported themselves to Captain Duncan.

The baby aeronef was about fifty feet long and some twenty feet high. It had a metal envelope which was filled by a gas of enormous lifting power; it had a density of less than .6, which is three times less than that of helium. The gas was called radogen.

**THE BATTLE OF EPPING FOREST!**

The moss-clad trunks of the trees in Epping Forest were broken and shattered by screaming shells, and from the shelter of leafy glades and bowered paths there burst khaki-clad Britishers who attacked with bullet and bayonet, sweeping down on the Federals and their machines—to be repulsed and to attack again, to fall back only to dash into the fight once more!

By this time, chill dawn was lighting the eastern sky, and soon the dusky, reeking interior of the pipe-plane was lit up a little. The air inside was thick with the fumes that had come from the firing guns, and it was these fumes—strangely enough—which roused Don.

He had been knocked unconscious, like his chum, by the terrific concussion of the shell which had finally put the machine out of action. His first move was to unstrap himself and climb shakily to the entrance-port, behind the turret, and fling it open.

He stayed there, clinging to the edge, and breathing in the wonderfully pure air of early morn. It revived him amazingly, and then he turned to Keith. The young fellow was lying backwards in his seat, dead-white and still. Don tore the straps away from him with shaking fingers, then dragged him up to the opening.

It was heavy work, and he managed it only because he feared that Keith was dead. That fear lent him strength to push Keith up through the opening, and then to slide down with him to the ground.

The shock of the fall amidst the broken branches at the side of the machine had the effect of reviving Keith, and for a moment or so he stared up into Don's face.

"Lo!" he grunted, then swooned again.

Don scrambled back into the machine, and made for a little locker in the stern. Here was a first-aid

sight of the khaki uniforms of British infantry.

The armoured, compact figures came towards them through the trees, moving quickly, obviously hurrying to join in the battle that was raging close at hand. All around as far as the chums could see the trees had suddenly become thick with them.

Some of the men glanced at the chums, who saw that all were tight-lipped and grim. A young lieutenant was leading a platoon which passed close beside the wrecked pipe-plane, and he stopped.

"Crashed, eh?" he asked. "All right?"

"Yes, thanks," Keith answered.

"What's happening?"

"About a hundred thousand of the blighters have landed by air near High Beech," the lieutenant answered. "We were coming from the East Coast to defend London, and I think we've nobbled this lot nicely. They've dropped right in the midst of us!"

"Have they landed anywhere else?" asked Don.

"Thank so!" the lieutenant answered. "Lots of rumours about, Cheer-gh! Best o' luck!" And he was off with his men.

It was not until later that the chums learned that the enemy had landed half a million men during the night. They had come down at no less than four points, and all were converging upon London.

other points of the earth in this war of the world which had infinitely more value.

This attack upon England and London was spectacular. If Huen Lo was successful, he could bruit abroad the news as a wonderful victory; but while he sent forces to England, the Allies were making the Philippine Islands a base for a great attack upon China itself, and the Gulf of Carpentaria and Arnhem Land in Northern Australia hid men and weapons of which the Federals never dreamed.

Yet there were stout hearts in Britain, and men with love of country who were prepared to fight to the last in defence of England's green fields and homes. To these men strategy mattered nothing. The Allies might be massing forces in distant lands, ready for an overwhelming sweep upon the Federals, but the enemy was knocking at the door of England, was bringing black ruin and devastation to the proud countryside. Whatever might be the policy of the Allied Command, they would fight for tradition's sake, and for the sake of the flag under which they were born.

And so, these half a million men who had dropped from out the night sky found themselves the centre of converging forces which battled with a grim, dour determination and stern bravery that the Federal invaders could not understand.

Upon that morning the moss-clad

had got separated from the main body, and when they saw it it was being hunted by a couple of scouting tanks.

They saw the beetle machine come racing out into an opening beside the motor-way. As it did so a third scouting tank appeared at one side of the trees, streaking forward to cut the beetle machine off.

The Federals saw that they were trapped, and that they could not get away by running. The beetle machine stopped, its legs folded up in strange, uncanny fashion, and it settled down to the ground, its aëtic guns blazing all the time.

Keith and Don flung themselves flat, and they craned their heads to watch. The enemy machine was more than half hidden in the smoke and smash of bursting shells, and the ground was ploughed up all around it. The scared gunners made bad play with their weapons, otherwise even the doughty little tanks must have gone down before it.

As it was, they plastered the machine from front to rear, and the chums could see it heeling under the shock of shells. At last its guns were smashed and silent, their projecting bosses cracked, and the beetle machine tipped over on its side, gaping holes showing in its metal work.

With a cheer, two men ran forward from each of the scouting tanks—ran to render aid to the

On the baby aeronef the cupola was built as an integral part of the metal envelope; and the chief feature of these machines lay not so much in their speed, which was great, as in the fact that they could carry exceedingly heavy armaments, consisting mainly of aerial torpedoes under wireless control.

By a very close study of the laws of light a certain degree of invisibility had been obtained for these wonderful craft, and the under-part was illumined by light reflected from polished metal shields; this eliminated shadows, with the effect that the craft could be seen from below only when it was against some background which it blotted out.

On a cloudless day an aeronef was practically invisible at any height. It could hover in the air and discharge its torpedoes, guiding them by radio to their objective. The motors of the machine were muffled and all but silent.

So the baby aeronef was a practically invisible, almost silent craft, armed with the deadliest weapons which the white men's science had been able to contrive. The Heavyside aeronefs were gigantic editions of the machine which now stood before the two chums—by comparison, a battle cruiser of olden days against a destroyer.

Captain Duncan shook hands with

(Continued overleaf.)

The LION AT BAY!

By Roger
Fowey



(Continued from previous page.)

Keith and Don when they reported. "I've been into touch with Major Hastings," he told them. "I had a couple of fellows with me, but they've been detailed for other work. The major wants you to come with me. My job is to try to bring down the wireless heat-emitters which the Federals at High Beech are just putting up. I was up on the same job as you fellows last night, but I had to come down because of a choked oil-feed to two of the propellers. I couldn't locate the trouble up there.

"I think we're O.K. now, so the sooner we get up and doing the better, because I've heard that a squadron of air-destroyers are coming on the job, and if those fellows get busy we sha'n't have much to do."

The Battle of High Beech.

Within a quarter of an hour they were shooting up into the air. Captain Duncan sent the machine low over the forest, eastwards. He wanted to get as far away from High Beech as possible before ascending to any height, in order not to attract enemy aircraft.

The aeronefs were not of a great deal of use at low levels; they could not exercise their full powers until they were at a height. Once they had a wide range they became very deadly indeed. There were not very many of them in existence; there was but a single squadron of the smaller type, perhaps a dozen in all.

The Heaviside aeronefs—the big ones—numbered only six, and both types were regarded as being only in the experimental stage, although the threat of war had caused them to be fully armed in readiness for emergencies. Now that war had come, and the Heaviside aeronefs had already proved their worth, certain works in the Midlands were striving at top speed to turn out more of them.

While they hurtled along at a bare two hundred feet above the ground, Captain Duncan apportioned the duties. Don was to attend to the engines, Keith was to control the radio apparatus and the aerial torpedoes, while the captain was to guide the aeronef and to issue instructions.

Keith's knowledge of wireless in all forms enabled him immediately to grasp the principles and the mechanism of the wireless controlled torpedoes—the chief weapon of the aeronef. To Don the engines were an easy matter.

Some three miles from Jack's Hill Captain Duncan sent the machine skywards in wide, sweeping spirals, and as they climbed so the Battle of High Beech came into view.

The Federals had made good use of what time had been spared them before the Allied attack. The huge air-vessels in which they had come had discharged the troops and weapons. Not a single one of the green-clad army moved on foot, all were mounted in man-tanks or the hideous, terrifying beetle machines.

The twenty-five huge, troop-carrying craft lay huddled together, just clear of the forest, in a big, shallow depression, and the battle was raging on a long, broad line stretching out as far as the old King George's reservoir at Chingford.

Half a dozen of the grounded aeronefs had sent up wireless heat-emitters, and these were setting the forest ablaze, burning up the grass all around and driving back the British troops who were valiantly attacking.

Apparently the Federals regarded the wireless heat-emitters as sufficient protection for their huge aircraft, for there was no sign of any

guarding forces, and the nearest of the Federal army was a full half-mile distant.

There was a very definite formation in the way that these invaders moved. The man-tanks were in the centre, with the beetle machines skirting them, and above the broad line which they formed hovered and swarmed the fighting aircraft, ranging from the narrow, black, screeching machines—with their close-range guns and phosphor bombs—to enormous craft which came to be called "flying wings," and which Keith and Don saw at a close range later on.

Upon the Waltham Motor-way mobile guns and landships were

creating havoc amongst the troops who had been approaching amidst the shelter of Epping Forest.

"We'll bring those heat-emitters down before we do anything else, Ashley!" called Captain Duncan. "Get busy as soon as you like."

They were now flying at a height of above ten thousand feet—about level with the highest of the enemy fighting-craft. It was clear that, so far, the baby aeronef had gone unobserved.

There was a foot square frosted sheet of glass in front of where Keith was seated; upon it was a view of what lay below. By a focussing arrangement he was able to bring prominently into view the grouped enemy aeronefs on the ground below, and, by further adjustment, to enlarge the view of one of them, with its wireless heat-emitter.

From his position he was able literally to sight the torpedo as it dropped, and to correct the differences in its flight which were made by air currents and the morning wind.

Down it went, dwindling on the disc as it moved. Captain Duncan had stayed the flight of the baby aeronef, letting it hover unseen against the blue.

He watched Keith's tense figure as he bent over the disc then, leaning over the youngster's shoulder, he watched the flight of the torpedo.

They saw it almost swallowed up against the bulk of the gleaming wireless heat-emitter. The fraction of a second afterwards and there was

"Torpedo, Ashley!" shouted Duncan.

And Keith immediately set to his job, tilting the disc and focusing it to bring into range the enemy craft.

He sent a torpedo winging outwards, sighted the thing, and, hardly five seconds afterwards, got it home right in the centre of the flying wing.

With the terrific burst of flame the craft appeared to break in half. An instant later it was beyond Keith's range of vision, hurtling and twisting to the ground.

"And again!" called Captain Duncan calmly.

"No; there's a destroyer!" yelled Don.

Looking forward, Captain Duncan and Keith saw a strange sight.

Shooting out of the blue was a British air-destroyer—a small grey craft, which was hurtling towards the second of the flying-wings.

It was an all-metal machine, with a long, rounded bow like a ship's ram. Its wings had been folded into slots flush with the thick body; the propeller was behind and partly below the machine, protected by the body.

There was one man in it, peering forward through a tiny port of unsplinterable, thick glass, his deft hands sending his destroyer at the broad back of the enemy.

This deadly little machine was one peculiar to the British. It carried no guns, and its crew was one man only. Its intention was to ram and bring down enemy craft. The bow was shaped to sheer through the com-

over madly—a small, whirling, black blotch.

Keith and Don kept their gaze on it, and they saw the wings gradually appear at the sides, then the plane came under control, swooping round in a circle as the now tangled wreckage of the flying wing came hurtling out of the sky.

The chums watched it hit at the tail end of the enemy column below, then—

From above them there came a rushing, rumbling roar.

Don glimpsed the rushing shape of some enemy craft through the side ports, and the aeronef began to drop.

Three of the screeching, black planes had come upon them while they watched the little air-destroyer at work, and a shell had ripped clean through the radogen envelope above.

An instant later and there was a burning glare and a stunning report from the tail of the machine as another shell slashed off the end of the hull and carried away the propeller, leaving the motor a mass of twisted metal, and filling the gondola with flying splinters.

The concussion of the first shell had pitched all three to the floor, and they missed the hurtling wreckage.

The baby aeronef tilted downwards, and with difficulty Captain Duncan scrambled to his feet. He struggled to the control-levers and worked madly.

"We've got to go down!" he called at last. "Steering's gone, and there must be a big gash in the envelope."

Even as he spoke they could feel the downward rush accelerating, and knew that the radogen was simply pouring out of the container.

"The parachutes! Only hope!" shouted the captain. "In the floor!"

There was a red lever at the right of the controls, and he snapped it over. Immediately three sections of the flooring slid away, disclosing what looked like three masses of straps.

With a shout to the others Captain Duncan jumped for the nearest, going feet-first into the straps. There was a rush and a tearing sound; then he had disappeared, and all that was left was a gaping hole.

Don followed his example, then Keith jumped. The leather straps into which the latter dropped swathed and wrapped about his body, and his feet were braced against a small metal platform. As he dropped through the hole something snapped near his head, then he was falling headlong through the air.

More than a hundred feet he hurtled down, then there came a jerk, and, above him, held by thin cables, there spread the white canopy of a parachute.

Below him Don and the captain showed, swathed in leather straps and looking like mummies, pendent from the white parachutes, which had undoubtedly saved their lives, for now the aeronef was a broken wreck, falling over and over to the earth. The direction of its fall had given them impetus, and they were dropping towards the reservoir.

Down they went—down—down. The earth seemed to swing up to meet them, and then all three of them saw that they must drop amidst the enemy fighting column.

Below, the man-tanks were lumbering over the grass and through broken hedges, while beetle machines were blazing away as they flashed along.

There could be no hope for either of them when they dropped amidst the close-packed enemy, and there was no possible way of averting their fate!

Keith drew his powerful automat, and found the thong which, at a pull, would part the cradle of straps and give him freedom.

He was barely a hundred feet up when he saw that one of the man-tanks had spotted him. A moment afterwards and he caught the blue flash of an actinic gun, and a shell ripped through the white canopy above him.

Next instant and the ground seemed to be whipping upwards to meet him. He felt the base-plate of the cradle touch something solid, and he pulled on the thong.

The straps parted, and he shot out, sprawling to the ground in the very midst of the enemy column that was moving on to attack London.

(Will Keith and Don and Captain Duncan be captured by the enemy? On no account must you miss the powerful long instalment of this great war story in next Monday's BOYS' FRIEND! Order your copy at once and thus make certain you secure it!)



KEITH'S PERIL! Keith Ashley drew his powerful automat as he neared the ground and found the thong freedom. He was barely a hundred feet up when he saw that one of the man-tanks had spotted him. A moment afterwards and he caught the blue flash of an actinic gun, and a shell ripped away the white canopy above him.

coming up, the guns in action even as they moved. Troops were rushing to the spot along the road by the Enfield Small Arms factory, and were coming in from Long Hills and Gillwell Park.

The enemy aircraft were spreading out to engage these forces, while the beetle machines and the man-tanks used their actinic guns upon the troops and weapons which assailed them from the fields and roads parallel with their course.

But it was significant that the broad band of the enemy forces never hesitated or slackened. It was always moving forwards, and the head of it began to turn south along the big reservoir, obviously with the intention of crossing the River Lea and attacking London by way of Tottenham, and so striking to the heart of the great city.

Right at the head of the close-packed line were five machines that looked like small editions of the great amphibians, which, in fact, they were. These were designed to break down any opposition which the column might encounter—an object in which they were succeeding with astonishing facility.

The wireless heat-emitters were

a blinding spurt of lurid flame, spreading out fan-like from the metal bulk, then an enormous cloud of yellow smoke blotted out the scene. For tense seconds they waited for it to blow away.

Distinctly, there came to their ears a sullen roar, rising above the purring motors, and the aeronef rocked a little as she hung against the sky.

The smoke drifted away, and the deadly emitter had vanished.

"Got him!" exclaimed Keith exultantly.

"Well done!" answered the captain. "Now get the rest of them!"

Keith obeyed. It was uncanny work, sitting there watching a coloured picture on a disc—actually destroying things which he could not really see.

One after another he brought the wireless heat-emitters down—the torpedoes shooting out to their deadly work in very quick succession. It was as the last of them vanished in clashing flame and yellow smoke that Don exclaimed:

"We're spotted!"

He pointed through the forward observation-port, and they saw two of the enemy flying wings coming towards them.

paratively thin armour-plating of aircraft, and the propeller was placed at the back—first so that it should not be damaged, and secondly to give pull when the daring aviator tried to get his machine free.

Until it sighted its prey, the air-destroyer was a flying-machine; now it had changed to a projectile.

It came swooping down at an amazing speed, and two gunners in one of the cupolas saw it. They blazed madly, but missed by yards.

For an instant the three watchers in the aeronef saw the hurtling machine standing out against the sky; then it struck.

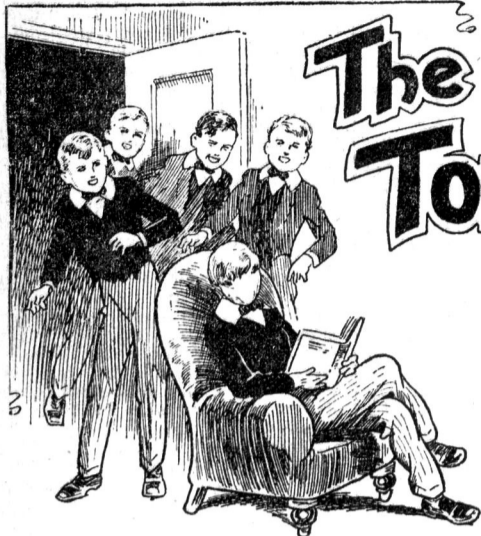
They saw the armoured plane of the enemy stagger under the shock and tilt, then the air-destroyer's ram was biting into its back, sheering through in a tremendous gash just behind one of the cupolas and in front of one of the two tails.

The chums and Captain Duncan saw the tail droop and bend, the gash showing blackly to the sky. On the instant the plane dropped at one side, then went earthwards in a side-long rush.

The air-destroyer fell away from it, dropping apart, twisting over and

How do you like our great war story—"The Lion at Bay!"? Write and let your Editor know!

AN AMUSING LONG STORY OF JIMMY SILVER & CO. OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL!



The Other Tommy Dodd!

By OWEN CONQUEST.

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

Jimmy Silver's ingenious wheeze causes Mr. Manders and Clarence Cuffy great consternation.

The 1st Chapter. Up to Uncle James.

"Wherefore that worried brow?" Jimmy Silver asked that question humorously but sympathetically. Tommy Dodd's brow certainly was worried.

He looked, indeed, as if there had fallen upon his youthful shoulders all the troubles in Mr. Manders' House, if not in all Rookwood.

He was tramping under the beeches with his hands driven deep into his pockets, and a deep line corrugating his forehead.

The Fistical Four, of the Classical side, drew up in a smiling row before him and stopped his gloomy progress.

Jimmy Silver and Lovell, Raby and Newcome were particularly cheerful that afternoon. For was it not a half-holiday? Was not the weather, for once in a way, rather fine, and were not the four of them booked for a visit to Mr. Sankey's World-Renowned Circus, now camped in a field near Coombe?

In that cheerful conjunction of circumstances the Fistical Four felt that all was right with the universe.

"What's the awful trouble, old man?" asked Lovell. "Thinking of the next House match and the whopping you're going to get?"

Tommy Dodd snatched. "Next House match we shall mop up the ground with you Classical footlers!" he said.

"Why, you cheeky Modern ass—"

said Lovell. "Shush!" said Jimmy Silver. "Tommy's up against it. What's the trouble, Doddy? Anything your Uncle James can do?"

"Yes," said Tommy Dodd, with a ferocious look. "Take Mr. Manders out to some quiet spot and—drown him. I'll be ever so much obliged."

The Fistical Four grinned.

Feeling so cheery themselves, they were prepared to do anything they could to buck up Tommy Dodd, their old rival of the Modern Side at Rookwood. But they really could not oblige him to that extent.

"So it's Manders?" asked Raby. "Isn't it always Manders?" grunted Tommy Dodd. "He's never happy except when he's miserable, and making chaps miserable. I'm gated for this afternoon, and I was going down to the circus. Everybody else is going, and I've got to loaf about and watch 'em go. I suppose you Classical asses are going?"

"We are!" agreed Jimmy. "There'll be a big crowd of Rookwood fellows there this afternoon. The show's only at Coombe for a few days."

"And I've got to give it a miss!" growled Tommy Dodd. "Cook and Doyle have offered to stay in with me. But, of course, I'm not mucking up their afternoon because Manders has mucked up mine. Fancy being gated on a half-holiday for nothing!"

"For nothing?" asked Newcome. "Practically nothing."

"Oh!" said Jimmy Silver. "Only practically?"

The Fistical Four smiled. Mr. Roger Manders, the senior Modern master, was a severe gentleman—very severe. But even Roger Manders was not likely to "gate" a fellow for nothing at all. "Practically" nothing was quite another matter.

"Suppose a fellow's carrying a footer downstairs under his arm," said Tommy Dodd argumentatively. "Is it his fault if a silly ass butts into him and he drops the footer?"

"No fear."

"Can a fellow help it if the footer

bounces on the banisters?" demanded Tommy Dodd.

"Certainly not!"

"And is it a fellow's fault if Manders happens to be ambling by and catches the footer with his silly head."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tommy Dodd's gloomy face relaxed as the Classical fellows chuckled.

"Well, it was funny," he said. "You should have seen Manders jump. I think he cleared the floor by about a foot. Startled him, you know."

"I suppose it would," chuckled Jimmy.

"But it was a sheer accident, of course."

"Oh, of course!"

"It was, really!" hooted Tommy Dodd. "Really and truly! Manders isn't the man to bonnet with a footer if you can help it. He's too jolly dangerous."

"Well, didn't he believe it was an accident?" asked Newcome.

"Oh, yes! Being an accident, he let me off with a gating. If it hadn't been an accident I should have been skinned or flayed or boiled in oil, or something," said Tommy Dodd. "And when I told him I was booked for the circus this afternoon he said that he trusted that the deprivation of that somewhat infantile entertainment would impress upon my mind the necessity of being more careful."

"Perhaps it will," suggested Lovell brightly.

"Ass!"

"Look here—"

"Fathead!"

"If you want me to lick you before I go to the circus—"

roared Arthur Edward Lovell.

"My dear man, if you began you wouldn't go to a circus afterwards, you'd go to a hospital!" said Tommy Dodd.

"Why, I—I—" Lovell pushed back his cuffs. "I'll jolly well—"

"No, you won't, ass!" said Jimmy Silver cheerfully. "Tommy's up against it, and we're going to help him out. You've not got a detention task, Doddy—only gated?"

"Yes, only!" snapped Tommy Dodd. "I can mooch about in the quad or Little Quad, or play football all by myself, if I like. Or I can go into the library and read the 'Encyclopedia Britannica,' if I like," he added sarcastically. "I don't like, as it happens."

"That's all right."

"Is it, fathead?"

"I mean, you can cut," said Jimmy Silver encouragingly. "You know how Manders spends his afternoons when he's clear of you kids—mugging over chemistry. He won't be watching you. Of course, you needn't walk out of gates with the rest. Drop over the wall and chance it. Turn up for the roll, and ten to one he'll never know."

Tommy Dodd shook his head dolorously.

"You don't know Manders. When he gates a fellow he takes jolly good care the fellow goes through it. I know jolly well he'd miss me before I'd been gone a quarter of an hour. And that's a licking, and Manders' lickings are rather hefty. He doesn't just flick you like Dicky Dalton."

"Chance it!" said Lovell. "I would."

"You would," agreed Tommy Dodd. "That's the sort of ass you are, old chap."

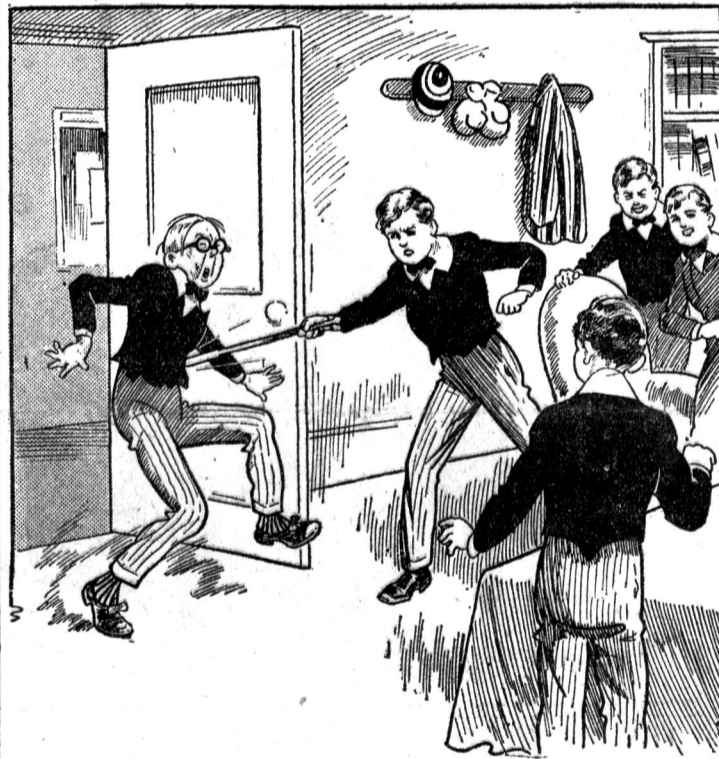
And Tommy Dodd drove his hands deep into his pockets again and

tramped on in his pessimistic way. Jimmy Silver frowned thoughtfully.

"It's rotten!" he said.

"Yes," growled Lovell. "I really ought to lick that Modern ass for his cheek."

"I don't mean that, ass! I mean, it's rotten for poor old Doddy to be gated when we're all going to the jolly old circus."



POOR OLD CUFFY! "If you are somewhat dull and slow of comprehension, my dear Thomas," said Clarence Cuffy, "you need not fear that I shall lose patience. Far from it. I shall, indeed, endeavour to suit my explanations to your rather limited intellect." Tommy Dodd did not answer in words. He picked up the poker from the grate and made a sudden rush at Clarence Cuffy. Clarence received a lunge from the study poker, which elicited from him a terrific howl. "Yaroooh!" "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Lovell. "Give him another!"

"Oh, blow Doddy!" said Lovell. "After all, he's only a Modern, and Moderns don't matter much."

"Still, it's rotten!" said Jimmy. "I wonder—"

Jimmy Silver fell silent and very reflective. He felt that it was really rotten for Tommy Dodd to be left out of the merry crowd going down to Mr. Sankey's circus that afternoon for so trivial an offence as dropping a footer on Mr. Manders' head—by accident, too. If there was any way of rescuing Tommy Dodd, Jimmy Silver felt that it was up to him to find it out, and to pluck the hapless Tommy up from the depths of gloom. And so, while the Fistical Four sauntered under the beeches, Jimmy Silver exerted all his intellectual powers on the problem.

The 2nd Chapter. Something Like a Wheeze!

"We'll stay in if you like, old man," said Tommy Cook.

"No!"

"Sure, we will, and we'll punt a ball about, and—rag old Mack and the sergeant, what?" said Tommy Doyle.

Tommy Dodd smiled faintly. "Get going, you two!" he said. "I'm all serene! I've got a fire, and

an armchair, and a 'Holiday Annual.' Tell me all about it when you come back."

Cook and Doyle hesitated.

The three Tommies of the Modern Fourth, generally were inseparable on a half-holiday. And with heroic self-sacrifice Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle was prepared to give the circus a miss, and stay within gates that afternoon, to keep their gated chum company.

But probably they were relieved by his refusal to accept the sacrifice. They looked rather brighter when they received an answer in the negative.

Still they hesitated. The study looked very cosy and cheery, with a big fire, and Tommy Dodd sprawling in an armchair, with his "Holiday Annual" propped open on his knees. But they did not like leaving Tommy to it.

"It's a shame intirely," said Doyle. "Rotten!" said Cook. "I believe it's a jolly good show at Sankey's—bucking horses, you know, and lions and tigers—they make a special fuss of the royal Bengal tiger—they've got a picture of him on the hoardings at Coombe and Latham—no end of a corker! I say, Tommy, what about looking it, and chancing Manders?"

Tommy Dodd was tempted, and his look showed it. He laid down the "Holiday Annual."

"After all, you mightn't be spotted," said Cook hopefully.

out for the gates—Moderns and Classicals together.

Tommy Dodd looked very gloomy. He had assumed an air of cheerful resignation to reassure his chums—he did not want to spoil their afternoon. But now that they were gone, there was no reason to keep it up.

So now Tommy Dodd looked as he felt—deep down in the dumps. It was a sunny and pleasant afternoon, for the time of year, and he did not want to spend it indoors. He wanted to go to the circus—and certainly he wanted to see the royal Bengal tiger—of which terrific pictures had been placarded in the vicinity for a week past. And he wanted to be with his comrades, not loafing about on his own. It was hard cheese; and Tommy Dodd felt that it was so.

"Oh, here you are, kid!"

It was Jimmy Silver's cheery voice at the door. He smiled in at the Modern junior, and Lovell and Raby and Newcome smiled, too. Tommy Dodd did not smile. He looked dismal.

"You fellows just off?" he asked.

"Cook and Doyle have gone."

"I've got a wheeze, old bean," said Jimmy.

"Take it home and boil it!" answered Tommy Dodd. "Nothing doing! Manders has just been mooching along to see whether I'm here, and he'll be mooching along again soon. If he misses me from the study, he'll take a walk all over Rookwood to make sure that I'm not out of gates. He's a sticker, Manders is—he's got what he calls a sense of duty. Blow him!"

Jimmy Silver nodded.

"All the same, I've got a wheeze," he said. "There's a risk, but it may work all right. I think it will."

"Your Classical wheezes are no good!"

"Is that how you thank a chap?" inquired Arthur Edward Lovell, with sarcasm.

"Bow-wow!"

"Look here—"

"Well, I think—"

"Never mind what you think, old scout," interposed Raby. "Life's short, you know. Go ahead, Jimmy!"

Jimmy Silver smiled and went ahead.

"Manders may look round for you once or twice, Doddy—"

"I know he will. No 'may' about it."

"Well, he will, then. Suppose he sees you in this study, reading your 'Holiday Annual'—then he won't miss you, and you can be at the circus all right, see?"

Tommy Dodd stared.

"Potty?" he asked. "How can he see me in this study if I'm at the circus, you ass? Is that a Classical joke?"

"Yes—a joke on Manders. Look here!"

Jimmy Silver drew a small, hairy object from his pocket. Tommy Dodd blinked at it. It was a light brown wig.

"From our props," explained Jimmy Silver. "Our private theatrical things, you know. I've picked it out as the nearest to your mop in colour."

"What on earth—"

"You've got an old suit of Etons, I suppose—"

"Yes—what?"

"Then what's the matter with rigging up a life-size Tommy Dodd in that armchair, with a book?" said Jimmy complacently. "Leave the door half-open—if Manders passes, he sees you there—see? No reason why he should butt into the room, if he sees you."

Tommy Dodd jumped.

"My only hat!" he ejaculated.

"I've thought it out, you see," said Jimmy cheerily. "Leave it to your Uncle James."

"Jolly good stunt, what?" grinned Raby.

Tommy Dodd chuckled. The possibilities of that idea dawned upon him at once.

"Well, for a Classical you've got some sense, Jimmy Silver," he conceded. "If we could make it life-like—"

"No 'if' about it," said Jimmy briskly. "We can! Sort out your old clobber, and some rags and things for stuffing, and let's get along. Then we'll see if the coast's clear for you to slip out, see?"

Tommy Dodd hesitated—only for a moment! He wanted to get out—he wanted it very much, and he was ready to take some risk. And really this seemed almost as safe as houses. Mr. Manders, he was certain, would take occasion later in the afternoon to ascertain that he was within gates. But a glance into the study from the

(Continued overleaf.)



The Other Tommy Dodd!

(Continued from previous page.)

there. Probably he did not expect thanks. If so, he was not disappointed. Certainly he did not receive any.

What he received was a lunge from the study poker, which elicited from him a terrific yell.

"Yaroooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Lovell. "Give him another."

"Oh dear! My dear Thomas! Yoooh!" howled Cuffy, as Tommy Dodd made another lunge.

Clarence Cuffy turned and fled along the passage. His affectionate friend and relative, Tommy Dodd, brandished the poker.

"Come back and be brained!" he roared.

"Oh dear!" Clarence vanished.

Tommy Dodd came back into the study, breathing hard. He shut the door with a bang, and hurled the poker into the fender with another bang.

"That's all right now," he said.

The door was left half open. Any one passing along the passage—Mr. Manders, for instance—could glance in and see Tommy Dodd comfortably at home, while he was in reality revelling in the attractions of Sankey's Circus a mile away. So all parties would be pleased—a state of affairs seldom attained in this imperfect universe.

"Now for getting out!" said Tommy Dodd.

That was fairly easy. In the circumstances it was not judicious for the Modern junior to walk out of the House by the front door. But it was easy enough to slip out by a back door, and to drop over the school wall in a secluded spot.

Jimmy Silver & Co. strolled out of Mr. Manders' House cheerily. As they went they spotted the tall, angular gentleman looking out of his study window. They smiled as they walked down to the gates—Mr. Manders seeing quite clearly that Tommy Dodd was not with them.

But outside the gates of Rookwood Tommy Dodd joined them and they walked down the lane to Coombe in cheerful company.

They reached the field near the village where the circus was camped, and where a crowd was going into the big tent. Tiny Tony, the clown, was beating a drum at the entrance, and calling on ladies and gentlemen to walk up. And the ladies and gentle-

And the Fistical Four pushed on and paid their shillings and marched into the big tent.

They found themselves three or four rows behind the Modern trio, in the amphitheatre of wooden seats. Lovell shook a fist at Tommy Dodd over a crowd of intervening heads, and Tommy grinned.

"Here they come!" said Raby.

Clatter, clatter!

Horses began to career around the ring with thundering hoofs. Mr. Sankey, resplendent in evening-clothes, with white waistcoat, and a diamond in his shirt-front which must have been worth a thousand pounds—if it was worth anything—cracked a long whip, and Tiny Tony jumped through paper hoops, on and off horses, and cracked his ancient circus jokes—jokes ever new to an audience willing to be pleased.

In an interval of the performance Tommy Dodd stood up and waved a friendly hand at the Classics behind.

"This is better than a gating!" he called out cheerily.

"Yes, rather!" agreed Jimmy Silver. And Arthur Edward Lovell grinned and nodded.

"Here comes the giddy tiger!" said Newcome.

And there was deep attention as an iron cage was wheeled into the arena, with a huge striped beast inside, shifting restlessly to and fro, eyeing the encircling sea of faces

But on this special afternoon Clarence was sad, and failed to derive consolation from either "Truthful Thomas!" or "Good Gilbert!" He did not feel disposed to seek out some mild youth and plunge into the excitement of noughts and crosses. Even entomology palled.

It was Clarence's good, kind heart that caused the trouble. He was concerned for his relative, Tommy Dodd.

He knew that Dodd—lacking such mental resources as he, Cuffy, possessed—would be frightfully bored by an afternoon's gating. Noughts and crosses would not appeal to him—he would have shied Cuffy's precious volumes across the study—entomology he hated. Cuffy felt that it was very hard on Tommy—very, very hard indeed. Yet his kind offer to bear the gated junior company that afternoon had been rejected without thanks—indeed, with violence.

Dear Thomas' temper had suffered from being gated, Clarence considered. He was very, very sorry for Thomas.

That was why he looked sad as he sat in his study.

Only too gladly he would have cheered up dear Thomas, playing noughts and crosses with him, reading aloud from the entrancing pages of "Good Gilbert!" or explaining in simple words—suited to Tommy's intellect—the mysteries and delights of entomology. But dear Thomas' outbreak of temper had sheered him off.

Cuffy was a forgiving fellow. Already he had forgiven Tommy Dodd for those lunges with the poker.

What he was thinking of now was—whether he should venture to approach dear Thomas again and comfort him in his isolation. He was willing, indeed eager to do so; but he did not want any more lunges from the study poker. He was very, very sure that he did not.

Footsteps came along the passage, and Cuffy brightened.

Was it dear Tommy coming to seek him?

Cuffy jumped up and opened the study door. He was prepared to welcome a repentant Thomas with open arms.

But it was a thin, angular figure that strode along the passage. Cuffy was quite disappointed to see Mr. Manders.

Mr. Manders glanced at him sourly, and passed on towards Tommy Dodd's study.

Cuffy noticed that he stopped there for a moment, and glanced in at the half-open door.

Cuffy even heard him give a grunt. Then Mr. Manders walked away to the staircase, and disappeared.

Cuffy smiled faintly.

He knew that Roger Manders was suspicious, and doubted whether Tommy Dodd had not, after all, disregarded his gating and gone to the circus. But that glance into Tommy's study had reassured the Modern master.

After Mr. Manders had gone back to his own quarters downstairs Cuffy made up his mind.

He walked along the passage to the study that belonged to the three Tommies. The door was still half-open, and Cuffy glanced in.

He had a partial side view of the junior in the armchair, with the "Holiday Annual" propped up on his crossed knees, and his light, curly brown hair showing over the white collar.

Tommy Dodd was, apparently, deeply interested in his book, for he was very still—quite motionless, in fact.

Cuffy stood at the door and coughed, to draw the attention of his relative. But he did not succeed in drawing any attention from the figure in Tommy Dodd's armchair.

"My dear Thomas!" said Cuffy at last.

No reply.

"Thomas—my dear Thomas!"

Not a movement—not a sound. A pained look came across Clarence Cuffy's mild face. Was dear Thomas sulky? He had often known Tommy to be wrathful, but never sulky before.

"Thomas, I trust that you are not offended with me," said Cuffy gently. "I do not desire to stress the point, my dear Thomas, but indubitably the damage in our late unfortunate encounter was sustained by me. You really caused me considerable agony in the ribs, my dear Thomas when you thrust that iron implement into juxtaposition with my person."



THE DISCOVERY OF TOMMY DODD II! Mr. Manders stooped, and grasped the lifeless form by the shoulder. "Now, then, Dodd—" No sound, no answer, no movement. An extraordinary expression came over Mr. Manders' face. The grasp of his wiry fingers sank into the shoulder of the lifeless figure, which startled him very much, but which was not really surprising as the shoulder consisted only of an Eton jacket stuffed with mufflers and handkerchiefs. "Bless my soul! What—" "He—he can't be—be dead, sir!" exclaimed Knowles. "It is a trick!" exclaimed Mr. Manders furiously.

"Let's get on. We shall be late for the circus, at this rate!"

Tommy Dodd II. was dragged out from under the table, and the juniors set to work actively. Many hands made light work, and the effigy was finished at last and arranged in the armchair.

"Really it looked amazingly life-like."

Jimmy Silver stepped out into the passage, and surveyed it from that point of view. The back of the chair was partly turned towards the door. From that direction a shoulder and an arm could be seen, and the back of a brown head, and one leg crossed over another.

Certainly, anyone coming right into the study and getting a front view of the effigy, would have seen what it was at a glance.

But from the passage it looked just like a junior sprawling in the armchair, and the "Holiday Annual" was skilfully propped up on the crossed knees, as if being perused by the sprawling junior.

"Right as rain!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Ripping!" said Lovell, joining the captain of the Fourth in the passage. "Blessed if I shouldn't think it was Duddy!"

"Tip-top!" said Tommy Dodd.

There was general satisfaction. The juniors retired from the study, with the pleased feeling of good work well done.

men were walking up in goodly numbers.

Tommy Dodd slapped the backs of two Modern juniors in the crowd, and Cook and Doyle turned round and stared.

"Tommy, old man—"

"Here I am!" grinned Tommy Dodd. "All serene, old scouts! I don't think Manders will miss me—and if he does, bother him! Shove in!"

"Now then, you Modern bounders, don't shove!" roared Lovell.

"Push those Classical duffers out of the way!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, my hat! Ow!"

Arthur Edward Lovell, suddenly up-ended by the three merry Moderns, sat down hard. He scrambled up in great wrath; but Tommy Dodd & Co., chuckling, had vanished into the big tent.

"This way, ladies and gents!" shouted Tiny Tony, rattling the drum. "Walk up! Walk up! Come and see Hercules the Strong Man and Tiny Tony, the funniest clown on earth! Come and see the royal Bengal tiger, that eats a man for breakfast every morning in his native jungle! Walk up! Walk up!"

"Where's those Modern blighters?" gasped Lovell.

"Never mind the Moderns!" said Jimmy Silver, laughing. "Come on, old man—we don't want the back seats!"

with savage, scintillating eyes. The tiger tamer walked beside the cage as it was wheeled in—a dusky Hindu, in his native costume.

"My hat! That brute looks jolly savage!" commented Jimmy Silver. "Blessed if I should like to do that darkey's turn in the cage!"

"Same here!" agreed Lovell.

All eyes were upon Sujah Das, the tiger-tamer, as he stepped into the cage and the iron door clanged behind him. Tommy Dodd had forgotten even the existence of Mr. Roger Manders, and yet, if he had only known— But that is another chapter!

The 4th Chapter.

The Death of Tommy Dodd!

Clarence Cuffy was looking sad. He had the afternoon to himself, and generally Clarence enjoyed his half-holidays. He had so many interests. There was entomology, for one thing—and then he could always enjoy a game of noughts and crosses with some fellow of similar tastes, though very few such, it was true, were to be found at Rookwood School. Then he had a whole shelf full of nice books, presents from kind aunts, such as "Truthful Thomas!" and "Good Gilbert!" and "In Spite of Temptation!"—volumes which he could read over and over again with profit and pleasure.

passage would show Tommy Dodd's effigy there—and seeing him there, the Modern master would not be likely to walk into the study. Why should he?

At close quarters, the effigy would not bear scrutiny, certainly. But it would not have to stand such a test. "I'll risk it!" exclaimed Tommy, resolutely.

"Good man!"

And the juniors closed the door and set to work at once. A suit of Etons was laid out, and the juniors proceeded to stuff the trousers and jacket to fill them out to life-size. A cushion, tied up in a muffler, formed the head of the effigy, and was secured to the stuffed jacket with a nice white collar fastened round an imaginary neck. Then the light brown wig, which was just Tommy's colour of hair, was skilfully affixed to the top of the dummy head.

Tap!

"Oh, my hat!"

"Oh dear!"

The knock at the study door made the conspirators jump. With desperate haste they shoved the half-finished effigy under the study table as the door opened.

The 3rd Chapter.

At the Circus!

Clarence Cuffy, of the Modern Fourth, stood in the doorway.

His simple, innocent face looked benignly into the study.

Tommy Dodd and the four Classical juniors looked at him—looked daggers at him.

For one terrible moment they had supposed that it was Mr. Manders at the door. It was a relief to find that it was only Cuffy. But it was exasperating, all the same.

"You silly ass!" gasped Tommy Dodd.

"My dear Thomas—" The duffer of Rookwood seemed mildly surprised.

"You—you owl!" ejaculated Jimmy Silver.

"My dear James—"

"What do you want?" demanded Dodd.

"My dear Thomas, I do not want anything," said Clarence Cuffy, in his kind and gentle way.

"Take it and go, then!" suggested Lovell.

"My dear Arthur—"

"Hook it!" said Raby.

"I came to see you, my dear Thomas," said Clarence Cuffy.

"Being aware of your unfortunate predicament, my dear fellow—"

"Cut it short!" howled Tommy.

"Being aware, my dear Thomas, that, by order of Mr. Manders, you were detained within the precincts of the school for the afternoon," continued Cuffy. "It occurred to me that possibly you would be glad of my company, my dear Thomas. It would be a genuine pleasure to me to help you pass the time pleasantly and profitably, by showing you my entomological specimens and explaining something of the attractive science of entomology to you—"

"Great pip!"

"I am sure, my dear Thomas, that in such an entrancing pursuit you would soon forget the rather frivolous attractions of a circus," said Cuffy, beaming. "Pray do not think it would be a trouble to me. I assure you that I regard it as a pleasure, as well as a duty, to pass on my accumulations of knowledge to less gifted individuals. If you are somewhat dull and slow of comprehension, my dear Thomas, you need not fear that I shall lose patience. Far from it. I shall, indeed, endeavour to suit my explanations to your rather limited intellect."

Tommy Dodd did not answer in words.

He picked up the poker from the grate, and made a sudden rush at Clarence Cuffy.

It was in the kindness of his kind and gentle heart that Cuffy had come

The junior in the armchair did not even turn his head. He seemed deaf to the gentle voice of Cuffy.

"Will you not answer me, Thomas?" asked Cuffy, in great distress. "Surely you are not nourishing a feeling of rancour?"

No answer.

Cuffy stood looking in at the motionless figure. Mr. Manders had only glanced in at it, and had passed on satisfied. But Clarence Cuffy had been staring into the study for five minutes or more now, and it was dawning upon him that there was a strange, lifeless stillness about the figure in the armchair.

It was not like Tommy Dodd to be sulky and to refuse to answer. Not like him at all, and he was very, very still; indeed, Cuffy, listening intently, could catch no sound of breathing.

He began to feel alarmed.

"Thomas, are you ill?" he exclaimed anxiously.

There was no answer, and Cuffy stepped into the study at last. He set the door wide open and stepped in warily. He was anxious about Tommy Dodd—nervous and alarmed—but he had not forgotten his experiences with the study poker.

Sagely he left open a retreat behind him as he stepped warily in.

"Thomas!"

The silence was really uncanny, alarming. Not the slightest movement came from the hunched-up figure in the chair—it might have been a lifeless, stuffed figure, from its deadly stillness.

"Oh dear!" gasped Cuffy.

Was Tommy Dodd in a fit, or something of the kind? Was he—was it possible that he not only looked, but actually was, lifeless—some terrible seizure, or stroke, or heart failure, or something? Cuffy had read of such things, though they had not come within the range of his experience.

At that terrible thought Clarence threw prudence to the winds. A hundred study pokers would not have kept him away now.

He rushed towards the inanimate figure in the chair and grasped it by the shoulder, shaking it violently in his agitation.

"Thomas! Dear Thomas! Oh, my goodness!"

Crash!

The shake did it.

Skilfully as Tommy Dodd II. was fixed in the armchair, he was not in a position to stand shaking.

The figure tumbled helplessly forward, and sprawled face down on the hearthrug.

The "Holiday Annual" crashed to the floor.

Cuffy jumped back with a wild cry.

He stood and stared at the motionless figure. Had it fallen face up even Cuffy would have seen what was the matter with it. But the face was down—he could see only the well-stuffed suit of clothes, the white collar, and the back of the curly brown head. To Cuffy's eyes it was a Rookwood junior who lay stretched there—still, motionless, and obviously lifeless. Cuffy gazed at the figure in horror, wide-eyed, and backed to the door, gasping.

"Thomas!" he gasped.

The silence was terrible. With a face as white as chalk, Clarence Cuffy turned and rushed from the study. He only thought now of getting help; and he raced along the passage to the stairs, yelling.

Knowles of the Sixth was coming up the staircase as Cuffy started down, on his way to Mr. Manders' study; and Cuffy, heedless, crashed right into him. There was a roar from Knowles as he staggered and gasped the banisters.

"You young idiot!"

"Oh!" gasped Cuffy. "Ow! Knowles, dear Thomas is dead! Oh dear!"

Knowles grasped him by the collar.

"You little idiot! You—"

"Let me go!" shrieked Cuffy wildly. "Dear Thomas is dead! I must tell Mr. Manders. Oh dear!"

Knowles released him in sheer astonishment. Clarence Cuffy raced down the stairs and crashed at Mr. Manders' study door, hurling it wide open. It was no time for the ceremony of knocking at a door.

Mr. Manders seemed to think that it was, however. He jumped up, startled and angry, and glared at Clarence.

"Cuffy, how dare you! What—"

"Help!"

"What! Is the boy mad?" Mr. Manders grabbed up a cane. "Cuffy, hold out your hand! Do you hear?"

"Dear Thomas is dead!" wailed Cuffy.

"Wha-a-t?"

"He is lifeless in his study," sobbed Cuffy. "Oh dear! And to think that I was angered towards him for having somewhat violently placed a poker in juxtaposition with my ribs! Oh dear! Ow!" roared Cuffy, as the puzzled and angry Mr. Manders brought the cane down across his shoulders. "Ow! Oh! Whoop!"

"Now, what do you mean?" thundered Mr. Manders.

"Whoop!"

"Were you alluding to Dodd of the Fourth Form?"

"I—ow! Yes. Who-ooop!"

"Has something happened to Dodd? I saw him only ten minutes ago in his study, reading."

"Ow! He's dead! Wow!"

"Are you out of your senses?" roared Mr. Manders.

"He is—ow!—dead! He fell—wow!—lifeless before my—yow!—eyes!" gasped Cuffy.

Mr. Manders glared at him. Mistaken or not, Cuffy was evidently in dead earnest, and a twinge of uneasiness seized the Modern master. He shoved Cuffy roughly aside and rushed out of the study, and with a speed very unusual for Mr. Roger Manders, raced up the staircase and sprinted for Tommy Dodd's study in the Fourth Form passage.

"It—it—it—it is a—a—a figure—a—a dummy!" gasped Mr. Manders. "It is not Dodd at all!"

"Great Scott!" gasped Knowles.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The fellows in the passage burst into a laugh. Mr. Manders gave them a glare of concentrated ferocity, which checked their merriment with startling suddenness.

"What—what is that? Is this—"

came over Mr. Manders' face. The grasp of his wiry fingers sank into the shoulders of the lifeless figure, which startled him very much, but which was not really surprising, as the shoulder consisted only of an Eton jacket stuffed with muffers and handkerchiefs.

"Bless my soul! What—"

"He—he can't be—be dead, sir!" exclaimed Knowles.

"It is a trick!" exclaimed Mr. Manders furiously.

He dragged the figure up, its extremely light weight showing that it certainly was not a human form.

There was a buzz of amazement from the group at the study door. The lifeless figure dangled helplessly in Mr. Manders' grasp as he held it up, swaying loosely. The boots hung down from the trouser-ends, obviously having no feet inside them. The head sagged sideways, and displayed no features on the face, only a handkerchief tied over a little cushion.

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"What—what is that? Is this—"

lurking. The grin vanished as Knowles met Mr. Manders' infuriated stare.

"This is not a laughing matter, Knowles."

"Nunno, sir! Certainly not."

"It is an act of trickery—of astounding impudence!"

"It—it is, sir," agreed Knowles hastily. "Amazing!"

"Dodd has evidently gone out—gone to the circus, of course—and has left this—this—this object here to deceive me into believing that he was still in the House," Mr. Manders gasped. "I—I was actually deceived. I looked into the study a quarter of an hour ago, and—actually supposed that Dodd was here!"

"D-did you really, sir?" gasped Knowles.

It really was hard work for the Modern prefect to suppress a chuckle at that.

"It is unparalleled—unprecedented!" stuttered Mr. Manders. "Dodd's punishment for this—this trickery shall be exemplary. But for that absurd boy Cuffy I should never have discovered the deception. Knowles, I have said that this is not a laughing matter!" roared Mr. Manders.

"Oh, yes! Quite so, sir! Certainly not!"

"Pah!"

Mr. Manders swept out of the study. Knowles stared after him,

"Oh dear!"

Really, Mr. Manders might have been grateful to the duffer of Rookwood, without whom he never would have discovered that he had been taken in. But he was not in a grateful mood.

He was yearning to cane somebody. He would willingly have caned Knowles, for grinning, had it been possible to cane a prefect of the Sixth. He could cane Cuffy—that was possible, and it was a solace.

Whack, whack!

"Whoop!" roared Cuffy.

"You absurd boy, you have alarmed me for nothing! Hold out your hand again!"

Whack!

"Yaroooooh!"

"You are the stupidest boy at Rookwood! The other hand!"

Whack!

"Ow! Wow, wow!"

"Now go!"

"Oh dear! Ow!"

Cuffy was glad to go. He limped out of the study with his hands tucked under his arms, wriggling.

Mr. Manders felt a little better.

He hurried to get his hat and coat, and started out of the House at a great speed. He was in a great hurry to get to the circus tent. The bare thought that the entertainment there might finish before Dodd could be taken away was an unendurable one to Mr. Manders. He whisked out of the school gates at a speed that astonished old Mack, the porter. Old Mack came out of his lodge and blinked out of gates after Mr. Manders, still more astonished at the sight of the tall, angular gentleman whisking along the road almost at a run.

"My hey!" murmured old Mack.

Mr. Manders whisked on.

But the luck of Roger Manders was out.

He arrived at the circus-field in time to see the crowd swarming out of the big tent. The circus was over, and Tommy Dodd, that young rascal, that young rogue and scoundrel had had his afternoon's entertainment, evidently, to the very end. And Mr. Manders, feeling that this was the last straw, stared round furiously to pick the offender out of the crowd of Rookwood fellows pouring out of the tent.

The 5th Chapter.

Unparalleled!

"Dodd!"

Mr. Manders gasped out the name. He stood in the doorway of the junior study, staring in at the still figure stretched on the floor.

Knowles of the Sixth had joined him, startled and perturbed. Clarence Cuffy had followed him, and two or three fellows who happened to be about the house followed on, surprised and interested.

So there was a group gathered outside Tommy Dodd's door, staring into the room, where the still, lifeless form met their startled gaze. Mr. Manders stood arrested on the threshold.

"Dodd! What is the matter, Dodd? Get up at once!"

"He is d-d-d-dead!" wailed Cuffy. "He f-f-fell over as soon as I t-t-touched him. Oh dear, oh dear!"

"Silence!" snapped Mr. Manders.

He strode into the study. The figure on the floor looked lifeless enough; but Mr. Manders, after the first shock, was more angry than alarmed. It was more likely that Tommy Dodd was playing a trick than that he had suddenly expired in his study, which really was a very improbable proceeding on the part of a fit and healthy youth like Tommy.

Mr. Manders stooped and grasped the lifeless form by the shoulder.

"Now then, Dodd—"

No sound—no answer—no movement. An extraordinary expression

this wretched deception an occasion for merriment? Leggett—Lacy—Smith, take a hundred lines each!"

"Oh dear! Is—is it not really Thomas?" gasped Clarence Cuffy, blinking at the figure in blank amazement. "Is dear Thomas not dead, after all? Oh, I am so very, very glad!"

"You stupid boy!" roared Mr. Manders.

"Eh?"

"You incredibly stupid and obtuse boy, how could you imagine for one moment that this—this stuffed dummy was Dodd? Go to my study and wait for me there, Cuffy. I shall cane you!"

"Oh dear!"

Clarence Cuffy trailed away dolorously. He was very, very sorry that he was going to be caned. He thought it was very, very hard and unjust, and he feared that it would be very, very painful. But it was very, very certain that he was "for it."

Mr. Manders hurled the dummy into the armchair, where it collapsed into a shapeless bundle, certainly not looking much like a Rookwood junior now. Mr. Manders glared at Knowles, on whose face a grin was

and stared at the collapsed figure in the chair, and chortled. Now that Mr. Manders was gone he could chortle unchecked, and he did.

The Modern master hurried back to his study. He was in a towering rage, which really was not surprising in the circumstances. His leg had been pulled—the leg of Roger Manders—almost the most important leg at Rookwood! While he had believed Dodd in his study, the young rascal—the young rogue—the young trickster—the young scoundrel was enjoying himself at the circus, in defiance of "gating." Really, it was too much!

But Dodd's enjoyment was to be cut short. He was to learn that the leg of Roger Manders could not be pulled with impunity.

Mr. Manders stayed only to cane Cuffy before he started in pursuit of the elusive Fourth-Former. Not for a moment did he think of leaving the matter over till Tommy Dodd returned. Doubtless the young rascal, the young scoundrel, was grinning with his friends at that very moment over the cunning way he had fooled the Modern master. If so, his grinning would very quickly be changed into intense seriousness. To reach the circus tent as quickly as possible, to seize Tommy Dodd by the collar and drag him away—that was Mr. Manders' only thought. To leave him in enjoyment of his ill-gotten entertainment was not to be thought of for a moment.

"Hold out your hand, Cuffy!"

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2:

Prizes worth winning—12 "J. B. Hobbs" Autographed Cricket Bats offered in our great new competition. See page 507 of this issue at once!



A SHOCK FOR THE MODERN MASTER! "Oh dear!" gasped Mr. Manders. He jumped back. Then, realising that he had opened the door of an animal's cage—perhaps a dangerous animal—he jumped forward to close it again. As he did so a huge head loomed up in the gloom, and huge, shadowy, behind it was a long striped body. "Oh!" One glimpse Mr. Manders had of two rolling eyes and a frightful set of teeth. One glimpse was enough. He leaped away, with a leap that carried him out of the tent, and he stumbled over in the field on his hands and knees.

The 6th Chapter. Mr. Manders Does It!

Jimmy Silver & Co. came out of Sankey's Circus in cheery mood in the falling dusk. It had been quite a ripping show, and the Fistical Four were satisfied with it. Tiny Tony had been very funny; Hercules the Strong Man had done wonderful feats of strength; the Queen of the Ring had, to put it Shakespeareanly, witted the world with noble horsemanship; and the royal Bengal tiger had thrilled the audience with his savage growling and ferocious glares.

They had, as Arthur Edward Lovell remarked, had a good bob's worth. The three Tommies were equally satisfied—especially Tommy Dodd. Quite unconscious of the fact that he was a young rascal and a young rogue—according to Roger Manders—Tommy Dodd was feeling quite pleased with himself and things generally. The Modern chums joined the Fistical Four as they came out, all in cheery mood.

"Ripping—what, you chaps?" said Tommy Dodd.

"Jolly good," agreed Jimmy Silver.

"I wonder what Manders would say if he knew I'd been here?" chuckled Tommy Dodd.

"Something emphatic, I fancy. But he won't know, if you sneak in the back way and keep it dark," said Jimmy.

"Jolly good wheeze of yours, old chap!" said Tommy. "But the sooner I get in and put that dummy out of sight the better. Lucky Manders doesn't care for circuses! If he'd dropped in—"

"Tare and 'ounds!" ejaculated Tommy Doyle suddenly.

"What's the row?"

"Manders!"

"Oh, pip!"

The tall, angular figure of Mr. Manders appeared in sight, in the glare of a naphtha lamp. He was staring round him, as if in search of someone, but he had not seen the group of juniors in the swarming crowd. Tommy Dodd gazed at him in horror.

What had brought Mr. Manders there he did not guess. But to be seen by him now meant discovery, and all the fat in the fire.

"Cut!" breathed Cook.

"Dodge away among the vans," whispered Jimmy Silver.

(Continued on page 512.)

FUN AND EXCITEMENT GALORE IN THIS FINE STORY OF THE BOYS OF
THE SCHOOL-SHIP, BOMBAY CASTLE!



HIGH JINKS AT JUNKAPORE!

BY DUNCAN STORM

Arty Dove has a very narrow escape
this week!

The 1st Chapter. The Scrap in the Palace.

"This is a bit of all right!" said Mr. Pugsley.

Mr. Pugsley was smoking his first pipe, which is the sweetest pipe of the morning, in one of the hundred courtyards of the Fortress Palace of Junkapore.

The Glory Hole Gang of the Bombay Castle had been sent for by special message to Bombay, where the ship was undergoing her yearly Board of Trade survey, and here they were for a fortnight or three weeks as the honoured guests of her Highness the Begum Rane of Bulu.

Their mission was to cheer up the Maharajah, Alit Singh, Prince of Junkapore and Rao Sahib Bahadur, of the independent native state of Bulu, entitled by the Government of India to a salute of twenty-one guns.

The boys were very glad to be out of the Bombay Castle, for when a ship undergoes her annual Board of Trade survey she is just about twice as uncomfortable as a house which has the sweep, the whitewashers, the plumbers, and a spring cleaning all at once; for she is ripped to pieces and all her stores and apparatus are turned out for inspection and test, so that there is no room for a boy at all.

And in Bombay there was a steamy, smoky heat. Up here amongst the hills and deserts of Bulu it was hot enough. But it was a dry heat.

So, Mr. Pugsley, who was naval attache to the party, was very well content with life as he smoked his pipe sitting on the well kerb of a vast courtyard, enjoying the morning sunshine and watching the cloud of white pigeons which were circling round amongst pavilions and towers of fretted marble that were so fairy-like in their beauty that they looked more like a scene from the "Arabian Nights" than aught else.

"It's like a scene out of a good music-hall show," said Mr. Pugsley to himself. "The only thing that is missing is the chorus."

The chorus, indeed, was there, but it was out of sight in this mysterious palace, perched up on its huge rock fortress, fifteen hundred feet above the plain.

Three hundred princesses, the aunts, and the first cousins and the second cousins of the little Maharajah were taking the greatest interest in Mr. Pugsley's broad, brass-buttoned figure as he sat smoking and cutting his next pipe off a slab of rich, juicy, Golden Nugget tobacco.

But not one of these veiled ladies was visible. They were hidden behind little lattices of dark, carved teak and shutters of ebony, inlaid with mother-of-pearl. They took squints at Mr. Pugsley through little peepholes concealed behind carvings of marble which decorated the walls of the palace.

The hidden chorus of veiled Rajput ladies did not sing, or they would have raised a hymn of gratitude and praise to the boys of the Bombay Castle and to Mr. Pugsley. For this morning the little Maharajah, who had long remained curled up in his golden bed, showing but little interest in life and defying the doctors, European and native, to make him well, had taken a new lease of life.

He had eaten his chota hazri, or little breakfast, the first meal of the day. He had sat up in bed and laughed whilst Pongo Walker and Cecil had played leapfrog round the great marble hall in which he lay.

And his mother, the Begum Rane, was radiant.

She knew she had been right when she had sent down messengers to Captain Handyman at Bombay, begging him to send up a party of these great, healthy, cheerful boys to lend her son their strength and cheerfulness. For there was the Maharajah, sitting up in his bed, clapping his hands in delight as the boys cleared away the lacquered screens behind which they had spent the night and finished their breakfast at the great carved inlaid table which so dazzled Conkey Ikestein with its show of gold and jewelled plate that it almost gave him a headache.

The breakfast was simple enough—eggs, fruit, rolls, coffee, and tea, with sticky Indian preserves. But the big gold coffee-pot was crusted all over with emeralds, and the tea-cups were set in holders of golden filigree which sparkled with diamonds.

"Greeting, O my sons!" exclaimed the Rane. "And ten thousand welcomes again to Junkapur, for ye have brought new light to the eyes of the lord my son, and he has eaten all his breakfast. He will grow strong and well now. Soon the doctors will come. But Artee, the great English doctor, says that we shall do best to follow thy advice."

"Are they native hakims, your Highness?" asked Arty.

"Yes," answered the Begum Rane. "They have given my son many draughts and strange medicines, but nothing has done him good like this visit."

Arty looked down at the little patient, his great arms folded.

"The doctor said that he needs boys' company, Maharane," he answered. "He doesn't want any broth of vipers or hairs from a jackal's tail. What he wants is sunshine and fresh air and to be amongst



DICK DORRINGTON.

the boys for a bit. We will have him running about in a week."

"I think I could smoke my huqua," said the little Maharajah, looking at the jewelled water-pipe which stood by his bedside. "Bid them fill the bowl with rose water, and fill it with the tobacco of Shiraz."

"No, you don't, George!" said Arty firmly. "You've got to cut out the gaspers. Tobacco of Shiraz is no good to a kid of your age. Look at me," added Arty, displaying his enormous arm. "I don't smoke!"

The little Maharajah was slightly crestfallen, but he was impressed by Arty's arm.

"But, Mr. Pugsley, he smoke," he said, pointing through the lattice of carved ebony into the courtyard,

where Mr. Pugsley could be seen enjoying his morning pipe.

"Yes, that's all right, George," answered Arty. "But Puggo is old and tough. He's got a chest on him like a barrel, and he's smoked Irish twist for thirty years. But you've got a chest on you like a half-crown chicken. So you have got to cut out the smoke. How old are you?"

"Fourteen," answered the Maharajah.

"Good for you that you are a king," said Arty. "You'd get run in for smoking at home. Therefore, George, if we are to get well no more lung scorchers, pas de Wood-bines, no more huquas. You've got to drop the old ubble bubble and take to dumb-bells. Then the roses will come back to your cheeks, and maybe in a month or two you will be able to thump the ear of a Lower School kid without being eaten up alive."

"Listen, O Lord my son!" said the Begum eagerly. "Artee speaks the truth of gold. The pipe makes thee cough. Artee is big and wise and strong. Be guided by him."

The little Maharajah was not used to being ticked off in this fashion, but he took it with good grace.

"Then I will not smoke, and Artee shall make me strong," he said.

The door at the end of the great hall opened, and three wild-looking dervishes made their appearance.

One of these was a famous healer from the plains of Ispahan, esteemed a very holy man. Another was an old gentleman with a long white beard, who was a santon or saint from the deserts of Bikanir. The third was a hideous-looking faquir, smeared with ashes and bearing a trident caste mark on his forehead.

Arty did not like the look of the faquir at all. He was a huge brute, and his eyes, reddened by opium, rolled insolently as he stared round on the boys.

"The Most Holy of the Darweesh Safr, the Most Holy the Santon Dus el Koobs, and the wonder-working faquir of Benares!" announced the chamberlain at the door.

"They are a pretty gang of plug uglies!" muttered Arty, as he watched the trio marching up the long floor of mother-of-pearl.

"Tell them, O Wise One," said the Begum Rane, "that the great English hakim has placed my son in thy care, and that he takes no more medicines."

The three approached the bed, the Darweesh Safr carrying a brass bowl containing something that looked like stewed eels.

"What medicine is this, O brother?" asked Arty.

"It is a broth of vipers for his Highness," answered the dervish rather sulkily. "It is recommended by Hippocrates, known to the Persians as Hippocrat. It gives strength to the heart, increases the cunning, and, taken under the third quarter of the moon, is good for the bite of mad dogs."

"Take it away," said Arty. "His Highness has not been bitten by a mad dog. There's nothing doing in stewed eels this morning, thanks! I'm going to put him on the fresh air and sunshine treatment."

The dervish scowled and fell back, giving place to the Santon, Dus El Koobs, who glanced sourly at Arty as he clutched at a small gilded box.

"What have you got there, Archibald?" asked Arty, who was sitting on the edge of the golden bed with his hands in his pockets.

"A most potent medicine, O Un-

believer!" replied Dus el Koobs jealously. "One that is beyond the cunning to compound or to understand. But there is in it amongst much other precious matter, the burned whiskers of tigers, the bones of mummy bats, and the herb that shrieks when drawn from the ground on moonlight nights!"

"Take it away," said Arty. "We are changing the treatment."

"But I am a very holy man," said the Santon angrily.

"Yes, I know your sort," answered Arty. "You live on the nod in the land of Nod. But you aren't going to poison this kid with your tigers' whiskers and your shrieking herbs. He's going to get up presently and have a bath and a few exercises in the sunshine. We are taking him to good old Dr. Greenfield. He doesn't want tigers' whiskers!"

Scowling malignantly the Santon fell back, hiding his hands in his long sleeves.

"May wild asses sit on thy father's grave, O Nazarene," was all he could say.

"Thanks, old chap!" replied Arty cheerfully. "There will be more brains sitting on my father's grave than there are in your head!"

The faquir swaggered up. He was an evil-looking thug, attired only in a leopard-skin, carrying a brass begging-bowl and a heavily-shod wooden staff. Painted with stripes of vermilion and dusted all over with ashes and with the trident mark of Shiva on his low forehead, he looked like a fighting Zulu who has spent a night in a dustbin.

He stared at Arty insolently, and Arty, for a second, felt a slight dizziness in his head.

"The brute's trying to mesmerise me," he told himself. "But I'll mesmerise him first with a punch in the jaw!"

"Who stands in the way of the holy ones?" demanded the faquir arrogantly. "Behold I, the wonder-working faquir of Benares, come to cure my lord the Maharajah, and I find him surrounded by unclean infidels!"

And he thrust his face forward, his nose almost touching Arty's, and again Arty felt that queer thrill running through his head.

The faquir was a specialist in hypnotism, and Arty might have succumbed had he been timid of this apparition.

"Take your face away," said Arty. "Don't look at me like that, and don't breathe onions all over me!"

"Nazarene dog!" snarled the faquir.

Arty pushed the face back from him, spreading his hand over the squat nose and catlike forehead, wiping out the holy caste mark as he sent the faquir flying head over heels.

The veiled figure of the Begum clasped her hands. She was a little afraid of this faquir, and she had paid him a deal of good red gold for his fake treatment of the Rajah. The faquir had a tremendous reputation as a wonder-worker and a magician throughout India.

The Begum did not know that the wonder-working faquir of Benares was a spy in the pay of the Bolshevik Government of Russia, and even now was wandering about India spreading sedition and hatred of the British throughout the land. Neither did she know that the medicine he had brought for the little ruler of Bulu was a slow poison, calculated to put a loyal adherent of the British Government out of the way and to make place for a disloyal follower.

But the faquir, though he did not know it, was to provide for the little Maharajah just the sort of medicine that he needed—to wit, a bit of excitement and a good deal of sport.

When Arty sent him flying head over heels upon the floor of mother-of-pearl, the faquir, who was well greased all over under his covering of ashes, slid along the floor, leaving a black smear behind him.

Arty literally wiped the floor with him.

But recovering from his surprise at thus finding his sacred carcass roughly handled, the faquir leaped to his feet with a howl and advanced on Arty, flourishing his heavy iron-bound stick.

The stick was no joke, for it was heavily shod like a pilgrim's staff and studded with brass nails.

But, as it whistled through the air, Arty suddenly ducked and handed the "holy one" a punch in the bricket that sent him flying across the polished floor, his stick sliding far out of his reach.

The faquir was thoroughly stirred up now. He crouched, snarling like an animal, on the floor, looking so

horrible that he made a worse picture than Cecil.

Cecil stood with his paws in the pockets of his smart blazer and his cricket-cap on the back of his head, staring at this strange enemy. He would have gone for the faquir, but the boys had trained him never to interfere in their fights.

So he stood steady as the faquir tried an old Benares trick on Arty, taking a tremendous leap from the ground which should have landed him on Arty's chest.

But he was dealing here with a trained boxer, and when he arrived, flying through the air like a bat, with his ugly face grinning and his arms outspread to grapple his victim, Arty was not there to receive him. He side-stepped and landed the faquir a left-hander behind the jaw as he flew past, his head hitting the pearl pavement with a crack that smashed one of the tiles.

The little Maharajah clapped his hands in delight. His eyes were shining, and he looked another boy now.

"Hit him a kick, Artee!" he cried in his shrill voice. "Hit him a good kick, mister! Bravo! Well played!"

Then the faquir strove to wrestle with Arty. But here he found himself up against a boxer of the first class.

As he tried to get the thug's stranglehold he received a punch on the nose that jolted him half way across the hall, leaving him blinking and wondering what sort of thunder had hit him.

Behind the walls of fretted marble there was a tinkling of anklets, a silvery murmur of approval, and one daring woman's voice which called in English:

"Go it, Artee! Knock his nose again!"

All unseen, veiled behind their marble screen, three hundred Rajput princesses were enjoying a sporting treat which had never fallen to them in their cloistered lives. They were seeing a first-class boxer handling a Benares tough neck, who used every trick of Oriental street-fighting. And the little Maharajah's cousins and his aunts fluttered as they saw the ugly brute close on Arty again.



A MUD BATH! Arty Dove and Cecil, at that moment or so, lifted him, and dropped him over the mud bath. Right into the rich, juicy, black mud drop.

But a man, no matter how powerful he may be, who habitually smokes opium and the even more deadly hemp, has not the wind for a long encounter. The two grappled and wrestled, and here Arty found that he had near met his match. But the faquir's strength was failing him. His wild eyes which had glared so insolently at the beginning of the fight were now rolling anxiously as he strove, hold after hold, only to be frustrated. Then Arty stood him on his head and bumped the last of the fight out of him.

His two companions stole from the room lest Arty should turn on them, and Arty, struggling with his man before the window, forced him to the marble balustrade.

The two rocked to and fro. Then there was a cheer from the boys led by the shrill Rajput "Rung Ho!" of the little figure on the bed. The princess behind the screen shrieked with delight and clapped their hands as Arty dropped the faquir over the balustrade.

Luckily for the faquir, there was at that moment passing under the window a large bullock-cart filled with mud which the gardeners of the palace had been cleaning out of one of the lotus-tanks.

Pop!

Into the rich, juicy, black mud dropped the faquir, disappearing out of sight. And when he popped up again nothing could be seen of him but two fierce eyes looking out of a column of mud.

He glared at Mr. Pugsley as the bullock-cart passed.

Mr. Pugsley, who had seen the last of the fight going on at the window and guessed its import as he heard the cheers, tapped out his pipe on his boot-heel.

"Ulo, there!" he said. "Been having a spar up at the boxin' club?"

And Mr. Pugsley's sharp eyes did not miss the two skulking figures of the faquir's companions as they hurriedly made for the palace gates.

The 2nd Chapter.

An Exciting Football Match!

There was no doubt about it. The little Maharajah was thoroughly

cheered up. The Rajputs are a fighting race, and very fond of fights of all sorts. They will bet their last penny on their fighting quails. And Arty was now the Maharajah's hero.

"Bravo, my Artee!" said the little Maharajah, sitting up in his bed. "Now I will get up, and you shall make me well and strong as you. That was a budmash, a bad man, and I am glad he is gone. I would not have taken his medicine. But he was sent here by relations. Yes, I will drink egg and milk, and I will get up, and they shall carry me down into the sunshine."

"That's the jolly talk!" said Arty, very pleased. "We'll soon get you on your feet again, George, so strong that you will be able to push a policeman down!"

Arty was a fine trainer and as good as any hospital nurse. He bathed the little Maharajah, massaged him gently, wrapped him in soft blankets, and lifted him out of the great golden bed in the shadowy marble hall, and carried him down into the sunshine of the courtyard.

"What are you going to do with his Royal nibs, Master Dove?" asked Mr. Pugsley, as Arty settled the youngster in a large cane chair.

"Why?" answered Arty. "Have you ever heard of heliotherapeutics, Puggo?"

"Can't say I 'ave," answered Mr. Pugsley, "unless it's this new sort of dancing that they give kids in kindergartens."

"That's the curythemics, Puggo," corrected Arty, grinning.

"What? Eurythmetic?" asked Mr. Pugsley.

"No," answered Arty. "Dancing in time. But heliotherapeutics is the new stunt for curing by sunshine. For instance, Puggo, you get a kid out of a slum who's all wrong—been in the smoke all his life, his grub don't do him any good, and he's rickety in the pins, and inclined to start consumption."

"I know," answered Mr. Pugsley. "One o' them poor little bread-and-margarine and jam kids."

"Sure!" agreed Arty. "Well, if you take that kid and put him out in the sunshine, like a plant, he bucks up. His grub goes to the right place and does him good, and he gets strength and nutrition from it, and before long his bones harden, and he chucks off his weakness, and then you can start training him. Mind you, Pugg," added Arty, "I don't say that you can make a champion of him, but he'll get well."

Mr. Pugsley nodded as he looked down at the fragile-looking little Maharajah.

"You don't mean to say this kiddo, living in this lovely palace, as beautiful as the Alhambra music-hall, is like a slum kid?" he said.

"He is more or less," answered Arty. "He's been living indoors in the shade, and he's been smoking his huqua, and he's had no play or fun or running about, and they've been hiding him up so that he couldn't be scragged by any of the roughnecks who want his throne, and there you are. This is what they've done for him."

And Arty turned up the blankets, half-exposing the feet of the little chap to the hot sun.

"Now do you see, Puggo. I just let the sun get at a few square inches of him," he said. "To-morrow I'll show a few inches more, and bit by bit I'll uncover him till he lies out and bakes as brown as a penny bun. Then you will see him put on weight and get full of beans."

"Fair masterpiece!" said Mr. Pugsley.

"There's no masterpiece about it," answered Arty. "Just common-sense, doctoring, and training. Thousands of kids die for lack of sunlight in our big towns at home. But we've got to amuse his Highness whilst he's taking his sunbath."

He turned to the little Maharajah, who was eyeing him wistfully from the long chair.

"What would you like us to do, Jack," he asked, "just to keep you merry and bright?"

"Oh, Artee," pleaded the little Maharajah, "will you play kickball?"

"Of course we will!" said Arty. "Just order up a team of thirty or so of your troops, palace attendants, and what not, and we will play eleven against them. This courtyard will just take a football-pitch nicely."

The orders were swiftly given. The boys marked out a pitch with a tennis marker. The goals were erected, and the ball was brought forth.

And from the palace issued fifteen reluctant, trembling secretaries and babus, who had been told off to play football against the boys. These



ARTY MAKES AN ENEMY! "Take your face away," said Arty Dove. "Don't look at me like that!" "Nazarene dog!" snarled the faquir. Arty pushed the face back from him, spreading his hand over the squat nose and cat-like forehead, wiping out the holy caste mark as he sent the faquir flying head over heels.

were fat, brown, and greasy men, and it was plain that they were not looking forward to playing football at all. Then fifteen soldiers were marched up from the palace gates, told off to play football against the mad white sahibs. Cecil, who was a bit too rough in the field, was put on as linesman with a flag, and Arty elected to act as referee, because, since he had chucked the faquir out of the window, it was difficult to get any of the palace menials to come up against him.

"Play light, boys," said Arty, before the ball was kicked off. "These chaps don't understand the game. Try to imagine that you are playing against a girls' school. It's not serious football. It's all for the cure of the kid."

And the game commenced. It was a queer sort of football. The Glory Hole Gang merely pretended to play, whilst the babus dashed in on the ball as if they expected it to explode like a shell.

But soon things warmed up a bit, for even a Bengali cannot play football without getting warm at the game. The ball was carried towards the Bombay Castle goal by a brilliant series of offside work, which Arty did not interfere with, and presently Pongo by accident hacked a fat babu on the shins.

A desolate howl rang through the courtyard. The babu collapsed in the dust, nursing his leg and weeping at the top of his voice, great tears coursing down his fat, greasy face.

"Ho!" he wailed, picking up a handful of dust and trickling it over his black, greasy head. "Ai, I am killed! I have compound fractures of the legs from this so rough game! I am killed in several places!"

"Nonsense!" said Arty. "Rub it in, mate! You are worth a dozen stiff 'uns yet. That's only a little hack."

"Is Shriv Das killed?" asked the little Maharajah, greatly interested.

"No, your 'ighness," said Mr. Pugsley, who was becoming quite a courtier, as he sat on a camp-stool by the two gorgeous attendants, who fanned the little prince with great fans of white peacock's feathers. "If it may please, your serene 'ighness, 'e's only copped one for 'isself. Reg'lar cry baby! Crumbs! There's another two of 'em laid out!"

Two more Bengalis had fallen out of the game. One was winded and lay stiff and quiet like a dead man, rolling his eyes terribly. Another, who had got a clout from the ball, sat in the dusty sunshine holding his head and raising a great howl.

The soldiers, however, were sterner stuff than the Bengalis, for these were Rajputs and of a fighting race. They played a fierce and rough game, and the struggle became so sporting that three of the Bengalis climbed up lamp-posts and the rest ran away from the game, greatly to Mr. Lal Tata's disgust.

"Those fellows are not sportsmen!" cried Lal. "Come down out of that lamp-post, you coward fellow, sir!" he howled to a fat babu in a bright, rose-coloured dressing-gown.

"My liver has turned to water," wailed the babu, "and I have handed in resignations to the game."

The Bombay Castle scored three goals in quick succession. There were little cries and flutterings of white veils and a clapping of hands from the roof of the palace as the Maharajah's aunts watched the game. Then one big Rajput, all leather

and whipcord, got the ball. His friends surrounded him in a solid phalanx, hitting out with their fists right and left as they carried the sphere down to the Bombay Castle goal.

Conkey Ikestein stopped a black eye in the first round, and the palace party scored a goal.

It was not football at all, but it was doing the little Maharajah no end of good. He sat up on his cushions and clapped his hands, cheering Conkey and Pongo and Chip, and Algy Cuff and Willie Waffles as they barged the natives out of their goal.

The shouts and yells of the on-lookers attracted an audience. Soldiers off duty, wandering fakirs, quail-fighters, and all sorts of riff-raff gathered round the ground. Some of the soldiers and other "fans" felt bound to help their side, and soon the Bombay Castle found themselves up against eighty players on the other side.

Nobody objected. Arty, as referee, did not stop the game, for this was what might be called Junkapore football, where everyone takes a hand. But to save the goal he leaped into the game himself, and called Cecil to drop his linesman's flag and assist to save the game. Even Mr. Pugsley took off his smart brass-buttoned coat and sailed into the match, playing in a heavy, Navy sort of fashion.

The game became fast and furious. All were thoroughly enjoying themselves, and the courtyard was a cloud of dust filled with struggling figures.

Cecil was not playing rough at all. He was watching a lithe, half-naked figure, clad in the leopard skin of a faquir, sparring about on the edge of the game, and his nose told him more than his eyes. This faquir was smeared with ashes, and bore the trident caste mark of Shiva on his

timacy with the boys had wiped practically all the savagery of the race out of him.

But at the sight of a weapon threatening one of his chums, Cecil dropped back a thousand years or so and turned into the terrible orang-outang, the wild man of the woods, whose name is the terror of the Pacific.

Little wonder the half-naked faquir screamed as his attack on Arty was frustrated by this iron grip and he found himself in the paws of a snarling devil whose huge teeth gnashed like a tiger-trap close by his ears.

"Look out, boys!" cried Arty, realising what had happened. "Old Cecil's gone pungo! Don't stop the game, or he'll scrag that chap! Pretend that the faquir is the ball. On the ball, boys!"

Cecil was just about to break the faquir's back as the friendly cheering rush of boys surrounded him. Then two ideas were confused in Cecil's brain. He had seen the faquir reach for his knife to kill Arty. But the boys regarded this as part of the game, and the faquir was now the football.

The red fire died out in Cecil's eyes, and he dropped the faquir to the ground, tearing the knife out of the back of his waistcloth as a precaution and hurling it far away over the roofs of the palace.

The would-be assassin yelled as the boys trampled him underfoot. It was Arty who snatched him out and started running with him, Cecil bounding alongside.

Tremendous cheers went up from the Rajput soldiers as they realised Arty's game of turning the faquir into a ball to save his life. They dashed in pursuit, yelling at the top of their voices.

"Here you are, Cecil! Pass!" cried Arty. And he hurled the faquir into Cecil's arms more dead than alive.

A hefty Rajput tackled Cecil, and the faquir was hurled to the ground on his nose with a biff that knocked all the murder out of him.

Arty snatched him up, trying to get away with him. But another soldier raced at Arty, and Cecil, who was up again in a flash, snatched up the unlucky faquir again as Arty was rolled to the dust.

A roar of mingled admiration, fear, and applause went up from the multi-coloured mob, and Cecil, with the faquir under his arm Rugby fashion, dashed towards the native goal. He held out the faquir at arm's length, and with a tremendous hoisting kick, sent him flying into the air in a ball, his hands clasped over his head and his knees drawn up to his chin.

Up, up he went, well between the goal-posts and over the bar. Then bang he came down in a cloud of dust amidst tremendous cheers.

"Well kicked, Cecil!" roared Arty, closing on Cecil so that he should not get after the terror-stricken faquir again. "Up with him, boys! Chair him! If he gets on to that nigger again he'll do him in!"

The boys rushed at Cecil, whose ideas were so mixed now that he did not know whether he was playing football or stopping a murder. The boys cheered and the niggers cheered as they marched him round the courtyard in triumph, leaving the faquir a bundle of brown limbs and leopard-skin lying in the dust,

(Continued overleaf.)



The faquir struggled desperately for a moment, suddenly, Arty seized his antagonist. Luckily for the faquir, there was a bullock cart filled with mud. Pop! he fell into the cart, disappearing out of sight.



CONKEY IKESTEIN.

forehead, and to the orang-outang he smelled exactly the same as the wonder-working faquir of Benares.

Cecil made no mistake. This man, who was butting into the game, was none other than the chela or disciple of the Benares faquir, and half a dozen times did he try to edge towards Arty, only to be driven back by the pressure of the game.

But suddenly the pressure relaxed, and, with a writhing like an eel, the oily faquir was close on Arty, his hand slipping to his loin-cloth. Then a shriek escaped him, for he was caught by the wrist in a grip of steel and hoisted from the ground in Cecil's huge arms.

Cecil was the best-hearted orang-outang in the world, and long in-



playing dead like a small spider which has been surprised by a larger spider.

But when he found that he was left alone he leaped to his feet and dashed out of the courtyard, through the first great red sandstone gate of the fortress, down the hill, through the seven gates, travelling like a jack rabbit.

And away he went, over the dusty plain below, running like a madman, till he had left five miles between himself and the palace of Junkapore.

And to keep Cecil busy, the boys carried him three times round the great courtyard, coming to a stop at last before the chair where the little Maharajah was clapping his hands and laughing till the tears ran down his face.

"O, Mister Cecil, you make me laugh so much that I break my ribs!" said the Maharajah. "But you shall have a dress of honour, and I will fill your mouth with gold! But I did not see. What did that faquir do that he was made foot-ball?"

"Why, he was going to knife me in the back!" said Arty.

The little Maharajah sat up at this. "What-ho there, guards!" he ordered. "Send out cavalry! Catch me that faquir, and he shall be pulled in halves by elephants!"

"Rot!" said Arty. "We don't want him pulled in halves! He is half-killed already. Calm yourself, George!"

The Rajah quieted down at this. But he was not satisfied till a long robe of jade green silk embroidered with seed pearls had been cast over Cecil's shoulders and a rose silk turban, with a white aigrette glistening with dewdrops of real diamonds that made Conkey's mouth water, was placed upon his hideous head.

All the crowd of riff-raff, shifting like a rainbow in the courtyard, cheered and praised the little Rajah, calling him "Protector of the Poor" and "Light of the Universe." And the little Maharajah was so bucked by this that he insisted on filling Cecil's mouth with gold.

The palace treasurer was called with a great bag of gold mohurs. But Arty intervened.

"Don't fill Cecil's mug with durions, your Highness!" he protested. "He might swallow change for a twenty-pound note, and that will give him appendicitis!"

"Then I will fill the mouth of any of your party with gold," said the Maharajah, eager to do honour to his friends with truly Oriental magnificence.

"Who shall it be?" asked Arty, looking round for the largest mouth.

"What about old Skeleton?"

But behind the Rajah Arty saw Conkey Ikstein almost dancing with anxiety as he made signals with his hands that such a chance should not be wasted.

"Wait a minute, your Highness," said Arty, grinning. "There's one of our crush that will do justice to your stylish present. He's a sort of treasurer to the Gang, for what he swallows he does not give up readily!"

"Bring him forth," said the little Maharajah, with great dignity. "He shall learn that I am not named Alit the Magnificent without reason."

A party of the boys dashed off to the pavilion of marble, where their luggage had been locked up.

They came back, cheering and dragging between them the enormous cricket-bag in which Gus, their pet crocodile, travelled.

"O, Bombay bums," said the little Maharajah, his eyes sparkling, "what other boy lives in this cricket-bag?"

"He's not exactly a boy," said Arty, "but he's one of the bhoys. This is old Gus, our mascot."

The natives crowded round eagerly as Arty struggled with the straps. "Push back that riff-raff!" said the Maharajah to his guards. "I

(Continued from previous page.)

cannot see what Artee has got in the bag!"

But there was no need to clear back the crowd, as out of the bag was thrust Gus' enormous head, painted a hideous bright blue, with a red wig atop and a little straw-hat set jauntily on it.

A yell went up from them as the crocodile, rather stiff from being shut up, crawled slowly out of the bag, yards of him painted in white and black stripes like a football jersey, with vermilion legs and nails which had been neatly put in, with a touch or two of gold leaf from Mr. Pugsley's stores.

There was a yell and a rush back, for, with a swish of his tail, the crocodile cleared the ground round him like a mounted policeman.

"It is the holy one! The eternal

"Look here, your majesty," said Conkey, "this toughneck is trying to double-cross us. This is not gold!"

The little Maharajah sat up, his eyes blazing.

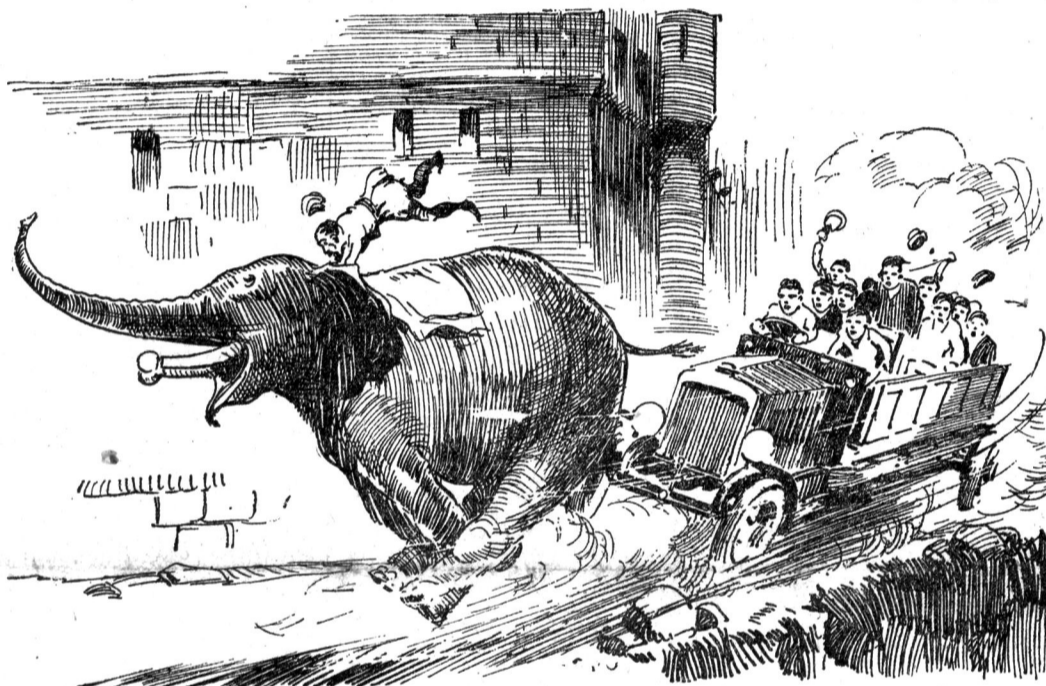
"O Rum Dass!" he cried. "Dost put mud on my head. Bring gold I say! And since Rum Dass has tried to blacken the face of his master to his friends, let him be put in the bear pit!"

"Ai! Ai!" yelled Rum Dass, the banana-faced one. "It is a little mistake."

Coming Shortly.
Wonderful New Story
by
DAVID GOODWIN.
Look out for a real treat,
boys!

"Yes," replied Conkey, "we know those mistakes."

The guards closed round the unhappy Rum Dass. His keys were taken from him and he was borne off



ON THE RUN! An elephant, which was coming up the road from the town, blocked the way as the lorry went down the last slope. The mahout shouted and yelled. Dick Dorrington & Co., in the lorry, cheered. The elephant trumpeted and turned, for he was wise enough to know that there was not width in the narrow road for him and the lorry. Away they went down the road, the elephant screaming and trumpeting, the lorry close on his heels.

Gunga!" said the Begum Rane, clasping her hands.

"E's not very 'oly, lady!" said Mr. Pugsley. "E's the old firm, that's what 'e is! Cunning as a barrer-load of monkeys! But you needn't be afraid of 'im. He was fed afore we came away from the ship with a side of beef that 'ad gone a bit ungamuglish and a couple sides of bacon ditto, besides two pails of frozen kidneys and six boxes of kippers what had gone a bit off in the freezeria."

The little Maharajah was delighted with the crocodile.

"He is a splendid lark," he said. "Fill me his so great mouth with gold mohurs! Look, the rabble are gone! He is a good watch-dog!"

And, sure enough, there was not a nigger left in the courtyard. They were ready enough to play football with the boys, but they left the field to a fourteen-foot crocodile in the colours of the Newcastle United.

The banana-faced treasurer smiled a sickly smile. He could see about five hundred pounds going west in Gus' mouth.

"I will bring more money from the Treasury, Rao Sahib," he said, with a salaam, "and we will put it in the bag of this so great and holy crocodile fellow!"

He waddled off with his secretary and came back laden with canvas bags which he was about to put in the cricket bag when Conkey, with admirable presence of mind, called out:

"Half a mo, Babu Sahib! Let us have a dekho at the dinars. His Highness said gold!"

And, cutting the string of one of the bags, Conkey revealed that it was filled with Moorish floos, dirty coins of spelter which run about a hundred to the penny.

to the bearpit, where two large and moth-eaten bears were rocking behind the bars of their dens. They growled at the sight of Rum Dass, who was so terrified that he climbed up to the top of the pole and howled for mercy.

"It's all right, you fellows!" said the little Maharajah. "I will not let the bears loose. The gold is here. It shall be given to Conkey. Now I have had very jolly mornings and I will go to sleep again in my palace."

With this he retired and till lunch-time the boys amused themselves by gathering round the bear pit offering buns to Rum Dass, whilst the crocodile basked in the sun, striped and hideous, guarding the palace against all intruders.

Result of BOYS' FRIEND "Booklets" Competition No. 5.

In this competition the two "Bassett-Lowke" Model Railways have been awarded to:

Ronald Kirkham, 48, Kenilworth Road, Wallasey, Cheshire; and James O. H. Norton, 25, Spencer Hill, Wimbledon, London, S.W. 19., whose solutions, each containing two errors, came nearest to correct.

The following nine competitors tied for the Six Other Prizes of Boxing-gloves. In the circumstances the Editor has decided to award boxing-gloves to each of these nine readers:

S. Hammond, 33, Robin Hood Road, Brentwood, Essex; Reginald Hardy, The Rockery, White Rose Lane, Woking; A. W. Jones, 4, Britannia Road, Banbury, Oxon; Herbert Jones, Grove Cottages,

speed as it thundered through the first great fortress gate of sandstone.

"How is she doing, Arty?" asked Conkey, as the lorry shot him into the air and caught him again with a bump that made him bite his tongue.

"Top hole," said Arty, "but the brakes don't seem to be anything to write home about. Tied up with a bit of string, I expect, Indian fashion. These Indian garages are a bit sketchy in their work!"

He cleverly switched the lorry round a sharp corner between high walls of masonry, slit with loop-holes and carved into thousands of grotesque Hindu figures.

Down the slope they went in a cloud of dust, the boys cheering and

The 3rd Chapter.

A Near Thing for Arty.

Dick Dorrington & Co. had a splendid dinner after which all the palace slumbered according to custom.

But the boys did not feel inclined to slumber. There were the Maharajah's guns, a splendid lot, and there was a motor-lorry standing in the sunshine in the courtyard. The little Maharajah had told them that they could have the lorry and that they could go to shoot duck on the Sacred Lake five miles from the palace where there was a little summer pavilion and plenty of duck.

Their little host was sleeping, and they did not want to make a noise, so they put the crocodile into the giant cricket bag, as they thought a bath would do him good and hoisted him into the lorry, which they pushed out at the palace gate before they started up the engine.

"Now, all aboard, boys," said Arty, taking the driver's seat at the top of the zig-zag hill of fifteen hundred feet which led from the palace to the foot of the great red rock on which it was built.

The boys climbed aboard and away they rolled, the lorry gathering

the crocodile bumping in his cricket-bag on the floor of the lorry till they had to sit on him to hold him down.

"How's she going, Arty?" again demanded Conkey, rather anxiously. "She's going all right," said Arty, "but I can't stop her!"

"For goodness' sake hit something cheap then," said Conkey, as the lorry thundered down the road which was cut into great tunnels by the rains.

They came to the second gateway, where there were two soldiers on guard. The soldiers bunked into their cellar as they saw the lorry coming and yelled as it roared through the arch like an express train. Down another zig-zag they went, leaping into the air as the wheels hit the boulders in the road. "Wonderful good lorries these," said Arty. "Astonishing what they will stand!" And he shot another gateway where the two soldiers climbed up a lamp-post to get out of the way.

Conkey reckoned they came down a thousand feet in a thousand seconds. But Arty never made a mistake or hit anything till they were on the last slope, and then one of the Rajah's elephants, which was coming up the road with a load of groceries from the town, blocked the way.

The mahout shouted and yelled. The boys cheered. The elephant trumpeted and turned, for he was wise enough to know that there was not width in this narrow road, with its walls of loop-holed stone, for him and the lorry.

Away they went down the road, the elephant screaming and trumpeting, the lorry close on his heels.

There are some people who say that an elephant can't run. But try him with a runaway three-ton lorry full of cheering boys at his tail.

The Maharajah's elephant cut all records with his ton of groceries as they chivvied him out of the last gate on to the dusty road.

He was doing about forty miles an hour when he struck the open road, his mahout crouching behind his great leathern ears, riding him like a jockey. And he was wise enough to leave the road, bursting through a mud wall, which he scattered like a puff of smoke, breaking into a garden, knocking down a palm-tree, and biffling into a mud villa, which collapsed like a pack of cards.

Luckily the villa was empty, and the boys gave the elephant a cheer as the lorry thundered on, Arty getting it in hand as it breasted a slight rise in the dusty road.

"I sha'n't come out with you boys again!" puffed Mr. Pugsley, getting up from the corner of the lorry in which he had been standing on his head. "You are a bit too hot, you are!"

"It's all right, Puggo, now; she's going beautifully," said Arty. "She's a good lorry. But the chap who takes her downhill has got to know her tricks. Ought to come down on the compression."

"You'd have looked silly if you'd have compressed all our 'eads for us against those stone walls," responded Mr. Pugsley, who was a little bit ruffled. "It would have been manslaughter for you, that's what it would have been!"

And Mr. Pugsley said no more, till the lorry drove up to a beautiful lake, which shone like a sapphire in a setting of flagged marble banks and reed-beds that were like emerald.

There were no duck in sight, so the boys got out their fishing-rods, and started angling for carp from the marble pavilion that bordered the beautiful sheet of water.

Arty, who wanted to take photographs, climbed up to a high, tree-crowned ramp of marble, which gave an extensive view over the lake.

There he set up his camera, and, throwing the velvet camera-cloth over his head, started to focus on the ground-glass screen.

He turned it on the beautiful carved pillars of a small pavilion which overlooked the lake like a summer-house. Then he found it was too near to get it all in, and backed away with the camera till he was at the edge of the wall.

"Look at that old ass Arty taking photos in the hot sun," said Conkey, lounging in the shade of the little palace below.

Arty had got his picture on the screen of ground-glass, and felt in his pocket for a stop to close down the shutter and sharpen the beautiful detail of the carved marble.

It was very hot under the velvet cover, and Arty felt hotter still when out from the pavilion pictured on the screen shot a terrible face, reversed

(Continued on the next page.)

on the ground-glass, but recognizable by its ash smears and the trident caste mark on the low forehead as the grinning dial of his old friend the Wonder-working Faquir of Benares!

"Ooo lummy!" gasped Arty as this unpleasant real-life screen-picture filled his plate, and he endeavoured to rid himself of the camera cloth.

In vain Arty tried to upper-cut the maddened faquir with the tripod of the camera as the rascal sprang forward.

"Die, Feringhi!" snarled the brute. "To the crocodiles!"

And he pushed Arty and the camera backwards into the lake. But he had not reckoned for the reach of Arty's arms, which grabbed him, and down they went together, landing into the blue water with a splash that aroused every one of the sacred crocodiles in the lake and every one of the boys fishing on the bank.

"My hat!" gasped Conkey, who had seen the whole occurrence.

"There's crocodiles in the lake!" "Shove another one in. Let old Gus loose!" cried Pongo.

They tore the bag open. Gus needed no invitation to come out. He scented crocodiles, and seemed to know that Arty was in trouble, for he slid into the water, and was off like a Whitehead torpedo to the spot where Arty and the faquir were splashing in the water, playing the old-fashioned game of "You punch my nose and I'll punch yours."

And Arty was a better hand at punching than the faquir. The Wonder-working Faquir of Benares could work a good many wonders, but he could not hand out a Carpentier left like Arty.

The sacred crocodiles hung back from the splashing, for they were cowardly brutes. But they were only biding their time, and Arty's heart sank as he had a glimpse of them.

Then he raised a shout, "Good old Gus!" as he saw a black-and-white apparition, with a blue face, a red wig, and a little straw hat, dash into the thick of the crocs, who were waiting for a faquir tea, snapping right and left like a mad dog.

"Take that, Archibald!" And Arty gave a last thump on the faquir's nose as Gus forged alongside to the rescue.

It was a good thing for the faquir that Gus had the leg of a sacred crocodile in his mouth as he came up to them, for it gave Arty the chance of getting astride of him and hoisting up his enemy, just as the hero in the cowboy films rescues the heroine from the snake-headed Indians.

And the rest of the crocodiles sheered back respectfully as this black-and-white, vermilion, blue, and gold member of their species glided past them, with the two upon his back, to where the boys were waiting and cheering.

The faquir had fainted as they hauled him from the water. Whether it was funk, or whether it was an unaccustomed bath which had upset him it was impossible to say. But he did not recover till they had burned feathers under his nose and applied the treatment for those apparently drowned.

Then he pulled himself together, squinted at the crocodile which had saved him, and, with a yell, ran for his life.

"Let him go," said Arty. "He won't want another game with us. We are too good for him!"

Then they fired all the Rajah's cartridges at his sacred crocodiles, and watched them scratch themselves as the pellets tickled their hides, and Arty drove them back to the palace to cheer up the Rajah some more, and to taste the rose-leaf jam which Aunt Rose of the World had made for Skeleton.

As the boys drove into the courtyard cheering, with Gus on the box, handkerchiefs fluttered from every window, for there was the little sick Rajah sitting up with a great English doctor sitting by him.

"Here they come!" cried the Rajah—"the boys who have made me well!"

"You have worked a miracle, boys," said the doctor. "You can go on working it. His Highness is worlds better. But for goodness' sake take away that infernal crocodile of yours before he gives me the jim-jams!"

THE END.

"Hot Times At Hot Dog!" is the amazing long story of Dick Dorrington & Co. of the schoolship, Bombay Castle, for next Monday. Don't miss it! Order your copy of the BOYS' FRIEND right away, and thus make certain of obtaining it!

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Look out for the Fourth Set of pictures next week.

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.

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No solutions may be sent in until all the sets of pictures and the necessary coupon have been published. Full directions will then be given.

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; that is, the six picture-sets and coupon, all duly filled in.

Entry to this competition is on the full understanding that the Editor's decision is final and legally binding throughout.

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

SET No. 3.

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"SPORTING FAVOURITES" No. 3

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THE GREATEST SCHOOL STORY OF ALL!



The CAPTAIN OF THE FOURTH!

By FRANK RICHARDS

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

Harry Wilmot & Co. bravely intervene when Dr. Chenies is attacked by a rascally footpad!

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 study-mates, that Wilmot & Co. succeed in obtaining possession of it. Later, Bob Rake and Harry Wilmot become firm friends, and the Australian junior changes back into the top study.

The 2nd Chapter. Three Out of Bounds.

"The Head!" "Oh, rotten!" "Horrid, dear boys!" sighed Algernon Aubrey St. Leger; "it's a fair catch." The three juniors of St. Kit's, who had been looking quite merry and bright a few seconds before, wore expressions of dismay. It was the sudden sight of Dr. Chenies, the reverend Head of St. Kit's, that caused the change. Even in the quad at St. Kit's the Head was an awe-inspiring figure. Now he was a terrifying one. For Harry Wilmot & Co. of the Fourth were a good mile from St. Kit's—and out of bounds. They had never dreamed for one moment of encountering the Head

on the footpath in Lynn Wood. But there he was!

They sighted him quite suddenly at a turn of the footpath.

They knew that the Head was absent from the school that afternoon. Naturally, they couldn't guess that he would return by way of Lynn, and walk through the wood to St. Kit's. Still less could they guess that he would happen along just when they were following the path towards Lyncroft.

But there he was—and the three juniors blinked at him in dismay. For it was quite a serious matter.

There had been so many rows and "rags" of late between the heroes of St. Kit's and the Lyncroft fellows that the Head had placed Lynn Wood out of bounds for a week as a lesson and a warning.

Obviously, both the lesson and the warning had been lost on Harry Wilmot & Co., for there they were, progressing cheerily along the footpath towards Lyncroft, just as if the Head's notice had never been placed on the board.

They had not meant any dis-

respect to the Head! They had not meant anything but a "rag" on Turkey & Co. of Lyncroft. But it rushed into their minds—as they beheld Dr. Chenies—that the Head would take quite a different view of the matter.

They halted—staring at the advancing figure, still at a good distance. They waited for the thunderbolt.

Then it suddenly dawned upon Bob Rake that the Head had not seen them yet.

The old gentleman was walking along very slowly, his hands folded behind his back, his eyes fixed on the ground—an expression of deep thought on his clear-cut, kind old face.

Bob caught Harry Wilmot by the arm with one hand, Algernon Aubrey by the ear with the other. "Cover!" he breathed. "He's not spotted us yet—"

"Ow!"

"Cover, you ass!"

"Quick!" breathed Harry.

The three Fourth-Formers backed hurriedly into the under-woods.

"Hold on a minute—" gasped St. Leger.

"Quick—"

"I've dropped my eyeglass—"

"You thumping ass—quick!"

Algernon Aubrey was dragged out of sight. He cast a regretful glance at his celebrated monocle, lying in the grass. But evidently it was not safe to attempt to retrieve that celebrated monocle. The Head was coming on, slowly but surely; and if he looked up—

"Safe as houses!" breathed Bob Rake, peering through the brambles. "He won't see us as he passes."

"Suppose he—" began Algernon Aubrey.

"He won't!"

"But suppose he—"

"Quiet. It's all right."

"Suppose he treads on my eyeglass—"

"He won't notice it if he does, fathead!"

"Begad! I wasn't thinkin' whether he would notice it or not! I was thinkin' of my dashed eyeglass."

Harry Wilmot peered out of cover. The Head was still ten

yards away, and he had not looked up. He had heard nothing; the juniors' footsteps had been quite noiseless on the carpet of fallen leaves that covered the footpath. Evidently Dr. Chenies did not dream that he was anywhere near three juniors of the Fourth Form, who had recklessly disregarded his lesson and his warning!

"What a giddy relief!" murmured Bob Rake. "I suppose he came by train to Lynn."

"Looks like it!"

"Looks as if he's thinking out some merry mathematical problem," said Bob, with a grin.

"He's been to see my pater, I believe," remarked Alg. "There's been some jaw among the governors, and the pater is chairman of the governing board, you know. P'raps that's what he's thinkin' out. The governors must have bored him fearfully."

"Hallo!" ejaculated Bob in suppressed tones. "There's another johnny on the footpath. Look there!"

"Oh gad!"

The juniors simply stared. The Head was quite near now, walking slowly, wrapped in thought.

Behind him, on the footpath, another figure had appeared.

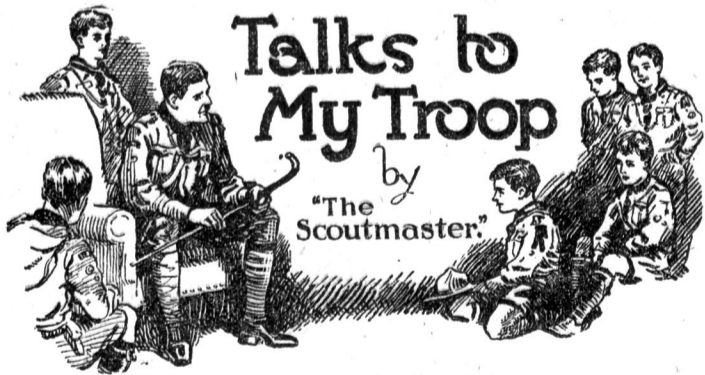
It was the figure of a thick-set man, dressed rather loudly, with a red face, and narrow, sharp, cunning eyes. The man looked like the worst class of racing "tout." He was evidently following the Head; he was running, but so cautiously that his footsteps made no sound, and gradually overtaking the old gentleman.

There was a short, thick stick grasped in his right hand, and his whole look told of his intentions. The juniors gazed at him dumb-founded.

It was evident that the red-faced, narrow-eyed rascal was following the Head of St. Kit's with hostile intentions, and that a brutal attack was about to take place.

It did not look as if the man's object was robbery, for it was clear that he was stealing behind Dr. Chenies to knock him down from the rear, without a word spoken.

(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. 9.—BOY SCOUT BADGES AND WHAT THEY MEAN.

I hope we are going to win a couple of King's Scout badges this year. Jackson, my boy, it's up to you and Rallen to pull off this little honour for the old troop—and don't forget the prize is a new trek-cart! I've promised two pounds, and the rest of us are going to make up the difference by hook or crook. Our badge system is more wonderful and more important than many of you chaps suppose.

We are living in a "ready-made" age—ready-made clothes, ready-made food, ready-made games, ready-made furniture, ready-made amusements, and ready-made opinions—and the Chief Scout, Sir Robert Baden-Powell, has told us that if we were suddenly thrown on our own resources we should compare very badly with the backwoodsman, who is able to cook and make and build for himself.

Of course, England isn't the Wild West, and I'm not arguing that we ought to give up matches and take

to using firesticks! Neither do I suggest that you should appear at school, or in the office, in suits of raffia-grass that you have cut out and made for yourselves; but everybody admits that the ability to create something is one of the joys of life, and that is why most of us are blessed with what is called a hobby. I say "blessed" because the chap who has no aim in life might just as well be a cabbage.

What Scouts call the "badge system" is really a "hobby-finder." There's a proverb that says, "The boy is father to the man," and our Chief was clever enough to see that if you can only find out what a youngster is dead keen on, and encourage him to persevere in it, the chances are he will become a clever worker in after-life.

There are more than sixty badges that a Scout can win, and he must be a funny sort of chap who can't find one or more to attract him. Every branch of industry is represented—

handicrafts, professions, art, science, and mechanics.

I heartily believe that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," but those individuals who imagine that the modern youth wants "all play and no work" are very much mistaken. When I was at Wembley I asked some Lancashire lads which part of the Exhibition they liked best, thinking they would answer, "The Amusement Park," but they didn't. They said, "The Palace of Engineering." Seventy-five boys out of a hundred will tell you that they would like to be engineers, and the most coveted of the Scout badges are those that stand for mechanical pursuits.

Another thing. Take camping, the best scouting game of all. Why do we love it so much? Simply because for one glorious week, or fortnight, in the year we live face to face with Nature, using our hands and our eyes all the time. If the mechanical boy is going to come out strong anywhere, it is at camp. Perhaps there's a bridge to make over the tiny stream, possibly the chimney of the cookhouse smokes for the lack of a little ingenuity, maybe a wireless installation isn't out of

the question, and very likely the water would be all the better for a home-made filter. All such contingencies, and a great many more like them, are constantly cropping up at camp, and the chap with the handyman's badge, or the camper's badge, is always in demand.

What I call "badge hunting" is where a fellow deliberately picks out the badges which seem easiest to earn, just for the honour and glory of covering his sleeve with decorations.

Although the list is arranged alphabetically, you will find on closer examination that the badges fall into convenient groups, which appeal to different scouts according to their varying tastes and temperaments. All the badges in a group are related, and help one another, so that the acquisition of one naturally leads on to the next. Thus, by concentration, it is possible to gain a fairly comprehensive knowledge of one subject and its obvious off-shoots, whereas a promiscuous choosing of badges here and there leaves us quite in the dark as to a boy's real bent.

The badges that interest me most are those that provide employment

for the hand and the eye, and at least twenty-five or six come within that category. We will take the trades and professions first—blacksmith, carpenter, mason, metal-worker, plumber, printer, basket-worker, miner, textile-worker, leather-worker, fireman, electrician, engineer, telegraphist, prospector, surveyor, airman, and photographer. Nearly all these call for a knowledge of tools, instruments, and machinery.

Then we have eight badges, which, if not altogether technical, demand a keen sense of observation and the ability to tackle mechanical difficulties as they arise. The cyclist, for instance, must be able to keep his machine in repair and in good running order; the handyman is expected to renovate gas-fittings, ball-cocks, tap-washers, sash-linos, and a good many other things; the pilot is called upon to handle boats, and to understand methods of registering wind and weather as carried out at sea; the ambulance man must possess a knowledge of mechanical contrivances associated with the sick and disabled; the public health man is required to prove his information respecting those wonderful civic services which have placed our big towns amongst the healthiest in the world; the star man must have a general knowledge of the nature and movements of the stars—the most wonderful mechanism of all!—whilst the weather man must read a meteorological map and draw deductions from the clouds. I have already said that there is nothing like camping to educate the hand and eye, therefore the camper badge ought to engage our special attention.

If Jackson and Rallen are going to carry us to glory by winning a couple of King's Scout badges, the least we can do is to swot up a few tests for ourselves, and keep them company.

("The Scoutmaster" will talk to you about "Treasure Hunts" next Monday.)



KING'S SCOUT



FIRST CLASS SCOUT



TENDERFOOT

The registered designs of three of the badges of the Boy Scouts' Association.

Don't miss "The Form-master's Fortune!" the long story of Jimmy Silver & Co., of Rookwood School in the "Popular." Out to-morrow.

"Thrush the whole study?" roared Gunter indignantly.
 "Yes!" chuckled Bob.
 "Open this door!"
 "Rats!"
 Gunter of the Fifth bestowed a terrific kick on the door and departed. And then, at last, the chums of the top study finished their tea in peace.

Surprising News!

There was some excitement—and a good deal of concern—at St. Kit's the next day. It was known that the Head lay ill in bed, with the doctor in attendance. Police-constable Bandy, of Wicke, was seen at the school, and Inspector Chater came over from Lynn and had a rather long interview with the Head. Harry Wilmot & Co. observed the inspector when he left, and they read the puzzled expression on his face.

The attack on Dr. Chenies perplexed the police-inspector, as it perplexed all St. Kit's and the neighbourhood generally.

Unless the assailant had been out of his senses, there seemed to be no accounting for it. The Head had told the inspector frankly that, so far as he knew, he had never made an enemy. But the chums of the top study were quite positive in their evidence on one point—the man who had attacked the Head was no lunatic—they remembered only too well his savage, dogged face; and from the way he had tracked Dr. Chenies on the footpath, it was obvious that he had deliberately followed his victim from Lynn—perhaps before that had followed him by train to Lynn Station.

The assault was, in fact, inexplicable. Inspector Chater, after leaving the Head, had a talk with Harry Wilmot & Co. They could tell him no more than they had told already. Mr. Chater took his leave at last, in a state of great perplexity, but determined to do

his very best to run down the miscreant.

The topic was endlessly discussed at St. Kit's, and there was a great deal of sympathy for the Head.

To most of the fellows, especially the juniors, the Head was a sort of distant and awful figure—something like a god on cloudy Olympus. His disaster brought him down, as it were, to common earth, and they felt for him not as a headmaster, but as a man. There were few fellows at St. Kit's who would not have given a term's pocket-money to lay hands on the rascal who had injured Dr. Chenies.

That day the Head did not appear in the Sixth Form room as usual, neither did he appear on the following day. By that time the first keen interest in the affair had died away a little, though several dutiful fellows made it a point to inquire at the Head's house twice a day.

The top study had heard nothing about having been out of bounds. The Head, on reflection, must have recalled the fact that he had met the three juniors beyond the limits prescribed for that especial week. But the meeting had been so very fortunate for Dr. Chenies that it would not have been very graceful to visit the transgressors' sins upon their heads.

"We're not goin' to hear anything about bein' out of bounds," Algy remarked to his study-mates. "That's all to the good, what?"

"Lucky for the Head we were out of bounds," said Bob. "Couldn't very well rag us for being on the spot just when we were wanted."

"Yaas."
 "I was thinking of Saturday!" remarked Bob. "I'm new here, and haven't punched a Lyncroft nose yet. But—but—" Bob hesitated.

"Hardly the thing while the Head's laid up!"

"That's so," said Bob. "I don't know how we shall survive it, but I think we'd better be good while the Head's on the casualty list."

"Good as gold," said Harry Wilmot, with a smile. "We'll set an example to the Form."

"Good egg!"

And when he went downstairs Bob sailed down the banisters as usual, and landed with a terrific crash at the bottom, forgetting for the moment that it had just been agreed to set an example to the Form!

On Saturday the Head was not seen, and on Sunday he did not take the service as usual in school chapel.

On Monday Bunny Bootles had news. He burst into the top study at teatime full of it.

"Heard, you fellows?" he spluttered.

Algernon Aubrey groaned.

"More news?" he said.

"Yes, rather."

"Go and tell somebody else, old bean."

"Look here—"

"Run off to No. 5—I believe Tracy and Durance would be awfully interested, Bunny."

"You silly ass—"

"Blow away, old bean! Don't I keep on tellin' you that you talk too much, Bunny?" said Algy reproachfully.

"Oh, I say! Is that the way you thank a chap for coming to tell you the news—the great news?" demanded Cuthbert Archibald Bootles warily. "I say, the Head—"

"Worse?" asked Harry, looking up.

"No; better, I believe—"

"That's good."

"Yes, I'm rather sorry for the old bird," said Bunny. "Really, you know, though he's our headmaster! But the news is that he's too crooked to keep on his duties at St. Kit's—"

"Poor old Head!" said Bob.

"The doctor's ordered him away," said Bunny. "He's going off to Bournemouth to-morrow with Mrs. Chenies—"

"Did he tell you so?"

"Ahem! I heard Mr. Rawlings saying so to Mr. Rattrey. I say, you chaps don't seem very interested," said Bunny. "If the Head goes away there'll have to be somebody in his place. The question is, who will it be? Old Tulke, the master of the Fifth, is senior master."

"Old Tulke's not a bad old sparrow," remarked Algy. "We can do with him as headmaster—especially as we sha'n't have anything to do with him."

"But it won't be Tulke!" said Bunny.

"Why not?"

"There's a new man coming in the Head's place!" announced Bunny Bootles.

Harry Wilmot & Co. "sat up and took notice," as it were, at last.

"What rot!" said Bob. "If the Head's only going away for his health, it's pretty certain that Mr. Tulke will carry on in his place."

"So the masters thought!" grinned Bunny. "So old Tulke thought! I fancy old Tulke feels his nose rather put out of joint. But the board of governors have decided—"

"How do you know, fatty?"

"I happened to hear Rawlings and Rattrey talking. I was behind the door—I mean, I was stooping in the passage to tie up my bootlace. Some of the governors think a lot of Carker—"

"Who the merry thump is Carker?"

"Carker's the new man—he's coming to take the Head's place while he's away. I say, there's been a lot of jaw about it," said Bunny. "Fancy us never hearing a word. But I heard it all from Rawlings—he's ratty. So is Rattrey. They don't like it. You

see, the governors have been discussing whether the Head ought to retire—some of them are so keen on this man Carker. It was only Lord Westcourt standing up for the Head so strongly that kept them from asking him to retire! Fancy that!"

"My pater?" said Algy.

"Yes. Your pater backs up the Head through thick and thin. The governors had to drop the idea—he got a majority," said Bunny. "Rawlings and Rattrey know all about it. But now the Head's crooked, and going away, they've fixed it up, and Carker is coming here as temporary headmaster."

"Then that brute attacking the Head was rather a stroke of luck for this Carker merchant," remarked Bob Rake.

"Couldn't have happened better for him," said Bunny. "I hear that Carker is a bit of a goer—strong on discipline—the iron hand, you know. That was how Rawlings put it."

Algernon Aubrey yawned.

"Bunny, old man," he said, "you seem to me to hear a thunderin' lot when you stop to tie up your bootlace."

"Yes, and I heard—"

"Ease off now, old bean! Don't tell us any more."

"But I heard—"

"Dry up!" roared Algy.

"But I heard—" gasped Bunny, fairly bursting with his news.

"Oh gad! Is that chap wound up?" moaned Algernon Aubrey. "Isn't there any way of stoppin' him?"

"I heard—"

"Blow away, Bunny!"

"I heard Rawlings say that there'll be trouble if Carker tries to introduce his methods at St. Kit's," gasped Bunny. "And Rattrey said that he could not count upon the support of the masters in introducing any innovations—old Rattrey always spins

(Continued on the next page.)

FOOTBALL GOSSIP!

By "Goalie"

Liverpool v. Everton.

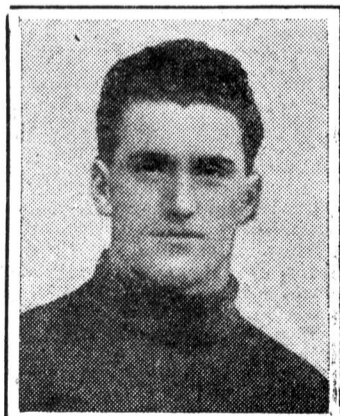
The big match of this week-end, so far as local interest is concerned, is the return game between Liverpool and Everton. No matter how well one side may be doing, or how badly the other, there is always the keenest of struggles between these two Merseyside teams, and one is glad to note that it is very unusual for the games to be played in anything but the real sporting spirit. I have never yet been quite able to understand why, when local rivals meet, the game should so often develop along the wrong lines; but it is nevertheless a fact that they frequently do so. But I happen to know that off the field the players of Liverpool and Everton are unusually good friends, and though they may fight their League game this week-end without stint of muscle and sinew, it is good to be able to look forward to an honest fight.

A Split at Liverpool.

It is not generally known, by the way, that the Liverpool club is really an offshoot of the Everton club. Everton were among the original twelve clubs which first formed the Football League, and in those days they played at Anfield. Around the year 1891, however, there was a difference of opinion among the people responsible for running the Everton club, with the result that the directors split into two camps. So Everton went to a new ground, which was then known as Stanley Park, but which is actually the site of the present Goodison Park, and out of the remnants of the old Everton club at Anfield there arose Liverpool. So far as I know, there is no case in history with any sort of parallel to the story of how the Liverpool club sprang up out of a team which was already in the League.

A Wonderful Record.

By the way, mention of Everton as being original members of the League reminds me of a remarkable record held by the Everton club.



F. HINTON (Tottenham Hotspur).

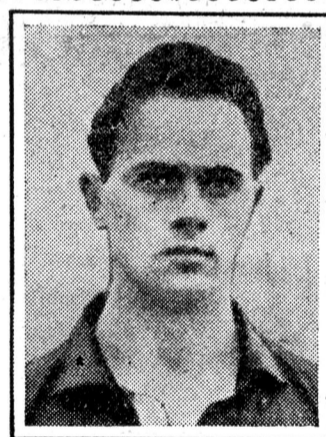
They have not only remained in membership of the First Division ever since the start, but are the only instance of original members who have never been down to the Second Division, never had to apply for re-election to the First, and have never been concerned in test matches to keep their place in the top section. This is a record of which Everton players and officials are very properly proud, and one which they hope to maintain for many years to come, in spite of the fact that even during the present season they have experienced times of real anxiety, and are not even yet completely out of the wood.

Tottenham's Many Keepers.

It is one of the surprising things about football, to my way of thinking, that certain clubs always seem to be well supplied with star players in some particular positions, but do not seem able to pick on the right sort of men for other positions. The appearance of the picture of Fred Hinton, the Tottenham Hotspur goalkeeper, in conjunction with these notes, serves to remind me of this peculiarity. For many years now I have been specially interested in the Spurs, and like them because as a team they have always tried to play the real football. They have had some wonderful men, too, but for many years past they seemed to search in vain for a really efficient goalkeeper. Many have been tried, but most of them have been found wanting.

How Hinton Was Found.

However, in my opinion, they have



H. BEDFORD (Blackpool).

now got in Fred Hinton the safest keeper they have had for many years. Mind you, I don't say he is a world-beater, or anything like that, or even a man to compare with Sam Hardy or Edward Taylor at their best. But Hinton is well above the average, with the daring and the skill to bring off many sensational saves. Hinton told me not so long ago that when he played a bit of football as an amateur after the War he had no idea of taking up the game as a profession. However, playing in a charity match in his native Swindon one day, he was spotted by Mr. Sam Allen, the popular secretary of the railwaymen, and forthwith induced to take his first professional engage-

ment. Incidentally, he played in the first team at Swindon within a week of signing the form which made him their player.

Trust the Goalkeeper.

Later, for a substantial transfer fee, Hinton went to Bolton, but could not find a regular place in the first eleven owing to the presence of Dick Pym, the Exeter fisherman. So for the present season Hinton signed on for Tottenham Hotspur, and the club has never since had any thought of leaving him out of the side. The only thing which Hinton desires is room in which to work, and he continually tells his backs to keep as far away from goal as they can conveniently do. "So long as I can see the ball coming," says Hinton, "I have a chance of dealing with it, but I can't stop a ball which I do not see." Here, in passing, is a bit of good advice to all full-backs. Give your goalkeeper plenty of room, and trust him to do his own work.

The Penalty of Fame.

It seems that the people who select England's team will never be relieved of the necessity for making centre-forward experiments. First this man and then that has been tried since the War, but as yet the position has not been filled to the complete satisfaction of the selectors. At one time it seemed that Harry Bedford, the Blackpool centre-forward, might put an end to all the anxieties of the selectors for a reasonable period, but alas! Bedford, like plenty of other centre-forwards, has discovered that the job of leading the attack is not all honey by any means. Bedford started the present season in great form, and scored four goals in a representative match last autumn. But he has been carefully watched by opponents ever since—the penalty of fame. At one time Bedford was with Notts Forest, but they did not think a great deal of him as a youngster.

"Goalie"

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

WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN ON SATURDAY.

Below will be found our expert's opinion of the probable results of the big games to be played on Saturday, February 7th. The likely winning side is printed in capitals. Where a draw is anticipated, both clubs are printed in smaller letters.

First Division.	Second Division.	Third Division (Southern)
BIRMINGHAM v. Leeds United.	BLACKPOOL v. Barnsley.	Bournemouth v. PLYMOUTH ARGYLE.
Blackburn Rovers v. Arsenal.	BRADFORD CITY v. Coventry City.	BRENTFORD v. Norwich City.
BOLTON WAN. v. Cardiff City.	CHELSEA v. Southampton.	BRISTOL ROVERS v. Southend United.
HUDDERSFIELD TOWN v. Aston Villa.	DERBY COUNTY v. Middlesbrough.	Exeter City v. Watford.
LIVERPOOL v. Everton.	Hull City v. Wolverhampton Wanderers.	Gillingham v. Bristol City.
NEWCASTLE U. v. Nottingham Forest.	LEICESTER CITY v. The Wednesday.	LUTON TOWN v. Swindon Town.
Notts County v. Sunderland.	MANCHESTER U. v. Clapton Orient.	MERTHYR TOWN v. Queen's Park Ran.
SHEFFIELD UNITED v. Bury.	Portsmouth v. Fulham.	MILLWALL v. Aberdeen Athletic.
TOTTENHAM H. v. Preston N.E.	SOUTH SHIELDS v. Port Vale.	NEWPORT C. v. Brighton and Hove A.
WEST BROMWICH ALB. v. Burnley.	Stockport County v. Crystal Palace.	READING v. Charlton Athletic.
WEST HAM U. v. Manchester City.	STOKE v. Oldham Athletic.	SWANSEA TOWN v. Northampton.

Five Pounds for Five Minutes' Work! See the wonderful offer in this week's "Magnet" Library. Out to-day!

out the giddy syllables. He meant that there's going to be a shindy."

"Yaas. I can see Rattrey punchin' the new Head's nose—in my mind's eye, Horatio!" grinned Algernon Aubrey.

"Of course, it won't come to that," said Bunny. "But there's going to be trouble when Carker comes. The Head don't like it, and the masters don't like it, and I don't approve of it myself."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob. "Better let Carker know that, Bunny, and he will keep away."

"And I heard—" resumed Bunny, apparently not yet at the end of his budget of news.

But at this point Algernon Aubrey St. Leger exerted himself to the extent of rising from the armchair, taking Bunny by one fat ear, and leading him out into the passage.

"Blow away!" he said.

"Look here, you ass—"

"Go and tell Tracy! Go and tell Lickie! Go and tell Gunter of the Fifth! Don't come back till you've blown it all off. Catchy on?"

"You silly owl—"

Algernon Aubrey closed the door on Bunny. That fat youth snorted, and rolled away to impart the news along the Fourth Form passage.

Bunny's news was not always well-founded; but on this occasion Bunny was right, for the next day the St. Kit's fellows saw the Head drive away in his car, and they capped him with great respect and sympathy as he went. And there was official news that Mr. Carker was to arrive the next day to take up the headmaster's duties at St. Kit's. And enough was known, or rumoured, about Mr. Randolph Carker to make the whole school, from the captain to the smallest fag in the Second Form, keenly interested in his arrival.

The Interfering Stranger.

"What about this afternoon?"

Rake propounded that query after lessons on Wednesday.

It was a half-holiday and a fine sunny day. That day the new Head was to arrive at St. Kit's; but the top study were not specially interested—not to the extent of staying within gates to see him when he came, at all events.

"Football?" suggested Harry.

Algernon Aubrey groaned.

"Oh, let's get out of gates!" said Bob. "There's no match on, excepting a Sixth Form match, and—"

"Oliphant would be flattered!" said Harry, laughing.

"Well, we don't want to waste time watching Sixth Form football. The Lyncroft fellows come to Wicke sometimes on half-holidays," said Bob. "I haven't seen any of that crowd yet, and the fellows are always talking about Turkey & Co. What about a trot down to Wicke?"

Algy gave another groan.

Apparently the idea of a walk to Wicke afflicted him as much as the idea of playing football. The dandy of the Fourth was stretched upon the sofa in the top study, and he seemed disposed to stay there.

"Feeling tired?" asked Bob.

"Yaas."

"Don't feel equal to exerting yourself this afternoon?"

"No."

"You'd rather stick to the sofa?"

"Yaas."

"I thought so," said Bob cheerily. "I'll give you something to cure all that."

And the stalwart Cornstalk grasped Algernon Aubrey by his elegant shoulders and rolled him off the sofa.

Bump!

"Oh, gad!" gasped Algernon Aubrey, as he landed on the carpet.

"Feel better?" asked Bob.

"You howlin' idiot—"

"Like some more?"

"You dangerous maniac—"

Algernon Aubrey scrambled to his feet.

"Now, we're ready," said Bob. "Come on, Algy, old pippin. Take my arm."

"Keep off!" yelled Algy.

"Then I'll take yours."

"Leggo!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Wilmot, as he followed Bob and Algy. With Bob's powerful grip on his arm, Algy was progressing along the Fourth Form passage at a great rate. As a rule, Algernon Aubrey St. Leger cultivated the repose that stamps the caste of Vere de Vere. But in the presence of the exuberant Bob, there was not much room for repose.

In the quadrangle Algy succeeded in detaching himself, breathlessly. He regarded Bob through his eyeglass, probably with a doubt in his noble mind as to whether he had done wisely in chumming with this exceedingly exuberant youth from "down under."

Bunny Bootles rolled up to the three in the quad.

"Staying in to see Carker?" he asked.

Uncle Shrubbs. We'll jolly well go in and sample them, what?"

His comrades chuckled. Algy's sudden enthusiasm on the subject of Uncle Shrubbs' cakes was a little too "thin."

"We jolly well won't!" said Bob. "We'll root through Wicke in search of Lyncroft bounders."

"By the way," said Algy, still thoughtful, "there's a jolly old ruined castle near Lynn, Bob. You don't have that kind of thing in New Zealand—"

"Australia, fathead!"

"I mean Australia, fathead. I'm sure you'd be no end interested in those giddy old ruins—"

"Ruined castles will keep!" said Bob, with a chuckle. "I say, is that a Lyncroft cap?"

"Begad! I hope not."

But it was! A Lyncroft junior was strolling down the lane, and he halted at sight of the St. Kit's trio. Without waiting for them to come nearer, the Lyncrofter turned and ran back towards the village.

"Tally-ho!" roared Bob.

He broke into hot pursuit at once, and Harry Wilmot rushed

Hawke, otherwise known as "Turkey," Buster Bunce, and Topford. Bob and Harry Wilmot stopped suddenly in the doorway. They realised now that the Lyncroft fugitive had been leading them into a trap.

"Trot in, old beans!" said Turkey agreeably.

"Fancy meeting you!" said Buster Bunce, with a fat chuckle.

"We came along to look for St. Kit's cads!" grinned Topford. "Trot in! Don't be bashful! Can't you see we're glad to see you?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Lyncroft were two to one, Algy being far behind. Bob and Harry Wilmot exchanged a glance and backed out of the village shop. Uncle Shrubbs peered at them across the counter.

"Walk in, young gentlemen," he said. "I've just finished serving these young gents. Please walk in."

"They don't seem to care for our company!" grinned Turkey. "We were only going to anoint them with soda-water, and put a

but he came on unheeding. Turkey followed up his chums. In a moment there was a terrific scrap raging outside Uncle Shrubbs' little shop.

"Scraps" between Lyncroft and St. Kit's were far from uncommon in the old High Street of Wicke. Two or three pedestrians laughed and got out of the way. But a tall, thin gentleman, with a Roman nose, who had just come out of the railway-station, stopped and stared, and then crossed the street with long, vigorous strides towards the scene.

"Stop this disgraceful disturbance!"

His sharp, metallic voice rang out loudly. The juniors did not heed him, even if they heard him.

Harry Wilmot was struggling with Bunce and Fowler, and Bob was keeping his end up against Turkey. Topford, fortunately, had sat in the box of eggs, and he was in a horrid state, and hors de combat for the present.

"Do you hear me?" thundered the tall gentleman with the Roman nose. "Stop this uproar at once."

Still he was not heeded.

But he was heeded the next moment, as he strode up to the scrapping juniors and laid about him with his walking-cane.

"Yaroooh!"

"What the thump—"

"Oh, my hat!"

The juniors separated then and jumped away. They were wild with wrath and indignation and they fairly glared at the Roman-nosed gentleman.

"Confound your cheek!" roared Bob Rake. "What the thump do you mean, you old bounder?"

"What?"

"Keep that stick to yourself, if you jolly well don't want your silly shins hacked!" roared Bob.

"You insolent young rascal—"

"You cheeky old donkey!"

"What? What?"

The Roman-nosed gentleman made an angry stride at Bob. His walking-cane was uplifted.

Who the man was Bob had not the faintest idea—he had never seen him or his Roman nose before. But he knew that he was not going to be licked by a stranger, who had "butted into" an affair that did not concern him in the least.

Bob grabbed up an egg as the stranger advanced on him. Without stopping to think he hurled it. Crash!

The egg smashed on the Roman nose.

"Goal!" yelled Turkey.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oooooooch!" The tall gentleman spluttered frantically. "You—you insolent young villain—groooph—you—you—ooooogh! I will—ooooch."

Smash!

Another egg smote the interfering stranger, catching him behind the ear this time.

"Right on the wicket!" gasped Wilmot.

The tall gentleman jumped back from the pavement into the road. His soft hat fell off, and he stooped to grasp it, and as he did so a third egg caught him in the collar. Bob's blood was up now, and he was quite reckless. He was prepared to pay Uncle Shrubbs for the ammunition he used and the interfering stranger was welcome to all of it.

"Oh! Ah! Oooch! Grooogh!" The Roman-nosed gentleman picked up his hat and fled.

"Give him some more!" roared Bob.

St. Kit's and Lyncroft united to punish the interfering stranger, who had butted into their scrap. A perfect volley of eggs flew across the High Street after the Roman-nosed gentleman, and half a dozen of them smashed on his back before he dodged into the railway-station and disappeared.

(Better than ever—next Monday's long instalment of this wonderful school story! Don't miss reading it! Order your copy of the Boys' FRIEND to-day and thus make certain of obtaining it!)



A CURE FOR LAZINESS!

"I suppose you don't feel equal to exerting yourself this afternoon?" asked Bob Rake. "No," replied St. Leger. "You'd rather stick to the sofa?" "Yaas." "I thought so," said Bob cheerily. "I'll give you something to cure all that." And the stalwart Cornstalk grasped Algernon Aubrey by his elegant shoulders and rolled him off the sofa. Bump! "Oh, gad!" gasped Algernon Aubrey, as he landed on the carpet.

"No jolly fear!"

"Where are you going?"

demanded Bunny.

"Wicke."

"Good; I'll come. They've got some jolly decent cakes at the village shop," said Bunny.

"Come on," said Bob. "Glad of your company, Bunny. We're going to look for the Lyncroft rotters—"

"Eh?"

"There'll be a scrap—"

"What?"

"And we want you in the forefront of the battle, like giddy old Uriah!" said Bob. "Come on!"

Bunny Bootles backed away.

"Now I think of it, I promised Oliphant to turn up to see the senior match!" he said hurriedly. And Bunny Bootles scuttled off to Big Side, not, perhaps, very keenly interested in Sixth Form football, but very keen indeed to keep at a distance from a scrap with Turkey & Co. of Lyncroft.

Harry Wilmot & Co. walked down to the gates and strolled out.

Algy looked thoughtful as the chums of the Fourth sauntered down the lane.

He was thinking of the strenuous afternoon Bob Rake had mapped out for the three.

"I'll tell you what, you chaps," said Algy confidentially, "Bunny's quite right about those cakes at

after him. Algernon Aubrey gazed after his comrades through his eyeglass, and considered. Algy feared no foe, and he was a great fighting man when his noble blood was roused. But he preferred the primrose path of ease. He sauntered on at his leisure, and in a few seconds Bob and Harry Wilmot had vanished from his sight round the bends of the lane.

"Let the dear boys rip!" murmured Algy. "I'll come in at the death!" And he polished his eyeglass as he walked on.

Harry Wilmot and Bob Rake were going strong on the track of the fleeing Lyncrofter. Not that they had any very ferocious intentions towards the Lyncroft junior. Lyncroft and St. Kit's seldom or never met without a "rag," but there was no great harm done in the ragging.

The Lyncrofter trotted into the village and vanished into Uncle Shrubbs' tuckshop, opposite the railway-station.

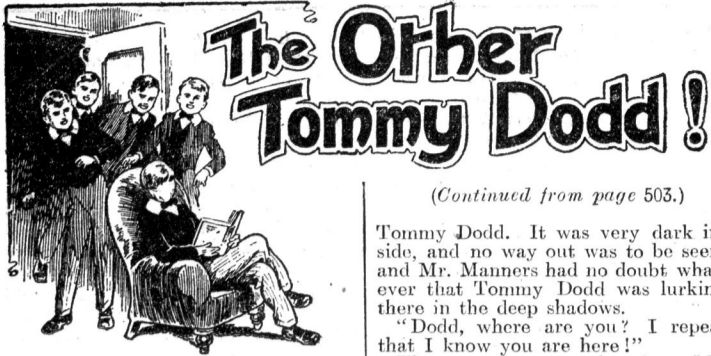
"Run to earth!" chuckled Bob.

"Come on!"

Harry Wilmot laughed, and ran on by the side of his chum. They came up to the doorway of the tuckshop in a rush.

"Here they are!" yelled the cornered fugitive.

Three more Lyncroft caps showed up in the village shop. Turkey & Co. were there—Dick



The Other Tommy Dodd!

(Continued from page 503.)

Tommy Dodd. It was very dark inside, and no way out was to be seen, and Mr. Manders had no doubt whatever that Tommy Dodd was lurking there in the deep shadows.

"Dodd, where are you? I repeat that I know you are here!"

There was no reply, but Mr. Manders heard a movement, of something that stirred among straw.

He groped his way in the direction of the sound, and his hands came in contact with an iron door. Beyond that door of iron bars he could hear a stealthy sound, as of someone—or something—creeping in straw. He had no doubt whatever that it was Tommy Dodd in hiding.

"You young rascal! Will you come here, Dodd? Upon my word, this passes all bounds! But I will find you, Dodd—I will find you!"

Mr. Manders, in a state of fury, groped over the iron bars and found a fastening. The next moment the door was open.

"Now, Dodd—"

A stealthy movement again.

"Dodd, you impudent young rascal! I am perfectly well aware that you are hiding in this cage! Do you hear me, Dodd?"

Mr. Manders stooped his head into the cage. His wrath was at boiling-point. For a Rookwood junior, hunted by a master, to dodge into an empty cage and hide there, was unparalleled—it really passed all bounds. It did not occur to the exasperated Mr. Manders that the cage was not empty, and that Tommy Dodd was not there.

"Dodd! For the last time, will you come out?"

Growl!

Mr. Manders stared and started back, his blood running cold.

That deep and savage growl certainly did not proceed from a Rookwood junior.

It dawned upon Mr. Manders that Dodd was not there—that the sounds he had heard, had been made by some animal stirring in the straw.

"Oh, dear!" gasped Mr. Manders. He jumped back.

Then, realising that he had opened the door of an animal's cage—perhaps a dangerous animal—he jumped

Don't forget to tell all your pals about the handsome prizes to be won in our great "Sporting Favourites" Competition. They're bound to want to enter for it.

forward to close it again. As he did so, a huge head loomed up in the gloom, and huge, shadowy, behind it, was a long striped body.

"Oh!"

One glimpse Mr. Manders had of two rolling eyes and a frightful set of teeth!

One glimpse was enough!

He leaped away, with a leap that carried him out of the tent, and he stumbled over in the field on his hands and knees.

There was a deep-throated roar behind him.

Forgetful of Tommy Dodd, forgetful of everything but the danger he had brought upon himself, Mr. Manders leaped up and ran. It did not even occur to him that others would be in danger, with the tiger loose. His long legs made wonderful time as he sprinted across the dusky field.

From the tent, a long, striped, sinuous body came creeping out, and the freed tiger glared round him, and then crept softly away among the tents and vans. A minute or two later, Sujah Das came back into the tent, and threw down his stick angrily. He had not succeeded in laying it about the intrusive school-boy who had butted into his quarters—Tommy Dodd had vanished over a hedge, and was already half-way home to Rookwood.

In the circus field, a great part of the outcoming crowd had cleared off, but there were still a good many people about—among them Jimmy Silver & Co.—when a dark, little man, with wildly-rolling eyes, came tearing out of the menagerie quarters, waving his dusky hands and yelling with alarm.

"You look out! You take some care! Him tiger be loose!" yelled Sujah Das.

Sujah Das' English was not good. But his meaning was clear. There was a hubbub of alarm at once. Mr. Sankey rushed up to the Tiger Tamer and caught him by the shoulder.

"What's that?" he howled.

"Him tiger be loose!" shrieked Sujah Das. "Someone who no belong do come and open him cage. He go! Him loose! He not in a tent!"

"Hook it, you chaps!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver.

"What ho!"

The field had been clearing slowly. Now it cleared with remarkable rapidity. The news that the Royal Bengal tiger was loose was enough! On all sides there was the sound of running feet.

"Put it on!" gasped Lovell.

The Rookwood juniors fairly sprinted. They came out of the field into the lane, and headed for Rookwood—and had Coombe Lane been the cinder-path, they could not have put up a better race. The royal Bengal tiger had been thrilling, enough to watch, behind the iron bars of his cage. At close quarters he was likely be much too thrilling.

Rookwood fellows arrived at the school in a scurrying crowd. They poured in at the gates, and yelled to old Mack to lock up. And as soon as the Rookwood porter learned that the circus tiger was loose, he lost no time in locking up. Later comers were admitted cautiously, squeezing in, with Mack holding the gate.

That evening, great excitement reigned at Rookwood. Fellows were severely confined to their houses; no one was allowed even to cross the quad. So it was not till the following day that Jimmy Silver & Co. learned of Clarence Cuffy's exploit in the afternoon, and of the terrific caning Tommy Dodd captured from his House-master. Mr. Manders, greatly worried and alarmed by the result of his intrusion into the Tiger Tamer's tent—of which he did not breathe a word—"took it out" of Tommy Dodd, and that youth did not enjoy his evening. His only solace was to call on Cuffy in his study, taking a fives bat with him; and Clarence Cuffy was very, very uncomfortable for some time afterwards.

THE END.

(Be sure you read "Putty's Capture!"—next Monday's magnificent long story of the chums of Rookwood School. Order your BOYS' FRIEND in advance and avoid disappointment!)

IN YOUR EDITOR'S DEN.



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

"SPORTING FAVOURITES."

There is nothing so calculated to brace the brain as this new competition. It just adds the one thing needful to the BOYS' FRIEND. Puzzles are always gripping. They catch the attention almost before you are aware of it. After solving all the problems you feel like a giant refreshed. Of course, this grand test concerning celebrities in that world of sport where they do things, and do them exceedingly well, has an additional appeal. That is just because the key-words you are in quest of are the patronymics of champions who have won your admiration.

SPECIAL FOR PRIZE-WINNERS!

Those prizes speak for themselves. A substantial £25 occupies first place. Next comes a glad young "fiver," always handy to have about. Succeeding these awards we have three tantalisingly excellent Bassett-Lowke Model Railways, twelve Jack Hobbs special autographed cricket bats, and twenty-five pocket knives—useful items of cutlery on desert islands, or just wherever you happen to be. The third set of pictures appears in this issue. Next week I shall give small reproductions of the opening sets for the comfort and special convenience of newcomers. They can start right away. Also look out for the list of sporting names. This will help you amazingly in your solutions.

"PUTTY'S CAPTURE!"

It is perfectly unnecessary for me to say much concerning next week's immense yarn of Rookwood. Let it suffice to point out that the valiant Putty figures most conspicuously. We hear much about a tiger. Of course, that being so, the tale goes with a roar. Mr. Owen Conquest sees to that part. Although Mr. Manders shares the limelight with the great and glorious Putty, the chief honours fall to the last mentioned. One day Putty may win renown as a mighty hunter, one of the fearless sort. He will strike terror into the heart of "stripes." You can easily imagine the pluckiest tiger not being over ready to "burn bright," as Mr. William Blake, the poet of Felpham put it. But for the moment Putty is the joy of Rookwood. 'Tis enough!

"THE LION AT BAY!"

Another great instalment next week. This serial of the stiff fight against fearful odds of the Old Country against the raging black and yellow hordes swings along in gallant style. There are pitched battles by land and air. Come the four quarters of the world in arms—well, it's almost like that. As you read the palpitating record of the deeds of Don and Keith and those they serve you can visualise no end. The whole thing fires the imagination. You can realise the chances that are in play—the country laid waste by fire and sword. So it must

have been if the old unconquerable fighting spirit of the race, the dogged-as-does-it character, had not been the means of putting up such a fight as we get here. It's a big story, this, the struggle to save England and all she stands for from the rush of overwhelming foes.

"HOT TIMES AT HOT DOG!"

Look out for this lively Bombay Castle story. Duncan Storm is at his brightest. That indicates what you may expect. Dick Dorrington & Co. are not behindhand when it is a matter of handing out to the gay gauchos and other rough-house merchants just what such rank outsiders ought to have. The yarn is pitched up country, in the Plate region. You will get a good purchase on some of the giddy customs prevailing amongst some of the natives in the Argentine if you read this tale. Duncan Storm knows all about it. He was ever a roving spirit. What is more, he knows the lingo. He was in my room last week sporting musical Spanish like a good one until the office cat got frightened and turned tail. The famous author has some rare and choice excitements for next Monday.

"THE CAPTAIN OF THE FOURTH!"

More about the meddlesome party at St. Kit's! You will enjoy this week's instalment about the cheery stranger—none too cheery—who chipped in. It was a lamentable business, my masters, but there's worse to be told. The new Head, pro tem, can't let bygones be bygones. There are catastrophes at St. Kit's as the mournful consequence. It is all most unwise, but there it is. The temporary Head weighs in with all manner of tyrannical methods in our next instalment of St. Kit's.

"TREASURE HUNTS!"

This is the title of the next Talk by the Scoutmaster. It is good, and well worth careful study. Hunting for treasure is the most popular hobby this world knows. Many folks go about it the wrong way. They put the cart before the horse, or else indulge in other silly outlandish tricks. See what the Scoutmaster has to say about the subject. Also look out for a capital chat from "Goalie."

HAND OVER FIST!

That's the way to do it! Just a word of advice about how to win in the climb to fame and fortune. Get "Harmsworth's Business Encyclopedia." It is the book for the fellow who is out to win. Read what Lord Birkenhead says in his inspiring article in Para I. "Excelsior" is the key-word of this great work. And its cost works out at a penny a day!

Your Editor.

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