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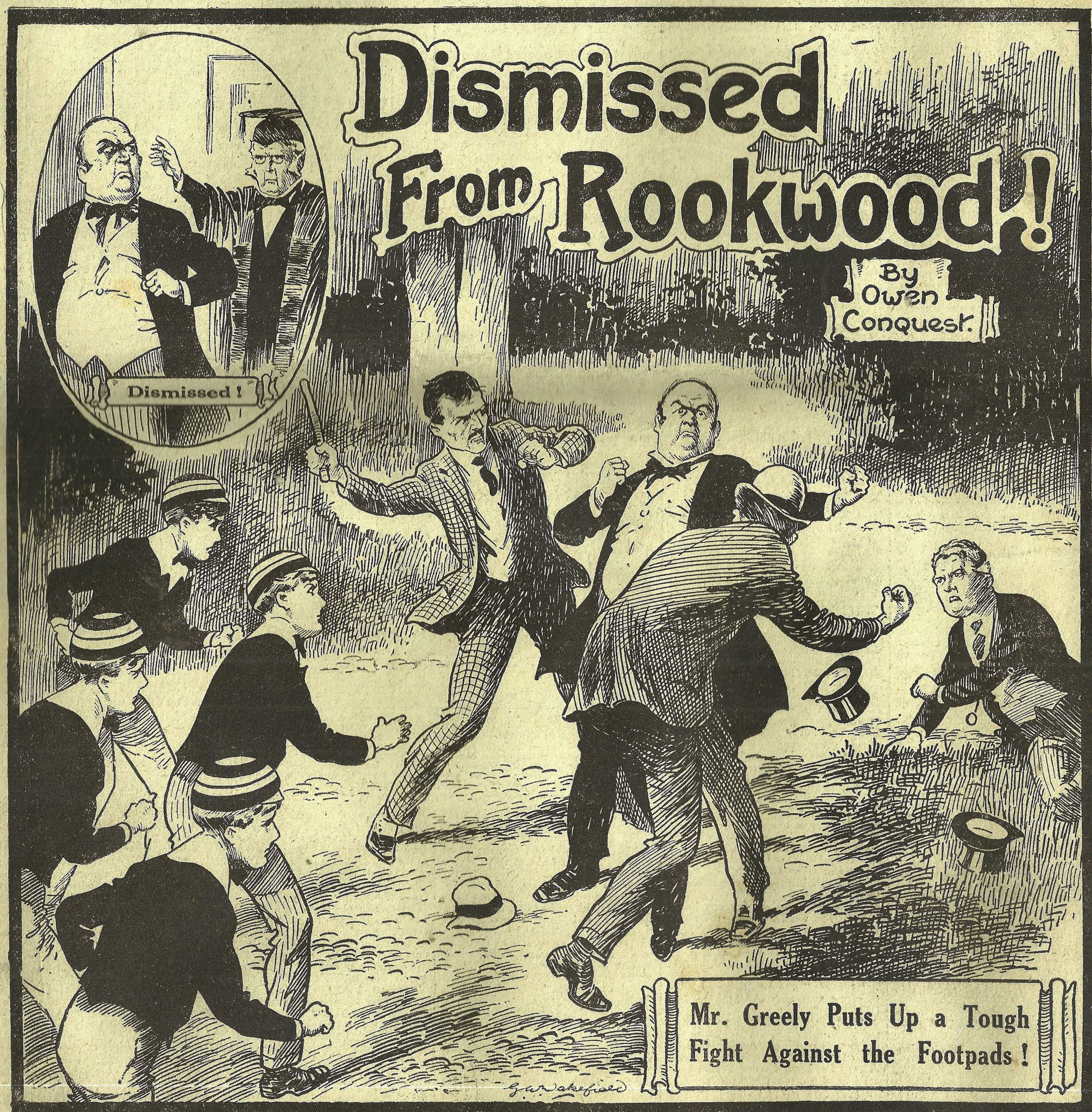
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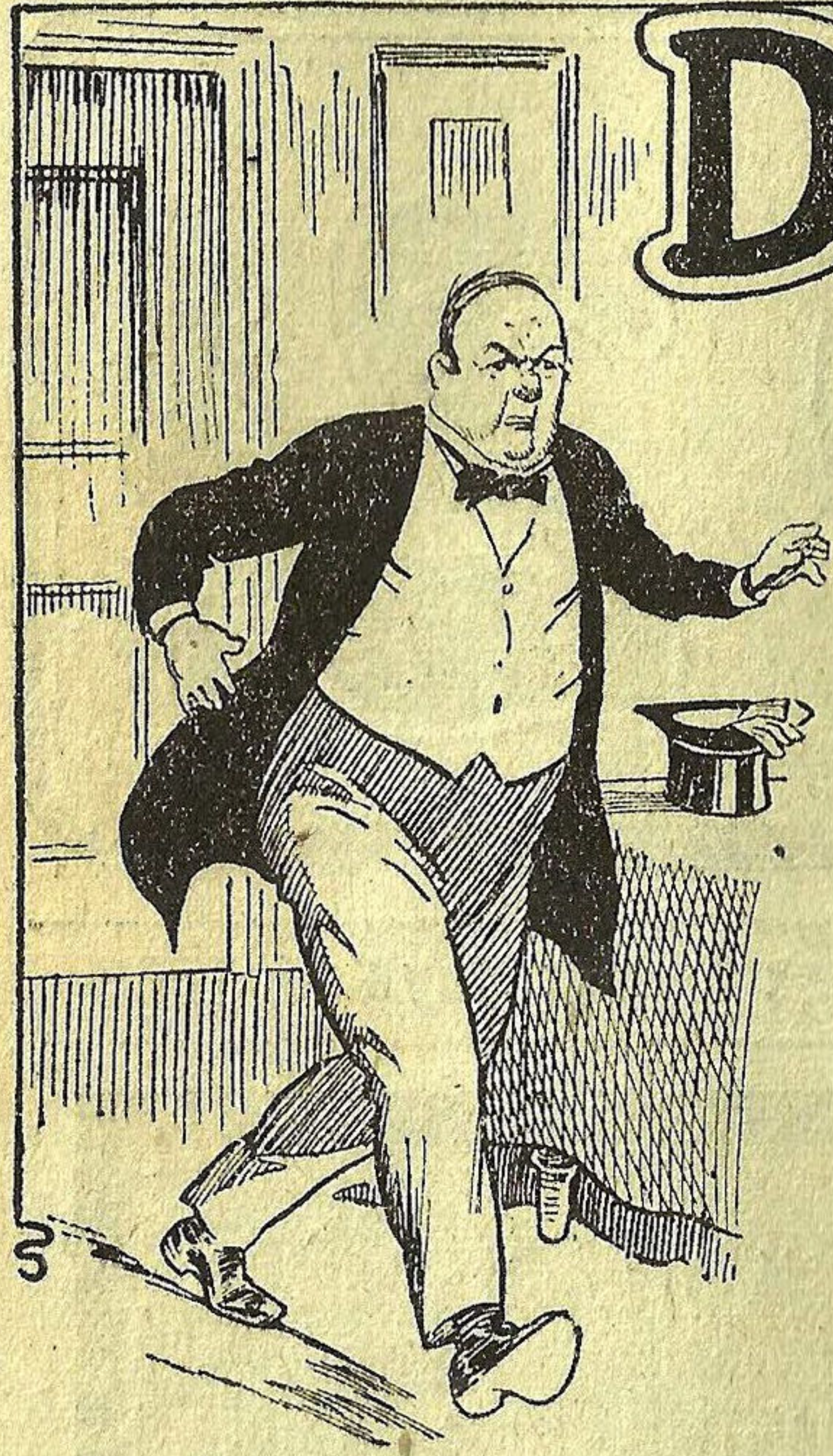
THE BEST BOYS' PAPER IN THE WORLD!

[Week Ending May 2nd, 1925.]



YOU'LL ENJOY OWEN CONQUEST'S AMAZING NEW SERIES OF STORIES OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL!

**STARTLING DEVELOPMENTS AT ROOKWOOD! YOU AND ALL YOUR PALS
MUST READ THIS GRAND STORY OF JIMMY SILVER & CO.!**



The 1st Chapter.

Mr. Greely Misunderstands!

"Silver!"
Jimmy Silver was hurrying down to the gates; but he stopped at once as Dr. Chisholm, the headmaster of Rookwood, called to him.

"Yes, sir?"
Jimmy came up to his headmaster with respectful obedience, not allowing his face to express his feelings.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome came loafing at the school gates, waiting for Jimmy, and Jimmy had already kept them waiting ten minutes or so, while Bulkeley of the Sixth spoke to him about cricket. When the captain of the school spoke to a Fourth Form fellow, it was that fellow's duty to listen patiently, and look as if he wanted more; which Jimmy Silver had dutifully done. And now that he was scudding down to the gates, the Head called to him! Really, it looked as if the chums of the Fourth never would get away for their half-holiday.

It is said that when a fellow is drowning, all his past life flashes before his eyes. Certainly, when a Rookwood fellow was called by the Head, all his recent sins flashed through his mind—sins of omission and commission, of which the most law-abiding fellow generally had a few, as it were.

So Jimmy, as he came to his headmaster, and noted that Dr. Chisholm was frowning, wondered rapidly which of his little faults was the matter now—the latest "rag" on the Modern fellows, or the bumping of Hansom of the Fifth, who had been rather too "Fifth-Formy" for the taste of Jimmy Silver & Co., or some other recent outbreak of Fourth Form exuberance.

But as he halted before his headmaster he observed that Dr. Chisholm, though frowning deeply, was not frowning at him.

Dr. Chisholm's eyes were fixed upon a portly figure at a little distance—the figure of Mr. Greely, master of the Fifth—who was rolling down towards the gates like a galleon under full sail.

It was, apparently, the Fifth Form master who had evoked that deep frown upon the Head's majestic brow.

"Hem!" Jimmy Silver coughed. "You called me, sir?"

Jimmy was quite at his headmaster's service, of course. Still, time was passing, and a half-holiday was a half-holiday. He really did not want to keep his chums waiting while the Head stared frowningly at the broad back of Mr. Greely in the distance.

"Ah, yes!" Dr. Chisholm took official note of Jimmy Silver's unimportant existence. "Yes, I called you, Silver! Kindly tell Mr. Greely that I wish to speak to him before he goes out!"

"Oh, certainly, sir!" said Jimmy, greatly relieved.

He cut off at once. His services were only required as a Mercury, after all; he had not been called "on the carpet." Quite brightly Jimmy scudded on the track of Horace Greely, master of the Fifth Form at Rookwood.

Mr. Greely had almost reached the

Dismissed From Rookwood!

By OWEN CONQUEST.

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

Mr. Horace Greely, master of the Fifth Form at Rookwood, falls foul of Dr. Chisholm's wrath!

gates when Jimmy Silver reached him.

"Excuse me, sir!" panted Jimmy. Mr. Greely glanced down at the breathless junior without stopping his lofty progress. He frowned.

Mr. Greely's nose, injured a few days since in a punch-ball accident, glowed rosy red, and Mr. Greely was painfully conscious of that nose.

He had even gone to the length of powdering it lightly to reduce the glare of what the Rookwood fellows called the danger signal. Mr. Greely never saw anybody without fancying that that body was looking at his nose.

He had grown, indeed, extremely irritable and tart and touchy on the subject, especially since the Head had referred to the matter with cold disapproval.

"If you please, sir—" said Jimmy, very meekly.

"Kindly do not address me, Silver!" snapped Mr. Greely.

"But, sir—" "Not a word! You have been impertinent to me, Silver, and, in my opinion, your Form master did not punish you adequately. Any further impertinence I shall punish personally."

"But, sir—" "Enough!"

Mr. Greely rolled on.

Jimmy followed. Touchy and annoyed as Mr. Greely was—irritably remembering a trifling incident which Jimmy had forgotten days ago—the junior had to deliver the Head's message. Whether Mr. Greely wanted to be addressed or not, Jimmy had to address him.

"Mr. Greely—" "Boy!"

Mr. Greely swung round on the junior. "I have told you not to address me, Silver! I desire to hold no communication whatever with Mr. Dalton's boys!"

"Very well, sir. But—" "Enough!"

Mr. Greely rolled on again, and the hapless junior followed him. He was well aware that he was in Mr. Greely's bad books. But it couldn't be helped; he had to tell the Fifth Form master that the Head wanted him. Mr. Dalton, master of the Fourth, came in at the gates as Jimmy overtook the Fifth Form master again.

"Mr. Greely!" gasped Jimmy.

"Boy, be silent!"

"But, sir—" "Mr. Dalton!" boomed Mr. Greely.

"I draw your attention to the persistent impertinence of this boy belonging to your Form. You are aware, sir, that I have already received impertinence from this boy and his friends on the subject of the unfortunate accident which has—hem!—caused me sufficient inconvenience, sir, without the insolence of a bad-mannered Lower boy being added, sir. Do I make myself clear, Mr. Dalton?"

"Quite, sir!" said Richard Dalton. "Silver, I am surprised at this. I have already warned you. And now—"

"But, sir," gasped Jimmy, in dismay. "I was only speaking to Mr. Greely—"

"The boy persists in addressing me, although I have ordered him not to address me!" boomed Mr. Greely. "Is this, sir, the conduct you inculcate in the boys of your Form?"

Richard Dalton frowned.

"Certainly not!" he said. "How dare you, Silver, address Mr. Greely against his wish?"

Jimmy was crimson.

"But, sir, I was only telling Mr. Greely—"

"You can have nothing to tell me, Silver, when I do not choose to hear you," said Mr. Greely. "You are an impertinent boy, and only my respect for your Form master prevents me from boxing your ears."

"But, sir, I must speak to you—" "Silver!" exclaimed Mr. Dalton.

"Oh dear! It's a message from the Head, sir!" gasped Jimmy.

"Oh!" "Dr. Chisholm sent me, sir—"

Mr. Greely's plump face grew pink. He realised that he had been a little too previous, so to speak.



MR. GREELY IS WANTED! "Silver," said Dr. Chisholm, "kindly tell Mr. Greely that I wish to speak to him before he goes out." "Oh, certainly, sir!" said Jimmy Silver. He scudded on the track of Horace Greely, master of the Fifth Form at Rookwood. Mr. Greely had almost reached the gates when Jimmy Silver reached him. "Excuse me, sir," panted Jimmy. Mr. Greely glanced down at the breathless junior, without stopping his lofty progress.

"You have a message for me from the headmaster, Silver?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why did you not say so at once?" demanded Mr. Greely, rather unreasonably.

"I was trying to, sir, but you—" "Nonsense! Deliver your message immediately, and do not add any Lower School impertinence to it!" snapped the Fifth Form master.

"Dr. Chisholm wishes to speak to you, sir, before you go out," said Jimmy Silver.

"Is that all?"

"That's all, sir."

Mr. Greely grunted and swung round, and walked back the way he had come. He caught a faint smile upon Richard Dalton's face as that young gentleman moved away, and Mr. Greely's cheeks were almost as red as his nose. Jimmy Silver, glad to have done with him, joined his chums outside the school gates. Raby and Newcome detached themselves from the wall they were leaning on.

Arthur Edward Lovell gave Jimmy an accusing look.

"You've kept us waiting a jolly long time," he said.

"Bulkeley kept me jawing about the practice grounds. And then the Head gave me a message, and then that priceless ass, Greely—" "Oh, cut it short, old man!" said Lovell.

"You've kept us waiting, but there's no need to wait any longer while you go through a giddy catalogue. We shall be late for the pictures at Latcham, at this rate."

"Look here, Lovell—" "Oh, all right," said Arthur Edward in his most exasperating tone of patient resignation. "If we're going to hang about here all the afternoon—" "Come on!" said Raby pacifically.

"We can catch the train all right by taking the short cut through the wood. Trot!"

And the Fistical Four trotted.

The 2nd Chapter. Not to be Tolerated!

Dr. Chisholm waited.

He might have been a statue of bronze as he stood on the gravel path by the Masters' Studies, and waited for Mr. Greely to join him.

He did not look at the Fifth Form master as that gentleman came ponderously up; but without looking at him, he saw, all the same, and noted with growing disapproval the purple glow of his damaged nose.

Mr. Greely's nose, in its natural state, was rather prominent; red and swollen, it was, so to speak, a sight for gods, and men, and little fishes.

It seemed quite to flame in the bright spring sunshine, and it seemed singularly inappropriate to the grave

"Sir!" "An accident—I quite understand. Perfectly so!"

"A rebounding punch-ball, sir—" "Quite so! Quite so!" The Head made a gesture. "Details matter little. I regret the accident. I repeat that I do not desire to interfere with your liberty of movement. But in the present circumstances, does it not seem to you more—hem!—judicious to confine your walks within the precincts of Rookwood? You are well known, sir, in the vicinity, as a Form master in this school, and exceedingly disagreeable comment might be excited. You follow me, I presume?"

Mr. Greely seemed to breathe with difficulty.

That he looked as if his nose had been punched, and punched hard, he knew.

But surely no inhabitant of that part of Hampshire, meeting so majestic a gentleman as Horace Greely in his walks abroad could or would imagine for a moment that Mr. Greely had been engaged in a bout of fisticuffs!

The Head seemed to fear so. Such a fear seemed absurd to Mr. Greely.

"Sir!" he gasped.

"You will please yourself, of course!" said the Head coldly. "I have stated my opinion."

He made a movement to go.

Mr. Greely almost choked. Was he to be "gated" like a schoolboy because his nose had been damaged by a rebounding punch-ball? It seemed to him sheer tyranny, under cover of an over-strained regard for appearances.

"One moment, sir!" he exclaimed.

"I was not going out merely for a walk. I am meeting a gentleman coming from the station."

"Indeed!"

"Sir George Hansom, sir, the father of a boy in my Form, is coming to Rookwood to-day," said Mr. Greely. "I have the honour, sir, of being on terms of personal friendship with Sir George. It was my privilege, sir, to be his tutor in his University days, and Sir George has kindly expressed a wish that I should—"

The Head's face grew colder.

Possibly he was not pleased at all to hear that Mr. Greely, one of his subordinates, was on terms of personal friendship with the baronet, who was the father of Hansom of the Fifth. Possibly, too, he thought that Mr. Greely exaggerated the extent of the friendship. And undoubtedly Dr. Chisholm disliked being opposed or argued with.

He interrupted the Fifth Form master.

"No doubt Sir George Hansom will excuse you in the circumstances," he said in a voice like ice. "He will quite understand why you did not meet him at the station when he sees you, Mr. Greely."

"Nevertheless, sir—" "I do not desire to pursue the subject," said the Head. "I have made a suggestion, Mr. Greely. You will act upon it or not, as you think fit. You are absolutely your own master in the matter."

With that, Dr. Chisholm gave Mr. Greely the curtest inclination of the head and walked back to the House.

Mr. Greely stood quite still. His wrath was great.

Many and many a time, like most members of the Rookwood staff, he had felt that the Head was too overbearing to be borne with. Many a time had he almost resolved to resign his position in the school—almost, but not quite.

This was really the limit. The Head had only made a "suggestion," but obviously he expected his subordinate, though absolutely his own master, to act on that suggestion.

Mr. Greely was powerfully inclined to walk out at the gates, regardless of the headmaster's suggestion that he should confine his perambulations to the confines of Rookwood.

But he did not. He stirred at last and walked into the House. He walked into the Masters' Common-room, doubtless in quest of sympathy from the other masters. Only Mr. Mooney, the master of the Shell, was in the room, deep in an armchair and a philatelic magazine—Mr. Mooney's hobby being philately. Mr. Greely glanced at him and gave an indignant snort, and the master of the Shell glanced up; but he glanced down again at once, possibly not desiring to be the recipient of Mr. Greely's indignant confidences.

Mr. Greely snorted again, but Mr. Mooney remained absolutely absorbed in philately.

countenance of a senior master of Rookwood School.

"Sir!" Mr. Greely spoke in a deep, fruity voice. "Sir! Silver informed me that you desired to speak to me."

"That is the case, Mr. Greely."

"I am at your service, sir," said Mr. Greely, with immense dignity. The Head was looking at him now, and his icy glance lingered on Mr. Greely's nose. The most casual glance at his nose, in its present state, was sufficient to move Mr. Greely's ire.

"You were, I think, going out of gates, Mr. Greely?"

"Quite so, sir."

"Far be it from me, sir, to interfere with the liberty of action of any member of my staff in his leisure hours," said the headmaster, "but in the present circumstances, Mr. Greely—hem!"

"I do not follow, sir," said Mr. Greely. "I do not follow your meaning, sir."

"I allude, Mr. Greely, to your present disfigurement," said the Head tartly.

The Fifth Form master rolled out, angrier than ever, and came on Richard Dalton in the corridor. Richard Dalton quickened his pace a little, but there was no escape for him. Mr. Greely simply had to speak or burst.

"Mr. Dalton, what do you think of this?"

"Of what, Mr. Greely?" asked the Fourth Form master patiently.

"I am detained, sir, like a schoolboy!"

"Eh?"

"The Head suggests, sir, that I should remain within gates!" gasped Mr. Greely. "He has the impression, sir, that the state of my nose, owing to that punch-ball accident, might give rise to misconception, sir, if observed by persons in the locality, sir. What do you think of that, Mr. Dalton?"

"Hem!" Apparently Mr. Dalton preferred not to give an opinion. But Mr. Greely insisted upon an opinion.

"What do you think, Mr. Dalton? I ask you, sir, as a master of Rookwood yourself, what do you think, sir?"

"Well, sir, in the circumstances, perhaps it would be judicious to withdraw a little from the public gaze," said Mr. Dalton.

"Sir!"

"You asked me, Mr. Greely," said the young Form master mildly.

"I have arranged to meet Sir George Hansom at the railway station, sir, as the Head is aware!" said Mr. Greely. "Sir George Hansom, sir, the father of Hansom of my Form, is an old friend; I was once his tutor, sir. He is a man of eminent position and great wealth, sir, and he honours me with his friendship. Am I to neglect this gentleman, sir, possibly to offend him, because it pleases Dr. Chisholm to indulge in an unwarrantable interference with my liberty of action, sir?"

But Mr. Dalton was not to be drawn into criticisms of the Head. Richard Dalton was the youngest member of the Rookwood staff—he was a cricketer and an athlete—and perhaps for these reasons he never shared in the incessant bickering and tattling of Masters' Common-room.

"On that point, Mr. Greely, you must judge for yourself," said Mr. Dalton. "I should not presume to advise you."

And, with a cheery nod, Richard Dalton walked on.

Mr. Greely snorted and rolled away to his own study.

In that apartment he paced to and fro with growing wrath and resentment, somewhat like a lion in a cage.

"Is this to be endured?" he asked, addressing, apparently, the bust of Socrates on the mantelpiece. He halted in his angry pacing and stared at Socrates. "Is this to be borne?"

Socrates, of course, made no reply.

"Is it to be borne?" repeated Mr. Greely. "Am I a slave? Am I a schoolboy to be detained? I repeat—is this to be tolerated?"

Socrates gave no sign.

Mr. Greely resumed his angry pacing, growing redder and redder, and wrathier and wrathier, as he brooded on his wrongs.

Finally he made up his mind.

He clutched up his hat and sallied forth.

He was no slave; he was no schoolboy to be detained. The Head had not given a command, he had made a suggestion. Well, Horace Greely was not going to act on that suggestion!

With a firm stride Mr. Greely left the House.

He was aware without looking that the Head was at his study window—that the Head saw him go.

That gave him satisfaction.

The Head would realise, no doubt, that he was not a slave; that he was not a schoolboy to be detained.

With head erect Mr. Greely marched out of gates. He was too late now to meet Sir George at the station, but he was in ample time to meet the eminent and wealthy gentleman on his way to Rookwood; doubtless Sir George would walk through the wood, as arranged, and Mr. Greely would meet him on the way.

That the Head would be angry in a cold, contained way Mr. Greely knew, and he did not care.

He marched on.

He marched on.

He marched on.

He marched on.

He marched on.

He marched on.

He marched on.

He marched on.

He marched on.

He marched on.

He marched on.

He marched on.

He marched on.

He marched on.

He marched on.

He marched on.

Jimmy Silver & Co. had trotted through the wood by the footpath, and they came out into the road again near Coombe.

A rather tall and florid gentleman in a silk hat was turning from the road into the footpath, and the juniors glanced at him. They had seen him before; it was the father of Hansom of the Fifth—the youth whom the Fistical Four had recently bumped for being too "Fifth-Formy."

Remembering their manners, the juniors capped Sir George respectfully as he passed, and the baronet gave them a glance and a kind nod. He was a rather pleasant-looking gentleman, and the juniors knew—as Hansom of the Fifth let everybody at Rookwood know—that he was a gentleman of great wealth. Recently Sir George had acquired a large property in the neighbourhood of Rookwood School, and during the negotiations he had been seen a good many times at Rookwood.

The baronet disappeared among the trees along the footpath, and Jimmy Silver looked at his watch.

"Lots of time for the Latcham train," he said. "We can take it easy from here."

"No good wasting time, you know," remarked Lovell. Lovell generally had something to say in the way of opposition.

Whereupon Jimmy Silver sat down on a tree-stump. That seemed

better. Nobody else had passed the juniors on the road; and the wealthy baronet certainly was not likely to be a friend of these flashy rowdies.

"Rather a tall chap, in a silk hat, with an eyeglass," said the man, still staring about him as he questioned Jimmy.

"He must have gone into the wood, Smithy," said the other man. "Let's get on."

"Hold on a minute! These kids must have seen him, Tadger. He can't have dropped through the blinking ground!" growled Smithy.

"Well, hurry up!"

"Did you see him?" repeated Smithy, addressing Jimmy Silver impatiently.

Jimmy made no answer. But Arthur Edward Lovell chimed in cheerily.

"Yes, he came along here a few minutes ago; he's gone by the footpath. You'll catch him all right if you hurry up."

"Thanks!" said Smithy. "Come on, Tadger."

The two men disappeared into the wood by the footpath at a run.

Jimmy looked at Lovell expressively.

"You ass!" he said.

"Same to you!" said Lovell.

"Why the thump couldn't you answer a civil question? It was old Hansom they wanted."

"I know it was; and I don't suppose they're after any good," said

Smithy and Tadger had long vanished, and there was no sight or sound of them. Jimmy was feeling uneasy. Obviously those two outsiders had followed Sir George Hansom from the station, and now they were following him through a lonely wood. It was absurd to suppose that they could have any business of an above-board character with that eminent and wealthy gentleman, and it seemed to the captain of the Rookwood Fourth extremely probable that they had business with him of a lawless kind.

Arthur Edward Lovell eyed his chum impatiently.

"Are you coming, or not?" he lawled.

"Better get a move on, Jimmy," said Newcome. "We don't want to miss the train, after coming this far."

Jimmy did not move.

"I don't like the look of this," he said. "Those two roughs are after no good—"

"Bosh!" from Lovell.

"We should feel rather rotten if we heard that Hansom's pater had been robbed—"

"Bless Hansom's pater, and Hansom, too!" said Lovell. "We shall lose the train while you're wagging your chin, Jimmy."

"Bless the train," said Jimmy cheerfully. "Look here! I tell you I don't like this, and I think we'd better walk through the wood—"

"What about the pictures?"



AFTER THE ATTACK ON SIR GEORGE HANSOM! "Mr. Greely!" "Sir George!" Mr. Greely, having recovered his wind, helped the baronet to his feet. The two damaged gentlemen shook hands. Smithy and Tadger wriggled in the grass, with a stream of unpleasant remarks. But they could not get loose. Four sturdy Rookwood juniors were quite equal to the task of holding them down.

an appropriate answer to make to Lovell's remark. Raby and Newcome grinned and leaned on a fence.

"If we're going to hang about and lose the train—" said Arthur Edward Lovell.

"Why not give your chin a rest, old chap?" suggested Newcome.

"Good idea!" said Raby heartily.

"Look what a lot of exercise it gets!"

"Look here, you duffers—"

"Hallo! What do these chaps want?" said Jimmy Silver, as there was a sound of running feet in the lane.

Towards the village the road made a bend, and round the bend two men came running rather fast.

They stopped as they saw the four juniors of Rookwood and glanced about them as if in search of someone else.

Jimmy Silver & Co. eyed them rather curiously.

They were rather flashily-dressed fellows with hard faces and shifty, suspicious eyes. They looked like a couple of racing roughs—the kind of sporting hooligans whom the juniors had sometimes seen hanging about Latcham on race days.

One of them came across to the juniors, after a sharp look up and down the road.

"Seen a friend of ours pass here?" he asked.

"What was he like?" asked Jimmy Silver civilly enough. It came into his mind that if these fellows were following Sir George Hansom, the less information he gave them the

Jimmy. "They look to me like fellows who pinch watches at the races."

"Oh, rot!" said Lovell.

"That's what they jolly well are, too!" said Raby. "If they pinch old Hansom's watch it will be up to Lovell to buy him a new one!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ass!" snorted Lovell. "If old Hansom is fathead enough to let them pinch his watch, serve him jolly well right. Not that I suppose anything of the kind. They said they were looking for a friend of theirs. You heard them."

"Dear man," said Jimmy Silver. "I suppose they wouldn't be likely to say they were looking for a man to pick his pocket!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, rubbish!" growled Lovell.

"Look here, are we going to the pictures at Latcham, or are we not going to the pictures at Latcham? If we are, we'd better get a move on and catch the train."

Raby and Newcome detached themselves from the fence. Jimmy Silver rose from the tree-stump, with a thoughtful expression on his face. He looked into the leafy wood and seemed to hesitate.

"Bless the pictures!"

"Now, look here, Jimmy Silver, what—"

"I'm going back!" said Jimmy decidedly. "Those two roughs are following old Hansom for no good, I tell you. You keep on to Latcham, if you like."

Jimmy settled the matter by turning back into the footpath. Raby and Newcome followed him at once.

"Fatheads!" hooted Lovell.

Then Lovell followed on. He did not want to keep on to Latcham on his own.

"It's all rot!" said Lovell, about fifteen or sixteen times, as the Fistical Four walked along the leafy footpath.

"Utter rot, I tell you!"

"Shouldn't wonder," agreed Jimmy. "All the same—"

"Bosh, old man! I've told you before that you're an ass. Now I tell you again. Old Hansom is probably through the wood by this time, and as for those chaps, I've not the slightest doubt that they're quite harmless, and—"

Lovell was suddenly interrupted.

From the distance, in the bosom of the wood, came a loud cry—a cry that rang and echoed among the trees and bushes.

The juniors started, and looked at one another.

"Oh!" ejaculated Lovell.

Jimmy Silver broke into a run, and dashed at top speed along the footpath, with his comrades at his heels.

The 4th Chapter.

Mr. Greely Going Strong!

"Upon my word!" said Mr. Greely. He stopped in sheer astonishment. Having made up his mind to walk out, in spite of the Head's opinion, Mr. Greely had lost no time.

It was quite a warm spring day, and Mr. Greely felt very warm indeed, as he rolled along at an unusually rapid pace. He was glad to enter into the shade of the trees in Coombe Wood.

He kept on the footpath, keeping his eyes well ahead, to sight Sir George Hansom at the earliest possible moment. And so it was that a sudden, startling scene dawned upon Mr. Greely's amazed eyes.

A tall figure in a shining silk hat met his gaze in the distance. It was Sir George Hansom. He had stopped on the path, and as Mr. Greely sighted him, Sir George took off his silk topper, and wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. Apparently he, like Mr. Greely, felt the warmth of the spring afternoon. He was facing the Rookwood master as he stood, but did not see him, being busy wiping his forehead, which was bedewed with perspiration. That, of course, was not what startled Mr. Greely. What startled him was the view of two flashy-looking men on the footpath behind Sir George, creeping on him stealthily.

The baronet was obviously quite unconscious that there was anyone near him. He mopped the perspiration from his broad, bald forehead, at peace with himself and all the world. And the two racing roughs, tiptoeing on the grassy path, approached him from behind without a sound—their eyes fixed on their intended victim, and not dreaming that, in the distance, a Rookwood Form master's eyes were fixed on them.

Mr. Greely fairly gasped.

One of the roughs had a short length of lead-piping in his hand, obviously for use as a weapon. An attack was about to take place—an attack by a couple of footpads on that eminent and wealthy gentleman, Sir George Hansom, in a lonely spot far from all help—had not Mr. Greely been at hand!

But Mr. Greely was there!

For a few moments he stood dumb-founded at what he saw, taken so aback that he simply stood and gazed. Mr. Greely's brain did not, perhaps, work very quickly.

But as he realised what was happening, he started forward, and gave a hoarse shout.

Sir George glanced up.

At the same moment Smithy and Tadger reached him, and Tadger's arm was flung round the baronet's neck from behind. Before he knew what was happening, Sir George Hansom was down on his back in the grass, and Smithy was brandishing the lead-piping over his head.

Mr. Greely bounded towards the spot.

His face was aflame, his eyes glinting. He did not hear what was said, but he knew that a threat was uttered and disregarded. He saw the baronet strive to tear himself loose, and saw the ruffian's weapon descend, stretching the unfortunate gentleman in the grass, shrieking as he fell. Mr. Greely panted and bounded on.

He was a plump gentleman, he was a middle-aged gentleman, and he was rather short of wind. But he was not short of courage, and he did not pause for an instant to reflect that he was rushing upon two dangerous ruffians, likely to turn upon him like wild beasts if interrupted in their work of robbery. Like a fat Paladin Horace Greely rushed into the fray.

"Look out, Smithy!" panted Tadger.

Smithy, with an oath, spun round towards the newcomer, the lead-piping grasped in his hand. It was fortunate for Mr. Greely that the rascal stumbled over a trailing root in his haste.

Before he recovered, the Rookwood master was upon him.

Crash! A fist that was like a leg of mutton crashed on Smithy, and sent him spinning. His weapon flew into the bushes, and Smithy crashed on the ground, yelling.

Tadger was coming at Mr. Greely the next moment like a wildcat.

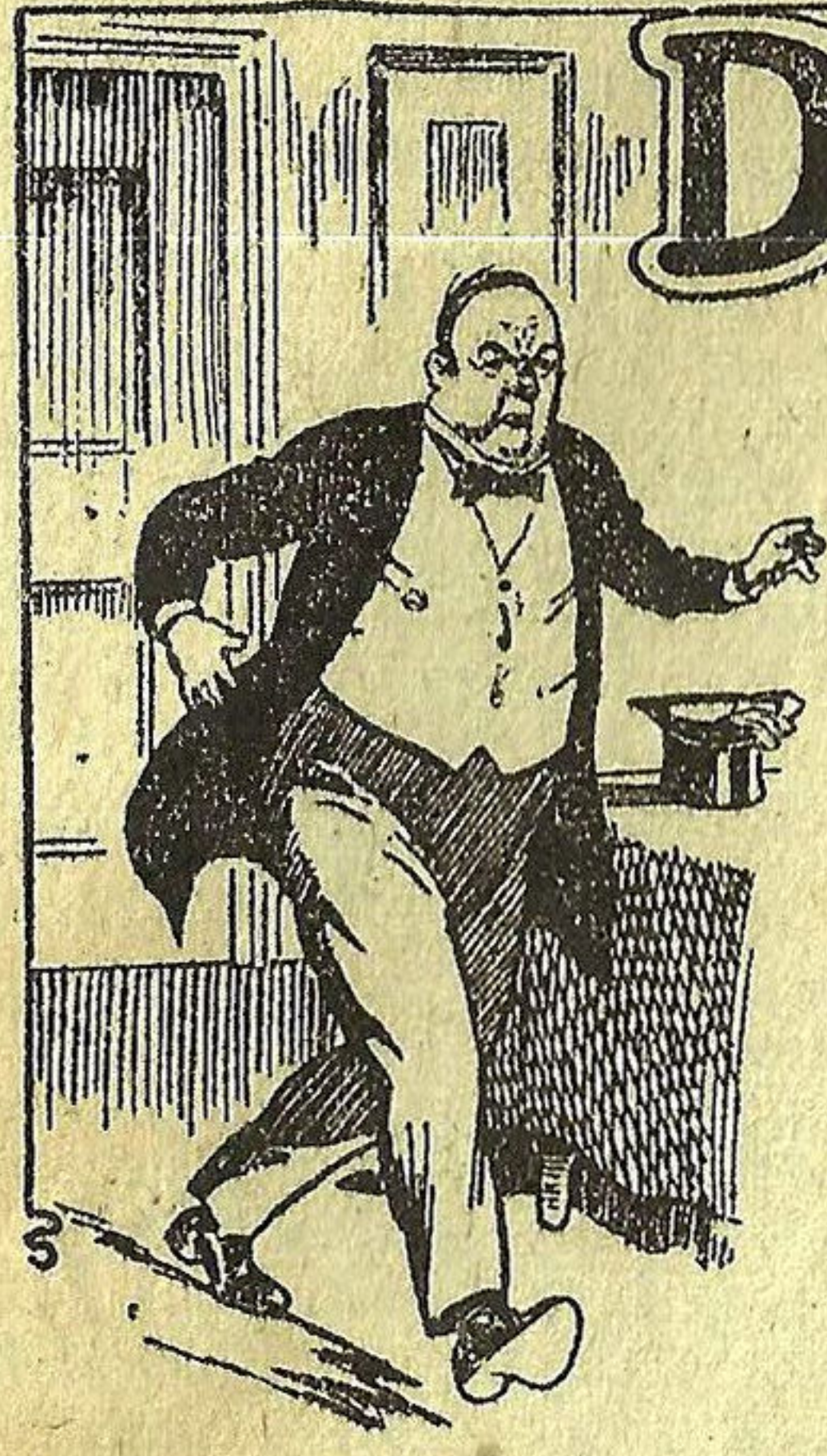
The Fifth Form master faced him gallantly.

His plump fists went up, and he met the rough with left and right, in great style. Mr. Greely was glad now of the regular punch-ball exercise in which he indulged of a morning. Certainly he was not exactly in form for a rough-and-tumble scrap;

(Continued overleaf.)

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Dismissed From Rookwood!

(Continued from previous page.)

that was not to be expected of a gentleman of his years. But he was in remarkably good form considering his age and avoirdupois.

He held his own gallantly against Tadger, giving and receiving punishment in great style.

Tadger captured what Mr. Greely was accustomed to giving to his punch-ball when he took his daily exercise, and, to judge by his looks, he did not like it. But he gave back more than Mr. Greely's punch-ball had ever given back in its most obstreperous mood.

Mr. Greely's damaged nose had caused smiles all over Rookwood for days. But in a couple of minutes it was in a state to which its former damage was as moonlight unto sunlight, as water unto wine.

It streamed crimson under Tadger's savage blows, and both his eyes blinked wildly and painfully as dirty knuckles jammed in them.

But Mr. Greely was busy, too, and Tadger backed away, badly marked, and, had the ruffian been alone, undoubtedly Horace Greely would have been the victor in that strenuous scrap.

But Smithy was on his feet again now, with a face like a demon. He stared round savagely for his weapon, but it was lost in the thick bushes, and he rushed at Horace Greely with his fists up.

Mr. Greely, following up the retreating Tadger, had to retreat again, his hands more than full. Both the roughs pressed him fiercely.

Sir George Hansom sat up dazedly, with his hand to his head. He strove to rise, but sank back again against a tree, groaning. With dazed eyes and a swimming brain he watched the unequal combat in which he could not intervene.

"Out 'im!" muttered Tadger.

Mr. Greely gave ground rapidly now. He was fighting hard and bravely, but the two roughs were too much for him. His plump face was a picture of damages. He could hardly see out of his bruised eyes, and his nose gushed red, his mouth was cut, his lips bruised. He gasped and panted, and spluttered for breath, almost at the end of his strength, but still game. Mr. Greely had his faults and foibles; but he was a Briton to the backbone, with all his little weaknesses, and it did not even cross his mind to run and leave Sir George Hansom to the robbers. The ruffians would have been glad enough to see him go; but Mr. Greely did not think of going. He had to give ground, but he gave it with his face to the enemy, fighting his hardest.

But it could not last.

Mr. Greely was almost exhausted, and the two roughs were pressing him harder, with savage blows, which he was no longer able to guard or to return. He went down heavily at last.

"Rescue, Rookwood!"

It was a shout on the footpath, as the Fifth Form master fell. Four juniors came tearing up at racing speed.

Smithy's knee was on Mr. Greely's chest—Tadger had gripped him by the throat. They stared round savagely, at the shout of the Rookwood juniors, and jumped up from their victim.

"Go for 'em!" roared Lovell.

"Thank Heaven!" gasped Mr. Greely.

Mr. Greely forgot at that moment that he did not like the chums of the Fourth. Never had he been so glad in his life to see Rookwood faces.

The rush of the four brought them upon the two ruffians, and there was a wild and whirling melee.

Mr. Greely staggered to his feet.

Rescue had arrived in the nick of time; and the Fifth Form master was not done yet.

As the two roughs struggled and fought with the four juniors, Mr.

Greely piled in again with renewed energy.

The odds were too heavily against the two footpads now.

They realised that it was time to go, and they were thinking now only of getting loose and getting away. But Mr. Greely's heavy fist stretched Smithy in the grass, as he struggled with Raby and Lovell, and the rascal went down with the two juniors clinging to him like wild cats. Once on the ground he had no chance of rising again; the Rookwooders took care of that.

Tadger was reeling to and fro in the grasp of Jimmy Silver and Newcome. He went down, and they sprawled over him, and Jimmy planted a knee on his chest.

"Hold them!" panted Mr. Greely.

"We've got 'em, sir!"

"Right as rain!" grinned Lovell.

"We can handle the cads, sir!"

Mr. Greely leaned against a tree and panted. And the Fistical Four

"Hold them securely," said Mr. Greely. "They shall be handed over to the police."

"Certainly," said Sir George.

"I was coming to meet you, sir," went on the Fifth Form master. "Owing to—hem!—a certain delay, I was too late to reach the station in time. But fortunately—"

Sir George grasped his hand again. "Mr. Greely, you have behaved splendidly, sir! You have acted like a hero, sir!"

"My dear sir—" purred Mr. Greely.

"Splendidly—heroically!" said Sir George. "Those scoundrels must have followed me to rob me. I remember having seen them in the train on my way down. I should have been robbed—probably severely injured—but for your gallantry, Mr. Greely. I shall never be able sufficiently to express my obligation, sir."

"Not at all, Sir George—not at all!" murmured Mr. Greely, wishing from the bottom of his heart that the Head of Rookwood could have been present to hear this.

"I shall never forget it, sir—never!" said Sir George impressively. "We have always been friends, Mr. Greely, since you were my tutor at Oxford. I have always respected you, but never so much as now."

"Oh, Sir George!"

"Where do we come in?" murmured Arthur Edward Lovell to Jimmy Silver.

Greely, we had better, I think, proceed to the doctor's at once. I am feeling very, very upset, and doubtless you are feeling the same."

"I must confess that I am, sir," said Mr. Greely. "I keep myself fit, sir, but age will tell—age will tell. I have to remember that I am not an undergraduate now."

"Quite so," assented Sir George.

"But those rascals—"

"We'll take care of these blighters, sir," said Lovell. "We'll tie up their paws and take them to the police-station."

"Let a bloke go!" whined Tadger.

"We had better remain while the boys secure these scoundrels, Mr. Greely."

"Certainly."

It did not take Jimmy Silver & Co. long to secure the two footpads.

They were rolled over in the grass, and their hands bound behind their backs with their own handkerchiefs securely knotted round their wrists.

Then they were allowed to rise.

"You can leave them to us now, sir," said Raby.

"You show Mr. Greely the short cut through to the doctor's, Raby, while we look after these brutes," said Jimmy Silver.

"Right-ho!"

"Take no risks with the rascals," said Sir George. "One of them had a weapon, with which he struck me. It should be found and taken to the police."



LOVELL TRIES PERSUASION! "Get a move on!" said Jimmy Silver. "I ain't moving a step!" snarled Smithy. Arthur Edward Lovell flourished the lead pipe, of which he had taken possession. "Think again!" he suggested. "You young 'ound!" said Smithy, eyeing him savagely. "Are you going?" "No!" snarled Smithy. "If you don't stir your stumps, old bean," said Lovell cheerfully, "I shall help you—with a tap on the napper—like that!" "Rap!" "Yaroooh!" "And another—like that—" "Ow!" "And that—" "Stop it!" yelled Smithy. "I'm going, ain't I?" And he went.

of the Fourth held the two footpads securely, until the Fifth Form master got his second wind.

The 5th Chapter. Horace Greely—Hero!

"Mr. Greely!"

"Sir George!"

Mr. Greely, having recovered his wind, helped the baronet to his feet. The two damaged gentlemen shook hands.

Smithy and Tadger wriggled in the grass, with a stream of unpleasant remarks. But they could not get loose. Four sturdy Rookwood juniors were quite equal to the task of holding them down. And as Smithy became too emphatic, Lovell grasped his ears and jammed his head on the ground, as a warning to be quiet—and Smithy howled and gave in.

Sir George and Mr. Greely looked at one another.

The baronet had a big bruise on his head, and as for the Fifth Form master, his face was so bruised that it was really not easy to recognise him. Both of them gasped painfully, and looked dazed and dizzy. Jimmy Silver & Co. were not much the worse for the scrap, hot as it had been; but, naturally, middle-aged gentlemen felt its effects more severely.

"Are those—those men safe?" gasped the baronet.

"Quite, sir," said Jimmy Silver cheerily. "We've got them all right!"

Certainly, Mr. Greely's conduct had been admirable, and the baronet was right to be grateful. But equally certainly, the chums of the Fourth had turned the tide of battle, so to speak; both the elderly gentlemen would have been seriously damaged had not the Fistical Four arrived on the scene. But they seemed quite overlooked, all the same.

"But you are injured, Sir George," went on Mr. Greely. "You must get medical attention at once."

"And you, Mr. Greely."

"Merely a few bruises, sir," said Mr. Greely airily, though he winced as he spoke. He was hurt, and he knew that he was going to have a pair of black eyes—an alarming prospect for a Form master in a public school. But it could not be helped, and even Dr. Chisholm could scarcely complain when he learned how the Fifth Form master had received his honourable scars.

"It's not very far to Dr. Bolton's house, through the wood, sir," said Jimmy Silver. "We can show you the way."

"Thank you, my boy," said Sir George, becoming aware, as it were, of the Fistical Four's existence. "You are Rookwood boys, I think."

"Yes, sir."

"You have acted very courageously—quite in accordance with the traditions of your school," said the baronet graciously. "I shall certainly mention this to your headmaster. Mr.

"A length of lead piping, I think," said Mr. Greely.

"We'll find it, sir."

Smithy's weapon was looked for, and retrieved from the bushes. Then Raby led the way through the wood, and the two gentlemen followed him, very anxious to get to Dr. Bolton's at the earliest possible moment. Jimmy Silver and Newcome and Lovell remained in charge of the two footpads, and they started them along the footpath towards Coombe Lane.

As soon as Mr. Greely and the baronet were out of sight and hearing, Smithy and Tadger stopped dead.

"Now you let a cove go!" said Smithy savagely between his teeth. "You hear me? Let my 'ands loose and let me go, or it will be the worse for you, my young rips!"

"Get a move on!" said Jimmy.

"I ain't moving a step!" snarled Smithy.

Arthur Edward Lovell flourished the lead pipe, of which he had taken possession.

"Think again!" he suggested.

"You young 'ound!" said Smithy, eyeing him savagely.

"Are you going?"

"No!" snarled Smithy.

"If you don't stir your stumps, old bean," said Lovell cheerfully, "I shall help you—with a tap on the napper, like that!"

Rap!

"Yaroooh!"

"And another—like that—"

"Ow!"

"And that—"

"Stop it!" yelled Smithy. "I'm going, ain't I?"

And he went.

"I thought you'd change your mind, old thing!" smiled Lovell.

"Always ready to help you if you change it again."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Smithy and Tadger tramped on savagely, with the three Rookwood juniors. The party came out into the road, and walked on towards the village, heading for the cottage of Police-constable Boggs, which was the substitute for a police-station in Coombe. They were near the village when they came on three Fifth-Formers of Rookwood—Hansom, Talboys, and Lumsden. The trio stopped to stare at the odd-looking party.

"Well, what the thump's this game?" asked Hansom of the Fifth. "Is this a Lower School lark, or what?"

"We've arrested these footpads," said Arthur Edward Lovell loftily. "We're taking them to the police-station."

"Rot!" said Hansom.

"Fact, old man," smiled Jimmy Silver. "They went for your pater, in the wood, and old Greely—ahem! I mean, Mr. Greely—came up and did heroic stunts—regular old Berserker. Of course, we had to weigh in and deal with the situation. I really hardly know how Rookwood would get on at all without the Classical Fourth."

And the juniors chuckled.

"What rot!" said Talboys.

"I say, though, my pater was coming down to the school this afternoon," said Hansom. "I've got to get in in time to see him. Look here, Silver, if you're pulling my leg—"

"Honest Injun!" said Jimmy. "You'll find your pater at Dr. Bolton's by this time, and Greely is with him, with a face like a Turkey carpet. Get on, you chaps—we've got to deliver the goods."

And the juniors marched their prisoners on, leaving Hansom & Co. staring after them blankly.

Two scowling roughs, with their hands tied, and three cheery Rookwood juniors in charge of them, attracted considerable attention in the village street. By the time the Co. arrived at Mr. Boggs' residence, all the rising generation of Coombe seemed to be following them, and quite an army arrived with them.

Mr. Boggs received them in great astonishment.

"I've jest had a telephone call from Dr. Bolton's," he said. "My eye! Are these the blokes?"

"These are the blokes!" answered Jimmy Silver. "We hand them over to you, Boggy. And remember that anything you may say will be taken down in writing and may be used in evidence against you."

And with that playful remark, the captain of the Rookwood Fourth handed over Smithy and Tadger into the official charge of Mr. Boggs.

Arthur Edward Lovell looked at his watch as the juniors walked away from P.c. Boggs' cottage.

"Too late for the pictures, now," he remarked. "Still, I'm glad I went back instead of going on to Latham. It's lucky, as it turns out, that I spotted those two rotters as suspicious characters."

His comrades looked at him.

"You spotted them?" repeated Jimmy Silver.

"Hallo! Here's Raby!" said Lovell, rather hastily.

Raby joined his chums, and the Fistical Four sauntered away towards Rookwood together.

"How are the giddy invalids?" asked Newcome.

"They looked a bit moulting when I left them," answered Raby. "I say, old Greely may be a priceless ass, but he's jolly plucky. He's got a terrific chivy on him now. I fancy he's going to have black eyes."

Lovell whistled.

"My word! He was a regular Tartar about his jolly old nose—what will he be like with black eyes?"

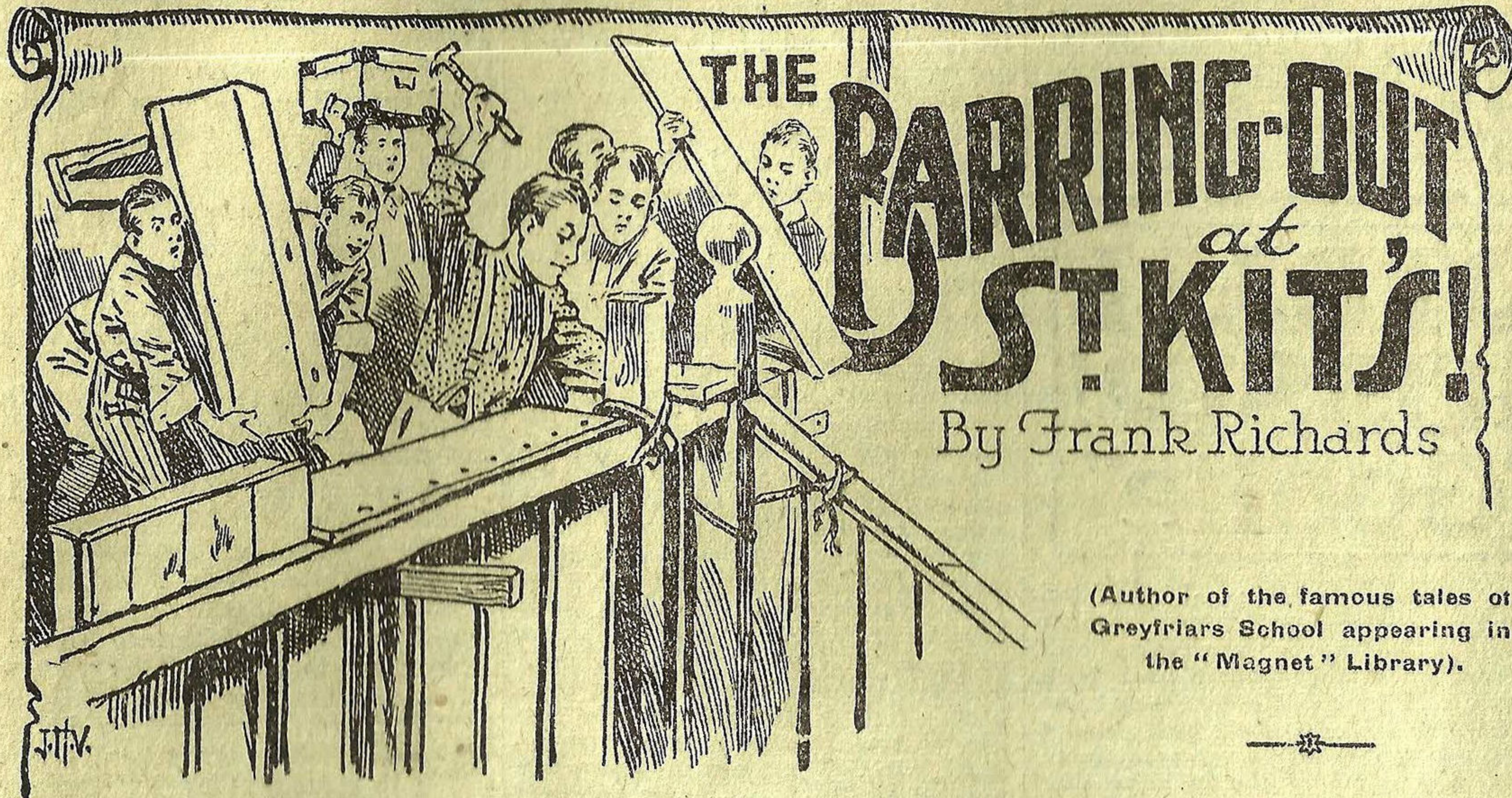
"Jolly for the Fifth!" said Newcome. "They'll get the time of their lives!"

"Honourable scars!" said Jimmy Silver. "Even the Head can hardly give him the marble eye over an affair like this. Still, if I were Greely, I'd break it to him gently."

And the Fistical Four chuckled.

(Continued on page 704.)

FRANK RICHARDS' EXCITING TALE OF SCHOOLBOYS IN REVOLT!



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

Mr. Carker's hired ruffians find it no easy task to quell the Fourth Form rebellion.

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.

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. The next morning Slaney's men duly arrive at St. Kit's, but their first attack upon the rebels fails, and Harry Wilmot & Co. capture Jim Spadger, their leader. From Spadger Harry Wilmot learns that Mr. Carker hired the ruffians through Bill Slaney, and that Slaney is to be found at the Peal of Bells, near Lynn. It is whilst the captain of the Fourth and his comrades are discussing how they can warn the police of Slaney's whereabouts that Spadger's gang return to the attack, and they are compelled to hurry back to the barricade to help defend it.

Hot Stuff!

Spadger's gang were on the war-path again. It had not been easy for Mr. Carker to screw their courage up to the sticking-point, but he had succeeded at last. Their "job" at St. Kit's was much more difficult than hustling and pilfering in a crowd at the races, which was the way Spadger's gang turned a dishonest penny as a rule. Their roughest day at the races had not earned them so many damages as they had received in the tussle with the St. Kit's Fourth. They really did not want any more. But Mr. Carker succeeded at last. A good dinner, provided by the horrified Mrs. Honour—who had never seen such guests within the walls of St. Kit's before—liquid refreshment to follow, on a liberal scale, and a promise of double pay—these inducements told upon the battered gang, and they announced their willingness to try their luck again. When St. Kit's had gone into the Form-rooms for class that after-

noon, therefore, the gang gathered for the attack; and this time they did not come with bare hands. Knuckles, tough as they were, were of no use against fives bats and pokers and golf-clubs. Each of the roughs had provided himself now with a hefty cudgel, and their looks showed that the weapons would be used with energy.

Mr. Carker had his misgivings. If serious damage was done he was answerable for it. But he had little choice left—the struggle had gone too far for compromise, even if he thought of compromise. Spadger's gang were his last resource, and if they were defeated he could devise no other means of dealing with the rebellion.

So he decided to take the risk—though with misgivings. If the schoolboys resisted, it was their own look-out.

So the ruffians marched up the staircase, and Durance, on guard at the top of the stairs, shouted his warning and the defenders gathered once more to hold the fort.

Bob Rake whistled softly as he sighted the cudgels.

"Looks like business this time," he said.

"Yaas, begad!"

"That's the finish," muttered Rex Tracy. "That means cracked heads if we try to keep them off, Wilmot."

Harry Wilmot's lip curled.

"Very likely! You can surrender if you like."

"Carker looks as if he would like to get hold of a jolly old victim," grinned Algernon Aubrey.

"I'm not havin' a hand in it," muttered Tracy. "It's not good enough, and—and—it's all rot!"

"Get into your study and lock the door," said the captain of the Fourth scornfully.

"Funk!" bawled Stubbs.

Tracy crimsoned, but he went to his study, and two or three of the nuts followed him, and the key was heard to turn. Much more plucky fellows than Tracy looked serious enough as the gang of roughs grouped on the landing below.

But Harry Wilmot & Co. were staunch. Danger or no danger, they did not think of shrinking from the combat.

Mr. Carker stared up at the captain of the Fourth, over the bannisters, from the lower stairs, keeping a wary eye open at the same time to dodge a missile.

"For the last time, Wilmot—"

"Rats!"

"For the last time—"

Mr. Carker.

"You've said that before, old bean," remarked Algernon Aubrey St. Leger. "You're beginnin' to repeat yourself."

"If you do not surrender immediately, you will take the consequences!" shouted Mr. Carker.

"Bow-wow!" "Trot out the jolly old consequences, old bean!"

"Back up, you fellows!" said Harry Wilmot. "Hit hard—as hard as you jolly well can! Bob—Where's Bob?"

Bob Rake had disappeared.

"Rake!" shouted Stubbs. "Where's Rake? He's not gone skulking along with Tracy."

"No, you ass! Bob!"

"Adsum!" called out the Australian junior's cheery voice. Bob Rake came speeding along from the top study with a canister in his hands.

"What on earth's that?" asked Durance.

Bob chuckled.

"Niff!" he said.

He jerked off the lid of the canister and held it under Durance's nose.

"Atchoo! You silly ass—atchoo—choo!" spluttered Durance.

"Pepper!" ejaculated Algy.

"Just that!" agreed Bob. "I bagged it from the giddy pantry when we raised the grub the other night, you know. If those rotters are going to use bludgeons, we can use pepper—what?"

"Oh, my hat!"

"You fellows stand clear when I hand it out."

"Oh, gad! Yes, rather."

Mr. Carker was still shouting up. He would have been intensely relieved had the rebels been scared into surrender by the sight of the roughs with cudgels in their hands. The possible consequences of such an affray rather worried him, though he was quite determined to carry on.

"I will give you five minutes, Wilmot, to make your submission!" he yelled at last. "Do you hear?"

"Rubbish!"

"You talk too much, Carker," said Algernon Aubrey. "If you're goin' to talk durin' the five minutes, old bean, we'd rather you cut out the interval."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Why don't you jolly well lead them on, Carker? You haven't been over the top yet, you know!"

"Funk!" shouted Wheatford.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"For the last time—"

Mr. Carker.

"Oh, gad! He's repeatin' himself again!"

Mr. Carker, almost beside himself, signed to the roughs to begin the attack. The rowdy gang tramped up the Fourth Form staircase, cudgels in hand. They were

grinning savagely now; this time they were going to carry all before them, and how much damage they might do they did not care in the least. They came up with a rush and hurled themselves at the barricade. And as they clambered on the stacked furniture they lashed out with the cudgels at the defenders with terrific swipes.

It was then that Bob Rake "weighed in" with the pepper canister. There was little doubt that the gang of roughs, careless of the damage they did, would have driven back the defence and negotiated the barricade had the combat remained hand to hand.

But the pepper canister made all the difference.

With a swing of his arm Bob Rake flung a shower of pepper in the savage, threatening faces that glared over the barricade, and there was a wild eruption of frantic sneezing at once.

Sneeze! Sneeze! Sneeze!

"Groooogh!"

"Atchooooh!"

"Mmmmmmmmmmm!"

"Atchoo—choo—choo—choooh!"

Another swing of the canister, and another shower of pepper scattered over the heads of the assailants.

They were not assailing now.

They tottered on the stairs, sneezing frantically, their eyes streaming with peppery tears—gasping and spluttering and spitting. A cloud of the pepper descended on Mr. Carker below, and his sneeze was added to the chorus.

"Atchoo—choo—choo!"

"Go it!" yelled Algernon Aubrey, waving his eyeglass in great excitement. "Go it! Give 'em some more! That's the stuff to give 'em! Pile it on!"

"Atchoo—choo—choooh!"

"Grooo—hooh!"

"Gug-gug-gug!"

Some of the defenders were sneezing, too; the air was full of floating particles of pepper. They sneezed and blinked water from their eyes, and coughed.

But the attack had stopped.

Spadger's gang were in no state to continue it. Sneezing and coughing and weeping pepper, they staggered down the stairs, almost falling over one another as they went.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Rake.

"Atchoo—atchoo! Do you want any more—atchoo!—pepper? Have you had—atchoo!—enough?"

"Looks like it!" gasped Harry Wilmot. "Atchoo!"

"Yaas, begad—atchoo—choo!"

Where's my dashed handkerchief? Oh dear! Atchoo—choo—choo!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The sneezing, coughing roughs gathered on the landing again, but they did not linger there. Bob Rake made a motion as if to hurl the pepper canister among them, and they went down the lower stairs with a desperate rush, carrying Mr. Carker along with them. They did not stop till they were in the fresh air of the quadrangle, where they sneezed and sneezed and sneezed as if they would never leave off sneezing.

"Hurrah!"

"Licked!"

"Hurrah for us!"

And the St. Kit's Fourth cheered their own victory, the cheers punctuated with sneezes.

Marching Orders!

"Mr. Carker!"

"Silence, sir!" exclaimed the temporary Head of St. Kit's.

It was a couple of hours later. Mr. Carker, his nose crimson with sneezing, his eyes still watery, was in his study, when the master of the Fourth looked in. Spadger's gang were hanging about in the quadrangle, eyed curiously by all the St. Kit's fellows, who were out of the Form-rooms now.

"I have come to tell you, sir—"

said Mr. Rawlings. "You need tell me nothing! Leave my study!"

"I am aware, sir, that you ordered those—those unspeakable

(Continued overleaf.)



MR. CARKER SHELLS OUT! "You squaring?" roared Mr. Gedge. "Oh! Oh, wow! Yes!" shrieked Mr. Carker. "Of—of course, I intended—Ow! Oh, my nose! I intended—Ow!" "Money talks!" snorted Mr. Gedge. With a face as black as thunder, Mr. Carker handed out two pound-notes to every member of the rowdy gang he had brought into the school.

You and ALL your chums must enter "Bullseyes" competition. Six "J. B. Hobbs" Autographed Cricket Bats must be won each week!

ruffians, sir—those riff-raff—to attack the boys of my Form, armed with cudgels!" exclaimed the Fourth Form master. "Did you reflect, sir, what serious injuries might have been caused?"

"That is my business."
"Mine also, sir! I have consulted with the other members of the staff on this subject, sir," said Mr. Rawlings. "I ask you now, is it your intention to keep those rowdies within the walls of the school any longer?"

"Yes," snarled Mr. Carker. "That is my intention, and it is my intention, Mr. Rawlings, to subdue the rebellion you have encouraged, and I have already devised a plan for doing so, as perhaps you will be pleased to hear. I have telephoned, sir, for a number of ladders to be brought to the school, and those men—those ruffians, as you call them—will mount to the windows of the Fourth Form studies and effect an entrance there."

And Mr. Carker gave the Form master a triumphant glare.

"That, sir, will put down this rascally revolt—those young rascals will not be able to defend seven different windows at the same time, and in a few hours more, sir, the revolt will be at an end. Now leave my study; I will not bandy words with you, Mr. Rawlings—a man I have already dismissed."

"So that is your intention, sir?"

"That is my intention."
"Regardless of the injuries that may be inflicted in such a struggle between the juniors and those lawless ruffians."

"Regardless of that or of anything else, Mr. Rawlings. Is that a sufficiently plain answer for you?" sneered Mr. Carker.

"Quite. I have only to say that you will not be allowed to carry out any such plan."

"What? And who will prevent me?" roared Mr. Carker.

"I have already consulted all the masters in the school, and the prefects of the Sixth Form!" said Mr. Rawlings. "They agree with me that those ruffians cannot be allowed to remain within the walls of St. Kit's. Will you direct them to go at once, Mr. Carker?"

"Direct them to go!" exclaimed Mr. Carker.

"Yes; otherwise they will be ejected."

"Ejected!"
"Precisely. All the Sixth Form prefects have agreed to give me their support in the matter."

"Why, you—you—you—" Mr. Carker gasped.

"I take the responsibility on my own shoulders, sir," said Mr. Rawlings. "I am prepared to report the whole matter to the Board of Governors, and explain what I have done, and my reasons for so doing. And now, Mr. Carker, will you give these men an order to go?"

"No, sir!" spluttered Mr. Carker. "I will not!"

"Very good!"
Mr. Rawlings left the study.

A few minutes later he stepped out of the House, with him Mr. Tulke, the master of the Fifth, Mr. Rattrey, and Mr. Sheldon. Oliphant of the Sixth followed them out, and after him the whole array of the prefects of St. Kit's. And nearly every other member of the Sixth Form came out with the prefects.

Mr. Carker stared from his study window.

He realised that it was useless to interfere. His interference would not have been regarded.

There was an excited buzz among the St. Kit's fellows in the quad. The news spread quickly that Spadger's gang—the headmaster's remarkable allies—were to be turned out of the school. And Hilton and Gunter, and a crowd more of the Fifth, hurried on the scene to give the Sixth any help they might need.

The gang were loafing near the Head's windows, smoking their pipes and eyeing the St. Kit's fellows morosely. It was with

difficulty that Mr. Carker had kept them to their allegiance, after the second attack on the Fourth; but he had explained to them his latest plan, and they had agreed to give it a trial. They drew together, scowling and uneasy, as the crowd

of St. Kit's seniors advanced towards them, with the Form masters in the lead. Behind the array of the Sixth and Fifth there was a mob of the Shell and the fags.

Mr. Rawlings raised his hand.

"You are no longer needed here," he said. "You will kindly leave the school at once and will not return."

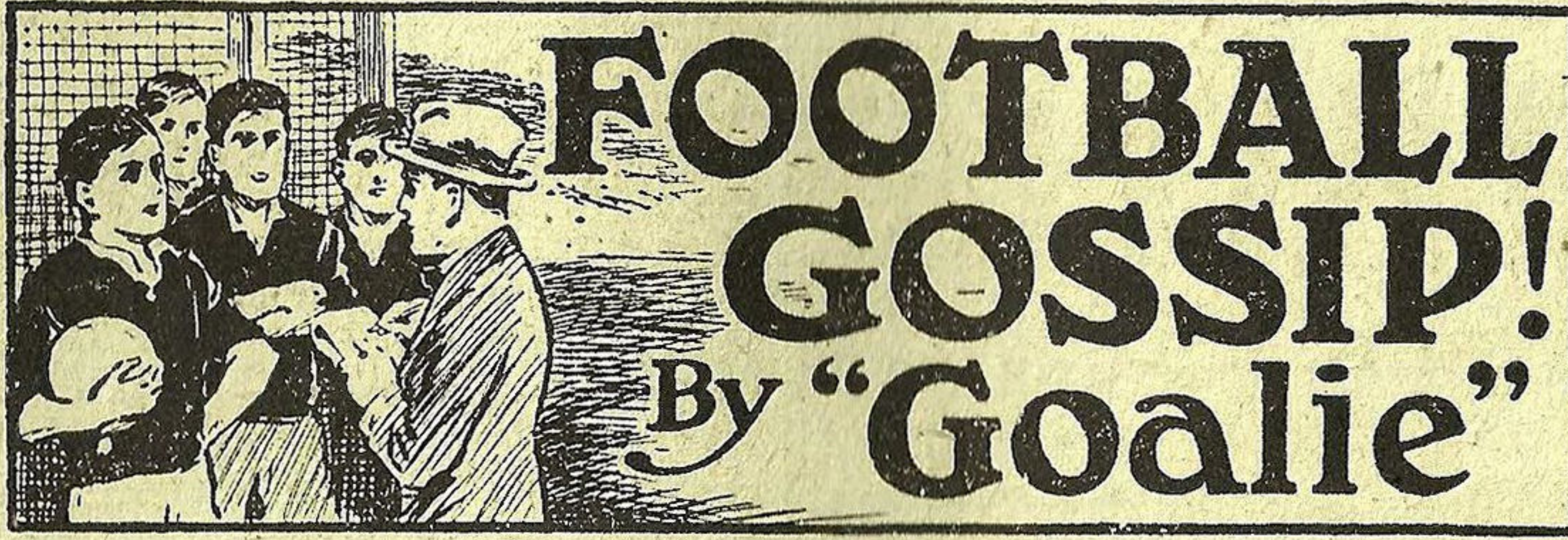
"Wot's that, guv'nor?" growled one of the gang.

"You will not go!" shouted Mr.

ward line once or twice earlier in the season, when things were not going too well.

Where the Need is Great.

Mention of this outstanding forward reminds me that almost throughout the season it has been the fashion for the critics of English football to blame the front-rank men almost entirely. Well, I am not going to say that forward play generally has touched as high a standard as I should like to see. But I do not think the forwards have been entirely to blame for this sort of thing. My view of the big need of English football is attacking half-backs—men in the middle who are constructive rather than merely destructive. There are far too many present-day half-backs who consider their duty well done when they have stopped the other fellows. What we must find are attacking half-backs.



Ringling Down the Curtain.

The football season in Scotland has already closed down, after providing, so far as the First Division Championship is concerned, a much keener fight, with a closer finish, than for some years past. This week-end the last matches on the fixture lists of the English clubs will be worked



W. WALKER (Aston Villa).

off, and then comes comparative quiet, with cricket, lawn-tennis, and other summer games coming into their own. Of course, the end of the football season does not mean the cessation of activities connected with the game. By special permission of the authorities, some games—other than League contests—will be worked off later in the month. Then the players of a number of clubs will be packing up their kitbags for a tour on the Continent.

Revising the Rules.

For the legislators, too, there is a busy time ahead at the "May meetings." Many important points will come up for consideration. There are alterations in some important rules to be proposed. The pros and cons of these have been discussed previously in these notes; but it may be just as well to refresh the memories of my readers regarding the important alterations which are to be proposed. First and foremost, of course, there is the suggested change in the offside rule, and I am prepared to give fairly long odds that some big change in the rule goes through. Then there is a proposal to check kicking-out by making the resultant throw-in much more dangerous; while some people are very anxious to thrash out once more the details of the transfer business, owing to the disgust which, following certain cases, has arisen during the season.

Looking back on the season now practically at an end, I think the first outstanding fact is that, in the view of the public, football stands where it did. The Jeremiahs never tire of telling us that the good old game is going to the dogs, and all that sort of thing; but it seems to me

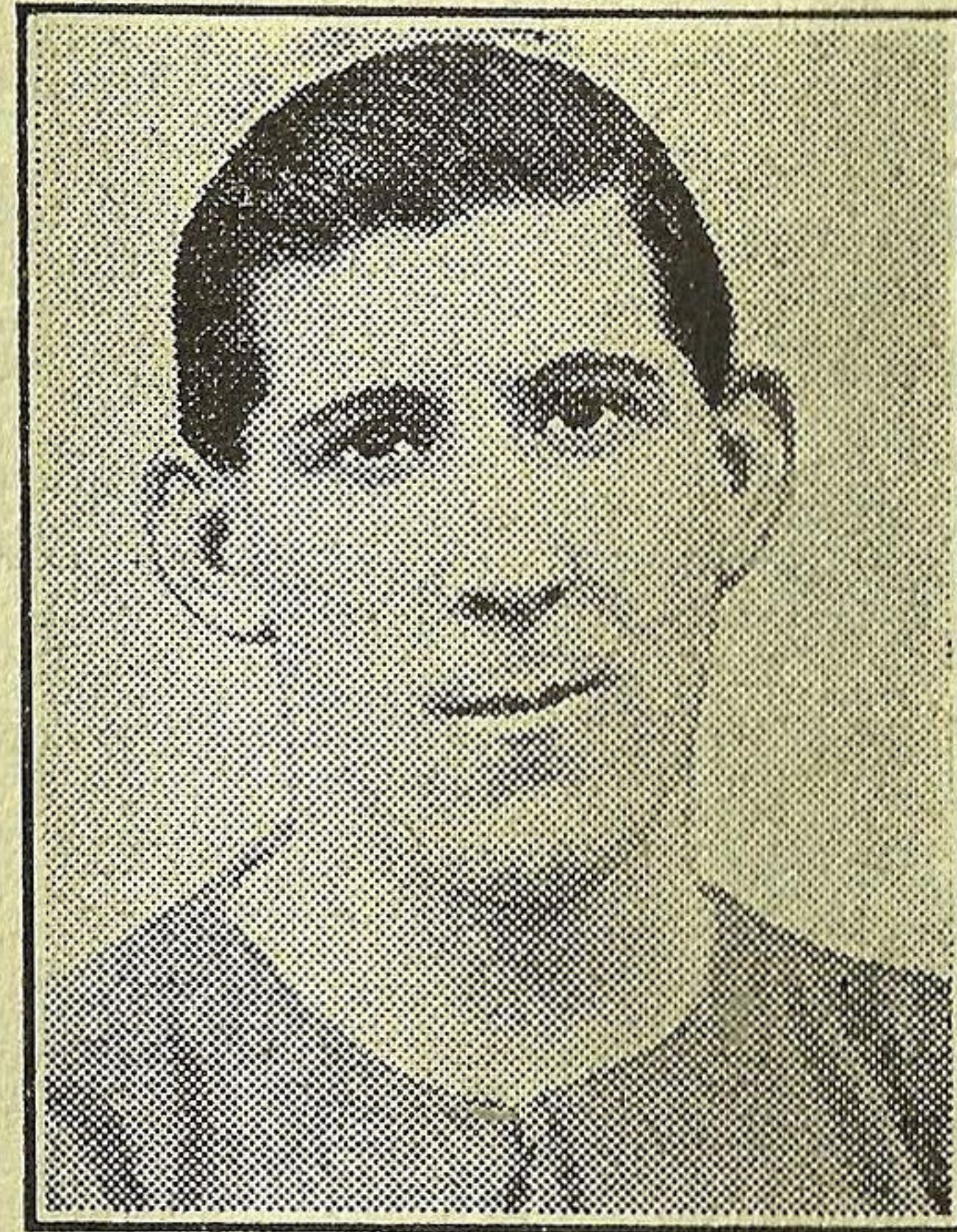
that attendances all round have been well up to the best average, and at quite a number of enclosures new record attendance figures have been set up. I have little fear about the future so long as the great bulk of players strive might and main to play the game in the best sporting spirit. The fact that a player earns his living from football should not induce him to forget that there are certain things on the list which are not done.

Back to the Old Standard.

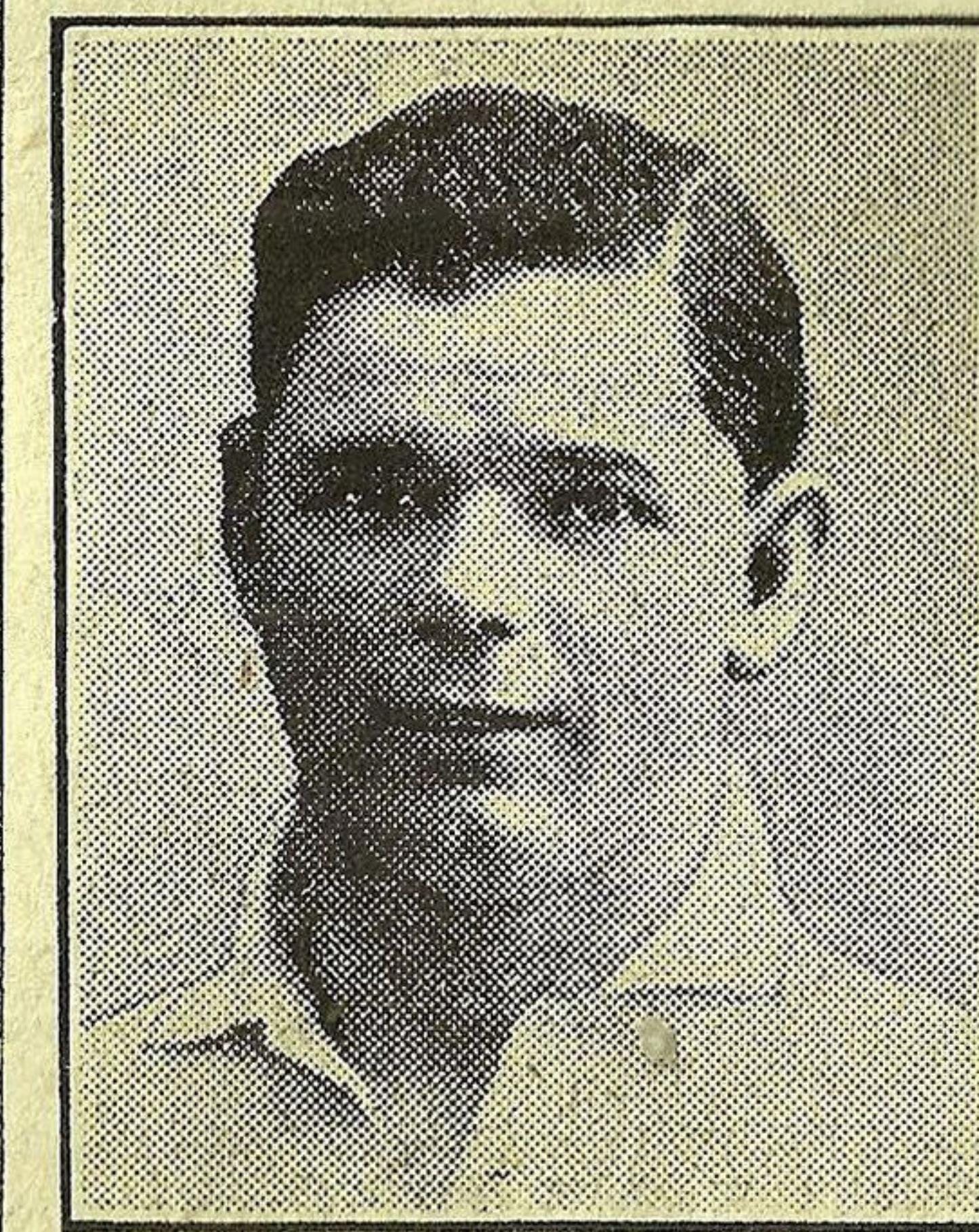
As to the standard of play, my own view is that we are now recovering—slowly though it may be—from the effect of the stagnation War years. With every club I see young men coming along. For the moment they are not coming in sufficiently large numbers to enable managers to keep them in the background until they are properly matured, and in the panic search after successful players many managers are spoiling the youngsters. But this is only a passing phase, and sooner or later we shall be able to say that football has reached its very highest pre-War standard. The trouble with the game at the moment is the absence of really outstanding players. Especially does this apply to England, for here indeed the big personalities are strikingly absent.

The Outstanding Forward.

So far as forwards go, probably the greatest personality of the day is "Billy" Walker, the inside-left of Aston Villa. It is true that the Villa have had one of their leanest seasons for a very long time, but this has been due mainly to a succession of injuries, against which no club could have stood up without flinching. Walker himself has not escaped the slings and arrows, and has several times had to cry off from duty; but at his best I consider Walker the greatest forward in the game to-day. He has dribbling skill, shooting ability, and the quick-thinking brain, as shown by his successful reorganisation of the Villa for-



F. KEENOR (Cardiff City).



H. SKITT (Tottenham Hotspur).

A Coming Champion.

I have a fancy that, with luck, we may have found one such half-back during the present season. I refer to Harry Skitt, the centre-half of Tottenham Hotspur. Unknown in the early days of the season, this player has come on by leaps and bounds, and has won golden opinions wherever he has been seen. I am not going to say that Skitt is already the perfect, finished centre-half. He has still things to learn. But a player who can pick up so much in less than one full season seems to me a man of immense possibilities, and it is more than likely that Skitt will be England's centre-half of the future. He is of the Wedlock build—stocky—but has a fine general knowledge of the requirements of the position. And he seems to realise, as much as any centre-half I have seen this season, that it is the business of the middle-men to be half forwards as well as half-backs.

A Big Man of Wales.

While England has been looking for a big centre half-back, however, Wales has, fortunately, found one, and I regard the play of Fred Keenor, the pivot of Cardiff City, as one of the outstanding features of the season as far as individuals are concerned. Keenor has captained Wales at the request of his colleagues, and also on many occasions has been the leader of the Cardiff City side. Wales in general and Cardiff in particular are proud of Keenor, for he is a Cardiff-born player.

"GOALIE."

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, May 2nd. The likely winning side is printed in capitals. Where a draw is anticipated, both clubs are printed in smaller letters.

First Division.

ASTON VILLA v. Notts Forest.
BURY v. Arsenal.
CARDIFF CITY v. Preston North End.
EVERTON v. Leeds United.
Huddersfield Town v. Liverpool.
Manchester City v. Tottenham Hotspur.
NOTTS COUNTY v. Birmingham.
SUNDERLAND v. Burnley.
WEST BROMWICH A. v. Bolton W.

Second Division.

Barnsley v. MANCHESTER UNITED.
CRYSTAL PALACE v. Oldham Athletic.
DERBY COUNTY v. Blackpool.
FULHAM v. Port Vale.
HULL CITY v. South Shields.
LEICESTER CITY v. Stockport County.
PORTSMOUTH v. Bradford City.
The Wednesday v. Clapton Orient.
SOUTHAMPTON v. Coventry City.
Wolverhampton Wau. v. Middlesbrough.

Third Division.

BRENTFORD v. Bournemouth A.
BRIGHTON & H. A. v. Norwich City.
MILLWALL v. Gillingham.
NEWPORT C. v. Merthyr Town.
QUEEN'S PARK R. v. Southend U.
PLYMOUTH ARGYLE v. Aberdeen A.
Reading v. Bristol Rovers.
SWANSEA TOWN v. Exeter City.
Swindon Town v. Bristol City.
WATFORD v. Charlton Athletic.

"Oh! Ow, ow! Yes!" shrieked Mr. Carker. "Of—of course, I intended—Ow! Oh, my nose! I intended—Ow!"

"Money talks!" snorted Mr. Gedge.

From a short distance the grinning St. Kit's crowd had a view of a very peculiar scene—Mr. Carker handing out two pound-notes to every member of the rowdy gang he had brought into the school, with a face which Babbie of the Shell likened unto that of a demon in a pantomime.

There was no help for it—satisfied or unsatisfied, Randolph Carker had to pay up. And he paid.

Then Mr. Gedge and his companions slouched down to the gates, in the falling dusk, and slouched out into the road, and, with great relief, old Coote came out to lock the gates after them. Mr. Carker, in his study, raged with helpless wrath, unheeded. Even the fags of the Third and Second were making a mock of Mr. Carker now; in all St. Kit's there was none so poor as to do him reverence. The tyrant of St. Kit's had fallen from his high estate, and great was the fall thereof.

A Surprise for Mr. Rawlings.

"Hallo, it's Rawlings!"

There was a step on the stairs and a rush of the rebels to the barricade at once. But it was only the master of the Fourth who was coming.

"Good-afternoon, sir!" said Algernon Aubrey St. Leger politely. "I suppose you're an ambassador, sir?"

"What?"

"You've brought Carker's terms of surrender, I hope?" said the dandy of St. Kit's gravely.

Mr. Rawlings smiled. "I have not come from Mr. Carker," he said.

"Just a little friendly visit, sir, to show your sympathy?" asked Bob Rake.

The rebels grinned, and Mr. Rawlings coughed.

"I have come to tell you that the—the men whom Mr. Carker brought here have now gone, and will not return," he said.

"Oh, good!"

"They didn't want any more pepper," remarked Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It seems that one of them remains in your hands," said Mr. Rawlings. "No doubt you will let him go now, and let him leave the school."

"We don't want to keep Spadger if the others are gone," assented Bob. "The sooner he goes the better."

"Yaas, begad."

Harry Wilmot shook his head.

"We don't want him, of course, Mr. Rawlings," he said. "But we shall have to keep him for a time."

"Indeed. And why?" asked the Form master, raising his eyebrows.

"For a special reason, sir, which I should like to speak to you about; but it's not a matter I can shout out," he said. "I want to ask your advice—and help. I will come over."

"Mind your eye," whispered Stubbs. "If Carker should spot you—"

"That's all right!"

Harry Wilmot climbed down over the barricade to the stairs below. Mr. Rawlings, considerably astonished, descended to the landing with the captain of the Fourth, and most of the rebels, equally astonished, watched him from above. Excepting Bob and Algy, the rebels were puzzled as to what this mysterious colloquy could be about.

"What's the game?" asked the mystified Stubbs. "Anybody know?"

"What on earth's up?" asked Durance. "Do you know, St. Leger?"

Algernon Aubrey did not reply. "Do you know, Rake?"

"Leave it to Wilmot," was Bob's answer.

And the puzzled rebels watched the captain of the Fourth, on the landing below with Mr. Rawlings. Wilmot was speaking in a low voice, which did not reach his comrades.

"Mr. Rawlings, you remember the attack that was made on Dr. Chenies, in Lynn Wood—"

"Certainly, Wilmot. But what is—"

"You remember that my friends and I came on the scene and saved the Head to some extent from injury?" said Harry. "We saw the man who attacked him, and gave his description to the police. He has not been found yet."

"That is the case. But what is—"

"I know now, sir, where he is to be found."

"What?"

"His name is Slaney, and he is to be found at an inn called the Peal of Bells, near Lynn, sir."

"Bless my soul! How can you possibly know this, Wilmot?"

"I had it from Spadger, sir, the

man we've got tied up in the study. Mr. Carker got the man Slaney to enlist that gang of rowdies for him."

Mr. Rawlings stared at him. "That may be the case, Wilmot; but you were not aware of the name of the Head's assailant. How do you know that the man Slaney is the man?"

"I know it, sir! And Mr. Carker knows it. Mr. Carker was in league with the man, and a party to the attack on Dr. Chenies."

"Wilmot!"

"I know it sounds thick, sir—I mean unlikely—"

"It is impossible," said Mr. Rawlings sternly. "I am very far from approving of Mr. Carker and his methods, Wilmot, but I cannot listen to such an accusation as this."

"Let me explain, sir."

Harry Wilmot gave a succinct account of what he had seen at Mr. Carker's window—and heard—on the night of his escape from the punishment-room. Mr. Rawlings listened with some signs of impatience.

"I've said nothing before, sir, because I know it sounds incredible," said the captain of the Fourth frankly. "My own friends couldn't swallow it. But now it can be proved."

"And how?"

"The man Slaney can be arrested. I want you, sir, to telephone to Inspector Chater, at Lynn—he is in charge of the case—and tell him that the man who attacked the Head is now at the Peal of Bells, near Lynn. Whether Mr. Carker was in league with him or not, the man is wanted by the police."

"That is true. But—"

"But you do not believe that Mr. Carker set him on?"

"I cannot."

"I expected that, sir, and I should not have mentioned it only to warn you not to speak to Mr. Carker on the subject. I know that he would warn Slaney at once to escape."

"Impossible."

"At least, sir, it is better not to take the risk. There is no need for you to speak to Mr. Carker," urged Wilmot.

"I have no intention of speaking to Mr. Carker—we are on the very worst of terms," said Mr. Rawlings. "I shall not say one word to him, on this subject or any other. If you have good reason, Wilmot, to believe that the man at the Lynn inn is the detestable ruffian who injured Dr. Chenies, I am bound to warn the police."

"I am absolutely certain of it, sir," said Wilmot earnestly. "That is why I am keeping Spadger a prisoner here—so as not to risk Slaney being put on his guard."

Mr. Rawlings pursed his lips. "I will telephone to Inspector Chater," he said. "I will tell him that a man is at the Peal of Bells who may be the man he wants. Mr. Chater will then act as he thinks fit."

"Very well, sir. You will lose no time?"

"I will telephone immediately."

"Thank you, sir."

Mr. Rawlings went down the stairs, and Harry Wilmot returned to the barricade and clambered over again. There was a buzz at once.

"What's it all about?"

"What's the game?"

"What the thump—"

"Can't explain just now," said Harry. "Sorry, but—"

"Rot!"

"Rubbish!"

"Look here—"

"Curiosity is a giddy vice, dear boys," said Algernon Aubrey, chidingly. "Little boys shouldn't ask questions."

"You silly ass!" hooted Stubbs. "Don't bawl, dear man! I keep on tellin' you that bawlin' affects my nervous system," said Algy plaintively.

"Look here, Wilmot—"

"You'll know all about it tomorrow, you fellows," said Harry.



PEPPER FOR THE ENEMY! With a swing of his arm, Bob Rake flung a shower of pepper in the savage, threatening faces that glared over the barricade, and there was a wild eruption of frantic sneezing at once. Sneeze! Sneeze! Sneeze! "Groooogh!" "Atchooooooh!" "Mmmmmmmmm!" "Atchoo—choo—choo—chooooooh!"

"And I can tell you this much—it looks as if Carker will have to go now, and may even go as far as chokey."

"Phew!"

"Now let's have tea."

While the rebels of St. Kit's were at tea—and Bunny Bootles, at last, was permitted to take his "whack"—just in time to save his life, as he told Algy almost tearfully—Mr. Rawlings was sitting at the telephone in his study, speaking to Inspector Chater, at Lynn. And the inspector, though perhaps a little doubtful as to the accuracy

of the information, assured him that he would lose no time in visiting the Peal of Bells and ascertaining whether a man there answered to the description of Dr. Chenies' assailant. And an hour later there was a ring at Mr. Rawlings' telephone, and he took up the receiver and heard the inspector's voice from Lynn.

"We've got the man!"

(Look out for next Monday's exciting instalment of this great school story. Make sure you obtain your copy of the BOYS' FRIEND by ordering it from your newsagent to-day!)

POSH A THE WHEEL!

(Continued from page 695.)

"He isn't dead, is he?" gasped Cyril, putting a shaking hand on Posh's chest and staring into the white face. "Don't say he's dead!"

Posh stirred, choked faintly, then sneezed and opened his eyes. He felt a dog's pink nose touching his face.

"Pincher, old thing!" gurgled Posh. "That you?"

"Wow!" said Pincher.

Posh and Cyril got off lightly, with very bad colds that kept them in bed for three days.

Within six hours from the rescue in the cellar, Hotham Finch was arrested. Two days afterwards Scotland Yard laid its efficient hands on Mike Rooney, partner of Sam Skinner. Barney Finch, for the time being, had disappeared.

There is no need to give an account of the great Babbit Will Case, which filled the newspapers for a fortnight on end. The trial at the Old Bailey was the sensation of the year. The illustrated journals were brim full of photographs of Hotham Finch, Sam Skinner, Posh and Pincher—especially Pincher, who grinned cheerfully at the entire British Public from a whole-page picture in the "Mirror."

As for Cyril, there was a fresh portrait of him every day; for once he got more publicity than he liked.

Hotham Finch also got more than he liked; he received ten years for conspiracy and for being accessory before the fact in an attempted murder. Sam and Mike, of course, gave him away, in the hope of getting off more lightly themselves. This did not help them to any great extent, for they had a very bad record and were sentenced to ten years apiece so everybody was treated alike, and nobody could grumble. Joseph Cleugh, however, got off with five years.

This happened some little time ago, and the arrest of Barney Finch is looked for every day. There is a

general belief that Barney got away on a ship from the docks on that fateful night, and escaped abroad. But the police, though they do not say much, are doubtful about it. They have a theory that Barney Finch is dead.

Posh is no longer Cyril Babbit's chauffeur. He does not belong to Cyril's household, but the two are inseparable friends—a friendship riveted by the fact that each owes the other his life, and each swears the other is the best fellow living.

Cyril wanted to settle a handsome sum of money on Posh and make him independent. He could not stand the idea of paying Posh wages. But Posh passed the settlement over to his mother, and declared that he felt more comfortable earning his own living.

So Posh is now in charge of the driving and engine-testing of the cars in the motor department of Babbit's Stores, a job after his own heart. He gets a good screw, and a commission on every car he sells for the stores. He has a way with customers, and, having sold sixty-three cars for the stores in the past six months, has done very well out of it.

One morning Cyril blew into the stores garage with a new Daimler—Cyril, resplendent with his eye-glass stuck in his eye—and hunted his chum out of the repair shop.

"Posh, old bird!" said Cyril, "shake yourself out of this oily shop—you want a holiday, and so do I. I've got a stunt on. I'm going to drive slap round the world in this car!"

"Round the world?" echoed Posh.

"Right round the giddy world, kid! By steam-yacht and car. Start from London, and get back to London. You're coming, too, and so's Pincher!"

"I'm on!" said Posh eagerly.

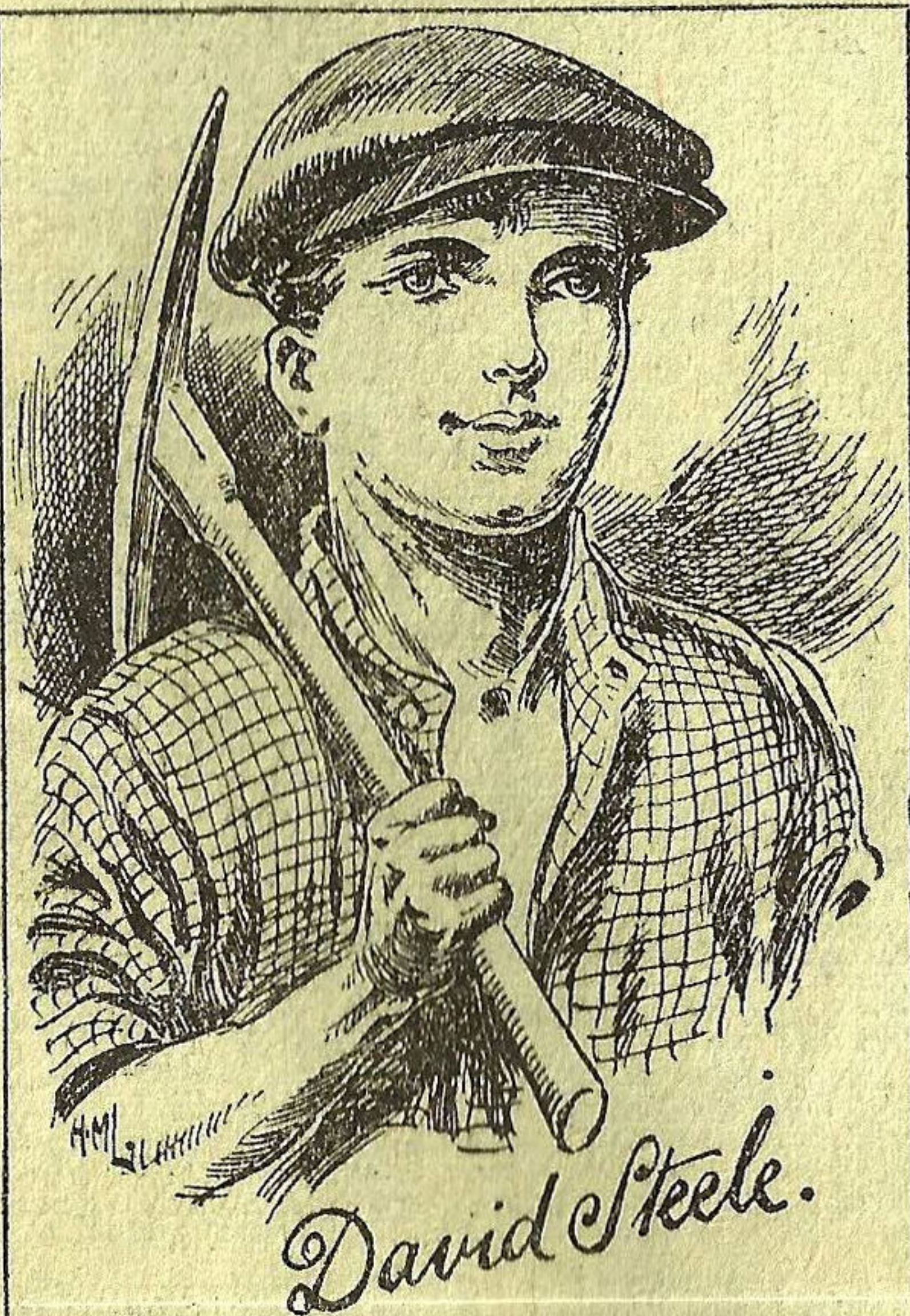
THE END.

(Commencing next Monday— "Kings of the Main!" A grand new romance by DAVID GOODWIN. You and all your pals must read it! Order your BOYS' FRIEND in advance and avoid disappointment!)

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Dismissed From Rookwood!

(Continued from page 692.)

The 6th Chapter. Dismissed!

Horace Greely, master of the Fifth, arrived at the gates of Rookwood in the sunset.

He was feeling satisfied, in one way; but considerably upset in other ways. He had acted gallantly, and he had won the gratitude of his old friend and patron, Sir George Hansom. That was satisfactory. But he had a nose like a beet-root newly boiled, and two black eyes, and dark bruises all over his face, and a general feeling as if he had been under a motor-lorry. These details were not so satisfactory.

He had left the baronet at Dr. Bolton's. Sir George Hansom was feeling the effects of Smithy's blow severely, and it had been arranged for him to remain at the doctor's house for the night. His son had arrived there, and was remaining with the baronet till lock-up at Rookwood.

Sir George's grateful praises still echoed in Mr. Greely's ears, with a very pleasant echo. But he wished, he deeply wished, that he had not borne away so many honourable scars from the combat. The scars were honourable, there was no doubt about that; but Horace Greely had been startled and shocked by the sight of his face in the glass. It could not be helped; but his aspect was most unbecoming for a Form master at Rookwood.

Many people had stared at him as he walked back to the school; and as he came in old Mack, the porter, not only stared, but almost fell down in his astonishment.

Mr. Greely frowned and walked on, leaving old Mack rooted to the ground, staring after him as if mesmerised.

As it was close on lock-up, a good many Rookwooders were coming in, and every one of them stared at Mr. Greely. They were accustomed to Mr. Greely's blossoming nose by this time; but his black eyes were new to them—new and startling.

Mr. Greely's face was crimson as he marched across the quad to the House.

It was unfortunate—it really was

unfortunate. Of course, the facts would become known later. But Mr. Greely could not stop and explain to the Rookwood fellows how he had come by these honourable scars. That he had been fighting was clear; and the Rookwooders, who had never seen a Form master with blackened eyes before simply gasped as they looked at him. There were fellows who had affected to doubt the punch-ball story, by which Horace Greely had accounted for the former damaged state of his nose. Now, really their doubts seemed to be justified; it was clear that Mr. Greely had been scrapping during his walk that afternoon, and it could not be supposed that he had been punching the ball out of gates. He left a crowd of fellows in a buzz behind him as he walked to the House.

"Well, this is the limit!" said Mornington of the Fourth.

"It's the giddy limit!" said Smythe of the Shell. "There's the Head at his window. Look at his chivvy!"

Dr. Chisholm was standing at his study window, gazing pensively at the rich sunset, when Mr. Greely dawned upon him.

The Head's eyes fixed on Mr. Greely's disfigured face. His gaze seemed to be frozen there. His brow was like thunder.

He had accepted Mr. Greely's explanation of a punch-ball accident. He had been bound to accept it, but he had been annoyed and shocked. What was he to think now?

The man had been fighting this time. That was indubitable. Fighting. And a Rookwood Form master. No explanation, no feeble story about a punch-ball, could account for this. Olympian wrath gathered on the Head's brow.

Mr. Greely tramped into the House. Bulkeley of the Sixth met him at the doorway and fairly jumped.

He tramped on, and almost tramped over Snooks of the Second. Snooks, catching a full view of Mr. Greely's face, was so astounded that he stood stock still, his startled eyes glued on the Fifth Form master.

Mr. Greely frowned portentously and boxed Snooks' ear as he passed, and Snooks of the Second yelped, and

scudded away to spread the news in the Second Form that old Greely had just come home from a prizefight.

Mr. Greely was going up the staircase when Tupper, the page, hurried up to him.

"Skuse me, sir! Dr. Chisholm wishes to see you in his study, sir, pertickler!" gasped Tupper, with a mesmerised stare at Mr. Greely's startling features.

Mr. Greely swung round and started for the Head's study. He would have wished to postpone the interview, but he was bound to explain to the Head sooner or later. Possibly he anticipated receiving from the Head some such gratifying remarks as he had received from Sir George Hansom. He was quite conscious that he had acted well, that he had acted finely, that he had received injuries in defence of the parent of a Rookwood boy; that he had done, and more than done, his duty as a Rookwood master. He was prepared for sympathy and congratulation from the headmaster as soon as he had explained the circumstances.

He entered the Head's study.

A steely glance almost transfixed him as he entered. Dr. Chisholm stood facing him, still, stony, steely. Mr. Greely opened his lips, but an imperious gesture from the Head stopped him.

"Mr. Greely, this is disgraceful!"

"Sir!"

"Your present state, sir, can only be accounted for by the fact that you have been engaged in a fight, a personal encounter with some person."

"Quite so, sir! I—"

"Kindly do not interrupt me, Mr. Greely. For several days you have presented an aspect utterly unbecoming in a Rookwood master. I accepted your story of an accident. Now, sir, I find that you have been fighting again. You have the temerity, sir, to walk across the quadrangle with blackened eyes; to parade yourself, sir, in the sight of all the school with the appearance of a prizefighter. This is too much, Mr. Greely."

"Sir, I will explain."

"No explanation is necessary or adequate. You may have your own reasons for this extraordinary conduct. I do not dispute it. I only say that such proceedings cannot be tolerated at Rookwood. I shall be glad to receive your resignation, Mr. Greely."

"Sir!"

"On the spot!" said the Head grimly.

"Sir," Mr. Greely spluttered, "I refuse to resign! I refuse! I will explain. I protest! I—I—" He grew incoherent.

"Then you are dismissed, sir," said the Head icily. "Not a word, sir! There is no occasion for words, and I decline to enter into a dispute. You are dismissed, Mr. Greely!"

"Sir, I—I—"

"Have the kindness to leave my study, Mr. Greely. You are no longer a master at Rookwood!"

Mr. Greely almost staggered to the door. At the door he turned like a lion—a very plump lion—at bay. His indignation was too great.

"Sir, I refuse to accept dismissal at your hands! I resign, sir! I resign my position here! I fling my resignation, sir, in your teeth—in your teeth, sir!" bawled Mr. Greely.

And with that the Fifth Form master strode from the study, closing the door after him with a slam that rang through Rookwood like a cannon-shot.

THE END.

(Be sure you read "Standing By Greely!"—next Monday's amazing story of the chums of Rookwood School. Order your BOYS' FRIEND in advance and thus make certain of obtaining it!)

IN YOUR EDITOR'S DEN



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

"KINGS OF THE MAIN!"

By David Goodwin.

David Goodwin, the greatest living author of boys' stories, weighs in next Monday with this grand new romance of the Spanish Main. The story hums along with excitement from the very first line, and you will be specially interested in the amazing adventures that befall the Traceys and their strange comrade, Simon Slent. As for the Spanish Main—well, you will meet some of the most daring pirates you could ever imagine as the story goes on. It is a ripper, mark my words. David Goodwin scores another great triumph, as you will see when you read the opening chapters of the brilliant new masterpiece. Just put your chums on to the story, for it is too good to be missed.

"STANDING BY GREELY!"

By Owen Conquest.

This is another in the great new series of stories of Rookwood School. Amazing happenings are in the offing at the famous Hampshire establishment. Pompous Mr. Greely has been dismissed from his post of master of the Fifth Form, and Hansom & Co. resent it. Anyhow, they make it quite clear to the Head of Rookwood that his dismissal of their master meets with their disapproval. And Hansom's father, Sir George Hansom, is very indignant, too, when he hears that his old tutor has got the push, and he makes Mr. Greely an amazing proposition. What this is you will see next Monday, so look out for a real surprise!

"THE NEW CHUM!"

By Duncan Storm.

You will be vastly interested next Monday when you discover who the new recruit to the Bombay Castle really is. There is no doubt that the newcomer is a welcome addition to the famous Glory Hole Gang, and he joins in all the fun that's going with the best of them. Look out for the coming yarn and the trouble the boys get into thanks to their new comrade.

"THE BRIDGE WRECKERS!"

By Gordon Wallace.

Arizona Jim, Dick Tozer, and "Bad" Phil Hicks make their appearance next Monday in a thrilling complete tale of the Wild West. A bridge, in the making, is destroyed out West, and the famous Indian Agent and his doughty companions set themselves the task of discovering those responsible. Incidentally, they do a good turn to an old friend of Arizona's. Be sure you read this story. It's great!

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

By Frank Richards.

Mr. Carker, the tyrant, is at last forced to realise that the way of the

transgressor is hard. Harry Wilmot & Co. have valiantly stuck to their guns and repelled all attempts to dislodge them from their stronghold. "The Barring-Out at St. Kit's!" is near its end, but you will enjoy next week's instalment as much as any of its predecessors. And to follow, Frank Richards' wonderful story—

"THE LION'S REVENGE!"

By Roger Fowey.

This is a great piece of news which should be broadcast on all sides. Roger Fowey, of "Lion at Bay!" fame, has been busy on this great carry-on story of the war of 1975. The Green Army invaders of Old England were hurled from these shores, thanks, in a measure, to the good work of those two young Britishers, Keith Ashley and Donald Wentworth. And now the Lion is out for revenge. In two weeks' time the great new story, "The Lion's Revenge!" will commence in the BOYS' FRIEND. Great Britain and her Allies carry the war into the enemy's territory—into the very heart of China itself. Look out for the coming treat, and put all your friends wise to it also. It will delight them!

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"THE SCHOOLBOYS' OWN LIBRARY."

There has been so much to touch on this week that I have only a few lines left to deal with the new numbers of this splendid 4d. Library which gives you month by month superlatively fine yarns of the famous schools. The May issues contain stories of Greyfriars and St. Frank's. Readers of the Companion Papers are all banded together, and that's why all good supporters of the BOYS' FRIEND will rush for the "Schoolboys' Own." The favourites of Rookwood are close comrades of Harry Wharton & Co. and Tom Merry and his chums. Now, a word in your ear. Coming shortly is a wonderful long complete of Jimmy Silver & Co.! Get the "Schoolboys' Own Library," out on Friday, and judge for yourselves.

Your Editor.

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