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THE BEST BOYS' PAPER IN THE WORLD!

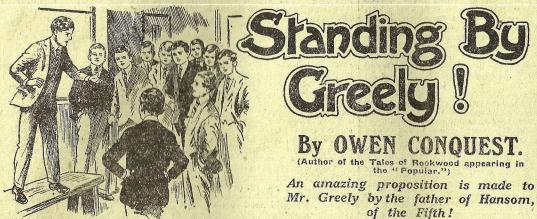
Week Ending May 9th, 1925.



THE FACE AT THE WINDOW!

A dramatic incident from DAVID GOODWIN'S powerful new story in this issue,

HERE'S ANOTHER RIPPING STORY OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL!



The 1st Chapter. The Order of the Boot.

"Greely's going!"

Going?" Sacked!" said Tubby Muffin im-

"Going?"

"Sacked!" said Tubby Muffin impressively.

Reginald Muffin liked to be the bearer of startling news. He prided himself upon knowing the "latest," and being the first to retail it up and down the Fourth Form passage.

On this occasion Muffin was in possession of an item of news that was undoubtedly of keen interest to the Rookwood fellows.

As Mr. Greely was master of the Fifth Korm, and the Fourth had little to do with him personally, it did not specially concern them whether "Greely was going" or staying. But Horace Greely had of late loomed prominently in the public eye at Rookwood, and all the fellows in the Classical Fourth passage were keenly interested at once. Moreover, it was a startling happening in itself. The oldest inhabitant in the Fourth Form passage could not recall a similar event.

"Sacked!" repeated a dozen voices.

"Sacked!" repeated Muffin. "Got the push, you know—the order of the boot! Dismissed! Scooted out! Fancy, old Greely! He, he, he!"

"Gammon!" said Mornington.

"Bosh!" said Erroll.

"Daw it mild, Tubby."

"Honest Injun!" said Tubby Muffin. "I happened to be in the Head's corridor and heard them. The Head was frightfully wild, fairly ramping!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

ramping!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Rookwooders could not picture teir grave and dignified headmaster ramping."

the kookwooders could not picture their grave and dignified headmaster "ramping."

"He was," persisted Reginald Maffin. "So was Greely! I really thought for a minute that I should have to rush into the study and separate them."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go it, Tubby!"

"He's going!" roared Tubby. "I tell you it's a fact! The Head told him he was dismissed from Rookwood, and Greely snorted out that he wouldn't be dismissed, he resigned. The door was wide open, you know, and you could have heard them at the end of the passage—you could have heard Greely, at least. Never saw him in such a wax. He didn't even notice me in the passage when he came away from the Head, though he passed near enough to touch me. Just stamped away. I—I was a bit nervous, you know. I thought he might fancy I'd been listening, or something."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But he took no notice—just ramped away," said Tubby. "He slammed the Head's door when he left. Terrific slam! I wonder you fellows didn't hear it up here. And his face—you should have seen his face!"

his face—you should have seen his face!"

"I've seen it," chuckled Mornington. "I saw Greely come in a little while ago. He looked like a prize-fighter who had had bad luck."

"He looked a giddy picture, and no mistake!" agreed Putty of the Fourth. "He must have been scrapping with somebody this afternoon, out of gates. Not the thing for a Rookwood Form master."

"If the Head's seen him, I've no doubt the old scout was waxy," said Conroy. "But—"

"He was waxy, and no jolly mistake," said Tulrby Muffin. "And I tell you he's sacked Greely, and he's going. There'll be a new master of the Fifth. After all, what did he expect? Coming in from an afternoon walk with two black eyes! Black as the ace of spades, you know."

There was a buzz among the Fourth-Formers.

Many of them had seen Mr. Greely coming in, and had been startled by the Fifth Form master's

aspect.

It was an unprecedented occurence for a Form master of Rookwood to return from his walk with
blackened eyes and swollen nose.

And that was how Mr. Greely had

returned.

The fellows had wondered what the Head would say when he saw him. Now they knew what he had

said.

Really, it was not so surprising, after all. Rookwood Form masters were supposed to pay a careful regard to appearances. Horace Greely had obviously been utterly reckless on that important point. Really, it was difficult to see how else the Head could have dealt with a Form master who turned up at the school in such a state.

state.

"But what can the old sport have been doing this afternoon?" asked Oswald. "I saw his black eyes—a pair of beauties, and no mistake! Has he been scrapping with some tramp."

Has he been scrapping with some tramp?"

"Form masters ain't supposed to scrap with tramps!" chuckled Mernington.

"Perhaps it was another punch-ball accident. He told a story about a punch-ball when he had a prize nose last week."

"Lightning doesn't strike twice in the same place," remarked Peele, "and punch-balls don't either. I thought that yarn was very thin. Le can't spin the same yarn twice."

"The Head was waxy about that," said Tubby Muffin. "I saw him looking at Greely in the quad one morning, Now this has put the lid on it. He told Greely it was the giddy limit."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Not exactly those words, you know," said Tubby hastily.

"No, I fancy not!" grinned Morny.

know," said Tubby hastily.

"No, I fancy not!" grinned Morny.

"Hallo! There's Silver! Heard the latest, Jimmy?"

Jimmy Silver came up the staircase and glanced at the excited crowd of juniors in the passage. The captain of the Fourth had a few signs of damage about his cheery face. He looked as if he, like Mr. Greely, had gone out and found trouble that sunny spring afternoon.

"What's the news?" he asked.

"Greely's sacked, accordin' to Muffin."

Jimmy Silver started.

"Greely's sacked, according to Muffin."

Jimmy Silver started.
"What rot!"
"Fact," said Tubby Muffin. "Awful row between Greely and the Head. I happened to be in the passage, and heard it—quite by chance, of course. I wasn't hanging round on purpose—I wouldn't. Greely's get the push, and he's going. He came in with two black eyes—"
"That's a fact, anyhow," said Mornington. "I've seen the black eyes with my own bonnie blue ones."
"Same here," said Jimmy. "And I saw Greely getting them, too!"
"What?"
"What?"

saw Greely getting them, too!"
"What?"
"What? happened?"
"Go it, Jimmy!"
Tubby Muffin, as the bearer of startling news, was completely and suddenly eclipsed. The juniors surrounded Jimmy Silver, eager for information, and Tubby's existence was forgotten.
"Hand it out, Jimmy!"
"Buck up!"
"Who was Greely scrapping with?"
"He's a plucky old bargee," said Jimmy. "It will be all right for him if he explained to Dr. Chisholm. He tackled two footpads—"
"What?"
"Two hooligans who were robbing

"Two hooligans who were robbing Hansom's pater," said Jimmy Silver, "Hansom of the Fifth, you know.

of the Fifth!

Well, these two rotters went for Hansom's pater in Coombe Wood, and Greely came up. It seems that he's pally with Hansom's pater, and was going to meet him on his way to the school. He piled in like a jolly old Paladin. He's rather fat for a Paladin, I suppose, but he's got all the pluck."

"How do you know?" hooted Tobby Muffin.

"Wa came up." said Jimmy.

"Lovell and Raby and Newcome and little me. We chipped in. If we hadn't, goodness knows what would have happened to Greely! He's got the pluck, but he's got too much circumference for a scrapping champion. My belief is that those footpads would have burst him, if we hadn't rolled in."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Is that the straight goods, though?" asked Mornington. "Are you pullin' om legs, Jimmy?"

"Honest Injun!" said the captain of the Fourth. "The two rotters are arrested now—P.-c. Boggs has got them—we handed them over. Sir George Hansom is at the doctor's house at Coombe—or was. Greely looked as if he needed a doctor more than the jolly old baronet. I say, it's a bit thick if the Head's jumped on him without giving him a chance to explain. Of course, it must have startled him a bit if he saw Greely's face as the old scout came in. He was looking a giddy picture when I left him."

"So that's what happened?" said Putty of the Fourth. "I say, it was

"So that's what happened?" said Putty of the Fourth. "I say, it was jolly decent of old Greely; he can't scrap really, and he must have a lot of pluck to take on two hooligans at once when he couldn't handle half a one."

once when he couldn't handle half a one."

"That's what he did," said Jimmy.

"Greely is a priceless ass in some ways, and rather an interfering old josser, but he's got pluck. It will be all right when the Head knows what's happened. He can't blame Greely for protecting a Rookwood fellow's pater from footpads."

"I tell you he's sacked him!" shouted Tubby Muffin.

"Then he doesn't know the facts yet," said Jimmy.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome came up the stairs on their way to the end study to a rather late tea.

But the Fistical Four of the Fourth were not allowed to go into their study to tea for some time; the juniors wanted to hear the full particulars of the thrilling happenings in Coombe Wood that afternoon.

Jimmy Silver & Co. had to tell the tale two or three times over, with details complete, before they escaped to the end study and sat down to tea.

"It's a bit rough on Greely if the Head's jumped on him." Arthur Edward Lovell remarked. "He really played up jolly well. The Head's a good old scout, but he does rather jump on a man. He's jumped on me before now."

"Greely ought to have told him—" said Raby.

"Did the Beak give him a chance, though?" grinned Lovell. "He doesn't always give a fellow a chance to explain."

"Anyhow, he's bound to know soon," said Jimmy Silver. "It does look as if the Head's been a bit hasty. But Hansom's pater will tell him what happened if Greely hasn't, and that will make it all right for Don Pomposo."

And the Fistical Four sat down to tea—a tea that was incessantly interone."
"That's what he did," said Jimmy.

Don Pomposo."
And the Fistical Four sat down to And the Fistical Four sat down to tea—a tea that was incessantly interrupted by Rookwood fellows looking into the study to ask about the happenings of the afternoon. As the news spread through the school, fellows of all Forms came along to the end study in the Fourth for first-hand information; even Bulkeley of the Sixth, the captain of Rookwood, condescended to look in; and Modern fellows came from Mr. Manders' House in quest of news. By the time Jimmy Silver & Co. had finished tea all Rookwood School knew what had happened in Coombe Wood—with the solitary exception of the headmaster.

The 2nd Chapter.

The 2nd Chapter.
Up to the Fifth.

"A demonstration!" said Hansom.
Talboys and Lumsden, of the Fifth,
looked at their study-mates inquiringly. Edward Hansom seemed very
much in earnest.
"A demonstration," he repeated,
"to show old Greely—I mean Mr.
Greely—what we think of him."
"What we think of him?" said
Talboys.

Talboys.

"That's it."

"But, I say, wouldn't that hurt his feelings?" asked Talboys innocently.

Lumsden grinned and Hansom

Ministen grimed and Hansom glared.

"You ass, Talboys," said Hansom.
"Haven't you any sense? We think a lot of old Greely—I mean Mr. Greely."

"Do we?" ejaculated Talboys.

"Yes!" roared Hansom. "We

do !

"Oh, all right! I don't mind," agreed Talboys. "Only as you're always callin' him a pompous ass, old chan—"

chap—"
"I'm sorry I ever called old Greely—I mean Mr. Greely—a pompous ass, or anything else," said Han-Greely—I mean Mr. Greely—a pompous ass, or anything else," said Hansom. "It was rotten of me. I own up! It was rotten—in view of what he's done to-day."

"Do you mean pitching into those footpads?"

"Yes, ass. I do. He's done nothing else, has he? And I can tell you I feel pretty sick about the way I've spoken of him sometimes."

"I—I see!" murmured Talboys.

Talboys of the Rookwood Fifth was not quick on the uptake. But he saw at last.

Edward Hansom, captain of the

at last.

Edward Hansom, captain of the Fifth, was feeling a pain in his conscience, so to speak.

He had always regarded his Form master, the majestic Mr. Greely, with a somewhat ironical eye.

Mr. Greely's portly majesty, his

displayed towards Horace Greely had been outward only; he had seen all the middle-aged gentleman's foibles and weaknesses with a schoolboy's ruthless eye, and in the Fifth Form he had never concealed his opinion that Don Pomposo's proper place was on the front page of a comic paper.

And now Mr. Greely, utterly to Hansom's astonishment, had played the man—or, rather, the hero—and it was Hansom's own father whom he had saved from dire peril and injury,

had saved from dire peril and injury, at the cost of severe damage to himself.

It was no light matter for a gentleman of Mr. Greely's years to enter into a rough-and-tumble with two reckless hooligans; it was no light matter for a gentleman of his circumference.

matter for a gentleman of his circumference.

Hansom realised it, and he was, as he said, feeling pretty sick with himself. Somehow or other he was going to make it up to Mr. Greely. In the first place, he was going to drop "Old Greely," and speak carefully of "Mr. Greely" when he mentioned his Form master. He was conscious that he ought to have done so all along. Mr. Greely's conduct that day had made Edward Hansom think—a mental process to which he was not as a rule addicted.

Hansom was captain of the Fifth, and a great man in his Form. Having decided to change his manners and customs, so to speak, towards his Form master, he expected his comrades to do the same. This he was now making clear to them.

"The fact is," went on Hansom soberly, "old Greely—I mean Mr. Greely—is a decent sort of ass—I mean a decent man. Who'd have thought he had all that pluck?"

"Echo answers, who!" said Lumsden.

"My pater is rather a friend of his, you know," said Hansom. "Old—

Lumsden.

"My pater is rather a friend of his, you know," said Hansom. "Old—Mr. Greely was his tutor at Oxford. They've kept up an acquaintance, and old—Mr. Greely has had an eye on me in consequence. I dare say a lot of his silly meddling and fussing was from a good motive, if a fellow had only thought of it. I don't mean silly meddling and fussing—I mean butting in—no, not butting in



CHEERING THE HERO! "Now then, you fellows—cheer!" shouted Har a terrific roar. Mr. Greely blinked at the yel was a demonstration of regard and admiration—he was a hero in the eyes of hi Mr. Greely was pleased. "Bravo, sir!" "Hip-hip-hurrah!" roared the Fift face looked from the open

purple plump face, his deep fruity voice, so far from impressing Hansom of the Fifth with awe, as they should have done, had always somehow appealed to his sense of humour.

Hansom, who had a pretty wit, had sometimes described Mr. Greely as a pompous ass, as a windbag puffed up with his own importance, as a champion chin-wagger intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity, and had nicknamed him Don Pomposo.

- Dash it all! You know

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True, he had sometimes cuffed cheeky fags for impertinent remarks about Mr. Greely It was a consolation to remembet that now.

But such respect as he himself had

The Fistical Four jumped up at the sight of Hansom's red and

excited face in the study doorway. From Hansom's looks, they

713

Price

Twopence

robbed him-and the pater always has a wad of banknotes about himhis watch and chain can't be worth less than a hundred. And those brutes would have got away with the lot of it if Greely-I mean Mr. Greely-hadn't come up. And fancy that fat old ass-I-I mean a stout gentleman like Mr. Greely taking on two racing roughs in a fight!" -

"Jolly plucky!" said Talboys. "Of course, he wasn't a match for either of them," said Hansom. "They knocked him about frightfully. But that only makes it more plucky and really ripping of him-taking on a fight when he must have known he hadn't a dog's chance."

"He couldn't leave them to bash your pater's head in," said Lumsden. "Some chaps would have," said Hansom. "The fact is, both the old gents would have been fairly smashed up if those Fourth Form fags hadn't happened along. I'm glad they've got those footpads in chokey; I hope they'll get a long stretch. Look here, you chaps, we've got a Form master to be proud of!"

"In a way, I suppose so," assented Lumsden thoughtfully; while Talboys blinked at Edward Hansom. Talboys could not quite get used to this new way of speaking about Horace Greely. It needed getting used to, in fact.

"So that's what I mean by a demonstration," went on Hansom. "I think the Fifth Form ought to show Mr. Greely, and all Rookwood, what they think of him. Pluck's pluck, isn't it. Old Greely's got a face like a Turkey carpet now, and he got it standing up for my pater, who was down and out. By Jove! When I think of some of the things I've said about Greely I could kick myselfhard!"

His chums nodded sympathically. They could understand Hansom's remorse, in the circumstances.

"But a demonstration-" said Lumsden doubtfully. He quite to hear a fellow say 'old Greely understood Hansom's feelings, but he | when he's speaking of old Greely-I could not help thinking that the -I mean Mr. Greely. There's such swing of the pendulum was going too | a thing as respect." far, as it were.

"I mean it," said Hansom firmly. "I've called a meeting of the Fifth in the Form-room. I'm going to

"I-I say, his study window ain't far from the Head's; and you know Dr. Chisholm hates any sort of a

"The Head will be pleased, of course. He will be glad to know that Rookwood fellows admire pluck, and know how to respect a Form master." "Hem!"

"Um!"

Published

Every Monday

Hansom glanced at his watch. "Time for the meeting," he said. "I suppose you fellows are backing me up? Come along! The chaps

will be going into the Form-room." "Oh, all right!"

Lumsden and Talboys followed Edward Hansom from the study, exchanging rather dubious glances.

It was all very well for Hansom to change right round the compass like this; but it did seem a little cool of him to expect all the lifth Form to change round at the same time and to the same extent. "Old Greely" seemed to have done a lot for Hansom's pater; but he hadn't done anything for Lumsden's pater or Talboys' pater. They admired Mr. Greely's pluck, no doubt, and thought he had acted very decently; nevertheless, they were still clinging to their original opinion that he was rather a pompous ass.

But Hansom was in deadly earnest. a pain in his conscience spurred him on, and his chums did not say him

They followed him to the Fifth Form room, where most of the Rookwood Fifth were gathering, rather surprised by the summons to a Form meeting after tea on a half-holiday.

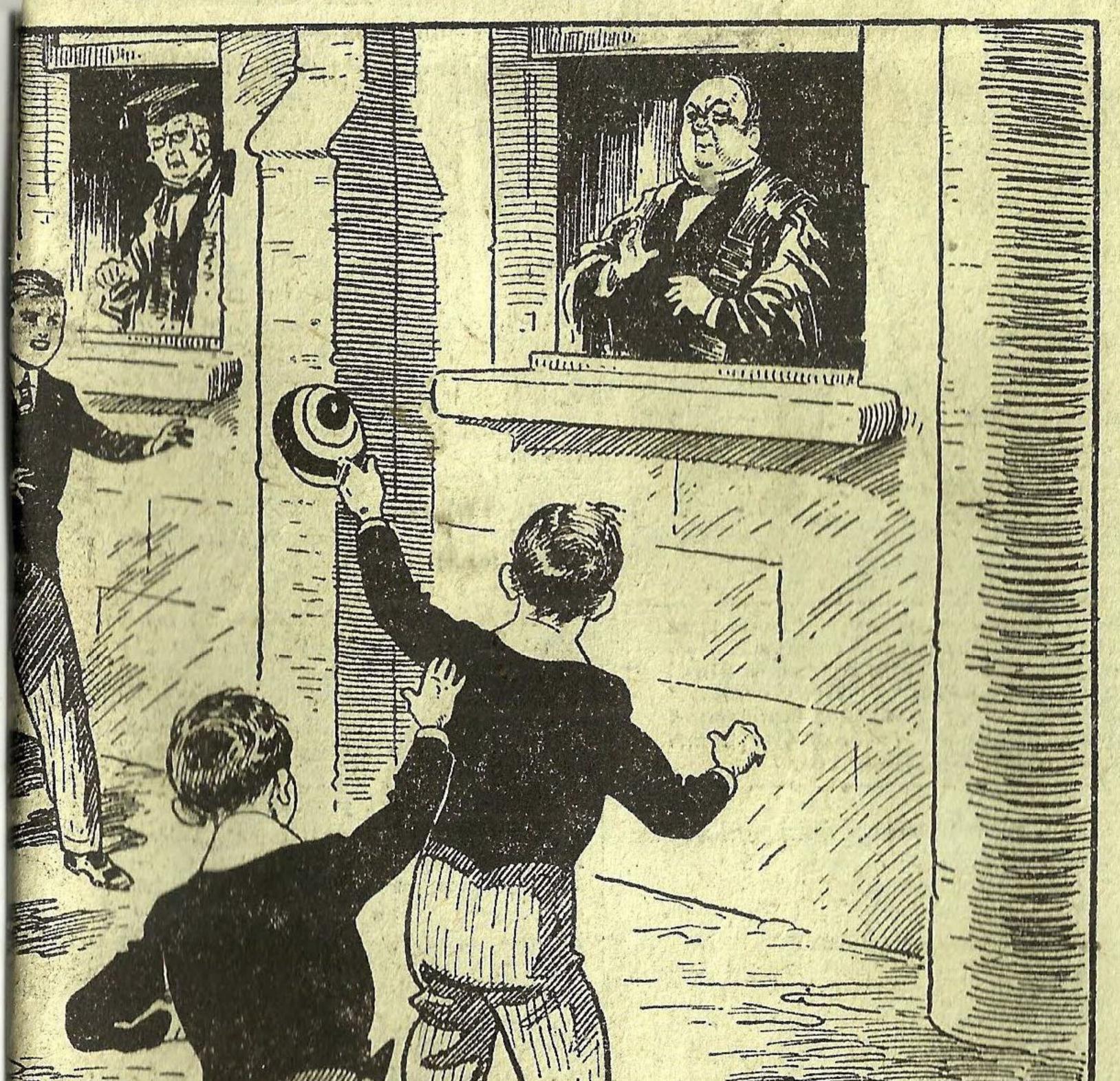
The Fifth-Formers were still more surprised when Edward Hansom addressed them, mounted on a form, and explained the object in view.

"Oh, my hat!" said Brown major. "Cheering old Greely-"

"Cut that out, Brown," said Hansom sharply. "If you mean Mr Greely, say Mr. Greely! I don't like

"But I say, how will Don Pomposo take it?" asked Lucas of the Fifth.

"Chuck that, Lucas!"



n, holding up his hand. "Hurrah!" "Hip-hip-hurrah!" "Bravo!" It was Fifth. For a moment he did not understand. Then it came to him that this form, and his Form had gathered there to make the fact patent to all Rookwood. It was a terrific demonstration. The uproar did not cease, even when a stern dow of the Head's study.

explain to all the fellows, and call on [them to testify what the Fifth Form thinks of old-old-Mr. Greely. He's in his study now-lying up for repairs, you know. We're going to demonstrate under his window."

"What?" "Eh?"

"Cheers-ringing cheers, and all that," said Hansom determinedly. "Three times three, and so on. All Rookwood is jolly well going to know what we think of Mr. Greely."

"My hat! They'll know if we start yelling in the quad," said Lumsden uneasily.

"Not yelling, you silly owlcheering!"

"Don't call Mr. Greely by nicknames, please."

"What? You named him Don Lucas, staring at Hansom.

didn't; perhaps I was a disrespectful | mind. ass then, the same as you are now," said Hansom crushingly.

"Oh, my hat!" said Lucas.

to back me up—the whole Form, to the last man," said Hansom. "Any fellow who doesn't stand by me now is no friend of mine. We've got a Form master to be proud of-a Form master any school might brag of--" "Oh, great Scott!"

handled before. He did not regret it. He had saved his friend and patron, Sir George Hansom, from injury and robbery. He had to pay the price.

But his feelings were bitter as he sat in his study, exhausted and spent. He was dismissed from Rookwood.

said Hansom. "Well, Mr. Greely is

dozen of Dalton, in my opinion.

"Hear, hear!" said Lumsden duti-

"Oh, all right!" said Brown major.

from the form. "Follow me!"

wood Fifth followed him. Most of

them were grinning. But they were

ready to back up their popular Form

captain; if Hansom wanted them to

yell in the quad, they were prepared

to yell in the quad to his heart's

In a few minutes more, the Rook-

wood Fifth, almost to the last man,

were gathered under Mr. Greely's

The 3rd Chapter.

Something Like a Demonstration!

Horace Greely, master of the Fifth,

He sat quite still, only stirring

Everything that could be done for

occasionally as a twinge of pain

caught him. Occasionally he gave a

Mr. Greely's damages had been done.

But his eyes grew blacker and

his nose had swollen till there really

seemed scarcely room for it between

his blackened eyes and his bruised

mouth. Never in all his career, even

in his own schoolboy days, had

Horace Greely been so severely

Hansom led the way, and the Rook-

fellows backing me up?"

"Any old thing."

content.

study windows.

sat in his study.

gasp, or a slight groan.

"Go it, Cabby!"

Without hearing a word of explanation, the headmaster had dismissed him for showing up at the school in such a state.

It was, in Mr. Greely's view, an act of sheer tyranny.

Had Mr. Greely been a headmaster himself, and had a member of his staff turned up at the school with blackened eyes and all the signs of a desperate combat about him, it is quite possible that Mr. Greely would Pomposo, didn't you?" demanded have acted as Dr. Chisholm had acted. But this reflection did not "Never mind whether I did or I occur to his angry and resentful

The Head, it was true, had given him little chance to explain. Nothing, however, prevented Mr. Greely from "Look here, I want all you fellows writing a note and sending it to the headmaster, with an explanation therein-upon which Dr. Chisholm could scarcely have failed to rescind his dismissal and express regret.

Nothing would have induced Mr. Greely to do so. He was an injured | point of melting away. Most of man, and he was hugging his injury. I them were feeling inclined to kick I

Dalton, because he plays cricket," precious possession-had been mortally offended. Not to save his mastera bit past cricket; but he's worth a | ship-not to save his life-would he have made the slightest concession.

supposed for a moment that the captain of the Fifth was on the warpath. Arthur Edward Lovell picked

up a ruler and Raby annexed a big Latin dictionary. "Don't be young asses!" snapped Hansom.

"I haven't come here for a row. I want you to come with me to the Head, Jimmy Silver!"

Worth a dozen of the Head, if you In return for dismissal, he had hurled his resignation at the Head, come to that. Greely is the goods, and we're going to let the school so that he was doubly sacked, as it know that we think so. Are you were-by Dr. Chisholm and by himself. He was to go, and he would go. The loss would be the Head's and Rookwood's.

A buzz of voices from the quadrangle floated in at his study window. He became aware of the fact that a "Good!" Hansom jumped down large number of fellows were gathering outside the window.

Mr. Greely frowned. He was only too well aware that his bruised and battered condition had attracted the attention of the whole school; that it must be an exciting topic from one end of Rookwood to the other.

But this was the limit—fellows gathering under his study window to stare at him. He was no longer a Rookwood master; but at least he would be respected till he left. He rose from his chair, and stepped to the open window.

The Fifth Form surged outside, below. There was a shout as Horace Greely appeared.

"Here he is!" "Boys!" thundered Mr. Greely.

How dare you?"
"Eh?" "Oh, sir!"

We-we-we-But the Fifth had no chance to explain. Mr. Greely condemned the Head very severely for having been hasty. But really he seemed quite as hasty a gentleman himself. Certainly he did not give Hansom & Co. a chance to speak.

"This is disgraceful!" he boomed. "Shameful! Are these the manners of a public school?"

"Oh, sir!" gasped Hansom. "We

"Look!" continued Mr. Greely bitterly. "I am injured-severely | his post, could hear the cheering of injured! Is that circumstance a reason for gathering under my study windows in a disorderly crowd? Is that a reason for staring like a mob of street arabs? I am ashamed of you! I am ashamed of the Form of which I have been so long a master!"

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Lums-"You've done it now, Han-

"I-I say, sir-" stuttered the hapless Hansom.

"Silence! I am surprised and shocked to see you, the head boy of my Form, among the rest, Hansom! I should have supposed that you, at least, knew better than this." "But, sir-"

"Disgraceful!" boomed Greely.

"I-I say, let's clear, for goodness sake!" gasped Talboys. "Come on, you fellows."
"Hook it!"

"Go!" thundered Mr. Greely. The disconcerted Fifth were on the

"The Fourth brag of their Mr. | His dignity-Mr. Greely's most | Edward Hansom, hard, for this rotten wheeze of a demonstration. But Hansom stuck to his guns.

"If you please, sir," he gasped. Hold on, you fellows-don't gostick here, I tell you, blow you! Mr. Greely-"

'Enough! Go!" Let me speak, sir!" exclaimed Hansom. "I---"

"I refuse to hear you, Hansom!

"I'm jolly well going to speak!" said Hansom, getting a little excited. "Look here, sir, we all know what's happened. I saw my father at the doctor's, sir-you remember I came there. Well, sir, all the Fifth know what you did; we we're proud of you, sir."

"We want all Rookwood to know that we're proud of our Form master, sir," said Hansom.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Greely. staring at Hansom with his discoloured eyes. "I-I--- What do you mean, Hansom?"

"Now, then, you fellows-cheer!" shouted Hansom, holding up his hand. He felt that it was better to get down to business, to clear up this

unfortunate misunderstanding. "Hurrah!" "Hip-hip-hurrah!"

"Bravo!" It was a terrific roar.

Mr. Greely blinked at the yelling Fifth. He understood now; his mighty brain worked slowly, but it worked! This was a demonstration of regard and admiration-he was a hero in the eyes of his Form, and his Form had gathered there to make the fact patent to all Rookwood.

Mr. Greely's face relaxed. He was pleased.

Such a demonstration was gratifying, there was no doubt about that. It was all the more gratifying because the Head's study windows were close at hand, and one of those windows was open. Dr. Chisholm, who had dismissed Mr. Greely from the Fifth-could not have failed to hear it, unless he had been stone

"My boys!" gasped Mr. Greely. "My boys!" Emotion filled his expansive breast; his voice trembled. "My boys!"

"Bravo, sir!" "Hip-hip-hurrah!" roared the

It was rather an exhilarating occupation, to stand in the quadrangle and bawl at the top of their voices. The Fifth put their beef into it. They roared till the atmosphere rocked with it.

Fellows came scudding up on all sides to learn what the row was about. Fellows joined in the cheering as soon as they learned. Sixth-Formers joined in it, Shell fellows and Fourth; even fags of the Third and Second added enthusiastic squeaks.

The thing was catching on, as it were. Never had the Rookwooders exercised their lungs to such an

(Continued overleaf.)

Hit the target and win a "J. B. Hobbs" Autographed Cricket Bat. See "Bullseyes" competition on page 718 right away and try your hand!

wrath.

"It's cheek!" said Hansom hotly.

"Cheek?" repeated Talboys. "Of

tell you this, if Greely goes, I'll ask

my father to take me away from

Rookwood!" said Hansom, in great

"Isn't it high-handed injustice

and tyranny?" snorted Hansom.

"The Head must be off his rocker.

He can't know the facts. Why

doesn't he ask a man a plain ques-

"He must krow," said Lumsden.

"Oh, you know the Head-like

jolly old Jupiter on the top of

Olympus!" grunted Hansom. "He's

waxy, and nobody's dared to breathe

a word to him. He's cut them short

if they have. The fact is, he never

pulled well with Greely-they've had

"Greely was always a bit too

thought,"

agreed

tion before booting him-what?"

"It's the talk of Rookwood."

their differences before."

pompous, I

Lumsden.

"Oh, draw it mild, old chap."

Yes, that's what I mean. And I

the Head, do you mean?"



It was a terrific demonstraextent.

tion. The uproar did not cease, even when a stern face looked from the open window of the Head's study.

Dr. Chisholm gazed at the roaring crowd in amazement and anger. "Boys!" he almost hooted.

"Hurrah!"

"Good old Greely!"

"Hurrah!"

"Boys!" thundered the Head. "Cease this-this riot immediately! How dare you? Silence!" "Chuck it!" murmured Lumsden.

"The Head's waxy."

"Hurrah!" "Silence!" shricked the Head. There was something like silence at last. The Head's glittering glance

surveyed the breathless crowd. "How dare you?" he exclaimed, in great wrath. "What does this mean? This riot, this—this unmannerly disturbance in the quadrangle

"We're cheering our Form master, sir," said Hansom sturdily. "We're proud of him, sir-"

"How dare you say anything of the kind, Hansom? Take five hundred lines, and go to your Form-

room at once!" "What?" gasped Hansom. "I-I mean, sir-after what Mr. Greely's done, sir; look how he's injured, sir -you see--"

"Another word, Hansom, and I shall administer a flogging! Go to your Form-room and write out your

Hansom stared at the Head. He knew nothing of Mr. Greely's dismissal, so far; he did not even guess that the Head was unacquainted with Horace Greely's outbreak of heroism. He was astounded.

"But-but you don't understand, sir," he stuttered. "After what Mr. Greely did this afternoon, sir-look at his face, sir-

"I have told you to be silent, Hansom! I shall punish you for your disobedience. Come to my study at once."

"Dr. Chisholm! I-I-" stuttered the bewildered Hansom. "Idon't understand, sir! I-I thought you'd be pleased to know that—that we're proud of what Mr. Greely's done, sir-"

"Come to my study, Hansom! I shall cane you severely! The rest of you disperse at once-this instant!" thundered the Head.

"Oh, my hat!"

"Phew!" The crowd broke up, indignant and annoyed. Edward Hansom, in quite a dazed frame of mind, made his reluctant way to the Head's study. He came away from that apartment with his hands tucked under his arms, anguish in his face, and fairly thrilling with indignation and wrath.

The 4th Chapter. Olympian!

"Dismissed!"

Hansom of the Fifth uttered that word dazedly. He knew now.

Mr. Greely had said nothing about it, the Head had said nothing. But the news that Tubby Muffin had brought to the Fourth Form passage was all over Rookwood that evening. Mr. Greely was dismissed.

The news was not to be doubted, for it transpired that Mr. Greely had been seen gathering his possessions, with a view to packing, and he had let drop certain remarks which hinted at an early departure from Rookwood, though he had not gone into details. Moreover, it was known that changes were being made in the timetable, so far as the Fifth were concerned; Mr. Greely was not taking them in class the fol-

lowing day. It was amazing and incredible, but it was true. Mr. Greely was sacked, "Cabby, old man-" and Hansom of the Fifth boiled with indignation. Sacked, as Morny of the Fourth put it, for turning up at Rookwood like a prizefighter in bad som's pater that Horace Greely had gathered up those damages and were at prep.

The Fistical Four jumped up at] sight of Hansom's red and excited face in the study doorway. From Hansom's looks they supposed for a moment that the captain of the Fifth was on the warpath. They had had many little troubles with Hansom, Arthur Edward Lovell picked up a ruler and Raby annexed a big Latin dictionary.

"Don't be young asses!" snapped Hansom. "I haven't come here for a row. I want you to come with

me. Jimmy Silver." "Taking me to the pictures, old

scout?" inquired Jimmy innocently. "Don't be an ass! I'm going to the Head, and I want you to come," snorted Hansom. "He's sacked Greely-Mr. Greely, my Form master -and he can't know how old Greely-how Mr. Greely got his chivvy bashed. As you were a witness, I want you to come with me and tell him. See?"

Jimmy Silver whistled. "Keep clear," said Newcome sagely. "The Head looked in a frightful wax when that row was going on in the quad."

"Oh, I'll chance it!" said Jimmy. "After all, even the Head can't eat me. I'm ready, Hansom, if you

"That's right," assented Hansom. "Come on. He's bound to listen. And after all, he's not a bad sorthe's bound to do Greely justice when he knows the facts."

The Fourth-Former walked away with the captain of the Fifth on terms of unusual amity. The fact was, Hansom's concern for his Form

"What is it?" he asked, in a deep voice. "I've come to tell you about Mr.

Greely, sir," said Hansom. "I desire to hear nothing about Mr. Greely, Hansom. You may leave my study!" snapped the Head. "I'm bound to tell you, sir-"

"Silence! Mr. Greely leaves Rookwood, Hansom. Take care you do not leave also. A little more impertinence, and I shall have to consider whether I can allow you to remain in the school!"

"You don't know the facts, sir!" exclaimed Hansom. "I've brought Silver here to tell you. He saw the fight---'

"The what?" exclaimed the Head.

"The fight. Mr. Greely-" "Is it possible, Silver, that you were a witness of the disgraceful] affray in which Mr. Greely was so disgracefully disfigured?" Yes, sir," said Jimmy. "But

The Head waved his hand. "I desire to hear nothing about it. You should not have brought | this junior here, Hansom. How dare you suppose that I should desire to listen to any such details!"

"But, sir," said Jimmy hurriedly, "it happened--'

"Silence! You appear to have come here, Silver, under the influence of this Fifth Form boy, and I shall not, therefore, cane you. You will take two hundred lines of Virgil. Now go!"

Jimmy Silver gave Hansom a hopeless look and backed out of the

"Oh, rats! Pompous or not, he | master did him credit. Perhaps his | study. In the Head's present mood

MR. CREELY MEANS TO GO! "I hope, sir," said the Head, with stately courtesy, "I hope that you will forget this unhappy incident and continue to give Rookwood the benefit of your very valuable services." Mr. Greely smiled with sarcasm. "You are very kind, sir," he said. "But I am bound to remark that I am not in need of kindness on your part," "Mr. Greely !" "I have other views, sir!" said Mr. Greely grandly, and he raised his voice to give several Rookwood fellows the benefit of hearing him. ." If you have repented, sir, of your inconsiderate haste and injustice, I am glad of it! But I regret that I am unable to remain a member of your staff, Dr. Chisholm!"

head caved in with a lead pipe!" hooted Hansom. "If the Head knows, he ought to be jolly well ashamed of himself, and I wouldn't mind telling him so-and if he doesn't know, he's got to be told!"

"Why hasn't Greely told him?" "Hasn't had a chance, perhaps. Or-or he might be too proud, after being jumped on."

"Too jolly pompous, you mean!" "No, I don't!" roared Hansom. "What I mean is that he played up like a white man to help my father, and I'm standing by him-and I'll punch any fellow's head that calls him names, so there!"

standing by Greely-if there's anything we can do. I'm sorry he's going-"

"He's not going!" said Hansom savagely. "I'm jolly well going to see the Head and make jolly sure that he knows the facts!"

Edward Hansom stamped away, without waiting to hear the remonstrances of his chums.

He headed for the Classical Fourth luck. But it was in defence of Han- | passage, and looked into the end | study, where Jimmy Silver & Co.

saved my father from having his | affection and concern for his father | there was nothing doing-that was led Hansom to exaggerate Mr. clear. Greely's merits a little. Still, the affection for one's father was a very creditable thing, and naturally made a fellow think all the more of Hansom for it. Undoubtedly, Horace Greely had performed a signal service for Sir George Hansom, and it was very decent of Hansom of the Fifth to feel it as he did.

They arrived at the door of the Head's study, and there Jimmy Silver hesitated a little. He respected the Head, but his respect was greatly mingled with awe. Few Rookwood fellows liked facing the calm, lofty gaze of Dr. Chisholm, which grew "Easy does it, old chap," said so steely and unnerving when he was bit of a giddy old autocrat. But it Lumsden soothingly. "Don't rag angry. But Edward Hansom did not with your old pals, Cabby. We're all | hesitate. He knocked quite sharply on the door. "Come in!"

Dr. Chisholm eyed the senior and junior as they entered his study. He frowned. He was already deeply displeased with Hansom of the Fifth, whom he had punished that aftermoon.



Hansom lingered.

"Look here, sir," he blurted out, "you don't understand how the matter stands. I'm bound to tell volt---"

"Another word, Hansom," said the Head icily, "and I shall expel you from Rookwood!" Hansom choked.

He followed Jimmy Silver from the study and closed the door. In the corridor, he stared at Jimmy. "What do you think of that?" he

"It's a bit thick;" agreed the captain of the Fourth. "The Beak's a can't rest here. I'm going to tell Mr. Dalton about it-he will put in a word. The Head will listen to him."

"Too jolly lofty to listen to anybody, I fancy!" growled Hansom. "But I can jolly well tell him there will be trouble if Greely has to go!"

"Come on!" said Jimmy. Hansom nodded, and they proceeded together to the study of Mr. Richard Dalton, the master of the Fourth. Mr. Dalton listened to them with a very thoughtful expression. As a matter of fact, he had heard the whole story already, and, respecting the headmaster as he did, he was l

distressed and grieved by the old gentleman's lofty obstinacy. It was not the first time that that strain of obstinacy and Olympian loftiness in the Head had unfortunate con-

sequences at Rookwood School. "I will speak to Dr. Chisholm," said Mr. Dalton, at last; and the Fifth-Former and the Fourth-Former left his study, leaving it at that.

It was some time before Mr. Dalton made up his mind to call on the Head. He felt that it was his duty, but it was a decidedly disagreeable duty. However, he proceeded to the Head's study at last. He found Dr. Chisholm leaving his study to proceed to his own house to spend the remainder of the evening in the bosom of his family. The headmaster paused in the corridor to hear what Richard Dalton had to say.

"Will you excuse me, sir, if I speak on the subject of Mr. Greely?" asked the young Form master.

"Kindly make no reference to Mr. Greely, sir," said the Head stiffly. "That matter is closed."

"But you seem to be under some misapprehension, sir--''

"Nothing of the kind." "Mr. Greely received his injuries

in a struggle---" "In a disgraceful struggle, witnessed, as it appears, by at least one junior boy of Rookwood," said the Head, with bitter scorn. "Such conduct is unheard of-unprecedented -almost unthinkable in a Rookwood master. Nothing more, Mr. Dalton-

I cannot listen to you." With a curt nod, the Head rustled away down the corridor. Richard Dalton walked back to his own study with compressed lips. The Head was the only person at Rook. wood who was in ignorance of the true story; and, really, it looked as if he must remain in ignorance of it, while Mr. Greely left, unjustly dismissed. It was an extraordinary situation, with a touch of the ridiculous about it: the Head's attitude of Olympian wrath and dignity, founded upon a misconception, was just a trifle ludicrous. But there it was. And all the Rookwood staff, discussing the matter in Masters' Common-room, agreed that they did not see what was to be done.

The 5th Chapter. Glorious Prospects!

"My dear Greely!" There was comfort in that hearty, friendly greeting to the sorely-tried master of the Rookwood Fifth.

Sir George Hansom was sitting up in bed, with a bandaged head, in his room at Dr. Bolton's house.

The baronet was in no state to return to London that night, and he had accepted the hospitality of the village doctor-that gentleman being only too pleased to oblige the wealthy baronet, who had lately purchased a large property in the neighbourhood.

Sir George looked a little pale and worn. But he was evidently very glad to see Mr. Greely.

"Don Pomposo" of Rookwood was to Sir George his old tutor, who had been kind and helpful in his Oxford days, and whom he always remembered with respect and gratitude. There was, perhaps, a tincture of patronage in Sir George's regard for his old tutor, but that was only natural in a gentleman of Sir George's great wealth and position. Between the baronet of thirty thousand a year and the Form master in a school there was a great gulf fixed-bridged, however, by Sir George's kindness of heart and his esteem for his old tutor. And indubitably Mr. Greely had repaid his friendship that day-his face was a mass of damages received in defence of the wealthy baronet.

"Sit down, old fellow," said Sir Ceorge. "I'm glad you've found time to walk down and say goodnight to me! Feeling knocked up, what?"

"A little," said Mr. Greely. "That is a matter of no moment, however. How are you feeling?"

Sir George made a grimace. "Rotten! I suppose your injuries have caused a lot of comment at the school! It's hard-very hard for you. Greely!"

"I am dismissed from my post, sir." said Mr. Greely.

"The Head has chosen to dismiss me," said the Fifth Form master. "Seeing me in this state, he has jumped to the conclusion that I have been-I hardly care to say the words -that I have been engaged in some disgraceful affray unworthy of a man of my years and position. Without

(Continued on page 720.)

Neither the Form master nor the

He seemed, indeed, incapable of

Identified, charged with assault,

He had nothing to gain by

silence; and he might gain by

telling the facts—that he had been

induced to make that brutal attack

The truth must come out now.

come by. Slaney's bare assertion

would not count for much in law;

judge and jury. But it would

carry conviction enough to ruin

the headmaster of St. Kit's. For

how was he to explain his associa-

tion with the man-an association

that could be proved? What was

there between Randolph Carker

and Bill Slaney unless Slaney had

been the tool he had hired for his

There was something like despair

in Randolph Carker's heart as he

leaned weakly on the banisters

resumed, "that the man has made

a statement to the police. I do not

Mr. Carker suppressed a groan.

but Randolph Carker could guess

very 'easily what Slaney's state-

Mr. Rawlings might not know,

"I gather, however, from the in-

know what that statement is-"

"I understand," Mr. Rawlings

wicked purposes?

and listened.

ment was.

True, proof would be difficult to

juniors had noticed him, so far,

speech; what he had heard seemed

to have crumpled him up. His face

with a sentence in prison inevitable

now, he knew that Slaney would

not be silent. Why should he?

and he did not speak.

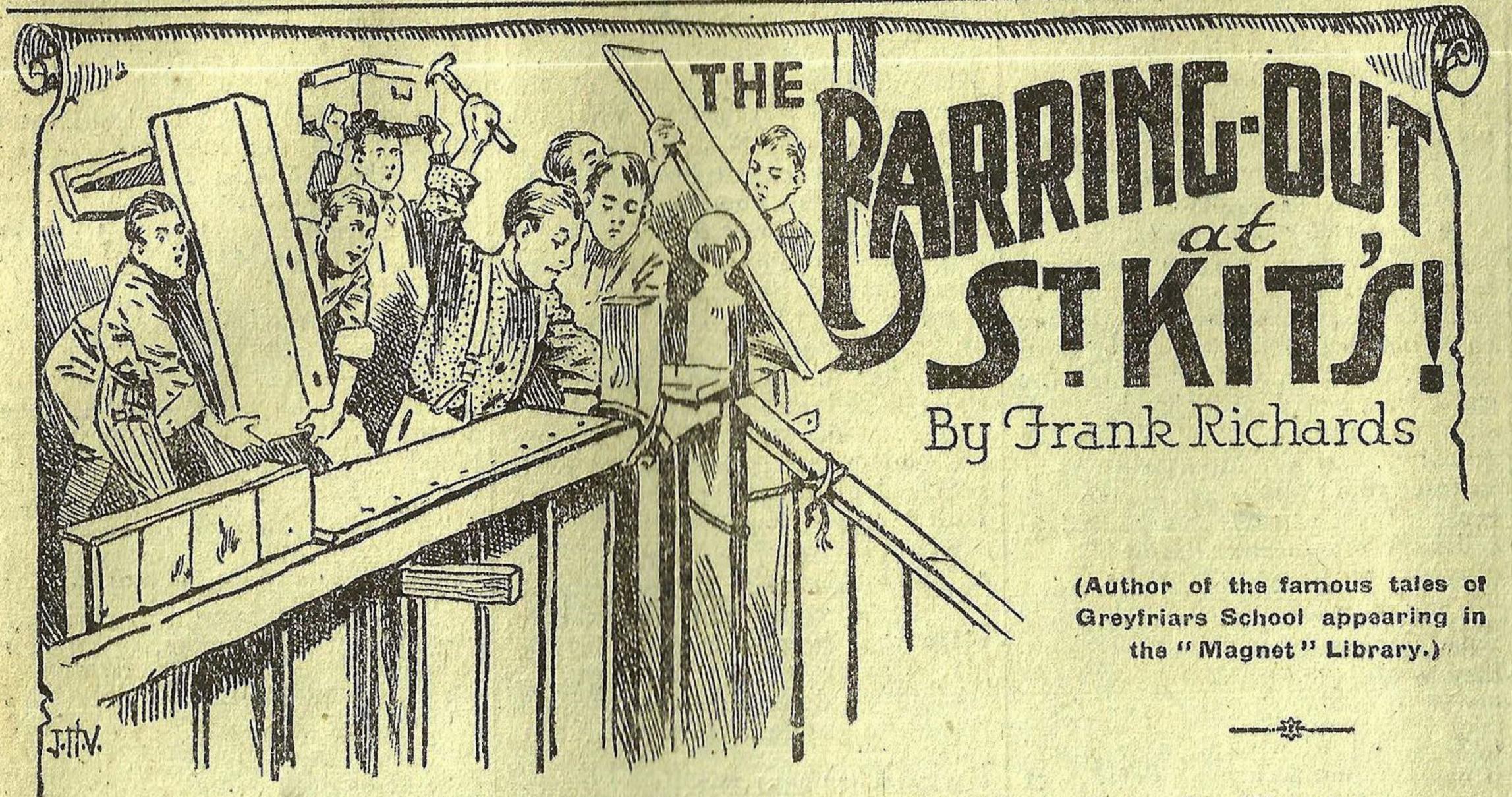
Slaney arrested!

was like chalk.

OUR TIP-TOP YARN OF SCHOOLBOYS IN REBELLION!

Published

Every Monday



Mr. Carker, the tyrant, makes a hurried departure from St. Kit's!

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. fuming. As he did so an orange Harry Wilmot, the captain of the whizzed from somewhere and Fourth, suspects Mr. Carker of smote Mr. Carker on the ear. being connected with the attack him in conversation with a man | glared round in fury. named Bill Slaney, who is wanted | But the unseen individual who by the police for the crime.

to stand Mr. Carker's tyranny no | pletely. longer, and they determine upon a barring-out. They take possession of the Fourth Form passage and barricade with innumerable open revolt, still defiant after all pieces of furniture the stairs lead- his efforts to subdue them-and ing up to it, and defy all efforts of the prefects to dislodge them.

Jim Spadger, their leader, a House of Israel. prisoner in the hands of Harry Wilmot & Co. When Harry Wilmot learns from Jim Spadger that Mr. Carker hired the roughs through Bill Slaney, and that Slaney is to be found at the Peal of Bells, near Lynn, he asks Mr. Rawlings, the master of the Fourth, to communicate this knowledge to the police. This Mr. Rawlings does, and an hour later he is informed over the telephone by Inspector Chater, of Lynn, that Bill Slaney has been arrested.

The Last of Mr. Carker.

"Booooo!" Randolph Carker started. " Boo !"

It was not elegant, and assuredly it was not respectful. But there it was! A cheeky fag of the Third Form, peering round a corner at the Head of St. Kit's, was actually "booing" him.

Mr. Carker started, and stared, and breathed hard. Jones minimus, of the Third grinned and repeated his observation.

"Boo!"

There was a chuckle from three or four fags, gathered behind Jones minimus, at the corner of the corridor.

Mr. Carker made a savage stride towards the impertinent Jones.

In an instant Jones minimus vanished from sight. Greatly daring, he had "booed" the tyrant of St. Kit's; but he did not venture to remain for Mr. Carker to

get to close quarters. If Mr. Carker | problem that might have perplexed had been a Boojum and Jones a wiser man than Randolph Carker. minimus a Hunter of the Snark, Jones minimus could not have vanished more suddenly and completely.

There was a pattering of hurried feet, and when Mr. Carker reached the corner there was nobody to be

He gritted his teeth.

He walked back to the staircase,

He jumped. The orange dropped upon Dr. Chenies, for he had seen to the floor, and Randolph Carker

had hurled the orange was not to Later, the Fourth Form decide be discovered. He was gone-com-

The unpopular headmaster breathed wrath. It had come to this, then-the Fourth Form in revolt spreading through the school. He no longer ventured In the hope of bringing the even a word of reprimand to Fifth rebels to heel, Mr. Carker visits or Sixth Form fellows-he, who had Bill Slaney and arranges with him | caned the Fifth and lashed the to send a number of men to the Sixth with his bitter tongue, in his school for the purpose of ejecting first days at St. Kit's. Fags of the Harry Wilmot & Co. from their Third booed him and hurled stronghold. The next morning oranges at him from corners. His Slaney's men duly arrive at St. authority, which he had stretched Kit's; but they fail to dislodge the | too far, had broken in his hands; rebels, and they depart, leaving the glory was departed from the

What was to be done now was a sides now he was derided.

losing every vestige of authority in the school; and subduing the rebels seemed further off than ever. And he realised, too, that at any moment they might receive reinforcements from the other Forms. It even dawned upon his dull and obstinate mind that it was only was painfully clear, when fags of the landing. the Third went to the length of "booing" him in the corridors.

deal, and from the other Forms he | Harry Wilmot & Co. across the had only defiance to expect if he stacked furniture on the stairs. interfered with them. Only by Randolph Carker was about to carefully leaving them to their | break furiously in upon the talk own masters could he avoid a when a name caught his ears-and further outbreak.

He could scarcely yield, without

It was defeat; and Mr. Carker began to realise it. His headmastership at St. Kit's had been a hopeless failure. Even concession and conciliation could not have saved him now—the matter had gone too far. Had the revolt been crushed in its first stages he might have carried on tyrannically; but it had not been crushed, and the successful defiance of the Fourth had made him the mock of the school. A tyrant who could not make good his tyranny was an object for the | saw the man." finger of scorn to point at. On all | Mr. Carker leaned on the ban-

What was to be done? He stood at the foot of the stair-The rebels were there, safe behind their barricade; indeed, they

It was defeat-hopeless defeat. lit might not carry conviction to a It was for this that he had dabbled in crime—that he had placed himself in the power of a man like Bill he had gained by ruthless tyranny, which had provoked resistance lie

himself savagely, he would yet bring the rebels to heel, and unmerciful punishment should break their spirits. How, was the problem—a problem that was difficult to solve. As he stood in savage reflection, listening to the murmur of voices from above, it dawned upon him that one of the voices was that of Mr. Rawlings, the master of the Fourth. The the Form-masters who were hold- Form master, then, was in coming their Forms in check-for Mr. munication with the rebels. Mr. Carker himself the St. Kit's fellows | Carker's eyes gleamed with rage, no longer cared a button. That and he strode up the staircase to

There was Mr. Rawlings, standing on the Fourth Form staircase With the Fourth he could not below the barricade, speaking to

he started, his face growing white. "They've got Slaney, sir?"

Harry Wilmot was speaking. "Yes, Wilmot! Inspector Chater has telephoned that the man was arrested at the Peal of Bells. The man answers to the description of the ruffian who is wanted for the assault upon Dr. Chenies, and his

name appears to be Slaney." "Oh, good, sir!"

"You and St. Leger and Rake will be wanted to identify him, Wilmot, as you were witnesses to the assault upon Dr. Chenies and

isters.

case and stared up. From above he could hear a murmur of voices. scarcely needed the barricade now. Randolph Carker was their only foe within the walls of St. Kit's, and him, personally, they did not fear: any three or four of them could have handled him now that his authority was broken, had no support from masters or prefects. And even Mr. Carker did not think of recruiting further support on the lines of upon the old Head by Randolph Spadger's gang. It came into his | Carker's bribe! mind that, if Wilmot & Co. chose to make a sortie from their stronghold, he was at their mercy -there was no one to stand by him. Slaney-only to throw away what

could not deal with. Yet somehow-somehow, he told

spector's words, that the statement is a very surprising, indeed, startling one," said Mr. Rawlings. "Inspector Chater is coming to the school this evening, and he will

have to see you boys." "Very well, sir," said Harry. "Begad," murmured Algernon Aubrey St. Leger, "it looks as if you were right all along the line,

old bean! Carker was in it." "I was quite certain of that," said Harry quietly, "and I'm sure that Slaney's statement is simply that he was hired to attack Dr. Chenies, and that Mr. Carker paid him to do it."

"Looks like it, now," said Bob. "Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Stubbs. "Draw it mild, you know."

"Well, we shall see when Inspector Chater comes here," said Wilmot. "I don't know whether Mr. Carker can be arrested on Slaney's statement-"

"Great pip!" "But, at any rate, they've got the man who knocked out Dr.

Chenies-that's a good thing!" "And they'd never have got him but for this jolly old barrin'-out!" grinned Algernon Aubrey. "Dear old Carker has done himself in, if it's as you think, old bean."

"We can let Spadger go, now that Slaney is safe under lock and key," said Harry. "You will let us know when the inspector comes, Mr. Rawlings?"

"Certainly. He must see you and hear what you have to tell him," said the Fourth Form master. "Even yet I cannot credit that Mr. Carker was concerned in the matter; but the truth, whatever it is, will undoubtedly be

established now." There was a grean from the dusky staircase, and Mr. Rawlings started and looked round.

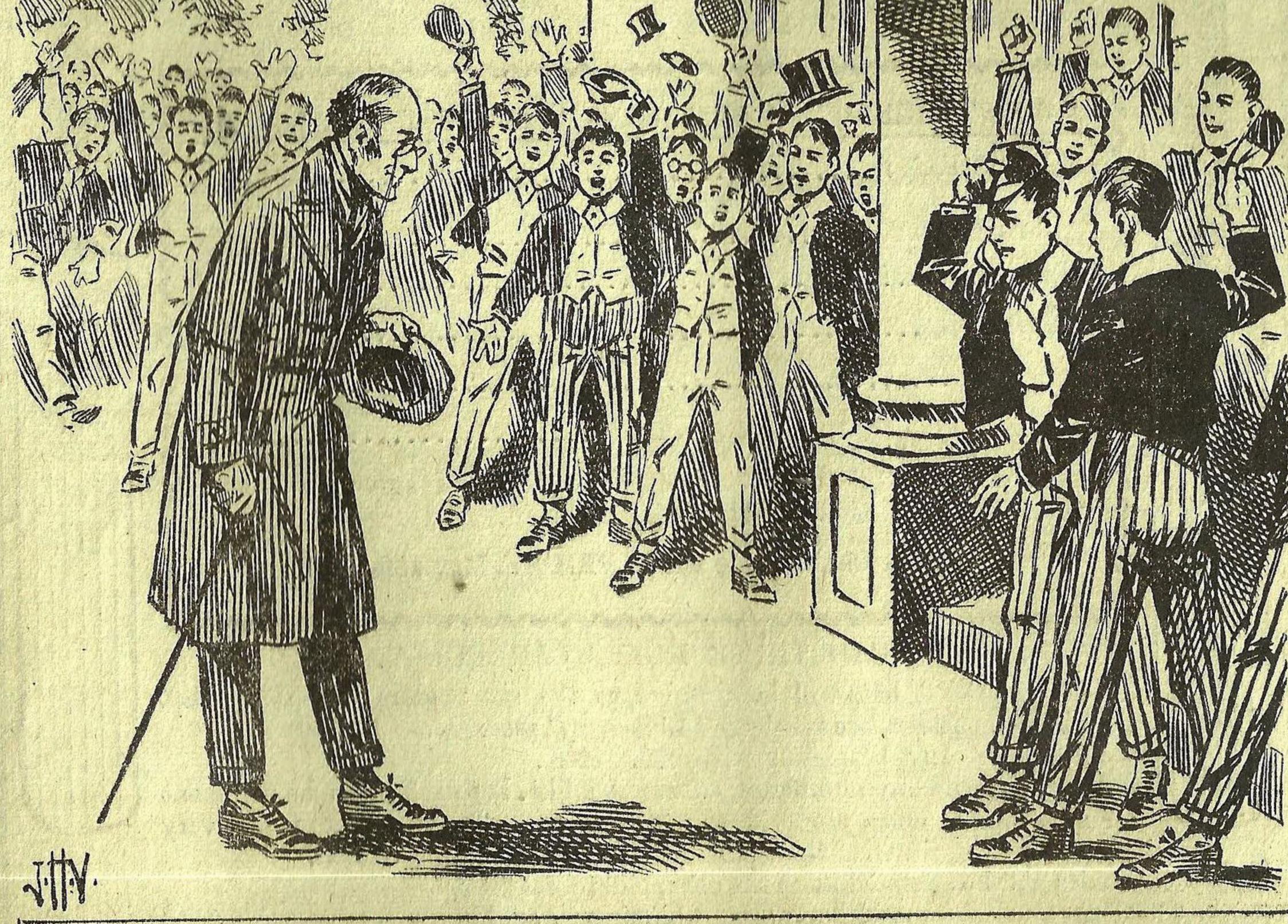
"Bless my soul! Mr. Carker!" "Hallo! There's the jolly old bird!"

"Good news for you, Carker!" shouted Bob Rake. "They've got your pal Slaney!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Carker stared at the grinning juniors, with a haggard face. The Fourth Form master regarded him curiously.

Mr. Carker opened his pale and trembling lips, but he did not speak. He turned in silence and went down the stairs. "Bless my soul!" murmured Mr.

Rawlings. (Continued overleaf.)

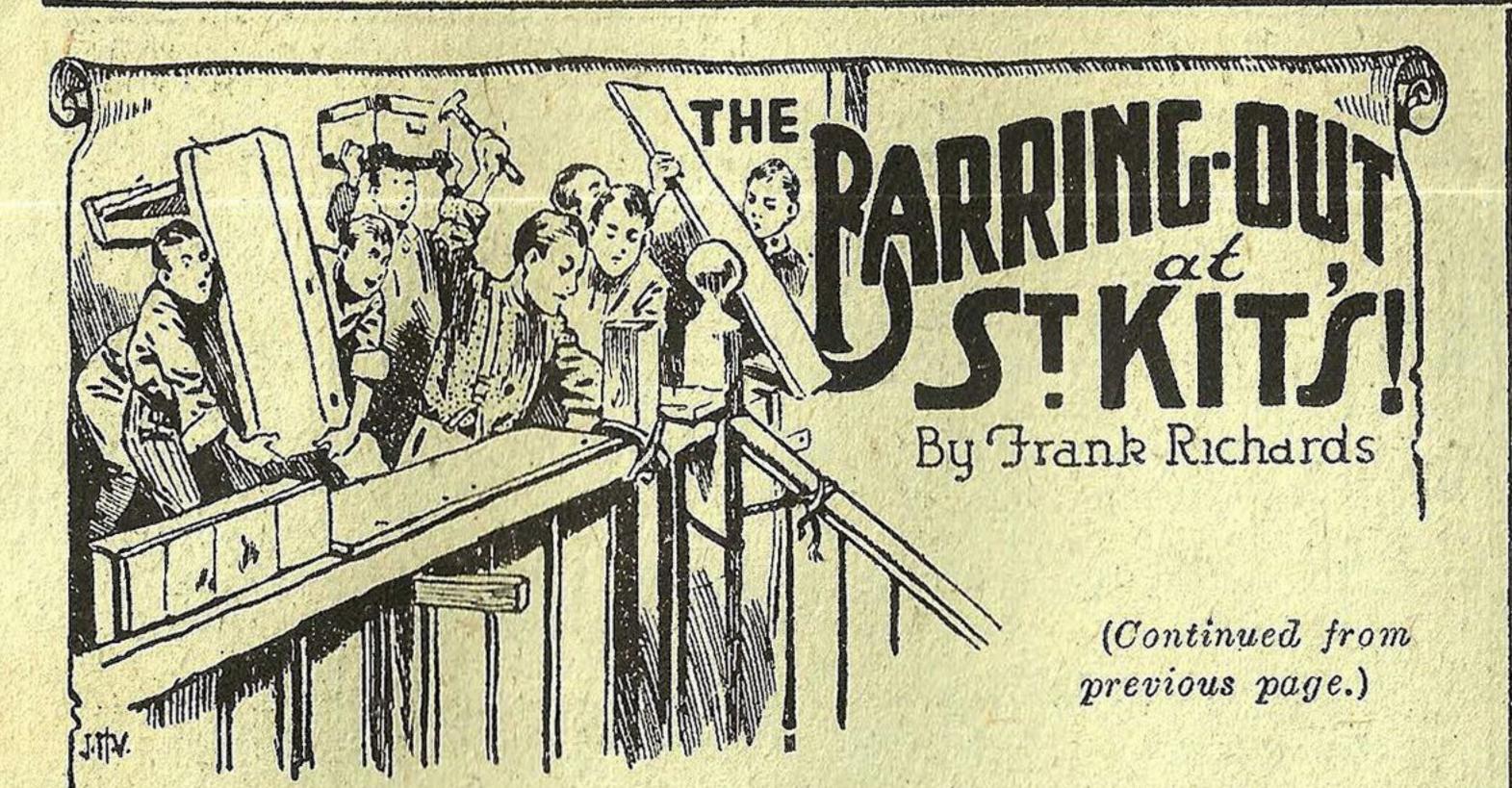


There was a tremendous ovation for Dr. Chenies when he returned; the cheers of the St. Kit's fellows rang and echoed from one end of the school: to the other, and the Head was deeply moved.

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sacked Carker."

Carker is gone."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Chater grinned.

"Gone!" exclaimed Bob.

"If you are keeping it up till

Mr. Carker goes, you have kept it

up long enough," he said. "Mr.

| called away-ahem!-on rather

sudden business," said Mr. Chater,

with a cough. "At all events, he

has left the school. I understand

from Mr. Coote that he drove Mr.

Carker to the station to catch the

"Oh, my hat!"

"Bolted!" roared Bob Rake.

It was borne in upon the | St. Leger. "We're keepin' this up Fourth Form master's mind then | till Carker goes! You see, we've that Harry Wilmot had been right, and that Randolph Carker was guilty. If ever guilt and apprehension were written in a human face they were written in Mr. Carker's as he stumbled down the stairs.

Mr. Carker disappeared.

He did not heed Mr. Rawlings- | "Yes; he seems to have been he did not heed the Fourth Form rebels further. In his study he paced to and fro with a haggard face, trying to think out the situa-

tion. His confederate was under arrest and had betrayed him-that express." much was certain. Inspector i Chater was coming! For what was he coming? He could deny the facts-he could brazen it out, but it was clear that much was known, and it was possible-possible-He shivered, as if he already felt the cold contact of the handcuffs. Was it possible—was he to leave St. Kit's, like Eugene Aram, with gyves upon his wrists? His heart failed him.

When Inspector Chater arrived that evening he received news that surprised him-or, perhaps, did not surprise him very much. Randolph Carker was not there to see him.

Mr. Carker had driven away to the railway-station half an hour before the inspector arrived from Lynn.

He had left no message-no word as to when he might be expected to return. Mr. Chater had a very shrewd suspicion that he did not intend to return—a suspicion that proved to be well founded. The tyrant of St. Kit's was gone-for ever.

Victory!

Harry Wilmot & Co. were in a cheery mood that evening.

After the talk with Mr. Rawlings the rebels of the Fourth hauled Spadger out of the study, and the one-eyed gentleman was released. He was assisted over the barricade, not very gently, and he landed on the stairs below with a series of lurid remarks which brought a shower of missiles after him. Mr. Spadger picked himself up and fled, extremely glad to get outside the gates of St. Kit's.

Fellows came up the stairs to chat with the rebels over the barricade, no longer in fear of Mr. Carker. The Head was not to be seen; wherever he was he was not thinking of interfering further. Much more pressing matters occupied his mind.

There was a swarm of St. Kit's fellows on the staircase, when a stout gentleman in uniform mounted with Mr. Rawlings.

"It's a jolly old inspector,"

remarked Bob Rake. Inspector Chater stared at the barricade and smiled. Mr. Rawlings had apprised him of the state of affairs in the school. He stopped at the barricade, over which a

dozen heads rose to greet him. "Good-evening, sir!" said Harry Wilmot politely. "Sorry we can't ask you to come in-it's a barring-

out, you see." "I see," assented Mr. Chater. "An extraordinary state of affairs -very extraordinary. Set of young scamps—what?"

"Standin' up for our rights, old bean," explained Algernon Aubrey

"Yaas, begad; it looks like it!" said St. Leger. "You were right, Wilmot, old bean-he was hand-inglove with the Slaney man." "I knew it!" said Harry.

"Bolted!" ejaculated Stubbs. "Then it's true! It's jolly thick, but it's true! The awful rotter!"

Mr. Chater coughed.

"Mr. Carker has gone, at all events," he said. "It is possiblehem!-that he does not mean to return. Mr. Rawlings tells me that he has telephoned to Lord Westcourt, the chairman of the governing board, and that his lordship will arrive here early in the morning. In the circumstances, I advise you young gentlemen to cease these-hem!-these extraordinary proceedings. Hem!"

Harry Wilmot shook his head. "Not till we're sure we're done

with Carker," he said. "No fear!"

"Wait till my jolly old pater comes, and we'll explain to him," said Algernon Aubrey. "Besides, if we keep it up there'll be no prep to-night."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I require a statement from you, Master Wilmot, with regard to an alleged interview between Mr. Carker and the man Slaney-"

"I'll come down," said Harry. "Very good."

ricade. He went downstairs with | don't care a rap for the masters, the inspector and Mr. Rawlings and we'll jolly well keep it up to through a buzzing crowd of St. | the end of the term. No more Kit's fellows—the leader of the | classes, what?" successful barring-out was the cynosure of all eyes.

A quarter of an hour later he rejoined his comrades in the Fourth Form passage.

Supper was going on there, and the rebels of St. Kit's were in a state of great hilarity. They were victorious, and they knew it now. Randolph Carker was gone, and they hoped and believed that he was gone for good. The barringout had done it; and the St. Kit's rebels had reason to be pleased with themselves.

"Looks like the finish, you fellows," remarked Harry Wilmot. "Carker's gone-and it's pretty plain that he's bolted. I believe Mr. Chater thinks him guilty, though he doesn't say so. He's bolted to dodge a charge of conspiracy."

"Rotten!" said Bob.

NO ENTRANCE FEE.

Algernon Aubrey shook his head. "All the better, so long as he's gone," he said. "Least said soonest mended, so long as we're clear of the Carker-bird."

"And we've won all along the line."

"Hurrah!" "Let's keep it up!" said Stubbs.

Wilmot clambered over the bar- "We've beaten the prefects, we

"Hear, hear!" said Bunny

Bootles, with enthusiasm. "Fathead!" said Harry.

"Look here-

"We didn't rebel to get out of lessons, you ass!"

"Didn't we?" "No, fathead!"

"There's jolly well not going to be any floggings, or lickings of any sort if we chuck it," said Stubbs warmly. "That's got to be understood."

"Yes, rather!"

"We shall have to make terms, of course," said the captain of the Fourth. "But that will be all right, now Carker's gone. Nobody else wants any trouble. And now supper.

"I say, Wilmot--"

"Dry up, Bunny!" "But I say-"

"Cheese it!" "Look here," roared Bunny. You listen to a chap! It's important. Now Carker's gone, and old Westcourt's coming--"

"Who?" demanded Algy. "Are you speakin' of my pater, Bunny?" "I mean Lord Westcourt! Keep your boot away from me, you beast! Now Lord Westcourt's coming, and Carker's gone, it's all over, isn't it? We shall get good terms and chuck it-what?"

"Yes," said Harry. "Well, then, there's no need to ration the grub any longer-"

"The grub," said Bunny. "What's the good of eking out the grub if the whole bizney is going to fizzle out to-morrow? We don't want any left to hand back to the house-dame. That would be a sinful waste of good grub."

"It's really a duty to finish it up," urged Bunny. "Waste not, want not, you know."

"Pile in, Fatty!" said Harry Wilmot, laughing. "Oh, good!"

Bunny Bootles did not need

telling twice.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

He piled in. Rations were a thing of the past; it was obvious to all now that the barring-out was coming to an end. Supper was ample on all sides; and in the case of Bunny Bootles it was more than ample.

Apparently he felt it his duty to see that the amount left over was reduced to the smallest possible minimum.

Long after the other fellows were finished Bunny was still going strong. His manful efforts slacked down at last, and he rested from his labours with a fat and breathless and very sticky and shiny look. He had "done" himself remarkably well; for once even Bunny admitted that he had had enough to eat. It was later that it dawned upon Bunny's fat mind that he had done himself a little too well-that he had, in fact, considerably over-done him-

After the rebels had turned into their blankets that night, and slumber reigned in the Fourth Form passage, a mumbling and groaning sound began to be audible. Algernon Aubrey St. Leger raised his head and rubbed his eyes and listened.

"Oh, gad! What--"

Groan!

"Great gad! Is that you, Bunny?" "Oh, dear! I-I think I'm

dying, Algy." "Go it; but no need to wake me!

up," said Algernon Aubrey. "A considerate fellow would die quietly, Bunny, at this time of

"Shut up, Bootles!" came two or three sleepy voices.

Groan! "What on earth's the matter with the fat frog?" demanded Bob Rake, Groan!

J. B. HOBBS" AUTOGRAPHED CRICKET BATS MUST BE WON!

HERE IT IS! OUR SPLENDID ONE-WEEK COMPETITION!

Here is a rattling good offer for you! Your part is simple, and with a little thought you may easily be the winner of one of the splendid bats we have chosen specially for

the occasion. All we Ask You to Do is to choose an example out of the list of twelve that we give you here, and form upon it a "Bullseye"-that is, a sentence or phrase of two or three words with some thoughtful or catchy bearing on the example chosen. But remember that the first word of your "Bullseye" must begin with the initial letter of the example. Here are two sample "Bullseyes" to show you what we mean:

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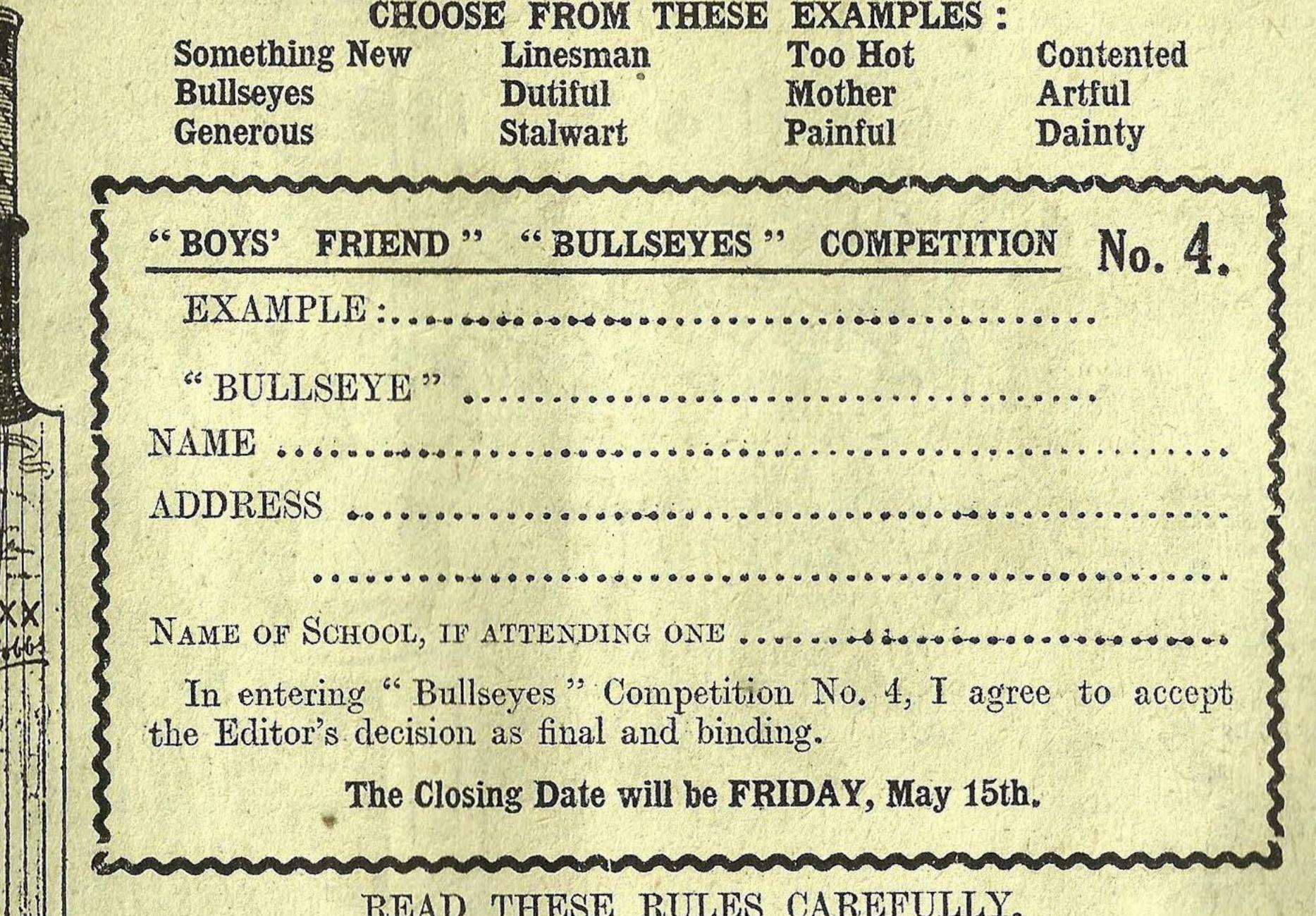
When you have thought out your "Bullseye," write it, IN INK, on the coupon given below. Then sign your name and address and post without delay to:

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READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

The six cricket bats will be awarded to the six readers who send what the Editor considers are the best "Bullseyes" received.

ENTRIES must be plainly written IN INK.

You may send any number of efforts you like, but each must be made out on a separate and properly signed coupon. The first word of every

"Bullseye" must begin with the initial letter of the example chosen. No entries will be accepted after the closing date, May 15th.

The Editor's decision will be final and hinding throughout.

The competition is open to everybody, with the exception of the employees of the proprietors of this journal.

you-

"Ow! It wasn't the pickles!" moaned Bunny.

"The pickles?" had pickles often enough, with of this. out trouble like this afterwards. And it couldn't have been the jam.'

"Oh, my hat!"

"The jam was all right. So was the jelly. And the cake was good, and the biscuits seemed all rightand the ham was topping, and I'm sure the eggs were fairly fresh. I had only seven, anyhow, so they | Carker some shocks, no mistake couldn't have hurt me."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Groan!

"Perhaps it was the cold beef!" suggested Bob, with a chuckle.

"But I only had a taste—just a few slices," groaned Bunny. "Beef doesn't hurt a chap. But I've got a pain! Perhaps it was the cheese."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Perhaps the pickles are quarrelling with the cake!" suggested Wilmot, "or the eggs may be on fighting terms with the biscuits and the ham and the jam-"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Groan!

"Dry up, Bunny!"

"I-I say, Wilmot, will youwill you cut down to Wicke and fetch a doctor-"

"Yes, I can see myself doing it," chuckled the captain of the Fourth. "Bob, old man, will you fetch a doctor-"

fetch you an undertaker."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But I'll tell you what I'll do, Bunny," said Bob Rake, sitting up in his blankets. "If you don't stop that awful row I'll come along and kick you till you do stop!

"Yah!"

It was not a happy night for Cuthbert Archibald Bootles. Almost he wished that supper had been on rations, after all.

All Serene!

"The jolly old pater!" "Upon my word!" said Lord

Westcourt. His lordship stood on the landing, beside Mr. Rawlings, and stared up at the barricade.

He extracted an eyeglass from some recess, jammed it into his noble eye, and stared again.

He had learned from the Fourth Form master the story of the barring-out, so he was prepared. Still, he seemed astonished, and undoubtedly shocked.

Many years since-more than he liked to remember—Lord West-

"Bunny, you groaning villain, court had been a St. Kit's fellow himself. For many, many years he had been an Old Boy and a governor of the school. But in all his experience in connection with "It couldn't have been! I've St. Kit's he had never seen the like

> "Upon my word!" he repeated. Algernon Aubrey waved a dutiful hand.

"Good-mornin', dad."

"Algernon!" "Yaas, father!"

"This is-is shocking, Alger-

We've given "Yaas, dad! about that!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"This must end at once!" said Lord Westcourt.

"Yaas! Carker still gone?" His lordship coughed.

"Mr. Carker has chosen to absent himself, Algernon, and he has not returned to the school this morning, neither has he sent any message. A startling accusation has been made against him in connection with the attack on Dr. Chenies, and Mr. Carker should have been here to rebut it. But he is not here. In the circumstances, pending a meeting of the governing body, Mr. Rawlings will take control."

"Hear, hear!" shouted Bob Rake.

"Bravo!"

"I have no doubt," resumed Lord Westcourt, "that the governors will decide to leave Mr. Rawlings in control until Dr. Chenies "My dear man, I wouldn't even is able to return and resume his headmastership. You have, therefore, no occasion-no pretext-for further - hem! - insubordination, and I trust I shall see you all return to duty and obedience at once."

"Certainly, sir," said Harry Wilmot.

"Any old thing, sir," said Durance. "But it's got to be understood that bygones are bygones, and that there are no lick-

"Yes, rather!" exclaimed Bunny. "That's important!"

His lordship coughed and glanced at Mr. Rawlings. The Fourth Form master coughed also. "In the Croumstances, Lord Westcourt, I suggest that the whole matter should be droppedthat this — this unprecedented affair should be forgotten and forgiven on condition that the boys return to their duty at once," said Mr. Rawlings.

"Quite so," agreed his lordship. "Good enough!" said Wilmot.

"Hear, hear!"

"Then you will restore order in this passage, and I shall expect

you all in the Form-room for third lesson," said Mr. Rawlings. "Yes, sir."

"Yaas, begad-the jolly old barrin'-out is over, dear boys, and it's time to toe the line again," said Algernon Aubrey St. Leger. "It was fun while it lasted; but everythin' comes to an end-even Carker!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wilmot & Co. marched into the Fourth Form room for third lesson -as if there never had been any barring-out at St. Kit's. Once more affairs at the old school resumed the even tenor of their

Mr. Carker did not return, and certain inquiries that were made after him failed to elicit news of his whereabouts. Bill Slaney received a sentence of six months at Lynn, and it remained a question what would have happened to Mr. Randolph Carker had he been there for it to happen. But he was gone-and St. Kit's never saw him again; and everyone concerned was glad to see the last of

Mr. Rawlings carried on to the satisfaction of that august body, the governors of St. Kit's, and even to the satisfaction of the latelyrebellious Fourth Form, until Dr. Chenies-restored to health at last -returned to the school. There was a tremendous ovation for the Head when he came back; the cheers of the St. Kit's fellows rang and echoed from one end of the school to the other, and the Head was deeply moved. Especially from the Fourth Form came tremendous cheers.

"We did it, you know," Algernon Aubrey St. Leger remarked to his comrades. "If we hadn't chucked Carker, the jolly old Head might never have come backcatchy on? The old scout ought to single us out for a special vote of thanks-but I don't suppose he

"Not quite!" grinned Bob.



The rebels of the Fourth hauled Jim Spadger out of the study where he had been held prisoner, and the one-eyed gentleman was released of his bonds. He was assisted over the barricade, not very gently, and he landed on the stairs below with a series of lurid remarks which brought a shower of missiles after him.

"At least, he ought to give us a special whole holiday, in recognition of our services," said Algy. "Do you feel disposed, as captain of the Fourth, to suggest it to him, Wilmot, old bean?"

"Ha, ha! I leave it to you!" Algy shook his head.

"No; perhaps it's better taste not to mention it," he said. "It's even possible that the jolly old Head doesn't know how much he ought to feel obliged to us."

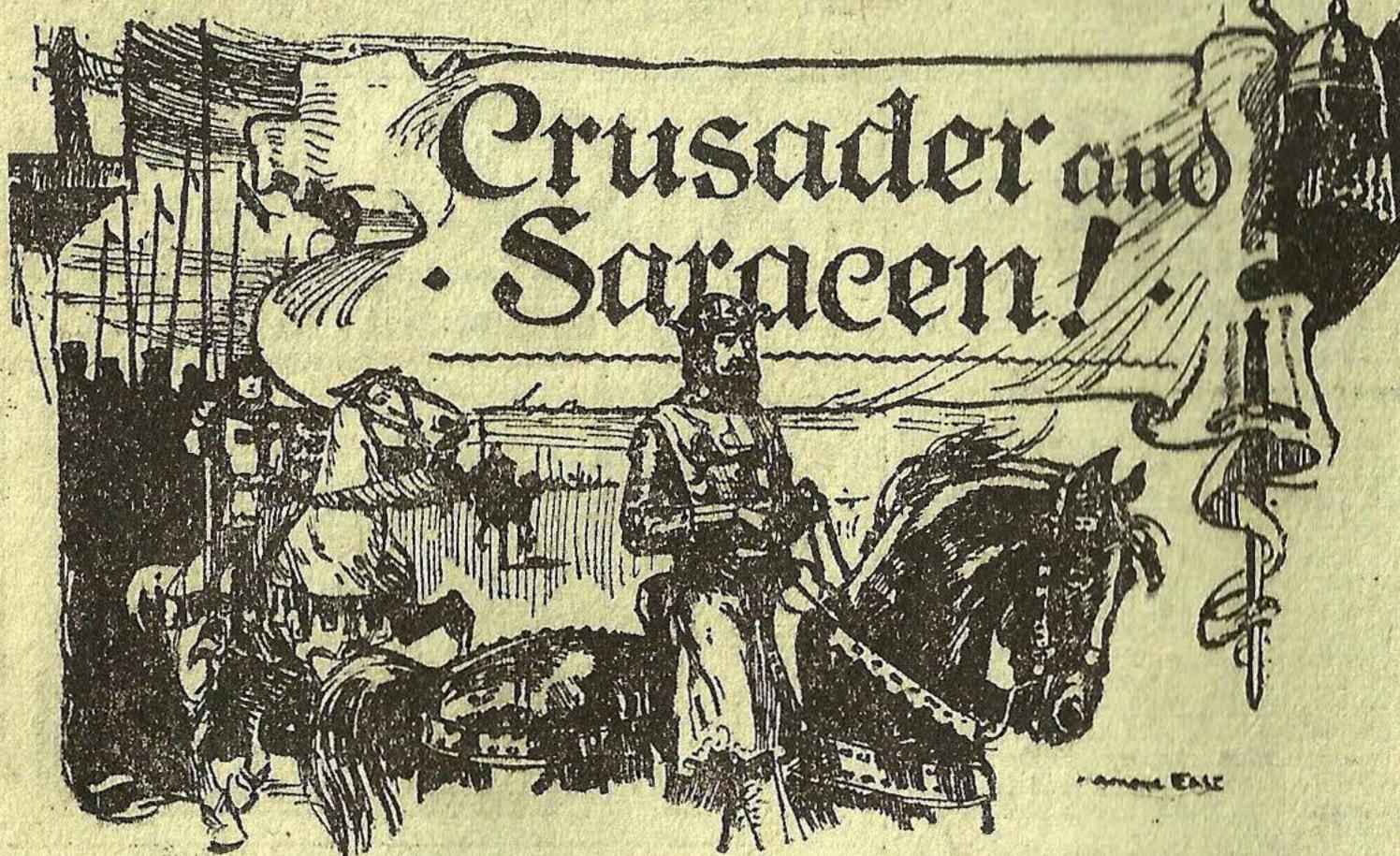
On which point Algernon Aubrey

was doubtless right; though Harry Wilmot & Co. never learned what Dr. Chenies thought of the barring-out at St. Kit's.

THE END.

(Special treat-"The Lion's Revenge!" by Roger Fowey, an amazing new story of the war of 1975, commencing in next Monday's Boys' Friend. Whatever you do, don't miss it, chums! Order your copy of the "Green 'Un" to-day, and thus make certain of securing

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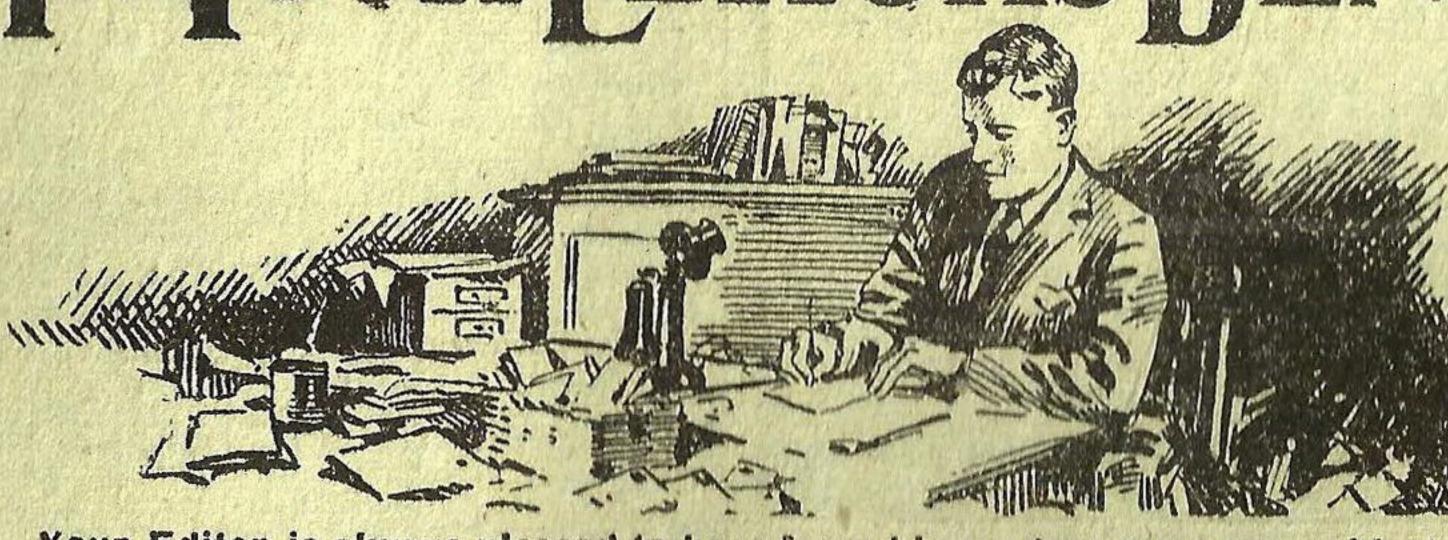


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"KINGS OF THE MAIN!"

In this grand number of the Boys' FRIEND you will find the opening chapters of David Goodwin's wonderful new romance of the Spanish Main. It is a story that is bound to appeal to all of you, and it is written in Mr. Goodwin's very best style. The characters portrayed by this prince of authors veritably live, and as you read on you will almost be able to feel the sea breezes-to imagine yourselves amongst the daring pirates of old who roved the Spanish Main. If you have any pals who are nonreaders of the "Green 'Un" just put them wise to this scintillating new masterpiece. It will delight them!

MORE NEXT WEEK,

You will vote next Monday's issue of your favourite paper even better than this. First and foremost comes the second long instalment of "Kings of the Main!" You will be wondering what has happened to the mysterious Simon Slent, and also what becomes of Hal Tracey, who, through the treachery of Sir Raoul Petrie, has been arrested for piracy. There are unexpected happenings in our next which are bound to hold you breathless.

"THE LION'S REVENGE!" By Roger Fowey.

This is our great surprise for next week. Since the conclusion of Roger Fowey's great yarn: "The Lion at Bay!" I have had shoals of letters from my readers asking for another tale of the War of 1975. Well, it has long since been in preparation, and the forthcoming story is certain to meet with the approval of all. It is more thrilling than its predecessor and you will find yourselves carried away into the heart of China with Keith Ashley and Donald Wentworth. who have very important parts to play in the Lion's revenge. This tale is a ripper, as you will see for yourselves next Monday.

"THE FIGHTING FIFTH!"

You will enjoy this great new story in the amazing new series of Rookwood tales. Mr. Horace Greely, the dismissed master of Rookwood, is, for once in a way, extremely No. 3 gives an amusing long story of popular with Hansom & Co. of the Greyfriars School in which Fisher T. Fifth. The boys of Mr. Greely's old Fish, the American junior, plays a Form are disgruntled at losing their prominent part, whilst No. 4 con-Form master and they make the fact tains a magnificent tale of the boys patent to all the school. And Dr. of St. Frank's. Coming shortly in Chisholm and Carthew of the Sixth, this library is a ripping long yarn of come in for their full share of the Jimmy Silver & Co. of Rookwood, Fifth Formers' wrath. Mr. Conquest so be on the look out for it. is bang on the target with this new story and you will agree that it is the goods!

"THE LEMON!"

The Lemon! Who is he, what is he, why is he? This will be made clear to you when you read next Monday's special complete story of the Turf. Look out for the Lemon-His queer antics will make you yell.

"THE SLAVER'S PRISONER!"

Duncan Storm contributes another magnificent story of the boys of the famous school-ship Bombay Castle to our next issue. You will be specially interested in the part the amusing Florestan Slapp plays in the tale. Florestan is as funny as they make them, and perhaps it is for this reason that he hits it so well with the Glory Hole Gang. And Alit Singh, the little Rajah, now a member of the Bombay Castle, discovers that Florestan is a very useful fellow to have knocking round. "The Slaver's Prisoner!" is a corker, rest assured of that.

OUR TOP-NOTCH COMPETITION.

Bullseyes are being scored every week and the six "J. B. Hobbs" Autographed Cricket Bats are finding their owners. Have you hit the target yet? If not, now is your chance. Get busy with the competition right away. Don't be downhearted if you fail one week, for there is always the next in which to try again. The bats are well worth having, and a little effort on your part might bring one your way.

"THE SCHOOLBOYS' OWN LIBRARY."

Nos. 3 and 4 of this great new school-story library are now on sale.

Your Editor.

a fact?"
"Quite!"
"I protest against this, Dr. Chis-

"Quite!"
"I protest against this, Dr. Chisholm!"
"Indeed."
The Head's voice was icy.
Possibly he desired Sir George to understand that he was not to be hectored even by a baronet of thirty thousand a year.
"Yes, sir, indeed!" hooted Sir George. "I owe Mr. Greely my personal gratitude! I have obligations to him that I can never repay! I insist, sir, upon your hearing Mr. Greely in his own defence before proceeding with this act of injustice—of absurdity—of—of—— Are you there, sir? I repeat, are you there?"
Dr. Chisholm was not there! He had cut off.
"Sir! Are you there?" roared Sir George into the transmitter.
Silence!
"Upon my word!" gasped Sir George.

Upon my word!" gasped Sir

George.
He slammed the receiver back on the hooks. Mr. Greely took the instrument from him and set it on the

ble again. Doubtless the headmaster of Rook-

wood, quite as autocratic a ger man as Sir George himself—if more so—had not been pleased

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762.—THAT TERRIBLE TERM!

A Rallieking Summer Story of Schoolboy Fun and Adventure.



tions even from his valued old friend and tutor.

He was through at last, and Dr. Chisholm's voice came along the wires. Sir George knew the voice. He had met Dr. Chisholm a good many times, and, in point of fact, had not "pulled" with him any more than one autocratic gentleman could be expected to pull with another.

"Dr. Chisholm! Sir George Hansom speaking! What is this I hear? My old friend—my former tutor—dismissed from Rookwood! Is this a fact?" hearing a word from me he has dis-missed me from my post."
"Upon my word!"
"I do not indee him."

"Upon my word!"

"I do not judge him!" said Mr. Greely, with lofty magnanimity. "I am aware that black eyes and swollen features are out of place in a Form master at a public school. Very much so! No doubt it would have been essential for me to avoid the public gaze for a time. But—" Sir George Hansom gave a sound like a snort.

"Dismissed!" he said. "Greely. "Rookwood, where I have spent the best years of my life—" His voice faltered.

"Dismissed!" roared Sir George. "It's a shame! It sha'n't happen! By gad! I'll talk to him! Without asking what had happened! Why, sir, the man must be a fool! Did he want you to stand by while those footpads beat in my head with a gaspipe? By gad! Give me that telephone!"

"My dear Sir George—"

"My dear Sir George—"

"Give me that telephone!"

pipe? By gad! Give me that telephone!"

"My dear Sir George—"

"Give me that telephone!"

Sir George Hansom was a somewhat choleric and emphatic gentleman. He was not accustomed to contradiction—few of his associates had any desire to contradict a gentleman of thirty thousand a year. He stretched out an angry hand for the telephone. Sir George was occupying Dr. Bolton's own room, given up to the distinguished guest, and the doctor's bedside telephone was at hand. Mr. Greely passed the instrument to him.

Sir George almost snorted into the transmitter.

He was some little time in getting

transmitter.

He was some little time in getting through to Kookwood. Mr. Greely would have spoken, but the baronet waved him to silence. He was going just and absurd. Certainly he had

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t off the conversation with ruthless

cut off the conversation with ruthless sharpness.

"I will take my boy away from Rookwood!" gasped Sir George.
"By gad! Am I a man to be treated like this? Are you, Greely? Who is this fellow—this dashed autocrat—who refuses to listen to a few words—refuses to listen to a calm and friendly explanation? By gad! Greely, my old friend, you shall leave Rookwood! But Dr. Chisholm shall be sorry for this!"

Sir George winced and rubbed his head. His angry excitement was not good for him, with a big bruise on his head.

"Calm yourself, my dear Sir George."
"I am guite calm, Greely!" hooted

"A-a-a school!" repeated
Greely.

"A school that will rival Rook-wood-or Eton and Harrow for that matter!" said Sir George. "A school of which my old friend, Horace Greely, will be the headmaster."

"Wha-a-at?"

"Of which my son will be the first pupil!"

"Wha-a-at!"
"Of which my son will be the first pupil!"
"Sir George!"
"Not a word! It is sottled! As soon as I am up and about we will go into the matter together. Details can be arranged with ease. As a business proposition, I believe it will pay. Whether it pays or not I do not care a single button."
"Oh!" gasped Mr. Greely.
His black eyes gleamed:
Mr. Greely fancied himself in the role of headmaster. He had always had a secret conviction that he was better fitted for that high post than Dr. Chisholm! He had never doubted that the governors of Rookwood School had shown a strange want of judgment in appointing want of judgment in appointing Henry Chisholm, when they mighave secured the services of Hora

Headmaster of Manor House School—another Stowe, in fact—a new public school with new and im-proved traditions!

"Oh, Sir George!" gasped Mr. Greely.

Greely.

He had not expected anything of the kind. He had not dreamed of it. At the most he had hoped that Sir George's powerful recommendation would help to secure him another post as Form master. He was overwheamed.

An hour later Mr. Greely walked

back to Rookwood as if he were

back to Rookwood as if he were walking on air.
Headmaster!
The word rang pleasantly in his ears as he walked! He no longer felt the throbbing in his damaged eyes—the twinges in his swollen nose!
Even towards Dr. Chisholm he was no longer angry. Headmaster! He could have thanked Dr. Chisholm from the bottom of his heart now!
Headmaster!
Mr. Greely dreamed pleasant dreams that night:

The 6th Chapter.
Straight from the Shoulder!

"Silver!"
"Yes, sir!" murmured Jimmy.
It was the following morning, and Dr. Chisholm, looking out of the doorway after breakfast, called to the captain of the Fourth, who was in the quad. Jimmy approached him with, some misgivings, wondering whether he was to be asked for his lines.

whether he was to be asked for his lines.
"Silver, your Form master, Mr. Dalton, made me acquainted with certain facts this morning," said the Head quietly. "I desire to hear from you a description of what occurred yesterday afternoon in Coombe Wood."

Oh!" ejaculated Jimmy.

"Kindly tell me what you saw—and be brief!"

"Kindly tell me what you saw—and be brief!"

Jimmy understood.

Richard Dalton had evidently found a propitious moment, and had made the Head aware of the true circumstances of Mr. Greely's case. The Head was undoubtedly autocratic and quick to anger, but he was a gentleman; he was anxious to commit no injustice. Obviously, he wanted an account from an eye-witness before speaking to Mr. Greely.

Jimmy Silver was glad enough that the matter was to end so satisfactorily. He proceeded to give his account of the struggle in Coombe Wood, not omitting to give Mr. Greely full credit for the courage he undoubtedly had displayed.

"I was not aware of this," said the Head. "Thank you, Silver!"

He dismissed the j nior with a gesture.

The majestic old gentleman stood

Head. Inank you, Silver!
He dismissed the j nior with a gesture.
The majestic old gentleman stood in thought looking out into the sunny quad. He had been hasty, and he had been unjust. He realised it now—he knew all the school must have realised it long since.

But he knew what he ought to do, and he intended to do it. And he was glad to see Mr. Greely come along to the doorway, with a bag, in his hand. Mr. Greely was going—but the Head was there to stop him.
"Mr. Greely!"
"Sir!"

"I have to express my regret, Mr. reely," said the Head, in his most

"I have to express my regret, Mr. Greely," said the Head, in his most stately manner.

"Indeed, sir!" said Mr. Greely.

"I am now aware of the circumstances under which you received your injuries, Mr. Greely. So far from blaming you, it is my duty to commend you."

"Indeed!" repeated Mr. Greely, with a tone of sarcasm.

commend you, it is my duty to "commend you."

"Indeed!" repeated Mr. Greely, with a tone of sarcasm.

"Yes, sir," said the Head. "I express my regret—and I, of course, rescind your dismissal, Mr. Greely. I hope, sir," added the Head, with stately courtesy—"I hope that you will forget this unhappy incident, and continue to give Rookwood the benefit of your very valuable services."

It was the amende honorable; it was an immense concession from so Olympian a gentleman as the Head of Rookwood.

But it was in vain.

Other and brighter prospects had

Rookwood.

But it was in vain.

Other and brighter prospects had opened before Horace Greely. A Form-mastership at Rookwood was no longer a great thing in his eyes.

Already he felt himself a headmaster—the equal of the majestic gentleman who was now offering to reinstate him as a Form master! The position seemed very small fry to Mr. Greely just now!

very small fly now!

He smiled, with sarcasm.

"You are very kind, sir," he said.

"My intention is to be just, Mr. Greely," said the Head, with unusual mildness.

"I repeat, sir, that you are very kind. But I am bound to remark that I am not in need of kindness on your part."

"Mr. Greely!"

"I have other views, sir!" said

"Mr. Greely!"
"I have other views, sir!" said
Mr. Greely grandly, and he raised
his rolling voice a little, to give
several Rookwood fellows the benefit
of hearing him. "I have other views,
sir! If you have repented, sir, of
your inconsiderate haste and injustice, I am glad of it! I repeat that
I am glad of it! But I have other
views, sir, and I regret—I very much
regret, sir—that I am unable to
remain a member of your staff, Dr.
Chisholm."

remain a member of your staff, Dr. Chisholm."

And Mr. Greely rolled grandly on having the unspeakable satisfaction of leaving Dr. Chisholm, the Head of Rookwood, fanting rooted to the ground, with a crimson face, absolutely dumbfounded!

THE END.

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