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The BOYS' FRIEND 2d

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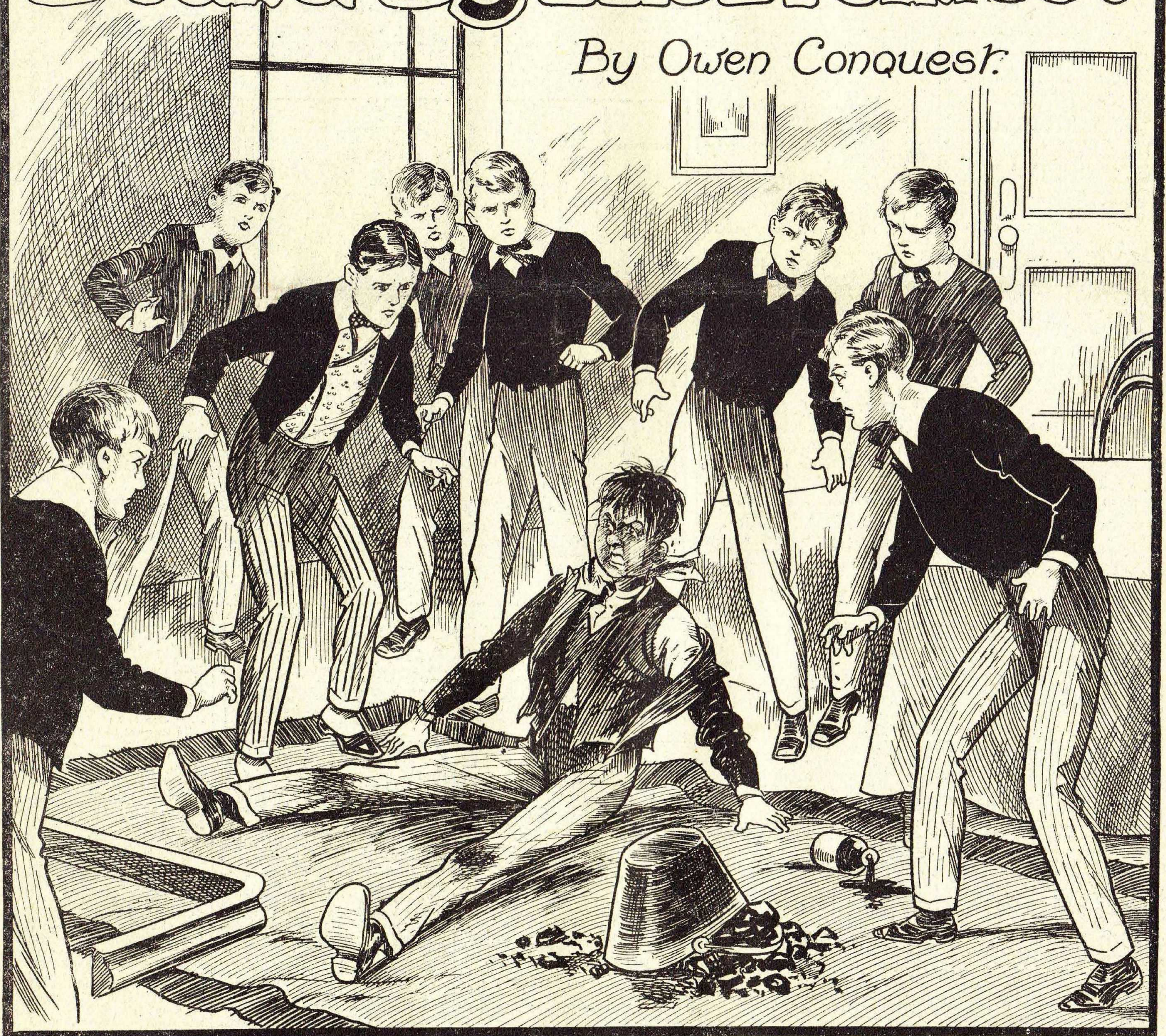
No. 1,237. Vol. XXV.—New Series.]

THE BEST BOYS' PAPER IN THE WORLD!

[Week Ending February 21st, 1925.]

Bound By His Promise!

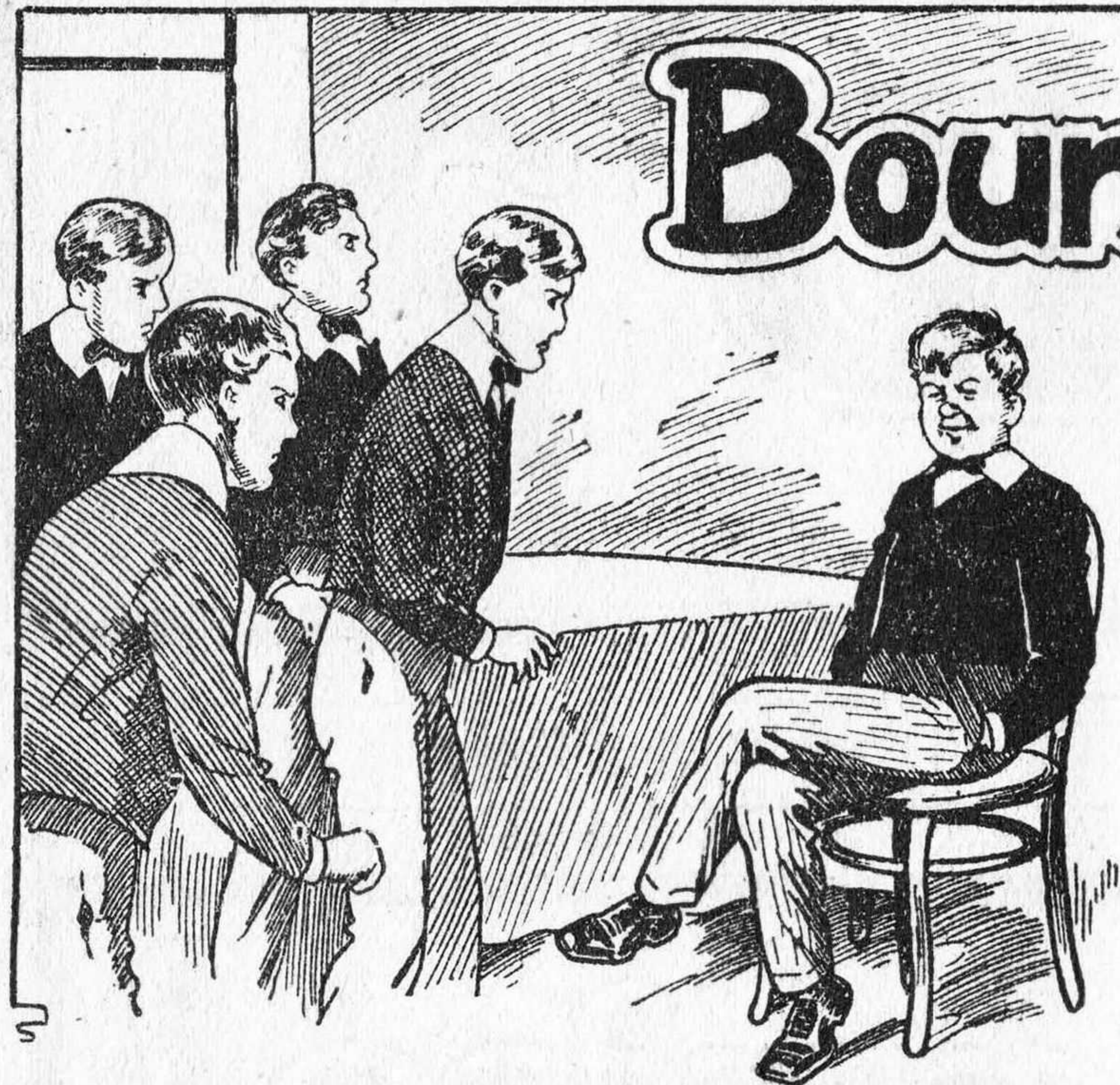
By Owen Conquest.



Gunner Receives a Severe Ragging from the Enraged Fourth-Formers!

(An exciting incident from the grand long story of Jimmy Silver & Co., of Rookwood School, in this issue.)

ANOTHER OF OUR RIPPING STORIES OF JIMMY SILVER & CO., OF
ROOKWOOD SCHOOL!



Bound By His Promise!

By OWEN CONQUEST.

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

Jimmy Silver has good reason to regret the promise he makes to Peter Cuthbert Gunner!

The 1st Chapter.

A Chance for Gunner!

"What about Gunner?" Jimmy Silver laughed. Arthur Edward Lovell made the suggestion, and he laughed as he made it. Raby and Newcome grinned.

"Why not?" said Jimmy. "After all, he's keen," said Lovell. "He can't play footer for toffee—he can't do anything for toffee or nuts. But he's keen—no end keen. Give him a chance to distinguish himself in a school match for once."

There was merriment in the end study in the Classical Fourth. The mere mention of Peter Cuthbert Gunner in connection with football was sufficient to cause merriment.

"Too thick, though!" said Raby, shaking his head. "Of course, the match will be a walk-over—we know St. Kit's style in Soccer. But, after all, it's a school match, and it counts. Can't leave anything to chance."

"Rot!" said Lovell. "Make us look awful asses if a crew of fumblerers like that happened to beat us," remarked Newcome. "Rot!" repeated Lovell, more emphatically.

That was Arthur Edward's way of countering argument. Any opinion that did not agree with his own was obviously rot, and Lovell never hesitated to say so.

Jimmy Silver looked thoughtful. He had a paper on the study table before him, and a pencil in his hand. He was jotting down names for a football-match.

Usually that was a very serious matter for the junior football captain of Rookwood—as serious as a senior match could be for Bulkeley, the captain of the school.

But the circumstances, in this case, were exceptional.

Rookwood juniors had played St. Kit's once in the previous term. The match had been, from their point of view, a comical one. They had beaten St. Kit's by eleven goals to nil, and could have made the score higher had they not been laughing too much to kick goals. Jimmy Silver had rather regretted taking on the match at all; it was a waste of time, from his point of view. At Rookwood they took Soccer seriously, which was evidently far from being the case with the St. Kit's fellows.

But the return match was to be played. Jimmy Silver & Co. were going over to St. Kit's to play it, after which it was Jimmy's idea to bid a long farewell to that particular fixture.

So the sorting out of players, usually a serious task, did not worry Jimmy very much now. Any old thing was good enough to play the nuts of St. Kit's.

The great men of the junior eleven were ready to stand down—indeed, rather keen to stand down. There was no need for a centre-half like Jimmy, a right-half like Lovell, a forward like Mornington or Erroll or Tommy Dodd, a goalkeeper like Rawson. In fact, Jimmy's opinion was that the Third Form fags could have put up a team to walk over St. Kit's.

So fellows who seldom or never had a chance in a school match had a chance at last of seeing their names in the football list.

Still, there was a limit.

Gunner of the Fourth was the

limit. So Arthur Edward Lovell's merry suggestion made Jimmy think a little.

"Give him a chance!" said Arthur Edward. "He's keen. After all, it's rather hard cheese on old Gunner, never to get a look in, simply because he's a silly ass!"

"Silly asses aren't really wanted in a football side," remarked Jimmy. "St. Kit's will be playing eleven silly asses," retorted Lovell.

"Well, that's so." "You can put in two or three good men, to make a sure thing of it. But the fact is, Jimmy, fellows aren't keen on playing those goats. It's a waste of time."

Jimmy nodded. "You've offered to let Morny captain the side, and he's told you that he wants to stand out."

"I know." "I'm standing out, too," added Lovell.

"Oh, are you?" "Yes, I am! I'm afraid of being charged with manslaughter, if I happen to charge one of those stuffed dummies. Suppose he fell down dead?"

Jimmy laughed. "The Modern chaps are always saying they want a better show in school matches," went on Lovell. "Well, give 'em a show. Let Tommy Dodd skipper the side if he likes. And put Gunner in. Give Gunner a chance. He's a born idiot, but he's good enough for St. Kit's."

"After all, three or four of ours could play all St. Kit's," observed Raby. "Old Gunner will jump for joy if he's given a chance."

"St. Kit's will jump, too, when they see his style," said Newcome. "Oh, they don't know anything about footer!"

"I believe they've got a good senior side," said Jimmy Silver. "I've heard so. But their junior team is too funny. I'm jolly well inclined to give them Gunner."

"Do!" said Lovell.

Jimmy Silver hesitated. It is well said that he who hesitates is lost. Jimmy was well aware that a football captain should leave nothing to chance. But, really, there did not seem any chance in this matter. Victory over Carton's team at St. Kit's was a foregone conclusion.

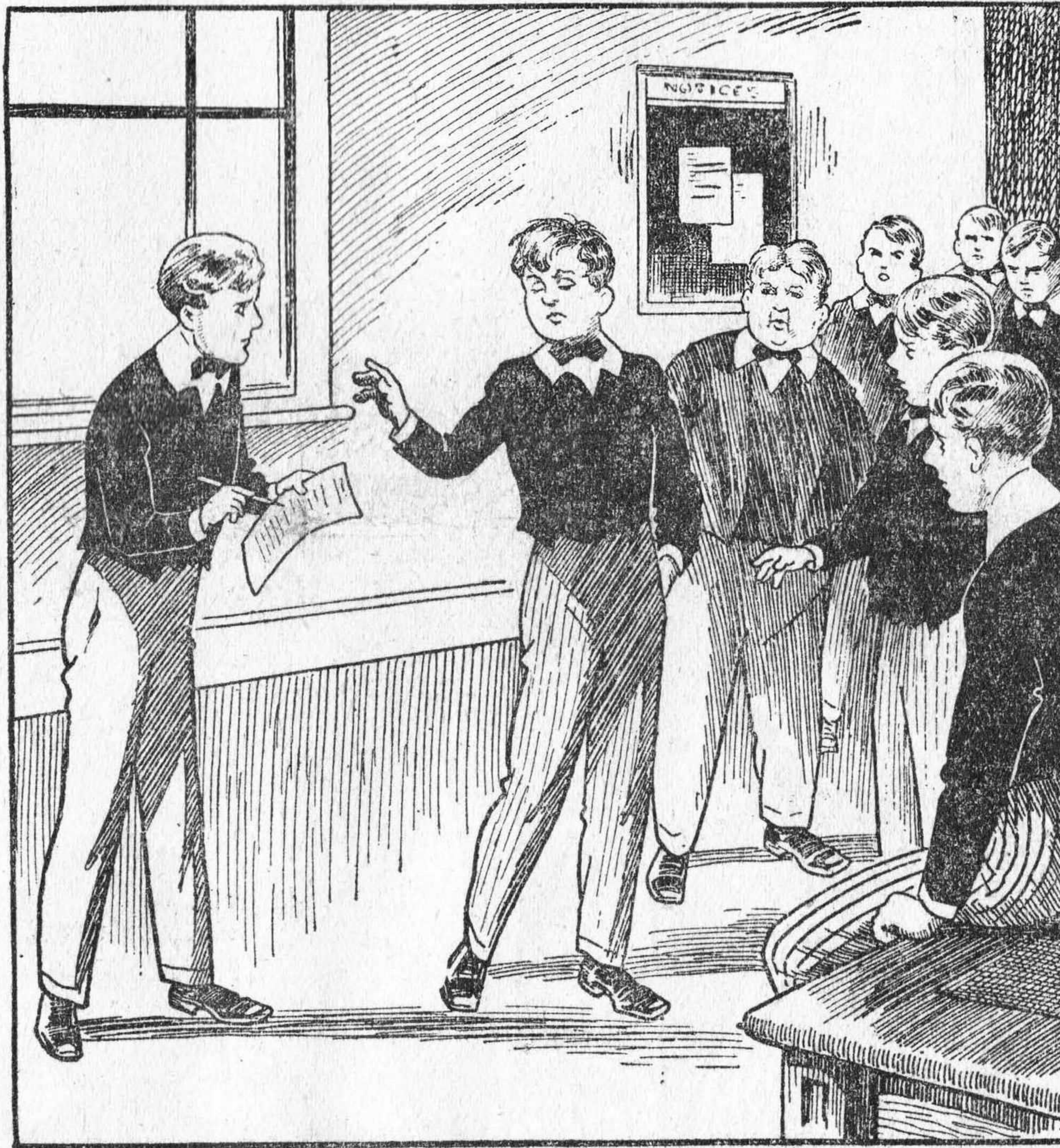
"After all, it will make him happy," said Jimmy Silver cheerily; and he wrote down Gunner's name.

Then the captain of the Fourth strolled downstairs to the junior common-room to post up his list. There were a good many Classical juniors in the room, and among them was Peter Cuthbert Gunner, of the Fourth. The burly, bulky Gunner was talking to his study-mate, Dickinson minor. Gunner was a good talker. He rather prided himself upon being one of those strong, silent characters—and, like many of such characters, he had a great deal to say. The hapless Dickinson had to bear the brunt of it.

Gunner was talking football now; and Dickinson was shifting from one leg to the other, and casting unhappy glances to right and left, hoping that some other fellow would come up and talk to Gunner, and give him a chance to escape. But there never was any yearning on the part of the Rookwooders for Gunner's conversation. He was a good fellow, good-hearted and good-natured, in a lofty sort of way, and he was rather liked,

as well as laughed at. But there was no doubt that he was a bore—especially on the subject of Soccer. On that subject, what Gunner did not know would have filled huge volumes.

Jimmy Silver's entrance rescued Dickinson minor, however. Peter Cuthbert Gunner glanced at the captain of the Fourth, and crossed over to him. Dickinson had not ventured to move off while Gunner



GUNNER OBJECTS! "Hallo, Dickinson!" said Jimmy Silver. "I'm sorry I shall have to drop you on Wednesday, after all." "Drop me and be blowed!" answered Dickinson minor independently. "I'm not keen on a mugs' game!" "Right!" Jimmy drew his pencil through Dickinson's name. "And you, Gunner—" "Cut it out!" said Gunner. "You see, it's turned out that things aren't quite as I supposed at St. Kit's," explained Jimmy Silver. "You'll have to be counted out of the match." Gunner looked unpleasant. "Can't be done!" he answered. "I've been kept out of the football matches so far, and I'm not missing this. See?"

was talking; but Gunner moved off without the slightest ceremony.

"That the footer list, Silver?" inquired Gunner, in his powerful voice, which was heard all over the room.

Jimmy Silver nodded. "Usual gang of fumbling fozzlers—what?" asked Gunner sarcastically. "Not quite," said Jimmy mildly. "I'm making some changes for next Wednesday."

Gunner sniffed. "You call yourself a football captain?" he said.

"I do," assented Jimmy. "You fancy you know a fellow's form?"

"I've got a sort of fancy that way," agreed Jimmy.

"Well, you're an ass! Look at me."

"I'm looking! It's not a particularly pleasant sight—but I'm looking."

"Is there a half at Rookwood like me?" demanded Gunner warmly.

"Not one!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Gunner stared round, surprised that Jimmy's unexpected admission had caused a burst of laughter from the other fellows. Even Dickinson minor was grinning.

"I don't see anything to cackle at!" snorted Gunner.

"There's a looking-glass yonder!" suggested Mornington.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You're making some changes, what?" resumed Gunner. "Leaving that ass Lovell out of the half-way line, by any chance?"

"Yes."

"Well, that shows sense, at least. But I'll be bound you're going to put some silly fathead into his place."

"Think so?" asked Jimmy genially.

"Sure of it," scoffed Gunner. "The silliest ass you can dig up at Rookwood, in either House, most likely."

"Well, you ought to know," agreed Jimmy.

"Eh? Who's the chap?"

"P. C. Gunner," answered Jimmy. "Wha-a-a-t?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Classical fellows. P. C. Gunner's face was quite a study just then.

"Oh!" gasped Gunner. "You—you—you're playing me!"

"Little you!" agreed Jimmy, and he put up the paper. Peter Cuthbert Gunner, scarcely believing his eyes, had the pleasure of reading his own name therein.

His rugged face was irradiated with smiles.

"Well, my hat!" he ejaculated. "You're not by any means such a silly owl as I've always supposed, Silver."

"Thanks!"

ting quite a sensible chap, Silver—not nearly such a fool as you look, you know. I can promise you something worth watching next Wednesday.

"I'm sure of it," said Jimmy cordially.

And he walked away, leaving Peter Cuthbert Gunner in high glee. Whether it was wise to chance a man like Gunner in any football match might be a question; but there was no question that he had made Gunner happy. That evening Peter Cuthbert seemed to be walking on air; and almost, like the gentleman of ancient times, to strike the stars with his sublime head.

The 2nd Chapter.

Not Keen!

"Check!"

Tommy Dodd, captain of the Modern Fourth, made that observation warmly.

The observation was called forth by the perusal of the list of men for the St. Kit's match.

Generally, the Modern fellows grouched a little because there were too few Moderns, in their opinion, selected for the School junior team.

Now their complaint was on reverse lines.

For once, too many Moderns had been selected.

In the list, there were no fewer than six Moderns, to five Classicals; and as the Classical side at Rookwood was the more numerous side, that number was quite out of proportion.

Really, the Moderns ought to have been flattered; and so they would have been had the match been with St. Jim's, or Greyfriars, or Bagshot. But it was not flattering to be picked out for the St. Kit's match. That was a match "pour rire," as Morny put it in French; simply a comic episode under the guise of Soccer. "Classical check!" agreed Tommy Cook.

"Just neck!" said Tommy Doyle. The three Tommies were quite agreed. Tommy Dodd frowned at the list.

"Look here, we're not standing it," he said. "We're not going to waste an afternoon going over to St. Kit's to fumble about with those fozzlers. I'd rather play Oakshot again—and they're nearly the limit. The Classicals can have the St. Kit's match all to themselves."

"What-ho!" agreed his comrades. "They've got Gunner in; that shows what they think of the match!" said Tommy Dodd. "Fancy thinking we'd play in the same team with a born idiot like Gunner!"

"Check!"

It was the "quarter" after second lesson on Saturday morning. The match was taking place on the following Wednesday, so the list had been posted unusually early. But Jimmy Silver had not had to bestow much mental exercise on that list.

The three Tommies walked over to the Classical side, where they found Jimmy Silver & Co. strolling under the beeches, whiling away the time till third lesson.

"It won't do!" announced Tommy Dodd.

"What won't?" inquired Jimmy. "You've got six Moderns down for Wednesday."

"That's all right—they won't do any harm this time," said the captain of the Fourth reassuringly. And there was a chuckle from Lovell and Raby and Newcome.

"Cut it out!" snapped Tommy Dodd. "I tell you I wouldn't be found dead in a team with Gunner in it. Catch on?"

"You want to stand out?"

"All three of us! We're not wasting time going over to St. Kit's to play a set of dummies who ought to be playing hop-scotch."

Jimmy Silver laughed. "All serene, old man; keep your wool on. I was going to ask you to captain the side."

"Ask your grandmother!" retorted Tommy Dodd.

And the three Tommies walked away sniffing. Jimmy Silver grinned and sighed. As a rule, there was crowding for places in the junior eleven; sometimes soreness on the part of fellows who weren't selected. On this occasion there was no crowding—quite the other thing. Only Peter Cuthbert Gunner was eager to play.

"It won't be so jolly easy to fill up the eleven, at this rate," said Jimmy. "Morny's standing out, and Erroll, and Rawson, and—and all of us; and Oswald's told me he'd rather drop it, and nobody's keen excepting Gunner. But somebody will have to go over to St. Kit's."

"You'll jolly well have to go!"

"The St. Kit's Match!"—next Monday's great story featuring the boys of Rookwood and St. Kit's Schools. Be sure you read it!

chuckled Lovell. "You've offered two or three fellows to let them captain the side, and there's no takers. You're jolly well hawking the captaincy up and down Rookwood, and nobody jolly well wants it."

Jimmy frowned. "I suppose I shall have to go," he conceded. "Anyhow, we shall have to send three or four players along with the duds; even St. Kit's could beat a team made up wholly of Gunners and Dickinsons and Muffins. We can't run any risk of a beating."

"My hat! We should be laughed to death if St. Kit's beat us," said Newcome. "We're for it," said Jimmy. "We shall have to go—"

"Leave me out!" said Lovell. "I've left you out; but I shall have to put you in again, old man. You two chaps as well. Somebody's got to play."

"Rot!" snorted Lovell. "Those sneaky Moderns are always grouting that they don't have a full show in the matches. Now they're given more than half the eleven, and they drop out."

The bell for classes cut short the discussion, and the Fistical Four went to their Form-room.

The junior football captain found himself compelled, after all, to give the St. Kit's match some reflection. His difficulty was a very unusual one; the difficulty of finding eleven fellows willing to play. As Morny had put it, a footballer with a reputation to consider couldn't afford to be seen playing a team like Carton's men at St. Kit's. No fellow who really could play wanted to play in that match. Every regular member of the team wanted to stand down and give the reserves a chance. And the reserves were far from eager to close on the chance so generously offered them.

Fellows who never had a chance at all in matches had a chance now, and they did not seem at all keen. But even in a football match "pour rire" it was necessary to play a few good men to make sure of victory. And Jimmy, as captain, could scarcely keep out of it, and he decided that his three chums should back him up. The Fistical Four, on their own, were quite able to beat Vernon Carton's team. And the other seven players might be any sort of odds and ends.

After dinner that day Jimmy Silver called on his men for games practice. The new team—such as it was—had to be put through its paces, and Lovell and Raby and Newcome, after some demur, agreed to play up. But Peter Cuthbert Gunner was going out that afternoon, and he stared when Jimmy told him he was wanted for practice.

"Bosh!" said Gunner. "That's all right. I don't need practice like you fellows!"

"Oh, my hat!" was all Jimmy could say.

"You fellows pile in," said Gunner encouragingly. "You need it! I hear that St. Kit's are no great shakes in the football line; but you can't be too careful. Stick to it! No need for me to worry, as I'm in great form, and there's nothing left for me to learn at Soccer."

"Little Side at two-thirty!" said Jimmy curtly.

"I tell you I don't need practice," said Gunner impatiently. "I'm going out for a spin with Dickinson."

"Dickinson's in the team, and he's wanted for practice, too."

Gunner sniffed.

"Well, look here, Silver! It's a bit thick for a fellow like me—a man of my football abilities—to put in a lot of unnecessary practice with a lot of fags. Still, I don't mind. Only, I want one thing clear."

"What's that?" asked Jimmy, smiling.

"You've made up your mind jolly suddenly to give me a chance in the matches," said Gunner. "You're changeable!"

Jimmy laughed. He had his reasons for being changeable on that occasion, though Gunner was too obtuse to comprehend them.

"If I put in this afternoon at games practice—quite unnecessary—I want it to be clear that I'm not wasting my time," said Gunner. "No dropping me at the last minute or anything of that kind. See?"

"I see," assented Jimmy.

"If I'm playing on Wednesday, I'm at your orders," said Gunner. "If not, not! That's how it stands. I'm playing—honest injun?"

"Honest injun!" said Jimmy reassuringly.

"That's a promise?"

"Yes."

"Good enough!" said Gunner graciously. "I'm your man, then!"

Here, Dickinson, we're not going out. Get changed, and come down to footer! I'll show you some things in Soccer that you're not used to, Silver."

"I dare say you will," assented Jimmy.

And Gunner walked down to Little Side with the footballers, to join in a pick-up game, and cause considerable gaiety among the fellows who saw him at it.

The 3rd Chapter. Surprising News.

"I say, you fellows!"

Jimmy Silver looked round. He was watching the pick-up game on Little Side, and smiling cheerily at the mysterious antics which Peter Cuthbert Gunner regarded as playing football, when a fat voice addressed him.

A fat youth, whose podgy face was adorned by a big pair of spectacles, grinned at him and held out a fat hand.

"Surprised to see me—what?"

Jimmy Silver shook hands rather perfunctorily with Billy Bunter of Greyfriars. He was surprised to see the Owl of Greyfriars there, and not particularly pleased; but he was polite.

"Thought I'd run over and see you chaps," said Billy Bunter brightly. "I knew you'd be glad to see me."

"Well, that sort of thing may do for Rookwood," said Bunter. "It wouldn't do for Greyfriars!"

Jimmy Silver smiled cheerily. He had met Bunter more than once before, and knew what kind of manners to expect from him.

Bunter continued to watch the pick-up, and to make polite and pleasant remarks; to which Jimmy Silver listened with polite tolerance. The practice finished, and Lovell and Raby and Newcome came off to change, and then the Fistical Four adjourned to the end study for tea. The three juniors eyed Billy Bunter rather grimly; but they followed Jimmy's example of extending politeness to the stranger within the gates, and Bunter was allowed to wedge into the end study to tea. And some extra supplies were fetched in for the occasion. Extra supplies were very necessary in any study where William George Bunter of Greyfriars was a guest.

Bunter grinned cheerily over the festive board. Lovell dished up the eggs—five nice new-laid eggs, one for each member of the tea-party. Bunter helped himself to three of them.

"Don't apologise, you fellows," he said. "I've taken you by surprise, I know. I don't expect much. It's all right. I can do with eggs!"

"Oh! Can you?" gasped Lovell.

"Certainly, old chap!"

Bunter polished off three eggs in

Bunter finished the cake. Then, like Alexander of old, he looked round for new worlds to conquer. But the table was bare now.

"Is that the lot, you fellows?" asked Bunter.

"That's the lot!" said Lovell grimly.

"Is this what you call a study spread at Rookwood?"

Jimmy Silver & Co. did not answer that question. They were beginning to feel that the manners and customs of Billy Bunter of Greyfriars were too much for them.

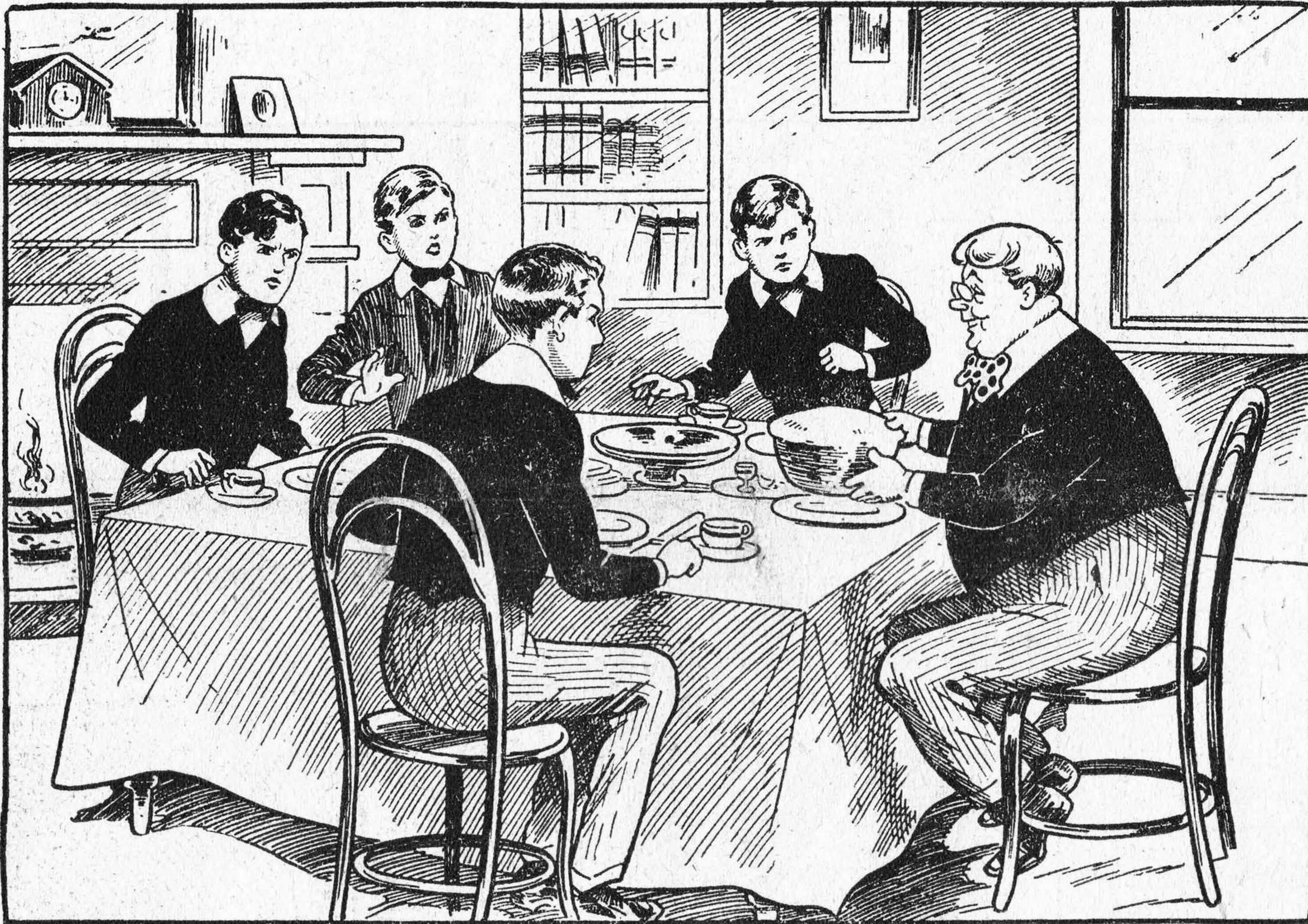
Arthur Edward Lovell, indeed, was so restive that only Jimmy's warning glances restrained him from some exceedingly plain speaking. Lovell was debating in his mind whether he would be able to resist much longer his intense desire to kick the Owl out of the end study.

"I'll do you better when you come to see me at Greyfriars," said the fat junior. "You'll be coming over for the footer-match soon, anyhow. But I can tell you'll get jolly well laughed at if you play footer as I've seen you playing it this afternoon."

"Shall we?" said Lovell in a sulphurous voice.

"Yes, rather! We play Soccer at Greyfriars, you know, with the accent on the 'play,'" said Bunter calmly. "My hat! Your style will make the fellows cackle no end. Do you call it footer, by the way?"

Lovell breathed hard.



BUNTER TAKES THE CAKE! Jimmy Silver pushed the cake towards Billy Bunter of Greyfriars. "Help yourself, Bunter," he said amicably. "Thanks, old fellow!" Bunter transferred the cake to his plate—a proceeding that was watched in a rather petrified way by the Fistical Four.

"Did you?" murmured Jimmy. He wondered what could have put that idea into Bunter's head.

"Yes. I've really neglected you rather," said Bunter. "But a fellow has so many calls on his time—a fellow like me, I mean. It's a bit of a worry sometimes being so much sought after. Still, a fellow likes to be popular, on the whole."

"Oh!"

"So I'm giving you this afternoon," said Bunter. "There's a match on to-day at Greyfriars. We are playing St. Jim's. Wharton wanted me to play, but I told him plainly that it couldn't be done. A chap can't give up every half-holiday to footer, can he?"

Jimmy Silver grinned. He could guess exactly how much Billy Bunter was desired to figure in a Greyfriars team.

"So here I am," said Bunter. "I shan't be able to stay very long. It's rather a step from here to Greyfriars, you know. But I shall be able to stay to tea."

"I'm sure you will," assented Jimmy.

"By the way, is that what you Rookwood chaps call footer?" inquired Bunter, with a grinning glance towards the players in the pick-up.

"It's practice."

"Who's that long-legged idiot barging about like a bull in a china-shop?"

"That's Gunner."

"Does he think he's playing footer?"

"He does!"

less than three minutes. He blinked round for more, but the other two had vanished.

Jimmy Silver hastily pushed the cake towards him.

"Help yourself, Bunter."

"Thanks, old fellow!"

Bunter transferred the cake to his plate, a proceeding that was watched in a rather petrified way by the Fistical Four. Certainly it was not a very large cake, but there was enough to go round. But evidently the cake was to stop as well as to start with Bunter.

"This isn't a bad cake," said Bunter, with his mouth full.

"Oh, isn't it?" murmured Newcome.

"No, not at all. Of course, not like the cakes I get from home," said Bunter.

"No?"

"Oh, no! If you saw the cakes I have sent to me from Bunter Court you'd think this rather measly. Still, it's all right. I can eat it."

"Looks like it!" said Lovell.

"Any port in a storm, you know," said Bunter brightly. "I'll stand you fellows a feed if you'll come over to Greyfriars one half-holiday. Something a bit better than this!"

"Oh!"

"Come on Wednesday—no, not Wednesday; I'm teeing with the Head on Wednesday. Say Saturday—no, not Saturday; I'm expecting one of my titled relations on Saturday. I'll fix the date later."

"Don't trouble," said Lovell. "We are not coming."

"Hem!" murmured Jimmy Silver.

"If that's the team you're bringing over to Greyfriars—the lot I saw to-day—you may as well save your railway fares," said Bunter. "You won't have the ghost of an earthly."

"That's not the team," said Jimmy Silver quietly. "That's a scratch team we're sending over to St. Kit's on Wednesday. Any old thing is good enough for St. Kit's—see?"

"Oh, you play St. Kit's!" said Bunter. "My dear man, don't do it! They're over your weight. Why, they've beaten us!"

"What?"

"Fact!" said Bunter. "I was left out of the Greyfriars team, and I dare say that accounts for it. But they did, a week ago."

Jimmy Silver stared at the fat junior. As Rookwood had a regular fixture with Harry Wharton & Co. of Greyfriars, he knew the form of the Greyfriars footballers pretty well. Bunter's statement was astounding.

"Are you gammoning, Bunter?" demanded Jimmy Silver.

"Eh? No."

"Do you mean to say that St. Kit's juniors beat Wharton's team at footer?" roared Lovell.

"Yes; last Saturday."

"Rot!"

"Oh, really, Lovell—"

"What's the good of giving us that?" snorted Lovell. "Carton's team couldn't beat a girl's school."

Bunter stared.

"They beat Wharton's crowd, two goals to one," he said. "Carton isn't junior captain at St. Kit's now. I've heard he was sacked. Anyhow, he's

gone. They've got a new lot. There's a chap named Wilmot junior captain now, and I can tell you he's a corker. He's fixed up a regular fixture with Greyfriars, and he's won the first match, two to one."

"Oh, my hat!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. blinked at Bunter.

It dawned upon them that the Owl of Greyfriars had stated the facts; and, if that was so, evidently there had been great changes in St. Kit's junior football since the last time Rookwood had played that school.

"Wilmot!" said Jimmy Silver at last. "I've never heard of the chap before."

"I believe he's rather new at St. Kit's," said Bunter. "From what I've heard, he's made a lot of changes there. Anyhow, if you fellows are playing St. Kit's, you'll have to pull up your socks, I can tell you. Not that you'll have any chance, anyhow. If they've beaten Greyfriars, Rookwood isn't likely to be able to stand up to them—what?"

"Fathead!"

"Oh, really, Silver—"

"I—I mean, isn't it about time you caught your train, Bunter?"

Bunter sniffed, and rose to his feet. There was nothing left to eat, and he realised that he was wasting his time.

After Bunter was gone the Fistical Four looked at one another.

"What a discovery!" murmured Jimmy Silver.

"Gammon, in my opinion," said Lovell.

Jimmy shook his head.

"I tell you it's gammon," said Lovell obstinately. "St. Kit's can't play footer for toffee, and never could."

"Well, it stands to reason they've got some fellows who can play," said Jimmy. "That chap Carton was a swanking sort of an ass who simply fooled with the game, and he picked his men to match. But if they've got a new captain who knows the ropes it would make no end of a difference. I'm rather glad Bunter butted in here to-day. Look's to me as if we've had a jolly narrow escape."

Raby and Newcome nodded.

If St. Kit's juniors were putting into the field a team capable of beating Harry Wharton & Co. of Greyfriars, it was obvious that Rookwood would have to sit up and take notice very seriously. Only the best men they could send out would have a chance of beating a team that had been victorious at Greyfriars.

"It's gammon!" repeated Lovell.

"Bunter was pulling our leg. I've never heard of Wilmot."

"A chap might exist without your hearing of him," suggested Raby. "We know nothing about what happens at St. Kit's."

"Rot!"

"The fact is, I've played the goat," said Jimmy Silver soberly. "I've taken too much for granted. Nothing should be left to chance in football matches. My hat! If we'd sent that crew over to St. Kit's, and if they put a strong team into the field—"

"They couldn't," said Lovell.

"Well, I'm going to find out," said Jimmy Silver. "We can get an exact on Monday and go over and see. If it's as Bunter says, we've had a jolly narrow escape of making complete asses of ourselves."

"It isn't!" persisted Lovell.

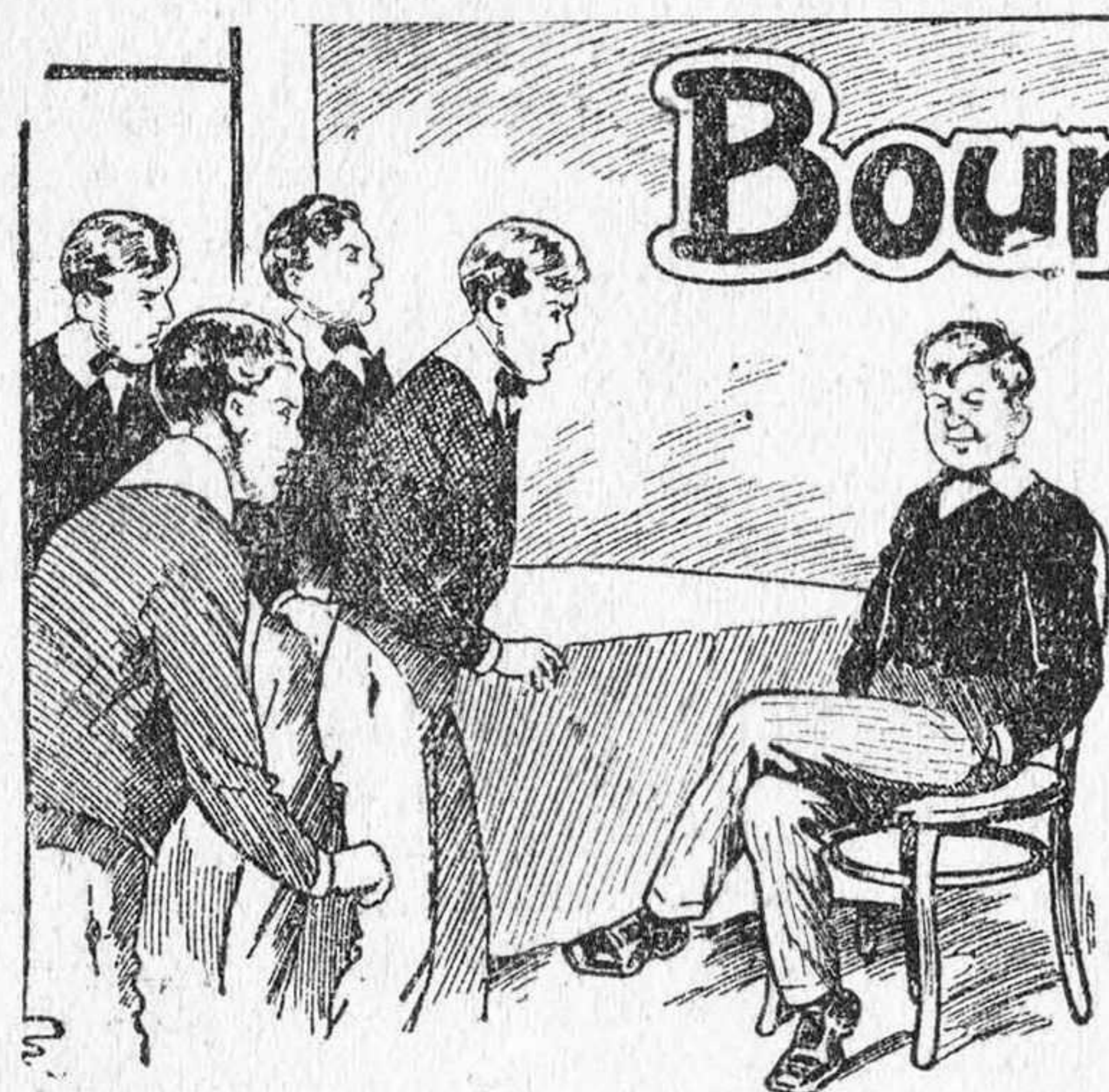
But Arthur Edward Lovell was alone in his opinion, which doubtless was the reason why he persisted in it. To the other fellows it was clear that the butting-in of Billy Bunter had been a blessing in disguise, and that they had had a very narrow escape.

The 4th Chapter. Gunner Sticks!

Jimmy Silver came in with his bicycle on Monday just in time for lock-up. His face was grave as he walked to the House, after putting up his machine. It was a good distance to St. Kit's, which was just over the border in the next county; but a long cycle ride did not worry Jimmy Silver, who was as hard as nails and always fit. But what he had seen that afternoon at St. Kit's worried him a little. For he realised clearly now, and beyond the shadow of a doubt, that he had had the narrowest possible escape of making the completest kind of an ass of himself.

Tea was ready in the end study when he came in, and Lovell and Raby and Newcome were there. They gave the captain of the Fourth an inquiring look, and Lovell gave a sniff. He was not prepared to be shaken in his fixed opinion, if he could help it.

(Continued overleaf.)



Bound By His Promise!

(Continued from previous page.)

"Here you are, Jimmy," said Newcome. "Tea all ready. Tuck into those muffins, old man. What's the news?"

Jimmy Silver sat down and started on muffins. He was hungry after his long ride.

"Seen them?" asked Lovell. "You got to St. Kit's?"

"Yes."

"I really shouldn't have cared to butt in myself," said Lovell. "My impression of those fellows is that they're swanking cads, especially that chap Carton; not likely to be very civil to an unasked visitor. I shouldn't expect them to waste politeness on us as we did on Bunter."

Jimmy smiled.

"I was treated jolly civilly," he answered. "That man Carton isn't at St. Kit's now, and his friends, so far as I can make out, are pretty small fry. I've met Wilmot, the new junior captain, and he's a good sort, I think—civil enough, anyhow, and seemed glad to see me. He wasn't at St. Kit's when we played them last, I think; but he's going to captain the side in the return match, and he's a good man."

"Seen him play?" jeered Lovell.

"As a matter of fact, I have," answered Jimmy. "I was in time to see them at games practice, as it happens, and I watched a pick-up on Little Side there, and I saw some jolly good play. Wilmot's one of the best junior footballers I've ever seen, and he's got a winger named St. Leger who is a regular flier. The others seem pretty good, too—all new men but one or two, from what I could gather. He was putting his team through their paces, ready for next Wednesday, and they shaped jolly well. Wilmot and St. Leger were friendly enough, quite different from Carton's style."

"Lucky Bunter blew in when he did," remarked Raby. "It's put us on our guard."

"Yes, rather!" assented Newcome.

Arthur Edward Lovell was silent. In the face of what Jimmy Silver had seen with his own eyes, Arthur Edward could scarcely persist that the information received from the Owl of Greyfriars was all "bunkum."

"Well, you are an ass, Jimmy!" said Lovell, breaking his thoughtful silence at last.

"Eh?"

"Playing a chap like Gunner, when St. Kit's are a good team in good form all the time," said Lovell severely. "I'm surprised at you!"

"What! I never knew—"

"I know you never knew! But you ought to have known, old chap, before you took such risks—especially Gunner!"

"Why, you suggested playing Gunner yourself!" roared Jimmy Silver.

"Did I?" Lovell seemed to have forgotten that little circumstance.

"You jolly well did!"

"Well, I didn't know about this jolly old revolution at St. Kit's," said Lovell triumphantly. "And it wasn't my business to know. I'm not football captain."

"Fathead!"

"You'll have to make some pretty extensive changes in the team now," went on Lovell.

"I don't need an oracle to tell me that," said the captain of the Fourth sarcastically. "Of course, I shall go over the team with a comb, now. All the duds will have to be dropped."

"There'll be a howl," grinned Newcome, "as soon as they find out it's a decent match, after all. They'll be keen to play."

"Very likely. But we can't chuck away School matches to please the duds. They've got to go."

"Gunner will be wild."

"Let him!"

"Yes, let him!" said Lovell warmly. "Let me hear Gunner putting on side, and I'll jolly well punch him fast enough. Gunner's got to go, first of all."

"Yes, rather!"

Jimmy Silver finished his tea

thoughtfully. Then he went down to take away the list posted in the junior Common-room. Higgs of the Fourth strolled up to him.

"I say, Silver. I can't say I'm keen on going over to St. Kit's on Wednesday," said Higgs patronisingly.

Jimmy smiled.

"Not?" he asked.

"No. Oswald says you've shoved me in because I'm no good in a decent match," growled Higgs. "Of course, it isn't so."

"But it was," said Jimmy.

"What?"

"Higgs, old man, don't be a goat. You know you're not the form for a real football game."

Higgs snorted.

"Then you can jolly well scratch my name out!" he exclaimed.

"Done!"

Jimmy Silver drew his pencil through Alfred Higgs' name at once. In the new circumstances of the case Higgs' name had to go, anyhow, but Jimmy had not expected Higgs to ask for it. However, he had asked,

"Cut it out!" said Gunner.

"You see, it's turned out that things aren't quite as I supposed at St. Kit's," explained Jimmy Silver. "I'm really sorry that I sha'n't have any use for your valuable services, Gunner. I'll remember you some time when we play St. Kit's at hop-scotch or halma. But you will have to be counted out of the footer."

Gunner looked unpleasant.

"Can't be done," he answered. "I've heard a lot of jaw about St. Kit's, and it seems that they're a lot of fozzlers—like you chaps, really—and not up to a player of my weight. Still, I'm playing. I've been kept out of the matches, so far, and I'm not missing this. See?"

"I'm afraid, old man, that you'll have to give it a miss," said Jimmy regretfully. "Sorry, and all that, but there it is. It's turned out that there's been a sort of revolution at St. Kit's since we saw them last, and they've got a new skipper and a jolly good team. We've got to go all out to beat them. So you see, there's no room for little you."

"That's good news," said Gunner. "I'm glad if it turns out to be a good match. It will give me a chance to show my quality."

"It won't, old bean. Besides, you haven't any quality to show," explained Jimmy. "You drop out."

"I don't!" said Jimmy unpleasantly. "I fancied something of this sort might crop up. You're changeable, Silver, and you never know your own mind from one day to another. That's why I made you promise."

"I jolly well do!"

"Look here, Gunner, we want good men to play St. Kit's, as it turns out, and it's simply impossible to play a dud in a hard game. You've got to let me off that promise."

"Rats!"

"Look here, you cheeky ass!"

"You can talk till you're black in the face," said Gunner contemptuously. "But unless you choose to break your word, I'm playing in the St. Kit's match on Wednesday."

"I tell you we've got to put our best men in the field, you crass ass!" roared the captain of the Fourth.

"That's what you'll be doing, if you play me."

"Oh, you fathead!"

"Nuff said!" interrupted Gunner with a lofty wave of his hand. "I'm playing! You'll be glad of it, when you see the St. Kit's men going over like ninepins. I'm playing, not for my own sake, mind you, but for the sake of the school. We've got to beat St. Kit's."

"You—you—you——" gasped Jimmy.

"Nuff said!"

And Peter Cuthbert Gunner turned his back on the angry and indignant captain of the Fourth and walked loftily away.

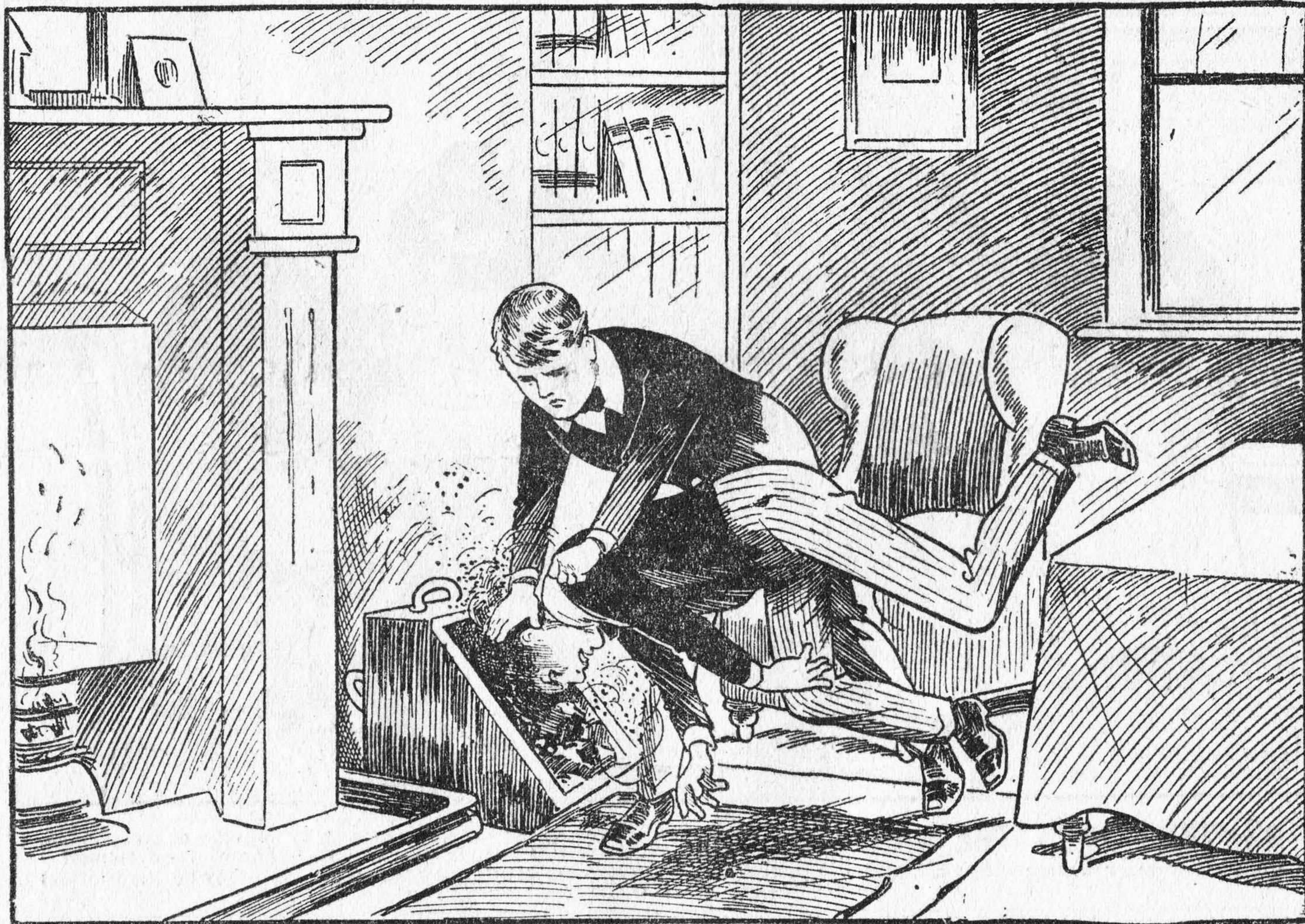
The 5th Chapter. Gunner is Game!

"You've done it now!"

Jimmy Silver gazed at Lovell.

"There was no doubt that he had done it."

It was Tuesday, the day before the



MORE TROUBLE FOR LOVELL! "You've done it!" said Lovell. "I've often told you, Jimmy, what an ass you are! You can't deny it. But this—well, this is the limit!" Jimmy Silver rose to his feet. In silence, but with vigour, he grasped Arthur Edward Lovell by the collar and shoved his head into the coal-locker. There was an indignant roar and then a wild and dusty splutter from Lovell. He struggled furiously, but the captain of the Fourth held him grimly and rammed his head into the coals and stirred them with Lovell's scalp.

and he had got at once what he asked for.

Jimmy looked round, and nodded to Jones minor.

"You keen on playing, Jones?" he asked.

"Not a bit," answered Jones minor. "I'll oblige you, Silver, but I expect you to be civil about it."

"Out you go, then!"

"Blessed if I care!" said Jones minor, shrugging his shoulders.

"What about you, Muffin?"

"Oh, I'll play!" said Tubby Muffin.

"Mind, I'm not going to make work of it. But I'll play."

"I'm afraid, old fat tub, that you'd have to make it the work of your giddy existence, if you played," said Jimmy Silver, laughing.

"Catch me!" jeered Muffin.

"You don't like the idea?"

"No jolly fear!" said the fat Classical emphatically.

"Then you drop out! You'd drop out, anyhow, if you come to that," said Jimmy, and he drew his pencil through Reginald Muffin's name.

"Hallo, Dickinson! I'm sorry I shall have to drop you on Wednesday, after all."

"Drop me, and be blown!" answered Dickinson minor independently. "I'm not keen on a mugs' game."

"Right! And you, Gunner?"

"Promise?" repeated Jimmy Silver blankly.

"Honest injun!" said Gunner. "I suppose you haven't forgotten?"

Jimmy stared at him. In point of fact Jimmy had completely forgotten his rash promise to Gunner. He remembered it, of course, now that Peter Cuthbert referred to it.

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Jimmy.

He had promised Gunner, "honest injun," that he should play in the St. Kit's match. The promise had been made under a misapprehension, certainly. But a promise was a promise.

"Lost your memory?" asked Gunner sarcastically.

"I remember now, of course," said Jimmy. "But that's all rot, Gunner. When I promised to play you I never knew—"

"I'm not accountable for what you knew or didn't know," sneered Gunner. "I know jolly well that you ought to have known what you were talking about, whether you did or not. I know that a promise is a promise, and that only a cad and an outsider breaks his word. You're a duffer, Jimmy Silver, and an ass, and no footballer, in my opinion; but I don't think you're dishonourable. You'll keep your word, I suppose?"

Jimmy Silver's face was a study.

"You won't hold me to it in the circumstances?" he said.

St. Kit's match. Forewarned is forearmed, and drastic changes had been made in the Rookwood junior team. The three Tommies of the Modern side, now that they knew how matters stood, petitioned to be taken back into the eleven, and were taken. They were also keen that there should be six Modern members as heretofore, but on that point the answer was in the negative. Four Moderns was a good allowance in Jimmy's opinion, too much of an allowance in the opinion of many Classicals.

Mornington and Erroll, of course, were in the team again, and Rawson for goal. Conroy and Lovell and Raby and Jimmy Silver made up the total. That left Peter Cuthbert Gunner over as twelfth man.

And Gunner claimed to play.

Somebody—some man who was wanted, and perhaps badly wanted—had to stand out if Gunner played. And Wilmot's team at St. Kit's was as strong as any team Rookwood ever met. They knew that now. To take a passenger like Gunner was to ask for a defeat. It would be playing ten men against eleven. Indeed, worse than that, for Gunner was certain to get in the way, to hamper his side, to commit infractions of the rules, probably to give the enemy

penalty goals. Gunner was not in the picture at all. He had to stand out. Only he wouldn't!

On many and many an occasion had Gunner claimed to play for School, thereby adding to the gaiety of Rookwood, and effecting no other result whatever. But circumstances alter cases.

Jimmy Silver, carelessly enough, had given his word.

His word, given carelessly or carefully, was his bond. If he remained football captain he had to play Gunner or break his word. The latter alternative was not to be considered.

As for dropping out himself and leaving the captaincy in other hands, nobody suggested that, or wanted it. Jimmy Silver was needed in that match, even plus Gunner. Without Jimmy in his usual place at centre-half the Rookwooders had little to expect but a beating.

A beating on ordinary lines they could take like sportsmen. But a beating because a "dud" was in the team—because Gunner insisted on Jimmy keeping a rash promise—that was the limit.

Jimmy had put it to the footballers. He would resign if they liked, and leave a new skipper to pick his own men. If he captained the eleven he had to play Gunner, unless P. C. G. let him off.

The bare idea of resignation was scouted. So the only alternative remained—to play Gunner. A prospect which made "Uncle James" of Rookwood look as if all the troubles in the county of Hampshire had fallen upon his youthful shoulders and stuck there.

"You've done it," repeated Lovell accusingly. "I've talked to that idiot Gunner. I've argued with him. I've even punched his head. And it's done him no good at all, no good whatever."

Jimmy smiled faintly.

Arthur Edward's nose, like Marian's in the poem, was red and raw. It looked as if all the punching had not been on one side. Gunner was a hefty youth, and when it came to punching heads he was generally able to keep his end up.

"You've done it!" said Lovell. "I've often told you, Jimmy, what an ass you are. You can't deny it. But this—well, this is the limit."

Jimmy Silver rose to his feet. In silence, but with vigour, he grasped Arthur Edward Lovell by the collar, and shoved his head into the coal-locker.

There was an indignant roar, and then a wild and dusty splutter from Lovell. He struggled furiously, but the captain of the Fourth held him grimly and rammed his head into the coals, and stirred them with Lovell's scalp.

It was Arthur Edward's way to say, "I told you so." Apparently, he had said it once too often.

Leaving Lovell in a dazed state, gasping on the study floor, and raking coal-dust out of his eyes and hair and ears with both hands, Jimmy Silver walked out of the end study. Lovell perhaps had supposed that his remarks might improve matters somehow. But they had only had the effect of demonstrating that even "Uncle James" of Rookwood might, at times, arrive at the extreme limit of his patience.

Jimmy walked along to Study No. 7, which belonged to Gunner and Dickinson minor. The door of Study No. 7 was wide open, and three or four of the Classical Fourth were standing there, telling Gunner what they thought of him. Jimmy pushed through into the study.

Gunner sat at his table, serene and lofty. His large nose showed some signs of damage, doubtless due to his argument with Lovell. Otherwise he was very merry and bright.

He nodded cheerily to Jimmy Silver. Dickinson minor eyed the captain of the Fourth rather uneasily. In these hours Dickinson lived in fearful expectation of a terrific study ragging taking place in Study No. 7. There was no doubt that Gunner was asking for it, or, as Putty of the Fourth said, begging and praying for it.

"Hallo, Silver! Feeling fit?" asked Gunner brightly.

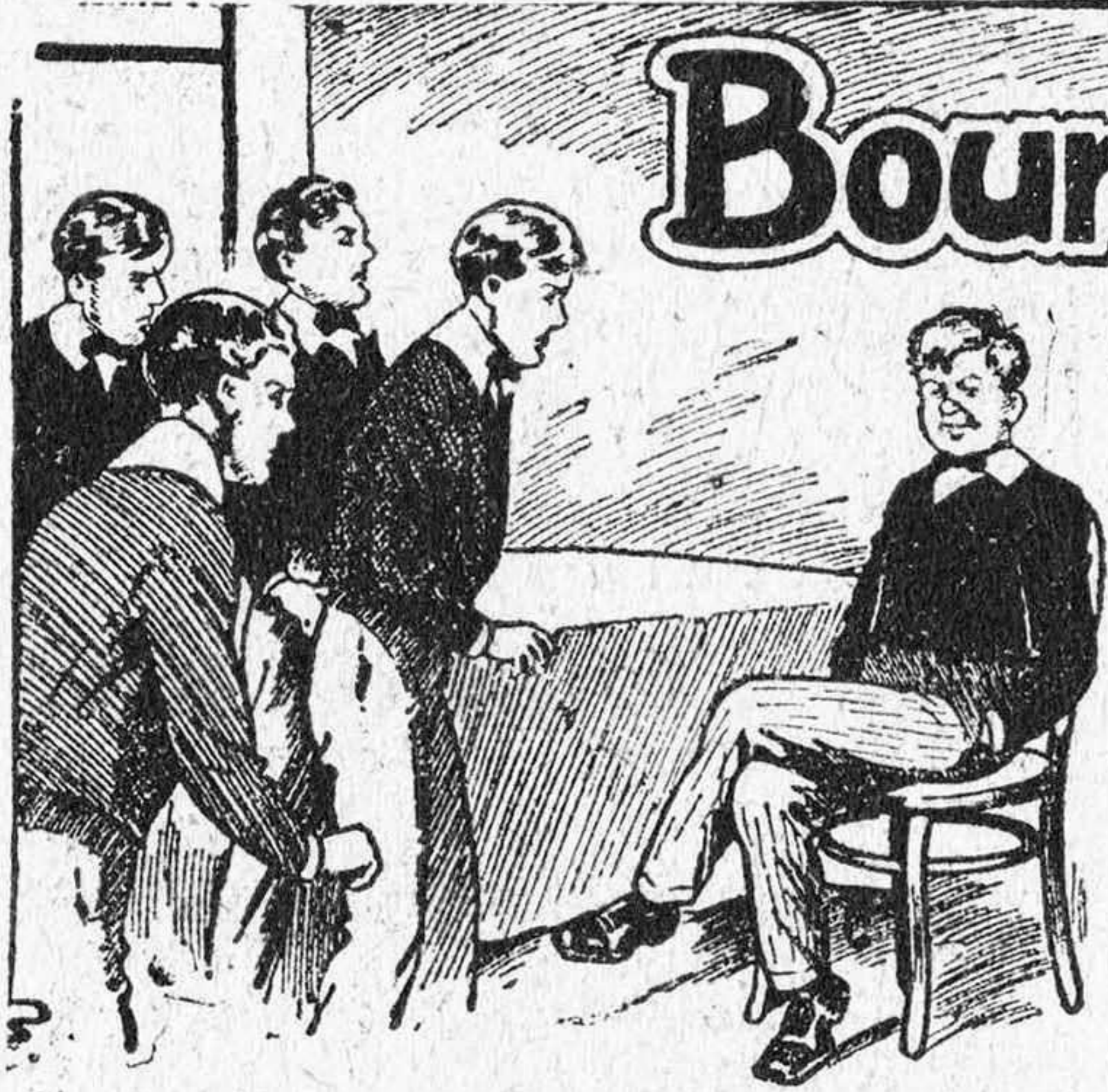
"What?"

"You're looking a bit down," said Gunner critically. "Mind, we want to be in form to-morrow, Silver! If you don't feel up to the mark, stand out of the game. I'm prepared to captain the team if you ask me."

"Oh dear!" groaned Jimmy Silver.

"Hark at him!" hooted Oswald from the doorway. "Gunner, you born idiot—"

(Continued on page 544.)



Bound By His Promise!

(Continued from page 532.)

"Do you see it or not?" roared Gunner.
 "Oh, yes! Yes, rather!"
 "So I'm sticking! They can say what they like, and—Hallo! What the thump do you fellows want?"

"Gunner, you frabjous jabber-wock!" hooted Rawson.
 "You burbling, fooling frump!" howled Townsend.

Gunner grinned cheerily.
 "Keep it up!" he said. "You'll sing to a different tune to-morrow when I walk all over Wilmot's lot at St. Kit's. But keep it up now if it amuses you. It doesn't hurt me."

"Gunner, old man," said Jimmy Silver imploringly, "let me off. There's a good chap, let me off. I—I'll play you in a House match with the Moderns instead next week. Honour bright."

"Rats!"
 "It won't matter so much if you make a guy of yourself in a House match, with only Rookwood to see you," said Jimmy, almost tearfully. "But we can't—we can't take you to St. Kit's to make us all look fools, old chap!"

"Anybody would hardly think you were talking to the best footballer at Rookwood, would they?" said Gunner. "You see, Silver, you don't know much about the game. I'm not really satisfied with you at centre-half. Mind you don't keep barging into me to-morrow."

"You won't let me off if I play you in the next House match?"

"You'll be glad to play me in all the House matches after you've seen me at St. Kit's."

Jimmy Silver suppressed his feelings. He quitted the study without another word. It was his last appeal to the egregious and self-satisfied Peter Cuthbert, and it had failed.

Gunner slammed the door after him.

"Pretty thick, isn't it, Dickinson?" he said, a little gloomily. "Silver isn't such a fumbling fooler as the other chaps, yet even he can't see that I'm the only good footballer in the Fourth. Thick, isn't it?"

"Is it?" gasped Dickinson.

"Isn't it?" roared Gunner.

"Oh, yes, yes!" ejaculated Dickinson minor hastily. He did not desire a nose to match Lovell's.

"That ass, Silver—that chump, you know—actually thinks it will weaken the team to put me in," said Gunner, more in sorrow than in anger.

"He—he—does!" stammered Dickinson minor. "I—I—I wonder why?"

"No eye for a fellow's form," said Gunner. "Properly speaking, I should be football captain. But there's a prejudice against me in football matters. Our record would be a good deal different with me as skipper."

"It—it—it would. I'm sure it would."

"But I'm holding on," said Gunner. "The fellows all think I'm playing it rather low down on Silver by holding him to his promise. So I should be if I were a dud at the game—like you, frinstance, Dickinson."

"Oh!"

"Being the best junior player at Rookwood, I'm bound to stick to this chance. You see that?"

"I—I—I—" stuttered Dickinson minor.

Bump, bump, bump, bump!

"Oh, my hat! Yaroooh! I'll pulverise you! Yarooooop!"

"Give him the cinders!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Gunner resisted desperately, but he resisted in vain. Never had there been such a ragging in the history of the Fourth Form at Rookwood.

Gunner was rolled and bumped, and the cinders from the grate were rubbed in his hair and down his neck. The inkpot was emptied over his head, the coals from the locker were distributed over him. In ten minutes he looked a fearsome object, like nothing else in the earth or the air or the waters under the earth.

"Now will you chuck it?" demanded Mornington.

"No!" gasped Gunner faintly.

"Give him some more!"

Still resisting, though feebly now, Peter Cuthbert Gunner was stretched face down on the carpet, and Morny put in some vigorous work with a five bat. The whacks of the five bat rang from one end of the Fourth Form passage to the other. Almost as loud rang the howls of Gunner. And still, when Morny put the question, the answer was in the negative. Peter Cuthbert Gunner might be the worst footballer that ever was, but undoubtedly he was game.

Bumped and rolled and ragged, a picture of disastrous dishevelment to the eye, Gunner sprawled on the dusty carpet, gasping, with the tired ragers round him. He was breathless, he was exhausted, he was spent; but he was still Gunner, and as obstinate as ever.

IN YOUR EDITOR'S DEN.



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

"POSH AT THE WHEEL!"

By David Goodwin.

In two weeks' time this grand new serial by the greatest living writer of adventure stories will start in the BOYS' FRIEND. It is great news, I know well, and, maybe, there is practically no need for a word more from me on the subject. Facts speak for themselves. And yet there are one or two things I must mention.

A BIG TRIUMPH.

It was like this. I was about to say that Mr. David Goodwin has attempted a theme full of splendid novelty. But Mr. Goodwin does not attempt; he just does things. His new hero, Posh, will capture the imagination of everybody. Curious, perhaps, such a sudden flight to fame—one day, so far as the world is concerned, Posh does not exist. The next he is here, a brilliant live wire, a captivating entity of look-alive resourcefulness, and, what is more, as amusing as they are made.

LOOK OUT FOR POSH!

That is the merry slogan of the moment. You cannot help but like the fellow with this short, well-packed-together name. He gets the attention, and holds it in grim earnest. You find Posh all there—that is you will find the smart fellow in a fortnight's time, and so pass the word along. Mr. Goodwin draws on his tremendous knowledge of life as it runs in this magnificent yarn of things and men, and strangely thrilling adventures met with on the road of life. You will be carried away with the "go," and the punch, and the downright humour of Posh and his friends. When they talk it is to the point. When they act it is the same. So be on the qui vive for Posh in two weeks' time! There will be a queue for the brightest and briskest sensation of the season.

SPORTING FAVOURITES.

Humming along with the speed and vigour of a well-brought-up motor-car, our Competition is making history. All compliments to those who have wired in! This week comes the fifth set of pictures. Next Monday we have the final set. I will just enumerate the prizes again; £25, £5, three Bassett-Lowke Model Railways, a taking display of pocket-knives, and twelve superb prizes all ready for next summer.

JACK HOBBS' CRICKET BAT!

These ought to have a line by themselves! These bats are autographed by the world-famous cricketer, Hobbs, the man who is busy doing things in Australia. Hobbs is looking after the cricket requirements of the old country, and is doing his job very nicely,

as you may have noted. Here's a chance to get a cricket bat for next season bearing the name of the first line batsman!

"THE ST. KIT'S MATCH!"

Rookwood for next week shows how Gunner saved the occasion. There are many ways of helping in a ticklish situation. Gunner was cast for a role in the important footer match. Now Gunner has detractors; some say he is a dud on the field. However that may be, certain it is that Gunner's participation in the coming Rookwood yarn is of the most striking kind. Mornington puts in his oar, although it is not exactly a rowing match, at least not like those which take place on the water. Gunner did not want to row with anybody. But did he play? This is not a competition, but just a simple query, which will be answered by Owen Conquest in our next issue.

"THE BELL OF TAMBO!"

This story of the Bombay Castle fellows has the true ring. The history of the bell is curious and exciting. Conkey bought it as a bargain when snuffing round an up-country bazaar. The bell was hitched on to Horace, the goat, for reasons you will see in due course. Then something annoyed the natives; they "got their goat," so to speak, and Horace, not to mention others, had a lively time. Parts of the Argentine are extremely hot.

"THE CAPTAIN OF THE FOURTH!"

More trials for St. Kit's! Mr. Frank Richards has a stunning instalment of this prodigious school serial for next Monday. You may be tempted to sympathise more than ever with the victims of Mr. Carker.

"GOALIE!"

Adsum! That is "Goalie." He is always there when wanted, and wanted he is every Monday in the BOYS' FRIEND. We have had some of "Goalie" before, and everybody knows he is first in the field with the right information. His coming article is of the best.

"THE LION AT BAY!"

The Great Push comes in our next number. The serried ranks of invaders are hurled back, and the curtain falls on this very powerful serial, with regret, and a sense of relief because of the turn of affairs. It is a brilliant story with tense, taut interest to the last, and it leaves you thinking some of our old country and of how it has figured in any stand up fight for freedom and the Right.

Your Editor.

Special Treat!

"POSH AT THE WHEEL!"

By DAVID GOODWIN,
commencing in two weeks' time.

Be sure you read this magnificent story of the boy who has a marvellous way with motor-cars—you'll be bound to enjoy his amazing adventures!

"Are you letting him off?"
 "No fear! I've got my duty to the school to consider, as the only really first-class player at Rookwood."

"Do you want a raggin'?"

"There'll be some trouble if you start ragging in this study!" said Gunner, pushing back his cuffs.

"Back up, Dickinson!"

Dickinson minor did not back up. He slipped out of the study.

"Dickinson!" roared Gunner.

But Dickinson minor was gone.

"Now, the long and the short of it is that you're lettin' off Jimmy Silver, or else you're gettin' the raggin' of your life," said Mornington. "Which is it to be?"

"Outside!"

"What?"

"Get out of my study!"

"He's beggin' for it! Collar him!"

There was a rush at Gunner. A wild and whirling scramble in Study No. 7 followed.

Gunner fought valorously.

He was hefty, and he had heaps of pluck, and the ragers had their hands full for some minutes. There were crimson noses and blinking eyes among the party by the time Gunner was secured. But secured he was at last.

"Now, then, Gunner!" gasped Mornington.

"Yaroooh! Leggo!"

"Will you chuck it?"

"No! I'll jolly well wallop you! Lemme gerrup!"

"Bump him!"

"Will you chuck it?" demanded Mornington.

Gunner's lips moved, but he could not speak. With a last effort he shook his head.

Peter Cuthbert Gunner was a hopeless wreck when Dickinson minor came back, uneasy, to the study. Fortunately, from Dickinson minor's point of view, he was in no state to take vengeance for his study-mate's desertion.

He was a wreck—a hopeless wreck. There was only one solace for Gunner—that on the morrow he was playing for School. On the morrow he would be scoring goals for Rookwood amid enthusiastic cheers—at least, he fully believed so. That was a solace. It brought him comfort while he sorted cinders out of his ears and his hair. It was a happy prospect.

It was anything but a happy prospect to Jimmy Silver & Co., and for once in his career "Uncle James" of Rookwood found it hard to live up to his own favourite maxim and "keep smiling." Indeed, Jimmy Silver really looked as if he were at present under-studying that ancient king who never smiled again.

THE END.

(For next Monday—"The St. Kit's Match!" a magnificent long footer story of the boys of Rookwood and St. Kit's Schools. Don't miss it. Order your BOYS' FRIEND in advance and avoid disappointment!)

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OUR FASCINATING STORY OF THE CHUMS OF ST. KIT'S SCHOOL!



The CAPTAIN OF THE FOURTH!

By FRANK RICHARDS

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

Harry Wilmot hits upon an amazing mystery surrounding Mr. Carker, the new headmaster of St. Kit's!

The 1st Chapter.

When Harry Wilmot gains the captaincy of the Fourth Form at 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—Wilmot—shares with his cousin, Algernon Aubrey St. Leger and Bunny Bootles, the fat boy of the Form. Rake jumps at the chance offered him, 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 school, and no sooner does the new headmaster arrive at St. Kit's than he makes his presence felt. He rules with a rod of iron, and has no compunction at all in caning the boys on the slightest pretext. Not satisfied with only taking the Sixth in lessons, Mr. Carker decides to visit the other

Forms in turn, and when it comes to the afternoon that the new Head is to take the Fourth, Harry Wilmot & Co. vow to kick if Mr. Carker acts the tyrant with them.

The 2nd Chapter. Nice for the Fourth!

It was not a happy Fourth that went into the Form-room that afternoon.

The juniors hoped against hope that Mr. Carker would put off "taking the Fourth" till a later date. But it was a faint hope. It was plain that the new Head meant to work his way through the school, impressing his methods on all the Forms. The Fourth came next in order after the Shell, and their turn was due.

Some of the juniors wondered how Mr. Rawlings would take it. The Fourth-Form master was a quiet and reserved gentleman, but he had a strong character, as his pupils knew. There was a vague hope that Mr. Rawlings might "stand up" to the tyrant.

Harry Wilmot was in a thoughtful mood as he went into class.

As captain of the Fourth it was up to him to take the lead in any resistance that was offered to the new Head. But resistance to a headmaster was such a very serious matter that it was only to be thought of as a last extremity. After all, in spite of Mr. Carker's meddling ways, the Fourth was not likely to have much to do with him. They did not come into constant contact with him like the Sixth. Endurance, if endurance were possible, was evidently the best way out. But was it possible?

There had been heated talk in the Fourth. Rex Tracy had declared that he would "write to his people." Stubbs had wildly proposed rigging a booby-trap for the tyrant. O'Donoghue had suggested pelting him out of the Form-room with inkpots! Nearly all the Fourth had agreed that, if it was to thick, they "wouldn't stand it." But the degree of "thickness" that they would stand was as yet undetermined.

Certainly it was a very subdued Form that met the eye of Mr. Carker when he sailed in that afternoon.

Mr. Rawlings happened to be taking his pupils on a personally-conducted tour through "English literature" when the new Head came in. English literature was the least unpopular subject in the Fourth; Mr. Rawlings had a way of making it interesting to all but hopeless slackers like Tracy and Lumley and Bunny Bootles. Anyhow, the juniors agreed that it was better than classical literature, and ever so much better than "maths." Mr. Carker stood for a few minutes listening. But he could never stand for long without interfering.

"You are taking Shakespeare, Mr. Rawlings?" he remarked.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Rawlings. "Julius Caesar."

"Kindly give me the book."

Mr. Rawlings paused.

"Is it your intention to take the class?" he asked.

"For this lesson, yes."

"In that case I will retire from the Form-room," said Mr. Rawlings.

"Better remain, sir," said Mr. Carker. "It is my intention to speed up, to some extent, the work in all the Forms here. I have discovered a very alarming amount of slackness. By observing me, sir, you will be able to study my methods, and later to apply them."

Mr. Rawlings looked fixedly at the new headmaster.

"My own methods, sir, have not failed to give satisfaction to Dr. Chenies," he said quietly.

"Dr. Chenies is no longer headmaster of St. Kit's, Mr. Rawlings. It is I that you have to deal with in the future."

"Temporarily," reminded Mr. Rawlings.

"That remains to be seen," answered Mr. Carker. "It is not at all certain, I understand, that Dr. Chenies will return to St. Christopher's at all. However, we need not discuss that. While I am in authority here I shall require my methods to be followed; and I may as well say plainly that I am surprised and shocked by the slack state of the school. It may have satisfied Dr. Chenies; it does not satisfy me."

The Fourth-Form master breathed hard.

"I fear, sir, that I am too old to change my methods," he said dryly. "Neither do I see any necessity for doing so, unless it becomes certain that Dr. Chenies will not return. If you are taking charge of the class, sir, I will withdraw."

And Mr. Rawlings sailed out of the Form-room, with rustling gown, without waiting for the new Head to reply.

Mr. Carker's eyes glistened. He had not scored off the Fourth-Form master, at all events. Unfortunately for Stubbs of the Fourth, he ventured to grin—and Mr. Carker spotted the grin.

"Stubbs!"

Poor Stubbs' face instantly became as serious as a judge's—indeed, a great deal more serious than a modern judge's. With Mr. Carker's basilisk eye on him, the junior had no inclination to smile.

"Yes, sir," he faltered.

"You were laughing, Stubbs."

"Oh, no, sir," groaned Stubbs. "Come here."

Percival Stubbs fairly limped out before the class. He realised, vaguely, that he had to pay for Mr. Rawlings' disregard of the new Head's overbearing authority. Mr. Carker wanted a victim, and he had found one!

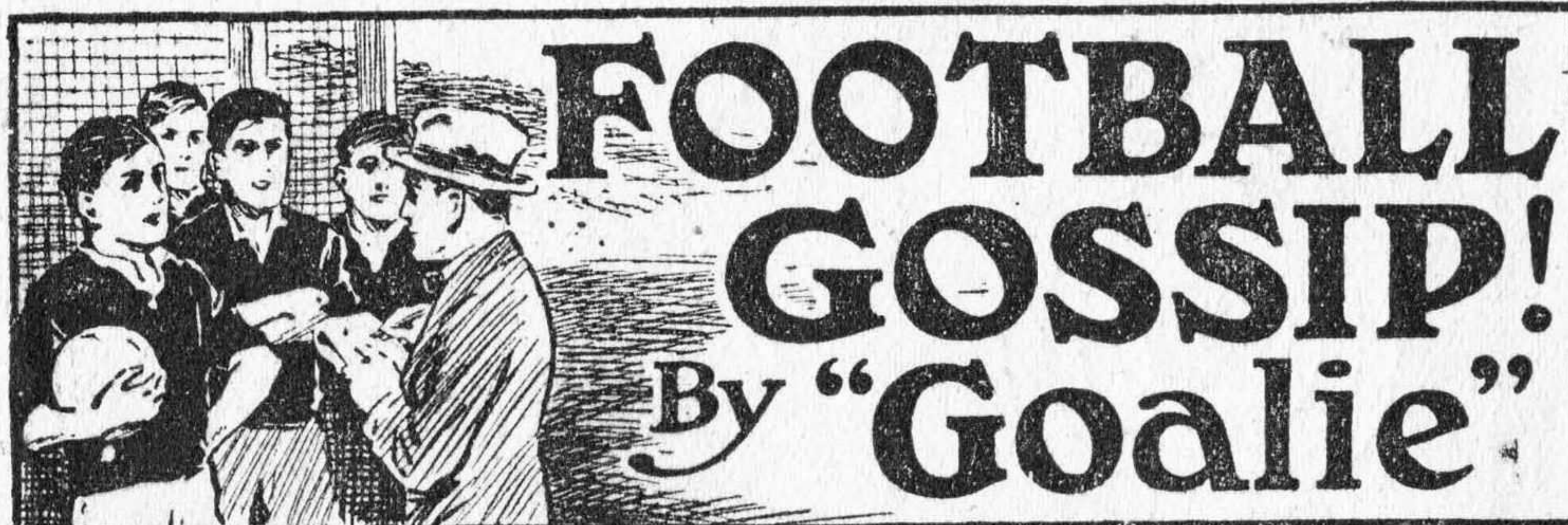
Swish! Swish!

Stubbs crawled back to his place.

As he sat squeezing his hands under his desk he remembered his wild idea of rigging up a booby-trap for Mr. Carker, and shuddered at the thought. He was glad that Mr. Carker was not a thought-reader.

The St. Kit's tyrant's eye roamed over the class as if seeking another victim. The juniors sat with downcast eyes. Mr. Carker's eye lingered on Harry Wilmot. He had not forgotten the incident of the eggs, and he remembered Wilmot's bold bearing on the occasion in Hall a couple of days before. He was making a special note of Wilmot, and the captain of the Fourth could see it, and he knew that whatever he did that afternoon the lesson would not pass off without trouble with the

(Continued on the next page.)



FOOTBALL GOSSIP!

By "Goalie"

The Third Round of the Cup.

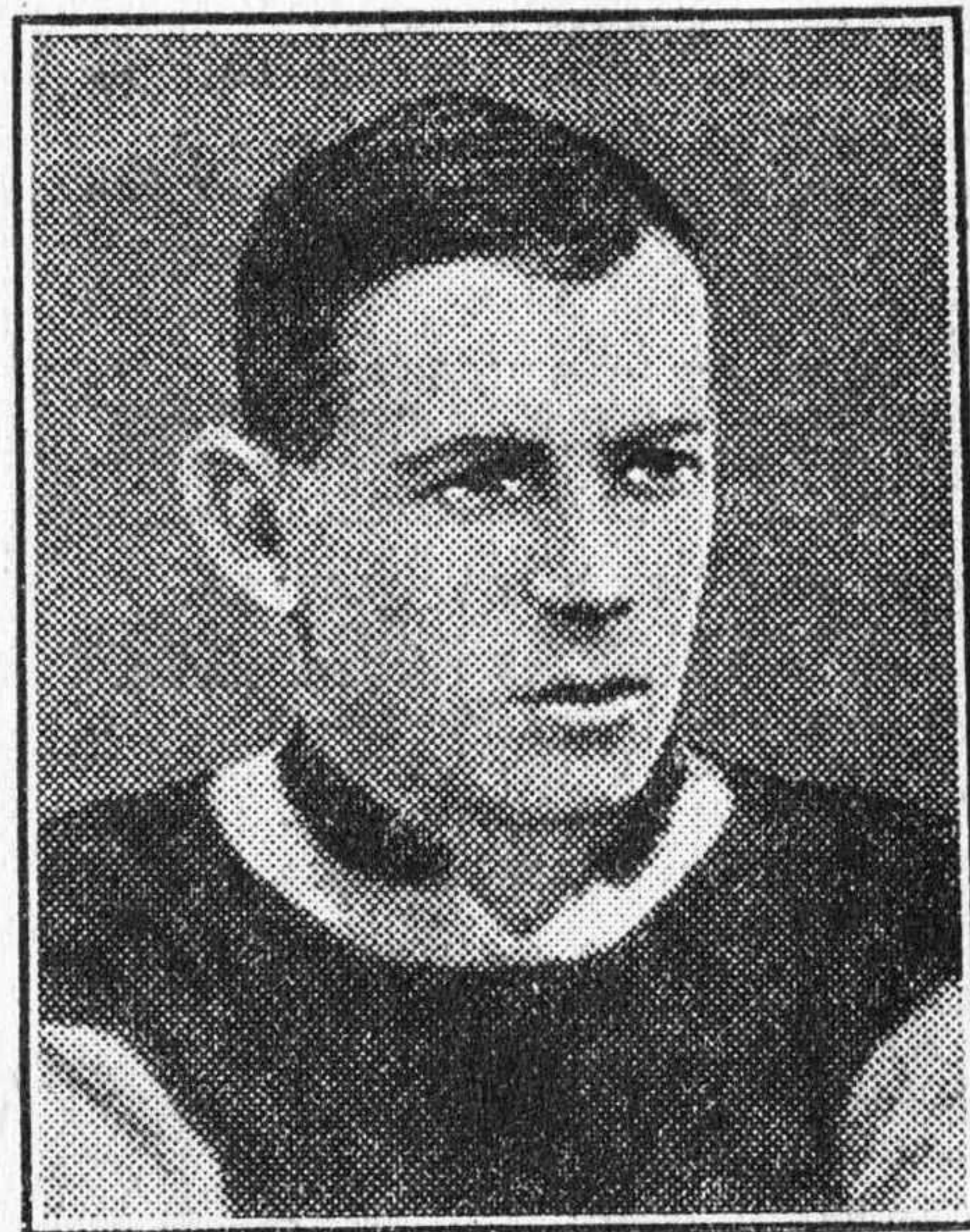
The big weeding-out process, or, in other words, the Cup Competition, goes on relentlessly, and this weekend the Third Round games are down for decision. By this time we may now take it for granted that every one of the sixteen clubs left in fancies its chances of getting as far as the Final Tie, or even of emerging victorious from the arena at Wembley next April. Each year witnesses a big change in the clubs which meet with a measure of success in the Cup, and in order that you may compare the last sixteen of this season, here is the little list of those which were left in at the same stage a year ago. As you will see, some of them have already fallen by the way, and others may go out this week-end:

Newcastle United, Watford, Southampton, Liverpool, Manchester City, Brighton and Hove Albion, Cardiff, Bristol City, Aston Villa, Leeds United, West Bromwich Albion, Wolverhampton Wanderers, Swindon Town, Crystal Palace, Burnley, Huddersfield Town.

No Cup-winning Style.

Since the start of the present series of Cup games we have heard quite a lot about what is called typical Cuptie football. One would imagine from such remarks that there is some right royal way to success in the knock-out competition; but, as a matter of fact, history shows very clearly that this is one of the many myths connected with the

game. Any sort of football will win the Cup if it is played well enough, and Cup successes in the past have been confined to the clubs playing mere kick-and-rush football, which about sums up the general idea of this "typical Cup play." There has been more brain than brawn in the Aston Villa team for many years, yet they have won the Cup a greater number of times than any other club. What is wanted from a Cup team is the aptitude to play a natural game all the time. For a side to switch from its usual League style when it has to play a Cuptie is asking for



A. DORRELL
(Aston Villa).

trouble. And those who ask for trouble usually get it.

Amateurs Out of It.

A reader of this paper, who was rather obviously disappointed with the heavy defeat of the Corinthians in the First Round of the Cup, asks me to explain why it is that amateur sides cannot do better—that is, hold their own—against professional teams. As an answer to this question may be of general interest, I am tackling the subject here instead of adopting the usual course of sending a reply by post. After all, we ought not to be greatly surprised at the failure of even such splendid amateurs as the Corinthians to hold their own against professional teams. Remember, in the first place, that the "pro" is much more thoroughly tuned up to the requirements of any particular match. His team is playing important games week in and week out, and they become much more a team, in the collective sense, than a side which is only playing casual games of the friendly type. Again, the professionals are obviously able to set a faster pace, and to maintain it, because they are able to give more time to the training side of the business. The big reason why Sheffield United romped round the Corinthians in the First Round of the Cup was that the amateurs were too slow in comparison.

The Real Experience.

Personally, I should very much like to see a team of amateurs spend a whole season in the Second Division of the League, shall we say. They would then gain that experience against professional opponents which is so beneficial. I know that the Corinthians even now play a few games each season against teams which are in the First and Second Divisions of the League. Unfortunately, these are only friendly games, and, because of the calls of their League programmes, the professionals are very rarely seen at full

strength in friendly encounters. And even if they are at full strength the professional players do not throw themselves into a friendly with the same dash as they do into a League match or a Cuptie. The consequence of this is that from these friendly games the Corinthians, or any other amateur team, may get a



W. HENDERSON,
(West Ham United).

wrong impression of its chances to hold its own.

Few Outstanding Players.

Any moment now we may expect the names to be issued of the men who have been chosen to play for England against Wales next Saturday week. Judging from the trial match teams, it seems as though the selectors are out to make experiments with a view to remedying the state of affairs which existed last season, when England failed to win a single game of the series against Ireland, Wales, and Scotland. The trouble at the moment, of course, is that there are plenty of players of average ability, but not too many who so stand out above their

colleagues that they "choose themselves."

A Famous Club Pair.

It is possible that when the England team is chosen it will be seen that there is an Aston Villa left wing on view. Anyway, Walker, the Villa inside-left, is a certainty, provided he is fit and well, and there are plenty of people who think that the best can be got out of this player by giving him his club partner, Arthur Dorrell, as companion in the International match. Certainly Dorrell is a very fine outside-left on his day, but whether he has the really big match temperament remains to be seen. I was more than a bit disappointed with his show against Newcastle United in the Cup Final of last season, though I remember that when the Villa won the Cup in 1920, Dorrell gave an excellent display when a last-minute accident to Edgley gave him his chance. He comes of good footballing stock, for his father played for the Villa in olden times. He is small and light, but speedy, and centres accurately.

A Big-kicking Back.

One of the positions which is no doubt causing the selectors considerable anxiety is that of right full-back, and we are rather badly in need of a real successor to Bob Crompton. A player who is in the running is Billy Henderson, the big kicker of West Ham United. He comes from Whitburn, which is on the Tyne, and went to West Ham via Aberdare, finding at Upton Park an old Whitburn school friend of his in Young. These two make up as sound a rear division as there is in the League.

"Goalie"

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

new Head. It was, in fact, a case of the wolf and the lamb over again.

"You will proceed, Wilmot," said Mr. Carker. "Read aloud from where Mr. Rawlings left off."

"Yes, sir."

Harry stood up, book in hand. His clear, rather musical voice did justice to the lines:

"That you have wronged me doth appear in this,
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardi-ans.
Wherein my letters—"

Mr. Carker held up his hand, and Wilmot stopped.

"Who were the Sardi-ans, Wilmot?"

"The inhabitants of Sardis, sir."

"Where was Sardis?"

Wilmot did not answer. He had completely forgotten where Sardis was in ancient times. It was an unexpected question.

"You do not know," said Mr. Carker, maliciously.

"No, sir," said Harry frankly.

"Are you a dunce, Wilmot?"

"I hope not, sir."

"Merely careless and slovenly. Is that it?"

"Neither, I hope, sir," said Harry.

"Do not answer me in that impertinent manner, Wilmot."

"I did not mean to be impertinent, sir," said Harry, controlling his feelings with difficulty.

"I am afraid that I cannot accept that statement, Wilmot. I have observed that this is an unruly Form, and that you have several times displayed insolence. You are head boy, I believe."

"Yes, sir."

"Go to the bottom of the class."

The captain of the Fourth obeyed that command in silence, but with deep feelings.

"Do not sit there scowling," added Mr. Carker.

"I was not scowling, sir."

"Don't contradict me, boy!"

Harry was silent; silence seemed the safest refuge. Mr. Carker's eye lingered on him, but he had no pretext to proceed further, and he had to let Wilmot alone. He glanced at Mr. Rawlings' volume in his hand, but Mr. Carker had no taste for Shakespeare. He preferred worrying his pupils, or speeding them up, as he had described it.

"I shall ask you a few questions about the characters in this play," he said; and the Fourth summoned up all their energies for the occasion. They knew, as well as if Mr. Carker had told them so, that he was going to try to "catch them out."

Bunny Bootles made himself as small as possible. He was already in Mr. Carker's black books, and his ignorance of Shakespeare was like Sam Weller's knowledge of London—extensive and peculiar. But the basilisk eye fixed on Cuthbert Archibald.

"Bootles!"

Bunny gasped.

"Who was Brutus?"

"B-b-brutus, sir," stammered Bunny.

"Don't repeat my words, Bootles. Answer my questions."

"He—he—he—he was a—a man, sir."

"What?"

"I mean a—a Roman, sir," gasped Bunny.

"That is scarcely an adequate description of Brutus, Bootles."

"Isn't it, sir?" mumbled Bunny.

"If you cannot tell me more than that of a well-known historical character, Bootles—"

said Mr. Carker, picking up his cane.

Bunny shuddered. He had had enough of that cane; his fat palms were still aching. He hurried to reply.

"Oh, yes, sir. I—I know all about Brutus, sir; my—my favourite character in Milton, sir."

"What?"

"I—I mean in Shakespeare, sir," stammered Bunny, who hardly

"Posh at the Wheel!" by

knew what he was saying so dire was his terror. "He—he was the man—who—who—"

"Well?"

"The man who—who—who was suckled by a she-wolf, sir, in the early days of—of Rome—"

"Are you speaking of Romulus, Bootles?"

"Oh! Ah! Yes! Exactly, sir! I—I mean to say Romulus."

"I was asking you about Brutus, Bootles."

"Of—of course, sir. He—he—he was the man who—"

"Who what?"

"Who let the cakes burn, sir."

"What?"

"And—and never smiled again," gasped Bunny.

"Bootles!"

The Fourth Form certainly would have smiled but for the presence of Mr. Carker. But under Mr. Carker's eye, even Bunny's description of Brutus could not make them smile.

Bunny, utterly confused now, only desiring to ward off the evil moment, plunged on desperately.

"And he—he stood on the burning deck, sir!"

"Upon my word!"

thing. What it landed on was Mr. Carker's own calf with a crack that rang through the Form-room like a pistol-shot. The crack of the cane was followed by a frantic yell. Mr. Carker did not seem to dislike inflicting pain on others, but apparently he was not fond of it himself. And the lash of the cane certainly hurt him. He dropped the cane, and the Fourth Form were treated to the extraordinary spectacle of a tall, thin gentleman hopping on one leg and clapping the other and yelling at the top of his voice.

It was too much for the Fourth—especially in the state of nerves to which Mr. Carker had already reduced them. A yell of laughter rang through the Fourth Form-room.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Rebellion!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Fourth Formers roared.

"Oh, gad!" murmured St. Leger.

"Jevver see anythin' quite so funny as this? Oh, great gad!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Carker ceased to hop. Bunny Bootles, frightened out of his wits

Form-rooms, where the fellows started and looked at one another. Lash! Lash! Lash!

The tyrant of St. Kit's seemed beside himself with passion. He lashed at Bunny Bootles with ruthless lashes.

"Ow! Ow! Yoop! Help!" yelled Bunny. "Murder! Police! Oh, you beast! Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow!"

The Fourth Form looked on with stony eyes. Lickings were not uncommon at St. Kit's; floggings were not unknown, but never had the St. Kit's fellows beheld punishment like this.

Lash! Lash! Lash!

Harry Wilmot sprang to his feet, his eyes blazing. He could stand it no longer. Utterly reckless of the consequences, the captain of the Fourth intervened.

"Stop!" he shouted.

Mr. Carker stopped in sheer astonishment. He stared round at Harry.

"Wilmot—you—you spoke!"

"You are hurting Bootles, sir. I think you have forgotten yourself!" exclaimed the captain of the Fourth.

"You think I have forgotten

"I refuse to be caned!"

"If you do not come to me at once, Wilmot, I shall come to you, and your punishment will be all the more severe."

"I shall defend myself, sir!"

"Wha-a-t?"

Harry Wilmot jerked open his desk and picked up a heavy ebony ruler as Mr. Carker strode round the class towards him. He stepped into the open space beside the forms and waited for the master to advance—the ruler gripped in his hand. His handsome face was pale, but there was no sign in it of faltering.

"Put that ruler down, Wilmot!" said Mr. Carker thickly.

"I refuse!"

"I shall take it from you, and—"

"Keep your distance, sir! If you lay a finger on me I shall hit you!" said the captain of the Fourth.

A sudden bound forward was Mr. Carker's answer. The cane swept in the air. There was a crash as the heavy ruler swept up and came on to Mr. Carker's uplifted arm.

The cane did not reach Wilmot—it flew out of Mr. Carker's hand, and the new headmaster staggered back clapping his right arm with his left hand.

The ruler had caught him on the elbow, and it had hurt.

"Oh!" spluttered Mr. Carker. "Oh! Ooooooh! What! You dare—yaroooh! Ow! Ow! Wow! Grrrrrrr!"

Mr. Carker clasped the damaged elbow. His "funny bone" was twitching, and he was quite out of action for some minutes. His aspect was comical enough, but the Fourth Form did not grin—the crisis was too terribly serious for that. Bunny Bootles' groans were still rolling out dismally, and they mingled with Mr. Carker's ejaculations.

Harry Wilmot stood where he was, the ruler still in his hand. What was going to follow he could not even surmise, but he was prepared to defend himself if necessary. And Bob Rake and Algernon Aubrey St. Leger were ready to help him if their help was needed.

But Mr. Carker was "hors de combat." The quivering and twitching of his "funny-bone" was too much for him. He cast a venomous look at the captain of the Fourth, and, still clasping his elbow in his hand, he strode away to the door. The Fourth Form breathed hard. It seemed too good to be true that the tyrant was really going; but he was going, and in a moment more he was gone.

"Oh, gad!" murmured Algy, breathlessly.

"Oh, gum!" said Bob Rake.

"Yow-ow-ow!" came from Bunny Bootles. "I'm hurt! Ow! Wow!"

"Good for you, Wilmot!" gasped Stubbs. "But—but—but what's going to happen now?"

That was a question to which no answer could be given. There was open rebellion in the school on Mr. Randolph Carker's third day at St. Kit's; and how Mr. Carker would deal with it was known only to himself, if indeed, it was even known to himself. It is easier for a tyrant to rouse rebellion than to deal with it when roused.

Harry Wilmot sat down in his place, and a few minutes later Mr. Rawlings re-entered the Form-room.

The juniors looked at their Form-master, but he did not meet their eyes. There was a very grave expression on Mr. Rawlings' face.

He made no reference whatever to what had happened, though it was certain that he knew. He quietly resumed charge of his class, and lessons went on quietly. Nothing more was seen of Mr. Carker by the Fourth Form during the afternoon. Perhaps he was still occupied with his "funny-bone!"

A Surprise for Turkey & Co.

"St. Kit's cad!" Bob Rake started. He was lying (Continued overleaf.)



AS GOOD AS HIS WORD! "Keep your distance, sir! If you lay a finger on me I shall hit out!" said Harry Wilmot, tightening his grasp on the ruler. A sudden bound forward was Mr. Carker's answer. The cane swept in the air. There was a crash as the heavy ruler swept up and came on to Mr. Carker's uplifted arm. The cane did not reach Wilmot. It flew out of Mr. Carker's hand, and the new headmaster staggered back clapping his right arm with his left hand. The ruler had caught him on the elbow, and it had hurt. "Oh!" spluttered Mr. Carker. "Oh! Ooooooh! What! You dare—yaroooh!"

"And—and when he died, he said 'Kiss me, Hardy!'"

"He said what?"

"He—he said, 'Kiss me, Hardy—had I but loved my country as I have loved my King, I—I—I—'"

"So this is the state of ignorance in this Form," said Mr. Carker, very unfairly assuming Bunny Bootles to be a sample of the Fourth. "There is a very evident need for change here. Bootles, stand out!"

Bunny Bootles groaned dismally and did not move. He simply could not screw up the nerve to face that terrible cane.

"Do you hear me, Bootles?"

"Oh dear! Yes, sir!"

"Come here at once!"

"Ow! Ow! Ow!"

Bunny crawled out before the class.

"Hold out your hand, Bootles."

Very gingerly Bunny's fat paw came out. The cane swept up, and it swept down. If that cut had landed on Bunny's palm it would have hurt Bunny; but it didn't. Involuntarily, acting simply on instinct, Bunny jerked his hand back in time.

The cane meeting with no resistance, swept on.

Every bullet is said to have a billet. The cane, with so much vim in the lash, had to land on some-

at what he had done, stood frozen to the Form-room floor. He could not have moved to save his life.

The new Head's glance swept over the class, and the laughter died away quite suddenly.

"So—so—" Mr. Carker choked with passion. "So—so—so this is how you intend to treat your headmaster!"

Dead silence.

Mr. Carker rubbed his leg and winced. Then he picked up the cane and turned on Bunny Bootles with a deadly gleam in his eyes. Like a very fat bird fascinated by a serpent, Bunny watched him with frozen eyes. Mr. Carker gripped the cane with his right hand and Bunny's collar with his left. He twisted the fat junior over a desk, and then the cane rose and fell.

Lash! Lash! Lash!

Bunny Bootles struggled and yelled and kicked.

Lash! Lash!

The fat junior's frantic howls rang through the Form-room and far beyond. They reached other

myself!" articulated Mr. Carker, as if he could not believe his ears.

Bunny Bootles rolled off the desk and staggered away. He reeled against the wall and howled dismally.

Mr. Carker did not heed him further. His eyes were fixed on Harry Wilmot, and he was trembling with passion.

"Wilmot! Come here!"

"What for, sir?" asked Harry steadily.

"What for? I am going to give you such a thrashing, Wilmot, as will never be forgotten in this school!" said Mr. Carker, between his teeth.

Harry set his lips. He knew what he had risked in stopping the tyrant's brutality. It had come to a crisis now, and Harry did not falter.

"I refuse!" he said curtly.

"You refuse to obey me?"

"Yes!"

There was a murmur in the Fourth of suppressed excitement. The die was cast now—the gauntlet was thrown down.

Mr. Carker stared across the class at Harry.

Standing erect, with a flash in his eyes, Wilmot returned his gaze.

"Do I understand you aright, Wilmot?" said Mr. Carker. "You refuse to obey my command?"

ANSWERS

EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2:



The CAPTAIN OF THE FOURTH!

By FRANK RICHARDS

(Continued from previous page.)

in the grass, under a tree on the wide heath, and he had been thinking of Sydney Harbour and his old home, and his cheerful young life in sunny Australia. He was thinking, too, of the trouble that was brewing at St. Kit's. He smiled to himself as the incident in the Fourth Form class-room flashed through his mind, and he was wondering what was going to happen, when his thoughts were suddenly interrupted by three grinning faces looking down on him.

Bob's mind was so far away that he did not recognise the faces at first, but he knew the caps, which belonged to Lyncroft School: He sat up in the grass.

The three smiling juniors surrounded him, and then Bob Rake suddenly realised that he had fallen into the hands of the Philistines, as one of them, a ruddy-faced youth with very blue eyes, stooped and jerked the cap from his head.

"Bags I his scalp!" said the merry-faced youth.

"Good old Turkey!" said one of his comrades.

Bob Rake jumped up.

"Hallo, you Lyncroft cads!" he cried. "What are you up to? I thought we had given you enough to go on with in the village the other day."

The rivalry that existed between St. Kit's and Lyncroft had gone on for many years. The juniors of the two schools seldom met without a ragging.

"Ha! This is the merchant we had a tussle with in Wicke," said the merry-looking youth, who evidently rejoiced in the peculiar name of Turkey. "Let me see now, your name is Bake or Crake. Who are you, young 'un?"

Bob Rake grinned at the Lyncroft junior's pretended ignorance.

"Who are you, if you come to that?" retorted Bob.

"He doesn't know us to-day," said Turkey cheerfully, keeping the rag rolling, so to speak. "Let's introduce ourselves once more to the sweet, unsuspectin' youth. First of all—taking the most important—I'm Dick Hawke. Fellows call me Turkey when I'm at home, because—"

"Because you look more like a turkey than a hawk, I suppose?" suggested Bob.

"What?"

"One to the St. Kit's cad!" chuckled one of the juniors. "He's hit it! It's your merry complexion that did it, Hawke, and you know it."

Turkey frowned.

"Shut up, Topford!"

"But you know—"

"This chap," said Turkey, continuing the introduction, "is Topford, who was sent to Lyncroft in mistake for a home for idiots!"

"Look here, Turkey!" bawled Topford.

"This fat chap is Bunce—called Buster Bunce because he's always on the point of bursting!"

"You silly ass!" howled the other junior. He was a plump youth with a round, good-tempered face.

"Now you know us," continued Turkey. "And now—"

"Now you'll give me back my cap," said Bob Rake.

Turkey shook his head.

"No fear!" he answered emphatically. "We're on the war-path, my innocent youth, and out for scalps. You can have your cap

by comin' up to Lyncroft and askin' for it very politely."

"I'd rather have it now, thank you," said Bob. "I've got to get back to St. Kit's for tea."

"He'd rather have it now," said Turkey, winking at his comrades.

"He'd rather have it now," chanted Topford and Bunce.

And they chortled.

"The kid looks as if he's been in a scrap already," said Turkey, surveying Bob critically, "so we won't lick him. We'll only make him cry peccavi on his knees."

"You won't!" said Bob grimly.

"That's the rule," said Turkey.

"You cry peccavi and we let you off. See?"

"But I don't specially want you to let me off," said Bob, laughing.

"I want my cap, and if you don't hand it over I shall take it!"

"This kid don't know the ropes," said Turkey, shaking his head. "It's up to us to teach him. Put him on his knees."

The three grinning Lyncrofters closed in on the St. Kit's junior.

"Bump him for his ignorance," said Turkey. "Then bump him for his school, and then for good luck. Three bumps!"

"Yes, Turkey."

Bob Rake jumped back.

"Hands off, you silly asses!" he exclaimed. "I shall hit out!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Turkey & Co. did not seem much worried by the prospect of the Australian junior hitting out; they rushed on him cheerfully.

But the next moment a change came over the spirit of their dream, so to speak. Bob Rake did hit out, and his drive landed on Dick Hawke's chest, and Turkey, of the Lyncroft Fourth, went heels over head in the grass.

"Yaroooh!" spluttered Turkey as he landed.

"My hat!" ejaculated Buster Bunce.

"Oh, crumbs!" came from Topford.

They halted in surprise, but Bob Rake did not stop. He realised that three to one was too long odds, and that it was necessary to use his advantage while he had it.

As the two juniors paused irresolutely, staring at the sprawling Turkey, Bob sprang forward to the attack.

A sudden grasp and a spin sent Topford whirling across Turkey, and he sprawled across that hapless youth, who let out a muffled howl as he landed.

The next second Bob had closed with Buster Bunce. That plump youth was full of pluck, but he had no chance whatever against the lithe St. Kit's junior in a close wrestle. In a twinkling he was spinning away, to collapse on his two sprawling comrades.

Bob laughed breathlessly.

For the moment he was free from attack—the three Lyncrofters were sprawling in the grass, yelling and gasping. Bob sprang forward and caught up his cap, which Turkey had dropped, and jammed it on his head. Then he snatched up Turkey's cap and fled.

Turkey sat up spluttering.

"Groogh! Gerroff! You fat idiot, Buster, roll off my legs! You thumpin' chump, Topy, whar'er you mean by jamming your silly elbow in my blessed eye? Groooooogh!"

"Ow! Oh! Where's that St. Kit's beast?" roared Topford, jumping up.

"Where's my cap?"

"Oh, crumbs!"

Turkey & Co. scrambled to their feet. Bob Rake, already twenty yards away, turned for a moment, laughing, and waved Turkey's cap in the air. Then he resumed his flight.

"After him!" yelled Turkey.

The three Lyncrofters rushed in furious pursuit. So far from having made the St. Kit's junior cry "peccavi" on his bended knees,

they had been taken by surprise, and had had far the worst of the trouble. They looked much less good-tempered as they tore across the heath in pursuit of the St. Kit's junior.

Bob Rake ran on lightly. He did not intend to encounter three foes at once, and he was quite confident of keeping his lead. He was like a giant refreshed after his long rest in the grass. In spite of the efforts of the Lyncrofters, he increased his lead by the time the chase swept out into the Wicke road. By that time Buster Bunce was out of breath and tailing off behind. Turkey and Topford kept up the pursuit hotly.

Bob ran on up Wicke Lane towards St. Kit's, occasionally pausing to wave back the captured cap.

"Give me my cap, you rotter!" bawled Turkey, as they came gasping across Wicke Bridge.

Bob looked back.

"You can come up to St. Kit's for it!" he shouted. "You'll have to ask politely, you know."

"I—I—I'll—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob sat on the stone parapet of the bridge to rest. He sat there till the two Lyncrofters were only a dozen feet away, and then slipped off and took up the running again.

"I say, we shall be late for call-over if we keep on, Turkey," gasped Topford. "Better chuck it."

"Blow call-over!" gasped Turkey.

"But—"

"I'm not going back without my cap!"

"But—"

"Rats!"

Turkey put on a spurt and left Topford behind. Bob Rake looked over his shoulder to see a perspiring red face only a few feet from him.

"I've got you!" panted Turkey.

"Not quite."

The Australian junior put on speed and fairly walked away from his panting pursuer. The gates of St. Kit's were in sight now. Old Coote had come out to close the gates; the dusk was falling thickly

now. The old porter stood in the gateway and stared at the chase bearing down on him.

Turkey made a desperate effort, and reached Bob Rake as he turned in at the gates. Bob stopped, with a breathless clutch on his shoulder.

The next moment the breathless Turkey was sitting in the road.

"Ow!" he gasped.

Bob held up the cap.

"Ask politely," he said.

"You—you beast—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came in a roar from a dozen St. Kit's fellows, who had rushed down to the gates at the sight of the Lyncroft enemy.

"Lyncroft cad!" shouted Jones minor. "Collar him!"

"Bump him!"

Turkey jumped up and backed hastily away.

"Give me my cap!"

"Ask politely," said Bob, laughing. "Your own terms, you know. You've got to cry peccavi."

"I won't!" howled Turkey.

"Collar him!" yelled two or three voices.

Turkey retreated and dodged. Bob held up the cap, laughing.

The tables had been completely turned on Turkey & Co. since they had fallen in with the St. Kit's junior on the heath.

"P-p-please give me my cap," gasped Turkey at last. "Peccavi! There, you rotter! Now hand me my cap."

Bob tossed the cap over, and Turkey caught it and fled, barely dodging Jones minor and Stubbs and Catesby.

"Now, young gentlemen," said old Coote, grinning.

"Yah! St. Kit's cads!" howled Turkey, from the dusky distance as he went.

The St. Kit's juniors crowded in, and Coote clanged the gate.

Jones minor tapped Bob on the arm as the Australian junior crossed the quadrangle towards the School House.

"Good for you!" he said, in great admiration. "You've done old Turkey—done him brown. Wilmot couldn't have made old Turkey cry 'peccavi.' Been scrapping with the Lyncroft gang?"

"Yes, a little."

"You look it!" said Jones. "But you bagged Turkey's scalp and made him cry 'peccavi.' I'll tell Wilmot after tea—it will make him awfully wild." Jones gave a chuckle. "Even Wilmot will be waxy. It's no end of a score."

It was time for tea, and Bob Rake hurried in, followed by Jones in great spirits.

In the "Rat-trap"!

Oliphant of the Sixth came along the Fourth Form passage with Carsdale. The Fourth were mostly at tea in their studies—but as soon as the captain of the school was sighted in the passage every study doorway was filled with excited juniors. It was easy to guess that Oliphant was there on Wilmot's account.

"After Wilmot?" asked Durance, looking out of Study No. 5.

Oliphant nodded without speaking.

"It's a rotten shame," said Durance.

The St. Kit's captain passed on without answering, but Carsdale, the bully of the Sixth, paused.

"You'd better mind how you talk, Durance," he said. "Wilmot is going to be made an example of. Mr. Carker has his eye on the rest of you. Take care!"

Durance's lip curled. The juniors had already observed that Carsdale, alone of the St. Kit's prefects, was in Mr. Carker's good graces. There was much in common between the tyrant and the bully. Carsdale was evidently backing up the new Head heartily; while it was clear that Oliphant was acting very unwillingly in the matter, constrained to do his duty as head prefect. The Sixth Form bully gave Durance a threatening look, and passed on up the passage after Oliphant.

Rex Tracy burst into a low laugh as his study-mate turned back into Study No. 5 with a dark brow.

HEALTH AND SPORT

Conducted by
PERCY LONGHURST

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

Boxers' Queer Tricks.

I see a very great deal of boxing in the course of a year, and again and again I wonder how and why some of the competitors pick up their queer tricks and mannerisms. Particularly am I sorry to see these in the case of young boxers.

The boxer who drops his arms entirely, especially after stepping back out of distance, is doing a most foolish thing. If attacked at once, he loses time in raising his hands, which he must do if he is to make an effective guard or counter. A speedy opponent would quickly have him floored. Always the hands should be kept up. If it is tiredness that causes a boxer to drop his hands, then his doing so is proof that he does not get enough practice. Ten minutes a day—in two-minute rounds, a minute rest between each round—three times a week at the punchball is what he needs.

Then there is the chap who keeps his arms up and well extended but stiff as though they were carved out of wood. That boxer is easy for his opponents. To begin with, the stiffness quickly tires his muscles; and when he does hit with a straight arm, or poke, rather, there is no power or weight behind his blows. His opponent can be quite sure that when such a boxer does intend a hard punch, he will "telegraph" his intention by drawing his arm back.

Another queer trick is holding the left arm, not straight out from the body, but with the glove pointing to one of the corners of the ring. He is a round-arm hitter, and it will be noticed that his hitting is not done with the knuckle part of his glove, a grievous fault to which is due most of the damaged thumbs that happen. Straight hitting, thumb edge of the hand uppermost—unless cross countering—never knocked up a boxer's hands.

Then there is the fellow who drops his head and carries both gloves almost side by side just in front of his nose. I dare say he would argue that it is the American style, and that, as more often than not when an American fighter meets an Englishman he wins, the American style must be right. Perhaps, but this American style—and all Americans do not adopt this attitude—is not to be recommended. It doesn't lead to straight hitting and good boxing, but it does pave the way to that curse of modern boxing—the poor attempt at in-fighting which at once becomes an ugly clinch. One of these days, I hope our referees will wake up and, by steadily disqualifying the persistent clincher, do something to put an end to this annoying blot upon the sport.

The rushing type, the tear-in-and-smash-'em chap, wins his victories

partly by scaring his opponents and putting them off their usual game, partly because his opponents do not meet him as he ought to be met. A confident opponent, one who knows how to box, would say to himself: "All right, my lad, I'll soon put an end to your game." He would stand his ground, and do his best to stop the rush with a left-hand shot quickly followed by an attempt at an uppercut. But not very often does this come off. The rusher is tough, does not mind a few knocks on the top of his head, covers his chin, and has any amount of strength. He is not checked; he gets the other fellow driven against the ropes or into a corner, and then gives him "beans."

Now, why not try a different game with that fellow? If he likes rushing, let him rush. Slip him, sidestep him, add a jolt at his head as he goes by, if you like, but do not discourage his rushing. On the contrary, persuade him into trying again. Rushing uses up a boxer's strength, wind, and energy. At the end of a round he will be feeling the effects of his expenditure of power, then go in and attack him, and it is any odds that you will get some points to your credit.

Boxers all cut out to the same pattern one certainly does not wish to see. The fellow who has not the originality and courage to depart from a stereotyped system seldom goes far; one can tell beforehand almost precisely what he will do. These tricks I have referred to—there are plenty more—really constitute a weakness, and every boxer ought to be on his guard against falling into ways and tricks which are really a hindrance to his development as a winner of competitions.

Percy Longhurst

(Look out for another helpful article.)

Have a shot at the Cross Word Puzzle in the "Magnet" Library. Out to-day!

"Let them rip!" he said, with a sneer. "Wilmot will be sacked if he goes on as he's started—and all the better for us."

"Don't be a rotter, Tracy!" growled Durance. "It's up to the whole Form to back Wilmot up in this."

"What rot!"

"Well, I'm backing him up, whatever line he takes," said Durance. "So will you if you're decent."

At which Tracy shrugged his shoulders, but made no rejoinder. A dozen juniors followed the two prefects up the passage to the top study, eager to know what was to happen to the rebel of the Fourth.

Oliphant tapped at the door of the top study and threw it open. Harry Wilmot & Co. were at tea there—Bunny Bootles wriggling very painfully on his chair, and occasionally uttering a painful ejaculation.

The chums of the Fourth rose as the prefects entered. They had been wondering what would happen—and waiting. Now it was going to happen.

"You're wanted, Wilmot!" snapped Carsdale.

"Mr. Carker?" asked Harry.

"Yes, you cheeky young rascal."

"I shall not go."

Carsdale grinned.

"Won't you?" he said. "You'll get carried, then."

"Shut up, Carsdale!" growled Oliphant. "What's the good of rubbing it in, when the kid's in trouble? Wilmot, we've orders to take you to the punishment-room and lock you in. You're not to be taken to the Head—not now, at any rate."

"Oh!" said Harry.

"I'm sorry," went on Oliphant. "You seem to have kicked over the traces in the Form-room this afternoon pretty freely. A few days in the 'Rat-trap' may do you good. Come on!"

The captain of the Fourth hesitated.

Bob and St. Leger were both on their feet, only too evidently ready to back him up if he resisted. But a struggle of three juniors against the two stalwart Sixth-Formers would not have been of much use. And the breathless crowd looking on from the passage were certainly not prepared for a rag on "old Oliphant." Carsdale alone they might have handled, perfect as he was; but Oliphant was too popular. And he would have been rather a difficult proposition, even for a crowd of juniors.

Wilmot thought it out.

He was quite determined that he would not be taken to Mr. Carker's study, there to be dealt with at the tyrant's mercy. But that, apparently was not intended.

"Say the word, Wilmot," muttered Bob.

"Don't be young asses," said Oliphant patiently. "I've got my duty to do. Wilmot's to be put in the punishment-room until Mr. Carker decides what is to be done with him. That's all at present. Come with me, Wilmot."

"Very well," said Harry quietly.

"You've finished tea?"

"Yes."

"Come on, then."

Wilmot followed Oliphant from the study, taking no notice of Carsdale. The latter followed, scowling.

The punishment-room at St. Kit's—the "Rat-trap," as the juniors called it—was a small room in the oldest part of the ancient building. It was on the third floor, and reached by a narrow staircase from the dormitory corridor. In silence Wilmot followed the captain of St. Kit's, Carsdale bringing up the rear. At the door of the Fourth Form dormitory Oliphant stopped.

"Get your things!" he said briefly.

"I'm to sleep in the 'Rat-trap' to-night?" asked Harry.

"Yes."

"And until further orders," grinned Carsdale. "That will bring down your cheek a little—bread and water for a week or so."

Harry did not reply. He went

into the dormitory for his pyjamas and the things he would need, and then followed Oliphant up the narrow staircase to the little landing on which the "Rat-trap" opened. Oliphant unlocked the door with a big rusty key, and it swung open with a creak. In Dr. Chenies' time the "Rat-trap" had seldom, or never, been used, and it was musty and dusty and extremely uninviting. A small square window, barred with iron, was clouded by masses of thick ivy.

The furniture consisted only of a small table, a chair, and a bedstead and washstand. The floor was bare, and the walls, of oak panel over solid stone, were filmed with damp. Oliphant threw the little window open wide, and glanced round the room with grim disapproval.

"Tuckle will bring you a bed," he said. "I'll tell him to light a fire here to air the room."

"Mr. Carker says there is to be no fire lighted," said Carsdale, from the landing. "He doesn't want the young sweep coddled."

Oliphant hesitated.

"Never mind about a fire, Oliphant," said Harry quickly, anxious to avoid getting the good-natured prefect into trouble with the Head. "I shall be all right."

playing-fields beyond. The ground seemed a very great distance below. He glanced back into the chilly, dusty room. The early winter darkness was coming on, and it was apparent that he was not to be provided with a light. Mr. Carker's way with rebels was a drastic one. For a moment Harry regretted that he had submitted to being placed in the punishment-room. But a struggle would not have served him, as circumstances were then. And a savage struggle with Oliphant, whom he liked and respected, was out of the question. With Mr. Carker, headmaster as he was, it would have been very different.

He stood looking down into the growing dusk, thinking. A whistle came faintly from below, and he started. He made out the figure of Bob Rake, far below, waving his hand.

Then a sudden thought came into Harry's mind. He waved his hand from the window, to show Bob that he was seen.

Then he took an old letter from his pocket, scribbled on it hastily with a pencil, wrapped it round his penknife to weight it, tying it with a piece of twine, and dropped it from the window. He did not hear it fall; the distance was too

Australian junior crept back to bed, leaving the way open for Harry Wilmot to enter—when he came. And while the Fourth Form slept, in the big dormitory, there were two who remained wide awake—Bob and the Honourable Algernon Aubrey St. Leger.

A Midnight Mystery.

Eleven strokes boomed out dully from the clock-tower of St. Kit's into the misty winter night.

In the "Rat-trap" all was dark. Only the faintest glimmer of starlight came in at the barred window to the imprisoned junior.

Harry Wilmot had rolled himself in the blankets on the bed, to keep as warm as possible. But the chill of the damp room was penetrating. If he had remained, there would have been little sleep for him. But he did not intend to remain.

At eleven o'clock all St. Kit's was asleep in bed, unless one or two of the masters sat up later. Harry Wilmot had no anticipation of falling in with anyone on his way to the dormitory.

As for trusting himself to the ivy from the height of the "Rat-trap" window, he did not think of hesitating. He knew that it was more than strong enough to bear

A light glimmered on his eyes. There was only one lighted window in the whole great dark mass of the School-House, the window of the Head's study, now occupied by Randolph Carker. Mr. Carker had not gone to bed yet.

Harry glanced towards the window, and drew back quickly in the shadow of an oak, for the window was only partly curtained, and one wing of the casement was open. Black against the light was the silhouette of a figure he knew well.

Mr. Carker was standing at the open casement, looking out into the darkness of the quad!

Wilmot breathed hard, and his eyes gleamed. Was it possible—could it be possible—that Mr. Carker suspected his desperate escape from the punishment-room—that the tyrant of St. Kit's was looking out—at him?

He realised that the latter could not be the case. He was ten yards at least from the window, and enshrouded in black darkness. Even with the eyes of a cat Mr. Carker could not have seen him.

And the silhouette at the lighted window did not move.

Certainly if Mr. Carker had suspected his escape, he would have made some movement. He stood still, watching the dark quadrangle. It was borne in upon Wilmot's mind that Mr. Carker's concern, just then, was not with him.

He kept close to the oak tree, and waited—watching. He was puzzled, though he was not specially interested in Mr. Carker's midnight vigil. Until the window was closed he did not intend to emerge from the shadow of the oaks.

Half-past eleven chimed from the clock tower.

Still the figure at the window had hardly moved. Wilmot waited—more and more puzzled and mystified.

He started as a sound came to his ears—the sound of a stealthy step in the darkness. The blood thrilled to his heart.

Who was abroad in the dark quadrangle at that hour?

He stood silent, close to the sheltering oak. The footstep sounded again—it came closer—and passed! Within six or seven feet of the hidden junior a shadowy figure passed, straight towards the lighted window of the Head's study.

As it came out full into the light Harry's eyes followed it, and again he gave a start. There was something familiar in that heavy, thick-set figure, outlined against the lighted window.

Where had he seen the man before?

The shadowy figure reached the window. Then, in the silence, came the sharp metallic voice of Mr. Carker—in low tones, which, however, reached the junior's ears in the dead silence.

"Slaney! You fool!"

"I'm here, guv'nor," was the reply, with a low chuckle.

The man stood at the lighted window, and the light was on his face, partly turned now, so that Wilmot saw it clearly. The junior suppressed a gasp of amazement.

For he knew that face—with his red, blotchy skin and narrow eyes! It was the face of the man he had seen a week ago in Lynn Wood—the face of the man who had struck down Dr. Chenies.

It was the Head's assailant—the ruffian for whom the police were searching, and searching in vain.

Wilmot stood and stared, wondering if he was dreaming. What could there be between that ruffian and the new Head of St. Kit's? They seemed as far as the poles asunder—the hard, severe-featured headmaster—the low-browed, red-faced ruffian! What did it mean? Like a flash of light the meaning of it came into Harry Wilmot's mind.

(Whatever you do don't miss next Monday's long instalment of this amazing school story. Order your Boys' Friend in advance and avoid disappointment!)



A BRUSH WITH THE LYNCROFTERS! Bob Rake hit out, and his drive landed on Dick Hawke's chest, and Turkey, of the Lyncroft Fourth, went heels over head in the grass. "Yaroooh!" spluttered Turkey as he landed.

Oliphant nodded without speaking.

He remained in the room while Tuckle, the page, brought up a mattress and sheets and blankets. Tuckle gave the captain of the Fourth a look of sympathy, but did not venture to speak. The bed was made, and then Harry was left to himself.

The ponderous key turned in the rusty lock, and the heavy oaken door was fast!

Harry Wilmot sat on the edge of the bed.

It was bitterly cold in the "Rat-trap," and certainly a fire was needed. But the cold, apparently, was to be part of his punishment.

The junior set his lips.

For some time he sat thinking, in deep silence. Hardly a sound from the school reached the secluded "Rat-trap."

He rose at last, mounted on the chair, and looked out of the window. The iron bars were eaten through with rust, and Harry tested them and smiled faintly. It would not have needed a very powerful wrench to displace the rusty bars.

Outside, he could see little. The thick, tough old ivy clambered all over the stone walls, and half-hid the window. He had a glimpse of a slit of the quad, with the

great. But he looked from the window again, and Bob Rake waved his hand.

Bob returned to the top study in the Fourth, with the folded note in his pocket. He found Algy and Bunny there, looking dismal—Algy on Wilmot's account, Bunny on his own! Bob laid Harry's note on the table, and the Dandy of St. Kit's glanced at it. It was brief.

"Unfasten the back box-room window after lights out. I'm coming back to the dorm. to-night.—H. W."

Algernon Aubrey drew a quick breath.

"Comin' to the dorm!" he murmured. "But he's locked in."

"The window—" said Bob.

"It's barred."

"He must have some way of getting out, or he wouldn't have written that," said Bob.

"Yaas, that's so."

"We'll see that the window's left unfastened for him."

"Oh, yaas."

And Wilmot's chums took comfort in the knowledge that he was not, after all, to spend the winter night in the "Rat-trap."

After lights out that night, Bob Rake turned out of bed and crept cautiously to the back box-room and unfastened the window, raising the sash an inch. Then the

his weight, and the feat only required nerve. And nerve he had in plenty.

He stood on the chair and tested the iron bars. They were deeply penetrated with rust, and, as he expected, a powerful wrench dragged them away. He laid them quietly on the floor, one by one.

The window was small, and would not have been easy for a man to pass through; but it was easy enough for the Fourth Former.

Wilmot pushed through the square opening, and found himself on the narrow sill, holding on to thick tendrils of ivy.

The ivy rustled and swayed as he tested it with his weight. But it held well, as he was sure it would.

He drew a deep breath, and trusted himself to it.

Hand below hand, with his legs hanging in space, the determined junior worked his way downward, never letting go the hold of one hand till he had found a new and secure hold lower down with the other.

He gave almost a sob of relief when his boots touched the solid ground at last.

He released his hold on the ivy, and quietly and cautiously picked his way in the darkness into the quadrangle.