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THE BEST BOYS' PAPER IN THE WORLD!

[Week Ending February 14th, 1925.



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#### CHUMS OF EVER-THIS GREAT ROOKWOOD SCHOOL!

Fublished

Every Monday



#### The 1st Chapter. No Takers!

Putty of the Fourth came into the end study and dumped down a large

bag on the carpet. Then, after a cautious glance out into the Fourth Form passage, he closed the study door carefully and turned to meet the surprised gaze of

Jimmy Silver & Co. The Fistical Four were at tea in the end study. But they forgot tea for the moment in their surprise at

Putty's proceedings. Teddy Grace-better known in the Classical Fourth as "Putty"-nodded and grinned at the Fistical Four.

"I've got it!" he said. "What?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"Which?" inquired Lovell. "The jape of the term!" said

Putty impressively.

there before. Putty of the Fourth was a practical

joker, a humorist whose sense of humour was seldom kept within due it would most likely be something | fellows are going to help me." better left undone.

"What have you got in the bag?"

asked Raby. "The Head's head."

"What?" roared the Fistical Four, with one voice.

"I bagged it from the school museum."

"The museum?"

"Yes. And I can tell you it wasn't easy to get it away without being spotted. Carthew got his eye on this "What?" bag. But I dodged him all right. take anything from the museum | Fourth's misdirected sense of humour without special leave. But I couldn't | had led to drastic measures being ask for special leave to get hold taken with him. And it was clear of the tiger's head to jape with, to the captain of the Fourth that it could I?"

"Oh! You mean the Head's taken once again. tiger's head?" said Lovell.

Putty chuckled. "I didn't mean Dr. Chisholm's own head, ass! Besides, his head wouldn't have been of any use. It was the tiger's head I wanted."

"My only hat!" ejaculated Newcome. "You've had the neck to take the tiger's head out of the museum?"

"Just that!" "It means a licking, you duffer. The Head will be no end waxy. He thinks an awful lot of that giddy old | going to find out here and now!" napper," said Jimmy Silver. "It was | grinned Silver. "Collar him!" his father shot the tiger and brought | "Here, I say! What-what- opinion, to carry on his new and probable that the animal will come home the head and had it stuffed. At least, I've heard so. And what on earth do you want it for?"

"The jape of the term. I suppose you fellows know that the royal Bengal tiger has escaped from Sankey's Circus at Coombe?"

"We were there when it happened," said Lovell. "We got back to Rookwood jolly quick, too, when we heard. He looked a savage beast when we saw him in the cage. Shouldn't like to meet him out!"

"Of course we know!" grunted Raby. "Isn't the whole school gated till the blessed old tiger is rounded

"Suppose he came to Rookwood?" said Putty.

"Well, he might. Nobody seems to know where he's wandering," said Jimmy Silver. "Might happen along

"It would cause some excitement-

what!"-"A lot, I should think," said Jimmy Silver, laughing. "Let's hope" he won't give Rookwood a call!" "He's jolly well going to!" said

"Eh ?"

"That's the jape."

"The jape?" repeated Jimmy. "Just that! That's why I've

bagged the tiger's head from the museum," chuckled Putty of the Fourth, his eyes dancing. "It's got glass eyes, you know, and an electric torch inside the head would make them glitter like-like anything; more than lifelike, in fact. See? We're going to rig up a spoof tiger for a jape."

"Oh, my hat!" "Of course, the fellows will jump to it at once that the escaped tiger Jimmy Silver & Co. looked has got into the school!" chortled dubious. They knew Putty and his Putty. "No end of a catch-what?" japes. They had, so to speak, been | Jimmy Silver & Co. gazed at

> Evidently the humorist of the Fourth was greatly pleased and tickled with his great wheeze.

limits. Nobody ever knew what | "That's why I've brought it to this Putty might do next, excepting that | study," explained Putty. "You

"Are we?" "Yes. The chaps in my study haven't the nerve. Tubby Muffin and Jones minor and Higgs-they're no good. They just hooted at me when I proposed it."

"I should jolly well think they did!" roared Arthur Edward Lovell.

"You born idiot!" "Eh?"

"You burbling bandersnatch!"

Jimmy Silver rose to his feet. Of course, it's against the rules to Often and often Putty of the was time for drastic measures to be

"So we're going to rig up a spoof tiger, and make the fellows believe that the escaped circus beast has got into Rookwood?" said Jimmy.

"That's the idea. Rippingwhat?"

"And we're going to bag a licking all round from the Head for fooling about with his silly old tiger's napper?"

"Pooh! What's a licking?" "That's what you're jolly well

Leggo!" roared Putty of the Fourth, in surprise and indignation, as the Fistical Four rushed at him.

But the four juniors did not let go. They held on, and Putty came down on the study carpet with a heavy concussion.

"Whoooop!"

"Bump him!"

"You silly owls! Yarooooh!" Bump!

"There's a fives bat on the shelf."

said Jimmy Silver. Arthur Edward Lovell made a jump for the fives bat. A moment later there was a sound of loud whacking in the end study, and still louder yelling. Putty of the Fourth, not looking or feeling in the least humorous now, roared and yelled and wriggled.

"You silly asses! You fatheads! Leggo! Stoppit! Oh, my hat!" | For twenty-four hours the royal | "Somebody ought to be jolly well |

"Now chuck him out!" said fast as you can, before it's missed.

"Yow-ow-ow!"

Bengal tiger-one of the greatest punished for letting him escape," and most thrilling attractions of Sankey's Circus-had been missing. A huge tiger wandering free as air was no joke, except, perhaps, to Putty of the Fourth. Mr. Sankey and his men were seeking the tiger far and wide, anxious to recapture him before he did any mischief, or sustained any. For he was a very valuable tiger, and it would have been a very serious matter to Mr. Sankey had he been shot, a thing that was quite likely to happen.

Everybody but Mr. Sankey, probably, would have been quite pleased to hear that the tiger had been shot. He was making things altogether too uncomfortable in the neighbour-

Most uncomfortable of all, from the Rookwood point of view, was the fact that Dr. Chisholm had seen fit to "gate" the whole school. Even the Sixth Form prefects were required to keep within gates. The Head was running no risks with the boys under his charge, in which, no doubt, he was quite right. But "gating' was extremely irksome to the Rookwooders.

Mr. Dalton had walked down to the village for news of the tiger, and the tiger-hunt that was going on. He was quite pleased to get back Jimmy Silver. "You're too funny, into the lighted House. Dicky Putty! You'd better get that tiger's | Dalton had plenty of courage, but it | napper back to the museum just as | was not pleasant to walk between | hedges behind which an escaped Bengal tiger might be lurking, probably very hungry.

growled Carthew. "It was frightfully careless." "Mr. Sankey states that someone must have entered the animal's tent and opened the door of the cage," said Mr. Dalton. "It was found wide open by the tiger's keeper, a Hindu named Sujah Das. However, we must hope that the animal will soon be found and recaptured. In the meantime care must be taken here. Perhaps you will step across to Mr. Manders' house, Carthew,

> been seen near Rookwood-as near as Ruff's spinney." Carthew looked out into the dusk of the quad again.

He did not step out.

Mr. Dalton was going on towards the Head's study but, as Carthew made no movement to proceed to Mr. Manders' house, he turned back. "Did you hear me, Carthew?"

and inform him that the tiger has

"I-certainly!" Carthew stammered a little. "Manders' House is on the telephone, sir. Shall I ring up Mr. Manders from your study?" "Really, Carthew!" said Mr. Dalton in surprise.

There was the sound of a chuckle from the staircase. Some of the Fourth were there. They had drawn near to hear the news of the tiger. Putty of the Fourth, Mornington, and Oswald grinned down over the banisters at Carthew.

"Shall I go, sir?" asked Morning-

"Certainly not!" said Mr. Dalton, while Carthew crimsoned. "It does not matter, Carthew. I will go over to Mr. Manders' House after I have seen the Head." "I-I will go, sir!" stuttered Car-

thew.

"It does not matter." Mr. Dalton went on his way to see Dr. Chisholm in his study. His manner expressed nothing, but Carthew could not fail to be aware that the young Form master despised him for his pusillanimity. There was a possibility, of course, that Mr. Sankey's Bengal tiger was lurking at hand, but the possibility was rather remote. Carthew's face was crimson, and his eyes glittered as he glanced up the staircase at the juniors. He was afraid of the tiger, but he was not afraid of the Fourth.

"You cheeky young sweeps-" he began, coming towards the stairs. "Well, I like that!" said Mornington. "I've just offered to go over to Manders' House for you, Carthew. I really meant to be obligin'." Oswald chuckled.

"Look out, Carthew!" shouted Putty suddenly. "What's that behind you?"

Carthew involuntarily spun round. There was a yell of laughter from the jumors.

"All serene!" called out Putty. "It was only your back hair, old

bean. It's still behind you." "Ha, ha, ha!" Carthew gritted his teeth and made

a rush for the stairs. The juniors fled up the staircase, still chortling. And there was a laugh from two or three fellows in the lower hall. "Grace!" shouted Carthew.

"Stop!" Putty of the Fourth did not stop. The bully of the Sixth hurried up the stairs, and turned into the Classical Fourth passage.

There was a sound of scampering feet, and the juniors had vanished. probably into their studies.

Carthew stamped on angrily to Study No. 2, which belonged to Putty of the Fourth, and Jones minor, Higgs, and Tubby Muffin. The owners of the study were apparently absent now, however, for the room was in darkness. Carthew threw open the door.

"Grace, you cheeky young rascal!" he exclaimed savagely. "I jolly well know you're there. Put on the

There was an answer from the

shadowy room. Carthew strode in. "Now, you young sweep-"

He broke off suddenly. From the farther corner of the room, in the darkness, two balls of fire gleamed and glowed, eerie in the deep shadows. Carthew stared at them blankly.

Two awful-looking eyes were glaring at him, and as he stared at them, almost frozen with terror, he made out, in the dimness, the shape of a fearful bristly head—the head of a huge tiger.

Carthew stood rooted to the floor. His knees knocked together; close and awful as the danger was, he was deprived of the power of movement.

Fascinated by those awful eyes he stood motionless, his heart scarcely beating, realising with horror that (Continued overleaf.)

in some danger until the animal is caught."



PUTTY COES! "Chuck him out!" said Jimmy Silver. "You're too funny, Putty! You'd better get that tiger's napper back to the museum just as fast as you can, before it's missed. Savvy?" "Yow-ow-ow!" Putty of the Fourth, wriggling in the grasp of four pairs of hands, was swung through the doorway. There was a loud bump in the Fourth-Form passage as Putty landed there, roaring. Then there was a crash as the bag was hurled after him.

Putty of the Fourth, wriggling in 1 "No, Carthew, the tiger has not the grasp of four pairs of hands, was swung through the doorway. There was a loud bump in the Fourth Form passage as Putty landed there, roaring. Then there was a crash as the bag was hurled after him.

Then the door of the end study closed with a slam.

Jimmy Silver & Co. returned to their tea, chuckling. Putty of the Fourth was not likely, in their dusk," said Mr. Dalton. "It is imwonderful jape in the face of such | near the school, but one cannot be drastic discouragement. If he did they were prepared to give him some more. The affair of the escaped tiger was much too serious for Putty's japes, though Putty of the Fourth seemed unable to realise it.

#### The 2nd Chapter. "Tiger, Tiger, Burning Bright!"

"Have they got him, sir?" Mark Carthew of the Sixth asked that question, as Mr. Dalton came into the House in the falling dusk. Mr. Richard Dalton, master of the

Fourth, shook his head. He did not need to inquire to whom Carthew alluded as "him." The escaped tiger was the chief topic at Rookwood School now, as indeed in

all the vicinity.

been caught yet," said the Fourth Form master. "He has been seen again, however. A carter saw him in the wood, from the road, in Ruff's spinney."

Carthew started.

"That's quite near Rookwood, sir," he remarked.

"Yes. The prefects must see that no boys go out of the Houses after too careful."

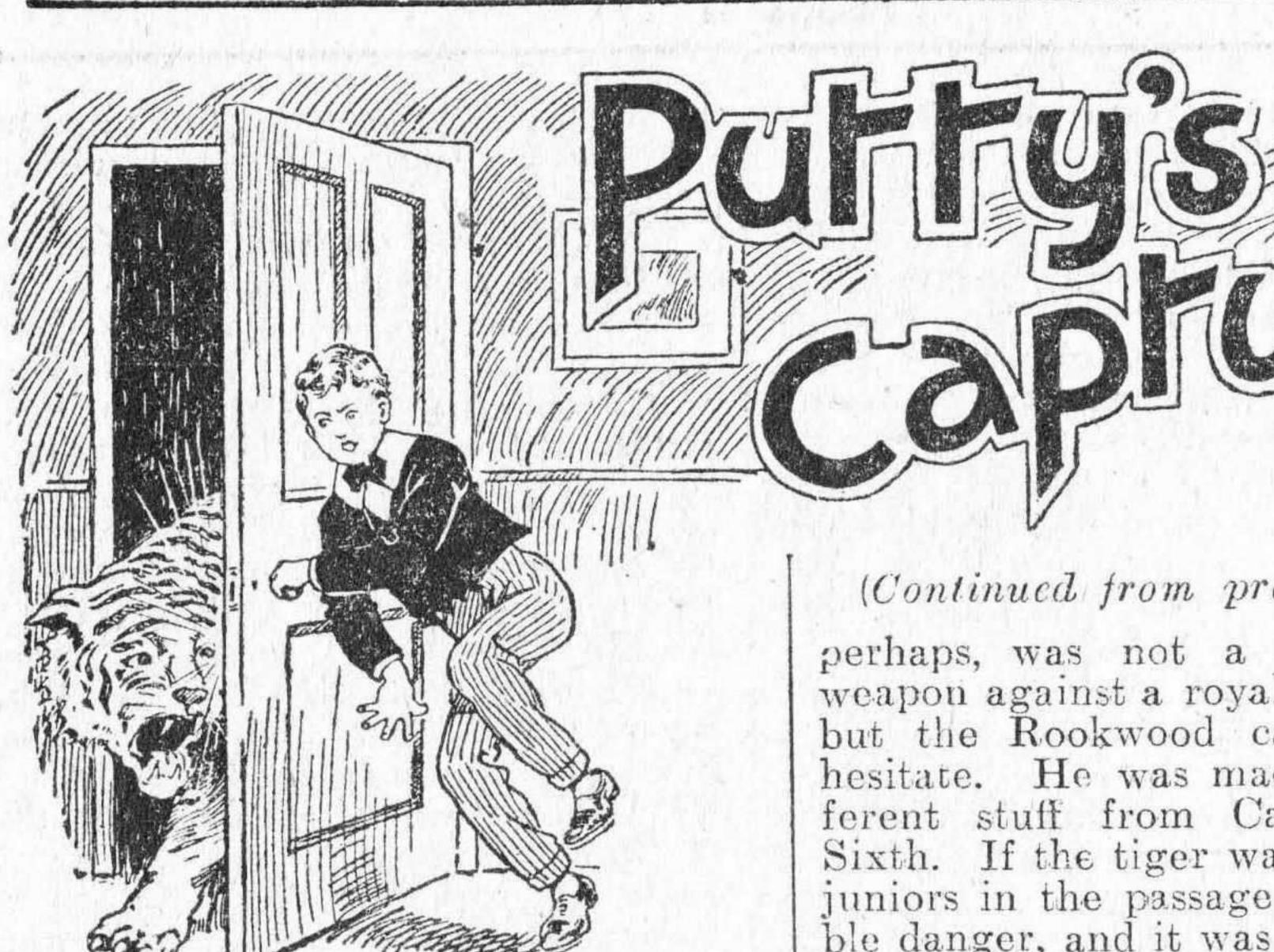
Carthew had a rather worried look. In the prefects'-room he had expressed annoyance at the announcement that the Sixth, as well as the other Forms, were gated. But as a matter of fact, Carthew would not have ventured outside the walls of Rookwood at any price. His glance was quite anxious as he looked out into the dusky quad.

"The brute could get in easily enough, sir," he said. "He might lurk in the Abbey ruins, or in the gardens. He might even get into the House."

"It is possible, of course," assented Mr. Dalton. "The whole vicinity is

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the escaped tiger must have penetrated into the school. For here he was!

There was a rustling sound in the shadowy study.

That sound brought Carthew to life, as it were. It seemed to indicate that the awful beast was stealthily creeping upon him-perhaps about to spring.

He uttered a hoarse yell and jumped backwards into the passage. Then there was another yell.

Arthur Edward Lovell was coming along the passage, and Carthew had landed on him. Lovell staggered across to the opposite wall. "Ow!" roared Lovell. "You silly

ass! What---" Carthew did not heed him.

He tore away to the stairs. Down the staircase he went, three steps at a time, white as a sheet, expecting every moment to hear the roar of the tiger behind him.

"Help! The tiger! Help! Look out!" shrieked Carthew, as he came tearing down the stairs.

"What's that?" shouted Bulkeley of the Sixth from below. "The tiger!" yelled Carthew.

"Study No. 2, in the Fourth!" "Rubbish!" "The tiger-here?" howled Hansom

of the Fifth. "I've seen him-in the Fourth! Oh-oh dear! Help!" Carthew babbled incoherently. He rushed on, almost knocking over Hansom of the Fifth, and tore away to his study, where he rushed in, and slammed the door after him and locked it. He left a wild buzz of excitement

#### The 3rd Chapter. A False Alarm.

behind him.

Arthur Edward Lovell stared blankly after Carthew as he fled. A light gleamed in Study No. 2.

Lovell looked in at the open door. Putty of the Fourth was there. He had lighted the gas, with a cheery grin on his face.

Lovell's gaze passed him to the cor-

ner of the room. He started, at the sight of a huge tiger's head, with glass eyes that gleamed and glowed. But the sight was not alarming now that the light was on. The tiger's head was not an unfamiliar sight-Lovell had seen it ofter enough in the school museum. It was a terrible-looking head certainly, and in life its owner had certainly been a dangerous beast. The glass eyes, with an electric-lamp gleaming behind them, were strangely ifelike. But there was nothing very alarming in a tiger's head arranged on a coal-box, the rest of the tiger not being there at all. Even Carthew would not have been alarmed, had the study been lighted when he en-

tered it. Putty winked at the surprised

Lovell. "Lend us a hand," he said. "Car-

thew seems to have been a bit startled-" "You silly ass!" gasped Lovell.

"So you're playing your silly tricks with that napper, are you?" "Lend us a hand! They'll be up | in--"

here soon, and I've got to get it out of sight," snapped Putty. He grabbed up the tiger's head

hurriedly, and jammed it into the big, open bag. Lovell held the bag open for him, and the "napper" of the once-fearsome beast was hidden from

Putty shifted the bag into a corner behind the bookcase, and drew a chair to the study table and sat down. "Look here, you ass-" began

Lovell. "Shurrup!" hissed Putty. "They're coming."

There were footsteps on the stairs. and many voices. Carthew had spread the alarm far and wide.

Bulkeley of the Sixth came first, · with a poker in his hand. A poker,

(Continued from previous page.)

perhaps, was not a very effective weapon against a royal Bengal tiger; but the Rookwood captain did not hesitate. He was made of very different stuff from Carthew of the Sixth. If the tiger was there, all the juniors in the passage were in terrible danger, and it was the business of the captain of the school to see them through. Bulkeley came up the stairs at a run, poker in hand, and Neville was soon after him, and Hansom of the Fifth followed, and then a crowd of other fellows. As a matter of fact, nobody quite believed that the tiger really was there; it was, to say the least, a very extraordinary lurkingplace for the escaped animal to select.

"Why-what-" ejaculated Bulkeley. He stared blankly into Study

is all this disturbance, Bulkeley?" "Carthew thought he saw the tiger here, sir--"

"Absurd!" "Well, he said so, sir, so I thought

we'd better come." Bulkeley, with a very pink face, tried to keep the poker out of sight. In the circumstances, he felt that the poker was a little ridiculous.

"Quite right, Bulkeley; but, of course, the tiger could not possibly be in the house," said Mr. Dalton. "It really is too much for a Sixth Form prefect to spread an absurd alarm in this manner. I shall speak very severely to Carthew."

Mr. Dalton walked away, frown-

Bulkeley glanced into the study again. His glance dwelt rather suspiciously on Putty of the Fourth.

"Have you been playing any tricks, Grace?" he demanded.

"Tricks!" repeated Putty inno-"You're such a tricky little villain," said the captain of Rookwood. "Have you been pulling Carthew's

leg somehow?" "Oh, Bulkeley!"

"Where were you when Carthew thought he saw the tiger?"

"I was just going to light the gas | Dalton. "I am surprised that a Sixth

Sixth, rather interested to hear what Mr. Dalton had to say to Carthew.

Mr. Dalton was knocking at Carthew's door angrily. He had found it locked.

"Carthew!" he called out. "Oh!" came a gasp from within the prefect's study. "Oh! who-who is that?"

"Open your door, Carthew!"

"Is he—is it gone?" "Do not be absurd, Carthew! The tiger has not been here at all." "I saw it!" howled Carthew.

it when it certainly is not here. You | Bengal tiger was not within the walls are making yourself utterly ridiculous, Carthew!" exclaimed the Fourth Form master.

"Buck up, Carthew!" called out Hansom of the Fifth. "It's all right! You were only frightened by a shadow, old man."

"Ha, ha, ha!" The key turned in Carthew's lock. The door opened, and he stared out at the grinning fellows outside. Mr. Dalton, however, was not grinning;

he was frowning. "You-you're sure it's gone, sir?"

stammered Carthew. "I repeat that the animal was "In the study," said Putty meekly. | never here, Carthew," snapped Mr.

WONDERFUL

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tiger was there. Bulkeley did not see any sign of a tiger; he saw Putty of the Fourth sitting at the table with a Latin grammar before him, and Arthur Edward Lovell sitting on a corner of the table with a grin on his face.

Putty looked up placidly.

"Hallo, Bulkeley! Anything up?"

"Carthew says he saw the tiger in this study!" "What tiger?" asked Putty.

"The escaped tiger, you young ass, the circus tiger! I suppose you haven't seen anything of it?" growled Bulkeley.

"I saw it at the circus yesterday

"Don't be a young ass!"

"Well, I don't think it's here," said Putty, glancing round the study. "I'm just starting my prep, Bulkeley; but if the tiger is here, I shall ask Mr. Dalton to excuse me from prep this evening. A fellow can't be expected to do his prep with a tiger in the study, can he?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Lovell.

Bulkelev grinned.

"I knew there was nothing in it," he said, turning back into the passage. "It's pretty thick for a Sixth Form prefect to get nervy like this. I suppose Carthew fancied he saw the

"Dashed funk!" growled Neville. "What is this?" Mr. Dalton arrived in haste on the scene. "What

he took me for the tiger! You never can tell what a Sixth Form chap may do, can you, Bulkeley?"

Bulkeley did not answer that question. He turned away, and tramped out of the Fourth Form passage, still trying to keep the poker out of sight as much as possible. The crowd dispersed, grinning, some of them going along to Carthew's study in the

According to Carthew, the escaped; when Carthew looked in. Perhaps Form boy should be frightened by a shadow."

"I saw the tiger-"

"Nonsense!"

"In Grace's study in the Fourth!" "Grace himself is in his study, at preparation---" "Wha-a-at?"

"For goodness' sake, Carthew, pull yourself together, and do not display such childish nervousness," snapped

## Result of BOYS' FRIEND "Booklets" Competition No. 6.

In this competition THE TWO set; Colin Jackson, 27, Nether Edge "BASSETT-LOWKE" RAILWAYS have been awarded to Church Street. Holywood, Co. the following competitors, whose solutions came nearest to correct with two errors each:

E. Nelson, 29, Ley Street, Ilford, Essex.

Robert Wynn Richards, 5, Upper Wood Street, Bargoed, Glam.

next in order of merit have been awarded to the following:

Ystrad, Rhondda, Glam.; Edris Castle," one of the great engines Crook, West Street, Banwell, Somer- I shown at Wembley.

MODEL Road, Sheffield; Sidney Jamison, 19, Down; R. C. Morrow, 25, Walter Street, Stockton-on-Tees; D. Snellgrove, 9, Howard Street, Rochdale.

The correct solution is as follows: The booklet to be given with the next number of our paper is the finest of all. It deals with English railways, and is crammed with THE SIX FOOTBALLS for the articles on locomotive types, signalling, how to time fast trains, how a locomotive is constructed, etc. There is a host of photographs, and a pic-Cyril Burnett, 6, Ynysgau Street, ture of the cab of the "Caerphilly

Now get busy with our great "Sporting Favourites" Competition on page 523.

Mr. Dalton. And he walked away, leaving Carthew blinking at a dozen

grinning fellows. "I tell you I saw him!" Carthew hissed. "He was crouching in the

study--"Ha, ha, ha!" "I tell you-" "Ha, ha, ha!"

Slam! Carthew banged his door, leaving a chortling crowd to chortle in the And they chortled still passage. more as they heard Carthew's key turn in the lock again. Evidently "You could not possibly have seen | Carthew was not satisfied that the of Rookwood.

Meanwhile, Jimmy Silver & Co. had dropped in at Study No. 2. They had something to say to Putty of the Fourth. Putty met them with a cheery grin. But the grin faded away as he noted the fives bat in Jimmy Silver's hand.

"Here, no larks!" he exclaimed. "Just what we've come in to tell you!" chuckled Lovell.

"You howling ass!" said Jimmy in measured tones. "Didn't we give you a batting as a warning not to play these fatheaded japes? You've put the whole House into an uproar, and you might have frightened Carthew into a fit. Can't you get it into your head that this is a serious subject?"

"Bow-wow!"

"Collar him!" Putty made a jump for the poker, and the Fistical Four made a jump for Putty. The humorist of the Fourth was collared and extended across the study table, face downhis face, in fact, was in the ink, the

inkpot being upset in the process. "Groogh! Look here-" howled

"Didn't we tell you to take that tiger's napper back where it belongs?" demanded Jimmy.

"Fathead! Leggo!" "We'll take it ourselves," said Jimmy. "You're too funny to live, Putty old man; but if a fives-bat can make you feel serious we'll do our best with it!"

Whack, whack, whack, whack! "Yow-ow-whoop!"

"Do you feel more serious now?" "Yaroooh!"

Whack! "Now-"

"Ow! Yes! Stoppit! Leggo!" yelled Putty.

And the Fistical Four released the hapless humorist and quitted the study, Jimmy Silver taking with him the bag containing the tiger's head.

Putty of the Fourth rolled off the table, gasping and spluttering ink. It was borne in upon his mind that his weird gift of humour was very inadequately appreciated in the Classical Fourth, and undoubtedly the fives-bat had reduced him to seriousness. For quite a long time, in fact, Putty of the Fourth was feeling very serious indeed.

#### The 4th Chapter. Awful for Mr. Manders!

Mr. Roger Manders of Manders' House sniffed. "A Classical boy, of course!" he

"Oh, yes, sir!" agreed Knowles. "No boy belonging to my House,"

said Mr. Manders, "would have the audacity—the effrontery—to remove. a valuable article from the school museum." Knowles of the Modern Sixth was

not quite so sure of that. But it was his cue to agree with his Housemaster. "Some Classical fag, to be sure,

sir," he assented. "In fact, the whole House has been questioned." Mr. Manders nodded.

"I will acquaint the Head with that fact," he said. "Thank you, Knowles. The stuffed head has undoubtedly been taken to play some foolish and reckless trick, to cause a scare, the school being in a state of alarm owing to the escape of the circus tiger. A foolish and reprehensible trick!"

"Oh, very, sir!" agreed Knowles. And the Modern prefect left Mr. Manders' study. Mr. Roger Manders

sniffed again. There was trouble in the air. Dr. Chisholm had missed the stuffed head from the school museum. His wrath was great.

Ever so many years since the doctor's father had brought that stuffed head home from India. It had frowned and glared at the doctor since his boyhood days-ever so long ago. Ever since he had been headmaster of Rookwood-at least twenty years-that stuffed head had

"Bound By His Promise!" is the amusing long story of Jimmy Silver & Co. of Rookwood School, for next Monday. Be sure you read it!

had an audacious hand been laid upon | could be scared by such nonsense! it before. Now it had actually been removed-taken away by some audacious person or persons unknown. The startling news had been communicated to both Houses for investigation throughout the length and breadth of Rookwood School.

Mr. Manders had instructed his prefects to inquire; hence Knowles' report. Nobody on the Modern side, apparently, knew anything about the missing "napper." Mr. Manders was quite sure that it had been purloined by some Classical boy-probably one of Mr. Dalton's boys. He did not like Mr. Dalton.

The Modern master put on his coat and hat and left the House, to cross the quadrangle to the School House.

It was dim and misty in the quad, only a few stars twinkling faintly through the leafless branches of the old beeches.

Mr. Manders whisked along in his usual hurried, jerky fashion. The quadrangle was utterly deserted; after dusk the boys were strictly confined to their Houses on account of the escaped circus tiger. Mr. Manders, however, was not thinking of Mr. Sankey's roaming tiger; he was thinking of the stuffed head that had been taken from the school museum. He was quite sure that it had been taken by some practical joker in order to cause a scare, and he was fairly sure that it was one of Mr. Dalton's boys who had taken it-probably one of the young scamps in the end study. Mr. Manders did not like Jimmy Silver & Co.-in fact, there were very few people he did like at Rookwood-or outside Rookwood, for that matter.

There was a sound under the beeches as the singular figure of the Modern master whisked along the shadowy path.

Mr. Manders paused and glanced round him.

Apparently some boy was out of his House, in spite of the Head's strict orders. It was always a pleasure to Mr. Manders to catch a delinquent. Of course, it was also his duty; but it was quite an agreeable duty to the irascible Modern master. He peered round him in the

"Bless my soul!" he ejaculated

suddenly. A great, whiskered head loomed up dimly in the dark shadow of a tree. Two eyes that seemed like balls of fire glimmered at the Modern master.

For a moment Mr. Manders stood stock-still, his heart thumping very uncomfortably.

Then he uttered an impatient and annoyed exclamation. "Pish!".

His eyes gleamed.

shadows.

The dim shape he discerned under the beeches was that of a huge tiger's head-and Mr. Manders had not the slightest doubt that he had chanced upon the practical joker who had purloined the stuffed "napper" from the school museum.

Doubtless that practical joker expected to cause a scare with the stuffed head in the dark. But Roger Manders was not so easily taken in. He faced the dim head and the glaring eyes and shouted: "Boy!"

There was no answer; the head did

not move. "Boy, I can see you!" shouted Mr. Manders angrily. "Come here at once! Do you hear? I command

you to come forth!" Silence. But the head backed a little deeper into black shadow. Mr.

Manders started angrily towards it. "You young rascal! How dare you disregard me!" he exclaimed. "Upon my word, this is too much!

Will you come here immediately?"

Growl! Mr. Manders started at that sound, it was so lifelike. Had he not known-or, at least, been convinced—that this was a practical joker playing a foolish trick with a stuffed head he might have fancied that the growl came from the deep

throat of a Bengal tiger. "You-you impudent young rascal!" roared Mr. Manders, all the angrier because the growl had startled him. "How dare you! This is unparalleled, upon my word! Do you think, sir, that you can frighten me by imitating the growl of a wild

animal? You shall be flogged for this, sir-flogged! Do you hear?" Growl!

It was too much for Mr. Manders'

adorned the school museum. Never by the practical joker. As if he

He rushed under the dark beeches right at the dimly-seen head and the glaring eyes.

"Now, you young rascal!" A deep sound rang and echoed under the trees. It was not a growl

this time; it was a terrific roar. Mr. Manders stopped dead. He had a glimpse in the gloom of

a cavernous mouth wide opened and a terrific set of teeth. Certainly the stuffed head from the school museum could not possibly

have opened in that manner! For a single second Mr. Manders stood frozen.

It was not a practical joker; it was not the stuffed head! It was a live head-with a frightful set of teeth in

Only for a second Mr. Manders stood there, while he realised in an awful flash that he was standing within three feet of the royal Bengal tiger that had escaped from Sankey's Circus!

Then he made a backward jump. That jump carried him at least six feet, as if he had been Spring-Heeled Jack instead of Roger Manders.

Growl! Mr. Manders spun round and fled. His long legs fairly twinkled as he ran.

gered-he bumped into another tree, No. 2. Carthew of the Sixth was pleased. Certainly he would not

the Modern master's thumps on the

There was a sound behind Mr. Manders. It was the winter wind stirring the beeches; but to Roger Manders' mind it was the growl of the Bengal tiger. He quitted Mack's door, and rushed frantically away.

Lights gleamed before him-the lighted windows of the School House.

Panting, bedewed with perspiration, Roger Manders rushed up the steps and hurled himself at the big oak door. And as he did so, there sounded close behind him the deep, terrifying growl of the Bengal

#### The 5th Chapter. Hard Cheese!

"Here's the jolly old Head!" murmured Lovell.

Prep was hardly over in the studies of the Classical Fourth. But most of the juniors looked out of their doors as Dr. Chisholm appeared in the passage.

The Head was frowning. A visit to the Fourth Form quarters by the headmaster was a rare occurrence, and evidently it boded trouble. The Classical Fourth wondered upon whose devoted head the chopper was to come down.

once what had happened in Study No. 2, and he had no doubt that it was one of Putty's practical jokes. He had made an absurd display of cowardice before all the House; and he was certain now that it was nothing more than a stuffed head that had scared him. But there was solace in reporting the practical joker to the Head.

"Which of you boys abstracted the head from the museum?" demanded Dr. Chisholm.

No reply.

Dr. Chisholm. "Of course, some boy not belonging to the study may have played that trick-I think you told me the study was unoccupied at the time, Carthew?" "Yes, sir."

"Very well; search the room. If it is not here. I have no doubt it will be found in one of the studies. Bulkeley, you will see that no Fourth-Form boy leaves the passage." "Yes, sir."

Carthew proceeded to search Study No. 2 for the stuffed head. Having no doubt that Putty was the guilty party, he was rather puzzled by that youth's cool equanimity.

Putty, as a matter of fact, was quite cheery. Jimmy Silver & Co. had deprived him of the tiger's head to put a stop to his weird japing; and he had been intensely exasper-He bumped into a tree, and stag- | Dr. Chisholm stopped at Study | ated at the time. Now he was rather

only too well, what was in that bag. There had been, so far, no opportunity of taking it back to the school museum. Now, evidently, it was too

Carthew opened the bag. "It's here, sir."

Dr. Chisholm knitted his brows

"Very good!" The cane slipped down from under his arm into his hand. "Take it away, Carthew! It may be placed in my study for the present! Silver! Lovell! Raby! "Doubtless it is still here," said | Newcome! You are responsible for

"We-we-" gasped Jimmy Silver. "You-you see, sir--" "Hold out your hand-you first,

Silver!" "The-the fact is, sir, we-we-" "You need say nothing, Silver! The article has been discovered in your study, and that is enough!" "But we-we-" stuttered Lovell.

"Do you venture to tell me that you did not know it was here-that you did not bring it here?" demanded the Head.

"Oh, no, sir! But--" "That is enough! Your hand!" thundered the Head. "Not another word, Silver-hold out your hand!"

Swish, swish! "Lovell!" Swish, swish! "Raby!"

"I-I say, sir-" "Boy!" thundered the Head. And George Raby's hand came out.

Swish, swish! "Newcome!" Swish, swish!

Dr. Chisholm tucked the cane under his arm again. He surveyed four wriggling juniors with a terrific frown. "Any repetition of such conduct

and you will be flogged!" he rumbled. "Bear that in mind!" And the Head rustled out of the study, following Carthew, who had already taken away the bag with the tiger's stuffed head in it.

Jimmy Silver & Co. wrung their hands in speechless anguish. The Head had felt that it was an occasion for severity. He had not spared the rod. Jimmy Silver & Co. felt that they had been right to intervene and put a stop to Putty's humorous activities with the tiger's head. But undoubtedly now they wished that they had left that duty undone. "Ow!" gasped Lovell at last.

"Wow! I-I-I'll pulverise that villain Putty!"

"I'll slaughter him!" groaned Raby. "Ow! My hands!" "Ow! Wow, wow!"

"We -- we -- we'll squash him!" gasped Jimmy Silver. "We-we'll lynch him! We-we- Oh, come on! Let's go and smash him now!"

The Fistical Four rushed out of the study. There was only one possible solace in their anguish-passing it on to Putty of the Fourth. Possibly Putty expected such a visit. He was not in Study No. 2 when the avenging four arrived there.

"Where's that villain Putty?" roared Lovell. "Eh? He's gone down," said Jones

minor. "Come on!"

The Fistical Four rushed for the stairs. They caught sight of Putty of the Fourth in the Lower Hall, and they sped down the staircase at almost breakneck speed. Putty of the Fourth promptly vanished from sight. Jimmy Silver & Co. reached the bottom of the staircase.

The next moment Putty and his many sins vanished from their minds. The big door swung open, and Roger Manders of Manders' House, with a face like chalk, tottered in.

He reeled against a wall, panting. He could not speak, but he made wild gestures towards the door as a dozen fellows gathered round him in wonder. Jimmy Silver & Co. stared at him blankly.

"What on earth-" began Lovell. The next instant they knew!

A huge whiskered head, with glaring eyes and gleaming teeth, appeared in the doorway, a long, sinuous, crouching body behind it. The fierce eyes glared at the Rookwooders.

"The tiger!"

One yell of alarm, and then scurrying and scampering feet. Up the stairs, along the passages, into the studies the Rookwood fellows scattered. It was too late to shut the door. The head and shoulders of the royal Bengal tiger were inside. In something less than a second the old oak hall was untenanted, flying footsteps and slamming doors sounding in all directions, and the tiger was left monarch of all he surveyed.

watched him blankly. They knew, I (Continued on page 528.)



THE ESCAPED TIGER! The big door swung open, and Mr. Manders, with a face like chalk, tottered in. He reeled against a wall, panting. He could not speak, but he made wild gestures towards the door as Jimmy Silver & Co. gathered round him in wonder. "What on earth\_\_\_" began Lovell. The next instant Jimmy Silver & Co. knew! A huge, whiskered head, with glaring eyes and glearning teeth, appeared in the doorway—a long, sinuous, crouching body behind it. The fierce eyes glared at the Rookwooders. "The tiger!" gasped Jimmy Silver in alarm.

and yelled. He stumbled over, and with him, and Bulkeley, head prefect I have liked the missing article to be him was the royal Bengal tiger.

Light glimmered from a little window-it was old Mack's lodge. Mr. Manders tottered to the door and banged on it.

"Mack! Mack! Let me in!" There was a slow movement within the lodge. Old Mack, the porter, was not a young or active man-he was old, and he had his rheumatism

to consider. "Mack. Mack! Help!"

With The door was locked. escaped tigers in the neighbourhood, old Mack sagely locked his door at dark. Mr. Manders tore at it and thumped at it in wild desperation. He could see and hear nothing of the tiger; but the shadows round him were peopled, in his terrified fancy, with glaring eyes and cavernous jaws and terrific rows of

"What's the row?" came old

Mack's voice. "The tiger! The tiger!" yelled Mr. Manders. "Just behind me! Open the door at once!"

Mack. He did not seem in a hurry to saw the escaped tiger." open the door. Perhaps he did not "Yes, sir," said Carthew. like royal Bengal tigers at close His look was black and bitter. As quarters, any more than Roger Man- | soon as he had heard of the missing | over to it. The Fistical Four |

"Oh, my heye!" exclaimed old

picked himself up again, and ran on, of Rookwood. And the Head had a not even knowing whither he was cane under his arm. Only too evirunning—only knowing that behind | dent there was trouble for someone. Carthew opened the door of Study

No. 2 for the Head. Putty of the Fourth, Jones minor, Higgs and Tubby Muslin, jumped up as the headmaster stepped in. They were alarmed; but it was a relief to the rest of the Classical Fourth.

"That ass Putty has been up to something again," Arthur Edward Lovell murmured to Jimmy Silver, in the passage; and Jimmy nodded.

Dr. Chisholm surveyed the four occupants of Study No. 2 with a stern brow. Bulkeley looked very serious; and Carthew gave Putty a

venomous look. "Boys!" said the Head, in a deep

"Yes, sir!" murmured Putty. "An article has been taken from the school museum—a stuffed tiger's head," said Dr. Chisholm.

"Oh, sir!" "It-it isn't here, sir!" stammered

"We shall see!" said the Head grimly. "I have little doubt that it was taken, at all events, by a Fourth-Form boy. It was in this study, Carthew, that you fancied you

patience to hear that growl repeated 'ders did. Bang, bang, bang! rang 'napper," Carthew had guessed at

discovered in his study. Carthew's search was thorough. But nothing remotely resembling a

tiger's head was found in Study "It's not here, sir," said Carthew

at last, with a savage look at the cool and smiling Putty. "Very well; let us proceed," said

the Head. They proceeded. Bulkeley of the Sixth had ordered

all the juniors back into their studies.

So every fellow was at home when the Head looked in with Carthew. Under the Head's eyes Carthew investigated each study in turn. Study after study was drawn

last at the end study. Jimmy Silver, and Lovell, Raby, and Newcome stood up respectfully when the Head loomed in their door-

way. Carthew came briskly in.

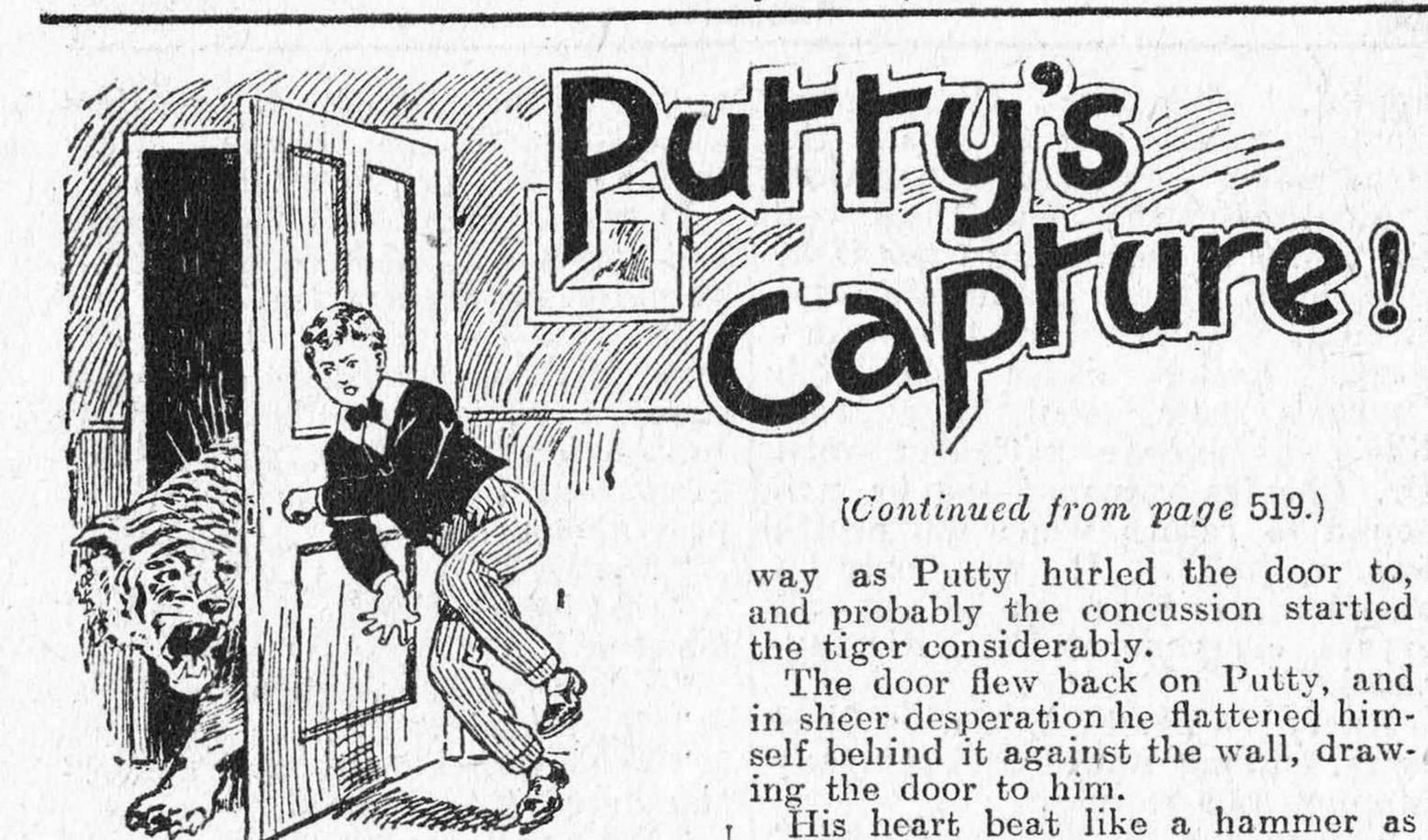
study in the Fourth."

blank, and the searchers arrived at

"Is—is anything the matter, sir?" asked Jimmy Silver mildly. "Yes, Silver! The stuffed tiggr's head has been taken from the school museum, and I have the best of reasons to suppose that it is in some

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Jimmy involuntarily. Lovell and Raby and Newcome almost gasped with dismay. Carthew had already spotted a large bag in a corner of the study, and was going

A special treat! Grand new story by DAVID GOODWIN coming in a few weeks' time! It's a tale that no one should miss!



The 6th Chapter. Trapping the Tiger.

"Silly asses!" murmured Putty of the Fourth.

Putty had dodged into the Fourth Form class-room and closed the door after him. There, in the dark, Putty of the Fourth lay low. Just then he did not want to meet the Fistical

It was fortunate, from Putty's point of view, that the stuffed head had been discovered in the end study instead of in his own. But he toe from behind the door. realised that he could not expect Jimmy Silver & Co. to be pleased. Judiciously he decided to give them time to get over the Head's licking before he met them again. So he retired to the deserted Form-room and sat down on a form to wait. He did not venture to put on a light, with four avengers seeking him. That would have been extremely injudicious.

As he sat waiting in the dark, prepared to take cover under the desks if Jimmy Silver & Co. thought of looking in the Form-room, he heard confused sounds from the distanceshouting voices and slamming doors -and wondered what was happening. The Fistical Four could scarcely be making all that uproar in searching for him.

He approached the door at last, and opened it cautiously to peer out. The passage outside was dark, and he could see nothing. The disturbance, whatever it was, was at a distance from the Form-rooms.

"What the thump-" murmured Putty, quite perplexed. Something evidently was going on, but he could not guess what it was. Naturally, it did not occur to him that the escaped circus tiger had come upon Roger Manders in the quad, that Mr. Manders had fled into the School House, and that the Bengal tiger had followed him in. He was not likely to guess that.

As he stood peering out into the dark passage a stealthy, creeping sound became audible to his ears. Suddenly he became aware of two glowing, greenish eyes quite close to him.

Putty started back.

For a moment his heart stood still as he made out dimly a long, sinuous, striped body, crouching and creeping.

It was the tiger!

It was probable that the royal tiger, sir." Bengal tiger had been startled, if not scared, by the terrific uproar that had followed his sudden appearance in the hall of the School House of Rookwood. At all events he had He can't get out." crept away from the light, seeking cover, as had once been his way in his native jungle. he began sternly.

crouching, creeping beast. His heart he's really shut up in the Formthrobbed almost to suffocation as he | room," said Putty. "He's making grasped the door to slam it hard.

There was a wild roar as he "Upon my word!" ejaculated Mr. slammed it.

Enquiries promptly attended to.

It slammed on the head of the

Bengal tiger, realising that he was oak door held him a prisoner.

"All serene, sir-what?" grinned Putty, who had followed the Form master.

Mr. Dalton smiled. "Quite, my boy. You have done very well and very bravely," he said. I will telephone to Coombe at once, and no doubt the circus people will be here very quickly to secure the brute. You have done very well indeed!"

Half an hour later a breathlessly excited Rookwood watched Mr. Sankey and his men taking away the tiger.

Sujah Das and Mr. Sankey and Hercules the Strong Man and a dozen other men were in charge of the animal, and strong ropes secured the limbs of the royal Bengal tiger, recaptured, much to Mr. Sankey's satisfaction, without damage.

The Fourth Form room was left in rather a parlous state. But that was a trifling matter. With deep relief the Rookwooders saw the royal Bengal tiger borne away in a motorvan. And old Mack gladly slammed and locked the gates behind him.

Putty of the Fourth was the hero of the hour.

Jimmy Silver & Co. eyed him rather grimly as they came on him the corridor, dragging the door shut in the junior Common-room, giving a description of his adventure to a from the tiger, and a heavy body crowd of Rookwood fellows.

Putty gave them a cheery nod. But the Fistical Four felt that he had earned his pardon. It really was difficult to say what might or might | Within the Form-room there was a not have happened at Rookwood had wild roaring and growling and crash- | not Putty succeeded in trapping the escaped tiger in the Form-room.

trapped tiger raged. Twice again | "Jolly well done, old bean!" said

Mornington. "But what the thump

were you doin' in the Form-room in

the dark when the giddy tiger got

"Taking cover," he explained.

"Four silly asses were tracking me."

"I've a jolly good mind-"

"We'll let you off," said Jimmy

Silver. "You got us a licking, you

silly owl, but in the giddy circum-

stances—" He rubbed his hands.

"The Head laid it on jolly hard, you

"It might have been worse, old

"How could it have been worse,

"Ha, ha, ha!"

smote a hard oak floor and roared.

And once more it was borne in upon

Putty's mind that it was possible to

be too humorous.

THE END.

"He might have licked me."

fathead!"

Putty grinned.

trapped in the room, was roaring and growling and pacing wildly about. But strong walls and a strong oak door held him a prisoner.

NOUR DITOR'S EM.



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

#### THE GREAT S.F.C. !

Otherwise the famous "Sporting Favourites" Competition. This is proving a real big thing. It has a rare appeal. No wonder! I am reproducing this week the first sets of pictures for the benefit of new readers. Look out next Monday for the fifth set. You can start right away with the solutions, and so stand a chance of winning one of the splendid prizes. These are £25; £5; three Bassett-Lowke Model Railways; twelve autographed Hobbs' cricketbats, and twenty-five keen-bladed pocket-knives. There you are! Now's the time!

#### "BOUND BY HIS PROMISE!"

Jimmy Silver's word is his bond. In next week's Rookwood yarn the Classical skipper finds himself in a rare old pickle, for just this reason. It is a question of the formation of the team to meet St. Kit's. Bunter of Greyfriars School toddles in with a piece of right-down, amazing intelligence. This queers things. Hence much trouble.

## THE WILDS!"

A treat this for Monday next! There is a brisk orangeade up the river in the happy Argentine. Dick Dorrington & Co. storm a rival boat with oranges. The craft runs aground, and the crew all change. The leader of the grounded party is going up country on mischief bent, and the Bombay Castle fellows find themselves greatly wanted.

## "THE CAPTAIN OF THE

#### FOURTH!"

Carking care has settled down at St. Kit's. It is all on account of Carker. This joke is free of charge. Even the Old Man of the Sea, whom Sinbad found such a plague, could not have been worse. Matters are coming to a head. Carker acts as if he had bats in his belfry. He is out Bump! The hero of the hour for trouble-and gets it. So does St. Kit's!

#### "THE LION AT BAY!"

(You'll laugh loud and long when This big drama of a fight for life, you read "Bound By His Promise!" and the flag, and national existence, next Monday's amusing story of goes on. There are immense events Jimmy Silver & Co. of Rookwood next week. The deadly earnestness School. Be wise and order your of it gets you. Look out for the Boys' Friend to-day, for there's carry-on of the grim tragedy of war.

#### "GOALIE" & LONGHURST.

Dept. 18, COVENTRY.

Enter these two experts on Monday next. Each has something of real value to put before readers.

#### "POSH!"

Who is he? What is he? Why is he? It has been a secret up to now. But don't let there be any mistake! Of course I know that posh is a piquant and picturesque term for anything which strikes the eye as being extra smart and good. A posh palace is a palace which is well fitted up with marble halls and all the latest luxuries. But in this special case, "Posh" is a characterone of the finest, most interesting and appealing characters that ever stepped out of the pages of a famous author's manuscript.

#### MY BIG SURPRISE!

Well, the fact of the matter is that Posh is the new hero in the grand serial by David Goodwin which will start in a few weeks' time in the Boys' Friend. I have had some phoney times of late with the talented author of "Topsail Tony," and a score of other magnificent yarns. Mr. Goodwin has chatted to me over the wire about his new tale. Personally, I am already on close terms with Posh. Look out for him! He is not the fellow one cares to miss. Posh is the very merriest, brightest, most adroit personage you could meet in a day's march.

#### DAVID GOCDWIN.

I know you like the name. Those of us who are privileged to know the celebrated owner of the said name, appreciate him more than can be packed into a par. They do say that it is not so much what a man does as what he is that counts. That, of course, is going round by the road when there is a short cut across the fields. For the deeds of a man ara the reflex of his character. Anyhow, there is Mr. David Goodwin-a man of action and imagination. What's more, he is the creator of Posh, a youngster who will be welcomed all over the world.

#### "THE BOOK OF THE LOCOMOTIVE."

It goes without saying that this new railway book by G. Gibbard Jackson will appeal immensely to all. readers of the Boys' Friend. Mr. Jackson is known to us, thanks to his snappy little articles on the iron road which have appeared from time to time in the pages of the "Green 'Un." In his new book, just issued by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., price 6s., he reviews the whole subject of railways. The work contains a profusion of coloured plates, showing the latest locomotive types.

Your Editor.

### COMING SHORTLY!

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Look out for a real treat, chums!

there?"

began Lovell.

the great animal crashed on the door, shaking the solid oak.

he heard the tiger creeping into the

If the brute found him there-

seeking cover or seeking Putty of the

Fourth the junior could not guess.

But in a minute or two he could

hear the great brute moving among

the desks, where in the daytime the

Fourth Form were wont to sit and

receive instruction from Mr. Dalton.

With set teeth he stepped out on tip-

after him.

Putty pulled himself together.

A second more and he was out in

The door closed. There was a roar

crashed on the inner side of the

Putty reeled against the wall,

almost overcome for the moment.

ing of overturned desks as the

The tiger passed on. Whether

Form-room, growling savagely.

But the royal Bengal tiger was safely trapped now. He could not get out of the Form-room. And Putty, recovering himself walked away, finding the House deserted on all sides. He proceeded to Mr. Dalton's study and tapped at the

The door opened instantly. Mr. Dalton grasped the junior by the shoulder, hooked him into the study, and closed the door again in a flash. Putty grinned.

"It's all right, sir!"

"Remain here," said Richard Dalton. "I am about to leave by the window to reach the sergeant's house. Fortunately, he has a rifle." "No need, sir," said Putty, with

cheerful coolness. "I've bagged the "What?"

"I've shut him up in the Fourth Form room, sir!" said Putty airily. "I thought he'd be safer there, sir.

Mr. Dalton stared at him. "This is no time for jesting-"

Putty stared almost wildly at the "Honest Injun, sir-I-I mean, backed into the Form-room and no end of a shindy there, but he can't get out."

Dalton.

He hurried from the study, and a tiger, and did not shut! The great | minute later he was outside the door

beast's head was groping in the door- of the Fourth Form room. The royal | EVERY MONDAY PRICE 2:

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### OUR POPULAR STORY OF THE BOYS OF ST. KIT'S SCHOOL!



The 1st Chapter. St. Kit's by reason of the vote cast in his favour by Bob Rake, a new junior hailing from Australia, he invites the Cornstalk to dig in the top study which he-Wilmotshares with his cousin Algernon Aubrey St. Leger and Bunny Bootles, the fat boy of the Form. Rake jumps at the chance offered

nim, and soon becomes greatly attached to his study-mates.

One day, Dr. Chenies, the Headmaster of St. Kit's, is brutally attacked by a footpad in Lynn Wood, and, as a consequence of his injuries; he is ordered away by his doctor. A Mr. Carker, who has a reputation for being a tyrant, is appointed to take Dr. Chenies' place while the latter is away from the Kit's, Harry Wilmot and Bob Rake Shrubb for those eggs." go down to the village where they Turkey grinned. run across Turkey & Co., their "Done!" he said. rivals of Lyncroft School. It is There had been some damage Harry and Bob that a stranger of St. Kit's and Lyncroft never

butts in and starts hitting the bore malice. They entered the When Harry Wilmot gains the boys with his stick. Greatly re- tuckshop together, and amicably captaincy of the Fourth Form at senting the man's action, Harry discussed ginger-pop and jam tarts of it. It was wiser to be on the Wilmot and Bob Rake and the together, as if they had never Lyncroft fellows pelt the stranger with eggs, causing him to beat a hasty retreat.

> The 2nd Chapter. Simply Awful!

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob Rake. "What an afternoon!" murmured Wilmot.

"Oh dear! Look at my bags!" moaned Buster Bunce. "I'm all

Turkey burst into a laugh. "I think that meddling bounder is sorry he butted in," he remarked. "What the thump business was it of his?"

"None at all," said Harry, school. On the day that the new laughing. "I think we'd better Head is expected to arrive at St. | make it pax, Turkey, and pay Mr.

whilst Turkey & Co. are ragging done in the tussle, but the heroes

thought of scrapping in their lives. Buster Bunce cast sidelong glances down at his eggy trousers, but he was comforted with jam tarts, and the smiles returned to his chubby face. There was cheery amity on all sides when an eyeglass gleamed in at the door.

St. Leger.

"No end," said Bob. "Trot in, Algy-it's all over. We've licked bird has arrived," remarked Lyncroft--"

mean!" exclaimed Turkey. "Now, you ass--"

"Now, you fathead--" "If you want some more---"

"If you want---"

Algernon Aubrey St. Leger held up his hand.

"Can it, dear boys, can it," he said. "There's a bird with a beak hoverin' in the offing, I think."

For a moment it had looked as if '

the scrap would be renewed. But at Algy's warning the juniors calmed down again.

"Master coming along," asked | Coote. Turkey, "or a dashed prefect?"

the school trap, which looks to me | does the grin come in, Coote?" as if our merry new headmaster train—and it's been in some time | never did!"

"Oh, Carker?" exclaimed Bob. "I'd forgotten Carker."

"We don't want him to drop on us scrappin'," said Algy. "Might give him a mistaken impression of St.: Kit's. Might lick us, too."

"It's pax, Turkey," said Harry Wilmot, laughing.

"Right you are," said Turkey. And having settled with Uncle Shrubb, the chums of St. Kit's quitted the village tuckshop. Certainly if their new headmaster was likely to come out of the station at any moment, they did not want to be engaged in a scrap with the Lyncrofters. There was no harm in a good-humoured scrap certainly; but there was no telling what view Mr. Carker might take

Harry Wilmot glanced across the street. Old Coote, the St. Kit's porter, was visible there, sitting in the school trap. As a matter of fact, old Coote had been there a considerable time, but the juniors had not observed him before-being too interested in the rag.

"Enjoyin' yourselves, dear Old Coote was looking across the boys?" drawled Algernon Aubrey street at them, with a very curious expression on his crusty face.

"May as well ask if the Carker Algernon Aubrey. "If he has, "You've been licked, you we'll give him a polite greetin', and let him see at the kick-off what nice boys we are; what?" "May as well," agreed Bob.

The three juniors crossed the street and stopped by the trap. with eggs—oh, you frabjous asses!" Old Coote still eyed them, and "An interfering ass—" gasped there was a lurking grin on his Bob. "A silly josser who butted weatherbeaten countenance.

"Good afternoon, Coote," said Algernon Aubrey politely.

"Arternoon, Master St. Leger!" "Waitin' here for Mr. Carker?"

"Yes, sir."

"The train's in, isn't it?" "Been in ten minutes," grinned

"Begad! Mr. Coote seems to be "Neither, dear boy. But old enjoyin' some little joke all on his Coote's waitin' across the way in own," remarked St. Leger. "Where

"Oh, my eye!" was Coote's must have arrived by the last answer. "Nice goings hon! I

> "Anybody know what he's drivin' at?" asked Algy.

"Blessed if I do," said Bob. "Has Mr. Carker arrived, Coote?" "Which he has, Master Rake."

Harry felt a sudden misgiving. "Has he been outside the station

"Yes, Master Wilmot."

"Did he see us--"

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Bob. "Great pip. Did he see us scrapping with the Lyncroft bounders,

"Jest so, he did, sir."

"Just our luck!" groaned Bob. "But where is he now?"

"Gone in to wash off the heggs, I expect." Wilmot and Bob Rake stared at

Coote. For the moment they could not fully take in the dread import of his words.

"The—the eggs!" repeated Bob

"The heggs!" assented Coote.

"But - but-what-how-whowhich-" stuttered Bob. "You've done it now, young

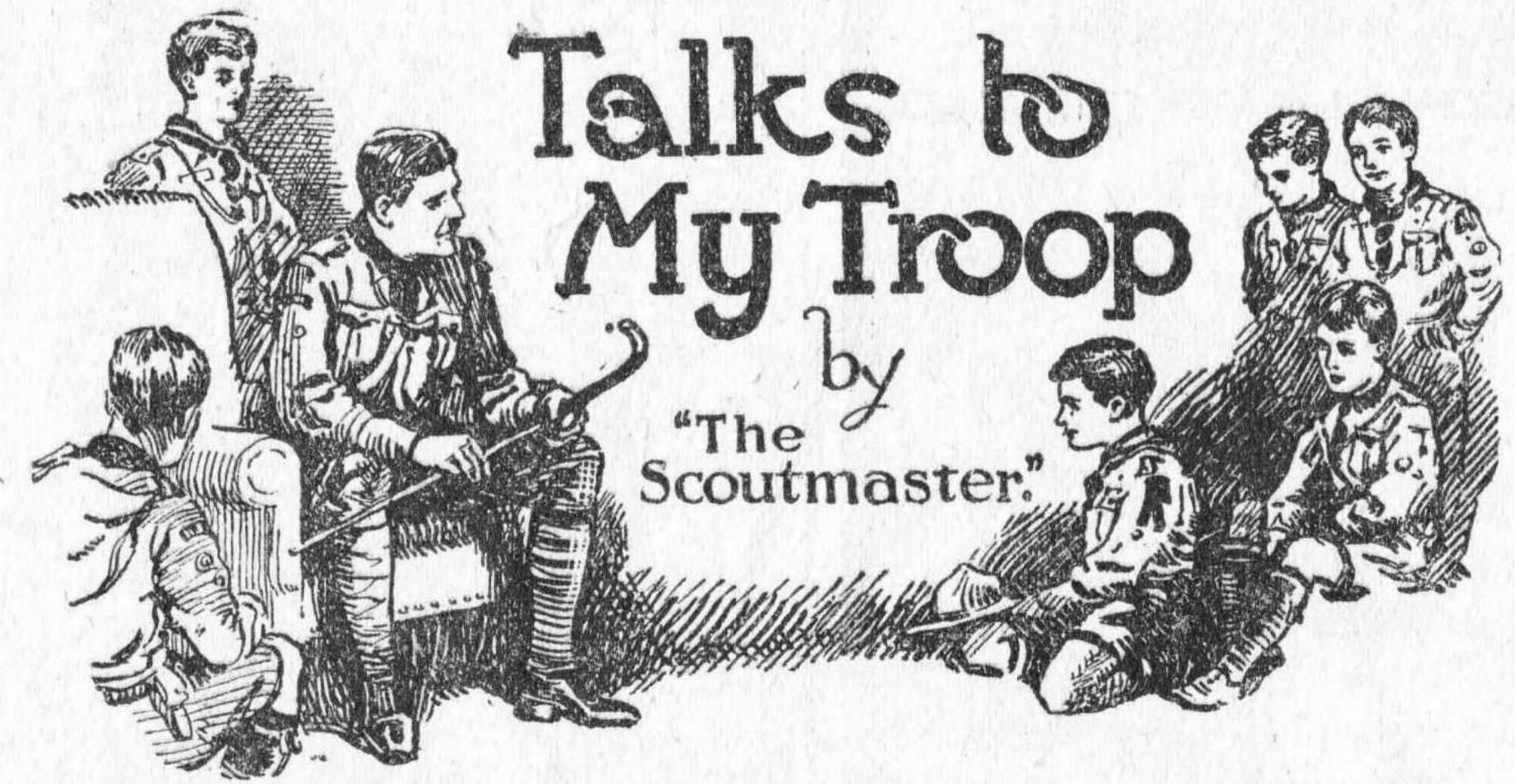
gents!" said Coote comfortingly. "Such goings hon I never did 'ear of, never."

"You don't mean to say," gasped Harry Wilmot, "you-you -you don't mean to say that that beaky bounder—the meddling ass we pelted, was-was-was-"

"Mr. Carker, sir!" grinned

"Great Christopher Columbus!" "Oh, gad!" murmured Algy. "Have you been peltin' somebody into our row with Turkey. It-it -it couldn't have been Carker." "It was, sir," chuckled Coote.

"Never seed such a thing in my (Continued on the next page.)



("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. 10.—TREASURE HUNTS.

Gee whiz! Hark at the wind to-, night! And it's "nippy," too, especially as you come across that bit of waste land by the Red Lion. Jackson, old chap, just pull the curtain more over the window. The draught's enough to blow a donkey's hind leg off. I vote we put the dixey on for hot coffee and cocoa. Right! Carried unanimously.

Con't know what put it into Pelly's head, unless it was the wind moaning and groaning, but he has been asking me about Treasure Hents, and whether the workmen ever find anything worth talking about when they are digging tunnels or burrowing under the earth for Tube railways.

As a matter of fact, I don't think the "finds" have been very extraordinary. Coins, of course, bits of ancient pottery, bones, and all that sort of thing; but nothing like a big haul of gold and silver and precious stones, such as you read about in the "Arabian Nights."

Mysterious vaults, and even skeletons have been found in laying down sewers and water-mains; and one Saturday we'll go to the London

Museum, where many of the discoveries are now on view.

There's not much chance of finding buried treasures in the towns-too many people about—but in the country one hears of the most surprising cases. In the papers, not so very long ago, was an account of a Treasure Hunt in the caves of the Peak district in Derbyshire.

These caves are known to have been the retreat of robbers and fugitives in Saxon and Norman times. Many of them have since been hidden from view by the falls of rock and sand, or by the growth of vegetation; but a North of England man, stumbling across an opening in the ground, crawled along a narrow passage, and found himself in a large cavern. As the result of a search. he spied a nice little pile of gold coins—about a thousand years old and he told newspaper reporters that he thinks there may be a lot more.

When the Normans came over (1066, Battle of Hastings, Rallen!) the Saxons used to bury their treasures for safety. So a law was

to find-which is still in force. Any like Sir Walter, but he had no object Stevenson's "Treasure Island," and treasure found hidden in the earth | tion to a few tons of Spanish gold. | Edgar Allen Poe's wonderful story becomes the property of the reigning | So the expedition started, and of "The Golden Bug" has reference monarch, and I can tell you of an interesting "find" which led to a big law-suit.

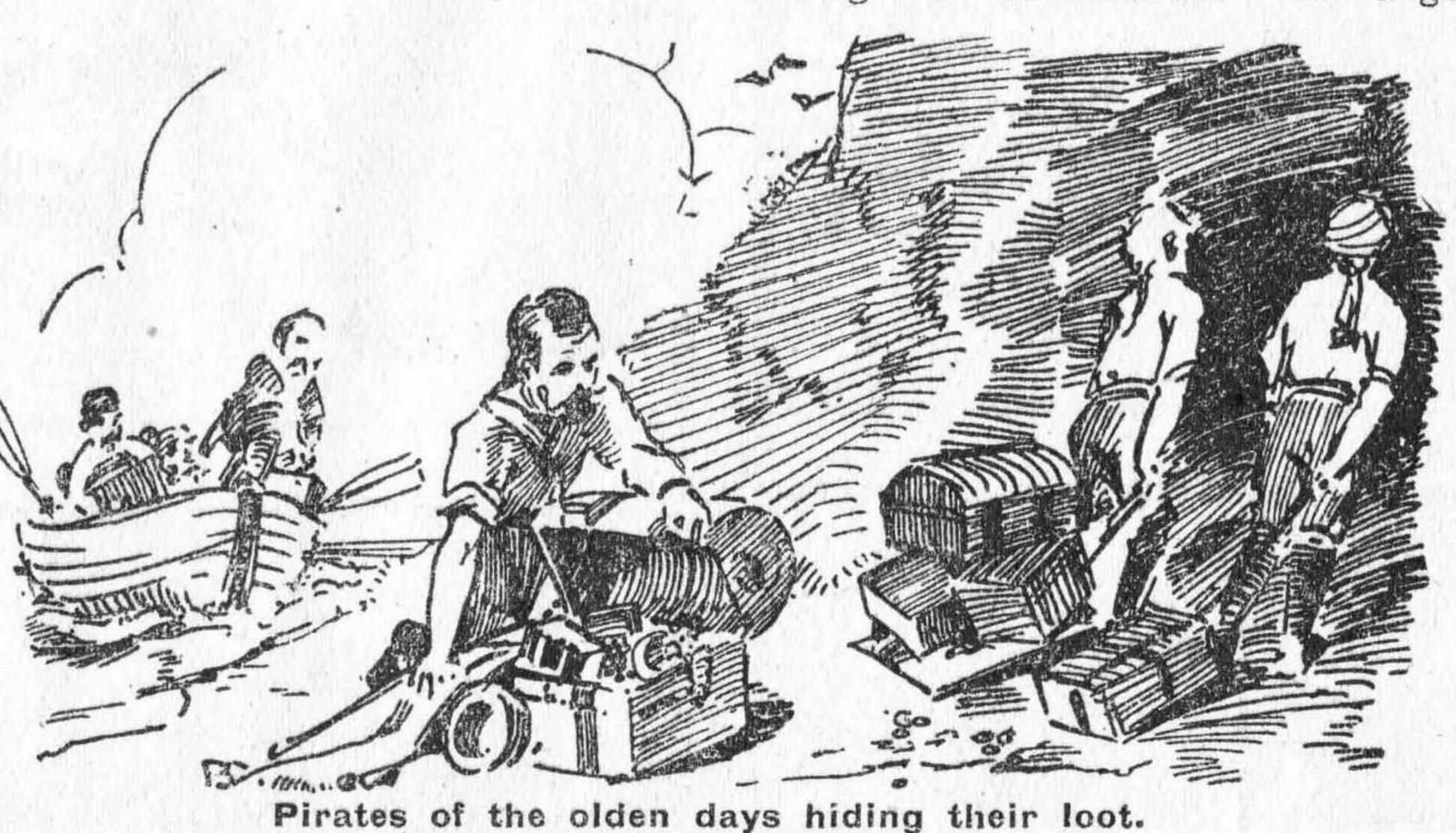
Gold ornaments, worth about £600, were ploughed up in a field at Limavady, in Ireland, in 1896, and were purchased by the trustees of the British Museum. "Oh!" said the Lords of the Treasury, "these things belong to the Crown," and after a hard-fought trial the British Museum was ordered to give up the treasure, which was afterwards presented by Queen Victoria to the City of Dublin.

A very unusual kind of treasurean old Viking ship, such as the Danes came over in-was found embedded in the marshland when excavations were being made for one of the big London docks, about fifty years ago. And that reminds me that most of the famous Treasure Hunts have been connected with the sea.

You have heard of the great Spanish treasure ships? Well, our fellows used to attack them, and hide I

Raleigh and his men put up a good to a large deposit of treasures accufight. But they didn't find the trea- mulated by Captain Kidd. executed when he got back to Eng- of all is Dumas' "Monte Cristo."

neers and corsairs, pirates in the they could lay their hands on. The loot was secreted in various haunts, and, as many of these beauties were hunted down and killed without their retreats being discovered, it is supposed that there are still immense hoards of hidden plunder awaiting the attention of an enterprising treasure-hunter. Two well-known buccaneers on our side were Henry Morgan (afterwards knighted by Charles II and made Governor of Jamaica) and Captain Kidd. The French and Dutch were engaged in the same ugly business, and in those days civilised governments thought nothing of issuing to adventurous sea dogs



a long time, got out by persuading chance of doing so.

their booty in the West Indian ["Letters of Marque," which were islands. Sir Walter Raleigh, who really permits to attack the Spanish had been locked up in the Tower for treasure ships whenever they got a

James I. that he knew where an No end of romances have been teresting and instructive "Health & passed, called the Law of Treasure- enormous mass of bullion lay hidden written round the exploits of such | Sport" article to next Monday's

sure, and poor Sir Walter was Probably the finest treasure story

Treasure hunts have been organ-Then, of course, we had the bucca- ised to raise the gold which lies at the bottom of the sea in wrecked wholesale line, who, besides attacking | ships. A Spanish galleon, richly ships, would sometimes capture a laden, is supposed to lie off Tobertown, and seize every valuable thing | mory in the Isle of Mull; another treasure ship was lost off Texel, on the coast of Holland, and when the French Revolution broke out a vessel, into which the Royalists had hurriedly thrown their precious possessions, was sunk in the mouth of the

In the Great War, one of our liners, the Laurentic, went down with several million pounds' worth of gold on board. Divers have since managed to recover it all, a most marvellous piece of salvage, and one of the few cases where the treasure retrieved has more than repaid the cost of recovery.

Every now and then Treasure Hunt companies are promoted for the purpose of following up a clue to hidden gold. One expedition started off a short time ago to the Cocos Islands; and look, again, at the remarkable treasures which have been found in the tombs of the Egyptian kings.

It is an intensely interesting subject, and besides gold and silver and gems, treasure hunters sometimes come across implements, weapons, bones, and fossils, which shed a new light on the history of the world.

There's just one other curious point. Whenever any treasure is dug up in England the coroner holds an inquest on it, as if it were a dead body. He does his best to ascertain how the treasure came to be in its hiding-place, and he also notifies the Treasury of the "find," and its probable value. We shall be having old Pelly exploring the cliffs the next time we are at Clacton! And now, what about that coffee?

(Percy Longhurst contributes an introve-from the French verb trouver, in South America. James didn't heroes. Most of you have read Boys' Friend. Be sure you read it!

life-peltin' a 'eadmaster with heggs, never."

"Oh dear!"

"Oh crumbs!" the juniors touched even old glinted at him like cold steel. Coote's crusty heart. He bent from the trap.

"Cut orf young gents," he whispered. "I ain't saying anything. P'r'aps he won't recognise said Mr. Coote stolidly. you agin. 'Ook it!"

on, you chaps!"

Coote's advice was too good not to be taken. The chums of the St. Kit's Fourth, like the gentleman in Macbeth, stood not upon the order of their going, but went at

They vanished from the station entrance-they disappeared down the old High Street at a rapid trot.

Old Coote grinned as they vanished. They were none too soon. A tall, thin gentleman with a Roman nose came out of the railway station. He was cleaned up now-newly swept and garnished, so to speak. But his hard face was harder than ever in expression, and his pale grey eyes had a flinty glint in them. He was quite cool and self-contained, but it was quite clear that volcanic rage was burning under his icy exterior. Old Coote touched his hat to Mr. Carker. He did not like the gentleman's looks, and he did not like his curt, sharp manner-very different from Dr. Chenies' look and manner. Possibly old Coote had enjoyed the episode of the

Mr. Carker was about to step into the trap, when he paused and fixed his flinty eyes on old Coote.

"You saw that disgraceful disturbance across the street?" he asked, or rather asserted.

"I was looking arter my 'orse,

sir," said Coote. "But you saw it?"

"More or less, sir."

"You knew the boys by sight?" "I b'leeve I knowed some of 'em,

"Their names?"

Old Coote seemed to make an effort to remember.

"One was named 'Awke, sir, if I remember rightly," he said.

"Hawke! In which Form at the school?"

"Oh, he ain't a St. Kit's boy, sir -belongs to Lyncroft School, more'n a mile from 'ere, sir," said old Coote cheerily.

Mr. Carker bit his lip. He was going to be monarch of all he surveyed at St. Kit's. But Lyncroft was out of his reach-which was a fortunate circumstance for Turkey & Co.

"Were there no St. Christopher's he asked.

"Mebbe, sir," said Coote, guardedly. "Ley eyes ain't so young as they used to was, sir, and it's a good step across the street."

"You are prevaricating,"

"Wot?" "You know perfectly well that there were several St. Christopher's boys mixed up in that dis-

graceful affray." "Ho!" said old Coote.

"I am quite well acquainted with the St. Kit's caps and colours, and I saw that there were at least two St. Christopher's boys there," snapped Mr. Carker. "I should not have intervened otherwise. I require to know their looked at one another—and they names. I am quite convinced that you know, my man."

Old Coote looked squarely at the

new headmaster.

Mr. Coote was a crusty old gentleman, and he had his own troubles with the St. Kit's juniors sometimes. "Chipping old Coote" told Wilmot & Co. that he would doesn't even know you belong ruffled old Coote already. I heard say nothing, and he intended to to St. Kit's." him grumbling to the sergeant. say nothing. And he liked the new "You're out of it, anyway, old He was as short and sharp as you headmaster's manner less and less. fellow," said Harry. "I'm jolly please with Mr. Tulke. Old shall go."

Carker.

"I 'ear you, sir."

Published

Every Monday

"Their names?" Old Coote flicked an imaginary fly from the horse's ears. Mr. The utter dismay in the faces of | Carker's almost colourless eyes

> "I am waiting for you to give me the names of those boys," he said, in a grinding voice.

> "I ain't nothing to tell you, sir,"

Mr. Carker compressed his lips. "Good man!" said Algy. "Come | He stepped into the trap, and only

> "Drive to the school." But old Coote had not lived over | wedged in, if you come to think of half a century without becoming | it." something of a judge of men and manners. He had a shrewd idea sonally," said Algy, comfortingly. that before long nearly everybody at St. Kit's would be in Mr. Carker's bad books. So old Coote with a row and a caning, if he would be in good company. He could help it. If he's got tact, he drove in silence to the school, Mr. | may let the matter drop." Carker sitting bolt upright and "You haven't seen his face!" the trap in the lane, and guessed to let go a bone."

sorry I wasn't there! I should know how he lets his chin run. have enjoyed givin' the Carker | Carker interrupted him, and man an egg or two."

old bean?"

in. We thought he was simply the boys seemed to him nothing but | chums of the Fourth were able to an interfering stranger. But he young hooligans. What could have must have known us, and we didn't know him. Not personally, of course, but no doubt he knows the grimly. St. Kit's caps."

Old Coote drove off stolidly. He "Oh, gum!" said Bob, in disrealised that he was in the new may. "I hadn't thought of that! headmaster's bad books already. Yes, I suppose that's why he

> "Still, he doesn't know you per-"After all, a new headmaster wouldn't want to start his career

looking straight before him, his grunted Bob. "Judging by his jaw hard face set like iron. And five and his boko, he's about as likely or six St. Kit's fellows who sighted to let it drop as a bulldog is likely

snapped that he would see the Bob Rake. "I-I wonder--" "He knows we belong to St. | masters in his study in an hour's Kit's," said the captain of the time. He said he had already Bunny. Fourth, after a thoughtful pause. | received a very bad impression of "Nothing, old top." "How do you make that out, the state of discipline in St. Christopher's. He calls the place "That must be why he butted St. Christopher's. Said some of made him think that, Wilmot?" "What, indeed?" said Harry

"I wonder!" murmured Bob.

"He's put old Tulke's back up," continued Bunny. "Never saw a man so like a wolf, and a fox, and a mad dog, all rolled into one. I'll bet you that he'll be hated like poison before he's been here a week. I jolly well wish Dr. Chenies would come back."

Harry Wilmot & Co. were not in their happiest mood over tea that day. During tea Stubbs of the Fourth looked in.

"Seen the new beak?" he asked. "I have," said Bunny. "Horrid,

ain't he?" "Horrid isn't the word," said

"Hall at five-thirty, and a general inspection!" murmured "You wonder what?" asked Bunny Bootles rolled away when tea was over and there was nothing eatable left. Then the

> discuss the situation. "He's going to look us over, and pick out the chaps he saw at Wicke," said Harry Wilmot.

"Could we cut it?" Harry shook his head.

"The roll's certain to be called." "That's so," said Algy; "stayin' out would attract attention, which would be worse than ever. He mayn't recognise you."

"Let's hope so." "Anyhow, it's only a lickin'!"

remarked Algy. Bob rubbed his hands in painful anticipation.

"That Carker-man looks as if he could hand out a rather hefty licking," he said. "Head's licking will be a joke to it. Never mind-

it's all in the day's work!" In a rather subdued mood, the chums of the top study joined the crowd going into Hall at five-

Harry glanced at Oliphant, in the ranks of the Sixth, and noted that the captain of St. Kit's had a grim look. Several other prefects had much the same expression. All the masters were very grave, and one or two of them were a little irritable. Evidently Mr. Carker's arrival had disturbed the even tenor of things at St. Kit's.

That the new Head was a "tartar" was common knowledge at St. Kit's by this time, and the assembled school was very quiet and orderly. Nobody wanted to catch Mr. Carker's eye, as Stubbs had put it. When Mr. Carker entered by the upper door there was a deep silence.

Mr. Carker looked over the assembled school with a searching eye, not at all disconcerted by the steady stare of over two hundred pairs of eyes. His own eyes were very searching-it seemed as if he was noting specially every face there. Each fellow had an impression that Mr. Carker was taking special note of him. Any hope Harry and Bob Rake had had of escaping recognition faded away now. They fully expected Mr. Carker to call them out before the school on the spot. But that did not happen.

Mr. Carker addressed the assembled school in what he would doubtless have considered a few

well-chosen words.

He stated that he had been appointed by the Governing Body Stubbs. "He's a rank outsider. to take control during Dr. Chenies' absence. He intended to take control-full control. He had an impression that discipline was slack in the school. That would be remedied. He had an impression that there was some reluctance, in some quarters, to afford him the loyal support he had a Bunny Bootles rolled into the a turkey, and said he hoped so. was not so. He hoped that he could Carker said it did not look like it, count upon masters, prefects, and "He's come!" he announced. so far as he could see. Then he the school generally to support walked on, leaving old Oliphant him. He hoped so sincerely; but staring. He's put our skipper's if it did not prove to be so, he would know what measures to

Algy; "I think we'd better cut Carker during his short but very to the station to drive him up."

"Has he really?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Lack of taste and lack of tact

"You fellows don't know any- "Nobody seems to want to catch were very evident in Mr. Carker's thing," sniffed Bunny. "I keep his eye," said Stubbs. "He's got speech, and Hilton of the Fifth my eyes open. I say, he looks a bit all the masters in his study now ventured to murmur to Price a of a cough-drop." —the Head's study. I saw them wondering query as to where Mr. Carker could possibly have been brought up.

The speech was followed by a dead silence. Every word had jarred upon

somebody.

Mr. Carker had implied that he was not satisfied with the state in which Dr. Chenies had left the school, which was a reflection on "Perhaps the good man is the absent Head. He had hinted that he expected trouble, and was ready to be very unpleasant about

(Continued overleaf.)

it—about the most tactless thing



Algernon Aubrey St. Leger looked in at the door of the tuck-shop. "Enjoyin' yourselves, dear boys?" he asked. "No end!" said Bob Rake. "Trot in,

boys in that disorderly crowd?" that this thin, stiff gentleman was | "Just about," said Harry. the new headmaster, looked at him, and stared after him with long faces. Not one was favourably impressed by the looks of Mr. Randolph Carker.

#### Mr. Carker Takes Control.

snapped Mr. Carker.

"Wot?"

Harry Wilmot & Co. kept on the trot till they reached the gates of St. Kit's.

There they dropped into a walk, and strolled in at the gates with all "Who has?" asked Algy, as if the carelessness of manner that they could muster.

They sauntered across the quad to the School House with an elaborate air of leisurely unconcern.

But when they were safe within the walls of the top study, they did not look unconcerned.

"We've done it," Bob Rake remarked. •

"Looks like it," said Harry, rue-

"Never say die, old beans," said Algernon Aubrey, encouragingly. and nose like an eagle's beak." "All we've got to do is to prove a | "What a merry brute!" said was a recognised form of enter- giddy alibi. Not a word about rag- Algy. "He would feel no end tainment in the Lower School; and | ging with Turkey & Co .- not a | flattered if he heard you, Bunny." solace to Mr. Coote. But old Anyhow, you were strangers to the said Bunny. "I'm going to be Coote had his good points; he had Carker man, and probably he jolly careful with Carker. He's

"You can explain that you didn't know him from Adam," said Algy. "Jawing old Oliphant?" "After all, he's not our headmaster until he arrives at St. Kit's and takes over control from Mr. Tulke."

that," said Harry. But he did not keep some kind of order among the speak very hopefully. fags. Old Oliphant turned as red as right to expect. He hoped that that

study about half an hour later. he had quite forgotten that there

existed such a personage as a new headmaster. "The Carker merchant," said Bunny. "Old Coote's been down

"Face like a gargoyle," said "The dear man doesn't seem to Bunny. "Jaw like a steel trap,

"You hear me?" snapped Mr. glad you weren't there." Tulke had got up a bit of a speech, "I think you will!" grinned he could have hinted. "Bow-wow!" said Algy. "I'm I believe—he looked like it. You Stubbs, and he strolled away.

He's just been jawing Oliphant."

"Yes. Some Third Form kids were leap-frogging in the quad," said Stubbs; "he asked Oliphant whether the prefects here con-"I hope he'll look at it like sidered it their duty, or not, to back up."

"Looks as if he's goin' to put take. everybody's back up," yawned St. Kit's fairly blinked at Mr.

"What's he like?" grinned Bob. going in-they didn't look happy."

happiness." "Hall at five-thirty," added Stubbs, as he turned to the door.

possess the gift of conferrin'

"What for?" "reportin' 'em" was often a word about going down to Wicke. "Catch me letting him hear me," "It's a giddy inspection. Carker is going to inspect us."
"What rot!"

anxious to make our acquaintance," smiled Algy. "I think I

In a few weeks' time—a wonderful new story by DAVID GOODWIN. Tell all your pals about this splendid news!



Everybody present was anxious to escape from Mr. Carker's flinty eye. But they were not to escape

After a brief paus e, he resumed:

"There is another matter to which I must refer—a matter that must be inquired into and disposed of at once."

"Little us!" Bob murmured in Harry Wilmot's ear.

afternoon I saw several juniors of this school engaged in a disgrace- Bob. ful disturbance. Eggs were hurled at me by these juniors when I interposed and commanded a cessation of the disgraceful scene. Every boy who was in Wicke this afternoon will now stand forward, so that I can discover the culprits."

Harry Wilmot drew a deep breath.

"It's all up," he murmured; "better get it over, Bob."

"Right-ho!" groaned Bob. And the two juniors stepped out of the ranks of the Fourth.

#### Going Through It.

Randolph Carker fixed his eyes upon Wilmot and Bob Rake, and a evident that he recognised the two the Fifth. juniors at once, now that they "Kindly lend me a cane, Mr. stood out of the crowd.

Concerning the Offside Rule.

Some very interesting football

matches are being played just now. They are what might be called the

"Test" matches to prove whether

either of the suggested alterations in

the offside rule would result in real

and lasting good to the game. The

fact that the Football Association has

made a departure from usual custom

and sanctioned these trial matches

under rules which are not part and

parcel of the game at the present

moment is a significant as well as an

interesting event. It means that the

rule-makers of England have at last

been convinced of the necessity for

giving the most careful consideration

to suggestions for alteration in the

offside rule. In these notes, I think,

I have previously stated that in my

opinion there will be a change before

Unreal Trials.

one point which I should like to be

specially noted just now, when the

trial matches to test the alterations

are being played. It would be a mis-

take to attach too much importance

to these games, for the simple reason

that they are only friendly contests,

distinct from League matches and

Cup-ties, and, as everybody knows,

there is not quite the same competi-

tive spirit abroad in friendly games.

I saw one of these offside trial

matches the other day, and every-

body went away from the match

with the definite impression that the

football was none the worse for the

new conditions. But when eagerness

to gain points or victory in a big

Cup-tie is the inspiring factor, then

I am just a little bit afraid that we

shall be disappointed if we expect

too much from the new rule. Mind

On this question, however, there is

another season starts.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

He signed to them to advance up | a cane in his hand.

(Continued from previous page.)

been in the village that afternoon make sure that it was in good con- already fallen victims. were coming forward, but Mr. dition for a severe castigation.

Carker waved them back.

concerned!" he said. "Come here! Your names?"

"Wilmot, sir."

"Rake, sir." "Your Form?"

"The Fourth."

"You are the two boys who were fighting with Lyncroft boys near the station?"

"Yes, sir."

"And who refused to obey my command to cease, and pelted me "On my arrival in Wicke this with eggs?" said Mr. Carker.

"Yes or no!" "Yes, sir."

"Very good!" said Mr. Carker. "Very good!"

"Will you let us explain, sir?"

asked Harry.

thing to say!" answered Mr. Carker, with a very unpleasant

"We did not know you at the times, sir," said the captain of the Fourth. "We took you for some the cane lashed on it. stranger interfering with us-" "That is no excuse."

"But, sir-"

"Enough!"

BOOTBALL

G055IP!

y "Goalie"

you, I am not saying that the change

will not be for the better, especially

Harry was silent, compressing his lips. Mr. Carker glanced glitter came into them. It was across to Mr. Tulke, the master of white.

Tulke."

"I did not bring a cane into the hall, Mr. Carker," answered the master of the Fifth coldly.

"Wilmot!" "Yes, sir."

"Fetch a cane from my studythe headmaster's study."

"Very well, sir."

Harry Wilmot walked down the if this goes on." hall and disappeared. Bob Rake stood where he was, silent and quite alarmed. "Oh, I say! Sup- "Ow!" murmured Bob. uncomfortable. There was a dead pose-suppose he should ever cane silence until Harry returned, with me! Oh crumbs!" That alarming

Several other fellows who had swished it and tested it, as if to

There was little doubt that Rangratify it.

your hand."

our hand."
Harry obeyed quietly. Swish!

There was a deep-drawn breath door. in the crowded hall as the lash of the cane rang through the long, lofty apartment.

It was a savage cut, such a cut "You see, sir-" stammered as Dr. Chenies would never have Wilmot on the shoulder. Harry the Sixth while Carker is here." dreamed of delivering. Harry looked at him silently. Wilmot compressed his lips to keep back a cry of pain.

"The other hand, Wilmot."

Swish! "Now the other again!"

Harry Wilmot hesitated. Mr. "Certainly, if you have any- Rawlings, who was standing with his Form, frowned darkly, and made a movement, but restrained himself.

"You hear me, Wilmot?"

The hand came out again, and

"Now the other again!" Swish!

"You may go back to your place, Wilmot."

The captain of the Fourth returned to his place, his face quite

"Now your hand, Rake." Swish! Swish! Swish! Swish!

Bob Rake was made of tough miserable.

material; but his ruddy face was quite pale when he had received

the four cruel lashes. He stumbled as he went back to his place in the Fourth.

"By gad!" murmured St. Leger, dashed ruffian! There'll be trouble

"Oh dear!" squeaked Bunny, possibility quite startled Bunny, He handed it to Mr. Carker, who and left him no leisure to feel sympathy towards those who had

Mr. Carker's flinty eye roved round the assembly. It was really "These two boys are the boys dolph Carker was anticipating the: as if he were looking for some sign punishment with pleasure; the of resentment or disapproval, man had a cruel strain in his which would give him a pretext nature, and he was going to for further use of the cane. With lowered eyes, and in dead silence, "You first, Wilmot! Hold out | St. Kit's endured his inspection.

"Dismiss!" snapped Mr. Carker.

He left the hall by the upper

Still in silence, the St. Kit's fellows crowded out of hall. But in the corridors a buzz broke out.

Oliphant of the Sixth tapped

Oliphant.

speaking. The captain of St. Kit's glanced at the palms, already

swelling. He made no comment, but

nodded and passed on with his face set. Harry Wilmot & Co. went up | study frown. But Durance had not to their study at once. Wilmot and come to be unpleasant. Bob wanted to be out of sight just then. Their hands were very pain- it," he said. ful, and they were not in a mood "Yes," answered Harry shortly. for the rather noisy sympathy of the Fourth. Algernon Aubrey followed them into the study—and like this." He hesitated a closed the door on the fat nose of Bunny Bootles. Bootles was not wanted.

top study.

Algernon Aubrey looked utterly .

He blamed himself for not having been present in the rag in the village, and having thereby escaped where his chums had suffered, though the thought of such an infliction upon his delicate setting his teeth. "By gad! The palms made the dandy of the Fourth shudder.

"By gad!" said Algy, at last.

"This is awf'ly rotten."

"The man's a tartar, and no mistake."

"A dashed hooligan!" muttered

"If this goes on-"

"There'll be trouble," said Harry Wilmot. "This sort of thing wouldn't be allowed in a County Council school. And it's not good enough for St. Kit's. I suppose he had a right to lick us for pelting him, though he might have made allowance for our not knowing who he was. But the man's a cruel brute-he likes caning chaps."

"I could see that in his eye!" groaned Bob.

"We shall have to try to give

him a wide berth," said Algernon Aubrey. "Luckily, the Head doesn't have much to do with the Fourth. I shouldn't care to be in

"Lucky for the Sixth they can't "Let me see your hands," said be caned," said Bob, with a faint grin. "But I'll bet that he'll Harry held them up without make them sit up some other

There was a tap at the door, and Durance of the Fourth looked in. The sight of a member of the "St. Kit's Goats" made the top

"You fellows have been through

"The man's a brute," said Durance. "I'm sorry you've had it moment. "We're not friends, Wilmot, but I'm really sorry. If there's trouble to come with that There was a long silence in the ruffian, I'm ready to back you up. That's all."

And Dick Durance withdrew. (Continued on the next page.)

forward. Last week we pointed out I West Bromwich Albion players of how Bedford had disappointed after the moment, was found in junior his early showing of the present football by the ever-watchful Albion season. Now there has come to the scouts. When he first signed for West Bromwich from a Handsworth League club, however, he was regarded as a lad likely to develop into a centre-half.

#### A Lucky Experiment.

Fortunately, they believe in making experiments at the Hawthorns, and the idea of playing James at centre-forward has proved a most valuable one.

Another case of successful Albion shuffling is that of Magee, who was tried for quite a long time at outside-right before it occurred to somebody that he might be a much greater success at half-back. This was really a revolutionary notion, because Magee is a little fellow without the physical qualifications for the half-back department. But that the change was a wise one is proved by the fact that Magee has since then played for his country.

#### A Curious Accident.

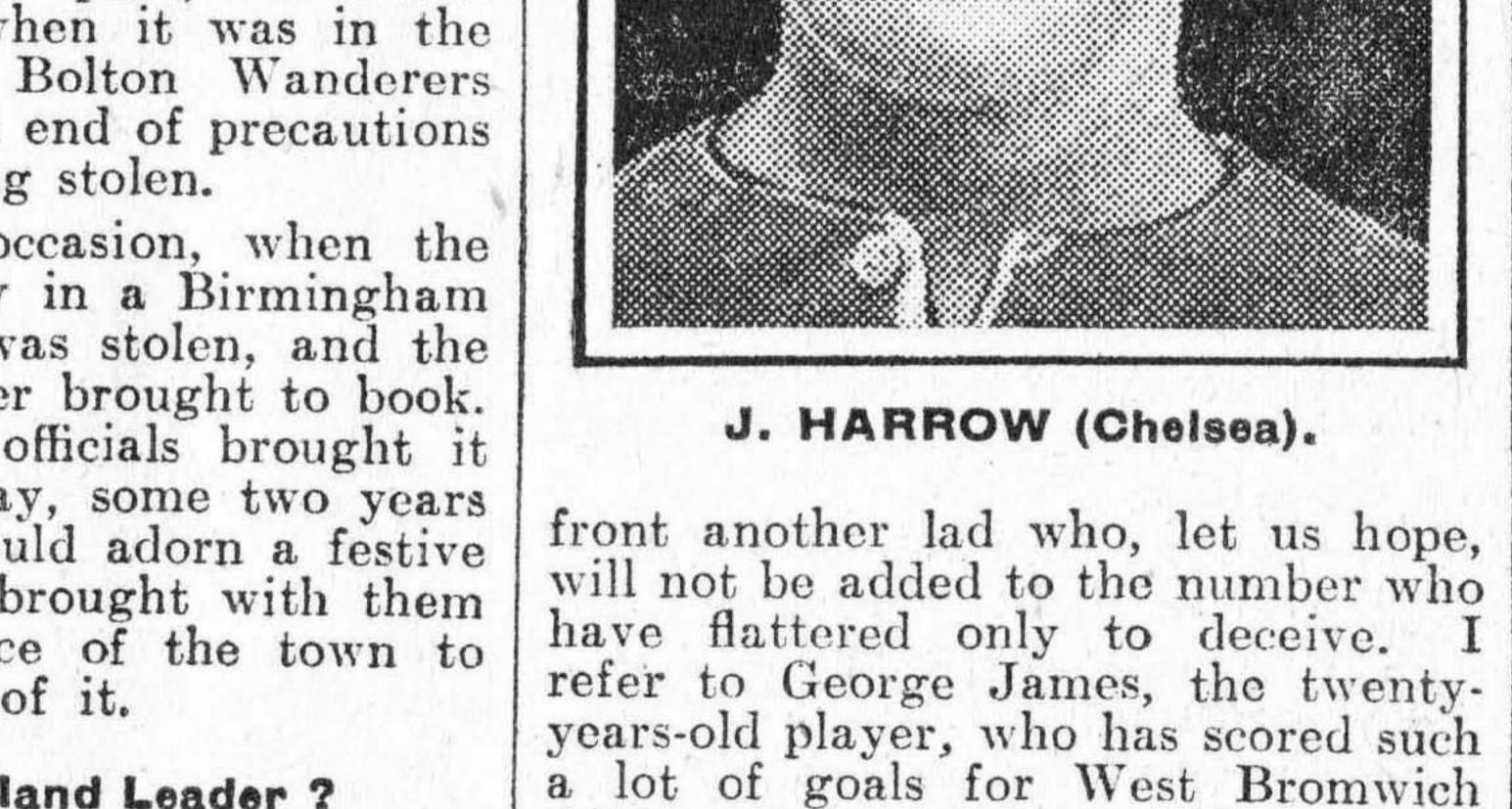
The footballer runs all sorts of risks, but it is not often that we hear of an accident the like of which befell Jack Harrow, the Chelsea captain, some time back, and which kept him out of the game for many weeks. On a muddy ground a harddriven ball was kicked right into the face of Harrow, and some dirt was so forced into the eye that for some time it was feared that this famous full-back would lose all power to use it. However, after much painful attention and much shading from any real light, the sight of Harrow's eye was eventually saved. By the way, mention of this fact reminds me that Chelsea used to have a oneeyed player on the staff in Robert Thompson, a centre-forward who now plays for Charlton.

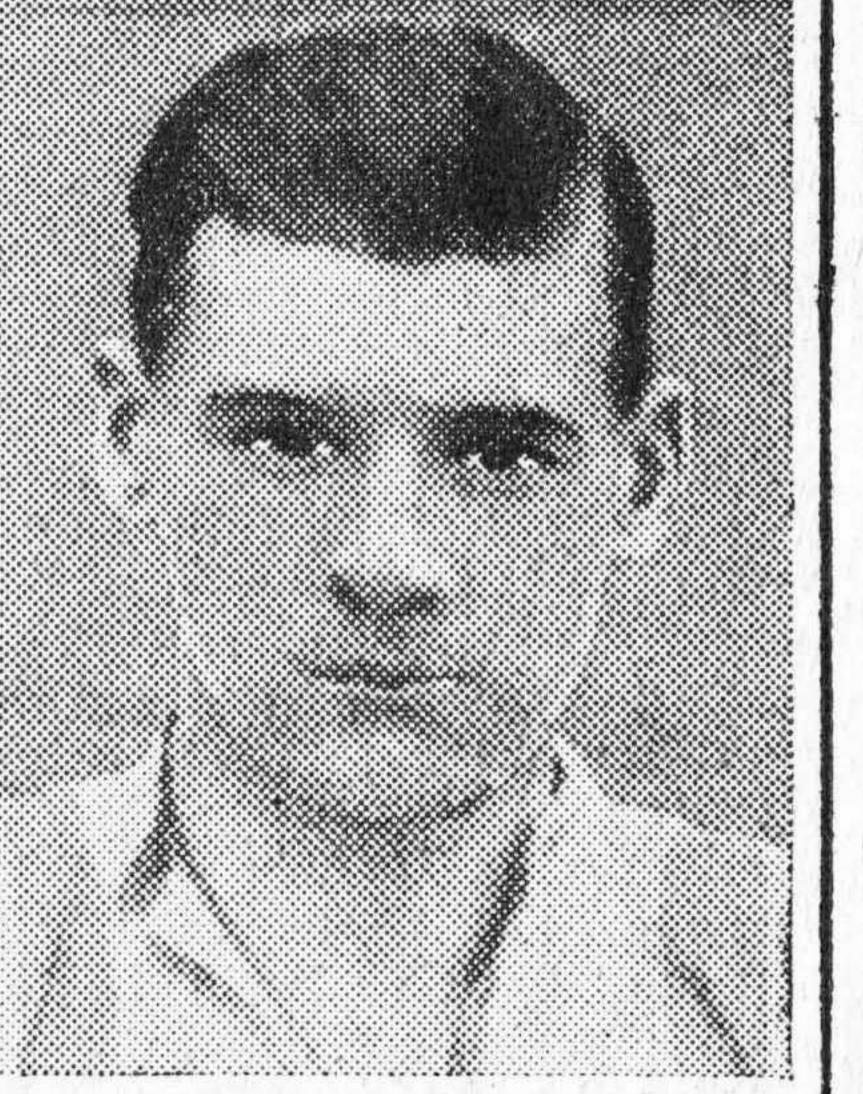


(Look out for another splendid footer article next week.)

from the public point of view; but I am anxious to see a thorough test under real conditions, and friendly games are not real in the generally accepted sense.

It may come as a surprise to my readers to learn that no longer are Newcastle United literally the Cupholders. Early in February the silver bauble which is known as the English Cup has to be returned to the authorities, so that, although it remains true that Newcastle are the last club to win the Cup, they no longer hold the trophy. Special care is, of course, taken to guard the big silver cup over the winning of which so much energy is spent, and I well remember that when it was in the keeping of the Bolton Wanderers club they took no end of precautions to prevent it being stolen.





G. JAMES (West Bromwich Albion).

Taking Care of the Cup.

On a former occasion, when the Cup was on show in a Birmingham

shop window it was stolen, and the culprits were never brought to book. The Wanderers' officials brought it to London one day, some two years ago, so that it could adorn a festive board, and they brought with them the chief of police of the town to take special care of it.

#### A New England Leader?

It is one of the tragedies of English football since the War that we have continually found it so difficult to discover a real centre-

## 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 14th. The likely winning side is printed in capitals. Where a draw is anticipated, both clubs are printed in smaller letters.

#### First Division.

Arsenal v. Huddersfield Town. ASTON VILLA v. Birmingham. Burnley v. Tottenham Hotspur. BURY v. West Ham United. CARDIFF CITY v. Notts County. Leeds United v. WEST BROMWICH A LIVERPOOL v. Newcastle United. MANCHESTER CITY v. Blackburn Rov. Nottingham Forest v. Sheffield United. Preston N.E. v. Bolton Wanderers. SUNDERLAND v. Everton.

#### Second Division. BARNSLEY v. Hull City.

BRADFORD CITY v. South Shields. Clapton Orient v. Leicester City. Crystal Palace v. MANCHESTER U. Fulham v. Chelsea. MIDDLESBROUGH v. Blackpool. OLDHAM ATHLETIC v. Coventry City. Port Vale v. Derby County. THE WEDNESDAY v. Stoke. SOUTHAMPTON v. Stockport County. Wolverhampton Wan. v. Portsmouth.

#### First Division. Scottish League. AIRDRIEONIANS v. Aberdeen.

J. HARROW (Chelsea).

Albion this season, and materially

helped them to play such a promi-

nent part in the League champion-

James, like a majority of other

ship race.

CELTIC v. St. Johnstone. DUNDEE v. Hamilton Acads. Falkirk v. RANGERS. HIBERNIANS v. Third Lanark. MORTON v. Hearts. Partick Thistle v. Kilmarnock. Queen's Park v. Cowdenbeath. RAITH ROVERS v. Motherwell. IST. MIRREN v. Ayr United.

Don't miss "The Boy From Broadway!" the splendid story of Tom Merry & Co. at St. Jim's, in the "Gem" Library. Out on Wednesday!

Algernon Aubrey. "By gad! There on as he's started. What?"

"But--" said Bob. "Butwhat can we do?"

"I don't know-yet! But I'm not going to be caned like that a face. second time," said Harry Wilmot. "I'd rather clear out of St. Kit's. We'll keep clear of the brute if be trouble."

And the trouble was to come much sooner than Harry Wilmot | Kit's who was not to make his and the members of the Fourth close acquaintance. thought.

#### The Reformer!

their new headmaster. That over his class. But he retired from sample had made the whole the room while Mr. Carker was in school realise what a loss they had | charge, declining to remain as a sustained in losing Dr. Chenies. The old Head had inspired awe rather than regard among his boys, but since the change to Mr. Carker, the St. Kit's fellows realised that they had lost a friend.

In the Sixth Form-room, when Mr. Carker took charge of that Form, there were gloomy faces. The Sixth, of course, could not be caned; they had no chastisement to fear. But Mr. Carker had a tongue that was as sharp as his cane. It was not a happy morning for the Sixth, and Mr. Carker succeeded in making himself thoroughly unpopular, if he had not done so already.

But with the seniors Mr. Carker was under some restraint. There was a limit to what they would stand. In the Sixth Form there were half a dozen powerful fellows who could have picked up Mr. Carker and thrown him over a desk. Certainly they were not likely to proceed to any such extreme measures. But the fact that they were able to do it had a restraining influence upon the tyrant of St. Kit's. Although they found his tongue a bitter one, and although he treated them as slackers whom it was his unpleasant duty to drive, the Sixth found that they could endure him.

But Mr. Carker was not content with handling the Sixth. Whether he was afflicted with a strong sense of duty or not, it was apparent that he had a very strong love of interference.

In the afternoon he put in an appearance in the Fifth Formroom, leaving the Sixth to look after themselves, much to their satisfaction.

Mr. Tulke was surprised to see

him, and looked it.

The new Head explained curtly that he intended to take each Form in hand in turn, and satisfy himsatisfactorily. If changes were judge by their looks when they his sight and hearing. needed he was ready to introduce came out of the Form-room after them. Above all, he was determined that there should be no slackness.

Mr. Tulke, with feelings too deep for words, handed his class over to the new Head, and retired into a shell of dignified silence.

put through their paces by Randolph Carker. He was well up to his work, so far as scholastic attainments went, and he made some of the Fifth perspire. It was a drastic change after the easy rule of Mr. Tulke.

Gunter of the Fifth was in quite a state of nerves when Mr: Carker had done with him. Gunter was not a bright youth, and his private opinion of the classics was that they were "all rot." Gunter had often told Price, his study-mate, how he would enjoy having the gloves on with Horace, Virgil, Ovid, and Thucydides. Gunter would have taken on all four together and enjoyed it. He would have enjoyed it very much more than he enjoyed their works. So Gunter was reduced to nerves and perspiration by Mr. Carker, and his feelings were shared more or less by all the Fifth.

"Trouble to come!" repeated down St. Kit's and freely com- take it out of the Lower School. appeal. Whether the Form- rooted to the ground. His fat jaw mented upon. Not that the Shell are really masters would care to oppose the dropped—and the look of utter will be trouble if that tyrant keeps "Takin' all the Forms in turn, Lower School," added Babtie Head was a very dubious question. terror on his face was ludicrous.

is he?" said Babtie of the Shell. hastily. "Yes," said Harry quietly. "Then he'll drop on us tomorrow."

of the Fourth, with a very long they weren't juniors-in their own worth living under Randolph eyes glinted more like cold steel

The Head had always been a portant distinction. we can-but if we can't, there'll School. But Mr. Carker, evidently, we are!" grunted Bob Rake. was going to change all that.

There was not a fellow in St.

Next morning the Shell went into their Form-room with dire anticipations, which were fully realised.

St. Kit's was in a turmoil! Mr. Rattrey, the master of the The school had had a sample of Shell, had no choice about handing witness.

He did not make any secret of Babtie spoke with all the more

Mr. Carker took the Shell for an | Co. had been quite subdued by the | events.

being Middle School. If they considered them unsatisfactory. vainglorious declaration. "And on us next!" said Stubbs | weren't exactly seniors, at least | Even if they felt that life wasn't | His thin lips tightened, his pale estimation. Apparently Mr. It was not a happy prospect. | Carker had not realised this im-

rather far-off figure to the Lower | "You're Lower School same as | bound to return when his health | prey about to swoop. "Carker seems to think so, any- question of time-or so, at all "Oh! Ah! Yes! No! What!

> "Carker's a cad and a rank outsider," snapped Babtie. "If he takes the Shell again I'm goin' to complain to Mr. Rattrey. Our Form-master is bound to protect us from that wild Hun."

"He ought!" said Lister, doubt-

"He's got to!" declared Babtie. "I can jolly well tell you that I am not standing any more of Carker in the Shell Form-room."

the fact that he did not like Mr. | emphasis because he did not sup-Carker's interference. But his pose that Mr. Carker would be dislike did not worry Randolph taking the Shell again, anyhow. was not likely to defy the tyrant of Carker at all. As a matter of fact, Babtie & St. Kit's—not in his hearing, at all

Carker's rule, still they were than ever. His Roman nose looked, was restored. It was only a events, everyone at St. Kit's sup- | Oh dear!" stuttered Bunny. posed.

Harry Wilmot & Co. walked away, leaving Babtie and company fuming and raging.

"Nice for little us, next!"

"If he handles the Fourth like that——" he began.

"We won't stand it," said Bunny Bootles, after a cautious glance

round to ascertain that he was not heard. "Let us defy the beast."

The Co. grinned. Bunny Bootles



"Hold out your hand, Bootles!" ordered Mr. Carker "Oh jiminy!" gasped Bunny Bootles. "At once, sir!" thundered the new headmaster. Swish! "Now the other hand?" Swish! Bunny Bootles tucked his hands under his podgy arms, with an expression of anguish upon his fat face. "That will be a lesson to you, Bootles, to speak more respectfully of your masters," said Mr. Carker. "Ow, ow, ow!" wailed Bunny.

were aware that their own turn Governors, and those high and was coming.

Harry Wilmot & Co. looked for Babtie after morning lessons; The Fifth did not enjoy being and they found Babtie talking to his comrades in the quad-and his comrades talking to Babtie-all talking at once, emphatically and furiously. Obviously they had not | t enjoyed their "turn" with Mr. Carker.

"How did you get on, dear boys?" St. Leger inquired.

Babtie breathed fury. "I was caned three times!" he

"Oh gad! What for?" "First," said Babtie, "for not

sittin' up straight! Second, for lookin' sulky after bein' caned! Third, because the villain caught me out in Ovid!" "I had it twice!" groaned

Lister. "Twice for me!" said Verney major.

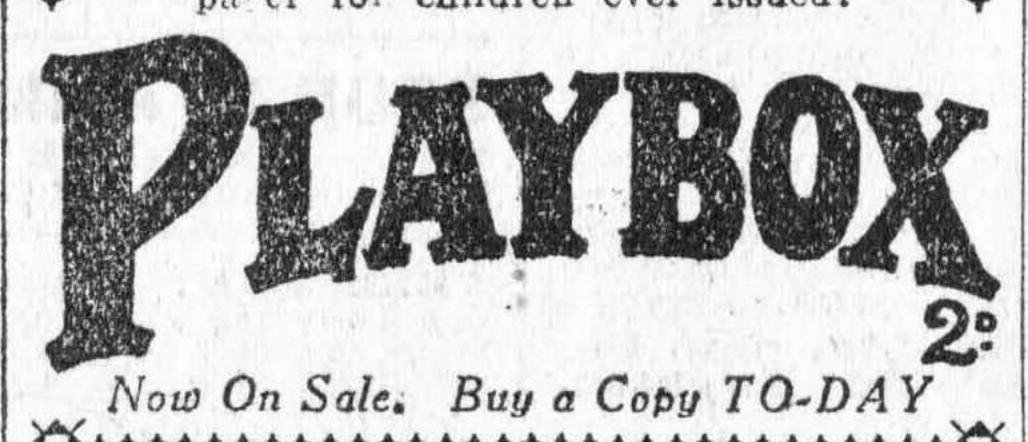
"The old bounder's arm must ache after the way he ladled it out," said Babtie savagely. "He seems to enjoy it. I know his After school Mr. Carker's game. He daren't cane the seniors, "latest" was reported up and though he'd like to. He's goin' to Cuthbert Archibald Bootles seemed | disappointment.')

hour that morning. It was an new Head. They breathed fury, self that matters were progressing hour's nightmare to the Shell, to but they breathed it well out of

The Fourth were very anxious to itself. Mr. Carker had been know the result, because they regularly appointed by the mighty gentlemen were beyond 



All children will love the jolly new COLOURED picture paper, PLAYBOX. No. 1 is now on sale everywhere, price 2d., and each number contains a big coloured balloon - absolutely FREE. PLAYBOX will be packed each week with delightful stories, funny pictures, jolly jokes, riddles, games, puzzles, and "cut-out" models. It's the jolliest parer for children ever issued!



Bunny blinked at them.

"If the Form had elected me captain, I'd show 'em!" he said. Indeed, it was difficult to see "I'd show that brute! Let him lessons. | how the Lower School could help pick on me, that's all! You fellows | keep your eyes on me in Form this afternoon if that rotter takes the Fourth. I'll stand up to the rotter."

phatically.

not afraid of him. Let him fix his rub it in. Bunny had had enough. I shall say—I shall say——"

"Well, what will you say?" of anguished ejaculations. grinned Bob.

"I shall say, 'Certainly not, sir!" said Bunny firmly. "I It was very probable that the shall say, 'I decline to be caned by anyone but my own Form-master.' I shall say, 'Get out of our Formroom and be blowed to you, Carker!' "

It was sheer ill-luck that Mr. Randolph Carker should have come round the corner of the Oak Walk at the precise moment.

He appeared in sight suddenly. The juniors stopped dead, and

Undoubtedly the new Head bad It was evident that Mr. Carker The Shell prided themselves on the power of dismissing them if he had overheard the hapless Bunny's

likely to endure patiently until to the wretched Bunny, like the Dr. Chenies returned—as he was great beak of some fearful bird of

"You were speaking of me?"

"Oh, no, sir!" "You mentioned my name!"

thundered Mr. Carker. "Not at all, sir."

sighed Algernon Aubrey.

"Very!" said Harry dryly.

Bob Rake's eyes glinted.

"I heard you."

"I—I—I didn't, sir. I—I—I mentioned—I—I was speaking of mentioned-I-I was speaking of -of Parker, sir."

> "Parker?" "Parker, sir-Parker of the Shell---'

"I distinctly heard you say! Carker."

"Parker, sir-Parker, I assure you," spluttered the terrified Bunny. "Besides, I didn't know you were listening, sir."

"I-I mean I knew you were listening—that is—I knew—I didn't know-I-I-I--" Bunny's voice failed him.

Mr. Carker had a cane under his arm. He let it slide down into his

"So you would refuse to be caned by me, would you, Bootles?" he asked, in a deadly voice.

It was evident that Mr. Carker had lingered behind the screen of the Oak Walk as the juniors came along, and had listened intentionally to their talk. If anything could have added to the juniors' dislike and scorn of him, that would have done it.

"Oh, no, sir!" groaned Bunny. "I-I wouldn't think of such a thing, sir. It—it wouldn't be—be respectful, would it. sir?"

am going to cane you, Bootles." "Ow!"

"Hold out your hand!"

"Oh, jiminy!"

"At once, sir!" thundered Mr. Carker.

Swish! "Now the other hand!"

Swish!

Bunny Bootles tucked his hands under his podgy arms, with an expression of anguish upon his fat face that might have touched the heart of a Prussian Hun. Apparently Mr. Carker had a heart tougher than a Hun's, for it cer-

tainly was not touched. "That will be a lesson to you. Bootles, to speak more respectfully of your masters," he said.

"Ow! Ow! Ow!" "I trust you will profit by it, Bootles."

"Yow-wow!" "Answer me, sir!" snapped Mr.

Carker. "Ow! Yes, sir! I-I-I think so, sir. I hope so. Yow-ow-owow-ow!"

"Fathead!"
"Oh, I say—"
"He tucked his cane under his "Can it, Bunny, can it, old arm and walked on. Bunny sank sport," said Algy. down on one of the benches of the Bunny snorted. He was always Oak Walk, squeezed his fat hands, being told to get his observations and groaned in anguish. The Co. 'canned." He raised his voice em- | did not speak. Bunny's dire terror and horrified submission "I tell you I sha'n't stand any after his loud vaunts had a comic rot from Carker," he said. "I'm side; but the juniors forbore to blessed green eyes on me-I'll stand | The Co. walked on, leaving Bunny up to him. If he wants to cane me on the bench squeezing his hands and uttering an incessant stream

> "Ow! Ow! Ow! Wow-wowwow! Yow-ow-wooop!"

> lesson would not be lost on Bunny. It was quite certain that Cuthbert Archibald Bootles would be very, very careful before he "talked out of his hat" on the subject of Mr. Carker again.

> (Whatever you do don't miss next Monday's long instalment of this ripping school story. Order your Boys' FRIEND in advance and avoid