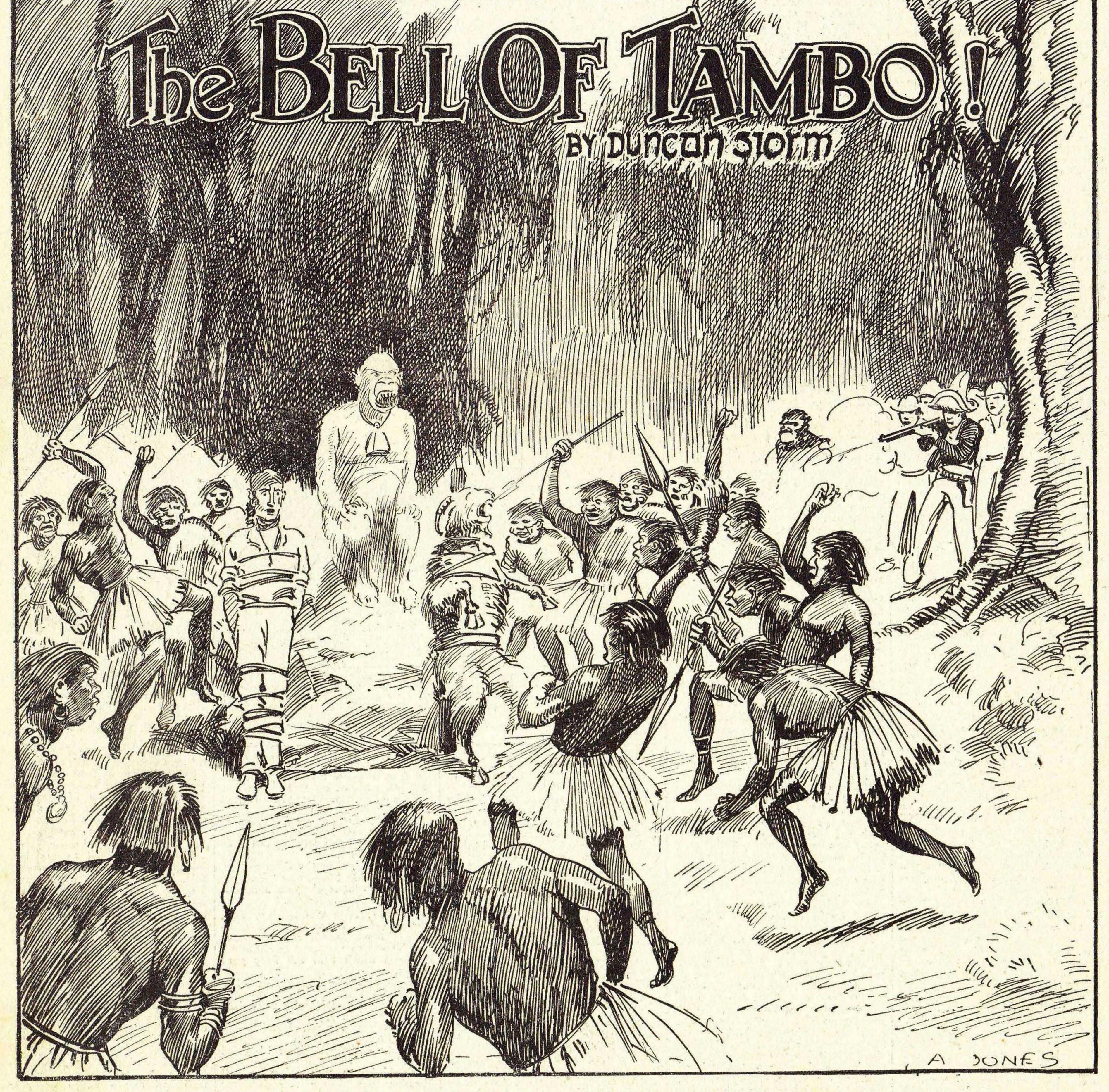
Editor's - "POSH AT THE WHEEL!" by David Goodwin. Starts Next Nonday!

No. 1,238. Vol. XXV.—New Series.]

THE BEST BOYS' PAPER IN THE WORLD!

Week Ending February 28th, 1925.



Dick Dorrington & Co. discover Dr. Crabhunter and Horace, the Goat, in dire peril!

(A breathless incident from the great long story of the boys of the school-ship, Bombay Castle, in this issue.)

FOOTBALL STORY, FEATURING JIMMY SILVER & CO.

OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL!



By Owen Conquest.

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

Peter Cuthbert Gunner does not after all play a conspicuous part in the St. Kit's Match!

" Oh!"

"No, sir! I'm playing football

Mr. Dalton picked up his cane and

"Gunner! Bend over that form!"

Whack! Whack! Whack!

"Oh! Wow! Wow!"

this afternoon - I've got an im-

portant engagement-"

walked over to Gunner.

"I-I say, sir-"



The 1st Chapter. Perplexing!

Jimmy Silver smiled. Arthur Edward Lovell grinned. Raby and Newcome fairly chuckled. The Fistical Four were not the

only members of the Rookwood Fourth who gave signs of great joy. Mornington glanced at Erroll brightly, and Erroll smiled and nodded to Morny. Tommy Dodd winked at Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle-the three Tommies of the Modern side seemed quite hilarious.

In fact, nearly every member of the Fourth Form at Rookwood seemed greatly bucked.

Mr. Dalton, master of the Fourth, was puzzled-naturally! He thought that he understood his Form; he was, indeed, assured that he knew them quite well. But he could not

account for this. Really, it was surprising.

The cause of that sudden and universal brightening in the Rookwood Fourth was the fact that the "chopper" had come down on Peter Cuthbert Gunner.

Gunner of the Fourth was in

trouble. P. C. Gunner never was a grati-

fying pupil. Richard Dalton often found him a severe strain in the Form-room. It was not only that Gunner was

obtuse. He had a peculiar selfsatisfaction which rendered his obtuseness quite irritating. Having made a "howler" of which a fag in the Second Form would have been ashamed, Peter Cuthbert would receive correction with a look of superior knowledge and wisdom, scarcely concealing the fact that he regarded his master as an ass.

It was not easy for his Formmaster to struggle against Gunner's obtuseness; but that was his duty, and he did it manfully. To struggle against his self-satisfaction as well

was asking too much. So Gunner sometimes came up against the sharpest edge of Mr. Dalton's tongue, and sometimes up against the pointer, and sometimes up against the cane. All of which he bore with the same air of mis-

understood superiority. On this particular morning in the Fourth Form-room, Gunner had been unusually and particularly exas-

perating. He was as obtuse as ever, as selfsatisfied as ever, and, in addition, Yet now the rejoicing was open and ! he was careless, forgetful, evidently manifest. thinking of anything but the Form "Silence!" work. He obviously regarded lessons as a worry and a bore, and found it | Gunner broke it:

difficult to keep patient with Mr. Dal- "Sir! Mr. Dalton--"

from the Form-room, heard those ton, who was worrying and boring him. More important matters occupied the powerful brain of P. C.

Gunner. keep patient with Mr. Dalton, whether he might not, after all, let Richard Dalton, on his side, found Gunner off more lightly. it impossible to keep patient with It was just like Gunner to go Gunner. So Gunner was "for it" ahead at that unpropitious moment that morning. First he was what he and make his master implacable. called "jawed"; then he was "Excuse me, sir, I must speak!" rapped with the pointer, and then exclaimed Gunner. he was caned. And then Mr. Dalton, on fresh offence given, came down

ory heavy.
It was Wednesday, a half-holiday, "Eh?" very heavy. and the day of the St. Kit's match. "Impossible, sir! Any other Dicky Dalton had saved the cap- Richard Dalton, all unknowingly, got that bag for, though?" Third lesson was drawing near its afternoon you like. Not to-day!"

rest of the day. And then, worn out by Gunner, Mr. Dalton rapped out a severe sentence: "Gunner!"

"Oh! Yes, sir!" said Gunner, in a tired voice. He was fed-up, and made no secret of the fact.

"You will be detained this after-

"Eh?" "You will be detained for the halfholiday, Gunner!"

"Wha-a-at?" "I shall set you a detention task at two o'clock, and you will remain in the Form-room till five," said Mr. Dalton.

Peter Cuthbert Gunner stared aghast.

But the rest of the Form, Classical and Modern, smiled and grinned and nodded to one another, and displayed every sign of the liveliest satisfac-

Mr. Dalton could not help noticing

It perplexed him.

Gunner was every kind of an ass, no doubt, but he was a goodhearted fellow, not at all unpopular in the Form. The fellows laughed him, perhaps, but they rather liked him. Even Dickinson minor, his study-mate, rather liked him, in a way.

Yet the whole Form was obviously pleased-in fact, delighted-to hear that Gunner was detained for the half-holiday.

They were so pleased that they couldn't conceal it. They looked as if Mr. Dalton had just brightened school-life for them in the most wonderful way.

Had the Head come into the Formroom and announced an extra whole holiday they could not have looked more delighted.

So Richard Dalton, who had supposed that he understood his Form quite thoroughly, had to admit to himself that there was still something in the Rookwood Fourth that he did not quite catch on to.

and winks, passed up and down the Dalton's face, blank dismay in Gun- Wilmot, who, as Jimmy Silver Form; there was quite a buzz of ap- ner's, and a smile on every other learned, had fairly "woke them up" proval, pleasure, and relief. "Silence!" rapped Mr. Dalton.

had plenty of sympathy for a fellow | shoulder and chortled gleefully. who was detained-even an unpopular fellow like Peele or Gower.

There was silence in the Form.

"You may sit down, Gunner!" Mr. Dalton paused. He had sentenced Gunner, deservedly. But the gladness of the Form displeased The 2nd Chapter. But if Gunner found it difficult to him, and he began to consider

"What?" "I can't possibly be detained this afternoon."

Kit's that afternoon, and, detained at Rookwood, he could not play.

Certainly, Mr. Dalton was not likely to know that Gunner was down to play in a school junior Only Gunner was frowning. match. Mr. Dalton sometimes supervised games practice, and he was not unacquainted with Gunner's style in Soccer; so he would have been astounded to hear that Gunner was playing for Rookwood.

Had he known it, indeed, it was improbable that he would have detained Gunner, being a very considerate Form master, and very unwilling to interfere in the sporting fixtures of his Form.

But Gunner was detained, and Jimmy Silver was automatically released from the rash promise he had made to the worst footballer at Rookwood, or outside Rookwood for that matter.

The promise had been, of course, made under a misapprehension. Last term Rookwood had played St. Kit's, and found them a team of what Lovell called "foozling fumblers."

Any old thing was good enough to play St. Kit's, therefore, and Gunner was given his chance and Jimmy's promise, "honest Injun" that he should play.

And then had come the discovery "Now be silent, you unruly and of a great change at St. Kit's-instupid boy!" said Mr. Dalton. | deed, a kind of a revolution in the junior football club there.

NOT WANTED! Before Gunner could realise what was happen-Mornington signed to Tommy Dodd; and the two juniors grasped him. Gunner went out of the carriage like a pip from an orange, and sprawled on the platform with a roar.

"Another word, and I will send you I It was a discomforting discovery, to the headmaster!" Gunner collapsed.

Smiles, grins, congratulatory nods with a severe frown on Richard junior captain in a fellow named face in the Fourth Form And when at football, and had led a team into the Fourth were dismissed, Jimmy Rejoicing in the misfortunes of a Silver & Co. went down the corridor | friars School on their own ground. Form-fellow was quite unlike the in a joyous cake-walk, and other Rookwood Fourth. Generally they fellows smacked one another on the

> "Gunner's detained!" "Landed for the afternoon!" "He can't come over to St. Kit's!"

"Hurrah!" "What larks!"

"Hip, hip, hurrah!" joyous ejaculations, and was more perplexed than ever.

Plus Gunner!

Jimmy's shoulders for several days, for ever after he would be wanted other fellows who were going over to and now it was lifted by the deten- i in all important matches. It was St. Kit's with them, mounted into

for any fellow under detention. But I master in class. rolling away from the school gates.

in the circumstances.

Carton, the slacker and dandy, Third lesson proceeded to its finale, was gone. St. Kit's had a new the field that had defeated Grey-

> Immediate revision of the Rookwood team had followed. Only there was one member who refused to be revised, as it were, and that was Gunner.

Jimmy had promised him the place in the team, "honest Injun." Gunner held him to it.

hoped that Gunner would relent and fellows didn't want me to do that. let him off. It seemed incredible Now Dicky Dalton's solved the diffithat even Gunner could remain culty, and it's all serene. Let's get ignorant of his own abysmal dis- off." qualifications for the match, with all "The brake's here," called out the Lower School at Rookwood Tommy Cook.

Trouble had lain heavily on display such prowess at St. Kit's that The footballers, and a good many tion of Gunner. | useless to argue with him, because the brake, and it started. For Gunner personally Jimmy was | Gunner knew best, just as he did in | "Hallo, there's old Gunner!" exsorry, as he would have been sorry i the little arguments with his Form | claimed Lovell, as the brake was

satisfaction on other accounts quite | And now the Gordian knot was "He wants to say good-bye." swamped the sorrow. cut.

close, after which the Fourth Form, "Not to-day?" repeated Mr. Dat Gordian knot, as it were. For taking over to St. Kit's the very at Gunner. would be their own masters for the ton, quite dazedly. Gunner had been down to play St. worst footballer ever heard of. (Continued overleaf.)

So it was no wonder that Jimmy Silver smiled at dinner, and met answering smiles on the faces of the other footballers.

Gunner could not be expected to feel pleased. But, fortunately, it did not matter whether Gunner was pleased or not.

After dinner Gunner came out with his chum, Dickinson minor, his rugged brows deeply corrugated. "It's a bit rotten, you know,"

Gunner remarked. "Isn't it?" assented Dickinson, winking into space with the eye

farthest from Gunner. "Mind, I'm not thinking of myself," said Gunner morosely, "I'm thinking of the school. What sort of a match will those foozlers put up at St. Kit's without me to give the team a backbone?"

"Oh, my hat!" "It means a licking for Rookwood, of course," said Gunner gloomily.

"They sometimes win matches, you know," remarked Dickinson minor, with a sarcasm that was lost on Gunner.

"I know. It beats me how they do it, foozlers like that crowd! There's a lot of luck in Soccer. They've fluked several wins this season. But we can't depend on fluking through all the time, can

H'm! No," murmured Dickinson minor.

"Something will have to be done," said Gunner, knitting his brows more gloomily than before. And he walked away with his hands driven deep into his pockets, apparently thinking it out.

Dickinson minor chuckled. His impression was that Gunner was going to be "done," and he considered it a jolly good thing.

Meanwhile, Jimmy Silver & Co. were making their preparations for the journey over to St. Kit's. With Gunner in the team they had

viewed that match rather pessimistieally, but now all was calm and

"We're going to beat them now," Arthur Edward Lovell told Jimmy Silver. "I don't care what form they're in, and what sort of a captain they've got in that man Wilmot. We're going to beat them all right now that idiot Gunner is dropped." "What terrific luck!" grinned

Raby. "Amazin'!" said Mornington. "I always liked Dicky Dalton, but never

so much as to-day." "Ha, ha, ha!" Jimmy Silver chuckled.

"You'll be wanted, after all, Conroy," he said.

"What-ho!" said Conroy. "And let this be a warning to you, Jimmy," said Arthur Edward Lovell, feeling that it was up to him not to let pass this opportunity of delivering a little lecture. "You can't be too careful, you know!"

"Fathead!" said Jimmy politely. "You shouldn't have promised Gunner a place in the team, and you jolly well know it!" said Lovell warmly.

"Oh. draw it mild!" said Erroll. "We all thought that St. Kit's were the same fumblers we played last term, and Gunner wouldn't have done any harm in playing Carton's

"Any old thing would have done for that crowd," said Tommy Dodd. "But as it happens we've had a lucky escape."

"Jimmy was an ass to promise. You have to be careful in football matters," said Lovell. "In fact, he was an ass to put in Gunner at all." "Why, you suggested Gunner!"

exclaimed Newcome. "I wish you wouldn't keep en arguing. Newcome."

"Well, it's all serene now," said Jimmy Silver cheerily. "I did promise Gunner, and I. was bound Up to the last moment Jimmy to keep to it or resign, and you

explaining them to him. Jimmy Silver & Co. went out to Jimmy Silver came in to dinner But Gunner did not relent.

with a cheery face that Wednesday. His idea was that he was going to They were in high spirits.

grinned Newcome. "What has he tain of the Fourth. He had cut the had saved the Rookwooders from The crowd in the brake stared back

Yet another surprise! "His Four-Footed Chum!" great new story of Don Darrel, the boy millionaire, appearing in our next issue!

By Owen Conquest.



Bag in hand, he was racing after the brake, with a red face, and perspiration on his brow. He waved his free hand and shouted:

"Stop!" "No fear!" murmured Mornington. Gunner put on a desperate spurt and came up with the brake. To the surprise of the occupants he tossed his bag in and clambered up behind.

"Coming to the station with us?" asked Jimmy Silver, rather surprised. "I say, old man, will you get back in time for your detention?"

"Make room for a chap!" gasped Gunner. "Why the thump didn't you stop for me?"

"We've got a train to catch, old man. Glad of your company as far as Latcham," said Jimmy, with a

"Suppose I hadn't caught you up?" snorted Gunner.

"Well, it would have been awfully unpleasant to miss your company as far as the junction, but we might have survived it," remarked Mornington.

"Oh, don't be an ass!" said Gunner. "You might have lost the best man in your team, Silver-the only good man in it, in fact. Still, a miss is as good as a mile."

"What on earth do you mean?" exclaimed Jimmy Silver, staring at him. "You're detained!"

"That's off." "Wh-a-a-t?"

"Eh?" "How?"

Gunner smiled. "It's all serene," he said. "Dalton isn't a bad sort—a bit stupid, you know, but quite a decent sort in his way. I explained to him that I was down to play this afternoon, and he's let me off detention."

"What?" roared the footballers.
"Decent of him, what?" said Gunner. "Of course, I get the detention all the same-next Saturday. Dalton seemed surprised to hear that I was in the eleven."

"I should say so!" "But as soon as he knew, he let me off for this afternoon. He's a bit of a fool, but he's a sportsman," said Gunner.

Peter Cuthbert sat down comfort-

"So it's all right!" he added. Gunner was alone in that opinion. The footballers stared at him in blank dismay.

The popularity of Richard Dalton, master of the Fourth, recently so great, was now at its lowest ebb.

The 3rd Chapter. Desperate Weasures!

Arthur Edward Lovell gave Jimmy Silver an accusing look. It was, as a matter of absolute fact. Arthur Edward who had proposed putting Gunner into the team, in the first place: rather as a joke than anything else. Any old thing was good enough to play Carton's team at St. Kit's. But since the discovery that Carton had left St. Kit's, and that a new man had done wonders was useless to expect Peter Cuthbert to see that.

"Well, you've done it, Jimmy!" said Lovell, apparently in the role of Job's comforter. "The match is a goner now."

Jimmy did not answer. "Oh, don't be an ass," said

Gunner. "What bothers me, Lovell, is having a fumbler like you in the half-way line along with me. Mind you don't butt into my way in your usual style."

"You silly owl!" roared Lovell.

thump does he mean by letting that dangerous lunatic off detention?"

(Continued from previous page.)

"Oh, cheese it," said Gunner. "I dare say Dalton would like to see Rookwood win matches. He was bound to let me off when explained."

"What about dropping the born idiot out of the brake?" asked Tommy Dodd.

"Look here, you Modern chump --- "roared Gunner. "Let's!" said Towle.

Jimmy Silver shook his head sadly. He would have been willing to see Peter Cuthbert Gunner dropped out of the brake, or out of the solar system had that been possible. But "Uncle James" of Rookwood was a slave to his word. "Can't be done!" he said.

promised him-" "You shouldn't have!" hooted Lovell.

"I know that!"

"Well, then-" "A promise is a promise," said Jimmy. "Now the circumstances have altered, Gunner oughtn't to hold me to it. But if he does, I'm bound to play him."

"I jolly well do!" said Gunner promptly. "I'm going to show you fellows what real football is like."

"Fathead!" " Ass !"

"Jabberwock!"

Gunner smiled serenely. Offensive epithets rolled off him like water from a duck. His self-satisfaction was like an armour of proof.

"I'm ready to resign," said Jimmy, looking round. "If I stand out, a new skipper can play Gunner or not as he pleases."

"Oh, rats!" said Lovell.

"That's no good!"

"Then Gunner plays," said Jimmy. with a sigh. "We must do the best | it matters! Might as well lose the we can to win with Gunner on our backs."

"Oh, dear! What a prospect!" groaned Raby.

'The silly ass ought to be scragged.' "Wait till you see me shoving the ball through the goal!" said Gunner, cheerfully.

'Through our goal, if any!" grunted Conroy.

"Oh, you're an ass, Conroy. You don't know anything about soccer, | and it's really lucky that there's no room for you in the team. If . were skipper, I should drop you too, Mornington."

"Would you?" breathed Morny. "Yes, rather. Mind you don't get in my light," said Gunner impressively. "With a front line like ours, the halves will have to do a lot of work for the forwards, I can see that -at least, I shall have to. Mind you

don't get in my way." "Oh, kill him, somebody."

The brake rolled on towards Latcham, its occupants in a dismal humour, with one exception. Valentine Mornington, at a little distance from Gunner, conversed in low tones with Tommy Dodd. Generally, the dandy of the Classical Fourth had little to say to the Modern junior; but now they seemed to have some topic that engaged them deeply. Several times, as they spoke in whispers, they glanced at Gunner; but that youth did not observe it. Gunner was not a very observant fellow; besides, he was thinking of the tremendous triumph that awaited him at St. Kit's.

In his mind's eye, Gunner could already see himself making overwhelming rushes up the field, scattering Wilmot and his men like chaff before the wind, and raining in shots on a dazed goalkeeper. In his mind's eye, he saw the doubt change to delight in the faces of his comrades -he saw himself lifted in enthusiastic hands, and carried shoulderhigh from the field of victory amid thunderous cheers.

Unfortunately, Gunner was never likely to see all that with any eye but that of the mind.

But for the present, at least, all was happy anticipation; and Gunner was happy. "There's Latcham!" grunted

Lovell, at last. remarked Tommy Cook. "Not that train as we're going to lose the

"Just as well!" groaned Rawson. "Oh. cheer up!" said Gunner. "I

a lot of foozlers like you fellows, if rang over Latcham Junction; the St. Kit's are in anything like form. But you've got one good man." "Oh, dear!"

Price

Twopence

The Rookwood crowd poured out of the brake at Latcham Junction. Nearly a dozen fellows were going over to St. Kit's with the eleven, so it was quite an army that invaded | has---" the platform at Latcham. The train was not yet in, and the Rockwooders stood about in groups waiting for it.

at last. "Now, if Gunner would only fall train.

down in a fit-" murmured Putty, of the Fourth. Putty and Oswald | chuckling. were not in the eleven, but they felt the presence of Gunner as keenly | left?" as any of the footballers.

"He won't!" said Oswald dismally. "No such luck!" groaned Lovell.

And Gunner didn't! He crammed into a carriage with

six or seven other fellows. Jimmy Silver was about to enter the same carriage; but Morny waved him

"Full up!" he said. "Oh, make room," said Jimmy, rather testily. The presence of Peter Cuthbert Gunner had had a rather deteriorating effect upon the usual James." good-humour of "Uncle

"Can't be done, old bean! Try next door."

"Oh, rats!" growled Jimmy. He moved on to the next carriage, and Morny and Tommy Dodd smiled at one another. Morny sat opposite Gunner, in a corner seat, and Tommy Dodd sat next to the undesired half.

"Shut the door, Morny," said Gunner. "Don't want a lot of passengers shoving in here. Too full already."

Morny was holding the door with his hand, and looking out. He did | the next carriage. Jimmy Silver not seem to hear Gunner.

Doors were slamming along the train. The guard was about to wave his flag, when Morny suddenly woke to action.

was happening, or that anything was | heard all over the train, I think!" happening at all, Morny signed to | "Nothing much-only Gunner's grasped him.

Gunner went out of the carriage like a pip from an orange.

a roar.

Mornington slammed the door; growled Mornington. admit it looks a bit doubtful, with the train moved. A shrill whistle

express was in motion. "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Tommy

Mornington sat down.

"Rather neat-what?" he said. "Oh, Great Scott!" yelled Lovell, who was in the carriage. "Gunner

"Ha, ha, ha!" Tommy Dodd glanced from the window. Every door had slammed, "Here she comes!" said Oswald, and Gunner was sprawling on the platform, blinking at the gliding

Tommy Dodd sat down again,

"Poor old Gunner! Jevver get

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Morny old man, you're a giddy genius!" howled Arthur Edward Lovell. "Oh, my hat! What a wheeze! He's left!"

The crowded carriage rang with merriment.

"That's why you kept Jimmy out!" exclaimed Raby. Valentine Mornington chuckled.

"Better for our respected captain not to be on the scene," he remarked. "He couldn't have a hand in this, as he had promised Gunner!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

"But I fancy he will be rather pleased when we get to Oakstead to find that Gunner isn't in the jolly old party."

"I fancy so," chortled Lovell. "Next express an hour and a half," added Mornington. "I shouldn't wonder if Gunner comes on after us. He's a sticker! He will be in time to see us coming off the field at St. Kit's."

"Ha, ha, ha!" The roars of merriment reached put his head out of his window at the next stop and glanced along, to meet Mornington's laughing face at the carriage window.

"What's the howling joke?" asked Before Gunner could realise what Jimmy Silver. "You fellows can be

"Plenty of time for the train," Tommy Dodd; and the two juniors lost the train," called back Morn-The captain of the Fourth jumped

> and knocked the back of his head on He sprawled on the platform with the window in his surprise and joy. "Ow! Lost the train?" "Yes; he seems to have got left

behind at Latcham. Got out at the last moment for some reason!" "Ha, ha, ha!" came in a roar be-

hind Morny. "Well, my hat!" said Jimmy, his

face all smiles.

He sat down again with a cheery countenance and quite enjoyed the run of the express to Oakstead, in Sussex. It was quite a happy journey for Jimmy Silver.

The 4th Chapter. Fool's Luck.

Change for Wicke "Oakstead! and St. Kit's!"

The express stopped, and Jimmy Silver & Co. swarmed out on the platform. All the party knew by that time that Peter Cuthbert Gunner had been left behind at Latcham, and rejoiced greatly thereat. It was a smiling band that poured out of the carriages.

"Over the bridge for the local train," said Jimmy Silver. "Five minutes for the train; so buck up!" The Rookwood party marched off cheerily. There was a sound of pattering feet behind them and breathless panting.

Jimmy glanced back. A burly fellow was running hard along the platform after the Rookwooders, and he came up panting. Jimmy stared at him as if mes-

"Gunner!" he said faintly. It was Gunner!

Valentine Mornington stared at him as if he had been a ghost. Up to that moment he had firmly believed that Peter Cuthbert had been be safely left behind at Latcham. His really uncanny.

"You rotter!" panted Gunner. He rushed right at Mornington. Three or four fellows grasped him and yanked him back.

"Let me go!" roared Gunner. "Shut up, you ass!"

"Don't kick up a shindy here!" "I'm going to punch him!" bel-

"How did you get here, you villain?" shrieked Mornington. "I Your Editor. thought you were left behind." Gunner snorted contemptuously.

the fees? Thereby hangs a powerful

Next week we find the Bombay Castle fellows rescuing a nigger who has fallen into deep water. The all-black whispers some strangely exciting news into the ears of Dick Dorrington & Co., and mighty adventures ensue as a result. For uncounted years an immense treasure has been overlooked. The original owners wrote it off as a dead loss, and then vanished from the scene. But the half-drowned, dusky victim knew all about the secret. Unfortunately the news has also reached a party of adventurers from Lusitania, otherwise Portugal, so it is not all smooth going for the Bombay Castle company.

NOTHING LIKE THE LEATHER!

Look out for "Goalie's" topping contribution next Monday. It will pay any footballer to read it, and inwardly digest same.

Trouble is brewing at St. Kit's.

"THE CAPTAIN OF THE FOURTH!"

The coming storm threatens to be a regular full blast business, with a barring-out of unparalleled ferocity. Somebody has got to sit up. Mr. Carker is temporary—and tempery. One is bound to feel regret that the worthy Dr. Chenies ever got knocked out by a footpad. But what can't be cured must endured. Carker is there, and his sudden appearance at Oakstead was motto is: "J'y suis, j'y reste," and no rest for anybody else. Right through you can see what's coming. It is not a case so much of what's coming for the meddlesome jay, Carker, bad luck to him, as what is in store for St. Kit's. They can put up with a good deal at the famous school, but there are limits. Carker has pulled up his socks, and lowed Gunner, in indignant wrath. made himself particularly annoying I'm going to smash him! Think at the tyrant game. And things are I'm going to be hoisted out of a happening fast, just as one knew train--' they would. Look out for a splendid instalment on Monday.

NYOUR FOITOR'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.

Next Monday's issue of the Boys' FRIEND will contain the first instalment of this brisk and brilliant serial by the famous author whose work is so deservedly appreciated all over the world. It is an amazing yarn! It will get hold of your imagination from the start. Do a good turn to your chums by spreading the news! You will like Posh no end. He makes his debut in a motor garage, but it is not his fate with the junior football team there, to stop there. You will see the why Arthur Edward seemed to have for- and wherefore next week. You will gotten that he had made the playful also meet Pincher, Posh's dog. proposition. Certainly Jimmy Silver, | Pincher is a real out-and-out, tail as football captain, was responsible, wagging, brain wave of a canine. but, equally certainly, he would never! He makes history right away; he have thought of Gunner but for | finds his feet, all four of them, and Lovell's suggestion. The real fault jumps into popularity with a cheery lay with Gunner, in holding Jimmy | bark. Pincher is the jolliest foxto his thoughtless promise; but it terrier who ever munched a Spratt.



As for Posh, he is a sportsman. Bad luck comes to meet him, but "Dalton ought to be lynched!" Posh declines the interview and rocks. How can he remain at the exclaimed Mornington. "What the starts out into the big world to see I school when there is no money for I

what's happening. And he meets Cyril Babbit, another good sport, who takes an instant liking for Posh. He could not help it. Thenceforward the happenings rattle along in grand style, and the denouement of the breeziest first instalment it has ever been my lot to read Next leaves you wanting more! Monday!

SPORTING FAVOURITES.

In this number you will find the final set of pictures in this capital competition. Send in your entries.

"HIS FOUR-FOOTED CHUM!"

Don Darrel, the Boy Millionaire, will get a welcome next week. Victor Nelson tells a great story full of novelty. Don Darrel goes to the dogs! Half a minute! Don't be under any misapprehension. There's nothing amiss with the Millionaire. He has to take this course in order to save his dog, Snap, Snap gets accused of taking first bite out of an old gentleman, but it was not quite as some thought. It was jolly bad quarter of an hour for Snap, all the same. Luckily Don was equal to the occasion.

"ROUGH ON RAWSON!"

Rawson of Rookwood is on the

Tip-top stories appear every week in the "Magnet" Library, the "Gem" Library, and the "Popular." Give our Companion Papers a trial!

"Catch me being left behind when a football match depends on me, and me only!" he snapped. "I jumped into the guard's van."

"Oh, my hat!" "Just in time!" said Gunner. "Just jumped in in time as it passed me. Made the guard jump, too, I can tell you. But for that I should have been left behind, and the St. Kit's match would have been a You deliberately tried to throw that match away, Mornington -tried to keep out the only man who could win for Rookwood! You, too, Dodd! I'm jolly well going to smash both of you!"

"Behave yourself, you ass!" said Jimmy Silver gloomily. "Shut up, for goodness' sake! Buck up, you chaps; we don't want to lose the local!"

The footballers walked on over the bridge, and Gunner, contenting himself with ferocious glares at Mornington and Tommy Dodd, tramped along with them.

The brightness had faded once more from the faces of the Rookwood footballers.

That Peter Cuthbert Gunner was a "sticker" they knew only too well; but they had not quite expected him to stick like this. As Tommy Dodd whispered gloomily to Cook and Doyle, glue wasn't in it with Gunner. Morny's bright idea had been a failure, and it was clear now that the Rookwood team had to carry the ineffable Gunner through the match -as a passenger, on their backs, as it were.

The looks that his comrades gave him would have been enough for anyone but Gunner. Really, an average fellow would have wanted to hide his diminished head anywhere rather than face such expressive But they did not affect Gunner in the least. He was not an average fellow. Whether he was above or below the average was a matter of opinion-Gunner's opinion on the point being quite opposed to that of Jimmy Silver & Co.

The local train was waiting on the other side, and the Rookwooders Peter Cuthbert Gunner, with a distrustful glare at Mornington, wedged into Jimmy Silver's carriage. He did not intend to risk another sudden descent on the platform on his burly neck.

In another carriage Valentine Mornington sat in discussion with Oswald and Putty Grace and several other fellows who had come over with the team.

It was a short run from Oakstead to Wicke, the station for St. Kit's, but it was long enough for the discussion between Morny and the followers of the Rookwood team.

At Wicke the party alighted. "You've got it clear?" murmured Mornington, as he walked down the platform with Oswald & Co. "You collar the silly owl--"

"Yes, rather!" "Sit on him, or jump on him-any old thing you like! It doesn't matter if you lynch him--"

The conspirators chuckled. "Only keep him from getting to St. Kit's," said Mornington. "You might tie him to a tree. Or chuck him under a motor-car!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "You'll miss seeing the match, but you'll help us win!"

"That's all right!" said Oswald. "We'll take jolly good care of him! He won't turn up at St. Kit's unless he carries us there!"

"Good man!" Morny looked satisfied as he joined Jimmy Silver and walked out of the station with the captain of the Fourth. It was impossible for Jimmy to dodge his promise by having any hand in the elimination of Gunner; and if he had known of the scheme there was little doubt that he would have felt bound to intervene. But if Gunner vanished without his knowledge or concurrence, and had to be replaced in the eleven by another man, there was no doubt at all that Jimmy would be pleased.

And that Gunner should vanish was the fixed determination of Oswald and four or five other followers of the team who had come over to see the match, but were quite willing to miss seeing it so long as Peter Cuthbert Gunner missed figuring in it.

It was not a long walk from the station at Wicke to St. Kit's, but there would be plenty of time to contrive somehow to collar Gunner and sit on him somewhere, while Mornington and the rest kept Jimmy Silver's attention engaged elsewhere.

Indeed, it really seemed that nothing could save Gunner this time. True, there was such a thing as "fool's luck." Gunner undoubt-

edly was entitled to count upon that kind of luck on his merits.

Outside Wicke Station a brake was standing, and a couple of fellows stood by it chatting, and glancing towards the entrance. As Jimmy Silver & Co. came cut, one of them came towards the Rookwood crowd with a cheery smile on his handsome

"Here you are!" he said.

"Hallo, Wilmot!"

Jimmy Silver shook hands cordially with the St. Kit's junior skipper.

"We've got the brake for you," said Wilmot. "Tumble in!" "Thanks, old bean!"

Mornington's face was a study.

It was kind and thoughtful of Harry Wilmot to turn up with a brake for the Rookwood crowd. But Morny was not feeling grateful just then. He was feeling deeply disposed to punch Harry Wilmot's head for his kind hospitality.

"Roll in, you chaps," said Jimmy Silver.

The Rookwooders rolled in, Gunner among the first. Oswald gave Mornington a look, and Morny shrugged his shoulders hopelessly.

He had counted on the walk to St. Kit's; but obviously Gunner could not be collared in a crowded brake, under the eyes of a couple of St. Kit's fellows, and under Jimmy Silver's.

"Fool's luck" had befriended Gunner once more, and once more | murmured Oswald.

"Shut up, Gunner," implored Jimmy Silver.

"Is this a giddy International you fellows have bagged to spring on us?" asked St. Leger.

"I suppose that's meant for sarc," said Gunner. "But, as a matter of fact, there are some Internationals not at all my style."

"Oh, my hat!" "Gunner knows the difference

between a football and a fancy-dress ball," said Mornington seriously. "Don't you, Gunner? It's the limit of his knowledge of the game. though."

"Ha, ha. ha!"

Wilmot and St. Leger looked rather perplexed, as well they might. round him with the air of a fellow impress him.

"Pretty so-so," he remarked to Oswald. "I dare say they'd beat just watch me!"

"I'm going to," said Dick Oswald grimly. "I'm not going to take my eye off you for a minute, Gunner."

"Well, that shows you've got more sense than I ever supposed, Oswald," said Gunner quite cordially. "You keep an eye on me, and you'll get a surprise."

The Rookwooders went in to change, minus Gunner.

Gunner, indeed, would have found at that moment. Putty of the Fourth had picked up Gunner's bag and cleared off with it at a run. Gunner, indeed, would not even have known that he had done so, being engaged in talk with Oswald, had not Oswald drawn his attention to the fact when Putty was at rather a distance.

Then Gunner roared to Putty of | collared Gunner right and the Fourth to stop, and started after | Gunner yelled in surprise and wrath. him as Putty ran on without stopping, and with the bag.

Gunner breathed wrath as he ran. Putty of the Fourth was famous at who was monarch of all he surveyed. | often suffered for his humorous pro-The St. Kit's eleven, when he saw clivities, and now he was going to dozen fellows. them on Little Side, did not seem to | suffer again, severely, as soon as Gunner arrived within hitting dis-

"The silly owl!" gasped Gunner Jimmy Silver's usual lot. But you as he sprinted. "Fancy playing such a silly trick on a fellow just now!"

"After him!" exclaimed Oswald. Oswald was running with Gunner, so were Jones minor, and Flynn, and Hooker, and one or two other fellows of the team.

Apparently they were keen to help carried?" Gunner run down the practical joker, and recover his property. "So will you, if I can manage it," Gunner, naturally, had no doubt on the subject.

"Why, I-I-" Gunner clambered frantically over the gate, and after him clambered Oswald & Co. They it difficult to change into football rig were far from the football field now, out of sight and sound.

Putty waited, as he had promised. Gunner landed on his feet and rushed

right at him. "Now, you funny idiot-"

"Pile in!" roared Putty. "What-ho!" chuckled Oswald. "Collar him!"

Oswald & Co. rushed on and "You silly owls - ow - leggo! Collar him, not me, you dummies! Wharrer you at?"

Apparently Oswald & Co. knew The brake rolled on to St. Kit's and Rookwood as a practical joker; but what they were at. They collared landed its crew. Gunner looked this, in Gunner's opinion, was no Gunner, not Putty, and Peter Cuthtime for practical jokes. Putty had bert, hefty fellow as he was, was soon quite helpless in the grasp of half a

Amazed, wondering whether he was on his head or his heels, Gunner collapsed in the grasp of many

"Will you let go?" he gasped.

"No jolly fear!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yank him along."

"I told you I'd keep an eye on you, didn't I?" gasped Oswald. "Now, will you walk, or will you be

"I-I-I'll smash you!"

"Bring him along." Gunner struggled frantically, as he was picked up by half a dozen pairs of hands and borne away.

But his struggles did not avail. He was "for it" this time, and he had no chance-his luck had failed

Down the path towards the river the grinning juniors bore him, out of sight of St. Kit's. They avoided the boat-house, and turned up the towpath with the wriggling Gunner. From the towpath they turned into

a wood, a good quarter of a mile from the football ground of St. Kit's, and there Peter Cuthbert Gunner was dumped on the ground and held, still wriggling spasmodically. "You-you-you villains!" gasped

Gunner. "What are you playing this potty trick for? You'll make me miss the match at this rate." "Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Oswald &

Co. Apparently their object had not yet dawned upon Gunner's powerful

Do you want the match to be lost?" shrieked Gunner. "Ha, ha! We want it to be won!" chuckled Putty. "That's why we're

looking after you, Gunner." Gunner comprehended at last. "You-you rotters! You're keep-

ing me away from the match." "Dear me! He's got on to it." "What a brain!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Gunner struggled furiously.

"Will you have a little sense?" he raved. "You know there's a set of silly duffers there to play St. Kit's. You know I'm the backbone of the team—the only good man in it. That ass Conroy will have to play if I don't get back! Think of that!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Have they bribed you to keep me out of the match?" roared Gunner. "Is this a St. Kit's trick? Bribed Rookwood fellows to let them win! Is that it?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the juniors. Gunner's new theory was really too much for them. They laughed till they wept.

"You rotters!" gasped Gunner. "You don't understand-you're spoiling everything! I tell you, Rookwood can't win without me!"

"Can't jolly well win with you, at all events," grinned Jones minor. "We're giving them a sporting chance by keeping you here, at

"You fathead! You ass! I-I-I

Gunner made a terrific effort. But it was of no avail. He went down again, and Oswald sat on his chest to keep him there. Flynn and Hooker sat on his thrashing legs.

"Make up your mind to it, old bean," advised Putty. "You ought really to be grateful to us. We're saving you from playing the goat, and from chucking away a football match. You haven't thanked us

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Look here," gasped Gunner. "How much have St. Kit's given you to keep me out of the game?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "You villains--"

"Go it!"

"Will you let me go?" shrieked Gunner.

"No jolly fear!" "They'll be waiting for me-" "I don't think!" chuckled Oswald. (Continued on page 560.)

MORNINGTON SCORES! Rookwood were in a winning mood. Their fortunate escape from Gunner had bucked them immensely. In the second half of the match Mornington found the St. Kit's not with a splendid shot.

he was saved. He sat cheerily in the brake, without the slightest suspicion of the danger he had so narrowly escaped.

The footballers and their friends crammed in, and the brake rolled out of Wicke on the road to St. Kit's.

Wilmot and his companion, St. Leger, chattered cheerily with Jimmy Silver & Co. on the way. Gunner, of course, butted in.

"I hear you've been making some changes in your footer at St. Kit's, Wilmot," he said.

"A few," assented Wilmot, with a "That chap Carton gone?"

"New men in the team?"

"Nearly all new men." "Well, it may be something like ! a game, then," said Gunner. "The lot you sent over to Rookwood last term were really enough to make a donkey sit up on his hind legs and

cackle!" "Made you laugh-what?" asked St. Leger.

he was surprised to hear a chortle | "You never know what Gunner may through the crowded brake. "Awful do." lot of foozlers, you know. I really hope you've got something better this time. I don't want to feel that I've wasted my afternoon coming over here. These chaps could have beaten your old crowd without my help. I like a good game. I don't want to walk all over you without a tussle, you know."

Wilmot stared.

"Eh-what?"

"Oh, nothing!"

Oswald moved away and whispered to Mornington. Mornington nodded hopefully. There was little time left, but there was still time for a last throw of the dice, as it were.

The 5th Chapter. Sat Upon!

"Stop!"

Gunner roared in astonishment and wrath. "Stop! Putty, you cheeky rotter,

Jimmy Silver looked round angrily. "What's that row?" he exclaimed.

Will you dry up, Gunner? You're always kicking up some shindy." Gunner did not answer. He brushed past Jimmy Silver and

started off at a run. Jimmy stared after him in amazement. "What on earth's the matter with

that ass?" he asked.

Mornington laughed. "Perhaps he's gone for a ramble, "Yes, rather!" said Gunner, and instead of playin'," he suggested.

> "Oh, rot! No such luck." "While there's life there's hope," said Mornington.

"If he's not here on time he won't play," said Jimmy Silver grimly. "I've got to keep my word to the silly idiot, but I sha'n't delay the match one second for him. Come in and get changed, you fellows."

Putty of the Fourth vanished into the Oak Walk, a long avenue of trees, Gunner panted after him, and Oswald & Co. panted after Gunner. Some St. Kit's seniors were stroll-

ing in the Oak Walk, and they stared at the Rookwood juniors as the latter raced along. But the Rookwooders did not heed them. Putty, bag in hand, kept well

ahead. As a matter of fact, he could have walked away from Gunner if he had liked; he had at least twice Peter

Cuthbert's sprinting powers. But he did not like. He kept his distance, while Gunner panted in pursuit. At the end of the Oak Walk, Putty turned, and waved the bag at the infuriated Gunner. Then he started

the river. There was a gate in the way, but Putty coolly tossed the bag over the gate and clambered after it.

off again by a path that led towards

Gunner stopped at the gate. He was breathless and enraged. But he realised that he was losing valuable time.

"After all, I can borrow Conroy's things, and smash that idiot Grace afterwards!" he panted. Putty grinned at him through the

"Old bean, you couldn't smash a mosquito," he said cheerily. "Get over the gate and see what will happen to you. I'll wait."

"You'll wait?" spluttered Gunner. "Yes, rather! I'll wait till you screw your courage up!" said Putty.

Owen Conquest contributes—"Rough on Rawson!" another great story of the chums of Rookwood School, to next Monday's BOYS' FRIEND!

"What-ho!"

THE ST. KIT'S MATCH!

. (Continued from page 551.)

"I'll smash you!"
"Go hon!"

For the next hour or so Gunner's remarks were almost incessant and wholly emphatic. His captors heard him, but they heeded not. Like the flower that is born to blush unseen, Gunner wasted his sweetness on the desert air. In despair he realised that he would kick no goals that day for Rookwood. That need not really have worried him, for that was the precise number of goals that he would | minutes I play another man. He's have kicked anyway. But it did worry him, very much; and his emphatic objurgations continued, to an accompaniment of chuckles and chortles from Oswald & Co. There was no help for Peter Cuthbert Gunner; fool's luck had failed him at last.

The 6th Chapter. Minus Gunner!

Jimmy Silver frowned. "Where's Gunner?"

Morny stared round. "Anybody seen Gunner?"

"Of all the silly chumps!" exclaimed Arthur Edward Lovell, in exasperation. "After butting into the team, to wander away and leave us waiting! Look here, Jimmy, you're jolly well not going to wait for him.

"He must be off his silly chump!" growled Jimmy Silver. "I saw him running off somewhere ten minutes ago. Hasn't he come back?"

"Looks as if he hasn't," said Tommy Dodd. "You're not going to keep St. Kit's waiting, for an ass like Gunner.".

Conroy caught Jimmy's eye. If Gunner was not available, the Australian junior was wanted.

"Blessed if I understand it!" growled Jimmy. "He was frightfully keen to play, you all know that. But even a chump like Gunner can't expect us to keep St. Kit's hanging about waiting for him. Get into your things, Conroy, anyhow, in case you're wanted."

"Right-ho!" Conroy lost no time.

"You're not going to wait, Silver!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd and several other fellows.

Jimmy hesitated. He had declared emphatically that he would not wait a second if Gunner was not ready. But Jimmy was a generous fellow, especially made them open their and a promise was a promise. He felt that it would not be the game of St. Kit's football. to jump at a chance of escaping his rash promise; the superfluous member of the team was entitled to as much | Gunner had bucked them immensely. grace as Jimmy would have allowed

any other fellow in the eleven. "I'll speak to Wilmot," he said. "Oh, rats!"

"Don't!"

"Get on with it."

However, Jimmy Silver spoke to Wilmot. "One of my men has gone off the

ground-will you give us a few

"As many as you like," answered Harry Wilmot.

"Say five!" said Jimmy Silver uneasily. "If he's not here in five ready."

"Right you are!"

Five minutes ticked away slowly. Conroy was ready—all the team were ready. They were five minutes of real anguish to all the team, excepting Valentine Mornington.

The unexpected—the unhoped for had happened. Gunner, the deadweight passenger in the team-the player whose presence spelled defeat, and who could not be eliminatedhad chosen to walk off, and give his captain a chance of dropping him. If only he did not come back in

It was amazing that the obtrusive Peter Cuthbert was not there on time. It was a stroke of good luck that was almost incredible—to all but Morny. It was, as Tommy Dodd ! remarked, really wicked not to take prompt advantage of it. But Jimmy Silver had promised Gunner, "honest Injun," that he should play, and he was bound to give the man a chance. But Jimmy, as well as his comrades, counted the seconds as they crawled by, with an anxiety that amounted to anguish. If only Gunner didn't come back in time-

And he didn't!

As a matter of fact, with half a dozen fellows sitting on him a quarter of a mile away, he couldn't.

"Time!" exclaimed Lovell eagerly. Jimmy Silver drew a deep, deep

"You play, Conroy!"

"Oh, good!" "Ready!" called out Jimmy

And the footballers went into the field-minus Gunner.

It was a great game. From the kick-off it was hard and fast, and Jimmy Silver & Co. found that there was indeed a wonderful new quality in St. Kit's side. Wilmot

eyes, after their former experience But Rookwood were in a winning mood. Their fortunate escape from

In the first half it was nil all; but in the second, Mornington found the St. Kit's net. After that, the

a tower of strength. There were yet." narrow escapes, many of them-but a miss was as good as a mile: and ton. St. Kit's did not quite "get there."

They played hard and well, but Rookwood had to go all out to hold to Wilmot & Co., and rolled away them; and it was absolutely certain St. Kit's would have come through | Jimmy Silver & Co., so happily with flying colours. But there was no weak spot-Gunner was not there.

welcomed. It rang out with Rookwood still one goal to nil.

Rookwood had won. "Good old Gunner!" said Morn-

ington, as they came off the field. "He's won the game for us." "Gunner has?" ejaculated Lovell.

Gunner has! ejaculated "Ask that rotter—that "Yes; by standing out." That—that—"

That—that—"

"But where the thump can Gunner! "You see, we were sitting on him," ' obtaining it!)

"I wonder!" murmured Morning-

And the Rookwooders changed in great spirits, bade a cheery farewell in their brake-still minus Gunner.

minus Gunner during the St. Kit's Gunner, arguing.

"You lost, of course?" howled Gunner.

Silver, with a smile. "Why didn't

game was ding-dong to the finish; be all this time?" said Jimmy Silver, explained Oswald. "We thought time and again St. Kit's nearly remembering Peter Cuthbert's exist- that a player of Gunner's quality was got through, but Rawson in goal was | ence. "He hasn't turned up even | safer at a good distance, with somebody sitting on him. So we sat." "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, my hat!" said Jimmy Silver blankly.

On the way home to Rookwood, Gunner was eloquent and inexhaustible. Roars of laughter punctuated his indignant eloquence. And when Gunner told his tale of woe at Rookwood, there were more roars of match, found themselves plus | laughter. Gunner had not, after all, Gunner, when they took the train | played football, for Rookwood; but The final blast on the whistle was at Wicke. There Oswald & Co. undoubtedly he had added considerrejoined the party; with them ably to the gaiety of existence at the old school. THE END.

> ("Rough on Rawson!" is the "No; we won!" said Jimmy splendid long story of Jimmy Silver & Co. of Rookwood School for Monday next. Be sure you read it! Order your copy of the Boys' FRIEND in advance and thus make certain of

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(Final Puzzle Set and other particulars on page 555.)

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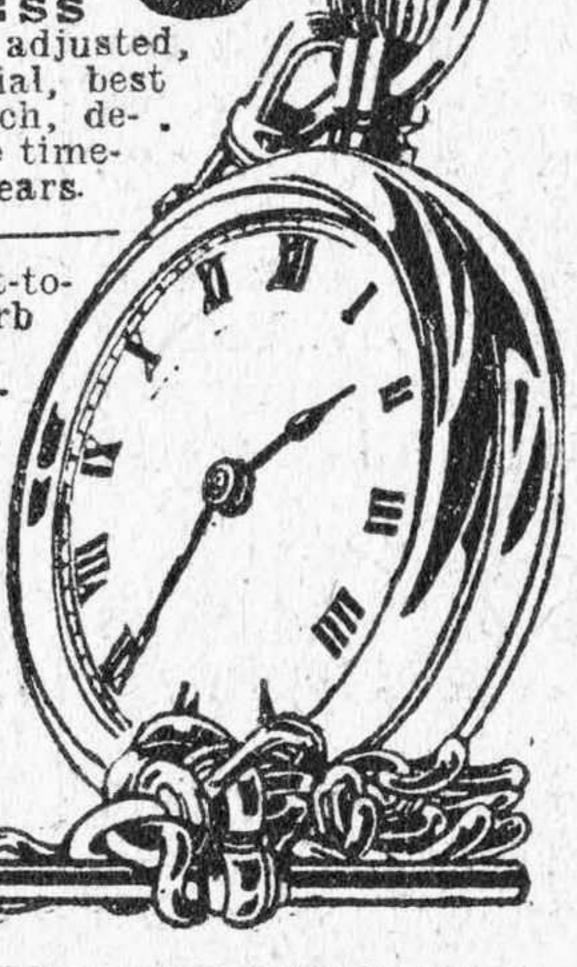
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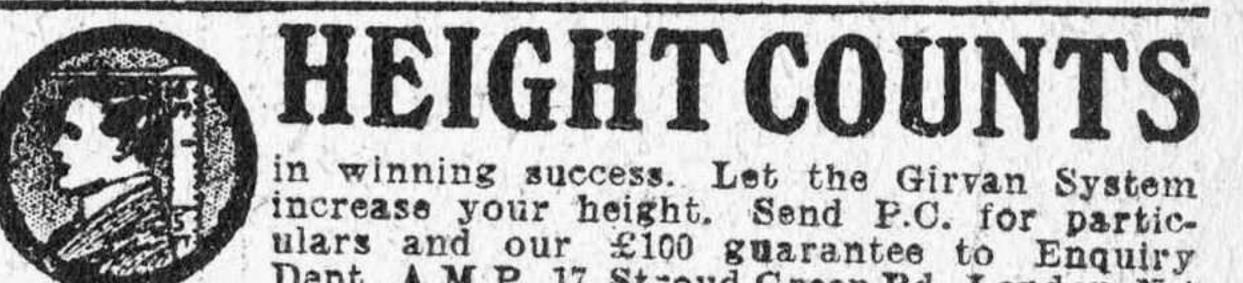


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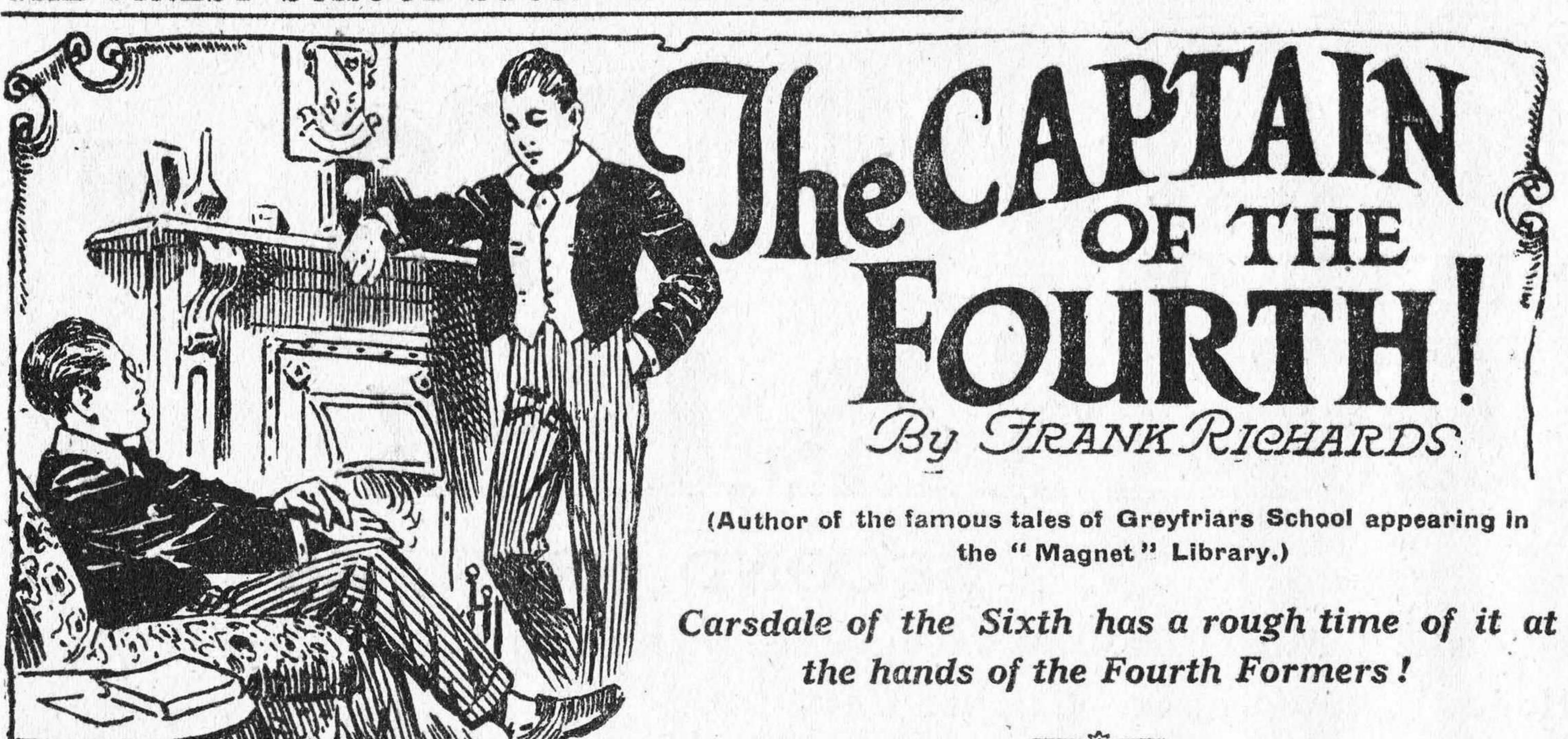
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THE FINEST SCHOOL STORY EVER WRITTEN!



The 1st Chapter.

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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-Wilmotshares 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' junior captain of the Fourth hides place while the latter is away from the school, and no sooner does the new headmaster arrive at St. Kit's coast is clear.

than he makes his presence felt. When Harry Wilmot gains the | He rules with a rod of iron, and has no compunction at all in caning the boys on the slightest pretext.

> Harry Wilmot, who quickly falls foul of Mr. Carker, is placed in the "Rat-trap"—the detention-room at St. Kit's, by order of the new Head. At night, however, Harry escapes by climbing down the ivy which grows thickly upon the walls of St. Kit's, and it is whilst he is making his way to a box-room window, through which he intends gaining admittance to the school, that he sees in conversation with Mr. Carker at the French windows of the Head's study, the man who is wanted for the brutal attack upon Dr. Chenies. Fearing that he may be seen by Mr. Carker, the in the shadow of an oak tree, determined to stay there until the

The 2nd Chapter. The Secret.

Mr. Carker stared from the window at the low, grinning face. His expression showed plainly enough that the midnight visitor was not welcome. Slaney, as he had called the man, evidently knew it-and was not at all disturbed by it. He grinned up at the angry

"Ain't wou lettin' me in?" he asked.

"You fool! If you were seen-" muttered the man at the window. "More likely to be seen outside than inside, guv'nor! And it's cold.

standin' 'ere." Mr. Carker drew back from the window and the narrow-eyed man

stepped lightly in. The casement snapped shut and the curtain fell across the glass.

Harry Wilmot stirred at last. His mind was in a whirl with what he had seen-and heard!

The man who had attacked the dormitory. Head-he was sure of it! The

was the man the police wanted for that brutal attack in Lynn Wood.

That man-visiting the new Head of St. Kit's close on midnight when all the school was sleeping! He was shut up in the Head's study now with Randolph Carker! No doubt he would leave as he had come - secretly - hidden in the darkness, and only Randolph Carker would know that the visit had taken place-excepting Harry Wilmot of the Fourth! The tyrant's tyranny had over-reached itself-it was by Mr. Carker's own act that he had caused a witness

Wilmot stole silently from under the oaks and made his way round the school buildings.

to the leads.

He was sure that he would find the box-room window open -- he knew that Bob Rake would not fail him. He stood on the leads and tried the window-the sash pushed up at his touch. A minute more and he was in the box-room—the window closed and fastened.

He entered the Fourth Form dormitory without a sound. But as the door closed behind him there came a whispering voice:

"That you, dear boy?" "You awake, Algy?" "Yaas, old bean."

"Same here," said Bob Rake. How the thump did you get out of the 'Rat-trap'?"

"By the ivy." "You ass! You might have broken your neck."

"All serene," said Harry. "Hallo! Who's that?" yawned the voice of Stubbs. "My hat! Is that Wilmot?"

"Yes. Quiet, old man." "Oh crumbs! Wilmot!" "Wilmot's come back!".

Half a dozen of the Fourth were awake now and sitting up in bed, peering in the darkness of the

"I've shoved some pyjamas on recognition was certain-Slaney your bed, Wilmot," chuckled

Algernon Aubrey. "Turn in, old bean, Feelin' all right, what?" "Right as rain," said Harry.

"But what?" "I've got something to tell you fellows---"

"Go ahead."

Harry Wilmot paused.

He was eager to tell his chums what he had seen in the quad-to consult with them as to what he should do-if he should do anything. It was his duty-anyone's duty-to send information to the police, which would help them to to be present at the secret meeting. capture the man they wanted.

But that was not practicable now. The man Slaney was not likely to stay long with Mr. He reached the outhouse under | Carker-he might even be gone the box-room window and climbed already. Certainly he would be long gone before Wilmot could possibly have brought the police on the scene-if he had decided on such a measure.

> The meeting between the two men could mean only one thingit was almost too terrible to be believed, yet it was certain that Randolph Carker had been a party to the attack on Dr. Chenies in Lynn Wood. The ruffian's motive had been a mystery—it had puzzled the police and the school-but it was clear to Wilmot now. The man was a hired ruffian-and he had been carying out the orders of the unscrupulous man who hoped to step into the Head's shoes at

But who would believe such an accusation?

To tell his chums, with a dozen pairs of ears eagerly listening, was impossible. It was a matter for thinking out—and for the present the captain of the Fourth simply did not know what he should do.

His silence puzzled his chums. "Go ahead, old bean," repeated

Algy. "What's the trouble on your little mind?".

"You didn't run into the Carker-bird coming here, did you?" chuckled Bob.

(Continued on the next page.)

EGOTBALL

No Substitute.

clubs have such a staff of players that they can usually lay their hands on a real substitute for any position on the field in an emergency. But not so long ago Hull City were caught in a bit of a quandary. They had allowed Mercer, the goalkeeper, who started the season between the posts for the first team, to go to Huddersfield, and relied on Maddison, once with the Spurs, to guard the fort. Maddison is a good man, too, but in the first match of the first round of the Cup-against Wolverhampton, at Hull-Maddison was so badly hurt that he was unable to take his place for the replay. This put the management in a quandary, for they had no real goalkeeper to fall back upon.

A Full-Back in Goal.

In the ordinary way, of course, they would have done a quick hunt round for a goalkeeper, but a lastminute hustle for players for Cup-ties is useless, owing to the fact that before a man can play for any side in the knock-out competition he must have been signed on for at least a fortnight. However, the Hull management got out of the difficulty in a most satisfactory way, for it happened that full-back Bell had put in quite a lot of practice between the posts. So he was given the goalkeeper's job for the replay, and performed his task so well that not a single shot beat him, and Hull were able to win the match.

Desperate Remedies.

It has always been rather surprizing to me that most clubs should not try to make sure that they have in the team some man who can take

the goalkeeper's position with credit As a general rule the big football | to himself in an emergency. Goal-



H. BOWN (Hull City).

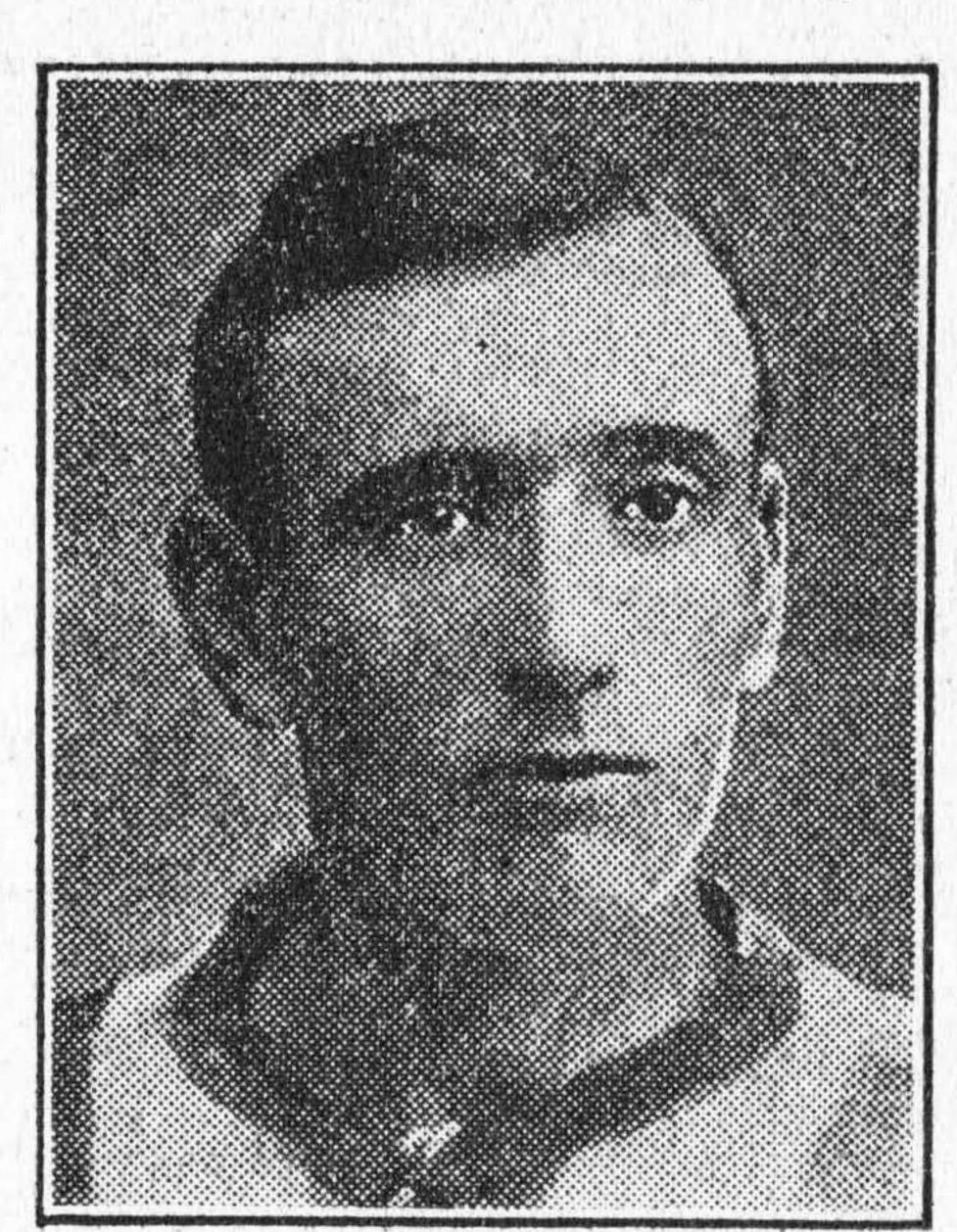
quently as men who play in other all goalkeepers It isn't true, of positions, but they do get injured course, but the goalkeeper is usually sometimes, and if there is another twitted with the saying whenever he member of the side who can be ventures an opinion on anything. depended upon to put up a decent game in goal he may save the side from a heavy defeat.

I remember some little time ago the Spurs team were on a trip to Bury, where they had a match. Just before the game was due to start the goalkeeper was taken ill and could not play. It was then too late to get another keeper from London, so Tom Clay had to fill the vacancy.

Are Goalkeepers Mad?

Thinking about goalkeeping in general, it is rather a strange thing that there is such a wide impression, especially among juniors, that the goalkeeper's job is an easy one. remember many an occasion when I was connected with youthful football teams when we found ourselves a player or two short. We used to scout round for somebody who was willing to be pressed into service, and quite frequently we gave the untried youngster the goalkeeper's place, though I can see quite clearly now that this was far from being a sound policy. Goalkeepers don't win matches, but they do prevent matches being lost.

keepers may not get hurt so fre- | that there is a touch of madness in



J. BELLAS (Coventry City).

remember a dressing-room scene which threatened to have a serious

"Did I hear you say I am mad?" he asked in rather an angry tone. The player who had made the remark just looked straight at the

"No, I didn't say you were mad.

goalkeeper and replied:

I said all good goalkeepers are mad."

A Penalty Stopper.

Reverting to Hull City's experience, the management very quickly decided that they could not run the risk of playing a full-back in goal in their League matches, so they signed on Herbert Bown, a player of considerable experience with Leicester City, and, later, with Halifax Town. He is a London man, and a safe one, who at one time had a reputation as the best penalty kick stopper in the country. There was one spell when he had the remarkable record of having saved ten out of eleven penalty kicks given against his teams.

Real Appreciation.

Coventry City are not one of the fashionable clubs, and at the moment it seems as though they are in for a very big struggle to avoid a very lowly place in the League table at the end of the season. But the management does not mean to go under without a struggle, and the ending, but was saved from this with | defence has been strengthened cona laughing retort. The goalkeeper siderably since they acquired the of the team overheard one of the services of John Bellas, from Mans-Coming from junior to senior foot- other players say that all goalkeepers | field. This player has had previous ball, and still talking of the "Aunt | were mad, and he was very cross | experience of Second Division foot-Sally's" job, I suppose you know about it. He went up to the man ball, for he put in three seasons with that it is a sort of byword who had made the statement. the Wednesday of Sheffield. He came the Wednesday of Sheffield. He came from Shildon after the War, played in a couple of games for the Wednesday Reserves, and was forthwith placed in the first team. Indeed, in those early days the Wednesday officials were so pleased with the promise he showed that they sent a cheque to the Shildon club over and above the amount which they had agreed to pay for his transfer.

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

MIGHT HAPPEN ON SATURDAY.

Below will be found our expert's opinion of the probable results of the big games to be played on Saturday, February 28th. The likely winning side is printed in capitals. Where a draw is anticipated, both clubs are printed in smaller letters.

First Division.

Birmingham v. Huddersfield Town. BOLTON WANDERERS v. Manchester C. Burnley v. West Ham United. CARDIFF CITY v. Newcastle United. EVERTON v. Notts Forest. LEEDS UNITED v. Blackburn Rovers. Notts County v. Bury. PRESTON N.E. v. Sheffield United. SUNDERLAND v. Liverpool. TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR v. Arsenal. WEST BROMWICH A. v. Aston Villa.

Second Division.

CHELSEA v. Portsmouth. Clapton Orient v. Derby County. COVENTRY CITY v. Port Vale. CRYSTAL PALACE v. Blackpool. LEICESTER CITY v. Barnsley. MANCHESTER U. v. Wolverhampton W. OLDHAM ATHLETIC v. Bradford City. THE WEDNESDAY v. South Shields. Southampton v. Hull City. Stockport County v. FULHAM. STOKE v. Middlesbrough.

First Division. Scottish League.

ABERDEEN v. Raith Royers. Ayr United v. HIBERNIANS. CELTIC v. Dundee. HEARTS v. Hamilton Acads. KILMARNOCK v. Falkirk. MORTON v. Queen's Park. Motherwell v. Partick Thistle. RANGERS v. Cowdenbeath. St. Johnstone v. St. Mirren. THIRD LANARK v. Airdrieonians.

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

" N-no."

"Well then-" morning," said Harry, at lasta

"I'll turn in now." Algernon Aubrey, sleepily. "By gad! I shall be dashed sorry to | With a bound Algernon Aubrey hear the risin'-bell in the mornin'. | cleared out on the other side of the Still, there's goin' to be some fun | bed. He was quite wide awake all | I'll give you something to cure all | to-morrow! Fancy the Carker man's face when he finds that

you're here!" "There'll be an awful row!" said Stubbs.

"Yaas, probably."

And Algy turned over to go to sleep, evidently not much disturbed by the prospect of an awful row on the morrow!

Harry Wilmot turned in.

But it was long before he slept. He could not help thinking of the mysterious meeting he had witnessed in the quad-and of the morrow-! He would be missed from the punishment-room-he would be found among his Formfellows-and then-

It was open war now!

He slept at last, and slept soundly, till the rising-bell clanged out over St. Kit's-in the dawn of the most eventful day in the history of the old school.

Trouble to Come.

Clang! Clang!

Bob Rake sat up in bed in the Fourth Form dormitory at St. Kit's and yawned.

Bob was usually the first out of bed in the Fourth, up and active before the rising-bell ceased to clang. On this especial Saturday morning, however, he sat and rubbed his eyes and yawned portentously.

Clang! Clang!

Harry Wilmot, the captain of the Fourth, sat up and he, too, yawned. And Algernon Aubrey St. Leger, the dandy of St. Kit's, yawned more deeply than either of his

"Yaw-aw-aw!" came from Algernon Aubrey. "Oh, gad! I'm dashed sleepy! Bother the risin'bell!"

"Blow it!" said Bob Rake. "This is what comes of keeping late hours, my infants."

He jumped out of bed, and Harry Wilmot followed his example. Several other juniors turned out; but Algernon Aubrey St. Leger gathered the bedclothes about him again, and settled his noble head comfortably on the pillow.

"Turn out, slacker!" said Bob.

"I'm thinkin'--"

"Do you want me to help you out?" inquired Bob.

"No, you fathead! Keep off! Look here, I'm thinkin'," said

Algernon Aubrey. "Just listen to a chap. We're landed for trouble | described as a "cat-lick"—and it, "Certainly!" with our merry new headmaster to-day-"

"We are," assented Bob.

"There's goin' to be a row," continued Algy. "There is, old top!"

"We're goin' to make this Car- mathematics. ker-man comprehend that we're not standin' his rot!" "That's so."

"Well, then, suppose we begin Aubrey with great sagacity. Bob Rake chuckled.

Algy's bright idea was evidently | cold morning. caused by his dislike of getting out of bed early on a cold morning, after being awake till midnight the night before.

"Oh, ripping! You feel that you'd | rising-bell; and he still more cerbetter stay in bed, just to prove to tainly heard Bob Rake, whose the Carker-bird that the Fourth powerful voice put the rising-bell Form is free and independent?"

"Yaas."

sleep again?" "Yaas."

"Well, go ahead," said Bob. "Take a pleasant little doze while I dip the sponge into this jug." | "You were slackin' a minute ago." Algernon Aubrey started up.

"What are you dippin' the sponge in that jug for, you crass ass?" he exclaimed.

"To squeeze down the back of your neck, old scout."

"Look here--"

"Ready?" said Bob.

"I'll tell you about it in the | The dripping sponge was withdrawn from the jug, and Bob Rake started towards the bed occupied "Right you are, old bean," said by the Honourable Algernon Aubrey St. Leger.

of a sudden.

"Keep off, you dangerous !

maniac!" he yelled. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Feel quite woke up now?" "Yaas, you burblin' jabber-

"You can have the sponge if you like---"

"Keep you frumptious

chump!"

"Buck up, old infant," said Bob, chuckling. "We've got a busy day before us, you know; and slacking in bed won't do any good. | = This is going to be the liveliest day at St. Kit's since Dr. Chenies left.' "Br-r-r-r!" said Algy.

The Fourth-Formers were all turning out now-with the exception of Bunny Bootles. Cuthbert Archibald Bootles was always the last to turn out. By reducing his morning ablutions to the lowest possible minimum, Bunny was able to get some precious minutes extra in the air. in bed. His morning ablutions

Snore!

"Why, you fat owl!" exclaimed Bob. "You're awake, you blithering porpoise-you were talking a second ago-"

"I-I was talkin' in my sleep!" gasped Bunny.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, if you're still fast asleep that," chuckled Bob.

roared Bob. = Yet Another Surprise! = E"HIS FOUR-FOOTED CHUM I" =

> Great New Story of Don Darrel, the boy millionaire, appearing in our \(\bar{\bar{\pi}} \) next number.

by Victor Nelson.

Be sure you read it!

He laid hold of Bunny's bedclothes, and they came off in a heap to the floor. Bunny Bootles started up with a shiver and a yell.

"Yah! Rotter! Groooogh!"

"Now, where will you have it?" asked Bob, poising the wet sponge

home," said Bob Rake. "That's why we're so jolly sleepy this morning."

"I say, there'll be a row when old Carker finds that you've hooked it out of the punishment-room, Wilmot," said Bunny.

"Most likely."

"Never mind," said Bunny Bootles, consolingly. "I'll stand assistance was not likely to be of

much use when he had to face Mr. Randolph Carker, the new Head of St. Kit's. It was quite certain that there was going to be trouble in the Fourth Form of St. Kit's that Saturday morning.

Harry was taking it calmly enough.

Most of the Fourth were enthusiastic in supporting him-and they were prepared for trouble with the tyrant of St. Kit's. Already there had been whispers of a "barring-out" in the Fourth.

So far as Mr. Carker knew, Harry was still a prisoner in the "Rat-trap." It was certain that there would be considerable surprise when he came down from the dormitory with the rest of the and St. Leger followed him, and Fourth.

"And we stayed up to greet the Carker's only in his place while prodigal son when he came hiking he's away ill. And I'm jolly sure that Dr. Chenies wouldn't approve of the way Carker is running things at St. Kit's."

"Very likely-but he's Head, all the same, for the present," said Tracy. "The Governors appointed

"Blow the Governors!" said

"Draw it mild, old bean," said by you, Wilmot. You rely on me." Algernon Aubrey. "My pater's Harry Wilmot laughed. Bunny's | chairman of the giddy Governors, and Wilmot's pater is a Governor."

"Well, blow them all, excepting your pater and Wilmot's pater!" said Bob, laughing. "Now, are you ready, my infants? Where's my mouth-organ?"

"What the thump do you want

a mouth-organ for?"

"To play the 'Conquering Hero' when we take Wilmot along!" chuckled Bob. "Sort of triumphal march, to announce to the Carker merchant that we don't care a German mark for him."

"Fathead!"

Bob Rake found his mouth-organ and blew a fearful blast on it to begin with. Then he hurled open the dormitory door and marched out, with heavy footsteps. Wilmot after them came Stubbs and Scott Bunny yelled in alarm. The three members of the "Top and Myers and Wheatford and crowd of the Fourth.

> "For goodness' sake old bean, stop that awful row!" murmured Algernon Aubrey plaintively as Bob Rake headed the juniors with the mouth-organ going strong.

Bob ceased for a moment and glanced round. "What awful row?" he de-

manded. "Haven't you any ear for music, you ass?" "Music? Oh, gad!"

Bob blew again.

"Well, what the thump do you want to play the 'Dead March' in 'Saul' for, anyhow?" demanded

You silly owl! I'm playing the Conquering Hero." "Ha, ha, ha!"

The Fourth Form "processed" down the big staircase, to the accompaniment of fearsome blasts on the mouth-organ. Oliphant, of the Sixth, the captain of St. Kit's, looked up from the lower passage.

"Stop that thundering row!" he shouted. "Oh, ah! Yes, Oliphant," said Bob, meekly, and the mouth-organ

disappeared into his pocket. Oliphant gave a jump the next moment as he sighted Harry Wilmot among the Fourth.

"Wilmot!" he exclaimed. "Yes, Oliphant!" said Harry cheerfully.

The captain of St. Kit's fairly situation in their own peculiar blinker at him. The evening ways. Harry Wilmot was quiet | before he had left Harry locked in Bob Rake "chucked" it, not in and grave, Algernon Aubrey non- the punishment-room, and the keys chalant, as usual, while Bob Rake | were still in Mr. Carker's keeping. seemed to be looking forward with | The sight of the ghost of Banquo keen zest to trouble with Mr. did not startle Macbeth more than the aight of Harry Wilmot startled

gum! I want to see Carker's face | after all?" ejaculated Oliphant, at

"Oh, no."

"Then how did you get out?" "By the window."

"But the window's barred!"

exclaimed the prefect. "The bars were rusted through, and I snapped them off."

"The merry dickens you did!" ." "And we'll back you up!" said exclaimed Oliphant. "So you've ejaculation as he caught sight of Bob Rake. "And if Carker cuts been to bed in the dormitory, after

"Yes," said Harry.

Carsdale of the Sixth was lounging in the lower passage, and he came up, staring at Harry. Oliphant seemed puzzled to know what to do; but the Sixth Form bully had no doubts.

"So you cleared out, did you, you cheeky young rascal?" exclaimed .Carsdale. "Well, you're going back pretty sharp. Come

Harry stopped on the lowest step of the staircase. His chums "He's not really our head- stopped with him, breathing hard. The trouble was beginning!

consisted of what the juniors | "Yah! Chuck it, you silly ass!" Study" were taking the peculiar Jones minor and Durance and a

Harry Wilmot saw Mr. Carker draw back from the window and the narrow-eyed man step lightly in. Then the casement snapped shut and the curtain fell across the glass.

was often a very hurried and inefficacious cat-lick. Long ago Bunny had brought it to the irreducible minimum, with a keenness of calculation which gave promise of future distinction in the higher

came to St. Kit's. Bob was a strenuous youth, bursting with energy; and he always had a little by refusin' to get up at risin'- energy to spare for others who were bell?" suggested Algernon less strenuous. He was always willing to help any slacker who found it difficult to turn out on a

"Bunny!" he bawled.

"Wake up, Bunny!"

"Topping idea!" said Bob. Bunny had certainly heard the to the blush. But he considered it judicious to snore.

"You think you'd better go to | "Turn out, Bunny, you fat slacker!" exclaimed Algernon Aubrey. "What the thump are you slackin' in bed for?"

"Yah!" came from Bunny. Bunny forgot for the moment

that he was asleep. "Out with you, Bootles!" roared Bob Rake.

Snore! "Do you hear, Bunny?" Whiz!

the sense that Cuthbert Archibald Bootles intended.

The sponge caught Bunny under his fat chin and squelched there. The howl that Bunny Bootles gave But that was before Bob Rake | rang far beyond the Fourth Form dormitory.

"Yooooop!" Bunny Bootles rolled out of bed. That morning, at Past, he had ample time for more than the customary "cat-lick."

No Surrender!

"Wilmot! You here!" Bunny Bootles uttered that the captain of the Fourth.

Harry glanced at him and smiled.

"Looks like it," he answered. "But-but weren't you locked up in the punishment-room for the night?" ejaculated Bunny.

"I was," assented Harry. "How did you get out?" "Climbed down the ivy from the

window."

Carker.

"We'd better stick together the St. Kit's captain just then. when we go down," said Bob. "By | "Did Mr. Carker release you, when he catches sight of you, Wilmot! It will be worth a guinea a

"Yaas, that's so," chuckled Algernon Aubrey. "But what are you goin' to do if he orders you back to the 'Rat-trap,' old bean?" "I shall refuse to go," said

Harry quietly. up rusty, we'll scrag him!"

"Scrag Carker!" ejaculated

Stubbs, of the Fourth. "Oh, I say!" murmured Bunny. "I believe I could handle him," said Bob. "He's twice as long as

I am, but no wider--"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "One good 'cosh' on his watchchain would double him up like a pocket-knife," said Bob, confidently.

> "You silly ass!" exclaimed Tracy. "Are you thinkin' of punching your headmaster?"

master," retorted Bob. "Dr. Chenies is our headmaster, and . (Continued overleaf.)

Next Monday's Gorgeous Treat-" Posh at the Wheel!" by DAVID GOODWIN. You and ALL your pals must read this wonderful new story!

(Continued from previous page.)

did not dream of interfering.

"You-you young scoundrels!"

roared Carsdale.

"Go home, Carsdale!"

"Go and eat coke!"

"Deaf?" asked Bob Rake. "He's not going! Carker can go and eat coke! Is that plain enough?"

"Where do you want me to

"Back to the punishment-room,

come, Carsdale?" asked the cap-

tain of the Fourth quietly.

"I'm not going."

of course."

"What?"

"Here, this won't do!" said Oliphant, uneasily. "You mustn't speak of Mr. Carker like that, Rake."

Bob opened his lips to retort; but he closed them again. He did in. not want any trouble with the "Oliphant! Help me deal with could be helped. Carsdale broke Carsdale.

"I shall report your words to | "Leave them to Mr. Carker," he Mr. Carker, Rake!"

"Report, and be hanged!" said Bob disdainfully.

"I'll deal with you when I'm through with Wilmot," said the bully of the Sixth, with a black scowl. "Come with me, Wilmot!"

"I shall do nothing of the kind." Carsdale laughed grimly and dropped his heavy hand on the junior's shoulder. He was far from expecting resistance from a Fourth-Former. The persons of the Sixth Form prefects were sacred; punching a prefect" was a de- it-that was Oliphant's idea. lightful dream to many juniors, but it had never been put into practice. But the Fourth Form were in an unusual mood that morning. The tyrant of St. Kit's had ruled with too heavy a hand; and the fellows who were prepared to "back up against Carker" were not likely to be overawed by Carsdale.

As Carsdale's grip closed on his shoulder, Harry Wilmot's lips set. He clenched his hand and struck upwards.

Crack! Carsdale's wrist caught the blow, and it was a hefty blow. The prefect gave a howl of pain as his hand flew from Wilmot's shoulder.

"Good man!" murmured Algernon Aubrey. Carsdale clasped his right wrist with his left hand, and stood fairly gasping with rage and astonish-

"You-you-you've struck a prefect!" he stuttered.

"I shall strike again if you touch me again!" said Harry coolly.

"Bravo!" chirruped Stubbs. Carsdale's reply was not in words. He made a savage spring

at the captain of the Fourth. Had Harry Wilmot been left alone to deal with the powerful Sixth Former, he would certainly have fared badly. But his chums

sprang to his aid as if moved by the same spring. Carsdale, and he was hurled back

ing along the hall. Crash!

"Oh!" roared Carsdale. Oh! Oooooop!"

He sat up dazedly. "Come on and have some more!" bawled Bob Rake.

Oliphant stood looking on in a sort of stupefaction. It was the first time he had seen a St. Kit's prefect handled by juniors.

"Good gad!" ejaculated Oliphant.

had gathered at the sight of the amazing altercation at the foot of the staircase. Gunter of the Fifth remarked to Price that things were coming to something! Price agreed that they were. But they

By FRANK RICHARDS.

"Rats!"

"Boo !"

It was a roar of defiance from the crowded staircase. The example set by Harry Wilmot & Co. had fired the blood of the Fourth. At that moment the St. Kit's rebels were prepared to tackle all St. Kit's-headmasters, staff, and prefects, with the Sixth Form thrown

popular captain of St. Kit's if it | these young villains!" howled

Oliphant shook his head.

said. "You can report that Wilmot is out of the punishmentroom. It's Mr. Carker's business; not ours."

And Oliphant walked away, very much perplexed and distressed by this new state of affairs at St. Kit's. If he blamed the juniors, he did not blame them so much as he blamed Mr. Randolph Carker, whose iron-handed tyranny had brought about the revolt. Mr. Carker had roused the trouble, and Mr. Carker could deal with

Carsdale stood stuttering with rage, glaring at the juniors on the staircase. He was greatly inclined to "run amok" among them, hitting out right and left. But that, obviously, was a game that two sides could play at, and Carsdale realised that it was "not good enough." He shook a savage fist at the Fourth and turned

away. But at the sight of a Sixth Form prefect retreating, after being bowled over by the fags, the Fourth broke through all restraint. They felt the intoxication of victory.

"After him!" roared Stubbs. "Scrag him!" yelled Bunny Bootles, valiant in the rear. "Scrag him, you fellows! Down with the prefects!"

"Collar him!" "Bump him!" "Hurrah!"

There was a rush of excited fags after Carsdale. The prefect stared round, gaped and gasped, and fairly bolted into his study. Had not Gerald Carsdale turned the key in his door very quickly St. Kit's would have been treated to the amazing and unheard-of sight of a Sixth Form prefect being "bumped" by a crowd of juniors.

Fortunately for Carsdale, the key turned in time. But a prefect locking himself in his study to escape from juniors was the last touch—all that the Fourth re-Three pairs of hands closed on quired to encourage them to reckless revolt. A dozen boots from the stairs and went sprawl- kicked and crashed on Carsdale's door-a dozen ferocious voices yelled to Carsdale to "Come out!"

> "By gad!" yawned Algernon Aubrey St. Leger, as he strolled out into the quad with his chums, "things are beginning to look lively. Do you know, dear old beans, I really think that I sha'n't be bored to-day."

> "I don't think you will!" chuckled Bob Rake.

"This reminds me of somethin' of the governors. in the history lesson," said Algerhis feet. He was almost foaming named Lidley, or Ratimer, or

lighted a bonfire at St. Kit's which the Carker-bird will never be able | been still more severely hurt but to put out.' Somethin' to that effect! What!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hallo, there's the Carker-bird in the Head's study!" exclaimed Bob. "He's looking out of the window. March past."

And the Top Study, arm-in-arm, marched past Mr. Carker's window, to give him a full view of the junior whom he still supposed to be a prisoner in the punishment-

A Surprise for Mr. Carker.

Mr. Randolph Carker, temporary Head of St. Kit's, had not risen in | tions-of the whole staff handing a good temper that eventful morn-

Mr. Carker was, indeed, very seldom in a very good temper. He was one of those unhappy some decided step.

This day we have ruffian, and rather severely hurt. The old gentleman would have for the fact that Wilmot & Co. and retire from the old school for a time. And then Randolph Carker had been appointed headmaster pro tem.

In a few days Mr. Carker had had succeeded in making all St. Kit's loathe him.

He had interfered with every master in turn, and put up the backs of the staff in a most effective manner.

In the masters' room there had been suppressed talk of resignain their resignations in a body!

Indeed, only the hope that Mr. Carker's rule was strictly temporary restrained the staff from

presence to cause faces to grow

He was breakfasting in his study that morning, and he had snapped had come to the rescue. As it at Tuckle, who brought his breakwas, he had been compelled to fast in. Tuckle, with deep feeling, throw up his duties at St. Kit's had retired to the kitchen, where he confided to the cook that he would give a week's wages to "land" the "old josser" a "oner."

Mr. Carker was thinking of Wilmot of the Fourth as he breakfasted. He probably had other troubles on his bitter mind; but Wilmot of the Fourth was prominent.

Wilmot of the Fourth had resisted his authority-Wilmot of the Fourth had had the audacity to defend himself with a ruler when attacked with a cane! There was no end to the offences of Wilmot of the Fourth!

Mr. Carker set his thin lips as he thought of it.

The young rascal was locked in the punishment-room; and that morning Mr. Carker intended to take the birch to the "Rattrap" and administer such a terrific flogging as would be a lesson to Harry Wilmot for the remainder of his youthful days.

There was satisfaction in the thought; Mr. Carker almost smiled. The picture of Wilmot of the Fourth wriggling under the birch gave a flavour to his breakfast egg, and added aroma to his morning coffee. It was the kind of mental picture that gratified Mr. Carker's peculiar nature.

He rose from the breakfast-table and stepped to the window, and looked out into the quadrangle. Then he jumped.

The picture of Wilmot, halffrozen after a night in the cold, unheated "Rat-trap," squirming under the birch, vanished from his mind—and was replaced by another picture, not imaginary but real, which was the picture of Harry Wilmot strolling past the window, with his arms linked in those of Bob Rake and Algernon Aubrey St.

Mr. Carker's pale eyes, almost leaden in colour, seemed to bulge out under his brows.

He stared at the three cheery juniors-he blinked at them-and his lean jaw dropped in his astonishment.

It really was Wilmot-there was no mistake about it! Mr. Carker realised that his prisoner was no longer a prisoner—and, to judge by his looks, the imprisonment had had little effect on his spirits.

Mr. Carker muttered a word between his teeth-a word which would have convinced the Governing Board of St. Kit's, if they could have heard it, that Randolph Carker was not a suitable person to take Dr. Chenies' place as headmaster.

He leaned from the window and waved a long, lean hand at the

"Wilmot!" he shouted.

The captain of the Fourth halted. The three juniors swung round in line to face Mr. Carker's study window.

They faced it-and him-with equanimity. "Yes, sir!" said Harry.

"Why are you not in the punishment-room?" thundered Mr. Carker. "Has anyone released you without my authority?"

"No, sir." "Then how do you come here?"

"Walked, sir." "What?"

"Walked." Mr. Carker spluttered.

"Is that reply intended for insolence, Wilmot?" he howled.

"Not at all, sir; I'm just stating the fact in answer to your question," said the captain of the Fourth.

"I asked you how you came here when you were left locked in the That made no difference to Ran- | punishment-room last night?" "Walked!" repeated Wilmot.

crush opposition-opposition only "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Rake, made him the more determined. | greatly tickled by the extra-Sullen and discontented faces ordinary expression upon Mr.

THE YARN THAT WILL MAKE A HIT!

You and ALL your pals must read about DAVID GOODWIN'S latest hero, the boy who has a wonderful way with motor-cars -his hair-raising adventures will thrill you. Don't forget "POSH AT THE WHEEL!" starts in next Monday's BOYS' FRIEND. Make sure of your copy by ordering it to-day!

gentlemen who are always sharp and bitter, and frequently angry; and perhaps, like the prophet of old, he considered that he "did well to be angry."

Matters had not gone to Mr. Carker's satisfaction since his coming to St. Kit's in the place of Dr. Chenies.

With the Board of Governors Mr. Carker had had great success. There was a party on that august Board that desired Dr. Chenies to retire from the headmastership, and Randolph Carker to take his place. A bare majority had prevented that-it was only the casting vote of Lord Westcourt, Algy's noble pater, that had turned the

Mr. Carker, probably, had counted upon complete success. Tyrant as he was to those in his power, he could be soft and sycophantic to those from whom he had benefits to expect, and he had ingratiated himself with several

He had been disappointed; but Gerald Carsdale staggered to non Aubrey thoughtfully. "Chap his chance had come when the with wrath. A score of fellows somethin', who said—what was it Lynn Wood by an unknown him—indeed, he seemed to like his St. Leger indulged in a faint grin,

The prefects were no better satisfied. Mr. Carker "nagged" his prefects, and worried them and rated them in the presence of juniors; in fact, he did everything that he ought not to have done, besides leaving undone many things that he ought to have done.

He had taken every Form in turn, with the intention of "speeding up" work-and every Form hated Mr. Carker with a ferocious hatred.

Added to that, he had a cruel strain in his nature that made it a pleasure to him to use the cane! There had been more caning since Mr. Carker's arrival than in the whole term previously. And Mr. Carker caned with a severity that kind old Dr. Chenies would never have thought of.

Masters and prefects, Middle School and fags, objected to Mr. Carker and Mr. Carker's methods.

dolph Carker. His idea was to Head of St. Kit's was attacked in | round about him did not trouble | Carker's face. Algernon Aubrey

Don't miss "Cross Word Craze at St. Jim's!" the amusing long story of Tom Merry & Co. in the "Gem" Library. Out on Wednesday!

and put up his celebrated eyeglass the better to survey the enraged | Harry?" headmaster.

"This-this-this-is rebellious insolence!" gasped Mr. Carker. "Wilmot, return to the punishmentroom at once!"

Harry shook his head.

"I've had enough of that, Mr. Carker," he answered.

"Do you dare to disobey me?"
"Yes."

Mr. Carker spluttered again. That unexpected answer seemed to again if you saw him?" take the wind out of his sails, so

to speak. Aubrey. "By gad! I hope the nod.

tering with rage and staring at | "It was rather mysterious why Wood!" Wilmot.

"You-you young scoundrel-"

"Better language, please!" said Harry.

"Wha—a—at?"

of minutes.

"Yaas, begad!" said Algy. when we did." "That isn't the way for a head- "Yaas!" said Algy. at a fellow gets on his nerves. | nection between the affair and Mr. | was. But this-Besides, consider your choice of expressions, sir-not at all gentlemanly."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob. "I shall flog you both for insolence!" raved Mr. Carker. "And you, Wilmot, you-you-you-" He almost foamed. "Come into my study immediately!"

He turned back into the study and grasped at his cane. He seemed to have no doubt that Wilmot would obey his command, and appear in the study in a couple

As a matter of fact, nothing was further from Harry's thoughts. He walked on with his chums-and Mr. Carker, waiting for him in the study, waited in vain. Tuckle, who came in to remove the breakfast-things, was quite startled by the expression on Mr. Carker's face. He was glad to get out of the study, and in his haste and agitation he dropped a teacup to the floor, and it smashed. And Mr. Carker addressed him with a flow of vigorous language as he fairly fled with the tray. Tuckle even had doubts about whether he was quite safe from the cane if he remained within reach of Mr. Carker. He quite gasped with relief when he escaped into the shelter of the kitchen.

"Looked as if he'd lay the blooming cane round me!" said Tuckle to the cook. "Me, you know! I'd show him! I ain't one of his blessed boys that he can wallop as much as he likes-no fear! I can give notice if I choose-which is more than they can do! I'd jolly soon show him that he can't treat me as if I was a St. Kit's bloke!" said Tuckle disdainfully.

From which it appeared that Master Tuckle compared his position at St. Kit's very favourably with that of Harry Wilmot & Co.

What Harry Wilmot Knew.

"Come into the Cloisters!" said Harry.

"Yaas." "Brekker soon!" remarked Bob. Bob Rake had brought a very Australia.

Harry. "It-it's rather serious." "Oh, all right!"

Cloisters, a spot where they were

early hour of the morning. Harry Wilmot's handsome face was very grave. His chums regarded him curiously.

"I fancy somethin' happened when you bunked out of the 'Rattrap' last night, old bean," said it." Algy. "Is that it?"
Yes."

"Blessed if I can see what," said Algernon Aubrey's eyeglass Bob. "You got to the dormitory dropped from his eye.

What happened, all right.

Harry. "It's rather serious. You was attacked in Lynn Wood by a mix himself up in a crime. rotten ruffian?"

chipped in to help the merry old me, you chaps. After getting down sport," said Bob.

"You'd know that hooligan

brute with narrow eyes like a- | Carker was standing at it looking

apoplexy! If he is, he's booked for | though," said Bob. "The police | have been looking for him ever a way, at least; Mr. Carker cer-Mr. Carker really seemed on the | since, and they can't trail him | tainly did not seem pleased to see verge of an apoplectic seizure as he out. I'll bet you he's miles out of him. And the man was the ruffian

a hooligan should pitch into the "Good heavens!" muttered Bob. "Wilmot!" he spluttered out. Head like that," said Harry. "It wasn't robbery he meant—he just | Harry Wilmot's chums stared at | went for Dr. Chenies with a stick. He hurt him, and would have hurt him more if we hadn't come up scarcely believe that what he stated

"Dear old bean!" he murmured in gentle remonstrance.

"I'm going to tell you fellows- Bob Rake was shaking his head I don't know whether I ought to | vigorously. Low as his opinion of let the school know yet," said Randolph Carker was, he could not imagine that a man in Mr. fellows remember how the Head Carker's position could, or would,

"There's no doubt about it," said "Not likely to forget it, as we | Harry Wilmot quietly. "Listen to | from the 'Rat-trap' window I again if you saw him?" between eleven and twelve at night, have been caught last night in the out proof."
"Yes, rather—a rather burly Carker's study window open. school——" "I suppose "Straight from the shoulder, old like a dashed fox," said Bob. | out-and, of course, I laydoggo till | bean," murmured Algernon "That's it!" said Harry, with a he should clear. And then a man window. They met as friends-in

"Oh, great gad!"

him. He was speaking with quiet, grave seriousness; but they could was correct. Brute Mr. Carker certainly was-cruel, ruthless, tyranmaster to talk, you know. Yellin' | "I never thought then of a con- nical. Unscrupulous, he certainly | "You fellows don't quite believe | "That's all right. But-I know in

would not speak lightly on so terribly serious a matter; but they simply could not credit that Mr. Carker had leagued with a ruffian at last. to clear the way for him to the "For goodness' sake don't tell headmastership of St. Kit's.

Algernon Aubrey shuddered. "What a disgrace for St. Kit's

if he had been!" he muttered. came out of the dark and joined | "I thought of that," said Harry. | thin' more," said St. Leger un-Carker - man isn't subject to | "Not likely to see him again, | him and entered his study by the | "But, anyhow, I could have done | easily. "If you're right, Harry, nothing—it was fairly certain that | the brute ought to be pickin' the man would not stop long, and you know how long it would have taken to fetch P.-c. Bandy from stood at the study window, splut- Sussex long ago." who attacked Dr. Chenies in Lynn | Wicke. Of course, Mr. Carker would have denied that he had ever been there, if I had brought a policeman along after the man was gone."

"Of course he would! But-but the policeman wouldn't have come on such a yarn," said Algy. "He wouldn't have believed it."

Harry smiled faintly. it," he said.

ROUSING THE SLACKER! "Now, where will you have it, Bunny?" asked Bob Rake, poising the West sponge in the air. Bunny yelled in alarm. "Yah! Chuck it, you silly ass!" "Certainly!" Whiz! Bob Rake "chucked" it, not in the sense that Cuthbert Archibald Bootles intended. The sponge caught Bunny under his fat chin and squelched there. The howl that Bunny Bootles gave rang far beyond the Fourth Form dormitory. "Yooooop!"

Carker," said Harry, "but I "It's not possible," muttered, believe that detectives say that when a crime is committed you have to look for the man who benefits. Mr. Carker has benefited by that attack on the Head."

"He's bagged the Head's place here, certainly," said Bob, with a stare. "From the talk that's been going round the school it looks as if he was after the Head's job, any-

how, but---' "That's true," said Algernon Aubrey, quietly. "I've heard about that from home. My pater and Wilmot's pater stood up for the Head at the meeting of the governors—the Head was coming back from that meeting when the healthy appetite with him from johnny pitched into him in the know what I ought to do." wood, I believe: Some of the duffy "I've got something to tell you old fossils wanted the Head to fellows before brekker," said resign and give up the job to Carker. The cunnin' rotter wormed round them somehow-The three chums strolled into the | they can't know the kind of man he really is."

not likely to be interrupted at that | "But---" said Bob. He drew a. deep breath. "Wilmot, old man, you can't suspect that Carker had a hand in that attack on the Head?"

"I never suspected it till last night," said Harry. "Now I know

"You know it!" ejaculated Bob. "For certain!" said Harry.

Bob. "You-you must be mistaken, old man. It was dark last night-"

"I saw his face in the light of the study window-the window where we've just been speaking to Mr. Carker."

"But—but——" stammered Bob. "You're sure, old bean?" mut-

tered Algy. "Perfectly certain."

"If-if you're right, Carker is no better than a dashed criminal!" said St. Leger. "But-but-"

"There's no doubt that I'm right -in my mind, at least," said the captain of the Fourth. "I saw the man plainly enough. I want to

Algernon Aubrey whistled. "If—if you made a mistake——"

"Why should any man visit the Head secretly, by his window, at close on midnight?" asked Harry. "If it was not that man, it was some man. What could such a secret meeting mean? Mr. Carker was seeing someone who dared not show his face here till all at school were in bed."

"That's so," assented Bob. "It looks suspicious," said Algy. Even Carker-"

"I heard him speak to the man

"Well___"

"Of course, we believe you," said Bob. "But-but I can't help thinking that-in the dark-you made a mistake. There's something fishy about Carker, if he has midnight visitors at his window after the school's in bed. Butbut-there's a limit-you must have been mistaken, Harry."

"I was not mistaken."

"Well," said Bob, following a new train of thought, "Carker saw somebody late last night—that's so much certain. If it was the man of Lynn Wood, that's not proof that he was mixed up in the attack on the Head. He might have been seeing the man about something else--'

"What else?"

it's too thick, Harry. Carker is a brute and a bully, but he's a University man and a Master of Arts-dash it all, he couldn't stoop so low."

was borne in upon his mind that he was helpless-that it was useless to speak. His own chums could not credit his staggering "But-but it's too awf'ly thick! statement-what reception was it likely to meet with from others? Would it not be looked upon as a by name," said Harry. "He ad- | wild and reckless slander-with an | dressed him as Slaney." obvious motive, too-the bitter Algernon Aubrey and Bob were | feud between the new Head and |

silent. They knew that their chum | the captain of the Fourth furnished a very plausible motive.

"Then you advise me to say nothing at present?" asked Harry

anybody else what you've told us," "I want to know what to do," | said Bob, hastily. "It can't be said Harry after a pause. "That right — there's a mistake someman, Slaney, as Mr. Carker called | where. Thank goodness you didn't him, is wanted by the police. I bring it out before all the dormican give them his name, at least- tory last night. You can't make came round by the quad and found, it may help to trace him. He could | a fearful accusation like that with-

"I suppose not," admitted Harry

slowly.

"Yaas, keep it dark, at least unless we can get to know someoakum in chokey. But you've got no proof-only a glimpse of a man's face at a window on a dark night. And depend on it Carker would deny that there ever was a

"I'm sure of that."

"Then how would you stand?". said Algy.

The captain of the Fourth nodded.

"I can see that I'd better say nothing at present," he said. my heart that Mr. Carker is no better than a criminal. And I'll stand up against that brute all the way and all the time." A blaze came into Wilmot's eyes. "He got his headmastership here by a crime. He's using it like a bully and a tyrant. We---"

"Oh, I say! Here you are." Bunny Bootles came rolling along the Cloisters. "I've been looking for you chaps. Don't you know the brekker bell's gone?"

"We're coming," said Harry. There was nothing more to be said, and the Top Study started for the School House, Bunny trotting along with them.

"Carker's after you, Wilmot," the fat junior announced.

"Hang Carker!" "I heard him tell Mr. Rawlings that he ordered you to come to his study, and you didn't come," chuckled Bunny. "He says you're to be looked for and sent to him at once."

Harry shrugged his shoulders. The chums of the Fourth entered the School House together, and went into the dining-room, where St. Kit's were already at breakfast. Mr. Rawlings, the master of the Fourth, was at the head of his table, and he cast a very curious glance at Harry. Like all the rest of the school, he had been astonished to find that Wilmot was at liberty that morning.

Harry went to his place and sat

Mr. Rawlings coughed slightly. "Ahem! Wilmot!"

"Yes, sir," said Harry. "Mr. Carker requires your immediate attendance in his study."

Harry drew a deep breath. "I know what Mr. Carker wants. sir," he answered. "He wants to act like a brute and a bully-"

"Wilmot!" "I do not intend to submit, sir."

Mr. Rawlings paused. In Dr. Chenies' time, if the Head had sent for a junior and the junior had made such an answer, Mr. Rawlings would have acted promptly and drastically. But matters were changed now. Mr. Rawlings had been "nagged" in his own Formroom before his class-he had been troubled and interfered with by the tyrant of St. Kit's-and he was, in "Oh, I give that up, but—but his heart of hearts, fully in sympathy with Wilmot.

> He reflected for a few moments and then let the matter drop, saying nothing further.

The Fourth Form breakfasted Harry Wilmot was silent. It in a state of tension. At any moment they expected to see Mr. Carker stride in at the door, cane in hand. But he did not appear, and breakfast finished without an interruption.

> (On no account must you miss next Monday's long instalment of this ripping school story! Order your Boys' Friend to-day, and thus make certain you obtain it!).