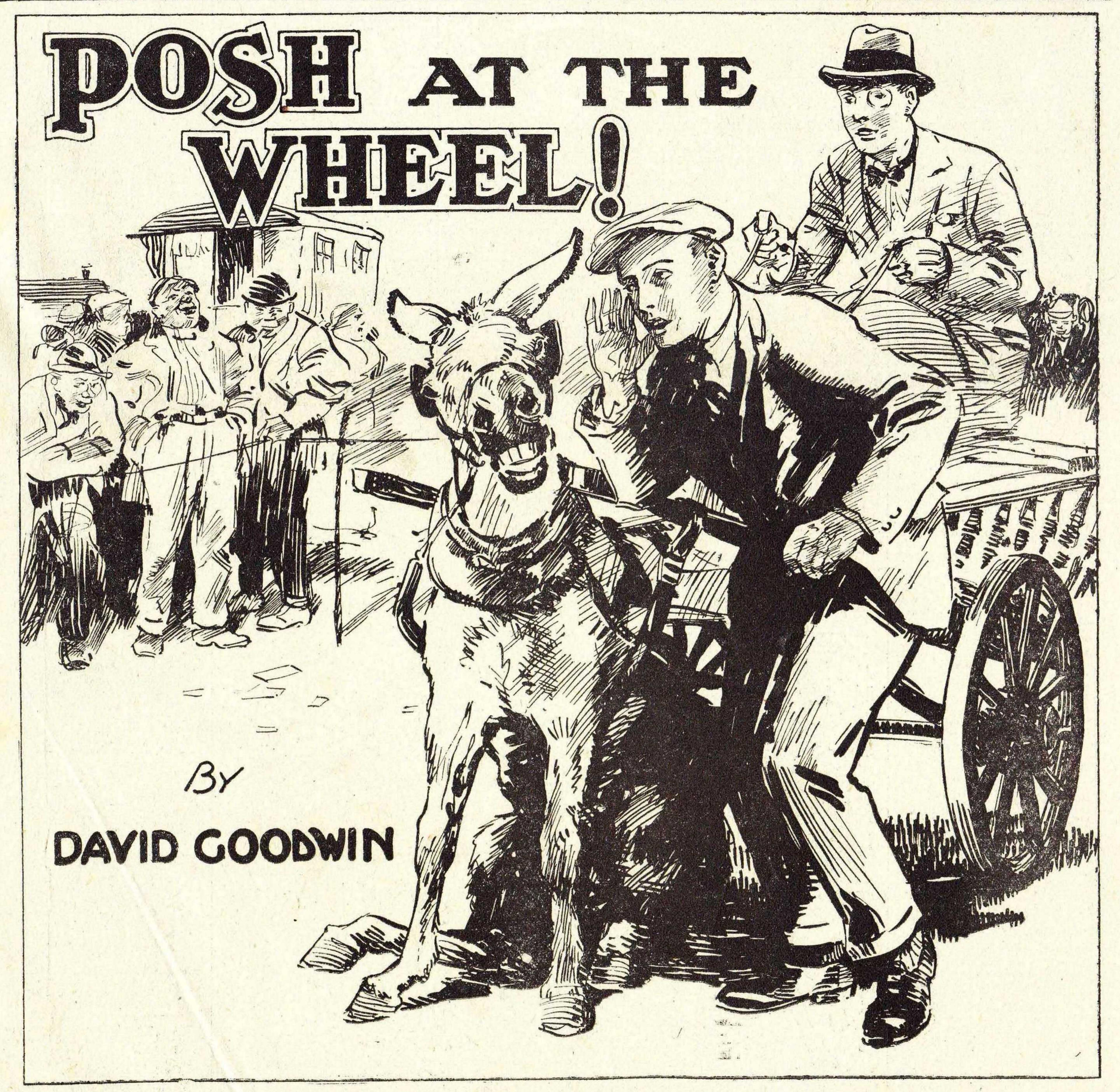
5 Magnificent Long Stories by Star Authors Inside!



No. 1,244. Vol. XXV.—New Series.]

THE BEST BOYS' PAPER IN THE WORLD!

[Week Ending April 11th, 1925.



"CRAB! ANY CRAB!"

POSH YELLED THE COSTER'S CRY INTO THE EAR OF LITTLE EVA, IN THE HOPE OF GETTING HER TO START!

(An amusing incident from David Goodwin's wonderful story in this issue.)

HERE'S ANOTHER SCREAMINGLY FUNNY STORY OF JIMMY SILVER & CO.

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

The 1st Chapter. Just Like Mr. Greely!

OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL!

"Lovell!"

11/4/25

"Yes, sir!" "Hold up your shoulders, my

"What?" "And take your hands out of your pockets."

Arthur Edward Lovell, of the Classical Fourth, simply stared at Mr. Greely. Really, he could scarcely believe his ears.

Had his own Form master addressed him in those words, it would have been Lovell's duty to sit up and take notice, so to speak, though it would not have been pleasant.

But Mr. Greely was not his Form master. Horace Greely was master of the Fifth Form. Portly and ponderous, Mr. Greely was rolling across Big Quad like a galleon under full sail, and he had heaved to, as it were, to fix his lofty glance on Lovell, of the Fourth, and admonish him in his deep, rich, fruity voice.

Perhaps Lovell had been lounging a little. Undoubtedly, he had his hands in his pockets. Fellows did lounge sometimes, and often they had their hands in their pockets. But Arthur Edward Lovell really was not a lounger or a slacker. His own Form master, Mr. Dalton, had never considered it necessary to call him to order on this account. And Lovell, in a state of almost breathless surprise and fury, asked himself what the merry dickens business it was of "old Greely"?

It was absolutely no business of Mr. Greely's how a junior of the Fourth Form comported himself in Quad. Not by the widest stretch of his imagination could Horace Greely imagine that it was his duty | Form regarded him as a priceless | to bring up Mr. Dalton's boys in ass.

the way in which they should go. Nevertheless, his intention was l

benevolence, which was found somewhat oppressive in Masters' Common-room.

He was always ready to assist younger masters with advice, even without any request being made for the same. If anything untoward happened in any Form but the Fifth, Mr. Greely was always ready to point out to the master of that Form exactly what should be done. He would roll out lengthy sentences in his fruity voice, which dominated Masters' Common-room, blind, apparently, to the goaded looks of his victims.

On the other hand, any remarks from other masters on the conduct | of his own Form, the Fifth, would be received with a high and chilly dignity that was distinctly dis-

couraging. It would have surprised and pained Mr. Greely, had he known gasped Tommy Cook. that he was sometimes alluded to

as an interfering ass. His long-suffering colleagues had never told him what they thought of him. But Arthur Edward Lovell, of the Fourth, came very near doing so at this moment. He stood and stared at the benevolent master of the Fifth, with his hands still in his

pockets. Mr. Greely gave him a severe

glance.

"You should not slack, my boy!" he said. "Slacking is a bad thing for men and boys alike. Slacking undermines the-ah-character; it is the beginning of a general-ahdeterioration."

This was a sample of Mr. Greely's trite wisdom, which he rolled out as !

impressively as if it were a new discovery, the fruit of long meditation. "I'm not slacking!" shouted

Lovell. "What! Moderate your Lovell, moderate your tone! should not raise your voice in addressing a master! It is exceedingly bad form to raise your voice in addressing a master."

Repetition of his remarks was another of Mr. Greely's ponderous and exasperating ways.

The general opinion at Rookwood i was, that Mr. Greely's remarks were not really worth hearing once. Hearing them twice was altogether too

"I am speaking to you for your own good, Lovell-entirely for your own good," said Mr. Greely severely. "It is shocking to see a boy slacking and loafing-yes, loafing! Hold yourself up, my boy; take your hands out of your pockets!"

And Mr. Greely, with a severe shake of the head, rolled on, leaving Arthur Edward Lovell rooted to the gravel path, and in a state of wrath that would have done credit to a Hun.

"The-the ass!" gasped Lovell. "The cheeky ass! The fat old duffer! Talking to me as if I were a fag of the Second! The-the-the priceless old ass!"

Luckily Mr. Greely was out of hearing.

Still like a galleon under full sail, he was pursuing his lofty course along the gravel path towards Little Quad-stately and solemn and slow. It was fortunate that he had passed out of hearing. Certainly it would have been a blow to his dignity to learn that a junior of the Fourth

"Priceless old ass!" repeated Lovell, finding solace in saying to himself what he could not venture Mr. Greely really had a large to say to the Fifth Form master.

"Ha, ha, ha!" Lovell stared round.

That burst of merriment apprised him of the fact that the little scene had had witnesses and hearers.

Three juniors of the Modern Side were grinning at him: Tommy Dodd, and Cook, and Doyle. That they had heard Mr. Greely's ponderous admonitions, and thoroughly enjoyed them, was clear. If anything could have added to Lovell's exasperation, and put the lid on his wrath, that would have done it, to be grinned at by Moderns after being slanged by a priceless ass. He glared at the three Modern juniors.

"Don't slack, my boy!" said Tommy Dodd, with a cheery imitation of Mr. Greely's fruity voice that made his comrades yell with laughter.

"Hold . up your

"Take your hands out of your pockets!" shricked Tommy Doyle.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The three Tommies yelled. "Funny, isn't it?" snorted Lovell furiously.

"Slacking undermines the-ahgeneral character!" howled Tommy

"It is the beginning of a-ahdeterioration!" hooted Cook. .

"Ha, ha, ha!" "You cheeky Modern frumps!" roared Levell.

Tommy Dodd held up an admonifory hand, quite in the style of Mr.

"Moderate your tone, Lovell-" "What?"

art of leg-pulling!

Arthur Edward Lovell shines in the noble

to raise your voice--" Tommy Dodd got no further than that.

"It is-ah-exceedingly bad form

Arthur Edward Lovell, in a state of blind fury, rushed on the three | Arthur Edward was dabbing at his

a heavy bump, the Moderns set him down on the ground, and walked away, laughing. And Arthur Edward Lovell sat and streamed, and gasped, and spluttered, in a state of wild wrath, compared with which the celebrated wrath of Achilles was a mild joke.

The 2nd Chapter. The Vials of Wrath.

Jimmy Silver came out of the school shop with Raby and Newcome, glanced round for Lovell. Arthur Edward Lovell had left his chums in "quarter" to take a book back to the school library in Little Quad; and they had expected him to join them afterwards in the tuckshop. But he had not turned up.

"Seen Lovell, Morny?" asked Jimmy Silver, as Valentine Mornington of the Fourth came along.

Morny grinned. "Yes-he's been taking a wash in the fountain. He looked quite cross when I spoke to him, though I only offered to fetch him some soap if he wanted it." And Morny went into the tuckshop, grinning.

"Something's happened to old Lovell," said Jimmy Silver. "Come

on, you chaps!" The three juniors hurried away towards the fountain.

There they discovered Arthur Edward Lovell.



A DUCKING FOR LOVELL! Arthur Edward Lovell suddenly found himself collared and swept off his feet, struggling and wriggling unavailingly in the grasp of Tommy Dodd & Co. "Duck him!" yelled Tommy Dodd. The juniors were quite near the fountain in the quad. Lovell, struggling wildly, was rushed to the fountain. Splash! His head went in, and Lovell gave a suffecated howl.

changed to roars of quite another

"Oh, my hat! Whoop!" "Oh! Ow! Oh, crumbs!" "Yaroooh!"

Lovell, in his wrath, did not count odds. But he soon discovered that the odds were there. The three Tommies reeled right and left under his doughty punches, roaring; but they recovered, and hurled themselves upon him as one man.

And then Arthur Edward Lovell found himself collared, and swept: | off his feet, struggling and wriggling unavailingly in the grasp of three wrathful men of Manders'

"Duck him!" yelled Tommy Dodd.

They were quite near the fountain in the quad. Lovell, struggling wildly, was rushed to the fountain. Splash!

His head went in, and Lovell gave a suffocated howl. It came out again drenched and dripping. Splash!

In it went again, and out it came once more, streaming. Then, with

Modern juniors, hitting out right; face and hair with a crumpled handand left. The roars of laughter | kerchief, and his wet face was crimson, and his eyes sparkled. His cap was floating in the big granite basin.

> Silver. "Where have you fellows been?" hooted Lovell. "Leaving a chap on his own to be ragged by a gang of Modern chumps."

"What on earth-" began Jimmy

"Oh, you've been ragging with the Moderns, have you?" said Raby. "I say, it's rather thick, ducking a chap's head in the fountain." "Too thick!" agreed Newcome.

"Well, I jolly well punched them," said Lovell. "I fancy Tommy Dodd will have a prize nose to take into at Rookwood, was apprised of the his dashed science class, and Cook | fact that a junior of the Fourth Form and Doyle got some knocks." "You went for the three of them?"

asked Jimmy. "Yes," snapped Lovell, "and if you'd been here to back me up, instead of guzzling in the tuck-

shop--ginger-pop in the tuck-shop," said inward quaking. you there."

to make a fellow wild with your silly almost be felt. arguing."

"Look here--" began Raby warmly. "Shush!" murmured Jimmy Silver. "Let old Lovell blow off steam a little-he's been ducked.

Keep smiling."

all of a sudden?" "They cackled." "Mustn't a fellow cackle?" asked Raby, with an air of polite inquiry. "Look here, Raby--" "Well, look here, Lovell---" "Shush. We'll look for them after

"Oh, all right," said Raby resign-

"But what did you tackle those

three Modern cads for?" asked

Jimmy Silver. "What had they done

edly. "Go ahead, Lovell! Any

other fatheaded thing you want to

Lovell breathed hard.

class, and rag them," said Jimmy Silver. "Moderns mustn't cackle at Classicals." "It was that old ass Greely---"

Lovell dabbed his face, and panted. "That priceless ass, Greely." "Old Greely butting in again?" yawned Newcome. "Well, he's always fussing somehow. What did

Greely do?" Lovell, in tones of thrilling indignation, explained. To his surprise and wrath, the three Classicals

grinned. Apparently they, as well as the Modern trio, saw something funny in the episode.

"Oh, you think it's funny, of course!" snorted Lovell. "But I can tell you I'm fed-up with Greelyfed right up to the chin! Can't Dicky Dalton manage his own Form without Greely's help? He's always gassing and butting in. He told Selwyn of the Shell the other day to give more attention to deportment-deportment you know! Who but a priceless old ass like Greely ever used such a word? I wouldn't even put it into a Cross Word puzzle. And now to talk to me about slacking-me! Am I a slacker, I'd like to know?" hooted Lovell, with a challenging glare at his comrades.

"Nothing of the kind, old fellow," said Jimmy Silver soothingly. "Anyhow it's no business of Greely's."

"There isn't a fellow or a master at Rookwood that he hasn't chinned at," said Lovell. "Blessed if I know how they stand him in Masters' room. I'd jolly well boot him, if I were on the staff." "He means well," said Raby toler-

Snort, from Lovell! He was not in the least prepared to give Mr. Greely credit even for good inten-

"He told Bulkeley of the Sixth the other day that his hat wanted brushing," chuckled Jimmy Silver. 'He did! He said he was surprised to see a prefect, and head prefect, too, setting an example of carelessness in-ah-attire. Lots of fellows heard him. You should have seen old Bulkeley's face."

"Ha, ha, ha!" Lovell grinned, in spite of his wrath. He could imagine the feelings with which the captain of the school had received Mr. Greely's

kindly admonitions. "Well, he can law the Sixth as much as he likes, but he's not going to jaw me," said Lovell. "Next

time he butts in, I shall jolly well tell him what I think of him. Who the thump is Greely? Priceless old "What?"

It was a deep, fruity voice behind. Lovell. "Oh, my hat!" murmured Jimmy

Silver, in dismay. Lovell soun round.

Mr. Greely, purple and indignant, stood there, within a yard of him, fairly glaring.

Mr. Greely had completed his stately promenade across the quad, and was now on his return voyage, heading for the Form-rooms to take the Fifth in third lesson. His way lay by the fountain, and the chums of the Fourth had not observed his approach. Mr. Greely forgot all about third lesson, and the Fifth, as he heard Lovell.

The catastrophe had nearly happened before. Now it had quite happened. Mr. Greely, master of the Fifth, the most dignified gentleman regarded him, and spoke of him, as a "priceless ass!" There was an awful pause.

The Fistical Four, of the Fourth, stood rooted to the ground, feeling as if they were on the very edge of an earthquake. Arthur Edward "But it was your idea to have some | Lovell, bold youth as he was, felt an

Raby. "You asked us to wait for Mr. Greely seemed bereft of the power of speech. He stood and "For goodness' sake, Raby, don't glared at Lovell, purple with wrath argue! Blessed if you aren't enough and indignation. The silence could

Mr. Greely broke it at last. "Lovell!" he gasped.

"Oh! Yes, sir!" mumbled Lovell. "You were-ah!--alluding to me?"

Lovell wriggled. Certainly he would not have told an untruth; (Continued overleaf.)

Rookwood?" exclaimed Mr. Dalton.

"Mr. Greely was butting in, sir.

"Upon my word! Silence! Mr.

Greely, I apologise most profoundly

for this insolence on the part of a

member of my Form," exclaimed Mr.

annoyed than he had ever been seen

Dalton, looking more perturbed and

Mr. Greely waved a gracious fat

"I accept your apology, Mr. Dalton.

I leave the matter in your hands

with confidence-with full confi-

Greely, while this impertinent junior

receives his punishment," said Mr.

Dalton, taking up a cane. "Lovell,

"Remain a few moments, Mr.

dence."

bend over that desk!"

"You-you see, sir-"

to look before.

"How dare you, Lovell?"



equally certainly an untruth would

have been futile. "Yes, sir!" he gasped. "Follow me, Lovell!"

With a lofty gesture of command, Horace Greely sailed on towards the House.

Lovell looked at his chums.

"For it, now!" he murmured. "Better go, old chap," said Jimmy

Silver uneasily. "He's not my Form master." "Better go, all the same."

Lovell nodded; he realised that he had better go. Reluctantly he followed Mr. Greely towards the House, like a little skiff in the wake of the stately galleon.

They reached the House and entered. Mr. Greely headed for Mr. Dalton's study; but the Fourth Form master was not there. He . gave Lovell a glance of crushing contempt and resentment.

"Follow me, Levell!" he snorted. Again Lovell followed him, this time towards the Form-rooms. It was now close on time for third lesson, and the Rookwood fellows were gathering round the Formrooms; and many curious glances were cast at the ponderous master of the Fifth, striding on with the hapless junior in his wake.

Mr. Greely did not head for his own Form-room; he sailed ponderously into the Fourth-room, where Mr. Dalton was busy with papers at

his desk. "Mr. Dalton!"

The Fifth Form master's deep, fruity voice echoed through the room, and along the corridor outside. The fellows in the corridor grinned, and even winked at one another. Disrespectfully, Hansom of the Fifth remarked to Talboys that old Greely had his rag out. In such terms did Edward Hansom allude to his Form master's stately wrath.

Richard Dalton, master of the Fourth, glanced round from his desk and his papers. He looked surprised.

"Well, Mr. Greely?" "Lovell!" boomed Mr. Greely. "Stand forward!"

Lovell stood forward.

"This boy"-Mr. Greely indicated Lovell with a plump forefinger-"this boy of your Form, Mr. Dalton -this junior---"

"Dear me! What has Lovell done?" inquired Mr. Dalton, with just the slightest trace of impatience.

"I regret, sir, to have to make a serious complaint," said Mr. Greely. "I regret it very much. You will remember, Mr. Dalton, that as an older master, more-ah-experienced than yourself, I have sometimes advised you--"

"Please come to the point, Mr. Greely. My class will be waiting for me in a few minutes."

"Very well, sir, very well!" said Mr. Greely with dignity. "I am not here, sir, on this occasion, to offer you advice, much as I may think it needed. This boy, Lovell, alluded to me, sir, in my hearing, by an oppro-

brious epithet." "Surely not!" exclaimed Mr. Dalton. "I heard him, Mr. Dalton," said

the Fifth Form master. "I have not taken his punishment into my own hands. I am reporting him to his own Form master. But I consider---''

"Lovell, have you been impertinent to Mr. Greely?" "Hem!"

"What expression did Lovell use, Mr. Greely?"

Snort, from Mr. Greely. "I can scarcely be expected to repeat the ridiculous and opprobrious

epithet applied to me by this insolent boy, Mr. Dalton." "What expression did you use,

Lovell?"

"Answer me at once!"

"Priceless old ass, sir!" gasped

Lovell. Mr. Dalton jumped, and Mr. Greely turned more purple than ever. From the corridor came the distinct sound of a chuckle.

He stood silent and rebellious. Mr. Dalton's face grew grimmer.

"You hear me, Lovell? If you do not instantly apologise to Mr. Greely for the offence you have given I shall take you to the Head, and request him to administer a flogging." "Oh, sir!" gasped Lovell.
"Now-"

"I-I-I apologise, sir!" stuttered Lovell.

"I trust, Mr. Greely, that you are now satisfied?" said the master of the Fourth.

Mr. Greely was gracious. "Oh, quite! I approve, sir-I fully approve! I do not always approve, as you know, of---" "Exactly! Good-morning, Mr.

Greely!" "Good-morning, sir!" said Mr. Greely rather stiffly. And he rolled out of the Fourth Form-room.

The 3rd Chapter. Lovell on the Warpath!

Jimmy Silver & Co. were sympa-

Most of the Classical Fourth were sympathetic. So far as sympathy went, Lovell

was comforted in his affliction. Unfortunately, any amount of sympathy, however sincere, did not make it possible for Arthur Edward Lovell to sit down that morning with any degree of comfort.

take his hands out of his pockets, and warned him that slacking and loafing deteriorated the character. Evidently Tommy Dodd & Co. told the story all over Manders' House.

Price

Twopence

Lovell breathed fury. "I'm fed-up with that ass Greely!" he told his chums. "Fed-up to the chin! I shall never hear the end of

Jimmy Silver smiled cheerily. "Keep smiling," he said. "The

fellows will forget about it in a day or two-a jest never lasts very long." "I've had six from Dalton, bother him, and I've had to cough up an apology to that priceless old ass Greely. And now I'm going to be chipped to death by those asses from Manders' House!" hissed Lovell. "I'm jolly well going to take it out of Greely somehow."

"Better let it drop," advised Raby. "You can't really take it out of a Form master, you know."

"I'm going to!" "You don't want another six from Dicky Dalton?"

"Blow Dicky Dalton!"

"He was bound to come down heavy," said Jimmy Silver. "This has really given old Greely a pull over him, you know, and he doesn't like it."

"The old ass will be giving him advice about managing his Form," said Newcome. "He will trot you out as an awful example, Lovell."

Silver noticed him grinning in second lesson, and he was glad to see it. For a whole day Lovell had been understudying that ancient

king who never smiled again. In "quarter" Lovell strolled out into the quad with his comrades, with quite a cheery expression on his

"You fellows on?" he asked. "What, how, and which?" in-

quired Raby. "Dicky Dalton's gone to speak to the Head," said Lovell. "A fellow can nip into his study and use his

telephone." "What the thump do you want to use his telephone for?"

"Greely!"

"Oh!" "That old ass is jolly keen on deportment and things," said Lovell. "It hasn't occurred to him that he's in need of any instruction himself. Well, he's going to have some."

Lovell's chums looked mystified. "What---" began Jimmy Silver. "Come along," said Lovell. "Dicky Dalton will be with the Head now, and you know the old boy won't let him off under a quarter of an hour. We've got the whole quarter. Come on!"

Lovell led the way, and his comrades followed him in rather a gingerly manner. Lovell marched into Mr. Dalton's study, and with some hesitation his friends followed him in. It was probable that Mr. Dalton was safe with the Head for a time, but- Lovell did not allow for "buts." He took a slip of paper from his pocket and sat down to the telephone. On the slip of paper were a number of names and addresses, with the telephone numbers opposite them, apparently selected and copied out of the local telephone directory.

Lovell rang up the exchange, while his chums stood in considerable uneasiness and watched him. Jimmy Silver kept the door ajar, with one eye on the corridor.

"Latcham, 101," said Lovell into the transmitter. A few moments later: "Is that Latcham 101-Purkiss' Academy of Dancing and Deportment? Can I speak to Mr. Purkiss? It's rather important."

The Co. gazed at him in wonder. What business Lovell could possibly have with Purkiss' Dancing and Deportment Academy at Latcham was a deep mystery to them.

"Good-morning, Mr. Purkiss!" Lovell, to the further surprise of his chums, was speaking now in a deep bass voice, obviously to give Mr. Purkiss the impression that a man, not a schoolboy, was speaking to him. "I understand, from your advertisement in the 'Coombe Times,' that you are prepared to call and give personal instruction in deportment. Could you make it convenient to call this afternoon? Mr. Greely-Horace Greely-Rookwood School."

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Jimmy Silver blankly. "The fact is, Mr. Purkiss, your

instruction will-ah-be very valuable to me," went on Lovell in his deep voice. "My training has been -ah-somewhat neglected in thisah-direction. No doubt we could arrange terms quite satisfactorily if you could call this afternoon. Would three o'clock suit you? Thank you very much! You will ask for Mr. Greely, in the School House. Thank you very much!"

Lovell rang off and grinned at his

"What price that?" he asked. "You awful ass!" breathed Raby.

"Can it!" grinned Lovell, and he rang up another number. "Mr. Montgomery Smith? Good-

morning, Mr. Smith. I understand from your notice in the 'Coombe Times' that you give careful instruction in manners to backward boys. No, dancing lessons will not be required. But the personal training you allude to in your advertisement -exactly! Can you undertake to give the same instruction to a man of middle age? Yes, yes; Mr. Greely, Fifth Form-master, at Rookwood School. No doubt you are surprised, Mr. Smith, but you will allow that I know my own business, and it unfortunately happens that my training has been very much neglected in this direction. It is never too late for improvement, you will agree--"

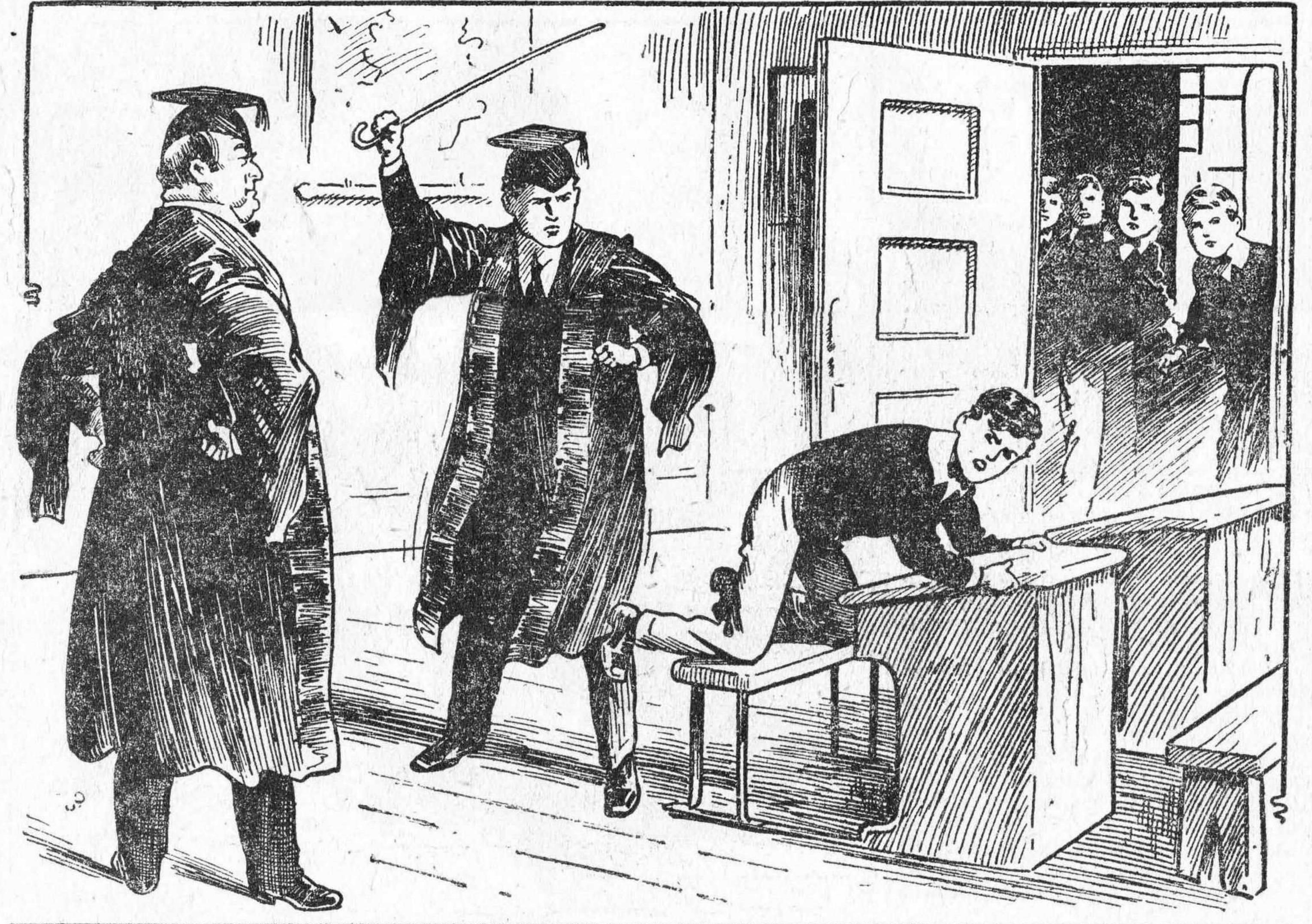
"Lovell!" gasped Newcome.

"Shut up, ass!"

"But, you dummy-"

Lovell gave his chums a glare and went on: "This afternoon, at half-past three,

if you can arrange it, Mr. Smith. If centrated thought that he had you will give me this afternoon evolved a plan of campaign. Jimmy I some instruction, we can then



"Remain a few moments, Wir. Greely, while this impertinent junior receives his punishment," said Mr. Dalton, taking up a cane. "Lovell! Bend over that desk!" Mr. Greely looked on with plump approval, while the Fourth Form-master laid on the cane. Six successive whacks sounded like pistol-shots through the Fourth Form-room. Lovell wriggled and writhed and gasped.

Mr. Greely looked on with plump approval, while the Fourth Form master laid on the cane.

Six successive whacks sounded like pistol-shots through the Fourth

Form-room. Lovell wriggled and writhed and

gasped. Mr. Dalton was not by any means a severe master He was liked by all the Fourth, and especially by Lovell himself. But he could be severe on occasion. Often and often he had had to "shoo" off Mr. Greely, as it were, with his ponderous patronage and unasked and unwanted counsels. It was intensely annoying to him to receive a well-founded complaint from the Fifth Form master, which would be a pretext, as he knew, for little lectures afterwards in Masters' Common-room, on the proper manner

Lovell had, in fact, fairly put his hapless foot in it this time, and he had to pay the penalty.

of conducting a junior Form.

Those six whacks made Arthur Edward writhe with anguish.

"Now, Lovell-"

"Ow!" "You will apologise to Mr. Greely."

"Yow!" "You hear me, Lovell?"

Lovell, wriggling with anguish, looked at his Form master and looked at Mr. Greely. He was on the verge of rebellion, in spite of the "six." Mr. Dalton had sunk very much in his estimation. What the thump was Dicky Dalton kowtowing Lovell savagely wondered. I him to hold his shoulders up, and "You-you applied such an

Like the young man of Hythe, who was shaved with a scythe, he did nothing but wriggle and writhe.

Third lesson seemed almost endless to Lovell that morning.

He had always liked Dicky Dalton. Now he felt that he quite disliked him. Towards Mr. Greely his feelings could only be described as Hunnish.

True, a Rookwood master could not be expected to like hearing himself described as a priceless ass. But then, Lovell had only been stating the facts, however unpleasant. All Rookwood knew that Horace Greely was the most priceless of asses. Moreover, he had never wanted to have anything to do with Mr. Greely at all. He would never have let him know what he thought of him, even by accident, had not Mr. Greely butted into what did not concern him, in his usual exasperating style.

Lovell was quite a placable fellow by nature. It was very seldom that he let the sun go down upon his wrath. Perhaps he was sometimes rather quick to take offence, but he was equally quick in forgetting all about offences. Now he did not forget. That hefty "six" helped him to remember, of course. When the Classical Fourth came out after third lesson Lovell was walking quite painfully. Indeed, Smythe of the Shell, passing him in the corridor, stared at him, and asked him if this was a

new thing in cake-walks. In the quad the Fistical Four came on some Modern fellows-Towle and Lacy, and Leggett, and some more. to old Greely for in this fashion, They all grinned at Lovell and told

Lovell gritted his teeth. "Meddling old ass!" he said. "Yes, but-"

"I'm jolly well going to make him sit up."

That seemed to be a fixed determination with Arthur Edward Lovell, and his comrades wisely did not argue the point. Arguing with Lovell only made him all the more determined, so they decided to let the suffering youth blow off steam and hoped that he would forget all about it when the pain had worn off.

Possibly Lovell might have done so, wrathy as he was, but the Modern fellows were not disposed to part with their little joke against a Classical man. They made the most of it, and some of the Classical fellows, too, thinking it funny, chipped Lovell on the same subject. Peele & Co., the slackers of the Classical Fourth, took it up with great heartiness. Lovell had never concealed his contempt for the loafers in Peele's study, and it was pure joy to that study to hear that Lovell had been called to order for loafing, howsoever unjustly. Peele & Co. rubbed it in, hard.

For which reason, and others, Lovell's wrath increased instead of diminished, and almost his sole thought was of making Mr. Greely "sit up" in some unpleasant manner. Even Cross Words took a second place now.

By the following morning Lovell had given the matter so much con-

discuss terms for a whole course. Thank you very much! Half-past three. You will ask for Mr. Greely, in the School House."

Lovell rang off again. He looked at his paper, evidently another telephone number. Jimmy Silver; Raby, and Newcome fairly hurled themselves upon him and dragged him away from the telephone.

"Let go!" howled Lovell. "You frabjous ass! You've done enough already to get you bunked from Rookwood," gasped Jimmy.

"I don't care. I---" "Well, we do! 'Nuff's as good as a feast, or better. This way!"

"Leggo!" "Bring him along!"

Three determined youths fairly hooked Lovell out of Mr. Dalton's study. Arthur Edward resisted all the way down the passage, but he had to go. The opinion of his comrades was that he had done enough, if not too

"You silly owls!" spluttered Lovell. "You cheeky chumps! I tell you I'm going to spring a dozen of them on Greely, and give him a busy afternoon-"

"You're jolly well not!" grinned Jimmy Silver.

"Leggo!"

"Lovell tore himself loose and rushed back to Mr. Dalton's study. After him went his comrades in full

"Lovell!"

Arthur Edward, in full career, reached Mr. Dalton's door just as Mr. Dalton reached it from the opposite direction. He halted quite suddenly. Jimmy Silver, and Raby, and Newcome came whooping round the corner at top speed, and they also halted quite suddenly.

Mr. Dalton gave them a severe

glance. "Well?"

The four heroes of the Classical Fourth faded away without reply.

The 4th Chapter. Deportment!

Mr. Greely, master of the Rookwood Fifth, took his accustomed stroll in Big Quad after dinner that

That day was Wednesday, a halfholiday; and on half-holidays Mr. Greely was accustomed to take his ease in his study, glad to have the Fifth off his hands. After his stroll in the quad he would settle down in i a deep armchair, with a newspaper, and enjoy his leisure till the spirit moved him to drop into some other master's study for a little chat-the little chat being conducted by Mr. Greely, with feeble murmurs and interruptions from the victim.

As he walked ponderously in the quad on this especial afternoon Mr. Greely became slowly conscious of the fact that he was attracting an unusual amount of attention from

Lower boys. He came on Jimmy Silver & Co., and they "capped" him quite respectfully, but they obviously regarded him with unusual interest. Mornington of the Fourth smiled,

and Townsend and Topham actually grinned as he sailed past them. Other fellows looked at him, and even stared at him, and there were

chuckles. Mr. Greely began to wonder whether there was a smut on his portly nose, being quite perplexed.

undoubtedly smiles, and even

That there was a rag on, of which he was to be the victim, did not occur to him. He was far too tremendous a person for anyone at Rookwood to think of ragging himat all events, so it seemed to Mr. Greely.

He dismissed the trifling matter from his lofty mind when he rolled back to the House and took his accustomed armchair in his study about half-past two. From his seat by the window he naturally could not see into the corridor upon which | probable that the fees to be extracted | masters' studies opened, and he was | from such a gentleman would be quite unaware that a number of the | rather more generous than the fees | stuttered. "Antics! Sir! I was in-Classical Fourth were gathering in Mr. Purkiss was accustomed to re- i structing you-I was, upon my the big bay window in that corridor, nearly opposite his door.

The Fistical Four came first, and annexed the window-seat; and then Morny arrived, and Oswald, and Towny and Toppy, and several more fellows. Quite a little crowd had gathered there before three o'clock. And they were all smiling.

Arthur Edward Lovell had started by telling two or three fellows about his little rag. The news had spread. By that time nearly all the Form knew that Mr. Greely was to receive unexpected visitors that afternoon, and they were deeply interested.

From the bay window in the corridor they had a partial view of the quad; and just before three, they sighted a tall, lean gentleman, in a tight-fitting frock-coat and silk hat, advancing towards the House.

"That will be Purkiss!" said "He's really come!" murmured

"Of course he's come! Rather a catch for him, to get a Rookwood

master as a pupil for his giddy deportment." "What on earth will Greely say?" |

murmured Mornington. how, we shall hear from this place-Greely's toot carries a megaphone."

The juniors chuckled. A minute or two later Timothy Tupper, the House page, appeared in the corridor, conducting the tall, lean gentleman. He conducted him to Mr. Greely's door, tapped, and opened the door.

"Mr. Purkiss, sir!" Mr. Greely glanced up from his paper. He glanced in surprise at the lean gentleman, in his tight | black coat, with his silk hat in his

his rather cadaverous features. "Mr. Greely---" stepped in, and Tupper closed the to enlighten you-" And with that, Mr. Purkiss flung

door and retired.

always polite in a ponderous way, he had a lunatic to deal with.

that you are-hem!-perhaps a little | in spite of your very evident need of elderly."

"What?" "Age is no bar, sir, to improvement, provided that the pupil be keen and painstaking."

"The-the pupil?" "Exactly, sir," said Mr. Purkiss, with an agreeable smile. "Even at your time of life, sir, deportment can be studied with the greatest advan-

"Deportment!" said Mr. Greely dazedly.

"Deportment, sir!" assented Mr. your present attitude -- " "Eh?"

"Defective, sir-very defective," said Mr. Purkiss. "Not a word, sir -without instruction, no one can be expected to master the important art of deportment. Now, sir, the chin up a little--" "Wha-a-t?"

"The right leg a little forward."

moment, hang at your sides in the here from Latcham for nothing, sir! hand, and an aggressive smile upon | most ungraceful way. Not a word, | I shall charge you, sir, with my taxi sir. Of course, you have not fare, sir, and if you do not settle the observed anything of the kind. How account, sir, I shall bring a summons The gentleman from Latcham | should you? It is my business, sir, | in the County Court, sir!"

"What-what?" stuttered Mr. out of the study, slammed the door Mr. Greely rose politely; he was Greely, wondering dizzily whether

"You are to understand, sir, that you are to leave my study this instant and take your absurd insolence elsewhere!" roared Mr. Greely. "Sir!"

"There is the door, Mr. Purkiss, if Purkiss is your name!" snorted the Fifth Form master. "And there is your absurd card, sir!"

In his wrath, Mr. Greely hurled the card at the dancing-master, and Mr. Purkiss gave a yelp as he caught it with his nose.

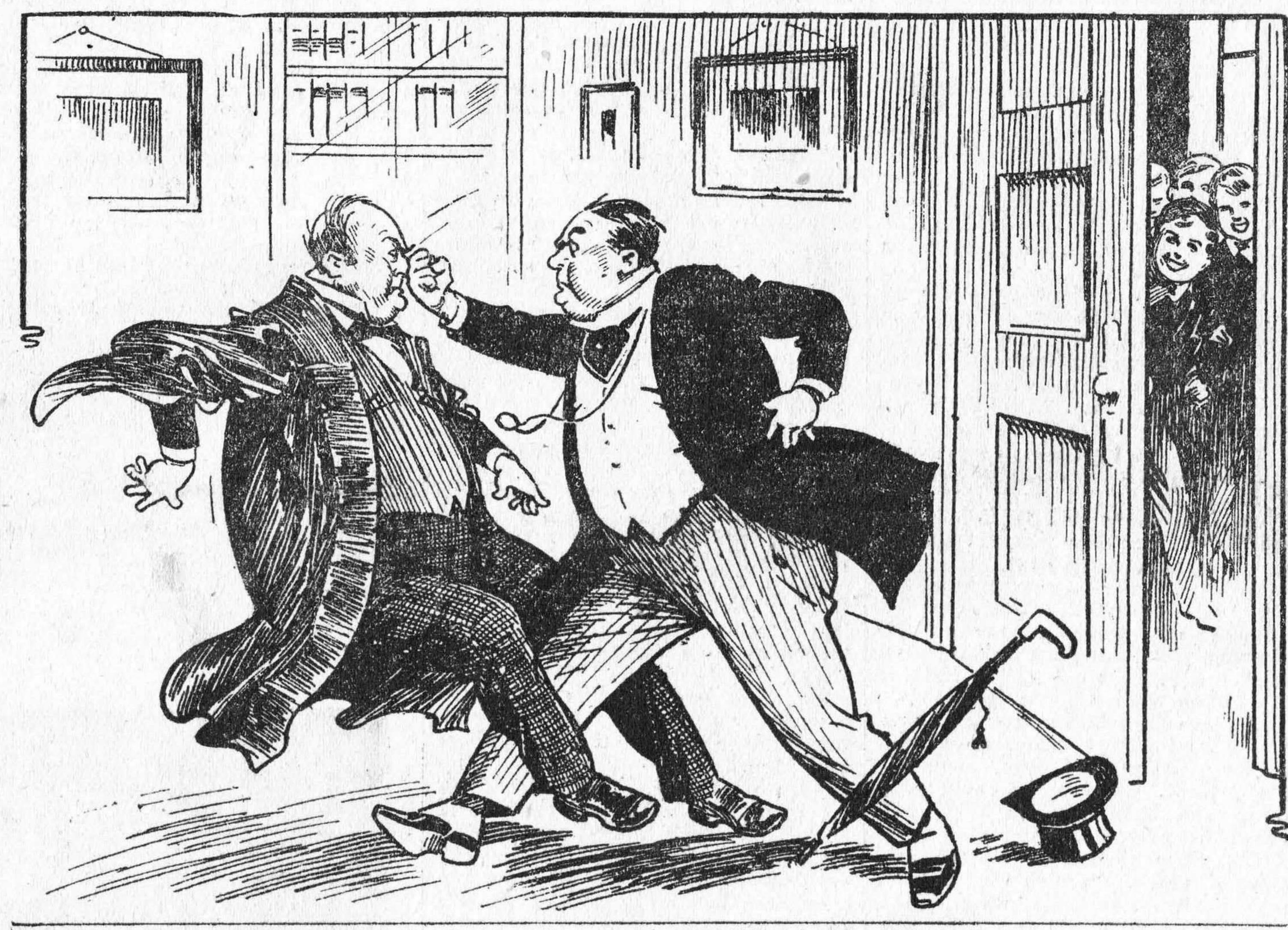
Purkiss. "A very important subject, | "Sir! Sir!" spluttered the gentle-"I wonder!" said Lovell. "Any- sir-very important! Now, sir, since | man from Latcham. "This-thisyou have asked me to lose no time, this conduct-this rudeness-thisthis brutality! Are you in your right senses, sir? I came here to instruct you--'

"Leave my study!"

"I will leave your study with pleasure, sir!' exclaimed Mr. Purkiss, quite enraged now. "I have no desire whatever, sir, to waste my instruction upon a man with the manners of a Hun, sir-the manners of a particularly savage bear, sir. But "Your hands, at the present I have no intention, sir, of coming

behind him, jammed on his silk hat,

and departed.



Thoroughly enraged, Mr. Smith hit out and caught Mr. Greely a blow upon the nose. The Fifth Form-master of Rookwood sat down unexpectedly on his own carpet. "Oh! Ow!" he gasped in dismay.

though he was surprised and not very pleased by this visit.

"My card, sir!" said Mr. Purkiss. The Fifth Form master glanced at the card, which informed him that Mr. Purkiss' academy at Latcham gave instruction in dancing, deportment, and drill. Not being, so far as he was aware, in need of instruction in those branches of knowledge, Mr.

Greely was very puzzled. "You will excuse me, Mr. Purkiss, but I do not quite understand---"

"Naturally, sir, naturally," agreed Mr. Purkiss. "A little instruction will make all the difference."

He placed his silk hat on the table and rubbed his hands. Mr. Purkiss was extremely pleased at having secured so distinguished a pupil as a Form master at Rookwood. It was ceiving. Like many professional word!" means of his clients, than in proportion to the value of the instruction | the reception he had expected from a

"But I do not see--" recommenced the puzzled Form master.

"Quite so! I shall endeavour to make everything clear to you, Mr.

Mr. Greely, with some asperity. "My dear sir, we will begin at | "Then there is no mistake! Am once, if you wish-not a moment I to understand, Mr. Greely, that I'm sure Purkiss thinks so."

"Now, sir, the left hand-" Mr. Purkiss advanced with the bowing grace of a dancing-master, and took hold of Mr. Greely's left

The next moment Mr. Greely's right hand came into action.

With a violent shove, he sent Mr. Purkiss toppling back; and in his surprise the dancing-master of Latcham sat down on the study carpet with a heavy bump.

"Oh!" gasped Mr. Purkiss.

Mr. Greely glared down at him. "Are you mad, sir?" he shouted. "What?"

"If you are not insane or intoxicated, what do you mean?" roared Mr. Greely. "How dare you come here, sir, and play such antics in my

Mr. Purkiss stared up at him. "What?

gentlemen, Mr. Purkiss arranged his | Mr. Purkiss picked himself up and fees rather in proportion to the backed away from Mr. Greely. He was feeling alarmed. This was not middle-aged pupil who was anxious to study that important branch of knowledge, deportment.

Mr. Greely pointed to the door. "Go, sir!" he hooted.

"Mr. Greely! I presume there is "Pray lose no time, then!" said | no mistake-you are Mr. Greely-" "I am Mr. Greely! Go!"

shall be lost," said Mr. Purkiss. you do not desire to receive They wondered what would happen. I "Do not be discouraged by the fact I instruction from me in deportment, I

The 5th Chapter. Alarming!

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Jimmy Silver.

Every word in Mr. Greely's booming voice had been heard by the merry group in the bay window in the corridor.

They chuckled long, but they did not chuckle loud. With great efforts they suppressed their merriment. They did not want Mr. Greely to step out and discover that he had a select audience from the Classical Fourth that afternoon.

"I say, it's rather a shame on Purkiss," gasped Newcome. "He's had his trip over here for nothing." "That's all right, if he summons old Greely in the County Court-"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

chortled Lovell. "Greely's no right to phone a man to come all that distance for nothing! I fancy he will have to pay." "Oh, my hat!"

"He might as well have had the lesson in deportment. He needs it-Purkiss told him so, and Purkiss is

the man who knows." "Ha, ha, ha!" "I-I say, there will be a giddy explosion when the next man comes,"

murmured Newcome. "Let's hope that Greely will profit by his comin'!" grinned Mornington. "He needs instruction in manners-

"Ha, ha, ha!" Jimmy Silver & Co. waited quite

anxiously for half-past three, when Mr. Montgomery Smith was due to

Mr. Greely, in his study, was quite unaware that another visitor was almost due. He had almost collapsed into his armchair, in a state of wrath and astonishment, to which no words could have done justice. Unless this man Purkiss was a lunatic or wildly intoxicated, Mr. Greely could not comprehend this amazing episode at all. He rather regretted now that he had not knocked this man down for his insolence. True, he had pushed him over; but the fellow ought to have been knocked down-hard! Such amazing insolence-such incredible effrontery-"

Mr. Greely breathed wrath; and it was quite a long time before he was able to settle down with his news-

paper again. He settled down at last, however; though occasionally he gave expression to an angry snort, indicating

that all was not quite calm within. He looked up angrily at a knock on his study door.

"Come in!" he snapped.

Tupper opened the door. "Mr. Smith, sir!"

"Mr. Smith!" repeated Mr. Greely. "Kindly inquire his business before showing him in, Tupper. I do not-"

"He said it was an appointment, sir," said Tupper. "He's 'ere, sir." Mr. Montgomery Smith bowed

himself into the room. He was a large, plump, portly gentleman, not unlike Mr. Greely himself in figure. He had a happy

smile and a jocular manner. Tupper retired, and was closing the door when a foot stopped it. He stared round at Lovell.

"That's all right!" whispered Lovell.

And the page departed, leaving Mr. Greely's door ajar. "Good-afternoon, sir!" said Mr.

Montgomery Smith, bowing. "Mr. Greely, I presume?" "Quite so, sir!" said the Fifth

Form master. "But to what-__" "I was afraid at first, sir, that I should have to telephone and deier this interview," said Mr. Montgomery Smith. "Nevertheless, I am quite at your service, Mr. Greely. Dancing, I understand, you do not wish to study?"

"Dancing?" "But general deportment--"

"Deportment?"

"Quite so. Reassure yourself, sir," said Mr. Montgomery Smith, with a wide wave of a large hand. "It is never too late to mend. I have had one pupil, sir, of a more advanced age than your own-a war-profiteer, sir, whose manners were, I regret to say, unspeakable, infinitely inferior to your own, my dear sir-but in a single term at my establishment the change was amazing! I made him, sir, into a gentleman! I have not the slightest doubt that I shall be able to do as much for you, Mr.

Greely!" Mr. Greely gasped.

From the corridor there came a

suppressed sound. "Backward boys, sir-rude little rascals-under my tuition, have become polished-absolutely polished," continued Mr. Montgomery Smith. "In your own case, sir, I have every hope of remedying the defects-somewhat obvious defects, no doubt-in your training."

"Are you a madman?" roared Mr. Greely.

Mr. Montgomery Smith jumped. "Eh! What? What did you say, Mr. Greely? I-I do not quite fol-10w----,

"Or are you drunk?"

"What?"

"In either case, sir, how dare you come here to play your pranks!"

"Pranks!" stammered Mr. Smith. "Pranks, sir!" roared Mr. Greely, "You heard him say he would!" | advancing upon him with a flaming face. "What do you mean by it? I repeat, sir, what do you mean by

Mr. Smith backed away.

"Calm yourself, sir, calm yourself!" he urged. "My intention is to help you, to help you in every way! No man ever more needed my help, if I may say so. Sit down a few minutes, sir. Perhaps I can get you a glass of water-- Calmness, sircalmness, I beg."

Mr. Greely spluttered.

"I am bound to mention. sir, that you gave me no hint of this," said Mr. Montgomery Smith, rather warmly. "I was led to believe that your defective manners were simply (Continued on page 656.)

You'll enjoy "The Rookwood Raffle!" the topping story of Jimmy Silver & Co. in our Grand Easter Number out on Saturday next, April 11th!

Jimmy Silver & Co. were almost in

The sight of Mr. Greely chasing

"Help!" panted Mr. Smith, as he

"Help! Keep him off! Keep that

madman off!" roared Mr. Mont-

gomery Smith, sprinting down the

corridor as if he were on the cinder-

Behind him came Mr. Greely,

Fortunately, fear spurred on Mr.

Montgomery Smith faster than wrath

spurred on Mr. Greely. What would

have happened had the enraged

Fifth Form master overtaken him

cannot be said. Fortunately, Mr.

Montgomery Smith won that exciting

He left the House, with his hat in

one hand and his umbrella in the

other, and ran for the gates. Rook-

wood fellows, in the quad, stared

blankly at the sight of a hatless

gentleman apparently fleeing for his

Mr. Greely, perhaps recalled to a

sense of propriety by the yells of

laughter that echoed down the corri-

dors, halted at last, and strode back

to his study. Jimmy Silver & Co.

Mr. Greely strode into his study,

and slammed the door with a terrific

his study, utterly perplexed by these

strange happenings, utterly shaken

And when, later on, he rolled into

Masters' Common-room to tea, he was

conscious of lurking smiles on the

faces of his colleagues-smiles that

broadened when Mr. Greely excitedly

afternoon, and asked his colleagues

what it could all possibly mean?

laughter.

laughter.

Form chortled.

great man.

described the weird happenings of the

Putty of the Fourth, past-master in

the art of leg-pulling, freely admitted

that Arthur Edward Lovell was a

track of the gentleman who had

was enough to make the Classical

fellows break into fresh yells of

For days and days it was a great

jest; and Classicals and Moderns

chortled over it. The Shell and the

Third chortled, and it spread even to

the Fifth, and Mr. Greely's own

It was agreed on all hands that

Mr. Greely had had just what he had

asked for; and Lovell was no longer

succeeding him as a general topic.

out of his usual ponderous composure.

melted away before his approach.

rushed down the corridor, with the

infuriated Mr. Greely on his track.

"Go it!" shrieked Lovell.

hysterics. They simply could not

the astonished and alarmed visitor

into the corridor was too much for

suppress their merriment now. They

roared and they howled.

They shrieked.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

raging.



Published

due to neglect-to want of training. No hint was given me that I had an inebriated man to deal with."

"In-in-inebriated!" stuttered Mr.

Greely.

"I should have been told so; it would have been more frank on your part, Mr. Greely, to warn me that I had to deal with a man unfortunately a slave to drink-"

"Sir!" shrieked Mr. Greely. "Calmness, sir, calmness, I beg!" urged Mr. Smith. "For goodness' sake, sir, calm yourself! Allow me to explain! Although I should be very glad to take your training in hand, I must respectfully decline to do so. My establishment, sir, is not one for inebriates. I sympathise with you, sir, heartily, but I cannot undertake to deal with a man who is intoxicated at this early hour of the day."

Mr. Greely wondered whether he was dreaming. Mr. Smith picked up his hat.

"I regret, sir, I deeply regret it, but it is impossible," he said. "If I may offer you advice, I advise you to consult a medical man. Above all, sir, to make at least an attempt to drink only water. I- Yarooooh!" Mr. Greely suddenly interrupted

This man, whom he had never seen before, had not only butted into his study unasked, insulted him, but he was actually accusing Mr. Greely of being intoxicated! Really, that seemed the only possible explanation to Mr. Smith, in the peculiar circumstances. But Mr. Greely was not aware of that; and his just wrath burst all bounds.

He had regretted that he had not knocked down Mr. Purkiss. He did not make the same mistake with Mr. Smith. He knocked him down-with a mighty swipe that sent Mr. Smith spinning as far as the door.

"Whoop!" roared Mr. Montgomery Smith as he landed.

"Now, sir, take yourself off!" boomed Mr. Greely. "If you do not desire me, sir, to kick you out of this building, take yourself off and play your foolish pranks, sir, upon someone who is in a humour for ridiculous fooling! I am not, sir-I am not!" "Oh dear! Ow! Wow!"

Mr. Smith felt his nose, to ascertain that it was still there. It felt as if it was not.

He limped to his feet, and Mr. door open and, doubtless, to help Mr. Smith into the passage. But that terrific punch on the nose was rather more than Mr. Montgomery Smith was disposed to take patiently. As Mr. Greely crowded him Mr. Smith in his turn hit out, and the Fifth Form master of Rookwood came down unexpectedly on his own carpet.

"Oh! Ow!" Mr. Montgomery Smith tore the door open and hurried into the corridor. Mr. Greely was up in a second, blazing with wrath, and he fairly

bounded after Mr. Smith. "Rascal! Ruffian!" he spluttered. "Scoundrel! I-I-I-"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

was a relief to the end study; for undoubtedly Arthur Edward Lovell had risked a Head's flogging in going for Mr. Greely.

THE END.

(A laugh in every line-"The Rookwood Raffle!" The top-notch story of the chums of Rookwood School appearing in our next number. Don't miss it! Order your copy of the Bumper Easter Number of the Boys' Friend to-day, and thus make certain of obtaining it!)

THE WEST!

(Continued from page 652.)

for Arizona Jim if he shot that hound-even though he deserved it. "Thanks, boys!" said the Indian agent, pulling himself together. "He's not worth swinging for. Now, we'll get a few more facts out of this skunk, then we'll see about getting the boy back to Detroit, and people who will look after him."

The full facts of the case came out when Arizona Jim got to work to unravel the affair. It-was true that this boy-Phineas Flayre-was the son of millionaire Flayre, motor manufacturer, who had died suddenly, leaving no relation behind but his delicate son.

It was true that Flayre senior's lawyer had proved a traitor. It was true that he had hired a notorious crook and scoundrel to cause Phineas to disappear, giving him instructions to ensure the boy should never return.

It was also true that the lawyer would have fingered a considerable amount of Flayre senior's millions had the plot succeeded.

In amazement and wrath, he paced But it was also true that the lawyer got his deserts. He is now serving a long sentence in the State penitentiary—as is Wilks.

And, safely at home in Detroit, amongst friends, there is a boy who | "DON DARREL'S BANKconstantly thinks of four people in a more Western State, who saved him from a horrible death. Those four could, at any time, retire from active life and live on handsome incomes, if they wanted to do so. But they prefer to keep on at their work | the pace, and it is a real hot one, in -which is, officially, giving Indians In the Fourth Form passage the a square deal; and, as a hobby, help-Classical Fourth fairly rocked with ling lame dogs over stiles. Rich man, poor man, beggar-man-but not thief-they are all sure of a helping hand from Arizona Jim and his faithful trail partners.

"Guess helpin' deservin' folks is For hours and hours the mere like bein' bad." Phil Hicks some-Greely rushed forward to hurl the recollection of Mr. Greely bursting times says. "It's a disease, 'speciforth in wrath from his study, on the ally bein' bad, though. Say, boys, ever understand how bad I can be? Waal, I'm so bad--" undertaken to teach him manners.

And so on, as long as his comrades will let him.

Many people bless Hicks' badness. And Arizona Jim admits that it comes in useful sometimes.

THE END.

(It's great-"Don Darrel's Bank-Holiday?" The mirth-provoking story of the boy millionaire that appears in our Bumper Easter Number out on Saturday next, April 11th. chipped—the great jest on Mr. Greely | Don't miss it! Order your copy of the Boys' Friend in advance, and Which was very satisfactory to thus make certain you get it!)



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.

A GRAND BUMPER EASTER NUMBER!

There will be a crush next week! It's a real big week for everybody, especially for readers of the Boys' FRIEND. This year the Special Eoster Number of the favourite old paper will be on sale April 11th, that is a couple of days in advance owing to the holidays. Plank your orders in early!

A PRIME BUNCH OF YARNS!

Our fiction bill for the next issue is replete with star turns. There is a jolly Rookwood tale, a slashing instalment of the record fight at St. Kit's and Duncan Storm makes things lively in the islands of the golden East. But before enumerating all the items in the next programme l must speak of bats.

SIX "HOBBS" CRICKET BATS!

These bats are on offer every week, starting with the Easter Number, in connection with the new weekly competition. The bats are prizes specially worth having. They are first class in every way, and they carry the autograph of the famous cricketer, J. B. Hobbs. Please circulate this news among all pals.

ALL THE WINNERS!

Results in our Sporting Favourites Competition may be looked for at an early date. There has been a grand in connection with this feature. Keep your eye on the "B.F."

HOLIDAY!"

I just now said that our new number would be a regular boom one, worthy of the first holiday of the year. The Boy Millionaire sets his visit to Blackheath, at which cheery rendezvous of gaiety there are brisk doings on Easter Monday. There is all the fun of the fair, with an exhibition of waxworks thrown in. Jimmy Vasey, Chuta, and Snap follow their leader into the gay show. At this point Don Darrel gets on the track of a giddy mystery, and he buys the show. There is good reason for his doing this, for he has twigged certain dark happenings among the notorious effigies. It's a topping yarn, and the millionaire has to play a strong and very silent role, as you will see.

"THE ROOKWOOD RAFFLE!"

This workaday world gets much brightened up by the well-managed raffle. You pay in sixpence, and get a splendid prize. That is the perfect raffle. Of course, sometimes the thing does not come off. In our new Rookwood yarn we find Tubby Muffin getting a brilliant idea. He has secured a cricket-bat, and he l raffles it. Never mind how Tubby

got the bat. He did not win it in the "B.F." competition, that's a dead cert. Anyway, the bat is there, and the tickets go like hot cakes. Tubby is on velvet. He is receiver general of the funds, and the cash is spent in high-class provender. But Tubby has overlooked a certain formality, as you will discover. Lovell's part in this tip-top tale is most conspicuous.

"POSH AT THE WHEEL!"

Plenty more stirring adventures come Posh's way next week. Those enemies who are after Cyril Babbit, and the young millionaire's cash find in Posh an obstacle to all their plans. Posh draws danger to himself like a magnet, for the youngster plays the game and sees through all the hanky-panky and humbug of Cyril's so-called friends. As the scamps cannot throw dust in the eyes of Posh, they go for other tactics, and highly sensational events occur as a consequence.

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

We get into the thick of the St. Kit's scrum in the new instalment. The Fourth fellows are beleaguered. and the lamentations of Bunny Bootles are as deep as those of Jeremiah of old. You will find a great carry-on of a remarkable fight against odious oppression in our next issue. The food question hits Bunny hard and firm. But if the barricade goes down, the "lines" will run into thousands, and the canings don't bear thinking about. So once more to the breach, and more power to Captain-General Harry Wilmot!

"THE RAJAH'S PRISONERS!"

One might well envy Duncan Storm. When you read his next nailing good story of the Bombay Castle you will find he has been living-in imagination, anywayamidst the Southern islands, where there is plenty of hot sunshine, with nice coral reefs and other luxuries ad lib. Still, there are risks even in such pleasant places, and this is what Dick Dorrington & Co. and Messrs. Pugsley and Lal Tata realise. They meet a wild rajah who is not half peppery about his pearls!

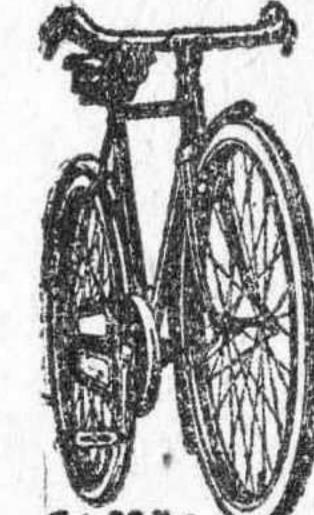
"GOALIE!"

This football season we have had a tidy lot of surprises, but that's all in the day's work. "Goalie" has all such matters well in hand. His coming article is one of his best.

THE SCHOOLBOYS' OWN LIBRARY !

Nos. 1 and 2 of this magnificent Library are now on sale, price 4d. each. They contain splendid yarns of Greyfriars and St. Jim's. Look out for a magnificent yarn of Jimmy Silver & Co. coming shortly!

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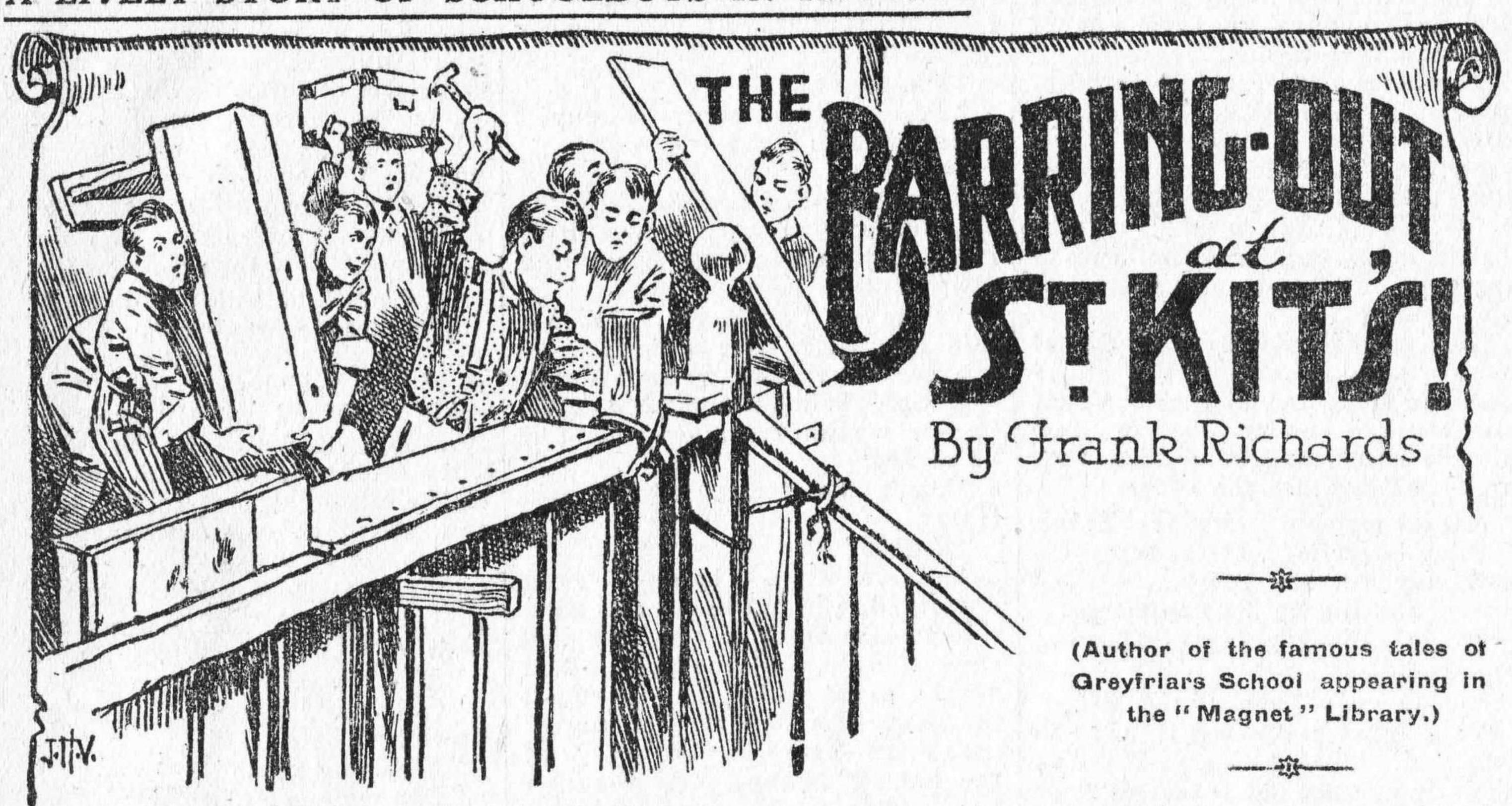
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A LIVELY STORY OF SCHOOLBOYS IN REVOLT!



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Every Monday

The rebels of the Fourth lay in provisions for a long siege!

The 1st Chapter.

One day whilst Dr. Chenies, the headmaster of St. Kit's, is walking through Lynn Wood, he is brutally attacked by a footpad, and, as a consequence of the injuries he receives, he is ordered away from the school by his dector. To take his place a Mr. Carker comes to St. Kit's, and the new Head quickly upsets the school by the tyrannical way in which he deals with the boys. Harry Wilmot, the captain of the Fourth, suspects Mr. Carker of being connected with the attack upon Dr. Chenies; for he had seen him in conversation with a man named Slaney, who is wanted by the police for the crime.

Later the Fourth Form decides to stand Mr. Carker's tyranny no longer, and they determine upon a barring-out. They take possession of the Fourth Form passage and barricade the stairs leading up to it with innumerable pieces of. furniture. After they have repelled an attack made by the prefects to eject them from their stronghold, the rebels give serious thought to the question of securing provisions which will allow them to carry on the rebellion successfully.

Mr. Rawlings, the master of the Fourth, aware of the seriousness of his Form going without food, visits Mr. Carker and asks him to deal more leniently with the boys if they will return to their work. Mr. Carker, however, is determined to starve the rebels into submission, and when he informs Mr. Rawlings of the intention the Form master leaves the Head's study in a state of great wrath.

The 2nd Chapter. Taking Care of Carker!

Mr. Carker threw himself into a chair, directly Mr. Rawlings had left the study, and scowled at the fire. He was in an angry and troubled frame of mind.

Not a thought of a concession to | claimed. the rebels occurred to him; he was not a man to make concessions. Severe measures, and measures still more severe—that was all he could think of.

The difficulty was that severe measures seemed to fail; he was further off than ever from dealing

successfully with the rebellion of the Fourth Form of St. Kit's. The whole school was disaffected; the Sixth Form prefects were no longer to be relied on; there was no force that he could call upon within the walls of St. Kit's for

dealing with Harry Wilmot & Co. To call in forces from outside the school was an extremely serious step; he was deeply anxious to keep the rebellion from becoming generally known. He almost trembled at the thought of what the school governors would think -and do-if they learned of the state to which he had reduced the

old school. Starving out the rebels seemed a

그리고 나타면 내가 없는데 되는데 그는 그는 사람들이 아니라 내가 되었다.

sure method; but it was likely | have not decided to submit to enough to be slow.

And if the obstinate young rascals persisted in holding out, the matter became very serious, as | involuntarily. The juniors grinned 'jammed there securely, and, for | are rather lackin' in repose," said Mr. Rawlings had told him. Two or three days without food, if their obstinacy lasted so long, might have serious results for some members of the Fourth Form, at

Whichever way Mr. Carker looked, in fact, he saw only trouble ahead; and the fact that he had only himself to thank for it did not comfort him-even if he realised it.

Long he sat in the study, thinking out the trying situation, till the last door had closed in the School House and all St. Kit's was buried in slumber-or, at least, seemed to be. He rose from his chair at last, with a black brow; there was nothing, at all events, that could be done that night; and in the morning there was the hope that the rebels would have been starved into a more accommodating frame of mind.

The study door opened suddenly, without a knock. Mr. Carker spun round towards it angrily.

"Really, Mr. Rawlings-" He broke off.

It was not Mr. Rawlings who stood in the open doorway. Mr. Rawlings had gone to bed. It was Harry Wilmot, the captain of the Fourth Form, who stood there, his eyes fixed on Mr. Carker.

Randolph Carker stared at Wil-

He was astonished to see him there, especially at that hour, but it flashed into his mind at once that the rebels' courage had failed them, and that this meant submission.

His eyes gleamed.

The difficulties that had beset him seemed to roll away of their own accord; he was master of the situation once more. He almost smiled.

"Oh, you, Wilmot!" he ex-

"Yes, sir," said Harry.

"You may come in." "Thank you, I will."

"You are not alone?" said Mr. Carker, as he caught the sound of shuffling feet and whispering voices in the corridor without.

"No, sir."

"Your companions may come in." "Thank you, sir," said Harry, y with a smile. He turned to the door and called: "You can come in, you fellows."

"What-ho!" said Bob Rake's

cheery voice.

The Australian junior came in, and Algernon Aubrey St. Leger followed him. After them came Stubbs and Durance and Scott.

"Is that all?" demanded Mr. Carker.

"We're the lot, sir," said Bob

"Where are the rest, Wilmot?" "In the Fourth Form passage,

"Do you mean to say that they right at him.

authority along with you?" asked Bob. Mr. Carker.

bump on the carpet. "Ooooooop!" spluttered Mr. Carker. "Bag him!"

He lashed out savagely with the

from Scott, who caught it. The

"Sit on him!" "Shut the door!"

Durance hurriedly closed the door and turned the key in the lock. No interrupters were wanted just

perately, was pinned to the floor. they would be starved out. He opened his mouth to yell for Apparently that matter was not help, and Stubbs promptly rammed | settled so satisfactorily as he had a knuckly fist into it. Mr. Carker supposed. spluttered wildly.

"Sit on his head, Stubby."

"You bet!"

"Grooogh!" "Jam this into his mouth!" ex- like a good boy, you know." claimed Bob, jerking out Mr. Carker's handkerchief. "We don't want him to wake the house." .

"The masters wouldn't interfere," said Scott, "or the prefects, either, I think."

"No good taking risks," said

And the handkerchief was stuffed "Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Bob into Randolph Carker's mouth and "Stubby, old man, your manners

MR. CARKER'S THANKS! Mr. Tulke produced a penknife and proceeded to saw through the cords that bound Mr. Carker. There was a sudden fiendish yell from the Head. Mr. Tulke, apparently, was sawing Mr. Carker as well as the cords; and it had helped the hapless gentleman to find his voice. "Yarocooh!" "Oh, bless my soul!" ejaculated Mr. Tulke, starting back, quite startled. "You fool!" roared Mr. Carker. "What? What?" "Fool! You are cutting me with that knife!"

as they realised Mr. Carker's mis- | further security, a whipcord was

"This is no laughing matter!" said Mr. Carker grimly. He picked | "Breathe through your nose, old up his cane. "I shall now cane you all severely."

"Wilmot, St. Leger and Rake will be sent away from the school early in the morning," said Mr. Carker, "They are expelled. The others will be given a chance to show their repentance for this lawless outbreak. I shall now cane you all-you first, Wilmot."

laughed - he Harry Wilmot could not help it.

Mr. Carker glared at him.

"You hear me, Wilmot? Bend over that chair!"

"You're making a slight mistake, sir," said Harry cheerfully. "We haven't come here to surrender."

"No jolly fear!" chuckled Bob

"What do you mean-what-"

"Collar him!" "What-what-what--"

Mr. Carker fairly jumped in his amazement. The six juniors rushed

tied round it and knotted round Mr. Carker's head.

bean," said Bob, as the hapless headmaster spluttered wildly, with "Will you, by gad?" murmured a purple face. "Lucky it's a good

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Tie up his fins," said Durance. "Here you are, dear boys!" chuckled St. Leger, taking a cord from his pocket. "Better tie his hoofs, too-he may kick. He looks awf'ly vicious."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Carker, resisting desperately, was tied hand and foot. Then he lay helpless on the carpet, unable to do anything but glare. Fortunately, his glares could not do any harm; but, if ferocious looks could have slain, there would have been sudden and serious casualties among Harry Wilmot & Co.

Wilmot looked down at the enraged man with a smile.

"Quite a mistake of yours, Mr. Carker," he explained. "We didn't come along here to surrender; we're scouting for provisions."

"Just that, old bean," smiled Algernon Aubrey.

"Everybody else seems to be in cane, and there was a wild yell bed," said Bob Rake. "We left it late on purpose. But as you're next moment Mr. Carker was swept | still up we're taking care of youover and came down with a terrific | see? You'd be bound to butt in, in your cheeky way, if you came on us raiding the larder."

Mr. Carker squirmed and

He had not dreamed of foreseeing anything like that; it had never occurred to him that the rebels of St. Kit's would dare take such a step. Having cut off the supply of food, he had settled it Mr. Carker, struggling des- satisfactorily in his own mind that

> "We shall have to leave you like this, sir," said St. Leger politely. "Awf'ly sorry, and all that. But you should have gone to bed early,

> "Ha, ha, ha!" "Come on!" said Harry. "No time to lose. The sooner we get back the better."

> "Hold on a tick! Like a cushion under your head, Mr. Carker?" asked St. Leger considerately.

"Blow his silly head!" exclaimed

Stubbs impatiently. Algernon Aubrey. "Don't hurry a chap! I never liked hurryin' Can I help you to a cushion, Carker?"

A ferocious glare was the only response. But the dandy of St. Kit's pushed a cushion under Mr. Carker's head as he lay sprawling on the floor. Algernon Aubrey was nothing if not considerate.

"That better, Carker?" Gurgle!

"Anythin' else I can do?" Gurgle! "Well, good-night, old bean, and

pleasant dreams!" said St. Leger; and he turned out the light and followed his comrades from the The door was locked on the out-

side, and the key thrown into a dusky corner. Mr. Carker was left to his reflections-probably not agreeable ones. Harry Wilmot & Co. hurried

away down the passage.

The great building of St. Kit's was dark and silent; with the exception of the Fourth Form rebels and Mr. Carker, all were sleeping. It was past midnight now.

There was nothing to stop the raiders; but they lost no time.

Silently but swiftly they proceeded to carry out the raid. The school kitchens were at their mercy. A quarter of an hour later six juniors, heavily laden, mounted the Fourth Form staircase in the dark. A light gleamed over the barricade -- Wheatford looked down at them, peering in the shadows.

"You fellows-"

"Little us!" chuckled Bob. "Nobody up?" asked Wheatford.

"Tied him up-oh, my hat!"

"Only Carker-and we've tied

"Have you got any grub, you chaps?" asked Bunny Bootles, in a deep and thrilling whisper. "Ha, ha-yes!"

"Oh, good!" gasped Bunny. "Take it over, you fellows," said Wilmot. "We're going back for more. We're not leaving a crumb

downstairs." "Jolly for the other fellows in the morning!" chuckled Myers. "They can wait for brekker,"

chortled Bob Rake. "Here you are -take this pie, Bunny!" "What-ho!" gasped Bunny.

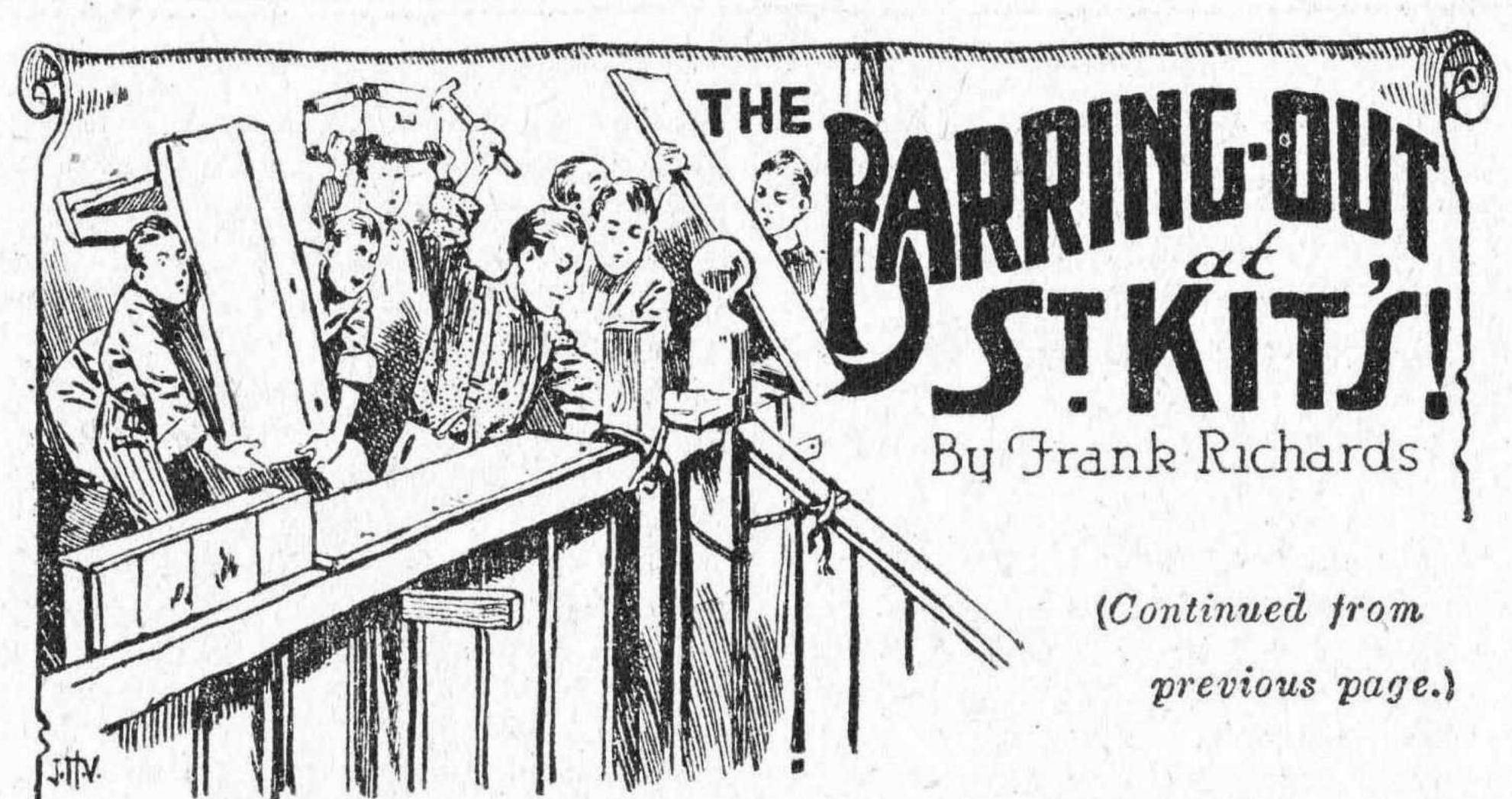
Three or four candles glimmered over the barricade. The raided provisions were handed over to the garrison within.

"Take this bag, Bunny-" "Mmmmmmmmm."

"Do you hear, you fat duffer?"

"Mmmmim."

Bunny did not speak; his mouth was too full, and he was too busy. Bob had handed over a meat pie to him, and Bunny was not troubling about taking over anything else. He was busy with the pie! (Continued overleaf.)



"Mmmmmm."

"Take this stuff, Wheatford-I've got a dozen loaves here-" "Take over these bikkers-" "And this little lot-"

"Oh, my hat! This is all right!" gasped Wheatford.

The cargo was handed in, and Harry Wilmot & Co. descended the stairs again At a word from Harry half a dozen more fellows climbed over the barricade and

made light work. Randolph Carker While squirmed and wriggled in his study, making frantic but unavailing efforts to free himself, and while the rest of St. Kit's slumbered peacefully, Harry Wilmot and his merry men worked hard, into the small hours.

Naturally, in a school the extent of St. Kit's, there was always a good supply of provender on hand. Some of it was locked up, and some was not; but a lock or two did not stop the raiders. It was not a time for standing on ceremony.

All sorts and conditions of provisions were borne up the stairs, in bags and baskets, breathless juniors almost staggering under l

their loads. Loaves innumerable, huge quantities of sugar and tea, whole cheeses, butter and eggs in great quantities, tins of biscuits, cold joints, countless jars of jam and marmalade, sacks of potatoes -everything in the eatable and drinkable line that the rebels could

lay their hands on. It was a raid of immense extent. Here, there, and everywhere the rebels hunted for further provender.

It was quite certain that the joined them. There was a great opportunity would never occur deal to carry, and many hands | again; Mr. Carker would not be caught napping twice. So, on the principle of making hay while the sun shone, the raiders worked hard, and left scarcely a crumb for the other two hundred St. Kit's fellows on the morrow.

> Neither was there anything left | for the masters, so far as that went. Masters and boys at St. | well as such necessary articles as | the rebels of St. Kit's were under | Kit's, next morning, were likely soap and towels being taken no compulsion to turn out at to be in a very hungry state, until possession of. Water, fortunately, rising-bell. Harry Wilmot and a fresh supply arrived from Wicke.

out without some noise every now of a shortage in that direction. up and wondered whether the sleepy, but in great spirits.

feel called upon to turn out of bed and investigate.

It was not till the last cargo of provisions had been successfully dispatched up the Fourth Form staircase that a door was heard to

Fifth, came on the scene, with a lit. Now he was asleep, happy and lamp in his hand, and stared at satisfied. the juniors.

Rake's arms, and at a ham that he could." was tucked under the other.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Tulke. Then he smiled faintly, and without any further remark, walked away, and his light disappeared.

His door was heard to close in the distance.

"Good man!" murmured Bob. "I'm glad we haven't had to handle him," said Harry. "We've nothing against old Tulke. But we shouldn't have let him chip in."

"No fear!" The last cargo was landed and stacked away with the rest in the top study with the exception of a large amount that had already been disposed of-internally-by the hungry rebels. But the night's rope, and the rising-bell rang out gurgling and mumbling in the

work was not finished yet. Fourth Form dormitory, where

and then. A sack of potatoes acci- The night was growing old when dentally dropped on the stairs, Harry Wilmot & Co. returned for rolled to the bottom with plenty | the last time to the Fourth Form of din. But if the noise was heard | quarters and climbed over the it was not heeded. If anyone woke | barricade. They were tired and |

No Play on Good Friday.

As you probably know, there is a

late-what?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Feel better now, Bunny?" chuckled Bob Rake.

Snore! open and a light gleamed. Bunny Bootles had finished the Mr. Tulke, the master of the pie, and several other things after

"Time we turned in, I think," He stared at them, and at said Bob Rake with a yawn. "I Mr. Tulke, the master of the potatoes scattered on the stairs suppose we're going to keep watch and the floor, and at a cheese that | -though there's not much danger. was tucked under one of Bob Carker wouldn't come up here if

> "Can't be too careful," Harry.

"Right!"

And sentries having been appointed, the rebels of St. Kit's rolled themselves in blankets and slept the sleep of the just. And as the night faded into dawn all St. Kit's was buried in slumber once more-excepting the sentry in the barred passage, and the new headmaster-still wriggling furiously on the floor of his study.

A Surprise for St. Kit's.

Clang! Clang!

over St. Kit's in the dewy morning. | study was incessant. The next visit was paid to the In the Fourth Form passage most of the fellows only grunted master was the first to enter. blankets and sheets and pillows and turned over for another nap. "Why-what-what-what-" were stripped from the beds, as They had had a late night, and Mr. Tulke fairly gasped. was laid on in the Fourth Form | Bob Rake turned out, and St. The operations were not carried passage, and there was no danger | Leger followed their example, but the rest of the rebels slumbered on.

> St. Kit's awoke to a new dayand to startling news. It was an early housemaid who paid the first visit to the Head's study. She was surprised to find the door locked, and to hear within a faint mur-

junior rebels were wandering out "What will the fellows say in muring and gurgling sound. As of their quarters, that one did not the mornin'?" murmured St. she stood in surprise and alarm she Leger. "They'll get brekker rather was joined by Tuckle, the page, whose duty it was to take up an

early cup of coffee to the Head. "Is he here?" asked Tuckle. "He ain't in his room, and his bed ain't been slep' in Has the

ole bloke sat up all night, Jane?" "There's somebody in the room," said Jane, "and the door's locked."

"He must be hill," said Tuckle. And Tuckle went away to call Fifth. Mr. Tulke arrived at the study, followed by Mr. Rawlings and Mr. Rattrey of the Shell. They tried the door and listened to the faint gurgling in the study, and looked at one another.

"Mr. Carker must be there!" said the Fifth Form master. "It appears that his bed has not been slept in."

"A fit!" said Mr. Rattrey. "Apoplexy, perhaps!" said Mr.

Rawlings. "Bless my soul!"

"The door must be forced," said Mr. Rawlings. "If he is ill, he must have attention at once."

"Undoubtedly." Tuckle was dispatched at once for old Coote. Old Coote arrived with tools, and the door, not with-Old Coote was tugging at the out difficulty, was forced open. The

"Mr. Carker!" The Fifth Form

He had expected to find Randolph Carker ill-perhaps in an apoplectic seizure. He was not prepared to see him sprawling on the carpet, bound hand and foot, with a handkerchief stuffed in his mouth. But that was what Mr. Tulke actually saw.

"Bless my soul!" said the Fifth Form master faintly.

"Burglars!" said Mr. Rawlings. (Continued on the next page.)



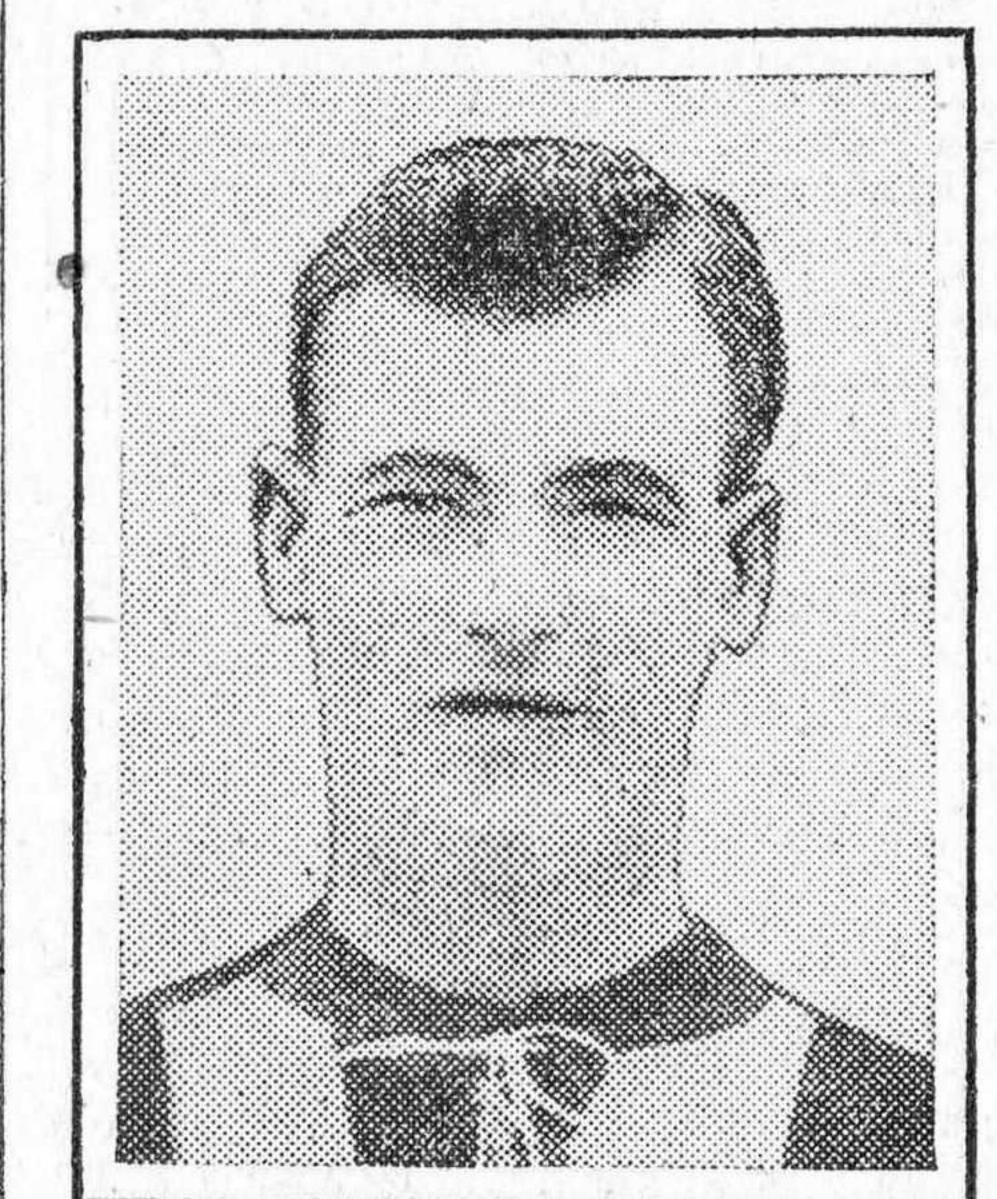
The Scottish Cup Final.

One by one the big events of the football season are being worked off just to remind us that the end of another campaign is not far distant. This week-end there is to be staged the final tie for the Scottish Cupthe wind-up to a competition which has been amazing in many respects. While the Scottish Cup does not seem to grip the people north of the Border in quite the same way as the so-called English Cup does below the Tweed, there is sure to be a lot of interest taken in the game next Saturday. Last season the Airdrieonians and the Hibernians waged the final tie at Ibrox Park, and 65,000 people were there to see a thrilling fight, which the Airdrie men won by two goals to nothing. The other really big event which remains is the final for the English Cup, but it is obvious that much interest will be taken in the League competition right to the end, for the simple reason that so many issues still remain open.

The Most Trying Time.

Meantime, there is a regular glut |. of games in the Leagues this weekend-a succession of matches in which the clubs out for honours or struggling to avoid relegation must put forth a sort of last big spirt. It may well be that some of ne problems now very open will be solved before the big Easter programme has been gone through to the trying end. For my part, I always consider that, taking everything into consideration, Easter is about the most trying time of all for the footballer. I know that he has usually an equal number of games to get through at Christmas; but, on the other hand, he is not feeling nearly so tired out as he is by the time Easter comes round. Staleness

football team, and he generally finds it extremely difficult to keep his men fresh and eager for the many games played at Easter-time.



D. MERCER (Sheffield United).

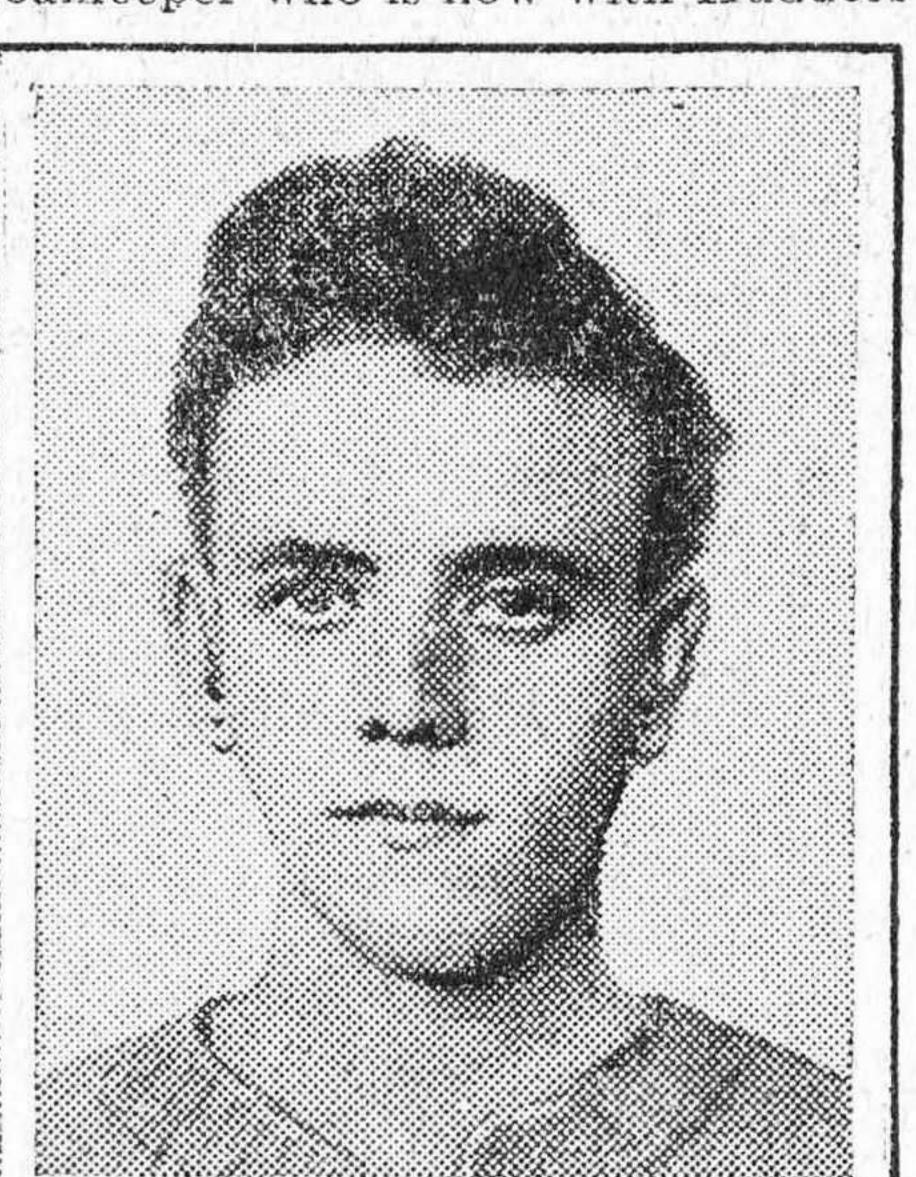
is the bugbear of the trainer of a

rule on the books which gives a player the right to refuse to turn out on Good Friday without any punishment attaching to such refusal, but not many players avail themselves of this regulation. It may also be noticed, on looking through the fixture-list for this week-end, that the Arsenal are without a game on Good Friday, but are due to play one at home on Tuesday. The explanation of this is that, according to the terms of the lease of their ground, the Arsenal must not stage a match either on Christmas Day or Good Friday. However, I believe that the directors of the Highbury club are in negotiation to buy their ground outright, and, of course, when they carry this transaction through they will be able to do like most other clubs-play on Christmas Day and Good Friday on their own ground.

No Scots Need Apply!

Sheffield United are among the teams which have done very well out of the Cup competition of this season, and for once in a way their luck has been in to a greater extent than for some time past. There is one thing for which I will always admire the Sheffield United club-the manner in which they consistently resist the temptation to dash off to Scotland for their players. I believe it is a fact that at the present time there is no player on the staff at Bramall Lane who was born in Scotland. This does not mean, of course, that the Sheffield club is not ready, when the need arises, to pay big transfer | land in 1923.

fees, and one of the most expensive men on their staff is David Mercer, the outside-right, who has flitted in and out of the team during the last few months. Some think that he is better than Partridge, while others declare that he is not so good. Sheffield United secured Mercer from Hull City some time ago, but this player should not be confused with the other ex-Hull City Mercer-a goalkeeper who is now with Hudders-



W. HALEY (Derby County).

field Town. A stocky little player, who is considerably faster than he looks, Mercer has been with an English touring team in South Africa and also played in an International match proper-against Ire-

Revising the Throw.

Although we are not yet at the end of the present season, the arrangements for the next football campaign are already receiving careful consideration, and I hear that there are likely to be other rule alterations proposed in addition to that regarding the offside rule. There is a feeling in many official quarters that something ought to be done to prevent defenders from putting the ball out of play so frequently. The present throw-in, as everybody who has played the game knows quite well, is of very little advantage to the throwing side, and so long as this remains true, full-backs will find it difficult to avoid the temptation to play for safety by putting the ball into touch. In the old days a onehanded throw was allowed, which was almost as good as a free-kick, and, though we are not likely to go back to this arrangement, I believe that an idea will be put before the International Board to make it easier for a player throwing the ball in to land it farther than he can do under the present regulations.

A Charlton Discovery.

Some time ago a sensation was caused when it was announced that many of the Charlton Athletic players had been placed on the open transfer-list, though, clearly, the management had no intention of disposing of the whole lot. But here is a club which seems destined to be faced for ever with financial worries, and, consequently, can only hope to keep their heads above water by finding good young players and then disposing of them to clubs able to pay. W. T. Haley was the first of the players to go, following the circularising of the clubs, and I fancy that he will be heard about quite a lot in the future with Derby County. He is a real Londoner, and though starting his career as a half-back, is now considered best as an insideforward. I shall watch his progress with his new club closely.

(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, April 11th. The likely winning side is printed in capitals. Where a draw is anticipated, both clubs are printed in smaller letters.

First Division.

BIRMINGHAM v. Nottingham Forest. BOLTON WAN. v. Sheffield United. BURNLEY v. Manchester City. CARDIFF CITY v. Aston Villa. Everton v. Blackburn Rovers. LEEDS UNITED v. Bury. Notts County v. West Ham United. Sunderland v. Huddersfield Town. TOTTENHAM H. v. Newcastle United Preston N.E. v. Arsenal. -WEST BROMWICH ALB. v Liverpool.

Second Division.

CHELSEA v. Port Vale. CLAPTON O. v. Wolverhampton Wan. Coventry City v. Hull City. CRYSTAL PALACE v. Barnsley. LEICESTER CITY v. Derby County. MANCHESTER U. v. South Shields. Oldham Athletic v. Portsmouth. THE WEDNESDAY v. Fulham. SOUTHAMPTON v. Middlesbrough. Stoke v. BLACKPOOL.

Third Division. Southern Section.

Aberdare Athletic v. Northampton Town. Bournemouth v. SWANSEA TOWN. BRIGHTON & HOVE ALB. v. Reading. BRISTOL CITY v. Queen's Park Rangers. GILLINGHAM v. Exeter City. LUTON TOWN v. Bristol Rovers. MILLWALL v. Newport County. PLYMOUTH ARGYLE v. Merthyr Town. STOCKPORT COUNTY v. Bradford City. SWINDON TOWN v. Charlton Athletic. IWATFORD v. Norwich City

"Now I come to think of it, I certainly heard some noises in the There he glared at the scared night," said Mr. Rattrey. "I supposed that it was-ahem!-the boys of your Form, Mr. Rawlings -roaming about the house. Apparently, however-"

"The boys certainly did wander about the house," said Mr. Tulke. "I-hem!-I have the best of reasons to think so. But--"

Gurgle! Gurgle! "Perhaps we had better release him," said Mr. Tulke, really as if that bright thought had only just occurred to him. But perhaps the St. Kit's staff, every member of which had been lashed by Mr. Carker's bitter tongue, were not in a hurry to help him, anyway.

However, they now proceeded to his assistance. The string was untied, and the gag removed from his mouth.

Mr. Carker gasped and spluttered. He could not find his voice at first: which was perhaps fortunate. For his expression indicated that the remarks he desired to make would have erred on the side of emphasis.

The knots about his wrists and ankles defied the efforts of the Form masters. They had not trained as Boy Scouts. Mr. Tulke was striding away to his room, St. Kit's rejoiced in it. His scheme produced a penknife at last, and proceeded to saw through the cords. There was a sudden fiendish yell from Randolph Carker. Mr. Tulke, apparently, was sawing Mr. Carker as well as the cords, and it had helped the hapless gentleman to find his voice.

"Yaroooh!" "Oh, bless my soul!" ejaculated Mr. Tulke, starting back, quite startled.

"You fool!" roared Mr. Carker.

"What-what?"

"Fool! You are cutting me with that knife!"

"Really, Mr. Carker, if you do not desire my assistance--" "Fool!"

Mr. Tulke deliberately closed his penknife, returned it to his pocket, and walked out of the study with

a great deal of dignity. "Release me!" shrieked Randolph Carker. "Do you hear?"

Mr. Tulke certainly heard, but, like the dying Gladiator of old, he heard but he heeded not. He walked away.

"Mr. Rawlings - Mr. Rattrey-" spluttered the Head.

The two gentlemen proceeded to work at the knots. After Mr. Carker's expression of gratitude to the Fifth Form master they did not care to risk a penknife."

"How long are you going to keep me like this?" hissed Mr. Carker. "Have you no sense? Are you fools? Cannot you untie knots?"

"We are doing our best, sir," said the master of the Shell mildly. "The knots appear to be very securely tied."

"Fool!" "Sir!"

"Fool!" roared the enraged Mr. Carker.

Mr. Rattrey walked out of the study. The headmaster staggered to his feet, partly released, and now able to rise. He glared at Mr. Rawlings, who alone remained with

"Will you release me, Mr. Rawlings, or will you not?" he demanded, in concentrated tones. "I have been a prisoner here all night -tied up in this manner by the boys of your Form, whom you have encouraged to revolt. I-I will see that you suffer for it, Mr. Rawlings. I command you to release me without further delay! You -you-'

Mr. Rawlings looked him in the

Mr. Carker, as you have suspended | Carker, and he hurried on. me in my duties here," he said coolly. "I was releasing you, sir, as an act of kindness. I decline to meddle further."

And the Fourth Form master walked out of the study.

Mr. Carker.

bonds and hopped to the door. Tuckle, who was in the corridor.

"Tuckle! Release me at once!" "Oh, my eye!" gasped the amazed Tuckle. "Yessir, certainly sir!"

And Tuckle set to work.

The new Head was released at last. Perhaps Tuckle expected thanks-possibly he expected a tip. What he received was a ringing box on the ear. He staggered back thing, too, and I'm jolly glad," with a howl.

"You were grinning, you young rascal!" roared Mr. Carker. "That ! will teach you respect."

"Yooooop!" "And I will-"

Tuckle fled for his life. He did not stop till he was safe below

But in the regions below Tuckle's indignation was scarcely rebels of the Fourth. heeded; more important matters claimed attention. The rebels' raid had been discovered.

his breakfast. But most of St. Kit's chuckled over it.

it's bound to make class later, and that's all to the good."

"Yes, rather," agreed Parker.

"They jolly well won't be starved out now-and a jolly good said Babtie.

"Hear, hear!"

And that was the general feeling. Any defeat inflicted on Mr. Carker was welcome to St. Kit's. Even the Sixth Form prefects Mr. Carker strode at him, and grinned, though their important breakfasts were late that morning -very late. Telephoning to Wicke stairs, where he confided to the was all very well, but the arrival cook, in tones thrilling with indig- of new supplies took time. It was nation, that he wasn't going to a very hungry school by the time stand it-not if he was sacked, so provisions arrived. The consolation was the fact that Randolph Carker had been "done" by the

The Head, as he sat scowling over a very late breakfast that least little bit." morning realised very clearly that Mr. Carker, in a towering rage, he had been done, and that all "Look here, Wilmot-"

Gunter of the Fifth. It seemed to I canings, no Carker-and plenty of | was little left to do, and some of Gunter really incredible cheek on | "grub"! No wonder Bunny | the rebels began to hope that the part of fags to deprive him of | Bootles pronounced that it was | "jolly!"

"We're keeping this up!" he "Let's wait for brekker," said told his comrades. "You fellows Babtie of the Shell. "Anyhow, keep your peckers up-Britons never shall be slaves, you know. I'm for a fight to a finish."

> "Till the finish of the grub?" asked Bob.

"Yah! You fellows back me up and keep up your courage-like me -and we'll give Carker beans," said Bunny Bootles. "We'll keep on the barring-out till Dr. Chenies comes back-and, look here, why shouldn't we keep it up till the end of the term? Blow Dr. Chenies, if you come to that These headmasters are no good!"

"Fathead!"

"The old Head isn't such a beast as the new Head, of course," argued Bunny. "But all Heads are beasts! Let's keep old Chenies barred out if he comes back, and show our independence, you know. I can tell you I'm not keen on taking on classes again-not the

"Ass!" said Harry Wilmot.

"Dry up, Bunny, and blow away," said Algernon Aubrey. "If Dr. Chenies comes back we're all going to toe the line at once, and we'll be jolly glad of the chance."

Bunny sniffed contemptuously. "Oh, you've got no pluck," he said. "What you fellows want is grit-like mine! You haven't much nerve, you know. Lucky you've got me here to keep you up to the mark."

"Oh, don't cackle! I can tell



"Take this stuff over, you fellows!" said Harry Wilmot. "We're THE REBELS going back for more. We're not leaving a crumb downstairs!" Three or four candles glimmered over the barricade and the raided provisions were handed over to the garrison

the house-dame.

"Mr. Carker---"

"I cannot stop now---"

"But, sir--" "Nonsense!"

"Nonsense or not, there is no food in the house!" exclaimed Mrs. Honour tartly. "It has all been taken."

"No food?" "Not a crumb."

Mr. Carker gasped. "I knew those young scoundrels intended, but-but- Do you mean to tell me that they have

taken everything-" "Everything is gone-" "The-the young villains! The -the-" Mr. Carker spluttered.

"There is nothing for breakfast -hardly a crust!" said Mrs. Honour. "Not even for your breakfast, sir."

"Telephone to Wicke-or to j

Mrs. Honour sniffed. Before long the news was all over | ample. the school. There was no breakfast And when there was no more the enemy. The fortifications of -not even for the Head. All the available space inside Bunny, and the Fourth Form staircase were provisions that the school con- he was driven to leave off eating, strengthened, and the provisions tained were stacked in the Fourth- he rested comfortably in the happy were all stacked in the top study "You-you-you-" spluttered Form studies-guarded by the knowledge that there were no -which was to be the last line of Fourth-Form garrison. Many of classes that day. defence if the staircase was carried He wriggled in his remaining the fellows were annoyed, especially | No prep, no classes, no lines, no by assault. But by mid-day there | certain of securing it!)

when he was met by Mrs. Honour, j of starving the rebels into sur- Bunny. "Carker or Chenies, I render was fairly knocked on the don't care twopence. I'm for a head now. They had provisions | fight to a finish, and if you fellows | for days-perhaps for a week or more-and he dared not contemplate the prospect of the barringout lasting over a week.

A decisive step had to be taken -that was clear. But the question remained-what?

That was the problem that Randolph Carker strove to solve over his very late breakfast.

Bunny in Trouble!

"Jolly!"

Bunny did not turn out of his | Harry Wilmot & Co., however,

feel funk coming on just look at me and follow my example and back me up. I'll see you through." "Fathead!"

Bunny sniffed and rolled away and deposited himself in the armchair in the top study. There his unmusical snore was soon heard, rumbling out into the passage. Bunny was taking a nap, which he really needed after his uncommon exertions at breakfast.

Tracy & Co. retired to Study No. 5, where they were soon deep | Rake lifted his hand with a potato That was Bunny's verdict. in banker. Very fortunately, from The plumpest junior at St. Kit's | Tracy's point of view, there was a was satisfied. And when Cuthbert | supply of cigarettes in the study, Archibald Bootles was satisfied it | and there was no shortage of those was clear that things were going | very important articles. Even well. For it required very little to Tracy & Co. were growing rather start Bunny grousing. | keen on the barring-out now.

Lynn-anything you like! Don't blankets till ten o'clock that morn- | were rather busy that morning. | "I am not under your orders, bother me now!" gasped Mr. | ing. And when he turned out he That Mr. Carker would allow revelled in a breakfast that was of matters to remain as they were, ample proportions-more than was not probable, and they had to be prepared for the next move from

there would be another attack. Dinner was ample; but Wilmot had already made arrangements for rationing the food supplies, most of the rebels concurring cheerfully. Bunny Bootles entered a protest, but nobody heeded Bunny.

"If you think I'm going short of grub, Wilmot--" the fat junior began wrathfully.

"Cheese it!"

"Look here--"

"Kick him, somebody." "Yow-ow!"

Bunny said no more, but he looked volumes and volumes. If food was to be rationed it was probable that Bunny's enthusiasm for the rebellion would peter out once more.

Bunny retired to the top study for another nap, and later on Stubbs looked into that study with a suspicious eye. He was not surprised to see Bunny busy on a large tin of biscuits which had once been the property of the

"So that's your game!" roared Stubbs wrathfully.

Bunny gave a guilty start. "I-I'm not touching these bis-

cuits!" he gasped. "Bunny's bagging the tuck!" roared Stubbs.

There was a rush at once. The hapless Bunny was collared and dragged away from his booty, gasping and spluttering, his

mouth being full at the time. "Groogh-ooop-ug-ug-gug-" spluttered Bunny.

"Bump him!" said Wilmot. "I say, Harry, old chap-Whoooop!" Bump!

"Give him another!" "Yarooh!" Bunny sprawled breathlessly on the floor. Wilmot shook a warning

finger at him. "Next time you raid the grub, Bunny, you'll get a fives bat-six, laid on hard," he said.

Groooogh! Bunny crawled back to the armchair and collapsed there, groaning. A little later there was a call from Durance, who was on the watch at the stairhead. Durance had not joined Tracy & Co. in Study No. 5. For the present he seemed to have thrown in his lot with Wilmot & Co., and gave little attention to the Goats of St. Kit's.

"Here comes Babtie." Babtie of the Shell came up the lower stairs and waved his hand

from the middle landing. "You kids going strong?" he called out cheerily.

"Are you addressin' us as kids, Babtie?" inquired Algernon Aubrey St. Leger.

"Oh, come off!" said Babtie. "I've looked in to tell you that Carker's gone out. His face was a jolly old picture, I can tell youlooked like a Prussian Hun."

"Gone out, has he?" said Wilmot. "Chance for all you fellows to join up and bar him out of the school."

"I don't think!" grinned Babtie. "He's lettin' us alone now. He hasn't put his nose into the Shellroom, anyway. I suppose he's got his hands full with you cheeky

And Babtie went down the stairs rather hurriedly, as Bob

Algernon Aubrey gave a chuckle. "We're too much for Carker," he said. "He seems to have given us the go-by. There isn't even a prefect keeping watch on the stairs. We can go for a jolly old walk if we like."

Wilmot shook his head.

"He hasn't done with us," he said. "I can't guess what he's up to; but he's up to something."

"We'll beat him, whatever it is," said Bob confidently.

(On no account must you miss the long instalment of this exciting school story appearing in our next issue! Order your copy of the Bumper Easter Number of the Boys' FRIEND in advance, and thus make