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See Inside!

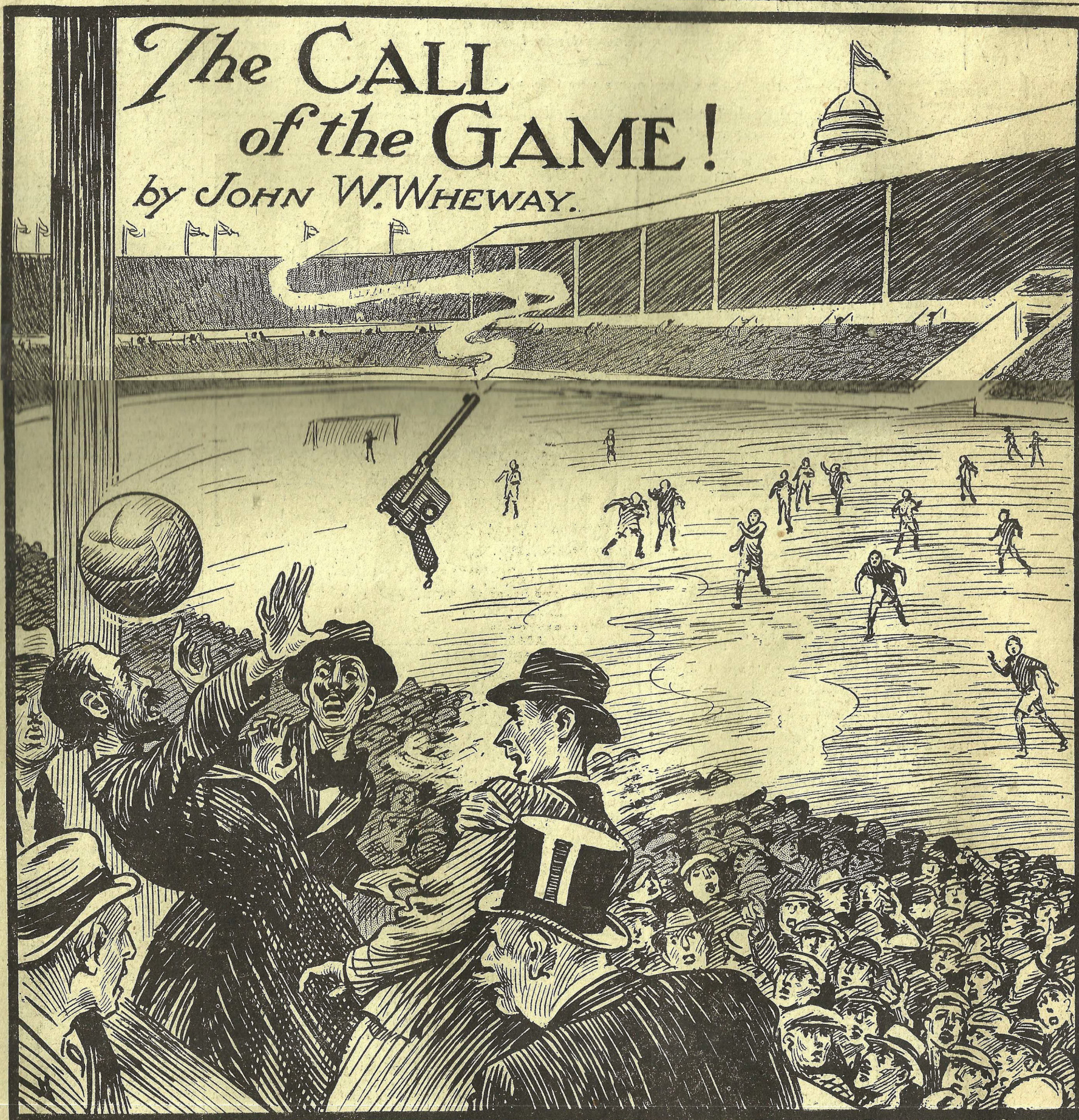
The BOYS' FRIEND 2d

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No. 1,246. Vol. XXV.—New Series.]

THE BEST BOYS' PAPER IN THE WORLD!

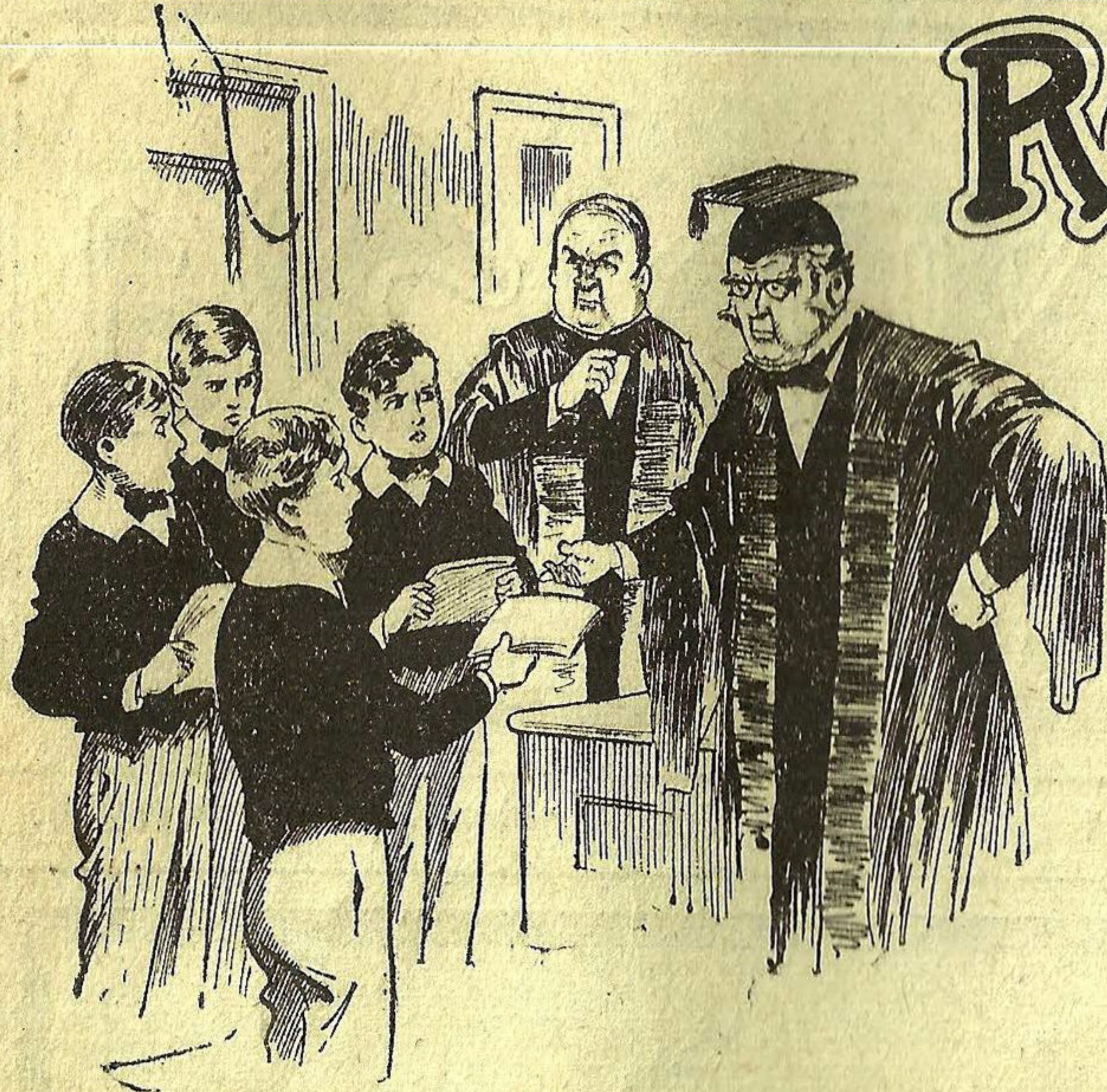
[Week Ending April 25th, 1925.]



AT THE CUP-FINAL—THE KICK THAT FOILED THE WOULD-BE ASSASSIN!

(A thrilling incident from the great Cup-Final story in this number.)

THE FIRST OF AN AMAZING NEW SERIES OF ROOKWOOD STORIES!

**The 1st Chapter.****Not a Laughing Matter!**

Jimmy Silver & Co. smiled. Mr. Greely, the master of the Fifth Form, frowned.

The chums of the Fourth were adorning the steps of the School House, when Mr. Greely came out to take his accustomed stroll in the quad in morning "quarter."

Perhaps it was not quite respectful to smile. It was Mr. Greely's nose that did it.

Mr. Greely's nose, like Marian's in the ballad, was red and raw. It was also swollen beyond its usual size. It was always a prominent feature in Mr. Greely's face. Now it was more than prominent; it was striking—it caught the most casual glance. Mr. Greely looked as if he had had the worst of a fistical encounter; if so majestic and ponderous a gentleman as the Fifth Form master could have been supposed to have engaged in a fistical encounter with anyone.

General attention at Rookwood had been drawn to Mr. Greely's nose that morning. It was very unusual to see a Form master with a nose that looked as if it had been badly punched.

The explanation was quite simple. Mr. Greely was accustomed to punching the ball for exercise before breakfast. On this particular morning he had punched not wisely but too well; and a rebounding ball had fairly crashed on his nose before the Fifth Form master could elude it.

Hence the highly-tinted and blossoming aspect of Mr. Greely's nose. It was perfectly simple; an accident that might have happened to anybody. But there was no doubt that it looked a little odd, and that it drew general attention. All over Rookwood, fellows were making their little jests about Greely's beautiful boko and Greely's prize proboscis. Some of the fellows shook their heads, and said that they had heard that punch-ball story before. Peele of the Fourth, indeed, declared that he knew, as a positive fact, that Mr. Greely had captured that nose overnight, in a personal encounter with the chucker-out at the Bird-in-Hand.

There was no doubt that Mr. Greely was sensitive about the state of his nose. He comprehended the misconceptions to which it might give rise. In the Fifth Form room that morning he had been very tart and irritable; he had suspected that the Fifth were thinking more of his prize nose than of their lessons—as probably they were. If two fellows exchanged a whisper, Mr. Greely felt certain that they were commenting on his nose. Generally, Mr. Greely's plump and chubby face was quite good-tempered in expression—now it was quite cross. He wondered incessantly what Dr. Chisholm would think of his nose when he saw it. So far he had kept it out of the Head's view; but the Head was bound to see it sooner or later. And Mr. Greely felt deeply perturbed at the anticipation of the Head's glance of cold surprise.

So when he emerged from the House, and four Fourth-Formers on the steps smiled, it was really the last straw—it put the lid on, as it were.

Jimmy Silver & Co. meant no offence. But the Fifth Form master was in a mood to take offence where none was intended.

Instead of passing the Fistical Four with his usual lofty and pompous stride, Mr. Greely turned on them, frowning darkly.

Ructions Ahead!

By
OWEN CONQUEST.

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

There is much excitement and speculation at Rookwood when Mr. Greely, the master of the Fifth, appears in public with a damaged nose!

The chums of the Fourth became grave at once.

"Well?" said Mr. Greely, in his deep and fruity voice.

"Hem! Good-morning, sir!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Nice morning, sir!" murmured Arthur Edward Lovell.

But the soft answer did not turn away wrath.

"You are disrespectful!" said Mr. Greely.

"Oh, sir!" murmured Raby.

"Not at all, sir!" said Newcome.

"The manners of some of the Lower boys in this school are simply shocking," said Mr. Greely. "You, I think, are the very worst."

"Oh, sir!" murmured Jimmy.

Really, this was a lot of fuss to make over an involuntary smile. If Mr. Greely did not want fellows to smile, he should not have taken such a nose about in public. That was how the Fistical Four looked at it.

"If you were in my Form," continued Mr. Greely, "I should cane you severely for your bad manners."

"Hem!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. were rather glad that they had not the privilege of belonging to Mr. Greely's Form.

"As you are not in my Form," went on Mr. Greely in his ponderous way. "I shall report you to your own Form master."

"What have we done, sir?" asked Jimmy Silver.

Mr. Greely did not answer that question.

He rolled ponderously down the steps, and approached Mr. Dalton, the master of the Fourth, who was taking the air in the quad.

The chums of the Fourth exchanged glances.

"Poor old Greely!" murmured Lovell. "It's his own fault; he shouldn't spring a nose like that on fellows suddenly."

"He shouldn't!" agreed Jimmy Silver.

"I wonder how he got it?" remarked Raby. "Peele says he was scrapping at an inn last night. Of course, that's rot."

"Muffin says there was a row in Masters' Common-room, and Greely and Mr. Bohun came to punching," said Newcome.

Jimmy Silver laughed.

"Bosh! It was a punch-ball accident, of course—"

"Well, that's a pretty old story, isn't it?" said Lovell. "I've heard that more than once."

"Hallo! There's Dicky wanting us!" groaned Raby.

Mr. Richard Dalton, the master of the Fourth, was beckoning to the four cheery members of his Form. He had listened to Mr. Greely's complaint, and was obviously going to take official notice of it.

Reluctantly, Jimmy Silver & Co. approached their Form master. Mr. Dalton looked very grave; and Mr. Greely stood frowning portentously, his damaged nose glowing in the sunshine.

"Mr. Greely complains that you four boys have treated him with disrespect," said Mr. Dalton severely.

"Not at all, sir," said Lovell. "We didn't mean to, anyway, sir."

"If laughing in a Form master's face is not disrespect, sir, I do not know the meaning of the word!" said Mr. Greely. "I repeat, sir, that I do not know the meaning of the word."

Mr. Dalton's lips twitched a little. His own opinion was that Mr. Greely was making an absurd fuss

over a mere trifle, which it would have been more judicious to pass over unnoticed. In fact, he found it rather difficult not to smile himself when his eyes rested on Mr. Greely's blossoming nose—that damaged feature look-



AVOIDING THE HEAD! Mr. Greely sighted Dr. Chisholm in the distance and hastily changed his course to avoid him—anxious to keep his damaged nose out of the Head's sight as long as possible.

ing so extremely odd upon a ponderous gentleman like Mr. Greely.

But discipline was discipline; and it was clear that the thoughtless juniors had smiled, if they had not laughed. And Mr. Greely was too majestic a gentleman to be even smiled at with impunity.

"I regret that any of my boys should have given offence by thoughtless want of manners," said Mr. Dalton. "You will take fifty lines each, and you will hand them to Mr. Greely personally by three o'clock. You may go."

"Oh!"

"Yes, sir!"

The Fistical Four went. Mr. Greely grunted; he considered this punishment absurdly lenient. It was not as if any other member of Dr. Chisholm's staff had been smiled at. It was Mr. Horace Greely who had been smiled at. That made the incident a serious one.

However, Mr. Dalton was turning away, evidently regarding the matter as closed. Mr. Greely departed on his stately promenade under the beeches, feeling more cross than ever. And as he sighted Dr. Chisholm in the distance, coming away from the library, Mr. Greely hastily changed his course to avoid him—anxious to keep his nose out of the Head's sight as long as possible. And passing Snooks of the Second he saw, or fancied he saw, a disrespectful smirk on Snooks' face, and astonished the fag by boxing his ears as he passed.

a pompous ass, Hansom," said Jimmy.

"We can say what we like in the Fifth!" said Hansom loftily. "But it isn't for cheeky fags to butt in and sauce our Form master. I've a jolly good mind to knock your heads together!"

"You cheeky chump—" bawled Lovell.

"Shush, old man," said Jimmy Silver amiably. "Let old Hansom get on with it. Get going, old bean."

"Yes, do!" grinned Raby.

"Oh, do!" implored Newcome.

Hansom of the Fifth gave the Fistical Four a grim look, but he did not get on with it. As a matter of fact, he would have found some difficulty in knocking those four heads together. Even two of them would have presented some difficulties.

"Waiting for you, Hansom!" chuckled Arthur Edward Lovell.

"I don't want any of your fag cheek!" said Hansom.

"Well, we don't want any of your Fifth Form swank; but we're getting it," said Jimmy Silver.

"Why don't you begin?" demanded Lovell. "Just begin, old bean, and see what will happen. I fancy you will clear off so fast that the fellows will think you're a taxi instead of a hansom."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Co.

The captain of the Fifth breathed wrath. Lovell's playful pun on his name seemed quite funny to Lovell & Co.; but Hansom did not like it

Then he rolled on, leaving Snooks of the Second rubbing his ear and staring after him with an expression that was really almost homicidal.

The 2nd Chapter. Wrathy!

"Serve you jolly well right!" Hansom of the Fifth made that disagreeable observation, addressing Jimmy Silver & Co.

Hansom frowned wrathfully at the chums of the Fourth. He had been a witness to the little scene, and apparently he derived satisfaction from the punishment that had fallen on the Fistical Four.

Jimmy Silver & Co. glared at him. They had had to take Mr. Dalton's chiding as cheerfully as they could; Richard Dalton being their Form master, and consequently not to be argued with. But they were not in the least disposed to take any "lip" from Hansom of the Fifth. That was expecting too much of their forbearance.

"You chirping owl!" said Lovell. "What's biting you?"

"Cheeking my Form master!" said Hansom warmly.

Jimmy Silver grinned.

Mr. Greely, in his own eyes, was a most important person. In Hansom's eyes, his importance was due to the fact that he was Hansom's Form master.

"I've heard you say that Greely is

a little bit. He was often called "Cabby" in the Fifth; but he did not want any of the same kind of humour from the Fourth. And forgetting, for the moment, the difficulty of dealing with these cheeky juniors all at once, Hansom of the Fifth made a rush at Lovell.

"Back up!" exclaimed Lovell.

Hansom of the Fifth collared Lovell, and was immediately collared. Four pairs of hands swept him off his feet, and he sat down in the quad with a heavy concussion.

"Ow!" roared Hansom.

Jimmy Silver & Co. walked away, Lovell only delaying a moment to knock Hansom's hat off. They disappeared into the House, leaving Edward Hansom sitting in a breathless, gasping state, quite dizzy.

Lumsden and Talboys of the Fifth came up, grinning. They gave Hansom a helping hand, and he came up panting.

"What are you grinning at?" he demanded heatedly.

"Nothin', old chap," said Lumsden soothingly. "Here's your hat."

"If you think there's anything funny in those cheeky fags—"

"Not at all—"

"Why, you're grinning now!" said Hansom angrily.

"Well, you did look a bit comic, old fellow, sittin' there like a moulting fowl, you know," said Talboys.

Hansom glared, and snatched his hat and walked away in dudgeon; leaving his two friends still grinning.

Jimmy Silver & Co. strolled into the School House, feeling a little solaced by the handling of Hansom. Certainly they would have preferred to bump the master of the Fifth; but that was impossible, and bumping a Fifth Form fellow was all to the good!

Nevertheless the chums of the Fourth were irate when they went into their Form-room for third lesson.

They had been called over the coals by their Form master, and given fifty lines each, to be handed in by three o'clock. That meant spoiling the beginning of the half-holiday. And the lines had to be handed in to Mr. Greely personally, not to their own Form master. That was the unkindest cut of all.

Taking in the lines to Mr. Greely would be extremely disagreeable, as Mr. Dalton knew well enough. Doubtless his object was to impress upon their minds that Rookwood juniors must be quite respectful to every individual member of the Rookwood staff.

Still, the chums of the Fourth felt that Dicky Dalton might have found some other method.

"They did not want to see Mr. Greely in his study, and to listen to the pompous and long-winded reprimand which he was certain to deliver when they took their impots. They did not want to admit the Fifth Form master to any sort of authority over them. Really it was too bad of Dicky.

In third lesson they did not seem quite so merry and bright as usual. Mr. Dalton did not seem to observe it.

After class, Jimmy Silver & Co. came out with the rest of the Fourth, and Mornington joined them in the passage.

"What about that spin to Bunbury?" he asked. "We shall have to wheel out immediately after dinner."

"It's off," grunted Lovell. "Off so far as we are concerned. We've got lines."

"That's all right—you can chance it with Dalton," said Morny.

"It's not Dalton—it's Greely."

Mornington stared.

"Don Pomposo can't give you lines," he said. "What do you mean?"

Jimmy Silver explained.

"It's too bad," said Erroll. "We'll wait till you've done your impots, if you like."

"No, don't do that," said Jimmy. "We'll make it another day. No need to spoil your spin. I wish now we'd looked the other way when Greely brought his blessed nose along. Bother his boko!"

"Here he comes!" murmured Putty of the Fourth.

Mr. Greely was coming along from the Fifth Form-room, solemn and stately, with his damaged nose glowing fiery red.

The group of Fourth-Formers were very careful not to smile. But it seemed to Mr. Greely that every eye there was fixed on his unfortunate nose. It glowed like a beacon, and was really more striking than ever.

He halted, and looked at the Fistical Four, frowning. Jimmy Silver & Co. looked as grave as judges.

"Silver!"

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy restively. Really, if Mr. Greely was going to begin again, Jimmy felt that his patience would give out.

"I shall expect your lines at three o'clock."

The Fistical Four breathed deep and hard. Mr. Greely spoke as if he had been their Form master and had authority over them. And he hadn't—nothing of the kind, excepting on this one occasion, by order of their own master.

"Very well, sir," said Jimmy, as respectfully as he could.

"I shall expect the lines to be well written, not in the slipshod style which, I fear, is somewhat customary in your Form," said Mr. Greely. "If your imposition does not satisfy me, I shall order you to write the lines over again. Take care!"

With that warning, Mr. Greely sailed on.

"Well, that's the limit!" said Mornington. "Does the pompous ass think he's master of the Fourth?"

"I jolly well wouldn't do the lines at all, for Greely!" exclaimed Peele. "I jolly well wouldn't!" agreed Gower.

"Don't do them, Silver, and let him rip!" said Higgs.

Jimmy Silver & Co. walked away in silence with deep feelings. They were strongly disposed not to write lines at all; and some of the Fourth seemed to expect them to stand up against this interference from "old Greely."

"It's too thick!" breathed Lovell. "Giving us orders; let him order the lines to be written over twice, that's all! I know I jolly well won't take any notice if he does."

Jimmy knitted his brows.

"It's just cheek," he said. "Greely's always butting into something or other—there isn't a master that he doesn't advise and worry with his interfering cheek—and now Dalton's given him an opening, he's taking it on himself to order us about! I've a jolly good mind—"

Jimmy paused.

"Let's get out on the bikes with Morny and Erroll, and blow the lines," suggested Lovell.

"I've a good mind to. But—"

"He, he, he!" Tubby Muffin joined the Fistical Four in the quad. "I say, that's rather rotten for you fellows. I wouldn't stand it!"

"Wouldn't you, Tubby?" growled Lovell.

"No fear!" said Muffin. "I'd jolly well tell Greely to mind his own dashed bizney, I would! Who's Greely? You fellows can take orders from him if you like, but I can tell you that I jolly well wouldn't! Yaroooh! If you kick me again, Lovell, you beast—Yooop!"

Reginald Muffin jumped away.

"Yah!" he hooted. "You can jolly well kick me, but you're funky of old Greely! Yah!"

And with that Parthian shot Tubby Muffin fled.

"That does it!" said Lovell savagely. "I'm not going to do the lines, Jimmy. I'm not going to be called a funk by a fat tick like Muffin."

"Don't be an ass, old chap," said Raby. "Muffin would do the lines, in our place."

"I know he would, but I'm not going to. Blow Greely!"

"It means trouble with Dicky Dalton."

"Blow Dicky Dalton, if it comes to that!"

Arthur Edward was evidently in a truculent mood.

"I'm not going to knuckle under to Greely, and that's the long and the short of it," he said.

And from that rebellious determination Arthur Edward Lovell refused to depart.

The 3rd Chapter. Lovell's Wheeze.

"I've got it!" Arthur Edward Lovell whispered the words to Jimmy Silver at the dinner-table.

Lovell had been thinking; and, to judge by the grin on his face, his thoughts were of a humorous nature.

Jimmy had asked him to pass the salt; but Lovell, deeply occupied, by his own reflections, had not even heard him.

"I've got it!" he breathed in Jimmy's ear.

"You've got it?" asked Jimmy, a little puzzled.

"Yes, rather!"

"Pass it along, then."

"Eh? Pass what along?"

"The salt."

"Salt!" repeated Lovell. "Salt! Who's talking about salt?"

"I am. You said you'd got it."

"You silly ass! Blow the salt! Look here, I've got it—a wheeze—a tiptop wheeze to dish old Greely! I'll tell you—"

"Not quite so much talking at the table, please!" came in Mr. Dalton's quiet voice.

Lovell checked himself. It was no time or place to inform his chums of the great wheeze he had thought of. Certainly, it would not have done to allow Mr. Dalton to catch a whisper of it.

Lovell was eager for dinner to be over. As soon as the Rookwood fellows went out he caught Jimmy by the arm.

"Come up to the study."

"Well, we may as well get on with the lines now," agreed Jimmy Silver.

"That's it, the jolly old lines!" grinned Lovell.

"Eh? Didn't you say you weren't going to do them, Lovell?" asked Newcome.

"Never mind that. Come up to the study. I've got a wheeze."

Lovell dragged his comrades away to the end study in the Fourth. There he shut the door in quite a mysterious way, before he imparted his wonderful wheeze. He was grinning widely. His comrades, on the other hand, were quite serious. As a matter of fact, they had had some experience of Arthur Edward's

"I remember. But why—"

"I've got it here," said Lovell, sorting over the bookshelf. "Here it is! Wait a minute. Listen!"

And Arthur Edward read out from the ballad at the end of that Shakespearean play:

"When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parsons saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red
and raw!"

"THE CALL of the GAME!"
OUR GREAT CUP-FINAL
STORY IS ON PAGE 683.
READ IT RIGHT AWAY!

Lovell closed the volume with a snap.

"Got it?" he asked.

"Nunno! Not quite. What—"

"That's the line: 'And Marian's nose looks red and raw!'" Lovell chuckled.

"We've got fifty lines to do, and if we like to write the same line over and over again that's

score over him, and—and there you are!"

"But has he got any sense?" murmured Newcome.

"Anyhow, we score! Look here, it's no end of a wheeze. Fancy his face when he looks at the impots!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a sound of merriment in the end study. The thought of Mr. Greely's face, when he looked at those unusual impots, made the chums of the Fourth roar.

But—there was a but!—it might be a feast of humour, but after the feast came the reckoning!

But though his chums felt doubtful, Arthur Edward Lovell was not to be deterred. Indeed, dubiety on the part of his comrades had its usual effect of confirming him in his determination. Lovell sat down at the study table with a pen and a sheaf of impot paper, and began. His pen raced over the paper, and the Co. watched his impot grow.

"And Marian's nose looks red and raw!"

"And Marian's nose looks red and raw!"

"And Marian's nose looks red and raw!"

"And Marian's nose looks red and raw!"

"And Marian's nose looks red and raw!"

That was how Lovell's impot

finished Jimmy Silver & Co. had received at least a dozen visitors from the Classical Fourth, who stared at the growing impots and chuckled explosively. It was agreed on all hands that it was a great jest, and this unanimity of opinion greatly bucked Arthur Edward Lovell. It was not always that his wheezes caught on like this. It was agreed, also, that the Fistical Four were asking for a licking if they handed in those impots to Horace Greely; but that could not be helped. Now that the thing was public Jimmy Silver & Co. felt that it was up to them.

And when the lines were done the four juniors started for Mr. Greely's study, to deliver their impositions as commanded by their Form master.

The 4th Chapter. On the Carpet.

"Come in!" snapped Mr. Greely. It was close on three o'clock, and as a tap came at his study door, Mr. Greely supposed that it heralded the arrival of the four delinquents of the Fourth with their impositions.

As a matter of fact, it did not. Jimmy Silver & Co. had not arrived yet. Dr. Chisholm, the Head of Rookwood, had arrived.

The Head opened Mr. Greely's door and entered. Mr. Greely had a lofty frown on his lofty face, all ready for the juniors, to impress upon them that it was their duty to enter his impressive presence in fear and trembling. The headmaster had the full benefit of that majestic frown as he entered.

"Oh!" ejaculated Mr. Greely. He jumped up in confusion.

"Dr. Chisholm!"

The visit was entirely unexpected. Like a flash it passed through Mr. Greely's mind that, when he had avoided the Head in the quad that morning he had not, as he had supposed, quite succeeded in keeping his flaming nose from observation. Dr. Chisholm's eyes were very keen; that nose had struck him, even in distance, and Mr. Greely knew, he felt, that the Head had dropped into his study for a closer inspection.

It was very confusing to Mr. Greely, especially as his brain, though no doubt a powerful one, did not work very quickly. It was really not easy to switch off, at a moment's notice, from the majestic dignity of an offended master to the sedulous respect of a member of the staff in the presence of his chief.

Mr. Greely stood blinking at the Head, his cheeks almost as crimson as his nose.

"Pray excuse my interrupting you, Mr. Greely," said Dr. Chisholm in his politest and coldest tone.

"Not at all, sir!" gasped Mr. Greely. He was conscious that the cold, icy gaze of the Head was fairly boring into his swollen and inflamed nose, almost like a gimlet. "Will you—hem—pray be seated, sir. This is—hem—an unexpected pleasure, sir. May I offer you—hem—a chair?"

The Head remained standing, grimly regardless of Mr. Greely's anxious and confused courtesy.

"I shall not detain you more than a few minutes, Mr. Greely."

"Very good, sir—that is—I mean—"

It was always rather annoying to Horace Greely that he felt awed in the presence of the Head. He felt that he ought not to feel like that. He was a much more majestic and ponderous personage than the Head; he was heavier by several stone, he was taller, he was wider—undoubtedly wider. Yet he was always awed, in spite of himself, by the headmaster of Rookwood, and it chafed him. Often and often had Mr. Greely resolved that he would deal with his chief as man to man, but in the Head's presence that old, uncomfortable feeling of uneasy awe always would revive.

"I could not help observing you this morning, Mr. Greely, when I passed you at a distance in the quad-range."

"Oh! Yes! Quite so! An accident—"

"You cannot fail to be aware, Mr. Greely, that your present—hem—aspect—is very—very unusual in a member of my staff. I have no desire, no right to interfere in the slightest degree with your private concerns. But certain things—a certain regard to appearances—are naturally expected of a gentleman, holding such a position as that of master to a senior Form at Rookwood School."

Mr. Greely's face might have been a freshly-boiled beetroot, to judge by its complexion.

(Continued overleaf.)



A SHAKING FOR LOVELL! "Mr. Greely—" began Lovell. He got no further. He was spluttered. "I—I say—yoooogh—grooogh—leggo—I say—oh, my hat—leggo!" "Impertinent young rascal!" boomed Mr. Greely. "I—I say—grooogh—Shake!—shake!—shake!" "Leggo! I say—oh, crumbs! Yoooop!"

wheezes and did not think much of them, as a rule.

"I've got it," said Lovell. "We're going to do those lines—fifty each. But it wasn't specified what lines we were to do."

"Eh? It's always Virgil, unless it's specified otherwise," said Jimmy Silver. "Fifty lines of Virgil, of course."

"I know that, ass. Still, we can make it fifty lines of something else, if we like."

"I—I suppose we could," assented Jimmy dubiously. "Blessed if I see why we should, though."

"What about Shakespeare?"

"Shakespeare?"

"Yes, Shakespeare!"

"Shakespeare isn't Latin."

"Mr. Dalton didn't say Latin," rejoined Lovell.

"No; but it's understood."

"We needn't understand it for once, if we choose."

"Blessed if I see what you're driving at Lovell," said Raby, in wonder. "I'd rather write out Virgil than Shakespeare myself. We're more used to it."

"You don't seem to see the point yet."

"Oh, you're coming to a point?" asked Raby innocently.

"Yes!" roared Lovell.

"Oh, all right! Get on to it, then."

"We're going to write our lines from 'Love's Labour's Lost,'" said Lovell. "You remember we had an act of it in class one day?"

our business. We're going to write out that line fifty times."

"My hat!"

"Got it now?" grinned Lovell.

"Phew!"

Lovell's chums stared at him.

They had "got it" now, certainly. They had fifty lines each to write, and fifty lines from Shakespeare might, perhaps, pass muster instead of fifty Latin verses. It might possibly be conceded that the same line might be written over fifty times, instead of fifty distinct lines—possibly, though not probably.

But that particular line—

"We're not bound to guess that Dicky Dalton meant Latin lines, or that he meant fifty different lines," said Lovell argumentatively. "That line's good enough. Shakespeare is good enough for Greely, I suppose. That's the line I'm going to write; you fellows can please yourselves."

"But—" gasped Jimmy Silver.

"But—"

"Greely will know it's an illusion to his jolly old boko!" exclaimed Raby.

"Of course he will. If he didn't it wouldn't be a wheeze!"

"He will be frightfully wild," said Newcome.

"That's what I want."

"Hem! But—"

"What can he do?" demanded Lovell. "If he makes a fuss, it will be all over the school; he will be chortled to death. If he's got any sense, he'll just shove the impots in the fire and say nothing. We shall

started, and that was how it continued. Jimmy Silver looked at it and chuckled.

After all, it was worth a little risk. It was really a great jest, and was certain to be howled over by all Rookwood if Mr. Greely made a fuss about it. Even in Masters' Common-room there would be chuckles over that extraordinary impot. Besides, that line from Shakespeare referred, distinctly, to Marian's nose—not to Mr. Greely's nose. Mr. Greely would have no real right to suppose that there was any reference to his own nose. If he was touchy, at present, on the subject of noses, that was his own look-out.

Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome sat round the table and started writing. And all the lines they wrote referred to the redness and rawness of Marian's nose.

Putty of the Fourth looked into the study while the four were going strong.

"You fellows busy?"

"Yes, rather! Lines for Greely," said Jimmy Silver, without looking up. "They've got to go in at three."

"Take a squint at 'em," said Lovell.

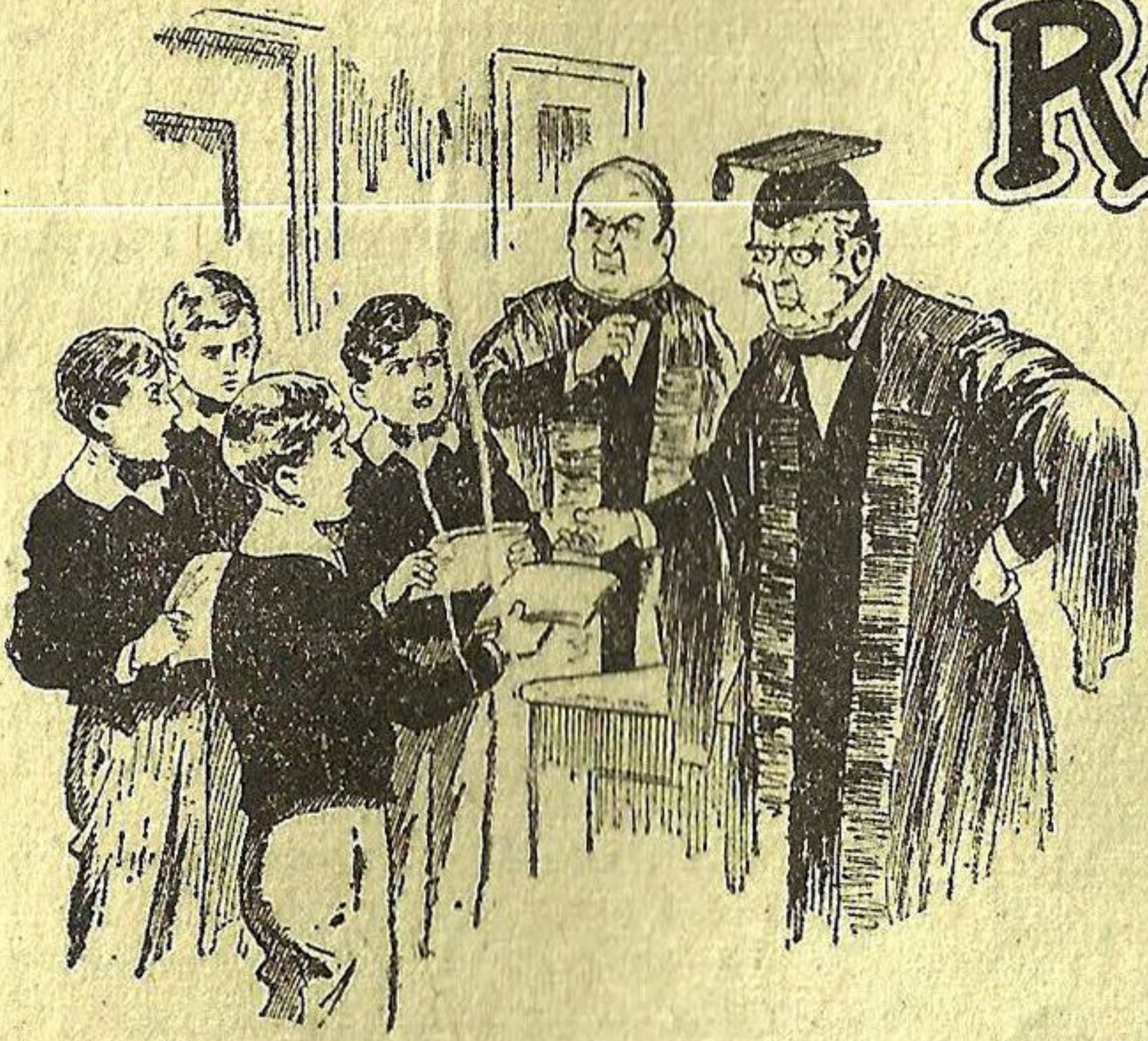
Putty of the Fourth took a "squint" and uttered a yell.

"That's for Greely?"

"Yes."

"Oh, my hat! Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Putty.

And Putty of the Fourth rushed away to tell the news along the passage. Before those impots were



Ructions Ahead!

(Continued from
previous page.)

"Yes, sir. An accident—"
"Boxing," said the Head, ruthlessly interrupting Mr. Greely, "is a very healthy form of exercise, I believe. Among the boys, I think it should be encouraged to every reasonable extent. In a middle-aged gentleman, Mr. Greely, a certain restraint is advisable."

"I—I was not—it was not—that is—you will see—" Mr. Greely was a little incoherent.
"A bruised and swollen nose on a Form master is likely—I may say certain—to cause something in the nature of risibility among the boys, Mr. Greely."

Mr. Greely was only too painfully aware that it had already caused a good deal in the nature of risibility among the Rookwood fellows.

"I should not like to use the words ludicrous," said the Head, and immediately proceeded to use it. "If you will take the trouble to glance into your mirror, Mr. Greely, you will see for yourself that such an aspect, in a gentleman of your years, can only be described as ludicrous."

"Sir! I—I—"
"It may give rise to an impression—doubtless unfounded, I trust quite unfounded—that you, a Rookwood master, have engaged in some kind of an encounter at fisticuffs," said the Head.

"An accident—"
"Quite so, quite so!" With a wave of his hand the Head waved aside all explanations. "I understand, quite so. But you do not need me to tell you, Mr. Greely, that such accidents should be carefully avoided by a gentleman of your years, and in your position. Such accidents are liable to cause the most unfavourable and disrespectful comment."

Mr. Greely gasped.
He wondered whether the Head actually suspected that he had been fighting somebody, like a fag of the Lower School.

"That is all!" said the Head. "I felt compelled to mention the matter, Mr. Greely. I—"

Knock!
The door opened again, and four juniors of the Fourth Form marched in with impots in their hands, little dreaming that they were marching into the presence of their headmaster.

At the sight of Dr. Chisholm the four stopped dead.
The Head glanced at them.

Jimmy Silver & Co. stood in a silent row, impots in hand. It was within a minute or two of three o'clock, but certainly they would have postponed their visit had they known that the Head was with Mr. Greely. But it was too late now.

Mr. Greely gave them an unhappy glare.

"Place your lines on the table!" he articulated.

"Yes, sir."
"One moment." The Head's voice interposed, cold as steel and as hard. "Have these Fourth Form boys brought impositions to you, Mr. Greely?"

"Yes—as you see, sir."
"I fail to understand. It is a rigid and unbroken rule at Rookwood that no Form master interferes with the duties of another. Am I to understand that you have imposed lines upon boys in Mr. Dalton's Form, Mr. Greely?"

The Fistical Four stood red and uncomfortable. Mr. Greely had annoyed them extremely; but they could feel for him now.

"You are to understand nothing of the kind, sir!" said Mr. Greely, goaded, as it were, into resistance.

"What?"
"These boys were guilty of disrespect to me, sir, and Mr. Dalton imposed the lines, and ordered them to bring the lines to me."

"A very unusual proceeding," said the Head coldly, "and a very unusual imposition. Give me that paper, Silver."

"I see nothing unusual in the imposition, sir," said Mr. Greely. "Fifty lines is not unusual."

Mr. Greely had not seen those lines yet; but the Head had had a glimpse of the papers.
"Do you hear me, Silver?"
"Oh! Yes, sir!" gasped Jimmy.
Lovell's wonderful wheeze was not working out as per programme. Even Lovell would scarcely have dreamed of writing out that line from "Love's Labour's Lost" had he been able to guess that the impots would be handed over to the headmaster.

Dr. Chisholm took the paper from Jimmy, and fixed his eyes upon it. The juniors stood quite still.

"Silver!"
"Yes, sir!" murmured Jimmy.
"Were these the lines set you by Mr. Dalton?"

"Mr. Dalton did not specify what lines we were to write, sir!" gasped Jimmy. "We—we decided on—a—a line from—from Shakespeare, sir!"

Jimmy Silver made that explanation, as the only possible one, painfully aware all the time that it was, so to speak, a chicken that would not fight.

"Is it customary, in writing impositions for your Form master to repeat the same line ad infinitum?"
"N-n-no, sir."

"I thought not! Have you selected this line from a play of Shakespeare's as an impertinent reference to—hem—Mr. Greely's present state, the result of an accident?"

The junior did not answer. No answer, in fact, was needed. They waited for the thunderbolt.

"Very well," said the Head, very quietly. "I shall speak of this to your Form master. You may go."

The juniors were glad to escape from the study.

Mr. Greely wiped perspiration from his purple brow.
"This is—this is unheard-of insolence, sir!" he said gasping. "This is—an occasion for severe punishment!"

"I do not agree with you, Mr. Greely," said the Head coldly.

best interests of Rookwood, might well have been hastened, Mr. Greely considered. And he had stood all this because a punch-ball had rebounded on his nose.

The Head had not even allowed him to mention the punch-ball—the Head, doubtless, would have regarded punch-ball exercise as frivolous. Certainly it was difficult to imagine the Head himself punching the ball.

"I will not endure this!" gasped Mr. Greely.

Did the Head think he had captured that nose in a fight with a potman? he wrathfully asked himself. Really, one might have supposed so from the way Dr. Chisholm had addressed him. True, such an adornment was lamentably out of place on the countenance of a senior master at Rookwood; no one was more sensible of that than Mr. Greely himself. But accidents will happen; he had not deliberately planned to let the punch-ball rebound on his nose! Did the Head suppose he had?

"It is not to be borne!" said Mr. Greely.
The worm will turn. And Horace Greely was not a worm, by any means.

Every member of Masters' Common-room had gone through the experience, at one time or another, of saying to himself that he would resign—that he really would not and could not stand it. Nevertheless, no master ever had resigned in Dr.

had spoiled everything. Mr. Greely had been on the carpet, they realised; and their little jape had made matters worse for him.

That was not what they had wanted at all. They had wanted to pull Mr. Greely's leg in return for his pompous interference with their noble selves. But making the poor gentleman look a complete fool in the presence of his Chief was quite another matter. They had not wanted that, and they were sorry for it.

"It was rather a fizzle," said Jimmy Silver. "The Beak was there—that spoiled it all."
"The Head!" exclaimed Putty of the Fourth.

"Yes. Of course, we never knew he was there when we butted in—"

"My hat! Greely must have felt an ass!"

"I know he looked one."
"Was the Head ragging him about his boko?" chuckled Oswald.

"I fancy so! Poor old Don Pomposo!"

"Well, a Form master shouldn't gather up a nose like that!" grinned Peele. "We should get lined if we took a boko like that into class! Form masters ought to know better."

"Ha ha ha!"
The Fistical Four walked away, not feeling at all easy or satisfied in their minds. Arthur Edward Lovell was almost shamefaced.

His great jest had fallen rather flat, he felt. They had scored over Mr. Greely—more than they had intended or desired. The Head had been "ragging" him, that was clear; and they felt sorry for any man who was up before those steady, icy eyes, and that cool, incisive voice. Mr. Greely had annoyed them, but they had not wanted really to hurt or pain him, and they knew that he had fairly writhed.

Arthur Edward Lovell waited for his comrades to speak. He was prepared to hear them say that it was a rotten wheeze, and that he ought to be kicked for having thought of it. Then Lovell was prepared to maintain that it was a first-class wheeze, and if it had happened to give a sharper edge to the Head's "ragging" of Mr. Greely—why, that couldn't be helped, and anyhow it served Don Pomposo right!

But as his comrades did not speak, Lovell, not being driven into obstinacy by criticism, realised that he was sorry himself that he had ever evolved that masterly stunt.

"It's rather rotten," said Lovell. "Poor old Greely looked fairly on toast. Do you know, I rather believe that the Beak was glad we butted in with that rag; it gave him a chance to rub it in harder."

"Shouldn't wonder," said Jimmy. "The—the fact is—" Lovell hesitated.

"Go it!"
"Well, the fact is, I wish it hadn't happened, and—and Greely is a pompous old ass, of course—a really priceless old ass; but—but I—I—I think we owe him an apology."

Jimmy Silver smiled. That was his own idea; and he had expected Lovell to arrive at that conclusion if undeterred by hostile criticism.

"Think so?" he asked.

"Well, yes! The old boy was fairly sweating," said Lovell. "You heard what the Head said, after we left the study; he didn't care if we heard! Bit thick, ragging a master with fellows hanging about to hear! The fact is, the Head's a bit of a Tartar at times, and he was grilling Greely. I—I've a jolly good mind to apologise to Don Pomposo."

"Good idea!" said Raby. "Let's!"
"After all, he's not a bad sort—only an old ass!" argued Lovell. "It's jolly bad form cheeking a master, too; though you fellows don't seem to realise it."

That was Arthur Edward Lovell all over, so to speak. His three comrades glared at him.

"Whose wheeze was it, you cheeky fathead?" hooted Raby.

"Didn't you drag us into it, ass?" demanded Newcome.

"We've done a cheeky thing, and made the poor old scout look an awful fool to the Head," said Jimmy Silver. "But—"

"I don't see any good in arguing and ragging," said Lovell. "I've said it's bad form cheeking a master, and if you fellows don't agree with me, I'm sorry, that's all."

"I tell you—" bawled Raby. "You needn't yell at me, Raby; I'm not deaf. The question is, shall we all go to Mr. Greely, or shall I go alone?" said Lovell. "I dare say I could put it more tactfully by myself; no need for you chaps to be butting in with irrelevant stuff in

(Continued on page 688.)



HANSOM COMES A CROPPER! Hansom of the Fifth made a rush at Arthur Edward Lovell. Lovell, and was immediately collared. Four pairs of hands swept him off his feet, and he sat down in the quad with a heavy concussion. "Ow!" roared Hansom. Jimmy Silver & Co. walked away, Lovell only delaying a moment to knock Hansom's hat off.

"Upon my word!"
Dr. Chisholm looked at the juniors. At a sign from him, Lovell and Raby and Newcome handed over their impots. The Head scanned them in a terrible silence.

Still silent, but with thunder in his brow, he placed the sheets on the table before Mr. Greely.

The Fifth Form master looked at them. He looked, and stared, and blinked. He had expected to see Virgilian verses, probably beginning with "Arma vrumque cano." Instead of which he saw was:

"And Marian's nose looks red and raw."
"And Marian's nose looks red and raw."
"And Marian's nose looks red and raw."
"And Marian's nose looks red and raw."
"And Marian's nose looks red and raw."
"And Marian's nose looks red and raw."
"And Marian's nose looks red and raw."
"And Marian's nose looks red and raw."

And so on, and so on, covering the sheets in four varieties of handwriting.

Mr. Greely gazed and gazed, his plump face growing more and more crimson, till it was purple as a ripe grape. The silence in the Fifth Form master's study could almost have been cut with a knife.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Greely at last, in a faint voice.

"The boys have been impertinent. By appearing in public, sir, with the aspect of a—I cannot say less—the aspect of a prize-fighter—"

"Sir!"
"The aspect of a prize-fighter, you have provoked this impertinence. You have only yourself to thank, Mr. Greely!"

"Dr. Chisholm!"
"I make no inquiry into the cause of the injury you have received, Mr. Greely. That does not concern me. But I beg of you, sir, to bear in mind that such accidents are to be avoided. The impertinence of these juniors should be a warning to you on that point."

"Sir! I—"

"That is all, Mr. Greely."
Dr. Chisholm sailed out of the study. He swept past four rather troubled juniors in the corridor. Mr. Greely, perspiring, wiped his brow, and stared at the door that had closed after the Head! He respected the Head, but he had sometimes been intensely exasperated by him. Now he was exasperated to such an extent that he trembled with resentment.

He had been called over the coals—really rated, as if he had been a boy standing before an incensed Form master—he, whose deep, fruity voice dominated Masters' Common-room; he, who in his heart of hearts felt entitled to the succession of the headmastership, when Dr. Chisholm should retire—a date which, in the

Chisholm's time. The Head had his grim moods, and sometimes, perhaps, rather forgot that his subordinates were human beings; but, on the whole, he was a kind and just gentleman, and greatly respected.

Still, there was a limit. Horace Greely felt that the limit had been reached. He would throw in his resignation. He forgot, for the moment, that he had felt like this before, and had come to the same result.

With glowing cheeks, and a still more glowing nose, the perturbed master of the Fifth left his study at last, with the fixed determination to follow the Head to his room, and there, with lofty and dignified front, to hurl his resignation—metaphorically, of course—at the feet of the headmaster of Rookwood.

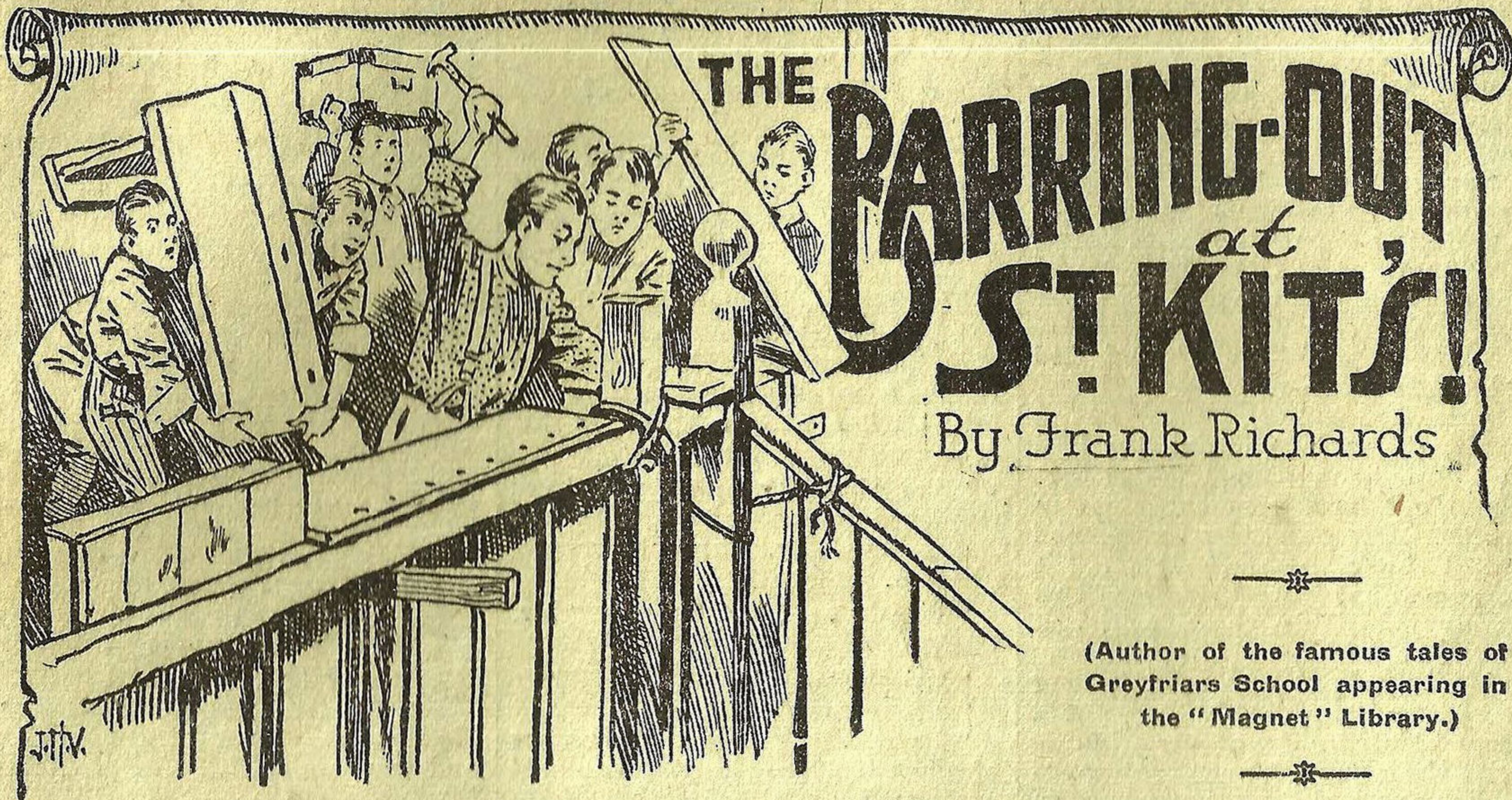
The 5th Chapter. Just Like Lovell!

"How did it go?"
"Licked?"
"What did Greely say?"
"What did Greely do?"

There was a rain of questions as Jimmy Silver & Co. returned from their visit to Mr. Greely's study, and were surrounded by a dozen of the Classical Fourth.

They did not look as if they had, after all, scored a victory. They were looking rather worried. The presence of the headmaster

AN EXCITING STORY OF SCHOOLBOYS IN REBELLION!



The Fourth Form rebels have their work cut out to repulse the vicious attacks of Mr. Carker's hired ruffians!

The 1st Chapters.

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 doctor. 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 Bill 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, and defy all efforts of the prefects to dislodge them. During that night Harry Wilmot & Co. make a raid on the school kitchen, and take away with them everything eatable and drinkable that they can lay their hands on.

In the hope of bringing the rebels to heel, Mr. Carker visits Bill Slaney and arranges with him to send a number of men to the school for the purpose of ejecting Harry Wilmot & Co. from their stronghold. When Slaney's men duly arrive at St. Kit's, Mr. Carker is somewhat taken aback to see that they are such a rough-looking crowd.

"Where's the young blighters we've got to deal with?" demands Jim Spadger, the leader of the gang, of Mr. Carker. "We're ready for them, guv'nor!"

Fighting It Out!

Mr. Carker breathed hard as he stared at Jim Spadger and his gang of ruffians.

After all, he had to use what materials he could find for the very peculiar business in view. These men certainly looked as if they were accustomed to any amount of "scrapping," and could give a good account of themselves—and that, after all, was what he needed. The Fourth Form rebellion had to be put down somehow.

"Quid each, sir, for the job—their terms as I understand from Bill Slaney," said Mr. Spadger.

"Oh, yes! Quite so!" gasped Mr. Carker.

"Set of cheeky young ribs to be knocked about, ain't it, sir?"

"We'll knock 'em about all right, sir, don't you fear!" said another of the gang cheerily.

"Bless your little 'art, sir," said Spadger, "we won't leave 'em a nose to smell with when we get through with them!"

"Hem! The fact is, my man, I—I have a little difficulty with some rebellious boys," said Mr. Carker. "They have barricaded themselves in an upper passage. You will climb over the barricade, and—and bring them out and hand them over to me. You are authorised to thrash them until they submit—"

"'Ear, 'ear!"

"Leave that to us, sir!"

"But you will be careful not to inflict any injury," said Mr. Carker hastily. He really was a little alarmed. "I am answerable for the boys, and, of course—"

"Leave it to us, sir!" said Jim Spadger. "We'll give 'em a thundering good 'iding, sir, and leave it at that!"

"Very well," said Mr. Carker. "Follow me."

"We're arter you, sir!"

And Mr. Carker led off his flock towards the School House. Old Cootie gazed after them blankly. He wondered in a dazed sort of way what St. Kit's was coming to, and what Dr. Chenies would have said had he been able to see that gang slouching across the old quadrangle.

"My eye!" murmured old Cootie. "This beats it! This do beat it, and no mistake!"

Quite heedless of the opinion of old Cootie, Mr. Carker led his merry men into the House.

They tramped up the stairs after him and arrived at the landing below the Fourth Form staircase, where they stared in grinning surprise at the barricade. And there was a shout above:

"Look out!"

"The giddy enemy!"

Harry Wilmot looked over the barricade.

He looked and stared.

He had wondered where the Head would gather forces for the forthcoming attack, but certainly it had not occurred to him that a man holding the dignified post of headmaster of St. Kit's would gather his allies among the riffraff of a racecourse. The captain of the Fourth stared blankly at the ruffianly gang gathered on the landing below.

"Well, my hat!" he ejaculated.

"Oh gad!" murmured St. Leger.

"What a crowd!"

"What a crew!" said Durance.

Mr. Carker stared up at the rebels, as they looked down, with a bitter scowl.

"Wilmot!"

"Hallo!"

"You see these men—"

"Yes, sir!" said Harry. "They look as if they want washing! Friends of yours, sir?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"These men have come here to assist me in restoring order in the school, Wilmot!" said Mr. Carker, between his teeth.

"New sort of a job for them, sir—what?" asked Algernon Aubrey.

"They don't look as if they're

specially keen on law and order! How on earth did they all get out of chokey at once?"

"Silence, St. Leger! I give you young scoundrels a last chance of yielding to authority before force is used!" said Mr. Carker. "I warn you that if you do not remove that barricade immediately, and descend and place yourselves under my authority, these men

will compel you to do so by force! Take warning in time!"

"Rats!"

"Thanks for your warning, old scout!" said Bob Rake. "One good turn deserves another, so take that in return!"

"That" was a potato, which whizzed down the staircase with a deadly aim. Mr. Carker took it with his nose.

"Goal!" roared Stubbs.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Carker spluttered.

"Go on at once, Spadger! All of you—at once!" he shouted.

"Back up, St. Kit's!" roared Bob Rake.

Jim Spadger was already clambering over the stacked furniture.

Tracy and Howard and Lumley, and one or two more of the nuts, bolted into Study No. 5 and locked the door. The mere look of Spadger & Co. was enough for them. Bunny Bootles made himself as small as possible under a study table.

But there were plenty of good men and true to back up Harry Wilmot.

The barricade was crammed with defenders, every one with a weapon of some kind in his hand.

"Hit hard!" panted Harry.

"Once they get over, we're done! Hit hard and hit often!"

"Yaas, begad!"

"Back up, St. Kit's!" roared Bob Rake.

Jim Spadger was already clambering over the stacked furniture.

Minute followed minute, with terrific uproar echoing through the school. Jim Spadger clambered desperately over the barricade as if impervious to the hefty swipes that showered on him. But his followers essayed in vain to follow him. Spadger rolled among the defenders and jumped up, hitting out right and left. But a chair wielded by Bob Rake crashed on the side of his head, and Jim Spadger went rolling over. Three or four juniors jumped on him and pinned him down.

"We've got this brute!" gasped Stubbs, jamming a knee in Mr. Spadger's neck. "You keep off the others!"

"What-ho!" panted Bob.

Crash! Bump!

Two of the gang went rolling down the stairs again. They reached the landing and rested there, completely winded and very considerably damaged. Five of the ruffians were still clambering savagely at the barricade.

But the swiping blows from

(Continued overleaf.)

"Lose no time! Attack those young scoundrels—"

"Leave it to us, guv'nor!"

Mr. Carker did not need telling that. He had no intention of taking part in the conflict personally. Like the celebrated Duke of Plaza-Tor, he preferred to lead from behind. He found it less exciting.

Jim Spadger started up the staircase, with his merry men grinning behind him. Evidently they did not expect to find much trouble in dealing with a crowd of schoolboys.

Wilmot held up his hand, "Stop!" he shouted.

"Not 'arf!" grinned Mr. Spadger.

"I warn you that you will be knocked over if you come on!"

"I don't think! Arter me, mates!"

"We're arter you, Jim!"

And there was a rush.

"Back up!" shouted the captain of the Fourth.

It was a formidable attack—much more formidable than that of the St. Kit's prefects.

Once this gang got across the barricade, they were not likely to find much difficulty in dealing with schoolboys at close quarters.

But the barricade was there, and there were valiant and determined defenders behind it. The rebels were serious enough now. They realised that it was going to be a desperate struggle. Oliphant and his fellow-prefects were a mere jest to this hefty crowd.

But they did not shrink.



THE FIGHT WITH SPADGER'S GANG! "Back up, St. Kit's!" roared Bob Rake. Jim Spadger was the first in the fray, and the first to receive a terrific swipe from a golf club. He gave a wild roar. "Oh! Oooop! I'll smash yer! Come on, mates!" "Ere we are!" "Give 'em socks!" roared Stubbs. "Pile in!" "Hurrah!" The fight was fast and furious. Eight hefty ruffians clambered and tore at the barricade, and the defenders had their hands full. The din was terrific. More than once a clambering ruffian, dislodged from his hold, went crashing on the stairs.

He was the first in the fray, and the first to receive a terrific swipe from a golf-club.

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"Pile in!"

"Hurrah!"

The fight was fast and furious.

Eight hefty ruffians, all of them in savage tempers now, clambered and tore at the barricade, and the defenders had their hands full. The din was terrific. More than once a clambering ruffian, dislodged from his hold, went crashing on the stairs, and one rolled right down to the landing to the feet of Mr. Carker. But he scrambled up and came on again, with a flow of language that almost bade fair to turn the atmosphere blue.

Mr. Carker looked on almost breathlessly.

He did not doubt for a moment that this rough gang would succeed in conquering the Fourth-Formers. He was feeling rather uneasy about the amount of damage they might do. Thrashings were all very well, but such matters as smashed noses and missing teeth would require a great deal of explaining afterwards.

But it dawned upon Mr. Carker gradually that the ruffians were not carrying all before them as he had expected.

The schoolboys' fists certainly would not have driven back the clambering gang. But hard rulers and fives-bats and pokers and golf-clubs told a different tale. It was no time for standing on ceremony; there was too much at stake. Defeat meant a rough handling from Spadger's gang, and then unlimited punishment from Mr. Carker. So the rebels of the Fourth obeyed to the full their captain's command, and they hit hard and hit often.

They had the advantage behind the barricade and on a higher level. They crashed at heads and shoulders and grasping hands, amid a wild chorus of yells and imprecations from the ruffians.

The terrific din rang through the school from one end to the other. It was heard in all the Form-rooms, and the fellows started and stared at one another. Form masters stepped out of their rooms to listen, with grave faces. It was an unprecedented happening in the history of St. Kit's.

Spadger & Co. dragged at the stacked furniture, striving to make a passage. But the barricade was strong. Innumerable nails and screws held it together. It was almost a solid mass of tables and chairs and desks, with legs sticking out at all angles. It was impossible to tear away. It was difficult to clamber over—impossible with lashing weapons above raining blows on heads and hands and faces.

Minute followed minute, with terrific uproar echoing through the school. Jim Spadger clambered desperately over the barricade as if impervious to the hefty swipes that showered on him. But his followers essayed in vain to follow him. Spadger rolled among the defenders and jumped up, hitting out right and left. But a chair wielded by Bob Rake crashed on the side of his head, and Jim Spadger went rolling over. Three or four juniors jumped on him and pinned him down.

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But the swiping blows from

(Continued overleaf.)

ANSWERS EVERY MONDAY PRICE 2

You and ALL your pals must enter our great one-week competition. 6 "J. B. Hobbs" Autographed Bats must be won again this week!

above sickened them at last, and one by one they dropped back and backed down the stairs.

In a battered, bruised, and breathless group they gathered on the landing, panting and gasping and furious. And Jim Spadger, wriggling and struggling in the grasp of the St. Kit's juniors, remained a prisoner in the hands of the rebels. The attack was over.

Defeated!

"Go on! Go on at once! Do you hear?" Mr. Carker was spluttering with rage. "What do you mean by this? Go on at once!"

The battered gang gasping on the landing did not heed Mr. Carker. They rubbed their bruises and bumps, which were almost innumerable, they panted for breath, and the language they used exceeded in potency that of the "Army in Flanders" in old times. And they showed not the slightest desire to come to close quarters with the St. Kit's rebels again.

Had Mr. Carker joined in the attack and felt the impact of a five-bat on his head, probably he would have realised that such an impact was very painful indeed, and would not have been keen for more. But as he led his men on the principles of the Duke of Plaza-Toro and remained behind while the scrapping was going on, he was surprised and enraged by the retreat of his myrmidons.

From above came anguished howls in the voice of Jim Spadger.

"Elp! 'Ands off, you young raskils! 'Elp! Mates, buck up and 'elp a cove! Oh! Ow! 'Elp!"

But the bruised and breathless gang had no help to spare for Mr. Spadger. They were too deeply concerned with their own damages.

Mr. Carker almost danced in his fury.

He even went to the length of shaking an enraged fist at the breathless ruffians.

"Will you go on?" he shrieked. "What do you mean? What am I paying you for? How dare you run away like this? Are you afraid of schoolboys? I order you to go up that staircase at once and—"

"Old your row!" growled one of the gang savagely, taking notice of Mr. Carker's angry objurgations at last.

"What? What?"

"Old your row! Do you want a wipe on the jor?"

Mr. Carker jumped back. A leg-of-mutton fist was flourished under his nose, and most decidedly he did not want a "wipe" on the jaw.

"But—but—but—" he stut-tered.

"Old your row!"

The gang were feeling now that they were earning their money dearly. Instead of an easy task they had taken on a very difficult one—as it now seemed, an impossible one. They were savagely enraged and they were painfully damaged, and it was no time for Mr. Carker to objurgate. One of the ruffians, indeed, gave him a shove which helped him down the lower stairs, and the new Head of St. Kit's realised that he had better leave them alone for a time.

In the Fourth Form passage above, Harry Wilmot & Co. were triumphant. But they had paid for their triumph; there were darkened eyes and swollen noses on all sides. But certainly they had not suffered anything like the damage of the defeated gang. And they were victorious, and they had the enemy's leader a prisoner in their hands, and they were satisfied. Jim Spadger, wriggling under six or seven juniors who were sitting or standing on him, swore most luridly until Bob Rake jammed the end of Algy's golf-club into his mouth. Then he spluttered into silence.

"Shall we chuck him over?" asked Stubbs.

Wilmot shook his head.

"No fear! They may come on again! We'll keep him a prisoner in one of the studies!"

"Better tie him up, then!"

"Get a box-rop!"

A box-rop was brought, and knotted round Mr. Spadger's legs. Then his wrists were looped together.

"Heave him along!" said Bob.

"Oh, my eye! Oh, you young raskils! 'Elp!" howled Spadger, as he was heaved into the nearest study.

"Now shut up!" said Bob Rake. "Any more of your jolly language, my man, and you get a swipe from this club—see?"

"I'll smash you!" gasped Spadger. "I'll out you! I'll—"

"Are you going to dry up?"

"No, I ain't!" yelled Spadger.

"I— Yaroooooooh!"

Rap!

"Have another?"

"Yow-ow-ow!"

Mr. Spadger did not want another. He relapsed into furious silence. Harry Wilmot & Co. left

him mumbling in the study and returned to the barricade.

"They don't look like coming back!" grinned Scott.

"My hat! They don't! Do you chaps want any more?" bawled Bob Rake.

Savage words from the lower landing answered him. There was a whizzing of missiles from above, and angry yells from the gang as they retreated down the lower staircase.

"Goin'—goin'—gone!" chuckled Algernon Aubrey.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Carker was pacing the hall in a state of rage and chagrin that could not have been expressed in words. His desperate device had failed him; he had taken the responsibility of bringing this rowdy gang into the school, and they had not served his purpose.

Had Spadger been still among his comrades, probably they would have cleared off at once. As it was, the roughs hung about, muttering and swearing, indisposed to go without their leader and still

more indisposed to renew the attack on the schoolboy rebels.

That was the state of affairs at morning "break," when the St. Kit's fellows came out of the Form-rooms.

The uproar of the attack had apprised the school of the state of affairs; but, still, they were surprised when they saw the loafing gang in the old oak hall in the School House. They stared at the gang and gave them a wide berth. Mr. Rawlings, having given the roughs a horrified look, came up to Mr. Carker with a glint in his eyes.

"Are these the men you have employed to deal with the Fourth Form boys, Mr. Carker?" he exclaimed.

"They are!" snapped Mr. Carker.

"I protest—"

"Silence, sir!"

"I protest against the presence of such ruffians in the school!" exclaimed the Fourth Form master. "You are exceeding your

authority, Mr. Carker! You are taking on yourself a very serious responsibility!"

"Mind your own business, Mr. Rawlings!"

"Sir!"

"Leave me!" shouted Mr. Carker. "Another word, and I will have you ejected from the house, Mr. Rawlings!"

"Bless my soul!"

The Fourth Form master whisked away in deep indignation. Mr. Carker resumed his angry pacing.

Oliphant and Wake of the Sixth came along, stared at the roughs, and walked away speaking to one another in low voices. Their looks were enough to tell Mr. Carker what they thought of him and his methods. Gunter of the Fifth stopped to stare at the gang, and ejaculated:

"Oh, my hat, what a crew!"

Mr. Carker spun round at him. He was badly in want of a victim, and Gunter had once more offered himself.

"Gunter, how dare you? Gunter, I shall cane you!"

Gunter looked at him. Mr. Carker did not realise how the successful rebellion of the Fourth had caused the spirit of revolt to spread in the school. Perhaps he did not realise, either, how thoroughly St. Kit's was "fed-up" with him.

"Will you?" said Gunter.

Only a day or two ago Gunter, Fifth-Former as he was, had "bent over" at the command of the tyrant of St. Kit's. Now he coolly stared Mr. Carker in the face.

"Bend over that stool, Gunter!"

"Rats!"

"Wha-a-at?"

"Go and eat coke!" said Gunter of the Fifth independently. And he walked out of the House, turning his back on Randolph Carker.

Mr. Carker stared after him and then jumped after him, cane in hand. Outside the House, Gunter was standing with Price and Hilton and Woodward, and several more of the Fifth. They all eyed Mr. Carker grimly.

"Gunter!" shrieked Mr. Carker. "Come here! Come here at once! Do you hear?"

"Rats!" retorted Gunter.

"You—you—you—"

"You can't cane the Fifth, sir!" said Hilton.

Hilton was captain of the Fifth, and evidently he was taking up Gunter's cause. The Fifth had had enough of Mr. Carker. As a senior Form, they were too dignified to join in a junior barring-out, but their looks showed that they did not intend to stand any more of Mr. Carker's high-handed methods.

"I shall cane whomsoever I think fit, Hilton! I shall cane you if you are impertinent!" roared Mr. Carker.

Hilton's jaw set grimly.

"Try it on!" he said.

"What? What?"

"You won't touch any of the Fifth!" said Hilton. "We don't want to have to handle you, sir—"

"Handle me!" gasped Mr. Carker.

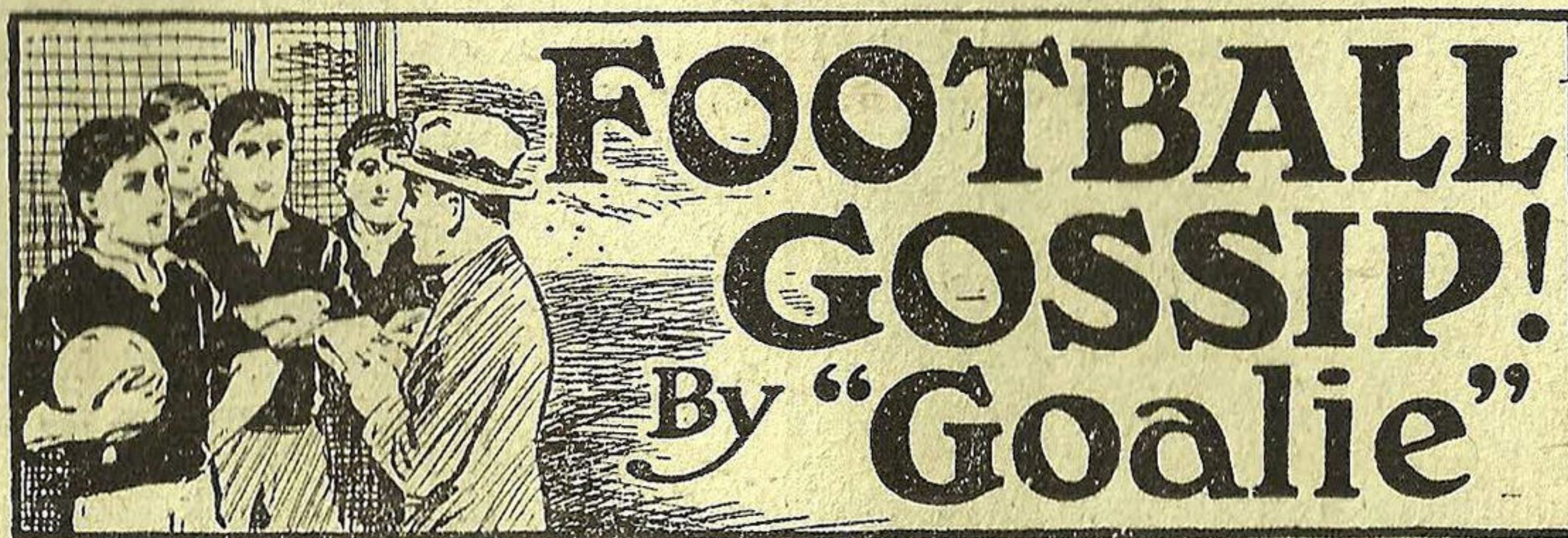
"But we shall jolly well do it if you start caning any of the Fifth! I mean it!"

"What-ho!" said Gunter.

"Keep off the grass, sir!" said Price. "You can bully the fags as much as you like—you can't bully the Fifth!"

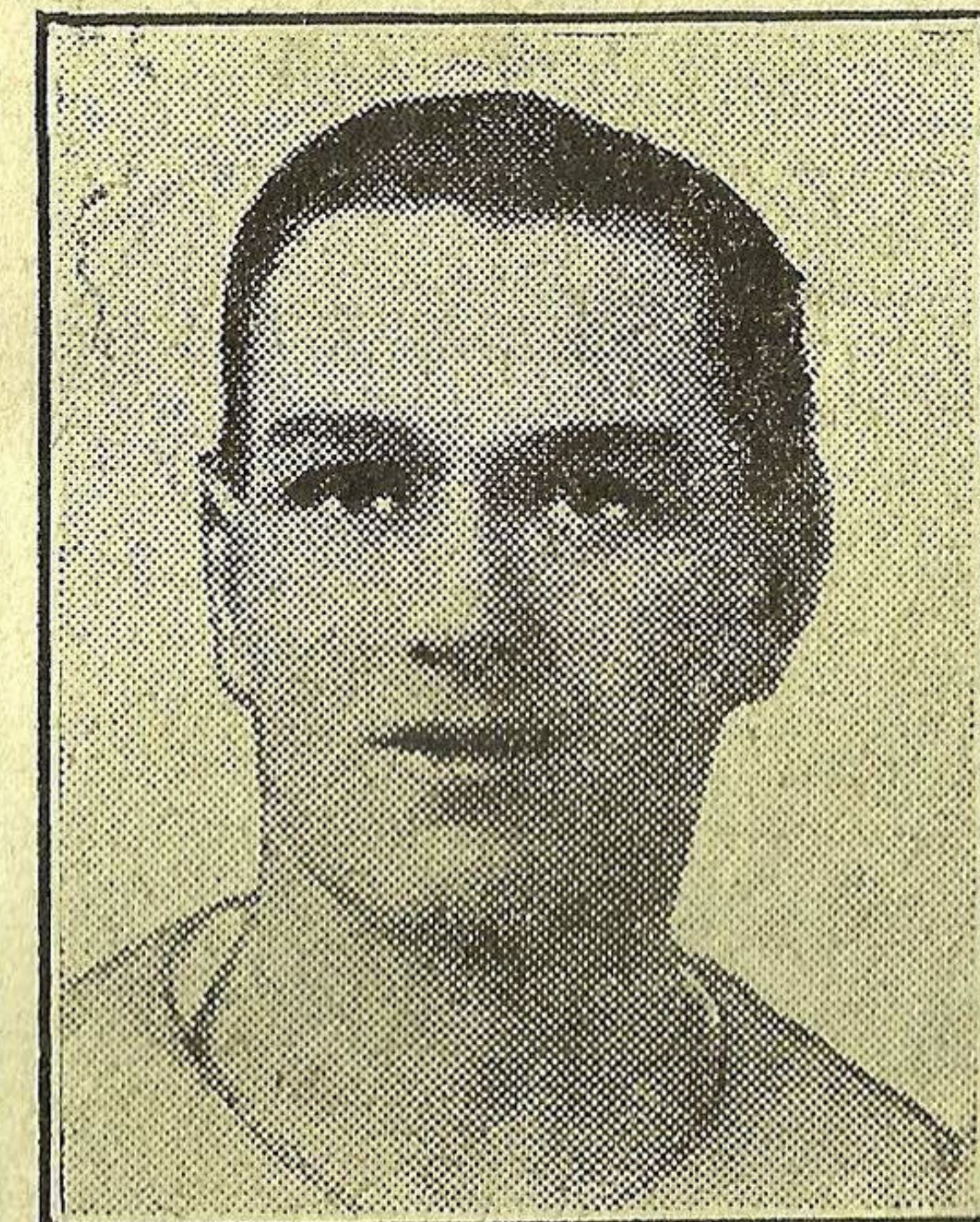
And the group of Fifth-Formers turned and walked away together, contemptuously disregarding Mr. Carker.

That hapless gentleman glared after them, but did not follow. The Fifth-Formers could have handled him easily enough, and now that the spell of authority was broken it was clear that they would not hesitate to do so. Obstinate and implacable as he was, Mr. Carker did not want to add a revolt of the Fifth to the revolt of the Fourth. The St. Kit's Fifth, indeed, were quite equal to collaring his rowdy gang



The Final.

The Cup is the thing which matters this week. The struggle for the silver bauble, which takes place at Wembley next Saturday, is the last really big event of this memorable football season. For many years to



H. HEALLESS (Blackburn Rovers).

come our minds will never be allowed to dwell even for a moment on the possibilities of a Cup Final without going back immediately and automatically to that most memorable of all Final ties—the first Wembley one, in 1923. Never in all my experience of the game have I witnessed a scene anything like that which greeted us when we arrived at Wembley that day. The people were all over the most beautiful pitch I have seen—tens of thousands



J. BLAIR (Cardiff City).

of them! It looked more than all Lombard Street to a China orange against the match being played at all that day. Then we saw wonderful work by a police officer on a white horse, and in due course the players of Bolton Wanderers and

West Ham United got through that nightmare day, so to speak.

The Biggest Crowd.

It is always risky to make prophecies, but it seems as safe as anything can be to suggest that never again will a crowd of equal dimensions be seen on any football field. There will be a big attendance this week-end at Wembley, because the finalists come from hot-beds of football enthusiasm. But the circumstances for that memorable Wembley were specially propitious. There was, in the first place, a new ground, and a ground which, as everybody thought, would be ample for every requirement. Then a London club—West Ham United—got to the Final tie, just to rouse the people of the metropolis. On top of all this, the clerk of the weather—usually very kind to Cup Finals—put on his broadest smile, and thousands who would never have gone near that 1923 Final in the ordinary way were tempted to Wembley.

Favourites Generally Lose.

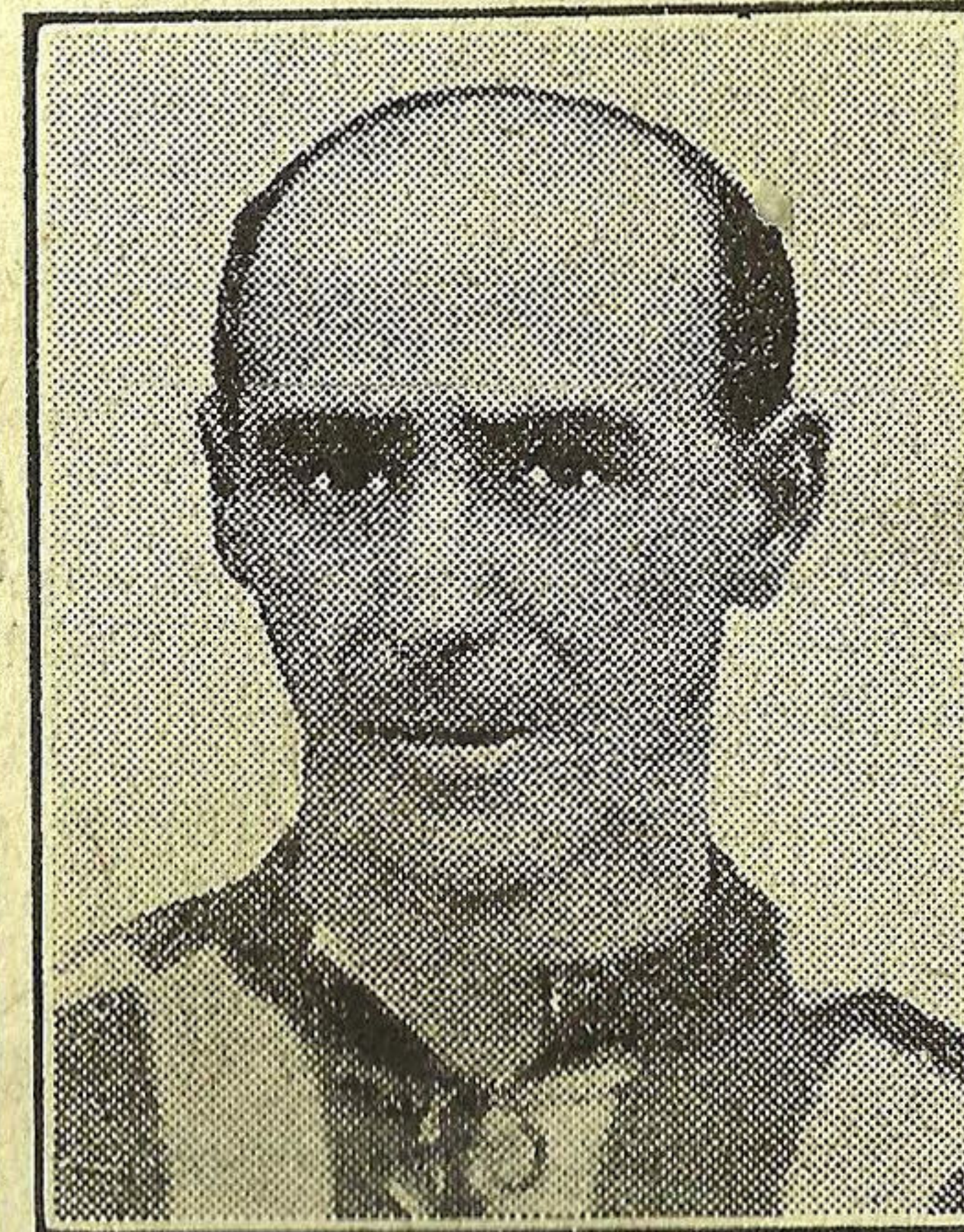
Of course, by this time you will have made up your minds which of the two clubs is going to take the Cup back home next Saturday night. If you happen to be a follower of either of the two clubs concerned you will be absolutely certain that your favourites will lift the silver bauble which is called the English Cup. And the rest of the community has its particular fancy. One has to be very careful about these particular fancies, however. A year ago, when Aston Villa and Newcastle United got to the Final, there were people prepared to lay odds of three or four to one on the Villa getting the Cup.

All the newspapers supported the Midlanders, too, almost without exception. One of the exceptions was the BOYS' FRIEND. Readers of today who were also readers a year ago will remember that we stated that our faith was in Newcastle United. Well, Newcastle won, and if ever a Cup Final victory was gained by admirable captaincy, then I should say that the Final of 1924 was that game.

Captains who Count.

In the ordinary way we are not given to thinking much about the captains of football teams, but when it comes to a classic encounter like a Cup Final you may take it from me that captaincy—good leadership—may easily make all the difference between success and failure. Between the respective teams there is little to choose. Consequently tactics go a long way, and the team which has a captain who sets the better tactics for his men may win the day. It is because I want to impress on my readers the value of captaincy in the Cup that I am giving you this week the photographs of the four

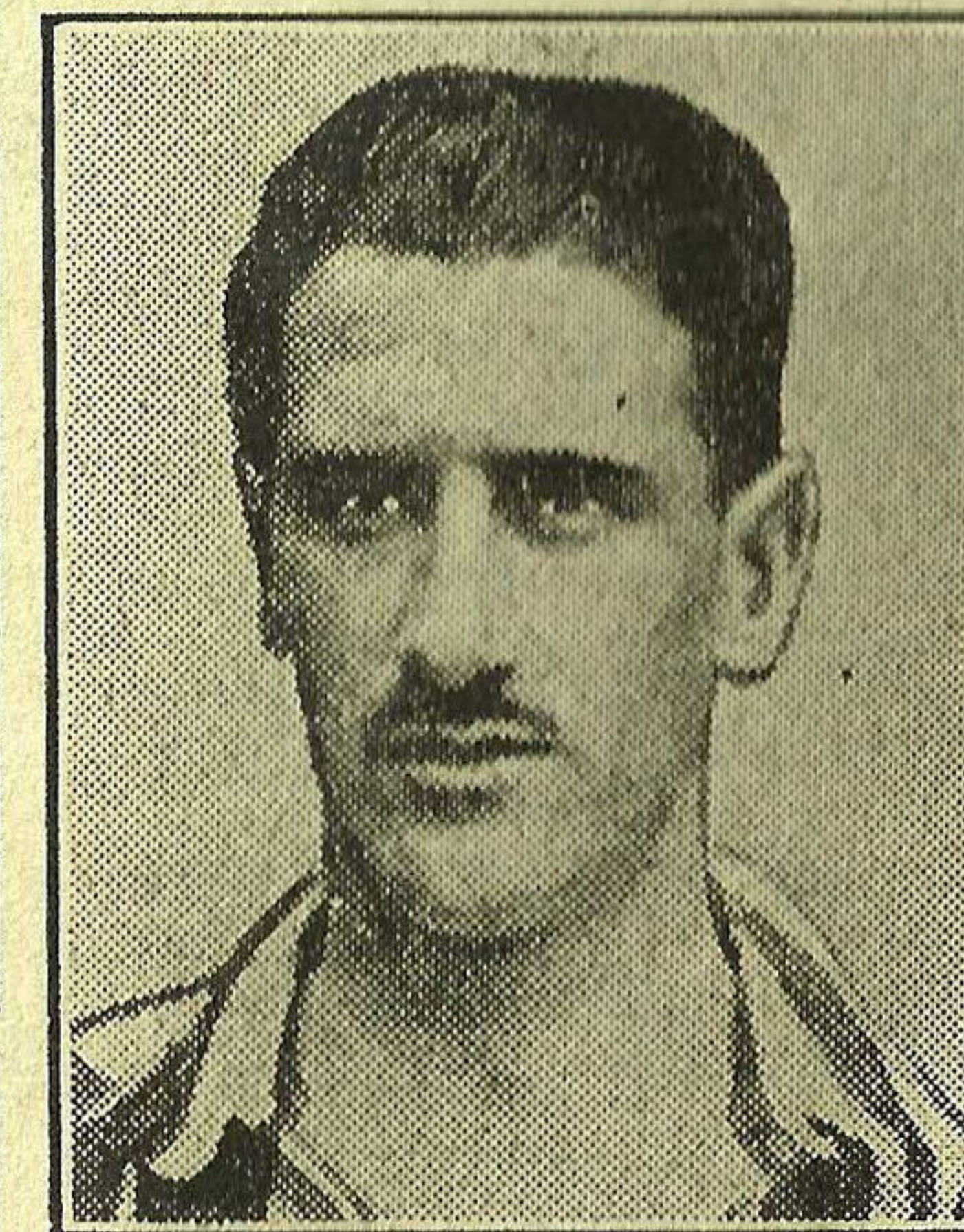
captains who led their teams to the semi-final—Gillespie of Sheffield United, Blair, of Cardiff City, Healleless of Blackburn Rovers, and Campbell of Southampton. It is well worth mentioning that two of the four captains are centre half-backs. From this position they are best able to mould the play of the side as a whole, but, on the other hand, I should never sacrifice an able captain like "Billy" Gillespie, the famous forward of Sheffield United, for an inferior tactician who happens to be a centre-half.



W. GILLESPIE (Sheffield United).

Excellent Players.

To the fact that Sheffield United progressed so far in the competition they have a great deal to thank Gillespie. He it was who worked out the schemes which enabled his side to beat West Bromwich in the Fourth round at a time when West Bromwich were the favourites. Blair, of Cardiff City, is just the sort of fellow who can carry any side through by superhuman efforts. Campbell was only appointed to the captaincy of Southampton during the



A. CAMPBELL (Southampton).

present season, while Healleless was referred to in these notes only a few weeks back as being a splendid player.

The forecast of the probable results of the big games to be played on Saturday will be found on the opposite page of this issue.

("Goalie" will contribute more football gossip to our next issue. Be sure you read it.)

of allies and pitching them, neck and crop, out of the school. Mr. Carker certainly did not want the situation to develop on those lines. He turned back into the House, gritting his teeth.

The whole school was evidently out of hand. The headmaster's authority had been thrown to the winds.

It was only too clear that if he did not succeed in quelling and punishing the rebellious Fourth he would very soon not have a rag of authority left in the school. And the rebellious Fourth still defied him. His rowdy allies had been defeated, and apparently there was "nothing doing." It was not Mr. Carker's happy morning.

Mr. Spadger Comes in Useful!

"Wilmot, old fellow—"
"Cheese it!"
"Algy, old man—"
"Blow away!"
"Bob—"
"Seat!"

Bunny Bootles almost wept. In the Fourth Form passage dinner was in progress.

The garrison picnicked in the passage, and, in spite of the damages they had received in the combat, they were in great spirits.

Only Bunny Bootles was in despair.

Having consumed his rations—rations for a week, at least—during his remarkable barraging-out in the top study, Bunny was not "on" in the dinner scene. For twenty-four hours Bunny was to have no rations—which, the rebels hoped, would be a lesson to him, if he survived it. It was, as Bob Rake remarked, a case of kill or cure.

No supper the night before, no breakfast in the morning, and now no dinner. Bunny was in the depths of woe.

He had often been hungry—indeed, he generally was hungry—but he felt that he had never really known before what hunger was actually like.

He haunted the diners in the passage like a hungry lion seeking what he might devour. He would have been glad, like Lazarus of old, to snatch the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table. But there were no crumbs for Bunny. Only sharp raps on his fat fingers rewarded him, and every now and then a vigorous shove from a boot.

"I'm hungry!" wailed Bunny.

"You laid in enough yesterday to last you a week!" remarked the captain of the Fourth.

"I'm famishing!"
"Famish quietly!" suggested Stubbs.

"I'm dying—"
"Hurrah!"

"If you fellows want to see me perish of hunger before your eyes—"
"Go it!"

"Yah! Rotters!"
"Keep your paws from pickin' and stealin', old fat bean!" chuckled Algernon Aubrey. "This will be a valuable lesson to you, Bunny! It may save you from goin' to chokey some day."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Just a slice of that cold beef, Wilmot—"

"Not an atom!" said Wilmot inexorably.

"Just a taste of the ham—"
"Not a whisper of it!"
"A little bit of cake—"
groaned Bunny.

"Not a fraction!"
"Oh dear!"

Bunny stood and gazed at the diners, who chuckled heartlessly at the woe in his fat face. The tortures of Tantalus were nothing to this, from Bunny's point of view. Like a fat Peri at the gate of Paradise he gazed mournfully upon the good things he was not permitted to share.

"C-c-can't I have just an egg—just one?" moaned Bunny.

Bob Rake poised an egg in the air.

"Where will you have it?" he asked.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, you awful beast!"
Bunny rolled away, groaning.

Dinner over and cleared away, the tortures of Tantalus were over for Bunny. But he was still hungry and growing hungrier. Had it been possible, probably Bunny would have attempted another barraging-out in the top study. But the key of that study was in Harry Wilmot's pocket now. Bunny had to grin and bear it—or, at least, to groan and bear it. So he bore it, with many deep and dismal groans.

"What about that brute?" asked Bob, referring to Mr. Spadger. "I—I suppose he ought to have a bite?"

"Can't waste grub on him!" said Stubbs.

"Well, it's rather a waste, but—"

"Oh, you can't let the man starve!" exclaimed Bunny Bootles. "I'll take him some lunch! Don't you fellows trouble!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blow away, Bunny!"

"We can't let him go so long as his friends are hanging about the school," said Harry. "But I sup-

"Yes!" growled Mr. Spadger. "Here's your dinner."

"Call that there a dinner?" snorted Mr. Spadger.

"I call it all you'll get!" explained Harry. "Take it or leave it! Now, then, yes or no!"

"Yes!" growled Spadger.

Spadger's right arm was released, and he clenched a huge fist; but he realised that it was not good enough, and unclenched it again. With a black and scowling brow, he munched the bread and gulped at the cold water. The juniors waited till he was finished, and then prepared to tie up his arm again.

"Look 'ere! You let a bloke loose!" pleaded Mr. Spadger. "You let me go, and I'll clear! I will, on my davy!"

"Can't trust you!" said Harry curtly. Mr. Spadger's low-browed face and cunning eye did not inspire confidence.

"I'm getting cramped, I am!" mumbled Mr. Spadger. "I wishes I hadn't never took this 'ere job on!"

"It will be a lesson to you!" suggested Bob.

addressed his mysterious midnight visitor as Slaney, and Harry Wilmot had recognised the man as the ruffian who had attacked Dr. Chenies in the wood, and thus paved the way for the arrival of Randolph Carker at St. Kit's.

Slaney was the man who had attacked the old Head. Slaney was Mr. Carker's midnight visitor whom Wilmot had seen—though as yet Mr. Carker did not suspect his knowledge.

Bob and Algy had been told of the incident, but they had been simply unable to share Wilmot's view of it. That even Randolph Carker had been base enough to hire a rough to injure his rival for the headmastership of St. Kit's had seemed to them impossible.

Bob Rake's eyes met Harry's with a startled look.

"Slaney!" said Bob. "That was the name—"

Wilmot made him a sign and Bob broke off.

"You say Slaney asked you to take on this job, my man?" asked the captain of the Fourth quietly.

"That's it!" groaned Mr. Spadger. "Told me it was an

"What does that matter to you?" growled Mr. Spadger. "You're askin' me a blinking lot of questions!"

"You must have seen him lately if he set you on to this job," said Harry.

"Course I 'ave! He sent me a message to see 'im at the Peal of Bells, nigh to Lynn!" grunted Mr. Spadger.

"Is he there now?"

"He was last night!"

"I mean, is he staying there? Has he a room there?"

"Yes, I believe he has! Anyhow, that's where he's to be found if you want to call on 'im!" said Mr. Spadger sarcastically. "Slaney 'appen to be a friend of yours as well of your 'eadmaster's?"

Wilmot drew a deep breath.

Mr. Carker, of course, was totally unaware that Wilmot had seen his midnight visitor—unaware of Wilmot's deep suspicion. He had no knowledge that the mere name of Slaney would mean anything to any St. Kit's fellow. Harry Wilmot & Co. had seen the attack on Dr. Chenies and seen the rough who attacked him, and given his description to the police; but they had not, of course, known his name. It was that surreptitious interview at the Head's study window, on the night of Wilmot's escape from the "Rat-trap," that had placed the captain of the Fourth in possession of the facts. Quite unconsciously Mr. Carker had played into the hands of the leader of the St. Kit's rebellion.

"This will want thinking out, Bob!" said Harry. "You remember what I told you that morning in the cloisters—"

"I remember."

"Slaney was the man, and Slaney, it seems, is the man Carker went to to raise this gang!" said Harry. "I suppose you will believe now that he knows the man, at least?"

Bob Rake nodded.

"Looks like it! But—"

"We shall have to think it out! Come on!"

"Look 'ere! You ain't leaving me tied up 'ere like a blinking turkey!" yelled Mr. Spadger.

Unheeding the indignant Spadger, the two juniors left the study, and the key was turned on the prisoner.

"I say, Wilmot—"

"Shut up, Bunny!"

"I'm hungry—"

Bump!

Bunny Bootles sat on the floor, and the chums of the Fourth left him there. While the hapless Bunny struggled with the pangs of hunger and bemoaned his awful fate, Harry Wilmot & Co. were deep in discussion on the subject of Bill Slaney and Mr. Carker's confederacy with that disreputable being.

"Whatever Carker's connection with the man may be, we know now where he's to be found!" said Harry. "The police want him for the attack on Dr. Chenies! We've got to let them know!"

"How?" asked Bob. "We're barred up here! And I suppose Carker wouldn't let us send a message if we told him!" He chuckled.

"They omitted to put telephones in the Fourth Form studies," said St. Leger gravely. "It was an oversight, but they did."

"We've got to manage it somehow!" said Harry. "And then, perhaps—"

"Here they come!" shouted Durance.

And the discussion suddenly ceased, and there was a rush to the barricade.

(Mr. Carker's hired ruffians are about to make another attack on the Fourth Form rebels. Will they succeed in ejecting them from their stronghold this time? On no account must you miss next Monday's long instalment of this exciting story. Order your BOYS' FRIEND in advance, and thus make certain of obtaining it!)



MR. CARKER IN DANGER! "Will you go on?" shrieked Mr. Carker. "What do you mean? What am I paying you for? How dare you run away like this? Are you afraid of schoolboys? I order you to go up that staircase at once, and—"
"Old your row!" growled one of the ruffians, savagely, taking notice of Mr. Carker's angry objurgations at last. "What? What?" "Old your row! Do you want a wipe on the jor?" Mr. Carker jumped back. A leg-of-mutton fist was flourished under his nose. "But—but—but—" he stuttered. "Old your row!"

pose he must have something to eat. A crust will do—he can't expect the fat of the land!"

"Bread and water!" grinned Bob. "Good enough for him! Too good, in fact!"

"Yaas, begad!"

Wilmot carried half a loaf and Bob a jug of water into the study where Mr. Spadger still lay bound on the floor. The one-eyed ruffian glared at them as they came in.

"Ow long you young villains keeping up this 'ere game?" he demanded.

"As long as your pals stay in the school!" said Harry. "As soon as they're gone we'll kick you out, with pleasure! Hungry?"

"Look 'ere! I want to go!" pleaded Mr. Spadger. "What's a quid for a job like this 'ere? I wouldn't 'ave gone through this for a fiver if I'd known! I don't mean you young gents any 'arm—I don't really! I jest took the job on because Slaney asked me! By gum, I'll 'ammer that Slaney when I see him agin, landing me in this 'ere!"

"Slaney!" repeated Wilmot, with a start.

Bob Rake started, too.

Back into Harry Wilmot's mind came that scene at the window of the Head's study on the night he had escaped from the punishment-room. Slaney! Mr. Carker had

easy job, he did—jest knocking about some silly schoolboys! I'll tell him off when I see him agin!"

"Who is Slaney?" asked Harry.

"Pal of mine!" grunted Spadger. "Pretty sort of a pal, too, to land a bloke in a job like this—I don't think!"

"Mr. Carker must have asked him to interfere," said Harry. "He has no concern with us on his own account, I suppose?"

"Course Mr. Carker must 'ave asked him!" said Spadger.

"Then Mr. Carker knows this man Slaney?"
"I s'pose he does!— Look 'ere! You let me go—"
"Where is Slaney now?"

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 25th. The likely winning side is printed in capitals. Where a draw is anticipated, both clubs are printed in smaller letters.

The Cup-Final: SHEFFIELD UNITED v. Cardiff City.		
First Division.	Second Division.	First Division.
BIRMINGHAM v. Manchester City.	CHELSEA v. Barnsley.	ABERDEEN v. Motherwell.
BOLTON WANDERERS v. Liverpool.	CLAPTON ORIENT v. Portsmouth.	COWDENBEATH v. Partick Thistle.
BURNLEY v. Aston Villa.	COVENTRY CITY v. DERBY COUNTY.	HAMILTON ACADS. v. Falkirk.
Leeds United v. Arsenal.	CRYSTAL PALACE v. Fulham.	Queen's Park v. Raith Rovers.
Notts County v. Newcastle United.	LEICESTER CITY v. Bradford City.	RANGERS v. Ayr United.
Preston N.E. v. HUDDERSFIELD T.	MANCHESTER UNITED v. Port Vale.	St. Johnstone v. Airdrieonians.
SUNDERLAND v. West Ham United.	Oldham Athletic v. Blackpool.	St. Mirren v. Celtic.
TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR v. Notts Forest.	THE WEDNESDAY v. Hull City.	
WEST BROMWICH ALBION v. Bury.	Stockport v. Middlesbrough.	
	Stoke v. South Shields.	

Look out for Roger Fowey's great new War Story! It's coming shortly!

RUCTIONS AHEAD!

(Continued from page 676.)

your usual style. Besides, it was my wheeze, and I'm really responsible. I think I'll do it alone."

"Do!" said Jimmy Silver. "It's up to you, after making us all play the goat and act like cheeky fags."

"Well, I can't do more than tell you that I think it's bad form to—"

"Oh, bump him!" exclaimed Newcome. "It's no good talking sense to Lovell—give him a bumping."

"I'd be glad to hear you talk sense, old chap; it would be a new experience, and a pleasant one," said Lovell calmly. "But never mind that now; I'm going to see Greely, and make it all right with him. When a chap's in the wrong, there's nothing undignified in offering an apology, so far as I can see. You fellows may not think so."

"Haven't we said we think so?" shrieked Raby.

"Don't shout!"

"Look here, Lovell—"

"Don't yell!"

"By Jove! I'll—"

"You fellows wait for me in the study," said Lovell. "I'll come there and tell you after I've spoken to Greely. Leave it to me to calm the old boy."

And Arthur Edward Lovell walked away—none too soon, for his chums were getting into an extremely exasperated frame of mind, and Arthur Edward had a narrow escape of being clutched hold of and bumped on the floor.

"The cheeky ass!" breathed Raby. "I shall punch Lovell's nose one of these days. He's always asking for it."

"Keep smiling," said Jimmy Silver cheerily; and the three repaired to the end study in the Fourth, to wait for Arthur Edward.

Lovell headed for Mr. Greely's study.

Arthur Edward Lovell was a good-hearted fellow, and he was really sorry for what he had done amiss. He felt that a handsome apology would meet the case, and he was prepared to offer it. But he was not in time to catch Mr. Greely in his study. He was in time to see the portly figure of the Fifth Form master turn the corner at the other end of the corridor.

That was the direction of the Head's study; and Lovell wondered whether Mr. Greely was going to speak to the Head. If so, the apology would have to be postponed for a little while.

He followed on Mr. Greely's track, to wait for him and speak to him when he came out of the Head's room.

Mr. Greely was striding on at a rapid rate, fuming, almost at bursting point with resentment and outraged dignity.

He was going to let Dr. Chisholm see and clearly understand that he, Mr. Horace Greely, was not to be talked to in this manner. Headmaster as he was, Dr. Chisholm had to be made aware that there were other gentlemen at Rookwood with a sense of dignity—dignity that had to be respected, even if slightly marred by a blossoming nose that looked like a relic of a prize-fight.

Mr. Greely knew what he was going to say; he rehearsed it as he strode along the Rookwood corridors.

"Sir! I insist—yes, sir, I insist upon your hearing me! I insist, sir, upon my right to explain to you how this unfortunate accident happened. Not a word, sir—yes, sir, not a word! It is my right to speak; and when I have explained, sir, I will place my resignation in your hands! Yes, sir, I resign my position at Rookwood. I leave, sir, this grand old school where so great a portion of my life has been passed. I leave it, sir, with deep regret; but taking with me, sir, my self-respect—my dignity, sir, unimpaired!"

That was what Mr. Greely was going to say to the Head in clarion tones, brushing aside any attempted interruption. There was solace in the contemplation of it.

And yet—

Somehow or other, Mr. Greely's determined stride dropped into a slower walk, and the walk became a very slow one. The nearer he drew to the headmaster's study, the less, somehow, he seemed to relish the interview; and the more clearly it was borne in upon his mind that he did not want to leave Rookwood. He wanted to hurl his resignation at the Head in crushing, commanding tones; but he did not want to go—very, very much indeed he did not want to go! It became clear to Mr. Greely that he was torn between two incompatible desires, and—

The portly gentleman slowed down still more. A few yards from the door of the Head's study he stopped. For a full minute he stood irresolute.

Then he turned round. Mr. Greely's resignation was not to be handed in that afternoon. That lofty, dignified speech was not to be delivered in the Head's study.

The time would come, perhaps. But it had not yet come. Obviously, from the direction Mr. Greely was now taking, it had not yet come. It would be wiser, perhaps, to take counsel with his colleagues in Masters' Common-room.

He was still simmering with resentment, and as he came back along the corridor, portly and ponderous, he almost ran into Arthur Edward Lovell at the corner.

Mr. Greely breathed hard. He had spared the Head. But he was seriously in want of a victim. The unhappy Lovell came along in the very nick of time.

This was one of the impertinent young rascals—one of the authors of that insolent, absurd reference to a nose that was red and raw—doubtless even at this moment thinking of some new impertinence.

"Mr. Greely—" began Lovell. He got no further. He was interrupted by a grip on his collar.

Shake, shake, shake! Lovell spluttered.

"I—I say—yoooooh—groogh—leggo—I say—oh, my hat—leggo!"

"Impertinent young rascal!" boomed Mr. Greely.

"I—I say—groogh—" Shake, shake, shake! "Leggo! I say—oh crumbs! Yoooop!" Smack!

Mr. Greely, having shaken Lovell till his teeth were almost rattling in his head, released him and boxed his ear! It was a hefty smack that rang like a pistol-shot.

Lovell staggered. Smack!

A box on the other ear set him upright again.

"Yaroooh!" roared Lovell. "Look here—oh, my hat—" He spun away and fled.

Mr. Greely was not finished yet. His smacking hand—a heavy hand—just missed Lovell as the junior fled—the apology unuttered, not even mentioned. Mr. Greely never knew that Lovell had come there to apologise. Perhaps he would not have cared, anyhow. He strode after the fleeing junior, in Olympian wrath.

"Lovell! Stop! I order you to stop—"

Arthur Edward Lovell did not stop. He fairly flew up the staircase; Mr. Greely fortunately remained at the bottom. Lovell did not halt till he was in the end study—breathless, furious, with singing head.

Jimmy Silver & Co. stared at him. "Hallo! How did the apology go off?" asked Jimmy. "Greely all right?"

"Ow!"

Lovell rubbed his burning ears. "Wow! The cheeky beast—the pompous old ass! The Head didn't give him half enough! You silly owls can apologise to the priceless old dummy if you like—I'm jolly well not going to! Ow! Wow—wow!" spluttered Lovell. "Pitching into a chap before he could get out a word! Yow-ow-ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Co. "You cackling asses—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"There's nothing to cackle at, is there?" shrieked Lovell.

But his comrades evidently thought that there was, for they cackled almost hysterically, till Lovell grabbed up a cricket-bat and drove them, still yelling, from the study.

THE END.

(Amazing happenings at Rookwood! Don't miss reading "Dismissed From Rookwood!" Owen Conquest's great story for next Monday. Order your BOYS' FRIEND in advance and thus make certain of securing it!)

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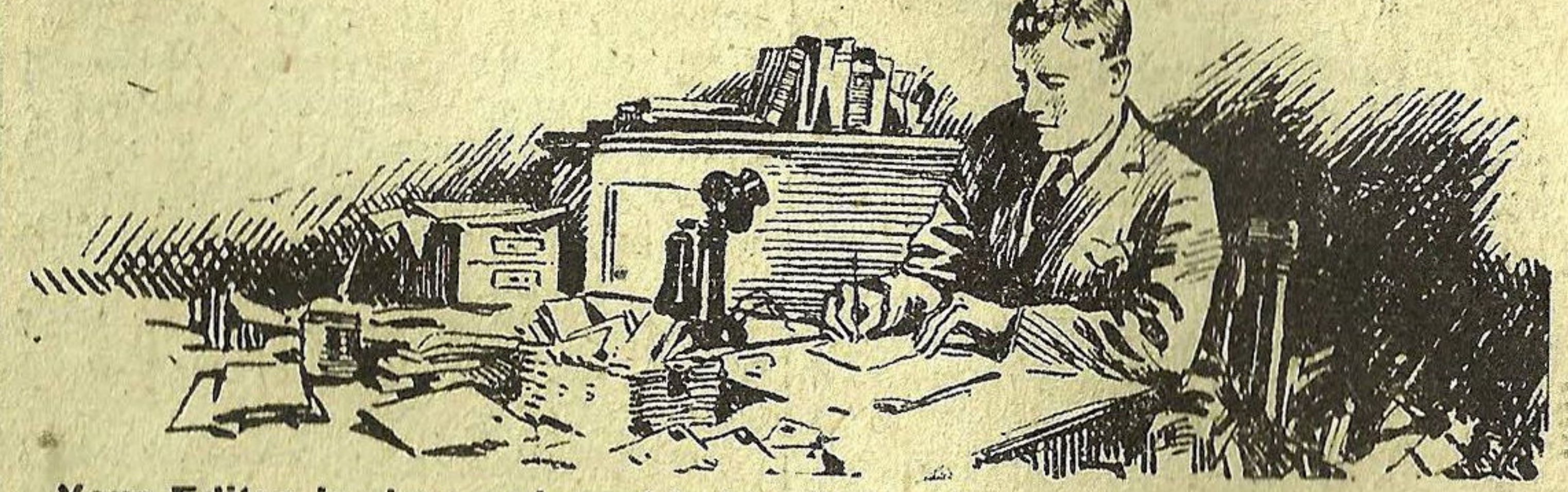
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GREELY AND THE GRUEL!

This week's issue of the BOYS' FRIEND opens the ball with the grand new Rookwood series. This is a winning hand, a real flush. This opening yarn starts away as lightly and easily as a gay item of thisledown setting off on its travels through the world. You find the pompous old stick, otherwise Mr. Horace Greely, the prolix but immensely worthy master of the Fifth, sailing about the quad, at peace with all the world. And then he sights Lovell! I am not going into the rights of who upset the appercart. You have the evidence before you. My job is to announce next Monday's follow-on tale in the series. This is it:

"DISMISSED FROM ROOKWOOD!"

For Monday next there is a bigger treat still. There are tremendous things in the wind. The coming yarn is a revelation. Who is dismissed? Surely, you will say, it cannot be Mr. Greely, for, though pompous to a fault, and a prize bore, he is not a bad old stick. But I can leave you to form your own conclusions. As you revel in this wonderful new series you will detect the uncanny hand of Fate at work. It is just like life. You feel as though some extra evilly-disposed geni were dogging the footsteps of the Fifth Form master. He is attacked in the tender spot of his own splendid dignity, and troubles are as thick as those autumn leaves we read about. The thing to do is to get next week's BOYS' FRIEND. You will be thunderstruck, pleased, pained, fascinated, and carried off your feet. Owen Conquest wins again.

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"BACK TO JUNKAPORE!"

Our programme, too, for next Monday contains this Bombay Castle star turn, with Florestan Slapp in the limelight—and not much else, either, for he has a curious part to play, and is travelling in light disguise, thanks

to a quaint concatenation of circumstances. We meet again our friend the Eastern potentate. This personage suffers from the old crowned head complaint—namely, slight uneasiness and indisposition to sleep of nights. The old chums are all there—very much so.

"POSH AT THE WHEEL!"

There would be chunks more regret about the wind-up of the adventures of friend Posh next week were it not for the fact that Mr. David Goodwin has a topping new serial ready to take the place of his dashing story of the young motoring enthusiast. Be on the qui vive for the coming rousing romance of the bygone:

"KINGS OF THE MAIN!"

The new Goodwin serial brings new spirit to the splendour of the old days. This is coming in a fortnight.

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

By Frank Richards.

Mr. Carker is reaping a whole crowd of whirlwinds at St. Christopher's. The next instalment will make history. Things happen next Monday which cause other barrings-out to pale into relative insignificance.

"THE SPECTRE OF MONKSTONE CASTLE!"

By Victor Nelson.

There should be brief reference to this breezy, regular, cheerio tale of Don Darrel and his friends. It shows the merry company meeting some vastly surprising experiences in a remote, somewhat "spooky" bit of country.

THE END OF THE SEASON.

"Goalie" will be present next Monday on the occasion of the curtain coming down bump on a specially interesting football season.

ANOTHER WAR YARN.

Roger Fowey, of "Lion at Bay" fame, has another big war story in preparation.

Your Editor.

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