

It's Great—"Posh at the Wheel!" By David Goodwin, Inside!

The BOYS' FRIEND 2d

EVERY MONDAY.

SIXTEEN BIG PAGES!

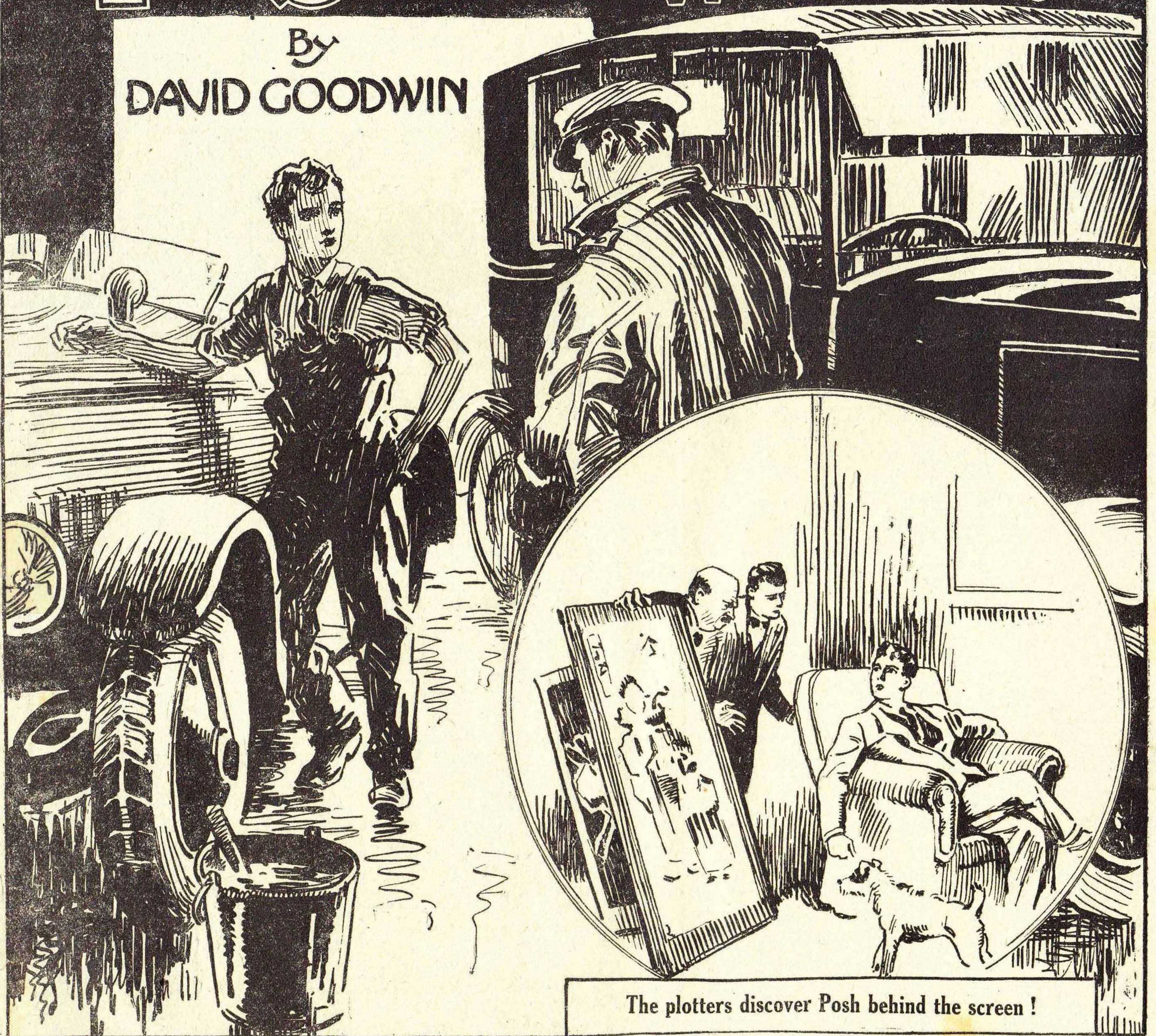
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THE BEST BOYS' PAPER IN THE WORLD!

[Week Ending March 14th, 1925.]

POSH AT THE WHEEL!

By
DAVID GOODWIN



The plotters discover Posh behind the screen!

"How long d'ye think you'll keep this job?" asked the chauffeur of Posh.

(These are two incidents from DAVID GOODWIN'S great new story in this issue.)

ANOTHER OF OUR GREAT STORIES OF THE CHUMS OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL!

A Turn of Luck!

By Owen Conquest.

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

Tom Rawson, of the Rookwood Fourth, suddenly finds himself in luck's way!



The 1st Chapter. Man Missing!

"Rawson!"
"Where's Rawson?"
"Where's that ass Rawson?"
Quite a number of Rookwood fellows were inquiring after Tom Rawson of the Classical Fourth.

Rawson was wanted.
It was Wednesday afternoon, which happened not only to be a half-holiday at Rookwood, but also the day of the St. Jim's match.

Rawson, goalkeeper in Jimmy Silver's team, was wanted, and Rawson was not to be seen.
It was quite unlike Rawson to be off the scene when he was wanted. He was a keen footballer, and a loyal member of the eleven; and he was always to be relied upon.

But now, with Tom Merry & Co. of St. Jim's on the football ground, and all ready for the kick-off, Rawson was not to be seen.

"The silly owl!" exclaimed Arthur Edward Lovell. "Why hasn't he turned up? Anybody seen Rawson?"
Nobody had, apparently.

There was a good crowd of Rookwooders gathering on Little Side to watch the game, but the burly form of Rawson of the Fourth was not to be discerned among them.

"He can't have forgotten," said Jimmy Silver.

Arthur Edward Lovell snorted. "Forgotten the St. Jim's match! Rubbish!"

"I saw him after dinner," said Mornington. "He was looking no end down in the mouth."

"That's nothing new," grunted Lovell. "He always seems to be looking down in the mouth lately. But if he's not fit he could say so. I suppose. The silly chump! We're keeping St. Jim's waiting."

"Somebody cut off to the House and see if he's there," said Jimmy Silver. "I'll go!" growled Lovell. "And I'll jolly well talk to him, too!"

Arthur Edward Lovell cut off to the House.

The footballers waited patiently. Tommy Dodd of the Modern Fourth, inside-right in the Rookwood junior team, had a valuable suggestion to make—valuable from Tommy Dodd's point of view.

"What about putting in a Modern chap, Silver?" he asked. "After all, you've got too many Classics in the team, as I've told you before."

"Bow-wow!"
"What about Lacy of the Modern Fourth?" urged Dodd.

"Nothing about Lacy of the Modern Fourth!" said Jimmy Silver crossly. "This is a football match, Duddy! We want a goalkeeper who can keep goal. Lacy keeps white rabbits. But he can't keep goal."

At which Tommy Dodd sniffed.

Meanwhile, Arthur Edward Lovell, in a state of considerable wrath, tramped into the House and tramped up to the Fourth Form passage.

Rawson's study was No. 5, and Lovell reached No. 5, and the door thereof flew open with a crash, as if a battering-ram had smitten it. Lovell took a good size in football boots and he was an energetic youth, especially when he was wrathful.

There was a startled yell in the study.

"Oh gad!"
"What the thump—"

Lovell glared at Townsend and Topham. The two knuts of the Fourth were in No. 5, which they shared with Rawson, but the latter was not to be seen.

The St. Jim's match had drawn most of the Fourth to Little Side, but it had not drawn Towny and Topy.

A much more important matter occupied their attention.

Townsend was trying on a new necktie by the study glass, and Topham was giving him an expert opinion on it. With such a weighty matter to consider the knuts of the Fourth were not likely to waste much thought on football matches.

"Where's Rawson?" roared Lovell.

"You noisy ass!"

"Where's Rawson?"

"Don't know," snapped Townsend, "and don't care, either! You jolly well made me jump, you thumpin' ass, just when I'd got this tie right."

"Haven't you seen Rawson?"

"No: and don't want to."

Lovell glared at Towny and Topy, strongly tempted to take them by their spotless collars and knock their well-brushed heads together.

However, he resisted that temptation, and stamped out of the study with thunder in his brow.

He glared up and down the passage, looking for some fellow who could give him news of the missing goalkeeper. A weedy junior was just coming into the passage from the stairs: Leggett of the Modern Fourth. He came up very quietly, looking about him as he came, and started as he found Lovell's eyes on him.

A Modern fellow had no business in the House—the Classical side—and Leggett least of all. He stopped at the sight of Lovell, and seemed inclined to scuttle down the stairs again.

"Hallo!" Lovell strode towards him. "What are you mooching over on this side for, Leggett?"

"I—I—" Leggett stammered.

"Looking for a chance to get at Rawson's stamp-album again, you sneaking worm!" exclaimed Lovell.

"Nunno! I—"

"Have you seen Rawson?"

"No!" growled Leggett.

"Well, get out."

Lovell was cross, and Leggett was his pet aversion. Moreover, he had reason to suspect that the cad of Manders House had come over to the Classical side for no good. Towny and Topy's elegantly brushed heads had had a narrow escape in Study No. 5. Albert Leggett's head did not escape.

Lovell grasped him by the collar.

Bang!

There was a fiendish yell from Leggett, as his hapless head smote the banisters with a loud concussion.

"Ow! Yaroooh!"

Bang!

"Whoop!"

"Now travel!" roared Lovell, sitting Leggett down on the stairs with a swing of his powerful arm.

"Oh! Ow! You rotter! Ow!" spluttered Leggett.

Lovell drew back his boot. Leggett jumped up and ran for it, and as he went a football boot gave him undesired but vigorous assistance. Leggett went down to the next landing sprawling. He picked himself up and fled and vanished from the House.

Lovell felt a little better.

"Now, where's that idiot Rawson?" he growled. And Arthur Edward stamped down the stairs to continue his search.

He tramped out of the House almost in a boiling state. And then, fortunately, he sighted Rawson; very fortunately, for really Arthur Edward seemed on the verge of an explosion.

Rawson was walking along by the masters' studies, his hands in his pockets, a deep line in his brow. He was evidently not thinking of the football match; he had not even changed. Lovell came across to him with a rush and clutched him by the shoulder.

"You silly idiot!"

"Eh?"

Rawson started out of a deep reverie and stared at Lovell.

"You burbling chump!" roared Lovell.

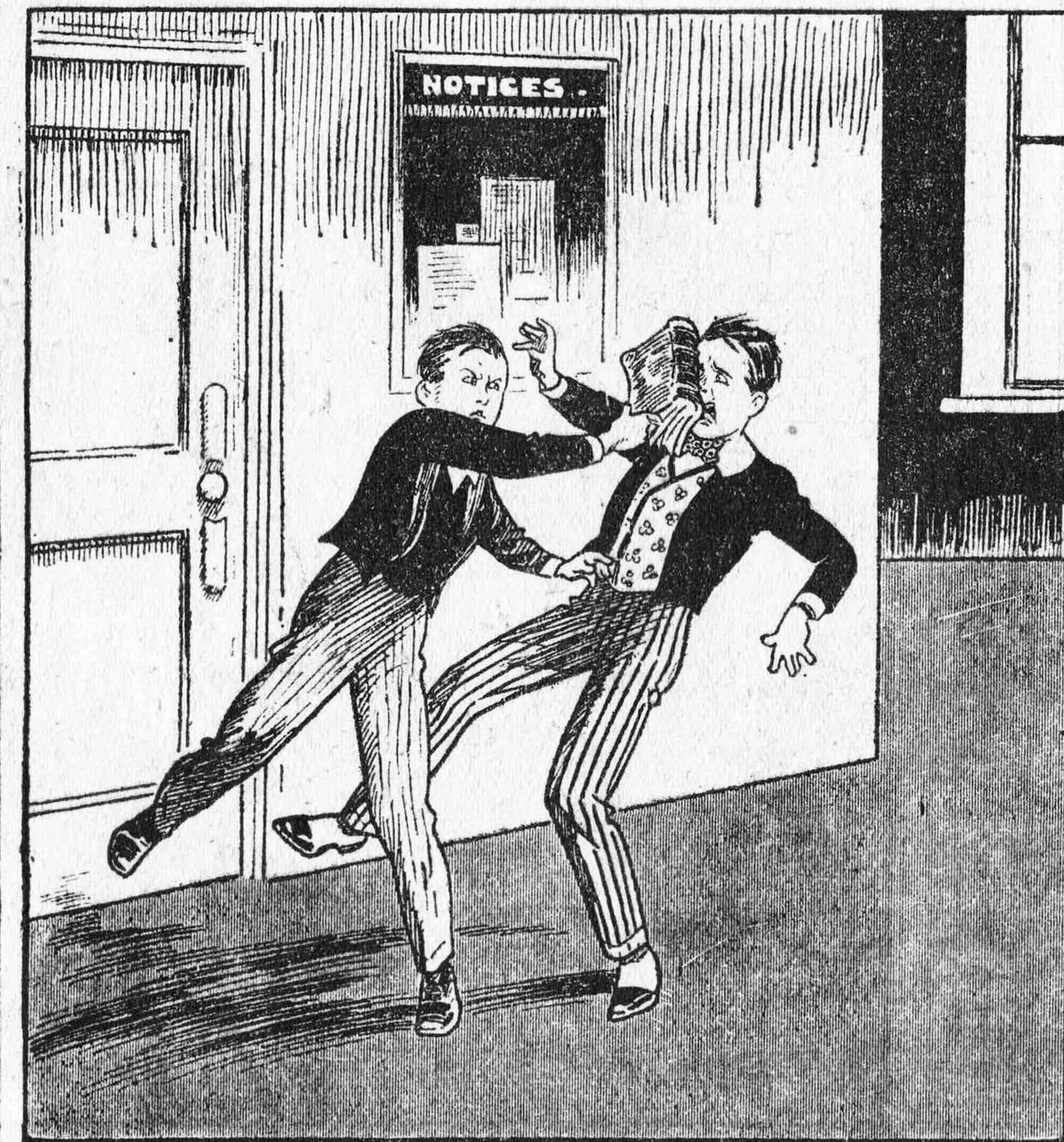
"What?"

"You frumptions bandersnatch!" shrieked Lovell. "You—you—you—you blinking cuckoo!"

"Oh, chuck it!" snapped Rawson.

"I'm worried—don't bother now!"

His hands came out of his pockets, and there was a crumpled letter in one of them. Lovell, had his mind been at leisure to think of such matters, might have guessed that Rawson had had a letter with bad news in



A COWARDLY TRICK! "Stop!" gasped Townsend. Leggett raced on. Townsend broke into a rush after him and caught him by the shoulder. Crash! The dog-eared old stamp album smote Cecil Townsend full upon his shapely nose. With a howl of anguish Towny released the Modern junior and staggered back.

it. But Arthur Edward was thinking of football.

"Not even changed!" he bawled.

"Changed?" repeated Rawson.

"We're waiting for you!" shrieked Lovell.

"Oh!"

"Mean to say you'd forgotten the St. Jim's match?" shrieked Lovell.

Rawson started.

"No—yes—no! Is it time?"

"Is it time?" hooted Lovell. "Oh, my hat! He asks is it time? Haven't you any silly eyes in your silly head, and can't you look at a clock and tell the time? Are you potty, or are you only a silly owl? Are you quite off your rocker, or merely a babbling idiot?"

Rawson did not answer that question. He glanced up at the clock-tower, and then rushed away at top speed.

"Where are you going?" roared Lovell.

"Fathead!" was Rawson's reply, over his shoulder, as he vanished.

It dawned upon Lovell that Rawson, reminded of his duty, had rushed away to change for football.

Moderns were wanted in the team to make it a really winning side, was glad that they had waited for Rawson.

There was no doubt that Rawson was a born goalkeeper—the best junior goalie ever known at Rookwood. Tom Merry and Talbot and D'Arcy of St. Jim's had their "shooting-boots" on that day; but Rawson dealt with them one after another, and held the fort till the Rookwooders rallied and drove the enemy up the field.

Then Jimmy Silver & Co. attacked in their turn, and Rawson, warm and pink from his exertions, was given a rest.

During the struggle, Rawson had been thinking only of the game, and he had been at his very best. The trouble on his mind, whatever it was, had been resolutely thrown aside.

But now he was disengaged, the deep wrinkle returned to his brow, and he stared up the field with almost unseeing eyes.

Jimmy Silver knew what Rawson's trouble was, though he was naturally not thinking about it just then. The captain of the Fourth was the only fellow in whom Rawson had confided. Poor Rawson, who was at Rookwood on a scholarship, without payment of fees, had always been the poorest and the most shabbily-dressed fellow in the Fourth—which, however, he did

Arthur Edward stamped back to Little Side.

"Found him?"

"Yes; the idiot wasn't even changed! The josser was mooning about the quad! The blinking idiot had forgotten the match! The burbling cuckoo's changing! The frabjous jabberwock will be here soon!"

"Oh, good!"

"Here he comes!"

"Buck up, Rawson!"

Rawson had changed with wonderful celerity. He came down to the football field with breathless speed.

"Sorry, Silver—"

"All right! Ready!" called out Jimmy Silver.

And, the skippers having already tossed for sides, the footballers lined up, and Rawson went into the Rookwood goal.

The 2nd Chapter.

Rawson's Last Game!

Tom Merry & Co. of St. Jim's were in great form that day; and as the attack came from the visitors, Jimmy Silver had reason to be glad that he had not acceded to Tommy Dodd's suggestion. Rawson was wanted in goal, and wanted very much. In the first few minutes the St. Jim's men came through, and there was a rain of shots on the home goal; to each of which Rawson put "paid," so to speak. And even Tommy Dodd, though quite convinced that more

not mind very much. He was a level-headed fellow, and rather disposed to be glad of what luck he had than to complain about what he lacked. He knew that he was lucky to get to Rookwood at all, and that he could not expect to dress and spend money like fellows who came from wealthier homes.

He was used to his circumstances; they did not worry him. But the times were hard, and hard times are soonest felt in the poorest homes; and Rawson's home was poor enough. And Jimmy knew that Rawson had to leave Rookwood at the end of the present term, and give up his scholarship, because the expense of keeping him at the school, slight as it was, was beyond his father's resources.

It was hard on Rawson, who was an intelligent and hard-working fellow, and had had every hope of working his way to the University in the long run. All his hopes were knocked on the head now; and though he was not a fellow to complain, he felt the blow all the more severely, perhaps, because he was silent and uncomplaining. And—as misfortunes never come singly—there had been more bad news from home in the letter he had received that morning; and Rawson had learned that, instead of keeping on even till the end of the term, it was necessary to go at once. The St. Jim's match was the last game he was to play in at Rookwood; a few more days, and he would know the old school no more.

It was not to be wondered at—as even Arthur Edward Lovell would have admitted had he known the circumstances—that Rawson had forgotten the match in his stress of mind.

Now that he was, for the moment, unoccupied, the black, thronging thoughts returned, and Rawson, instead of thinking of the game, was thinking of the distress in his home—his father unemployed, the willing hands idle because work could not be had; his mother sick, and his younger brothers and sisters in want.

Instead of going on with his school career, he had to go—to join in the scramble for existence; to do his best to give help where help was wanted. It was his duty, and he was prepared to do it uncomplainingly; he was not the fellow to grouse in the face of grim necessity. As the father had gone to the trenches in Flanders, in the war-time, the son was going to his duty. And hard as the blow was, it was of his people, and not of himself, that he was thinking.

"Look out in goal!"

"Gone to sleep, Rawson?"

"What's the matter with the chap?"

Rawson, with a start, woke to his surroundings. The roar from the Rookwood crowd would almost have awakened the Seven Sleepers.

The Rookwood attack had broken down, and St. Jim's were coming on—Tom Merry, and Talbot, Blake, and D'Arcy, the ball at their feet, passing like clockwork; and, as the roar woke up Rawson, the attack came on the home goal hard and fast.

Rawson grabbed at the ball and missed it by a fraction.

"Goal!"

"Oh, my hat!"

The leather was in the net, landed there by Tom Merry.

Rawson was crimson.

He hardly dared to meet Jimmy Silver's eyes. He had failed—failed his side, when he had resolved to play his very hardest in his last game at Rookwood.

"Goal!"

"One up, deah boys," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy of St. Jim's, as the footballers walked back to the centre of the field. "Not a bad kick, Tom Mewwy; but I don't think much of their goalie."

"He was taking a nap with his eyes open, I think," grinned Blake.

"Yaas, wathah!"

The sides lined up again.

"Wake up, Rawson!" roared the Rookwood crowd.

"This is what comes of putting Classics in goal!" Lacy of the Modern Fourth remarked to Leggett who happened to be near him.

Albert Leggett grinned.

"Wake up, Rawson!" he yelled.

"Do you call that keeping goal? Are you playing for Rookwood or St. Jim's?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Rawson heard Leggett's unpleasant voice behind the goal, but he did not heed Leggett's opinion did not matter very much to him.

He resolutely banished troubling thoughts from his mind now. He had failed his side once; he would not fail again.

(Continued overleaf.)

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY PRICE 2:

A Turn of Luck!

By Owen Conquest.

(Continued from previous page.)



And when the next attack came, the St. Jim's men found that the goalkeeper was very far from taking a nap.

The attack was hot; but Rawson was more than equal to it. The best shots from the St. Jim's forwards failed to reach home, and there was a cheer for Rawson as the attack broke away, and Towle cleared at last to midfield.

Just on half-time Mornington put the ball in for Rookwood, and the score was level.

In the interval Jimmy Silver spoke a word to his goalkeeper. Rawson gave him an appealing look.

"I know I let them through," he said. "I'm sorry!"

"Keep smiling!" said Jimmy Silver cheerfully. "Can't be helped.

But is anything the matter, old man—anything special, I mean?"

"Well, yes!" Rawson coloured.

"I—I told you I had to go home at the end of the term."

"Yes, old chap."

"Well, I've had a letter this morning. I sha'n't be able to stick it out till the end of the term! That's all."

"Sorry!" said Jimmy softly.

"I—I was a bit worried. But it's all right, they won't catch me napping again. Perhaps I oughtn't to have played," said Rawson remorsefully.

"Bosh! You're the man we want!" said Jimmy reassuringly.

"Your mistakes are better than another fellow's successes, as a rule!"

Rawson laughed.

"You can jolly well rely on me now, anyhow!" he said.

"That's right."

Jimmy Silver was not the captain to rag his men in a game, and his cheery confidence was just what Rawson wanted. When the whistle blew he went into goal determined that the skies should fall before he leather passed him again.

The second half began with an early goal for Rookwood. After that the St. Jim's attack was hot and strong, and for long the Rookwooders were penned in their own half.

Fatty Wynn of St. Jim's, in his goal, stamped about to keep himself warm. He had little else to do.

There was no doubt that the St. Jim's forwards were in terrific form, and in that match at least they out-classed the Rookwood front line. Even Jimmy Silver, at centre-half, with Lovell on his right and Conroy on his left, found the enemy too much for him. Towle and Doyle, two Moderns, at back, found the tide too strong for them to stem. Again and again the St. Jim's men came through the defence, again and again an intended Rookwood attack was stopped and crumpled up, and St. Jim's came through. While Fatty Wynn, at the other end, stamped about and waved his arms, Rawson, in the Rookwood goal, had the busy time of his life.

But there was no more napping. He seemed here, there, and everywhere—eyes and hands and feet just where they were wanted. For the time Rawson was not the fellow whose prospects had been suddenly blighted; he was the Rookwood goalkeeper, playing the game of his life. And good as the St. Jim's shooting was, it never came through.

There was an almost continuous roar of cheering for the goalkeeper as the struggle went on.

"Well saved!"

"Rawson! Rawson!"

"Oh, well saved, man!"

"Bai Jove!" gasped Arthur Augustus D'Arcy of St. Jim's. "Is that man a dashed goalkeepah, or is he a dashed acrobat, what?"

Goalkeeper or acrobat, Rawson was just what the Rookwooders wanted, and wanted badly. The game was drawing to a close, and the Rookwooders were driven to defence; but they were a goal up, and keeping one up. Glances were thrown up at the clock-tower now, over the beeches. Minute followed minute of hard and desperate struggle, and still Tom Merry & Co. had failed to get through to the net.

Pheep!

It was the whistle.

The tussle ceased. Rawson, in goal, wiped his brow, his face scarlet.

There was a roar from Rookwood.

"Hurrah! Rookwood wins!"

"Bravo, Rawson!"

Jimmy Silver clapped his goalkeeper on the shoulder.

"Good man! It's your win, Rawson—your game, old man!"

"And a jolly good game!" said Lovell.

Rawson nodded.

"My game—and my last for Rookwood!" he muttered as he walked off the field, and the cloud was dark on his brow again.

The 3rd Chapter.

Townsend Lends a Hand!

"Look here, Rawson!"

"Yes, look here, by gad, you know!"

Townsend and Topham spoke together, and they spoke in tones of remonstrance.

They seemed fed-up.

Really, it was hard cheese, from the point of view of the nuts of the Classical Fourth.

There was Rawson, in Study No. 5,

"Been to a funeral," asked Townsend sarcastically.

"Eh! No!"

"Going to one?"

"Of course not! What do you mean?" exclaimed Rawson testily.

"Well, then, brighten up a bit!" said Townsend. "We've come in to tea, and we don't want a skeleton at the feast, see?"

"A skeleton at the feast would be merry and bright by comparison," said Topham. "I never saw such a chivvy! Blessed if I don't expect to see the chap blubbing next!"

Rawson started.

Certainly, he was not cheerful; and though he often tried to keep up a cheery countenance the task was too hard for him. He had a feeling of being down and out, beaten to the wide, and, try as he could, he could not banish the gloom from his face.

Indeed, he knew that his glum looks were becoming a standing joke in the Classical Fourth, most of the fellows not troubling their minds to bother about the possible causes of his glumness. But he couldn't help it. He was facing his trouble manfully, with courage and fortitude, but he simply couldn't look joyful about it.

"What the dickens is the matter with you?" went on Townsend.

"For a week or more you've made the study a giddy house of woe. A fellow ought to look a bit more cheery even if he's up against it!"

"I know," said Rawson in a low voice.

"Well, if you know it, do it!" said

He crossed to the door without another word. Townsend glanced after him and looked at Topham.

Towny was not a bad fellow; his heart was all right, though there was not much to be said for his head.

"I say, Rawson, is anythin' really up?" he asked.

"What does that matter?" said Rawson bitterly.

"Well, I'm sorry!"

"Thanks!" said Rawson. And he reached the door.

"Hold on!" said Townsend uncomfortably. "I—I didn't mean to hurt your feelin's, Rawson! Only, it is a bit thick, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"If you're really up against it, I'm sorry, and all that," said Townsend. "If there's anythin' a fellow can do—"

"Nothing, thanks!" Rawson turned back, and looked at the two handsome knuts, well-dressed and debonair, in strange contrast to himself. He was not angry; he rather despised Towny and Topy, but he rather liked them in a way. "I'm sorry, you chaps—it must be a bit rotten having me about 'the study, in the dumps as I've been lately. But—you'll be shut of me soon—I'm leaving on Saturday."

"Great pip! Leavin' Rookwood!" ejaculated Townsend.

"What on earth for?" asked Topham.

"I made the mistake of being born poor," explained Rawson gravely.

"You don't really get over a mistake like that, ever. My people are

said Townsend, repentant again. "A fellow doesn't want to be a snob. After all, clothes ain't everythin'."

"Well, not everythin'!" assented Topham, after a moment's reflection. He really hesitated a moment before he assented to that, however.

"His manners are rather rough and ready," said Townsend. "But then, he hasn't had our advantages."

"He hasn't, poor chap."

"If he had had, he might have been like us."

"He might!" said Topham rather doubtfully.

"It's only charitable to think so," said Towny.

"Oh, quite!"

"We'll be jolly kind to him till he goes. I wish now I'd never said anythin' to him about his clobber," said Townsend remorsefully. "But my hat! his trousers really are the last word."

"They are!"

"But, after all, brought up as he's been, what's he to be expected to know about trousers?" said Townsend generously. "A fellow ought to make allowances."

"Right as rain, old bean. What about tea?"

The study door was pushed open, and a thin, shallow, unpleasant face looked into the study. The face belonged to Albert Leggett, of the Modern Fourth: the most unpleasant fellow in Manders' House, or all Rookwood for that matter.

Townsend and Topham looked at him loftily. They were disposed to be kind to Rawson, whom they acknowledged to be a good fellow, though his clothes, especially his trousers, were unspeakable. But they had no politeness to waste on the cad of the Fourth, who was far from being a good fellow in any respect whatever.

"Take it away, Leggett," said Townsend.

"Eh, what?"

"Your face—if you call it a face."

Leggett scowled.

"I've come here for Rawson. He wants his stamp album. Do you know where it is?"

"Blessed if I know. About somewhere, I suppose!"

"Well, you might hand it to a fellow, as Rawson wants it," said Leggett.

Townsend was quite willing to oblige to that extent. He glanced round the study for the dog-eared old stamp album that belonged to Tom Rawson. Leggett watched him with a gleam in his eyes.

"Blessed if I see it," said Townsend. "Rawson was tryin' to sell it the other day. Perhaps he's sold it."

"He's sent me for it," said Leggett. "Perhaps it's locked up somewhere?"

"Rawson's got nothin' here with a lock on it."

"Then it must be about somewhere."

"Well, you can look for it, if you like."

"Oh, all right!"

Leggett came into the study, and proceeded to search for the stamp album. Towny and Topy discussed tea, to which they expected some guests: and Topham departed for the tuck-shop with a list of supplies required. Unlike their study-mate, Tom Rawson, Towny and Topy were well-supplied with that useful article, cash.

Leggett was still rooting about the study, sharply, watchfully, hurriedly. Cecil Townsend glanced at him several times impatiently. He did not like Leggett in his study; the less he saw of the cad of the Fourth the better he was pleased. And the old stamp album did not seem to be forthcoming.

"Look here, hadn't you better go and ask Rawson where he left it?" asked Towny, at last.

"Oh, I'll find it," said Leggett. "You see, Rawson wants to show it to Mr. Mooney, and he asked me to fetch it."

Townsend was not a suspicious fellow; indeed, his mind, occupied with such important matters as neckties, silk socks, and the cut of a fellow's trousers, had little room left for suspicion or anything else. But even the unsuspecting, unobservant, and rather obtuse Towny could not help thinking that this was queer. Certainly, it was usual enough for an obliging fellow to run up to a study to fetch something for another fellow—there was nothing surprising in that. But Leggett was not an obliging fellow—he was the very reverse of that. And he was a Modern, and Rawson was a Classical; and moreover, Rawson disliked him and made no secret of the



ST. JIM'S SCORE! Tom Rawson grabbed at the ball as it came in and missed it by a fraction. "Goal!" "Oh, my hat!" The Rookwood crowd yelled their disappointment. The leather was in the net, landed there by Tom Merry. Rawson was crimson. He hardly dared to meet Jimmy Silver's eyes. He had failed—failed his side, when he had resolved to play his very hardest in his last game at Rookwood!

with a face as long as a fiddle, as Towny had several times described it. It was hard cheese to have the shabbiest fellow at Rookwood, a mere pincher of scholarships, for a study-mate. Towny and Topy felt that that was so, and often said so. But of late Tom Rawson, who had been wont to be cheery and bright in spite of his old clothes and his shortage of pocket-money, had developed a gloominess which weighed upon the spirits of his nutty study-mates.

A fellow couldn't come into his own study without seeing a long face or a gloomy brow! Really, it was hard!

Towny and Topy took a cheerful view of the universe; their own places in it were rather well-lined and comfortable. They didn't want Rawson's glum "chivvy" ever present, like a death's head at a feast.

Rawson was sitting by the window, staring out into the quadrangle, now thickening with dusk.

His face undoubtedly was glum, gloomy, pessimistic. It was not inspiring to look at.

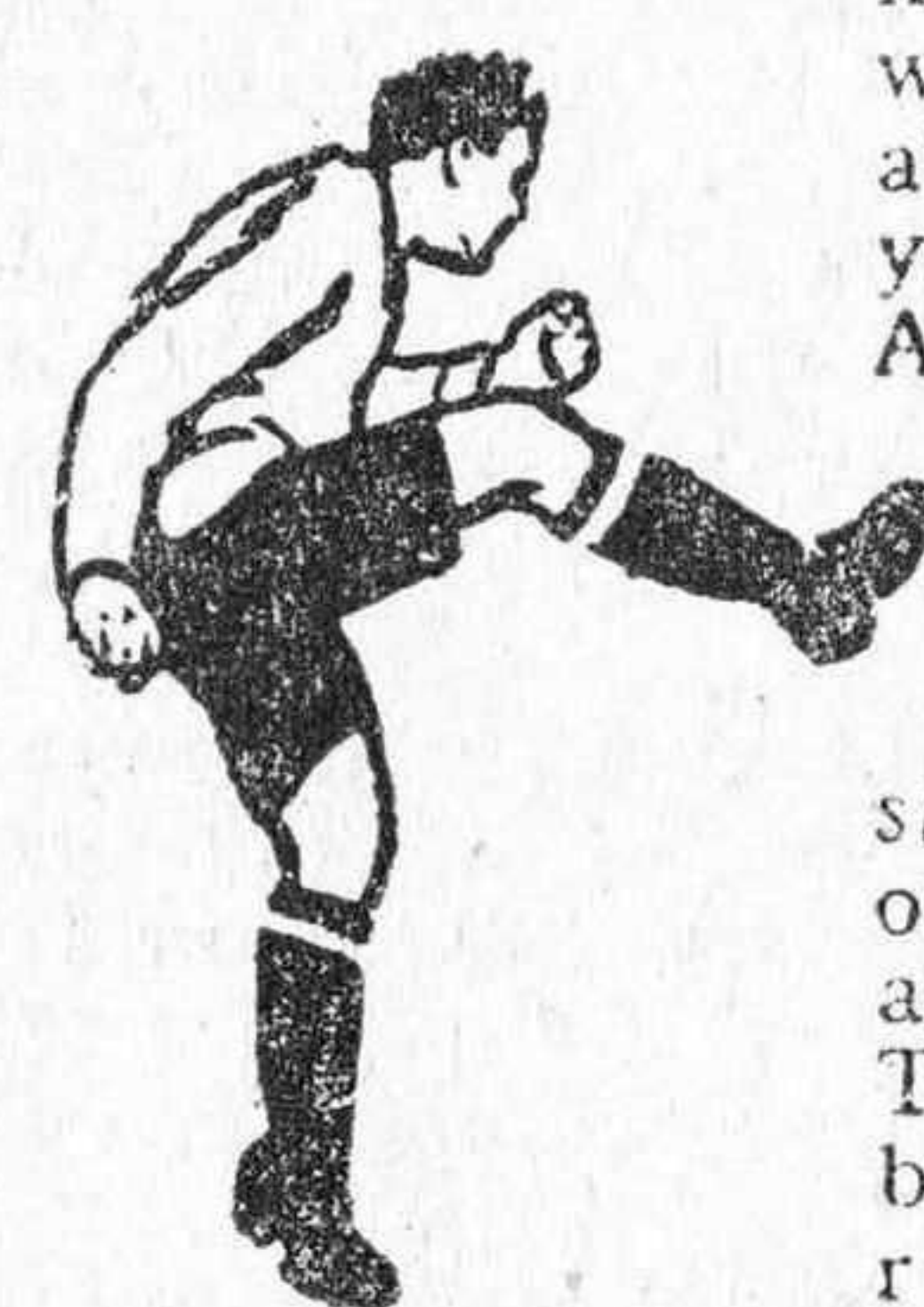
So Towny and Topy remonstrated. They felt that they were entitled to remonstrate.

Rawson gave them a gloomy look. He was in no mood for nutty society—he could not feel the faintest glimmer of interest in Towny's neckties or Topy's gold watch-chain.

Townsend tartly. "We've asked some fellows in to tea. If you can't take that scowl off your face do the next best thing and get out of the study!"

Rawson rose from the window-seat.

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too hard up to keep me here, and I've got to go. I may as well tell you, now that it's only a day or two more. I thought I could stick it out to the end of the term—but I can't. So don't worry—you won't see my long face after this week."

He left the study with that.

"Oh, my hat!" said Townsend blankly.

"Poor beggar!" murmured Topham.

And the two knuts were quite grave and concerned for a minute or two. They felt really concerned for Rawson, and they acknowledged that it was hard cheese.

"Dash it all, a fellow doesn't want to be unfeelin'," said Towny. "No wonder the poor beggar looked blue."

"No wonder," agreed Topham.

"Still, there's nothin' a chap can do."

"Nothin'."

"We won't chip him any more about his long face. A fellow doesn't want to be caddish."

"That's so, Towny. What about tea?"

"He played a jolly good game of football yesterday, I hear," said Townsend.

"The fellows were cheering him no end. With that on his mind, too. He's got grit, though he's not much class."

"Not much!" agreed the faithful Topy.

"No, dash it all, he's all right,"

fact. And now he let his mind dwell on the matter, Towny remembered that he had heard something or other about Leggett in connection with Rawson's stamp album—Rawson had been trying to sell it, and Leggett had offered to buy it and had been refused. And Arthur Edward Lovell had afterwards caught Leggett in the study in what he considered suspicious circumstances, and had handled him—Towny remembered something about it now.

So as he watched Leggett, chiefly desirous of getting rid of him, Towny grew suspicious.

"Look here, Leggett," he exclaimed suddenly. "Did Rawson really send you up for his album?"

"Yes; I've told you so."

"What was that about Lovell findin' you here the other day—"

"Only one of Lovell's silly jokes—"

"Well, I heard that there was a jolly valuable stamp in that old album, though Rawson didn't know which one it was, as he knows nothin' about philately," said Townsend.

"You spotted it, and wouldn't tell Rawson which one it was, or something of the kind?"

"Nothing of the sort," said Leggett. "It's a rotten old album with a lot of rubbish in it."

"That's what I always thought. Still—"

"Oh, here it is!"

Evidently Rawson had put the album in a safe place, as he considered it. It was at the bottom of a large shabby bag, and over it other things were packed—a number of books, a football jersey, a pair of slippers, and several other things. Only a pretty thorough search was likely to bring the album to light; but Leggett's search had been thorough. The Modern junior's eyes glittered as he drew the shabby dog-eared old album out of its hiding-place.

"It's all right," he said. "I'll take it to Rawson."

And Leggett crossed hurriedly to the door. But Cecil Townsend was more than suspicious now. He jumped in the way, with an activity he did not often display.

"Stop!"

"Look here, Townsend—"

Towny raised an elegant hand.

"Chuck it! I'm not goin' to let you take that album away, Leggett."

"Rawson sent me—"

"Well, if Rawson sent you, that's all very well; and I'll come with you myself and give him the jolly old book," said Towny.

"Look here!" Leggett eyed the dandy of the Classical Fourth evilly, and breathed hard.

"Don't like the idea?" asked Towny.

"Rawson's waiting for me."

"We'll go together," said Townsend, with a grin. "Come on! The fact is, I don't trust you, Leggett. And Rawson's a good chap, and he's up against it, and I'm not lettin' him be done."

Leggett breathed harder.

"Oh, all right!" he said. "Come on, then!"

The two juniors left the study together. In the Fourth Form passage Leggett made a sudden spring, and raced towards the stairs. Townsend, taken by surprise, stared after him.

"Stop!" he gasped.

Leggett raced on. Townsend broke into a rush after him, and caught him by the shoulder.

Crash!

The dog-eared old album smote Cecil Townsend full upon his shapely nose. With a howl of anguish Towny released the Modern junior, and staggered back.

"Ow, ow! My nose! Ow! Grooogh!" Townsend clasped his nose with both hands, and crimson oozed through his fingers.

Leggett raced on desperately for the stairs. Then there was another crash as he ran into Jimmy Silver & Co., who were coming up to tea. Townsend yelled a warning.

"Stop him! Stop that cad, you fellows!"

And Leggett wriggled frantically in the grasp of the Fistical Four.

The 4th Chapter.

A Licking for Leggett.

Jimmy Silver grasped Leggett of the Modern Fourth by the collar and held him. Leggett's struggles did not avail him much in the muscular grip of the captain of the Fourth.

Townsend came up panting.

"He's got Rawson's album—a giddy old stamp album."

"What!" roared Arthur Edward Lovell.

"What!" howled Raby and Newcome together.

"He says Rawson sent him for it!" gasped Townsend. "But I don't believe a word of it. He banged me on the nose with it and bolted when I said I'd go with him to take it to Rawson. Look at my nose!"

And Towny dabbed his damaged nose with a handkerchief.

"Let me go, you—you fools!" breathed Leggett. "Rawson's waiting for me."

"Can it!" said Jimmy Silver tersely. "Lovell caught you after that album the other day, and you were nosing about this passage yesterday, and he caught you and kicked you out. We'll jolly well ask Rawson whether he sent you."

"He jolly well didn't!" growled Lovell. "I told you Leggett was trying to pinch the album the other day when I caught him. Now he's after it again. I warned Rawson to lock it up."

"He's been after it ever since," said Raby wrathfully. "He belongs to Manders, but he's always nosing round the House since Rawson showed him the album. Let's take him to Mr. Dalton."

Leggett panted.

"I—I—I tell you—"

"Bring him along to the end study," said Jimmy Silver, "and you cut off and find Rawson and bring him there, too, Newcome."

"Thanks!"

"As for this cringing worm," said Lovell, with a glare of disgust at Leggett, "it's as plain as anything that he knows there's a valuable stamp in the book, and he meant to pinch it. I suppose we can't expect too much of a Modern chap. But stealing. Pah!"

"I—I never—" began Leggett.

"Oh, shut up! What about taking

I've shown it to you. Don't tell lies, Leggett. You wanted to steal a stamp. Lovell found you at it, and now Towny's found you at the same game."

"You ought to have locked it up, as I warned you, Rawson," said Lovell.

Rawson smiled faintly.

"I've nothing to lock it in. I forgot to bring a roll-top desk when I came to Rookwood."

"Fathead!"

"I put it out of sight at the bottom of a bag, with a lot of other things over it," said Rawson. "I was keeping it safe, ever since Leggett saw it and let out that there was a valuable stamp in it. I should have taken it over to the dealer's at Latham yesterday, only I was playing football. I'll take it on Saturday."

"And until then we'll lock it up for you here, if you like," said Raby. "Jimmy's desk has a good lock on it."

"Thanks!"

"As for this cringing worm," said Lovell, with a glare of disgust at Leggett, "it's as plain as anything that he knows there's a valuable stamp in the book, and he meant to pinch it. I suppose we can't expect too much of a Modern chap. But stealing. Pah!"

"I—I never—" began Leggett.

"Oh, shut up! What about taking

valuable now. I'm jolly certain that there's some stamp in it worth a fiver if you offer a pound, and you did."

"I'll make it a fiver!" gasped Leggett.

"What!"

"I mean it," said the Modern junior. "I—I haven't all the money now, but I'll hand you three quids now and the rest next week. Honour bright."

Rawson stared at him.

"You'll give me five pounds for that ragged old volume that's been knocking about in my study for whole terms?" he said.

"I mean it."

"My only hat!" said Jimmy Silver. "He offers five quids and wants you to believe that he hasn't spotted a valuable stamp in it. Looks to me as if there may be something worth a pony."

Rawson's eyes lighted.

"My hat! It does look like it, Jimmy! If I could take home twenty or thirty quids to my father—"

"Nothing of the kind!" gasped Leggett. "I tell you I'm a philatelist, and I know, and I tell you—"

"Bend him over!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Oh! Leggo! Oh, my hat! Yaroo!" roared Leggett.

But the chums of the Classical Fourth did not heed Leggett further;

Jimmy Silver flourished the shovel, and Leggett bolted out of the study and fled. It was a breathless and disappointed young rascal who limped over to Manders' House—his last hope gone of ever possessing Rawson's stamp album, whether by fair means or by foul. All he had captured was a severe licking, which certainly was not what he had wanted, but undoubtedly exactly what he had deserved.

The 5th Chapter.

Something Like a Surprise!

"Lock it up!" said Lovell.

Rawson nodded; but Jimmy Silver shook his head. There was a very thoughtful expression on the face of "Uncle James" of Rookwood.

"Look here, you chaps, this has jolly well made me think," said the captain of the Fourth. "There must be something awfully valuable in that old album. Leggett's offered five pounds—he looked as if he'd have offered almost anything if he'd had it. If we knew anything about rare stamps we could spot it—"

"But we don't," said Rawson. "I never knew anything about stamps—I only kept that old album because it had belonged to my uncle. I never supposed anything in it was worth half-a-crown."

"Blessed if the rubbish looks valuable to me," said Lovell.

"Leggett knows," said Jimmy. "and he's a cad not to tell us. But something there is jolly valuable—Leggett was after it like a shot. And—and I'm afraid there's no doubt he would have stolen it if he could. Well, Leggett's a frightful rotter and outsider, we all know; but even a worm like Leggett wouldn't think of stealing, unless—"

"Unless what?"

"Unless he was after something so jolly valuable that it threw him off his balance a bit," said Jimmy.

"Mind, it mayn't be so, but, at least, it seems to me Leggett believes there's a stamp in that old album worth a lot of money—not a fiver or a tenner, but perhaps a hundred—"

"Great Scott!"

"He may be mistaken," said Jimmy. "But look here—a dealer in Latham might give you a square deal—or he mightn't. Let's take the album to Mr. Mooney and ask him to look through it first."

"It's rather a cheek to bother Mr. Mooney," said Rawson uneasily.

"and—a fellow would feel a fool if it turned out, after all, that it's all rubbish."

"Old Mooney's a good chap; he wouldn't mind," said Raby.

"Well, if you think it's a good idea, Jimmy—"

"I do!" said Jimmy Silver.

Rawson picked up the album.

"Right-ho! You fellows come along with me and hear the giddy verdict. If Mooney jaws us for bothering him you can take your whack in the jaw."

The Fistical Four walked away with Rawson, and they repaired in a body to the study of the master of the Shell.

Jimmy Silver knocked at the study door, and Mr. Mooney's voice bade him enter.

The Shell master blinked rather curiously over his glasses at the five members of the Classical Fourth, who presented themselves to his view as the door opened.

As it happened, the Form master was engaged with his own stamp album—a huge and imposing affair about ten times the size of Rawson's little dog-eared book. Mr. Mooney was a keen philatelist, and for about twenty years he had been adding to his collection, with great complacency watching his earlier specimens increase in value with the passage of time. He paused over his stamps, tweezers in hand, and looked inquiringly at the Fourth-Formers.

"What is it?" he asked.

Rawson was rather pink and uncomfortable; he was a diffident fellow. "Uncle James" of Rookwood, however, was not bothered by any undue allowance of diffidence. He spoke up cheerily.

"Rawson's got some stamps he would like you to look at, sir, if you'd be so kind. A fellow on the Modern side thinks one of them valuable—at least, he seems to."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Mooney.

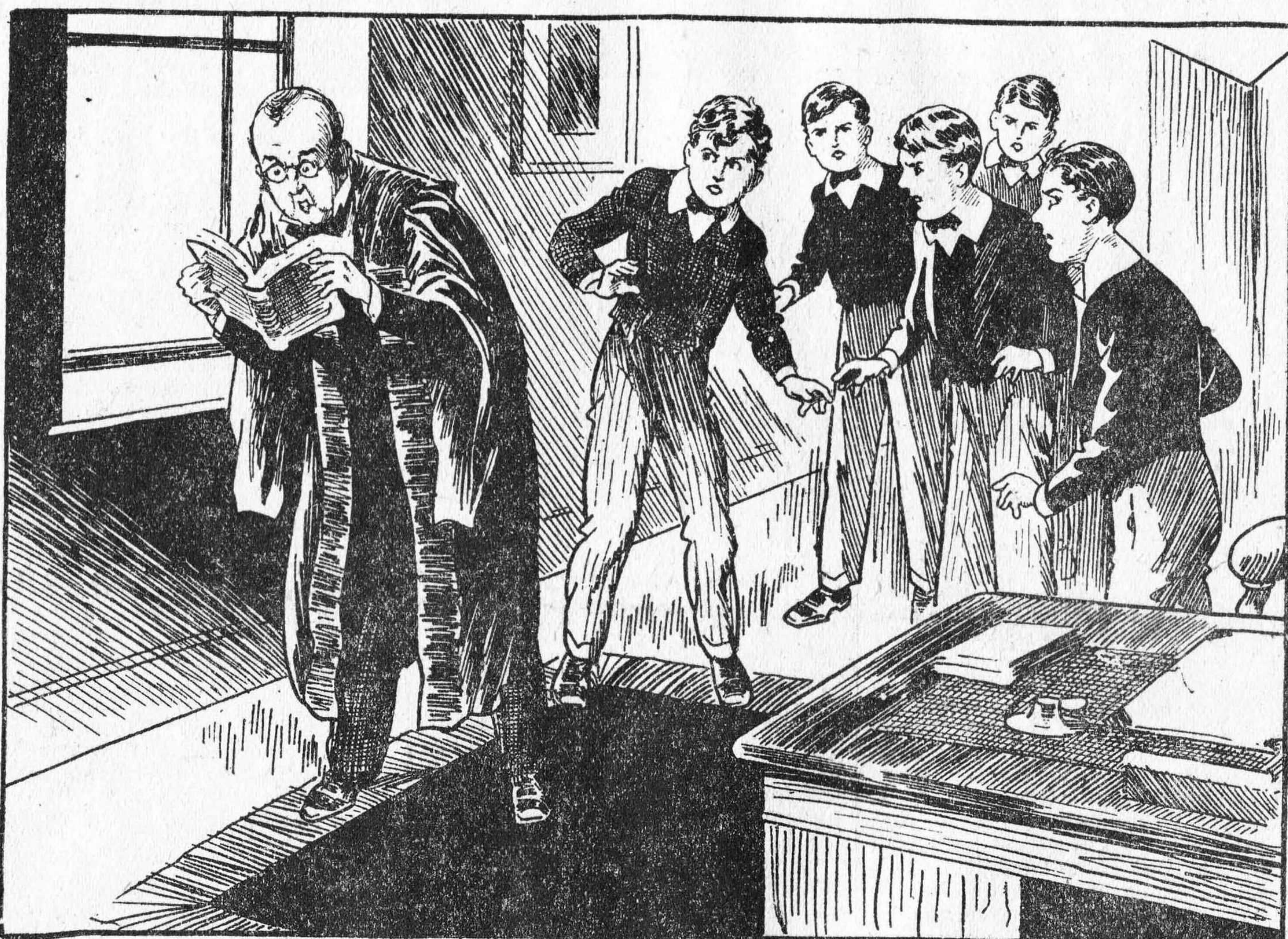
"Would you be so kind, sir, as to look at them and tell Rawson whether there's anything in his album any good."

"Why, certainly," said Mr. Mooney kindly enough.

Rawson laid his old album on the table before the master of the Shell.

Mr. Mooney proceeded to look

(Continued on page 592.)



MR. MOONEY IS SURPRISED! All of a sudden Mr. Mooney jumped. "Good heavens!" He gasped out the words. It was a real jump he gave—he came clear out of his chair. He grabbed up Rawson's stamp album and rushed across to the window for a better light. Jimmy Silver & Co. looked at one another. Jimmy remembered how Leggett had acted when first he looked through Rawson's album. Obviously Mr. Mooney's eye had lighted on the same specimen that had so excited Albert Leggett. "Bless my soul!" After that ejaculation Mr. Mooney stood, album in hand, at the window, gazing at a particular specimen, breathless.

"Right-ho!"

Leggett, protesting in vain, was marched along the passage to the end study, the stamp album still in his hand. Townsend followed, dabbing his nose.

"Has he taken any of the stamps from the book, Towny?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"No fear. He couldn't with me watchin' him," said Townsend. "I didn't suspect at first what he was up to. But it took him a long time to find the album. I believe the fellow's a thief."

"Not much doubt about that," said Jimmy. "Get in, you cad!" He gave Leggett a shove which landed him on the carpet in the end study.

Cecil Townsend departed to attend to his damaged nose. Jimmy Silver picked up the album and laid it on the study table, and then the three juniors kept an eye on Leggett till Newcome came up with Rawson.

Leggett's face was pale and alarmed when Rawson came in. Rawson gave him a look of contempt.

"Newcome's told me," he said. "Of course, I never sent Leggett for the album. I haven't spoken to him."

Leggett licked his dry lips.

"I—I wanted to have a look at it," he muttered. "You—you know I'm a stamp collector. I just wanted to see the stamps. Mr. Mooney lets me look at his album."

"You could have asked," said Rawson. "Besides, you've seen it.

him to Mr. Dalton or the Head?" asked Lovell.

Leggett shuddered.

"I—I—I only wanted to look at the stamps!" he gasped. "I—I shall tell the Head so. I—I wouldn't have touched them. I—"

"You worm!" said Jimmy Silver. "We know jolly well what you would have done. You're a disgrace to Rookwood, and you jolly well ought to be kicked out of the school. Look here, you cad, point out which of those old stamps is a valuable one and tell Rawson what is it worth. Any other fellow would do it without being asked."

"They're not valuable."

"One of them is, at least, or you wouldn't have offered Rawson a pound for that ragged old thing."

"It's worth a pound to make up some of my sets," said Leggett. "But that's all. Nothing more than that."

"Oh, kick the cur out!" said Lovell. "Give him a dozen with the shovel and kick him out!"

Raby picked up the shovel from the fender.

"Look here!" gasped Leggett. "Listen to me a minute, Rawson! I know you're hard up, and you've wanted to sell that album. You know it's not of any value—"

"I don't know anything about it," said Rawson. "It was given me by my uncle before he died, and he had it when he was a kid. Things that weren't valuable then might be

valuable now. I'm jolly certain that there's some stamp in it worth a fiver if you offer a pound, and you did."

"I'll make it a fiver!" gasped Leggett.

"What!"

"I mean it," said the Modern junior. "I—I haven't all the money now, but I'll hand you three quids now and the rest next week. Honour bright."

Rawson stared at him.

"You'll give me five pounds for that ragged old volume that's been knocking about in my study for whole terms?" he said.

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Rawson's eyes lighted.

"My hat! It does look like it, Jimmy! If I could take home twenty or thirty quids to my father—"

"Nothing of the kind!" gasped Leggett. "I tell you I'm a philatelist, and I know, and I tell you—"

"Bend him over!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Oh! Leggo! Oh, my hat! Yaroo!" roared Leggett.

But the chums of the Classical Fourth did not heed Leggett further;

A Turn of Luck!

By Owen Conquest.



(Continued from page 583.)

have you no idea of the rarity, the value, of this stamp?"

"No, sir," said Rawson. "What's its value, sir?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"It would be impossible to say exactly," said Mr. Mooney. "If Rawson wishes to dispose of it, it should be sold by auction. But a reserve price of at least two thousand pounds should be placed on it."

Rawson very nearly fell down.

"Wha-a-at—what did you say, sir?" he babbled. "W-w-would you mind saying that over again, sir?"

"Two thousand pounds." "I'm dreaming this!" said Rawson.

"Hurrah!" gasped Jimmy Silver. "No wonder Leggett wanted to get his paws on it!"

"Two thousand pounds!" said Arthur Edward Lovell dazedly. "My hat! We've been entertaining a giddy millionaire unawares!"

"The value may be anything from two to four thousand pounds, largely according to the state of the market," said Mr. Mooney. "For goodness' sake, Rawson, take care of this stamp! Only a limited number are in existence—less than twenty."

"Two thousand pounds!" gasped Rawson.

Jimmy Silver gave him a terrific smack on the back.

"You won't have to leave Rookwood now, Rawson!"

"Wha-a-at?"

"You're all right, old man!"

Rawson looked quite dazed. This sudden change in his fortunes was rather too much for him to assimilate on the spot.

"Perhaps you would like to leave the stamp in my charge, Rawson?" said Mr. Mooney. "An article of such immense value is not safe in a junior study."

"Not with Leggett about!" murmured Raby.

"I will ask the Head to lock it up in his safe," said Mr. Mooney. "You must, of course, consult your father. Doubtless he will advise you to dispose of it, and invest the proceeds. I shall take every care that you receive fair treatment in the sale, my boy."

"Oh, sir!" gasped Rawson.

"For an hour or two I should like to keep it in my study—to look at it," said Mr. Mooney.

"Yes, sir!" stammered Rawson.

Tom Rawson almost tottered from

Mr. Mooney's study, leaving the enthusiastic philatelist feasting his eyes upon the Post-Office Mauritius. Jimmy Silver & Co. marched their comrade back to the Fourth Form passage, where the amazing news soon spread through the Fourth. There was a chorus of congratulation for Rawson; and foremost came Townsend and Topham to offer what Towny called "congraterrers." The shabbiest fellow at Rookwood was still to remain a tenant of Study No. 5 after all—that was assured now. But Topham was glad—really glad; he was a good fellow at heart. And he reflected that when the stamp was sold Rawson would undoubtedly buy some new clothes—and that reflection comforted Topham, and gave an added sincerity to his congraterrers.

That evening Rawson was the cynosure of all eyes in the House when the news spread far and wide. He was congratulated on all sides, and Modern fellows heard the news and came over to congratulate him. And Arthur Edward Lovell made a special trip across the quad to Manders' House to kick Leggett. He kicked him hard and he kicked him often; and when he departed the groaning cad of Rookwood wished from the bottom of his heart that his greedy eyes had never fallen on Rawson's Post-Office Mauritius.

Tom Rawson did not leave Rookwood.

The clouds had rolled by.

The sale of that precious stamp realised a handsome sum, which was kindly invested for Tom under the special supervision of the headmaster. It brought relief to his troubled home—plenty in the place of scarcity; and Rawson, able now to help his people through, and at the same time continue his studies at Rookwood, was probably the happiest fellow in the old school. And his trousers, though never likely to approach Topham's in cut and fashion, ceased to be unspeakable in the opinion of his nutty study-mates.

For some weeks afterwards philately was the favourite hobby in the Classical Fourth; even Arthur Edward Lovell gave up Cross Word puzzles in favour of it. There was always a chance, Arthur Edward declared, of coming across a Post-Office Mauritius, 1847, at some unexpected moment in some unexpected place. The chance, however, seemed a slim one. It never materialised.

THE END.

(You'll laugh loud and long when you read "Gunner's Brain Wave!" next Monday's amusing long story of the chums of Rookwood School. It is a good idea to order your BOYS' FRIEND in advance, for by doing so you will be certain of your copy!)

IN YOUR EDITOR'S DEN.



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

"POSH AT THE WHEEL."

By David Goodwin.

All that the famous author tells us about Posh next week is immensely to the credit of the fine fellow who has captured the sympathies of everybody. Posh was bound to do this. He is the type of individual who can be relied upon to create history. Of course, people may say of an outstanding character, "Oh, yes, he makes history!" and let it go at that. But there's much more behind. The live youngster who finds adventure and plays up to the opportunity is putting something good into the world which was not there before, and which you can bet your boots would never have been there at all but for him.

NEXT WEEK'S GRAND THRILL.

So we get Posh standing in as a hero, and not knowing it! What he does is all in the day's work. That's how it is we meet him in our next issue, facing not merely all the myriad chances of the motor track, but also risking an unseen peril in place of his master, Cyril Babbit. Babbit is out of the race, thanks to a mortifying accident. Posh is in it—all in! Of course, in the case of terrific speed you move into a new world of speed conditions and possibilities. Ordinary, everyday circumstances don't count. That's momentous enough; but when it is a question of dirty work as well, then we have "une autre paire de manches," as the French say—quite a different pair of sleeves! And there is foul play, as next week's gripping instalment shows. You will have a still higher opinion of Posh after this, for he is not badly enough crooked up to prevent him tumbling on what you might call the Joe Cleugh clue.

"GUNNER'S BRAIN WAVE!"

This coming Rookwood yarn is Owen Conquest at his merriest. The fact is the author delights in pulling Gunner's leg. Gunner checks the master, and gets a generous hundred lines. More cheek! More lines! Centuries are piled up, and, at last, Gunner has a grand total of a cool thousand. Not so cool, either, when a fellow has to plod through them! A giddy thousand! But Gunner was not born yesterday, though not so long before! He gets his pater to send him a typewriter. Naturally, with a trusty machine—if it can spell; some can't for nuts!—a thousand lines is a trifle. Look out for that typewriter on Monday—and for Gunner! You will laugh!

"ARIZONA JIM'S NEW PARD!"

By Gordon Wallace.

Never has this writer got his characters going to such good advantage. The interest centres round Dick Tozer, who is a bit of a mystery, and a tragic happening in the Muskrat Lake district. Arizona Jim has a splendid part to play—and how he plays it!

"THE SMUGGLERS OF TAO LING!"

Merry Maid, ahoy! Duncan Storm's next Bombay Castle surprise will send Dick Dorrington & Co. up pegs in popular favour. They are very much in the thick of things, and a certain hefty little company of pirates have the joy time of their lives.

"THE CAPTAIN OF THE FOURTH!"

Frank Richards runs down the curtain on this chapter of the grand story of St. Kit's. The wind-up next week leaves you wanting more. In two weeks' time look out for the follow-on:

"THE BARRING-OUT AT ST. KIT'S!"

In a fortnight! The new serial goes one better even than the story which is running to a close. This barring-out beats everything yet. Frank Richards has a tremendous tale to tell. The trouble has been stewing up for weeks past. Nobody could stand Carker and his bullying any more. It is a great moment when the flag of revolt is boldly unfurled in a just cause. Thrice blessed is he who gets his blow in fast, as the poet so beautifully says. You may be led to pity Carker, as the kindly minded will sympathise with the sorrows of an obstinate worm who has asked for it! Mind you get this story!

"GOALIE," ETC.

You know what Goalie will be doing next week. His article will appeal to everybody. That "etc." at the top of this paragraph refers to our big Boat Race Number in two weeks' time, and to the host of splendid surprises in store.

Your Editor.

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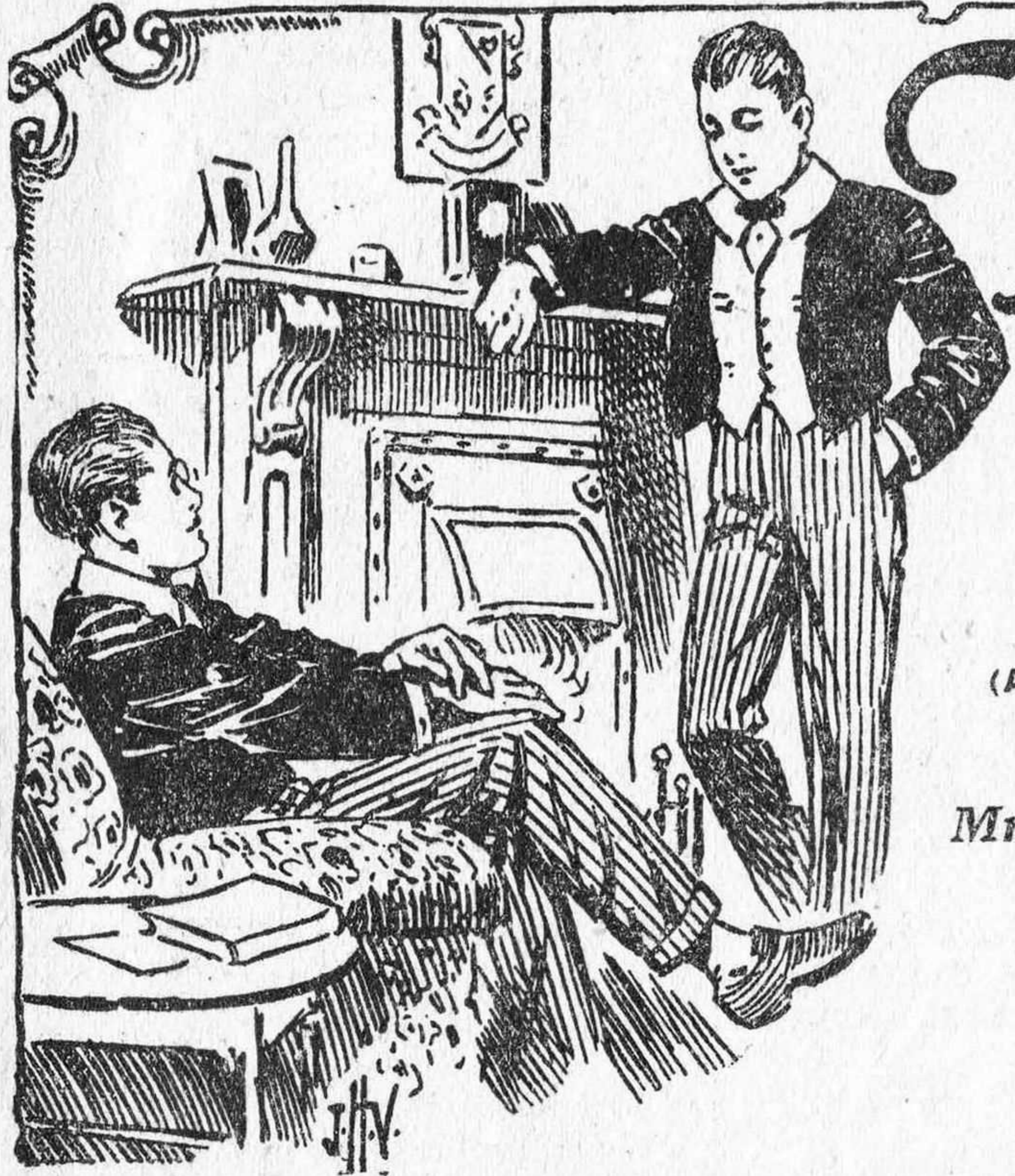
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The CAPTAIN OF THE FOURTH!

By FRANK RICHARDS

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

Mr. Carker calls in the prefects to deal with the rebellious Fourth Formers!

The 1st Chapter.

When Harry Wilmot gains the captaincy of the Fourth Form at St. Kit's by reason of the vote cast in his favour by Bob Rake, a new junior hailing from Australia, he invites the Cornstalk to dig in the top study which he—Wilmot—shares with his cousin Algernon Aubrey St. Leger and Bunny Bootles, the fat boy of the Form. Rake jumps at the chance offered him and soon becomes greatly attached to his study-mates.

One day Dr. Chenies, the headmaster of St. Kit's, is brutally attacked by a footpad in Lynn Wood, and as a consequence of his injuries he is ordered away by his doctor. A Mr. Carker, who has a reputation for being a tyrant, is appointed to take Dr. Chenies' place while the latter is away from the school, and no sooner does the new headmaster arrive at St. Kit's than he makes his presence felt.

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.

When Mr. Carker learns, the next morning, that Harry Wilmot has escaped from the Rat-trap he visits the Fourth Form-room with the object of administering a severe castigation to the Captain of the Fourth. The Fourth, who are in a rebellious spirit, eject the new Head from the room and then decide not to do any more school work unless Mr. Carker leaves them entirely in the hands of Mr. Rawlings, their Form-master. Having come to this decision, the Fourth proceed to Mr. Rawlings' study, where Harry Wilmot asks him to take charge of them as usual and to bar Mr. Carker from entering the Form-room.

The 2nd Chapter.

A Difference of Opinion.

Mr. Rawlings coughed. He was rather at a loss. In his heart he was fully in sympathy with the juniors.

As he had chosen to resign his position rather than submit to Mr. Carker's tyrannic dictation, he could hardly condemn the juniors for having refused to submit in their turn.

But the situation was a very awkward one; it was impossible for a Form-master to place himself at the head of a school rebellion—and that was practically what it amounted to—though the juniors did not realise it.

He coughed—and coughed again. "I—I am afraid, Wilmot, that I

cannot do as you ask," he answered at last. "It would be—hem—impossible. I do not conceal that I disapprove of Mr. Carker's methods. But the fact remains that he was appointed Head of St. Kit's during Dr. Chenies' absence, by the Board of Governors duly constituted. Mr. Carker holds supreme authority here."

"But, sir—" "I can only recommend you, my boys, to submit for the present, and bear Mr. Carker's rule with patience."

"You haven't submitted, sir!" yelled Stubbs from the passage.

Mr. Rawlings coughed again.

"Shut up, Stubbs!" called out Bob Rake.

"Well, he hasn't!" persisted Stubbs.

"I have resigned my position, for the present," said Mr. Rawlings.

"We can't resign, you see, sir," said Harry.

"N-n-o! I am aware of that, Wilmot."

"We should like to keep Mr. Carker in his place, sir, and keep on as before," said Harry. "We are all prepared to obey your orders."

"I fear it is impossible, Wilmot. I cannot set myself up against the headmaster appointed by the governors."

The captain of the Fourth was silent for a minute or so. He realised now the difficulty of the Form-master's position. But it made no difference to his determination.

"Very well, sir," he said at last. "I'm sorry. But we don't intend to submit to Mr. Carker. The Fourth Form will go on strike."

"Bravo!" came in a roar from the passage.

"Suppose, sir, that Mr. Carker should ask you to take charge of us again, agreeing not to interfere—"

"That would be quite a different matter, Wilmot. I should consent at once. But Mr. Carker is not likely to make such a request."

"Very well, sir, the Fourth goes on strike until he does," said the captain of the Fourth. "That's all, sir! Clear off, you chaps."

"Hurrah!"

The deputation quitted Mr. Rawlings' study, leaving that gentleman in a very disturbed and thoughtful mood. The rebels of St. Kit's adjourned to the Glory Hole to debate their next step.

In the Form-rooms there was much suppressed excitement. The

Sixth were left to themselves—Mr. Carker usually took the Sixth, but he was not taking them now; he was repairing damages. But the Sixth, of course, were much too lofty to dream of such things as "rags"; there was sedate quiet in the Sixth Form-room.

The Fifth, being seniors, were almost as sedate as the Sixth—Mr. Tulke had no difficulty with them. But in the Shell room, Mr. Rattrey was hard put to it to keep down the buzz of excitement. And in the Third Form-room, Mr. Sheldon simply could not suppress the excitement of the fags, and lessons were more or less of a farce.

It was known all over St. Kit's that the Fourth were in open rebellion, and in such an amazing state of affairs it was not easy for the other Forms to pursue the even tenor of their way.

In the Glory Hole there was much excited discussion among the rebels. A barring-out was the favourite topic.

Mr. Carker was defeated—for the moment! But when he had time to rally his forces the struggle would come.

There was a heavy responsibility on Harry Wilmot's shoulders, as leader. But the captain of the Fourth was equal to it.

While the rebels were engaged in excited discussion Harry Wilmot was busy with pen and ink and a sheet of impot paper.

When classes were dismissed at St. Kit's that morning, there was a large notice on the board—and crowds of juniors of all Forms gathered round to read it. It was written in Wilmot's hand, with plenty of capitals.

NOTICE TO ST. KIT'S! DOWN WITH CARKER!

It is hereby announced that the Fourth

Form have decided to SACK CARKER!

All other Forms are called upon to

BACK UP THE FOURTH!

Meeting at 12.30 in the Glory Hole

to discuss the Plan of Campaign.

Signed, H. WILMOT."

The Shell and the Third, and even the fags of the Second, crowded round that notice, and

read it, and re-read it, and commented upon it.

"Back up the Fourth!" said Babbie of the Shell. "That's all very well—but the Shell, of course, couldn't play second fiddle to the Fourth!"

"Impossible!" said Verney major.

"If they like to ask us to lead—" said Babbie.

"And obey our orders—" said Verney major.

"Something might be done—" "It might."

"We'll go to the meeting, anyhow."

"Oh, yes!"

Nearly all the Lower School had decided to go to the meeting, at any rate. Very soon after 12.30 there was a crowd in the Glory Hole—that celebrated apartment was crammed.

Harry Wilmot & Co. watched the juniors crowding in with much satisfaction. They were prepared to stand up to the tyrant alone; but if all the Lower School came in, their position would be ever so much stronger. Even the Sixth, if they backed up the tyrant, would find it difficult to deal with the whole Lower Forms in rebellion.

The Shell were there to a man, and nearly all the Third, and a swarm of the Second. At 12.45 Bob Rake closed the door of the Glory Hole, and Harry Wilmot mounted on the table to address the crowded gathering. Babbie of the Shell mounted on a chair at the same time.

"Gentlemen of St. Kit's—" began Wilmot.

"Gentlemen of St. Kit's—" began Babbie.

"Order!" bawled Bob Rake.

"Stand down, Babbie!"

"Go it, Babs!"

"Shut up, Wilmot!"

"Cheese it, Babbie!"

"Gentlemen—"

"Gentlemen—"

"Order!"

The door of the Glory Hole opened, and Oliphant of the Sixth appeared, with his ashplant under his arm. And the hubbub died away suddenly.

Desperate Measures!

Oliphant strode into the Glory Hole, with a grim expression on his rugged face.

Harry Wilmot & Co. looked grim, too.

They liked "old Oliphant"; but they did not intend to let even the popular captain of St. Kit's interfere with them now. If Oliphant backed up Mr. Carker, they were done with Oliphant.

"There's a paper on the board," said Oliphant. "You put it there, I think, Wilmot?"

"That's right!" assented Harry. "Are you going to join us, Oliphant?"

"What?"

"We'll back you up as leader, if you'll stand up against Carker."

"Hurrah!"

"Back up, Oliphant."

"You young asses!" roared the captain of the school. "Dry up. I've come here to tell you that this meeting has got to disperse immediately. You are to take that notice down from the board, Wilmot, and take it to Mr. Carker in his study."

Harry laughed. "We're done with Carker!" he answered.

"Quite finished, old bean," said St. Leger. "The excellent Carker doesn't exist any longer, so far as the Fourth Form are concerned. Catchy on?"

"Silence—"

"Let's have this plain, Oliphant," said Harry Wilmot quietly.

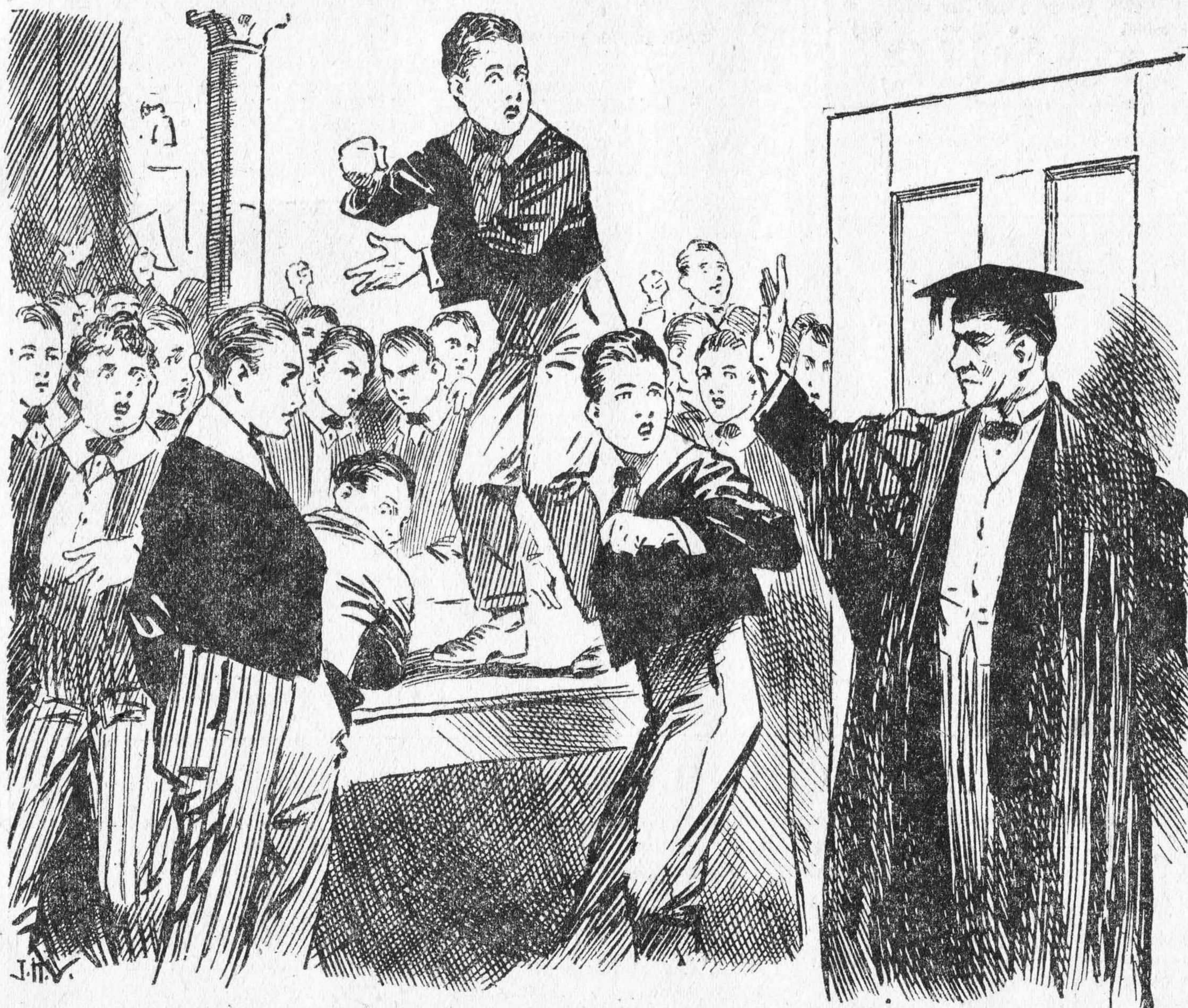
"Are you backing up Mr. Carker?"

"The prefects are bound to support the headmaster," growled Oliphant. "Whether we like the job or not doesn't matter—we're going to do our duty."

"Then you're against us?" demanded Bob Rake.

"Yes, of course."

(Continued overleaf.)



ORDERED OUT! "We're the Middle School," said Babbie of the Shell, from his perch upon the table. "We're prepared to take the lead in standing up to Carker—within reason—" "Within reason!" assented Verney major. "But—" continued Babbie. The door opened and Mr. Rattrey, the master of the Shell, stepped into the Glory Hole. Babbie ceased suddenly. Mr. Rattrey held up his hand. "All Shell boys will leave this room immediately," he said, taking no notice of the Fourth.

There's an extra-long school story of Tom Merry & Co. at St. Jim's in the "Gem" Library, out on Wednesday. Don't miss it!



The CAPTAIN OF THE FOURTH!

By FRANK RICHARDS

(Continued from previous page.)

would venture to rag him. He woke up now, as it were. "Better go quietly!" said Harry.

"Go?" repeated Oliphant. "Yes; otherwise you'll be put." "Put!" stuttered Oliphant. "Yes. Take your choice."

Oliphant's choice was soon taken. He made a rush at Harry Wilmot and grabbed him by the collar.

Then there was a rush of the juniors.

Oliphant of the Sixth was surrounded—hands were laid on him on all sides, and before he knew what was happening he was on the floor, and a crowd of juniors were dragging him to the door.

The St. Kit's captain struggled wildly.

But there were two or three pairs of hands grasping each arm and leg, and he went fairly whirling and spinning along the floor.

"Here, that's rather too thick!" exclaimed Babbie of the Shell.

But the Fourth did not heed Babbie.

They rushed the gasping, struggling captain of St. Kit's to the doorway and shot him out into the corridor.

Oliphant went rolling.

The doorway was crammed with belligerent fags, yelling defiance, as the captain of St. Kit's sat up. He sat up dazedly, with a feeling as if the world were coming to an end.

He blinked at the crowd in the doorway.

"M-m-my hat!" he gasped.

"Clear off!" roared Stubbs. "Go home, Oliphant!" "Yah! Down with the prefects." "Kick him along the passage!" yelled Stubbs. "Hurrah!" "Hold on!" exclaimed Harry Wilmot. "Let him alone, you chaps! Sorry, Oliphant—" "You—you cheeky young villain—" gasped the St. Kit's captain. "Sorry—but you've got to go. If you come in here again you'll be handled rather roughly." "More than rather!" hooted Bob Rake. "Yaas. Blow away, old bean," said Algy.



BOB RAKE, of the Fourth Form at St. Kit's.

Oliphant staggered to his feet. He made a step towards the doorway of the Glory Hole; and the Fourth closed up grimly to meet his attack. An inkpot flew out and narrowly missed him.

He paused.

It was evident that he could do nothing single-handed, now that the Fourth were in determined revolt. Gasping for breath, the captain of St. Kit's turned away—wondering what on earth things were coming to. The juniors were glad enough to see him go. It went against the grain to handle "old Oliphant," though they would

not have hesitated if he had attempted to enter the Glory Hole again.

The victorious Fourth crowded back into the Glory Hole. Babbie of the Shell was on the table now. "Now, listen to me—" Babbie was saying. "Shut up, Babbie!" howled Stubbs. "Oh, let him rip!" said Harry. Babbie went on: "We're as fed-up with Carker as you are. But what's the game? Carker's backed up by the governors." "Blow the governors!" "We're going to bar Mr. Carker," said Harry. "We want the Lower School to join us—the seniors, too, if they like." "Who's going to be leader?" demanded Babbie. "Wilmot!" roared the Fourth. Babbie shook his head. "That won't do! I'm willing to take the lead—within reason." "Rats!" "Rot!" "Stand down!" "As for a barring-out, that's a bit thick," said Babbie. "You fags—" "What?" "You fags are too reckless. Now, we've got more sense in the Middle School—" "Hear, hear!" concurred the Shell fellows. "Bless your Middle School!" snorted Bob Rake. "You're juniors, the same as we are!" "Yaas, begad." "Juniors, perhaps—but not the same as you are," said Babbie, loftily. "We're the Middle School. We're prepared to take the lead in standing up to Carker—within reason—" "Within reason!" assented Verney major. "But—" The door opened, and Mr. Rattrey, the master of the Shell, stepped into the Glory Hole. Babbie ceased suddenly. Mr. Rattrey held up his hand.

"All Shell boys will leave this room immediately," he said, taking no notice of the Fourth. Babbie hesitated. All eyes were fixed on him, and some of the Fourth were grinning. Now was the time for the aspirant to leadership to show his quality. Certainly the daring leader of a school rebellion could not step down quietly and walk out at his Form-master's order. But Eric Babbie was not cut out for a daring leader of revolt—he was quite mistaken on that point. Under Mr. Rattrey's calm, cold glance, Babbie felt all his belligerency oozing out at his finger tips. "You hear me?" said Mr. Rattrey. And Babbie of the Shell answered meekly: "Yes, sir!" He stepped down from the table, his face reddening under the mocking glances of the Fourth. He walked to the door, and the rest of the Shell followed him. Under Mr. Rattrey's eye they were shepherded out of the Glory Hole, and the door closed on them. But it was opened again for the Third Form fags to steal quietly away. The Third did not wait for their Form-master to call for them. And among the fags, Rex Tracy of the Fourth slipped away unostentatiously. The cold fit had followed the hot fit. Some of the Fourth looked dubiously at one another—and Bunny Bootles made a strategic movement towards the door. Bob Rake's grasp closed on his collar and jerked him back, and there was a howl from Bunny. "Yow-ow!" "Where are you going?" demanded Bob. "Only—only—only to the tuck-shop—" "The tuck-shop can wait!" said Bob, grimly. And he locked the door of the Glory Hole, and put the key in his pocket. (Continued on the next page.)

"Then you can buzz out of this room," said Bob. "Only sympathisers are wanted at this meeting." "Take care, Rake—" "Sorry, Oliphant," said Harry politely; "if the prefects back up Mr. Carker we decline to recognise the prefects any longer. Will you walk out of the room? We don't want to handle you." "Handle me!" stuttered Oliphant. "We shall have to, if you don't go quietly." "Yaas, begad." "You cheeky young ass!" roared Oliphant, beginning to lose his temper. "I've come here to disperse this crowd. Clear out at once, before I lay my ashplant about you." "Rats!" "You—you—" "Rats!" roared Bob Rake. "Yaas, rats, old bean!" said Algernon Aubrey. "Go and masticate coke." "Ha, ha, ha!" Oliphant breathed hard. He had come alone to the Glory Hole, never doubting for a moment that the juniors would toe the line, as usual, at the command of the head prefect and captain of the school. They might "rag" Mr. Carker, Head as he was; but Oliphant had never dreamed that they

FOOTBALL GOSSIP!

By "Goalie"

Concerning Transfers.

In at least one respect this is an important week for certain football clubs. At the end of it the teams which are making a fight for this or that championship, and those which are engaged in a struggle to avoid relegation, will be debarred from adding star players to the staff. There is now a rule on the books which says that after the middle of March the League authorities will decline to sanction any transfer if, in their opinion, such transfer is sought by a club with a view to gaining advantage over some other side. If that sounds a bit complicated, perhaps I had better make it quite plain. In practice it means that clubs after honours or in danger are not allowed to buy men to save themselves during the last few weeks of the season. So after this week clubs will have to sink or swim with the material already on their books.

A Desperate Move.

It was not always thus, and I have distinct recollections of the Chelsea club, near the end of a season before the War, going out with a fat cheque-book and purchasing about half a team during the month of April in the hope that the new men would get the club sufficient points to enable them to dodge the relegation bogey which was stalking about their playing-pitch. It is clearly unfair, however, that a rich side should thus be able to take advantage over a poor one late in the season, and for my part I should very much like to see this restriction idea applied earlier in the season. Indeed, in the Cup competition the rule is one player one club one season, and although it might seem a bit hard, I think the interests of the sport would be advanced if there were a similar rule in

operation in regard to League games. The present system permits a manager to take a gamble during the



H. HEALLESS (Blackburn Rovers).

summer, for he knows that if things go wrong with the side he can go out and buy recruits while the campaign is in progress. However, such a sweeping reform is hardly likely to come about without meeting with a great deal of opposition from interested quarters.

Back to the Homeland.

Blackburn Rovers are among the teams which have had a lot of anxiety since the start of the season. In the early days they seemed like a side which would do well, but trouble came in the shape of unsatisfactory play at centre-forward. First one experiment and then another was tried without real success, and at long length the Rovers decided that the only way to solve the problem was by paying a big transfer fee. So they went to Falkirk and, some little time ago, secured the transfer of a much-talked-about centre-forward, Sydney Puddefoot. He is, of course, an Englishman, and since the War has played in international matches for the country of his birth. Then he wore the colours of that club famous for the production of real centre-forwards—West Ham United. Falkirk paid five thousand pounds for his services, a transaction which was somewhat unique, for in this kind of business the boot is usually on the other leg—English clubs paying the big fees for Scottish players.

A Man of Many Moves.

It will be noted that Puddefoot has

not been asked to appear for England since he went to play for a Scottish club. The English selectors could have chosen him had they wished to do so, but although several Scottish players with English clubs are usually found in the Scottish International teams, the English selectors have never made a habit of going outside England. At Blackburn Puddefoot has immediately behind him a very effective centre-half in Harry Healless, a native of the town, who started his career with the Rovers as an outside-right. Later he became a right half-back, and was then moved



A. FINNEY (Bolton Wanderers).

to the centre with such success that he has played in representative games in that position. He is not what I should call a really great player, but he is a tremendous worker of the never-tired variety, and an extremely useful club man.

Faults of a Fine Full-Back.

I think I have previously pointed out that the town of St. Helens has provided big football with a goodly proportion of players. Among them is Alexander Finney, the left full-back of Bolton Wanderers, who has also caught the eye of the selectors of representative teams. Finney is in his third season at Bolton, and he was secured by the Wanderers from New Brighton. There was some little trouble over the signing of this player by the Wanderers, and an inquiry was held as to how the Bolton club managed to obtain his services, but nothing serious happened, and the Wanderers have been quite satisfied with their bargain. I know that full-backs are not supposed to take unnecessary risks, but I think the value of Finney to the Bolton team would be increased considerably if he added to his fearless tackling and sure kicking a greater earnestness for keeping the ball in play.

Taking No Chances.

Mention of the Wanderers reminds me that somebody in charge at Bolton watches points pretty carefully. Here is an illustration of the fact. When the Wanderers were drawn to play the 'Spurs in the second round of the Cup they realised that they would not be able to play in their usual white shirts. So the team was arrayed in the new red-and-white striped jerseys for a League match and a Lancashire Cup-tie to enable the players to get accustomed to the new colours in which they had to play against the 'Spurs.



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

WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN ON SATURDAY.

Below will be found our expert's opinion of the probable results of the big games to be played on Saturday, March 14th. The likely winning side is printed in capitals. Where a draw is anticipated, both clubs are printed in smaller letters.

First Division.	Second Division.	First Division. Scottish League.
Birmingham v. West Ham United.	CHELSEA v. Blackpool.	AYR UNITED v. Raith Rovers.
BOLTON WANDERERS v. Aston Villa.	CLAPTON ORIENT v. Bradford City.	Cowdenbeath v. Celtic.
BURNLEY v. Newcastle United.	Coventry City v. Barnsley.	DUNDEE v. Motherwell.
CARDIFF CITY v. Notts Forest.	CRYSTAL PALACE v. South Shields.	HAMILTON ACADS. v. Queen's Park.
Leeds United v. Sheffield United.	LEICESTER CITY v. Fulham.	HEARTS v. Kilmarnock.
Notts County v. Arsenal.	MANCHESTER UNITED v. Portsmouth.	Partick Thistle v. Hibernians.
PRESTON NORTH END v. Liverpool.	OLDHAM ATHLETIC v. Middlesbrough.	RANGERS v. Aberdeen.
SUNDERLAND v. Bury.	THE WEDNESDAY v. Port Vale.	St. Mirren v. AIRDRIEONIANS.
TOTTENHAM H. v. Huddersfield Town.	Southampton v. DERBY COUNTY.	THIRD LANARK v. Morton.
WEST BROMWICH A. v. Blackburn R.	Stockport County v. Hull City.	
	STOKE v. Wolverhampton Wanderers.	

Money Prize to be won in a Simple Limerick Competition in this week's "Popular." Out on Tuesday!

The Attack on the Glory Hole!

Harry Wilmot glanced round over the crowd of the Fourth in the Glory Hole. There was doubt in a good many faces now. Evidently the Lower School was not going to join in the revolt; the Fourth, if they rebelled, had to rebel alone. The prefects were against them—and the rest of the school was indifferent. But there were three fellows who were quite determined still—Wilmot, Algy, and Bob Rake. But for that firm and unyielding trio it is very probable that the Fourth-Form revolt would have "fizzled out," and that the St. Kit's rebellion would have proved nothing but a flash in the pan. But Harry Wilmot was a leader of a very different calibre from Babbie of the Shell.

His cool, determined face was an encouragement in itself. Looking at him, the juniors could see that he would hold out to the bitter end, if he held out alone. And that was the kind of leader they needed in this emergency.

And Harry Wilmot realised this. He shared a secret with his two chums, Algy St. Leger and Bob Rake—a secret that he was bursting to tell the loyal followers. For Harry had overheard a chat between Mr. Carker and a man named Slaney which condemned the temporary Head as a ruffian of the worst dye. Harry felt convinced that Carker had hired Slaney to make an attack on Dr. Chenies, so that he could come to St. Kit's and stay there.

The three Fourth-Formers had talked the matter over again and again, and it was only because Algy and Bob had persuaded him to say nothing until more evidence could be produced that induced Harry to hold his tongue.

And now, as he glanced over the crowd in the Glory Hole, he found it harder than ever to keep his dreadful secret.

"By gad!" exclaimed Algernon Aubrey St. Leger, suddenly, "we've forgotten somethin'."

"What's that?" asked Smith.

"Foot-warmers."

"Foot-warmers!" repeated several astonished voices.

"Yaas, dear boys," answered the dandy of St. Kit's amiably. "We ought to have taken some measures against cold feet." There was a laugh.

"We—we haven't got cold feet, of course," said Stubbs. "But—but things don't seem to be going very well. Rawlings won't help—and now the Lower School has given us the go-by."

"Wilmot's ideas don't seem much good, do they?" remarked Lumley.

"Rotten, in fact!" agreed Verney minor.

The knuts, at least, were weakening. "Gentlemen!" The captain of the Fourth addressed the crowd. "We're up against it. I hope nobody here is thinking of surrender."

"Ahem!"

"N-n-no—but—"

"B-b-but—"

"If Carker gets the upper hand now, you can guess what you'll have to go through," said Harry. "He will take it out of you all for what's happened this morning."

"Ye-e-es."

"There are three of us who will never give in," continued Harry. "If the Fourth deserts us, we shall hold Top Study against Carker, and all St. Kit's, if necessary."

"Hear, hear!" bawled Bob Rake.

"Yaas, that's the game," assented Algy. "By gad, a barrin' out in the top study isn't half a bad idea."

"You won't be three—you'll be four!" said Dick Durance quietly. "I'm with you all along the line."

"Same here!" said Stubbs, resolutely.

"Count me in," said Scott.

"What about trying to make terms?" asked Catesby, uneasily.

"It's too late to think of that—"

if it was any good," said Harry. "We've got to beat Carker, or Carker will beat us. But any fellow who funks going on can clear out."

"Rot!" snorted Bob.

"Better so," said Harry. "Funks are no good in a scrap—and there's going to be real trouble. Unlock the door, Bob, and let out every fellow who'd rather knuckle under to Carker. Bear in mind, you chaps, that Carker will take it out of any fellow who's fool enough to get into his hands."

Catesby was already moving towards the door—but he stopped at that. Bunny Bootles was moving—and he stopped, too.

"You can bet on that!" said Bob.

"Anybody going?" asked Harry, and Bob Rake took the key out of his pocket. But there were no "takers." The risks of the revolt were better than the certainty of falling into Mr. Carker's ruthless

old fellow—right to the finish! No surrender."

The door-handle rattled. At that sound the crowd in the Glory Hole pulled themselves together. The voice of Oliphant of the Sixth was heard outside.

"Is this door locked?"

"Yaas, old bean."

"Unlock it at once."

"Go an' chop chips."

Oliphant rattled the door again.

"We're not letting you in, at present, Oliphant," said the captain of the Fourth.

"Let me in at once!" shouted Oliphant.

"Rats!"

"Listen to me. All the Sixth-Form prefects are here. We have come to take you in hand, at Mr. Carker's order."

"Tell Carker to go and eat coke."

There was a scuffling of feet in the passage. All the prefects were there, armed with the ashlant of authority. Most of the Fourth felt

"Up against the prefects!" murmured Stubbs. "Oh, my hat! Never mind—in for a penny, in for a pound."

"The giddy die is cast!" grinned Bob Rake.

"Jacta est alea!" said Scott, putting it classically.

"Look out!" roared Durance.

"They're coming at the windows."

"On guard!" rapped out Harry Wilmot.

There were three tall windows of the Glory Hole, looking out on a rather secluded part of the quadrangle, shaded by a big oak-tree. At the other end of the long room was a single window that looked out on a passage between the library wall and a portion of the schoolhouse. It was at the three tall windows that the prefects appeared.

All three windows were shut—fortunately. Eight stalwart Sixth-Formers appeared against the glass.

glass—"murmured O'Donoghue. "Won't they?" said Scott. "Look—there's Carker!"

The angular form of Mr. Randolph Carker came round the big oak tree, and joined the prefects at the windows. A yell of defiance burst from the garrison of the Glory Hole. At the sight of their tyrant, with his thin lips tightly drawn, and his lead-coloured eyes glittering under bent brows, all thought of surrender vanished. Only too clearly the juniors could read their fate in that cruel face.

"Open these windows!" shouted Oliphant, probably not in much expectation of seeing his order obeyed.

"Rats! Go home!"

"Shut up, Oliphant!"

"Yah!"

Oliphant turned to Mr. Carker. His manner was formal and cold; he made no secret of the fact that he did not like the new Head, though he tried to keep up a manner of respect towards him. Tradition was strong at St. Kit's.

"Are we to break the glass, sir?" he asked.

"Certainly! The cost of repair will be charged against the parents of the ringleaders in this revolt," said Mr. Carker. "Break in without hesitation."

Oliphant did not hesitate. He signed to his companions, and six ashlants crashed on the lower panes of the middle window.

Broken glass flew in showers into the Glory Hole.

The juniors jumped back from the dangerous shower. Oliphant and Wake, bunked up from behind, clambered on the sill.

They knocked out more fragments of glass to clear a passage through the window. Harry Wilmot, with a grim face, picked up a chair. Bob Rake followed his example.

"Back up, you fellows!"

"Yes, rather!"

"Stand back!" roared Oliphant, jerking back his head, which he had put in rather hastily.

"You can't come in!" said Harry.

"Stand back, I tell you."

"I shall hit out if you put your head in."

"Yes, begad!"

Oliphant set his teeth and put his head in, and his shoulders followed. Wilmot did not hesitate. It was neck or nothing now—fierce defence or defeat. He swung up the chair and it came crashing at Oliphant. Wake jerked the captain of the school back just in time, and the chair crashed on the broken window.

"You—you young villain!" panted Wake.

"Keep out!" said Harry.

"We're coming in!"

"You'll take the risk, then."

"Go in at once, Oliphant!" shouted Mr. Carker. "What are you delaying for? I command you to go in at once."

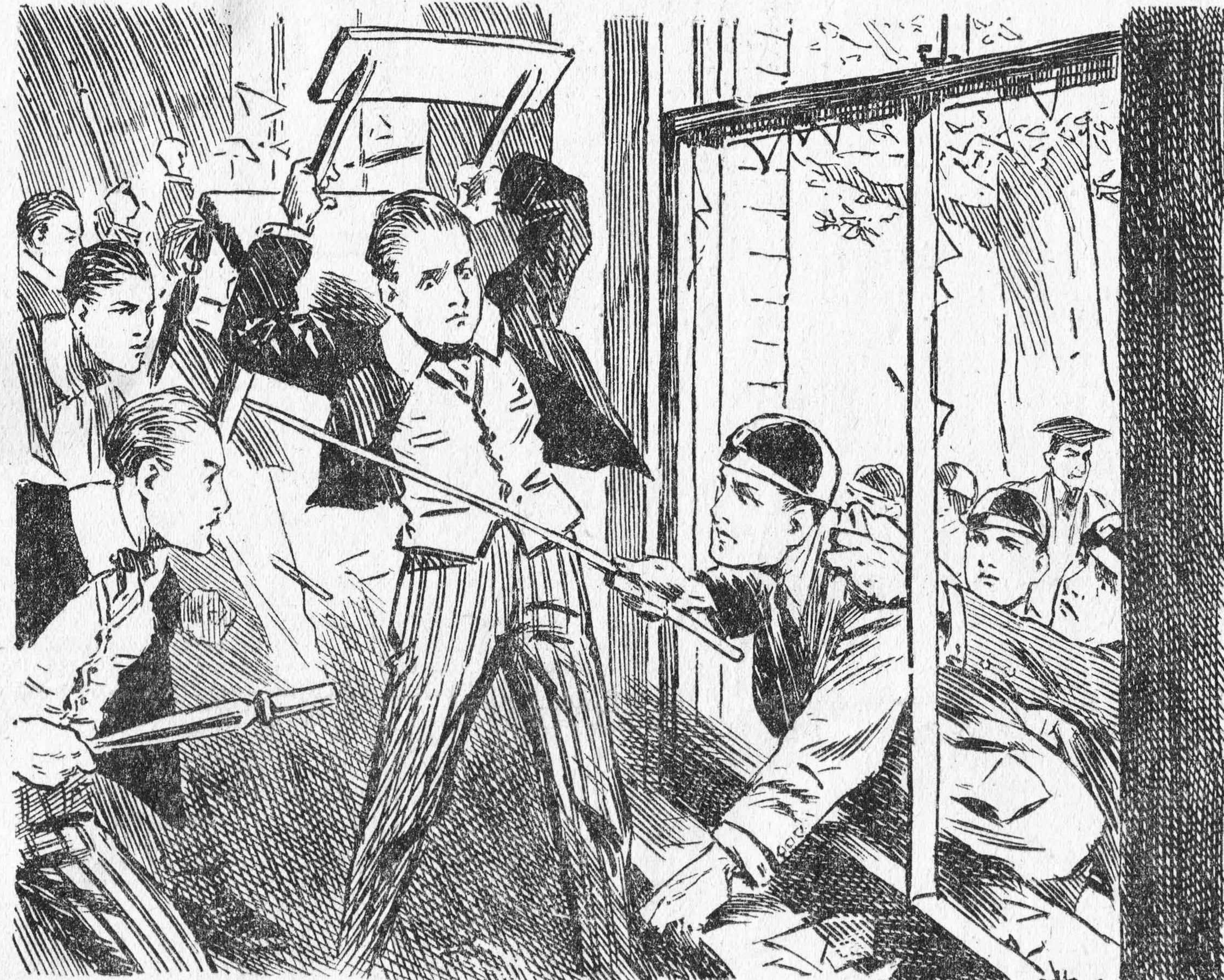
Oliphant turned a savage glance on the new Head.

"Perhaps you'd like to show the way in yourself, sir," he snapped. "Don't be insolent, boy." "Let us alone, then."

Mr. Carker gritted his teeth, but he made no rejoinder. Perhaps even his hard and obstinate mind realised that it was injudicious to add a quarrel with the Sixth to the other troubles just then. And most decidedly he had no intention of putting his head in at the broken window and leading the way. Like the celebrated Duke of Plaza-Toro, who led his regiment from behind because he found it less exciting, Mr. Carker preferred to exhort from the rear—and he did!

(Will the Sixth Form prefects succeed in dislodging the rebellious Fourth-Formers from the Glory Hole or not?)

(Whatever you do don't miss next Monday's exciting long instalment of this ripping school story. Order your BOYS' FRIEND to-day and thus make certain of obtaining it!)



DESPERATE MEASURES! "I shall hit out if you put your head in, Oliphant!" said Harry Wilmot grimly. "Yes, begad!" murmured Algernon Aubrey St. Leger. Oliphant set his teeth and put his head in, and his shoulders followed. Wilmot did not hesitate. It was neck or nothing now—fierce defence or defeat. He swung up the chair and it came crashing at Oliphant. Wake jerked the captain of the school back just in time, and the chair crashed on the broken window. "You—you young villain!" panted Wake.

hands. Surrender was not likely to placate that gentleman, and all the juniors knew it.

"We—we're standing by you, Wilmot," stammered Catesby. He realised that there was no choice left.

"Yes, rather," said Bunny.

"We—we—we're backing you up,

glad that there was a locked door between.

"For the last time, Wilmot—"

"Buzz off!"

"We shall force a way in—"

"Bosh!"

"Very well, wait a few minutes."

There was a sound of retreating footsteps.

Harry Wilmot & Co. lined up at the windows at once.

Although the Glory Hole was on the ground floor, the windows were well above the ground, and Oliphant's chin was little more than on a level with the sill as he looked in.

"They won't break the

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