

6 "J. B. HOBBS" BATS WON—MORE OFFERED INSIDE!

# The BOYS' FRIEND 2d

EVERY MONDAY.

SIXTEEN BIG PAGES!

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THE BEST BOYS' PAPER IN THE WORLD!

[Week Ending May 23rd, 1925.]



## KINGS OF THE MAIN!

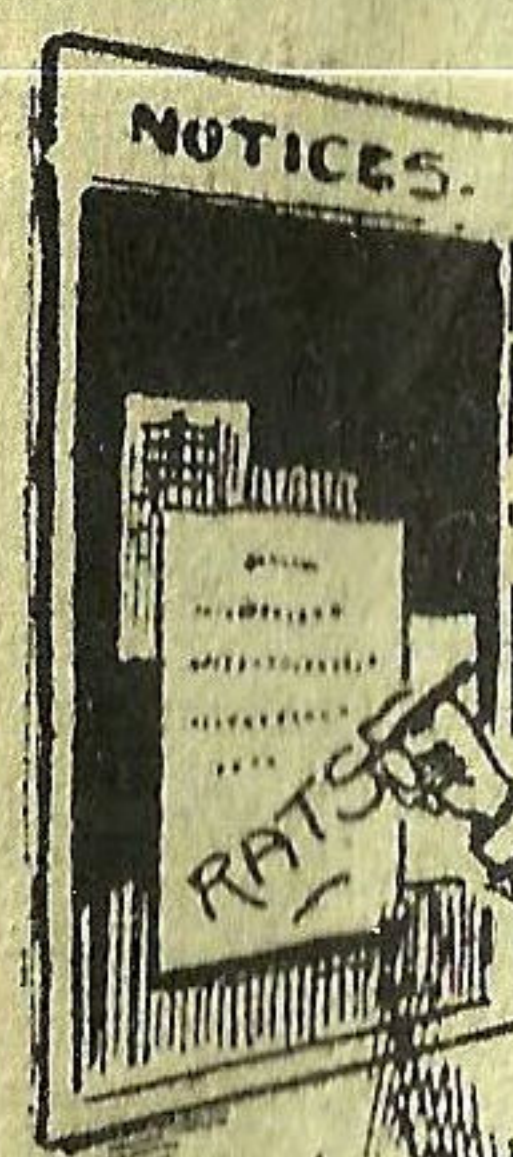
BY DAVID GOODWIN.

HAL TRACEY AND HIS MEN OF DEVON LAY ABOARD THE SLAPPING SAL!

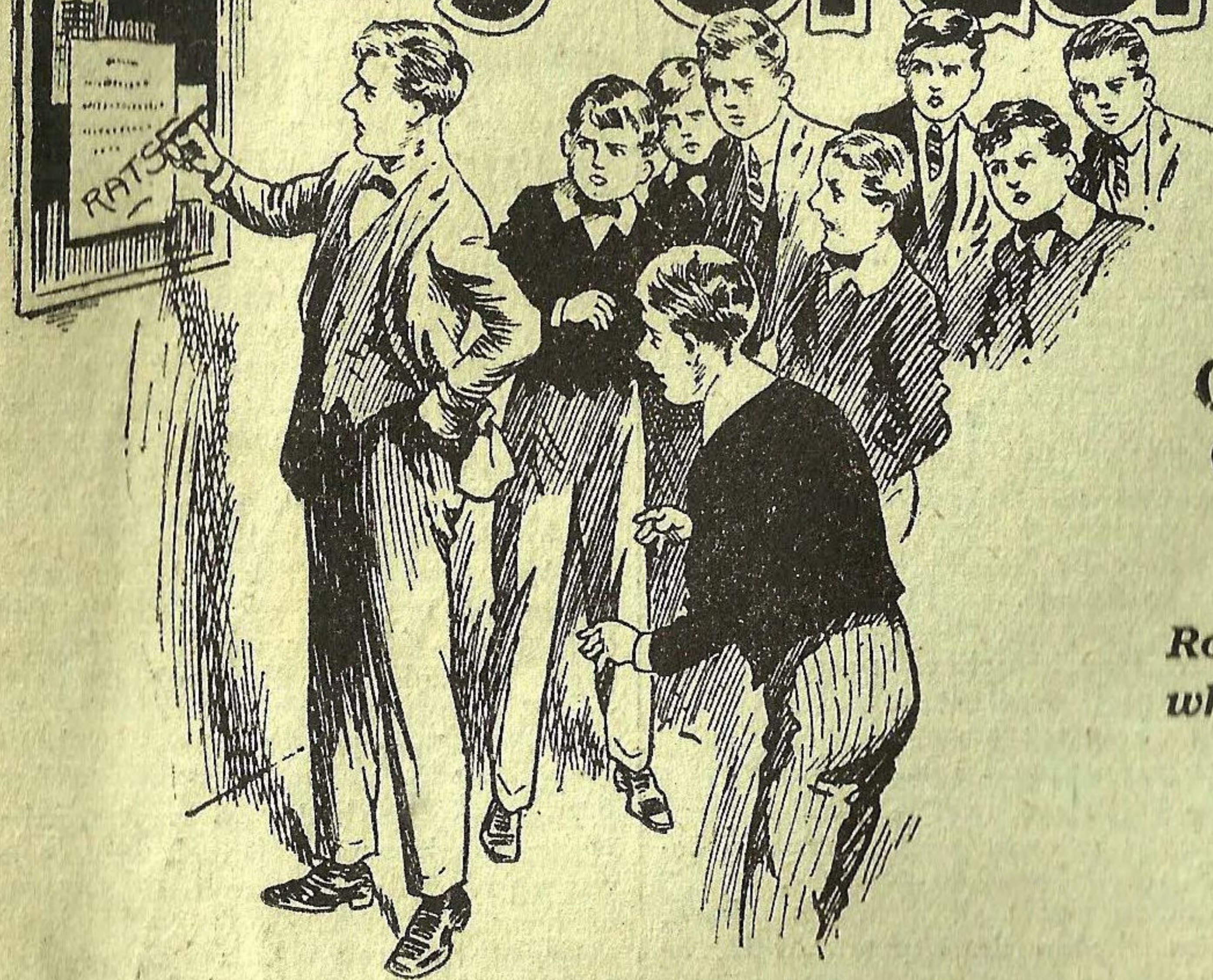
(A breathless incident from DAVID GOODWIN'S great new story of the Spanish Main in this issue.)



HERE'S ANOTHER LIVELY STORY OF THE BOYS OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL!



# By Order of the Head!



By  
**OWEN CONQUEST.**

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

Rookwood School is deeply enraged when Dr. Chisholm places Coombe Manor House out of bounds!

## The 1st Chapter. Too Thick!

"It's too thick!" Thus Edward Hansom of the Rookwood Fifth.

Jimmy Silver & Co. of the Fourth, though seldom in agreement on any point with Hansom of the Fifth, agreed that it was too "thick."

So did most of the fellows who were gathered before the school notice-board, looking at a paper newly posted there.

The notice was written in Dr. Chisholm's hand, and it was signed by the Head. It was brief, but to the point.

"Coombe Manor House and all the district on the north side of Coombe Lane are placed out of school bounds."

That was the new order from the headmaster of Rookwood School, which moved the ire of Hansom of the Fifth.

"It's too thick!" repeated Hansom, looking round.

"It jolly well is!" said Lumsden of the Fifth. "Why, we were going over to the Manor House this very afternoon."

"That's why!" growled Hansom. "We're not standin' this!" said Talboys of the Fifth.

Hansom nodded emphatically.

"We're going, all the same!" he said. "Why, I've told Mr. Greely we're coming over to see him. What right has the Head to butt in like this?"

"Echo answers, what?" said Lumsden.

"Out of bounds!" said Hansom wrathfully. "Why, my pater's there with Mr. Greely. Can't a fellow go to see his own pater on a half-holiday?"

"It's a shame!" "It's too thick!" "We're not standin' it!"

It was quite a chorus from the crowd of Fifth Form fellows. Jimmy Silver and his friends of the Classical Fourth exchanged smiles. There had been a good deal of trouble in the Rookwood Fifth since the dismissal of their Form master, Horace Greely. But though Hansom of the Fifth "talked big," and his faithful followers echoed his big talk, Jimmy Silver's impression was that Hansom & Co. would "stand it," "thick" as it was. Dr. Chisholm, the headmaster of Rookwood, really was not to be argued with.

But Edward Hansom was in a warlike mood now, possibly due to the fact that his headmaster was nowhere at hand.

He groped in his pocket and produced a pencil.

"I'm jolly well going to show the Beak what I think of that!" he declared. And across the Head's notice Hansom inscribed, in large, prominent letters, the disrespectful and expressive word:

"RATS!" "Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Lovell of the Fourth. "You silly ass, Hansom!"

"Shut up, you cheeky fag!"

"I—I say, that will make the Beak frightfully wild," murmured Talboys.

"Let it!" said Hansom recklessly.

"Look out!" murmured Jimmy Silver. "Here comes your Form master."

"Who cares?" said Hansom, still reckless.

But some of the Fifth seemed to care, even if Edward Hansom did not. The new master of the Fifth Form, who had taken Mr. Greely's place, was coming along the corridor. The rather noisy crowd in front of the notice-board had evidently drawn his attention. Mr. Quail, the new master, was a slight, slim gentleman, a decided contrast to the portly, majestic Mr. Greely, who had lately held sway in the Rookwood Fifth. He lacked, too, Mr. Greely's determination and rather overwhelming personality. In Masters' Common-room he was generally quiet and a little nervous: in the Fifth Form room he did not err on the side of severity. The Fifth had an idea that he was afraid of them, and undoubtedly he was anxious to avoid trouble. Still, a Form master was a Form master. Though unimpressive personally, he had all the weight of the Head's authority behind him.

Mr. Quail approached the group with a smile on his face that the Fifth knew well. It was a pleasant and rather uneasy smile, the smile of a man uncertain of his ground and wishful to placate.

Hansom wondered whether Mr. Quail had seen him scrawl across the Head's notice. If so, Mr. Quail was bound to take official note of the act. But Hansom was pretty certain that Mr. Quail would affect ignorance of what had been done if he possibly could.

"Hem!" said Mr. Quail. The new Form master always began a remark with a nervous little cough.

"Hem!" came from among the Fifth Form fellows, in imitation of Mr. Quail, and there was a laugh.

Mr. Quail coloured a little.

In the days of Mr. Greely, a fellow who had ventured to mock his Form master in that manner, would have been called to a prompt and strict account. But the Fifth knew how far they could go with Mr. Quail.

"Hem!" he repeated, and went on hastily. "The Head has directed me to speak to you, Hansom, as head boy of the Fifth Form."

"Has he?" said Hansom.

"Yes, yes. You have seen the notice on the board, of course?"

"Oh, yes!"

Had Hansom of the Fifth answered "Oh, yes?" in that casual way to Mr. Greely there would have been something like an earthquake at Rookwood. But Mr. Quail did not seem to heed.

"Well, well," said the new master of the Fifth, "the Head wishes you to understand that this—this new order must be very strictly observed. Any boy disregarding it will find the consequences very unpleasant indeed. You, Hansom, as head of the Fifth, are expected to set an example of obedience to the rest of the Form."

"Am I?" yawned Hansom.

"Yes, yes. Certainly."

Mr. Quail blinked at Hansom, and blinked past him at the notice on the board, and gave a little start. It was clear to all present that he had seen that disrespectful word "RATS!" scrawled across the Head's paper.

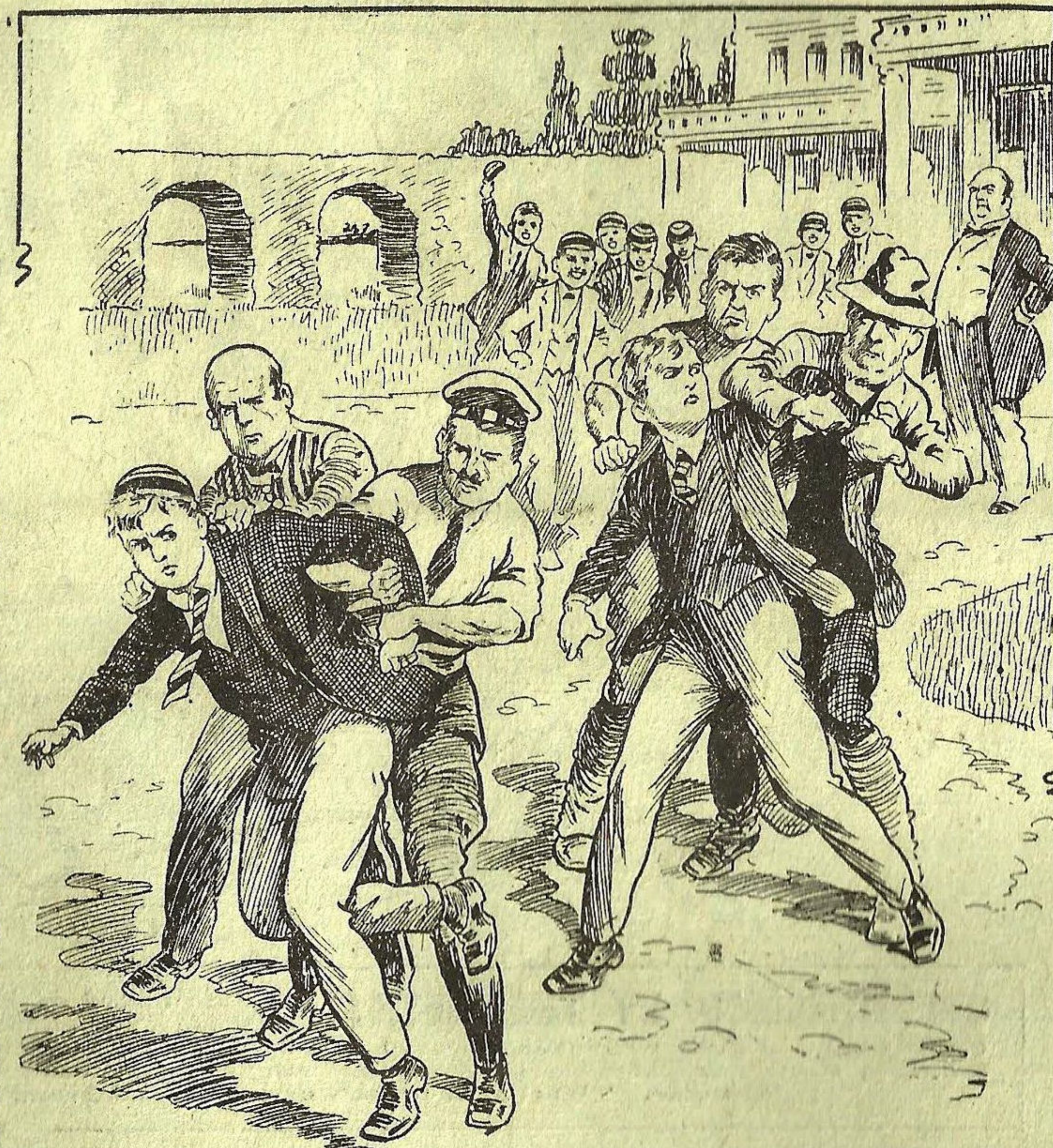
There was a breathless hush. Even Hansom felt a twinge of uneasiness.

For a second the crowd of Rook-

wood fellows wondered what would happen.

Nothing happened. Mr. Quail's eyes rested for a brief second on that disrespectful inscription and immediately left it.

He made no remark on the subject. "Er—hem! You will remember what I have said, Hansom," said Mr. Quail awkwardly. "I am bound to see that the Head's orders are carried out. You will appreciate that, I am sure."



**MARCHING ORDERS!** Mr. Greely called and beckoned, and the lodge-keeper came up with two gardeners and a chauffeur. "Remove those two boys!" said Mr. Greely with dignity. "Look here!" exclaimed Neville. "You had better go!" said Mr. Greely. "Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Fifth as Bulkeley and Neville were hustled away towards the gates of Manor House School.

Hansom laughed.

It was a scornful laugh. Obviously the new Form master was afraid of his Form. The Fifth had suspected it before, and now they knew it. There were fellows in the Rookwood Fifth hefty enough to have picked up Mr. Quail and up-ended him along the corridor. A strong personality was required to deal with fellows like that. And the hapless Mr. Quail seemed to possess no personality at all.

"You see, sir," said Hansom, with deliberate impertinence, "it's rather awkward. Most of us were going over to the Manor House this afternoon to see our late Form master—Mr. Greely."

"Yes, yes, I quite understand; but the Head's orders—"

It was the last sign of weakness. The man who should have issued sharp commands was actually descending to argument. It was a striking change from Mr. Greely's methods. From the bottom of their hearts the Rookwood Fifth despised the man who did not know how to handle them.

"Never mind the Head's orders,

sir," said Hansom, ruthlessly interrupting Mr. Quail.

"Really, Hansom, really—"

"The Manor House has been turned into a school," went on Hansom. "My pater's behind it. He's backing up Mr. Greely. They've had an army of workmen there, and the place is ready to open. My father's there to-day. Mr. Greely has kindly invited me and my friends to see the place now it's in order. Naturally, we're going!"

"Hear, hear!" said the Fifth Form fellows.

"So that's how the matter stands, sir!" yawned Hansom.

"But the Head's orders—"

"That's what we think of the Head's orders," said Hansom, and he pointed to the inscription on the notice-paper.

Mr. Quail crimsoned. With his attention thus drawn to it he could not pretend ignorance of what had been done.

He stood in unhappy indecision. Jimmy Silver felt quite sorry for the poor man; the Fifth were grinning.

"Hansom!" exclaimed Mr. Quail at last. "This is—is—is disrespect to the Head!"

"Go hon!" said Hansom mockingly.

"What—what did you say, Hansom?"

"I said 'Go hon!'"

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

"Hansom, take five hundred lines!" exclaimed Mr. Quail.

"Any old thing!" jeered Hansom.

"Remain in the Form-room this afternoon, and write out your lines, and bring them to me before tea," said Mr. Quail, with an attempt at authority.

his lack of firmness in dealing with his Form.

"Great Scott!" said Jimmy Silver with a whistle. "That's the giddy limit! Why, they'll fairly scalp him after this! Poor man!"

And the Fistical Four sauntered out into the quadrangle for morning "Quarter," leaving the unhappy Mr. Quail still busy with his india-rubber.

## The 2nd Chapter.

### Out of Bounds!

"To go or not to go, that is the giddy question!" said Arthur Edward Lovell after dinner that day.

It required thinking out.

On the one hand there was the Head's prohibition; Mr. Greely's new school was distinctly placed out of bounds for all Rookwood fellows. Mr. Greely, a dismissed Form master of Rookwood ought to have vanished into space on leaving the school, in the Head's opinion. Instead of which he had settled down quite close at hand, and was opening a new scholastic establishment, backed by the great wealth and influence of Sir George Hansom, apparently with some idea of rivalling Rookwood itself.

That the Head was deeply and intensely annoyed by Mr. Horace Greely's proceedings was no secret. He had done with Mr. Greely, and it was exasperating to find that Mr. Greely had not done with him. Though really, as Morny of the Fourth remarked, the Head's wrath was a bit unreasonable. Mr. Greely had a right to live in Hampshire if he liked. The Head had not bought up the whole county. Sir George Hansom had a right to invest some of his many thousands in founding a new school, on public school lines. He had every right to make Mr. Greely, his old friend and former tutor, headmaster of that school, if he chose. No doubt Sir George's motive was annoyance at the Head's treatment of his old friend. Still, it was a free country, and the wealthy baronet was at liberty to follow his own sweet will. Really, Dr. Chisholm ought not to have allowed himself to be exasperated by these proceedings.

But he did. There was no doubt that he did.

It was known that he had spoken quite sharply to Mr. Bohun, the master of the Third Form, merely for exchanging a good-morning greeting with the dismissed master on the Coombe road. It was known that he had frozen Wiggins of the Second with an icy stare merely for mentioning Mr. Greely's name in the most casual way. It was known that he was angry with the Fifth for presuming to regret the departure of their Form master. The mere thought of Horace Greely seemed to annoy the headmaster of Rookwood.

That, as Arthur Edward Lovell observed, was all very well. But the Head couldn't expect all Rookwood to agree with him. If he expected that, he was booked for a disappointment, that was all.

"Only a few weeks ago the Head licked me because he heard me refer to Greely as Don Pomposo," said Lovell.

"When father says turn, we all turn!" grinned Newcome. "You can call Greely anything you jolly well like now."

"Well, he's a priceless ass. I always said that," remarked Raby. "But I think the Head was rather hard on him, and I think he's got a right to start a school of his own if he chooses, and if Hansom's father cares to back him with his money. And I jolly well think we've a right to go and have a squint at the place if we like."

"We have!" said Lovell emphatically.

Jimmy Silver looked dubious. He agreed with his chums; but then, the Head was the Head, and school bounds were school bounds.

It might be high-handed, even tyrannical of Dr. Chisholm, to place the Manor House, and the whole region in which it stood, out of bounds. But he had done so, and there it was.

"Hansom's going!" said Mornington, joining the Fistical Four in the discussion. "A lot of the Fifth are going over."

"It means trouble with the Head," said Jimmy Silver.

"Hansom doesn't seem to care."

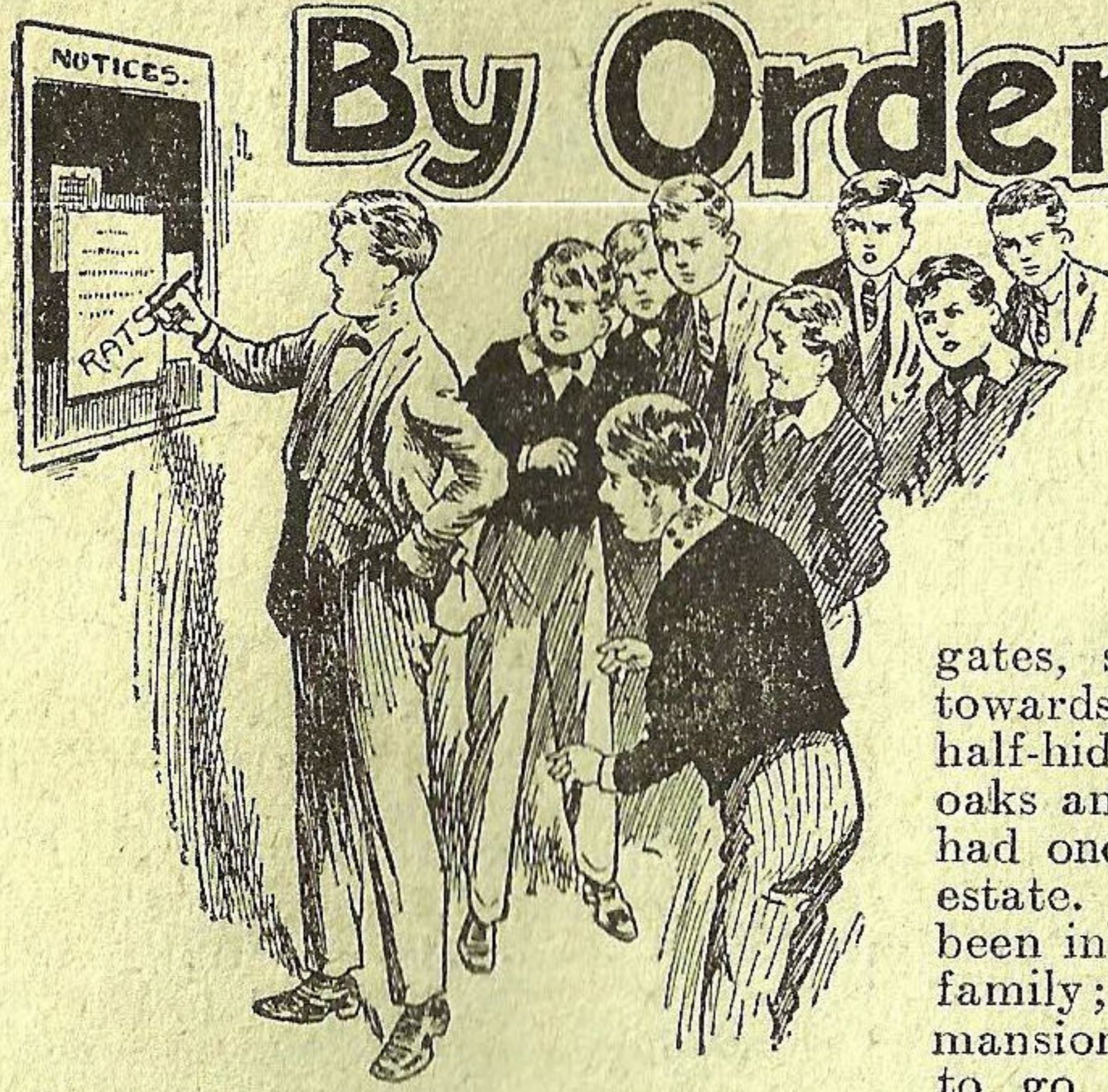
"He will care when the chopper comes down," said the captain of the Fourth sagely. "The Fifth kicked up a shindy when Greely went, but

(Continued overleaf.)

"The Fifth Form Rebellion!" is the amazing long story of the boys of Rookwood School for next Monday. Be sure you read it!



# By Order of the Head!



(Continued from  
previous page.)

gates, standing wide open, looked towards the road. The building was half-hidden from view by the ancient oaks and beeches that adorned what had once been an extensive country estate. Once upon a time it had been inhabited by an old Hampshire family; but, like many old family mansions since the war, it had had to go into the market, and Sir George Hansom had been the buyer. "I suppose we can walk in," said Lovell. "The jolly old gates are open. Why, there's Greely!" "Good old Greely!"

Mr. Horace Greely, once Fifth Form master at Rookwood, now headmaster of Manor House School—a school without pupils, so far—came into view. He was walking, in his well-known majestic way, with his plump hands clasped behind him, across the green expanse that had been laid out as a cricket-field near the Manor House. Even in the distance the juniors

"Perhaps I agree," said Bulkeley cheerfully. "We're not keen on it, anyhow. But here we are! You four are out of bounds! Hands!"

"Swish, swish, swish, swish!" "Now get back to Rookwood, and stay within gates for the afternoon," said Bulkeley. "Head's orders!" "Oh dear!"

Sorrowfully the heroes of the Fourth took their way back to the school. All their care and caution in approaching Mr. Greely's establishment had been wasted. They had not foreseen that Sixth Form prefects would be parading the Coombe road, on the look-out for breakers of bounds.

"It's too thick!" growled Lovell. "Too jolly thick altogether! Rookwood won't stand this, you fellows!" Jimmy Silver grunted.

"Looks to me as if Rookwood will have to," he said.

"Hallo! Here's Morny."

Mornington and several other Fourth-Formers came in sight. Jimmy Silver waved to them to stop.

"What's the trouble?" asked Mornington.

"The jolly old road's watched!" groaned Raby. "Two beastly prefects, with beastly canes! Ow!"

"Oh gad! What a swindle!"

"I say, lots of the Fifth have started," said Putty of the Fourth. "Do you think they'll turn back for prefects?"

"I wonder!" said Jimmy.

ing among the trees on the south side—in full sight of Bulkeley and Neville, parading their beat on the north side.

Hansom & Co. observed the two prefects. Some of the Fifth exchanged rather dubious glances.

Hansom did not doubt or hesitate. He strode right on, and his followers went with him.

The Rookwood Fifth rather prided themselves on being unawed by Sixth Form prefects. They were not Lower School fellows, mere juniors, to be awed by a Sixth Form frown.

Still, the prefects represented the Head, and the Head was a hard nut to crack. Some of the party, on seeing Bulkeley and Neville, rather wished that they hadn't come. But there was no retreat. Hansom, to judge by his looks, feared no foe, and where he led his comrades were ready to follow.

Right towards the open gates of Manor House School marched the Fifth, and Bulkeley and Neville closed up in their way.

"Stop!" rapped out Bulkeley. The Fifth stopped.

"Anything worrying you, Bulkeley?" asked Hansom politely.

"You're out of bounds here, Hansom," said the captain of Rookwood curtly.

"Really? Are you going to tell me to bend over?" inquired Hansom, with pleasant sarcasm.

different sort of proposition. How are you goin' to do it, if a Fifth Form chap may put a respectful question to a Sixth Form man?"

Bulkeley raised his hand. "Get back!" he said.

"Rats!"

"You've got to go, Hansom! I shall shift you if you don't!" said the captain of Rookwood quietly. "I'm bound to do my duty and carry out the Head's orders, as you know, jolly well!"

"Carry 'em out!" said Hansom carelessly. "I fancy the job's rather above your weight. But go ahead!"

Hansom walked on.

Bulkeley of the Sixth did not hesitate for a moment. He grasped Hansom by the collar and swung him back across the road. The captain of the Fifth staggered away and collapsed in the dust, with a yell.

"My hat!" Edward Hansom scrambled up, red with rage. "My only hat! I'll jolly well lick you for that, Bulkeley, prefect or no prefect!"

"Stand back!"

"Rats!"

Hansom rushed on valorously. Bulkeley dropped his ashplant and put up his hands and met the captain of the Fifth with left and right. Edward Hansom was a hefty fellow and a plucky one, but he was no match for the captain of the school. It would have fared ill with him had he been left to deal with George Bulkeley alone.

But the Fifth-Formers were not likely to stand idly by while their leader was licked. They rushed on in a mob.

"Collar 'em!" roared Lumsden.

"Stand back, you duffers!" shouted Neville of the Sixth.

Neville was on the ground the next moment, overwhelmed by the rush of the Fifth. Bulkeley, fighting gallantly, was overborne, and went sprawling across Neville.

"Down with the Sixth!" yelled Lucas.

"What price prefects now?" hooted Brown major.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Leave 'em there!" chuckled Hansom. "Come on, you fellows!"

The Fifth-Formers walked on, chuckling, leaving the two prefects sprawling dizzily in the dust.

Bulkeley sat up. Neville followed his example. Both of them were dazed and breathless. They stared after Hansom & Co., walking in merrily at the gateway of the new school. They saw the lodge-keeper step out to speak to the new arrivals, and then wave them on respectfully. Hansom & Co. marched on towards the Manor House School.

"Are—are—are we going after them?" asked Neville, gasping.

George Bulkeley rubbed his nose. It was hurt.

"Blessed if I know!" he confessed. The two prefects staggered up.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bulkeley looked round quickly. In a meadow at a short distance across the road he sighted a crowd of the Fourth, the Third, and the Shell—quite a representative swarm of the Lower School of Rookwood.

Valentine Mornington waved his hand to the captain of the school. Every junior there was grinning, evidently greatly entertained by the ignominious downfall of the great men of the Sixth.

"The young sweeps!" muttered Neville.

Bulkeley turned his back on the chuckling crowd of juniors and stared in at the gates of Manor House School.

Hansom & Co. had arrived at the great door of the new School House, where, on the wide granite step, Mr. Greely stood, a majestic figure.

Horace Greely was greeting his visitors. Obviously, he was glad to see the Rookwood Fifth. He shook hands with the whole crowd one after another, beginning with Hansom. Then he appeared to be making a little speech—the echo of his deep, fruity voice reached as far as the road.

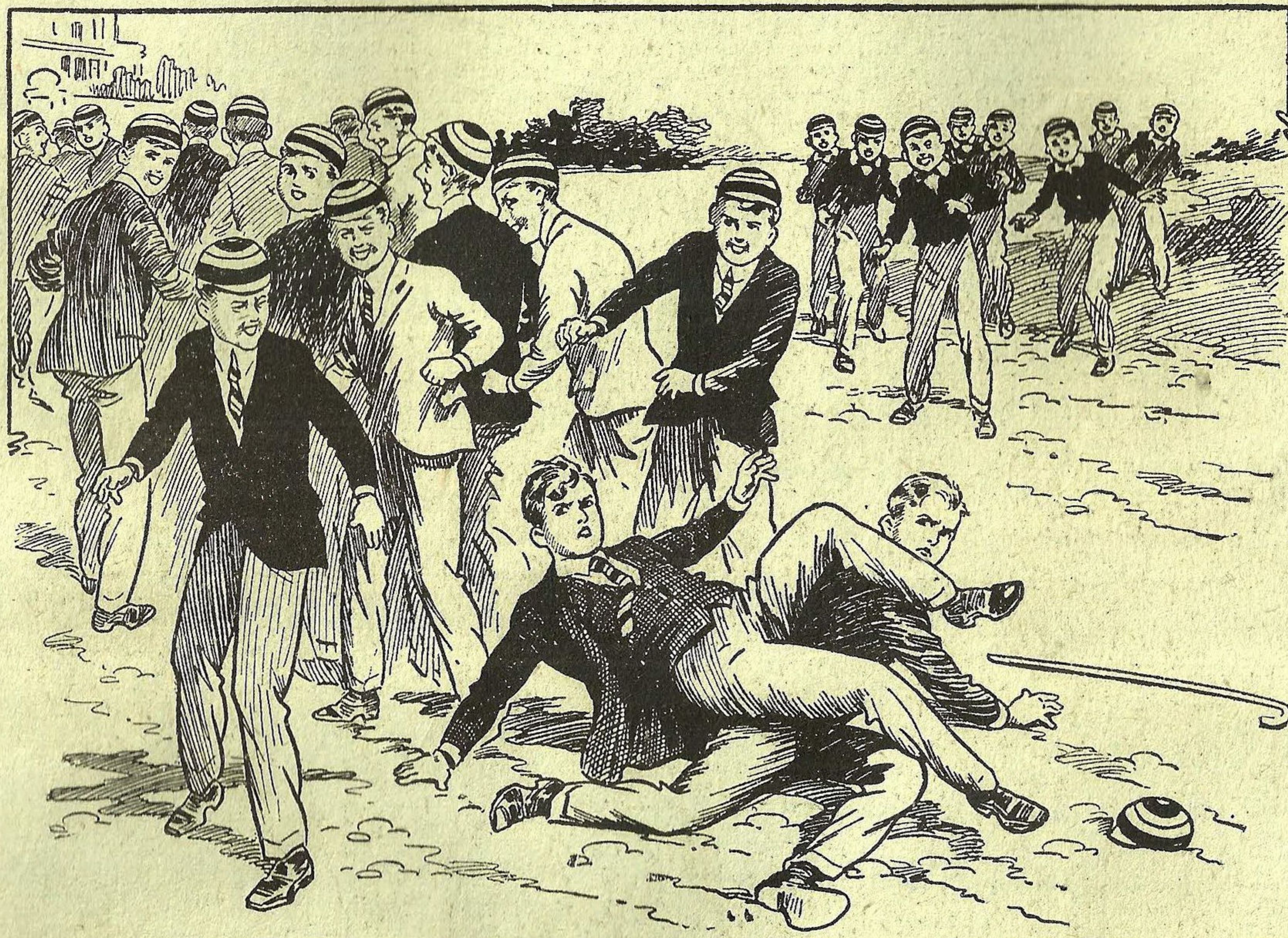
"This won't do!" said Bulkeley at last. "We've got the Head's orders. And I suppose Mr. Greely can't very well back up those silly asses in checking their headmaster."

"Are we going after them, then?"

"Yes."

"Oh, all right!" said Neville rather dubiously. And the two dusty prefects tramped in at the gates of the new school and tramped on doggedly towards the House.

Mr. Greely observed them when they were close at hand, and his fruity voice ceased. He blinked at them.



**OVERWHELMED BY THE FIFTH!** The Fifth rushed on in a mob. "Collar 'em!" roared Lumsden. "Stand back, you duffers!" shouted Neville of the Sixth. Neville was on the ground the next moment, overwhelmed by the rush of the Fifth. Bulkeley, fighting gallantly, was overborne, and went sprawling across Neville. "Down with the Sixth!" yelled Lucas. "What price prefects now?" hooted Brown major. "Ha, ha, ha!"

could see the pleased smile that illumined Horace Greely's plump features. Undoubtedly Horace Greely was feeling pleased with himself and things generally. His dismissal from Rookwood was turning out a good thing for him, owing to the munificence and enterprise of his friend and patron, Sir George.

"The old scout looks no end bucked!" grinned Raby.

"Let's go in."

And the chums of the Fourth crossed the road, to head for the open gateway of the new school.

"Silver! Stop!"

"Eh—what?" Jimmy looked round hurriedly. "Oh, my hat! Bulkeley!"

"Sold!" murmured Newcome.

Bulkeley and Neville, two prefects of the Rookwood Sixth, were pacing the road, like police-constables on duty. They had their official ashplants under their arms, doubtless having foreseen that they would be required.

"You know this is out of bounds, Silver!" said Bulkeley.

"Ahem!"

"Look here, has the Head set you to watch this giddy road?" demanded Arthur Edward Lovell indignantly.

"Exactly!" assented the captain of Rookwood.

"Well, I think that's a jolly rotten way for prefects to spend a half-holiday!" growled Lovell.

"I fancy there's going to be some fun," said Morny. "I'm goin' to watch for it. Keep on the safe side of the road and watch—what?"

"Good egg!"

And on the side of the Coombe road that was within school bounds there was soon a numerous congregation of Rookwood juniors, watching with keen interest for the arrival of Hansom & Co. of the Fifth. And there was a thrill of excitement when Putty, from the branches of a tree, sighted the Fifth, and gave the warning:

"Here they come!"

### The 3rd Chapter.

#### Mr. Greely's Guests!

Edward Hansom, captain of the Rookwood Fifth, walked along the Coombe Road at his ease. He had taken no precautions in the matter like the juniors. From the gates of Rookwood he had started directly for Manor House School, and after him went a good portion of the Fifth Form. Fifteen or sixteen fellows, at least, came trooping up the road towards Mr. Greely's school—in full sight of Jimmy Silver & Co. loung-

There was a laugh from his followers.

Bulkeley shook his head.

"No. Head's orders are to cane and send back any juniors who come this way, and to take the names of any seniors and report them."

"Well, we want to oblige you, old man, we're so fond of our prefects," said Hansom. "We'll hold on a minute or two while you take our names."

"Certainly," said Lumsden.

"Go ahead with the giddy list!" grinned Lucas.

"Anybody got a pencil to lend Bulkeley?" asked Hansom, still pleasantly sarcastic. "Got enough paper about you to take down all the names, Bulkeley? I'd have brought some impot paper if I'd known."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bulkeley made no reply. He was taking down the names of the crowd of Fifth-Formers in his pocket-book.

"Finished?" asked Talboys, as Bulkeley closed the book.

"Yes; you can get back now."

"Get back!" repeated Hansom. "We're not gettin' back, old bean. We're goin' on."

"Yes, rather!" said Lumsden, with emphasis.

"You're not!" said Bulkeley tersely. "You're going back. Head's orders are to take your names and send you back."

"You've taken our names," grinned Hansom. "Sendin' us back is a

**ANSWERS**  
EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2



Hansom & Co. exchanged glances. They had dealt with the prefects once, and were ready to deal with them again.

"Ah! Bulkeley! Neville!" said Horace Greely. "I am glad to see you here—I am glad to see you!"

"Thank you, sir," said Bulkeley, rather taken aback. "But—"

"You are very welcome!" said Mr. Greely, with a hospitable wave of a large hand. "All Rookwood boys are welcome to visit my establishment. I trust that many boys who belong to Rookwood at present will shortly belong to Manor House School. Parents are being approached—"

"Oh!" murmured Bulkeley. "The curriculum," said Mr. Greely, "will be the same as at Rookwood, with improvements—with several improvements. My own ideas will be carried out. At Rookwood there was, perhaps, little opportunity for improvement; here I have a free hand. You especially, Bulkeley, are welcome here. If your parents should decide to send you to me you would undoubtedly hold your present position as captain of the school—captain of Manor House School. I shall—"

"Thank you, sir!" gasped Bulkeley. "But I'm not thinking of anything of the kind, sir; I've come here—"

"You have come to view my establishment," said Mr. Greely, waving his large hand again. "Quite so! Enter!"

"I mean—"

"Sir George Hansom is momentarily absent. I expect his return. Many things have been done; many remain to be done. Sir George is a very busy gentleman. But I am here to welcome you; to explain all that you desire to know. Enter!"

Mr. Greely's hospitality was effusive and almost overwhelming. And obviously he was under a misapprehension as to the purport of Bulkeley's call.

"The fact is, sir—" said Bulkeley.

"Enter!" boomed Mr. Greely. "Refreshments have been prepared for all visitors. Enter!"

"Oh, good!" murmured Lumsden. "The fact is, sir, we—we're not exactly visiting!" gasped Bulkeley. "The Head has placed this show out of bounds for Rookwood, sir!"

"Indeed!" Another example of Dr. Chisholm's tyrannical methods!" snorted Mr. Greely.

"Of course, I can't discuss that, sir," said the captain of Rookwood. "I'm ordered to see that Rookwood fellows don't come here."

"Absurd!"

"These Fifth Form chaps have to go back at once—"

"Nonsense!"

"I don't think!" grinned Hansom. "I'm sure, sir, you will not encourage them in disregarding their headmaster's orders," urged Bulkeley.

"With Rookwood I have now nothing to do," said Mr. Greely. "If Dr. Chisholm's tyrannical methods should drive boys away from his school, if his boys should be driven to ask their parents to transfer them to Manor House School, Dr. Chisholm must take the consequences."

"Hear, hear!" said Hansom. "Well, they've got to go, sir," said Bulkeley, much perplexed. "Will you order them to return to Rookwood, sir?"

"Certainly not!" boomed Mr. Greely. "Bulkeley, you are welcome here as a guest. You are not welcome as a representative of Dr. Chisholm, interfering with my other guests."

"But, sir—"

"Do you remain here as a guest, Bulkeley?"

"I can't, sir! You see—"

"Then take your departure!" boomed Mr. Greely. "Take your departure, Bulkeley! If you are not here as a guest you are here as a trespasser. I command you to depart!"

"These chaps, sir—"

"Enough!"

"Quite enough!" grinned Hansom. "Are you going away on your feet, Bulkeley, or on your neck?"

"Kick 'em out!" roared Lucas. There was a hostile movement from the Fifth-Formers. Mr. Greely intervened hastily.

"Hold! Bulkeley, Neville, I advise you to go at once peaceably."

"Not without those silly asses, sir," said Bulkeley. "We're bound—"

"Then you will be removed!" Hansom, and the others, kindly do not interfere. These trespassers will be removed."

"Oh, good!" chuckled Hansom. Bulkeley and Neville stood undecided and dismayed. Certainly, they could not, on their own, shepherd that crowd of Fifth-Formers back to Rookwood. But the Head's orders were explicit. While they debated what they should do, in the peculiar circumstances, Mr. Greely called and beckoned, and the lodge-keeper came up, with two gardeners and a chauffeur.

"Remove those two boys!" said Mr. Greely, with dignity. "Look here—" exclaimed Neville.

"You had better go!" said Mr. Greely. "Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Fifth, as Bulkeley and Neville were hustled away towards the gates.

"Enter, my young friends!" said Mr. Greely, and he disappeared into the House with the crowd of Fifth-Formers.

Bulkeley and Neville, hustled and pushed towards the gates, were soon fighting with the hustlers and pushers. But the odds were against them, and they went out of the gateway flying. They sprawled once more in the dust of the Coombe road, and the four men grinned at them from the gateway, as well as a mob of Rookwood juniors from the meadow across the road.

The two prefects picked themselves up breathlessly. The task the Head had set them was obviously beyond

**The 4th Chapter.**  
**Brought to Book!**

"Head's taking Roll!"

"Oh!"

"More trouble!" sighed Jimmy Silver.

"Well, we've asked for it!" grinned Mornington. "But, after all, even the giddy Beak can't whack all Rookwood. And I fancy more than half the school went over to see Greely to-day."

"The fact is, I'm getting rather fed-up with the Head!" grunted Arthur Edward Lovell. "It's too thick, you know. I've a jolly good mind to ask my pater to send me to Greely."

"Rot!" said Jimmy Silver.

The Rookwood fellows crowded into Hall, many of them feeling uneasy. Roll was taken in Big Hall at Rookwood, generally by a master, sometimes by a prefect. Only on very important occasions did the headmaster himself call over the names. Evidently, this was an important occasion.

It was, in fact, clear that the Head knew all about the exodus from Rookwood to Manor House School that afternoon, and that the vials of his wrath were to be poured on the offenders.

All eyes turned on the Head; his face was calm, grave, and severe. He called the names sharply, and every fellow was in a hurry to jerk out

that a number of Rookwood boys, disregarding my special order, have gone out of school bounds this afternoon. All boys who have been out of school bounds will remain in Hall. The others are dismissed."

There was an uneasy stirring among the Rookwooders.

Certainly, more than half the school had been out of bounds, since the Manor House had been placed outside the limit. The drawing-in of bounds had been generally regarded as a high-handed act on the part of the headmaster, and fellows who were usually law-abiding had let themselves go on this occasion. The Fifth Form had transgressed, almost to a man, and at least half of every other Form had given Mr. Greely's new "show" a look-in. If the Head was going to deal with all the offenders, he was likely to have his hands full.

Those who had not offended quietly left Hall. They were followed by some of the offenders, who hoped that their transgression had not been observed or reported.

But most of the offenders stood fast, as ordered, Hansom & Co. stood in their places; Jimmy Silver and his comrades of the Fourth did not move. Carthew of the Sixth stood by the big door, scanning the fellows as they went out. Jimmy Silver, glancing at him, guessed that the bully of the Sixth had been on the watch that afternoon in the

"I am surprised at this!" said the Head. "I am shocked, and pained. I had never dreamed that there would, or could, be rebelliousness to this extent in the school of which I have been so long headmaster."

Nobody felt disposed to stand forward and explain to the Head that his latest order had been generally regarded as "too thick"; that he had, as Morny expressed it, gone over the odds.

Dr. Chisholm was not a gentleman to be argued with.

"Every boy who has disobeyed my commands will be adequately punished," said the Head, in a deep voice. "But in an act of rebellion to this unheard-of extent, there must have been a ringleader. I call on that ringleader to stand forth."

Hansom of the Fifth stirred in his place, and breathed hard. So far as the Fifth, at least, were concerned, Hansom undoubtedly was the ringleader. And certainly, but for the Fifth having driven off the prefects, the juniors would never have got into Manor House School that day. The fags would never have ventured to tackle the Sixth Form prefects, howsoever much inclined to do so.

So it was upon Edward Hansom's shoulders that the responsibility rested—a rather heavier responsibility than he had anticipated.

Under the glinting eyes of the Head, Hansom of the Fifth did not seem to be in such a fighting mood as when he had been dealing with the prefects. He stirred and shifted uneasily, and kept his eyes on the floor.

There was a long, long pause. Many fellows looked at Hansom, but he did not look at them. The old oak floor seemed to interest him at present; at all events, he kept his gaze fixed upon it.

"I repeat," said Dr. Chisholm, "that I call upon the ringleader to stand forth. Some boy of evil influence has led the others from their duty and inspired them with the spirit of disobedience and disrespect for proper authority. Of that boy I shall make an example. He will be expelled from the school."

"Oh!"

It was a breathless exclamation. Hansom turned quite pale.

The "chopper" was coming down with a vengeance now!

"Every boy who transgressed school bounds this afternoon will be caned by his Form master," said Dr. Chisholm. "The ringleader I shall expel from the school. I call upon him once more to stand forth!"

Nobody stood forth, and there was another long and terrible pause. Edward Hansom licked his dry lips. Then the Head rapped out his name.

"Hansom!"

The captain of the Fifth started almost convulsively.

"Hansom!"

"Yes, sir!" gasped the Fifth-Former.

"Stand forward!"

Hansom of the Fifth limped forward, his pale face flushing crimson under the sea of eyes.

Dr. Chisholm fixed a steely glance upon him.

"Hansom, I have every reason to suppose that you were the ringleader of this outbreak of rebellion in the school. Did you go outside school bounds this afternoon?"

"The—the new bounds, sir—" faltered Hansom.

"Did you visit the Manor House?"

"Ye-es, sir."

"Did you use force against the prefects, whom I directed to turn back any Rookwood boys who were going out of bounds?"

Hansom gasped.

"Yes."

"Do you deny that you were the leader?"

Hansom set his lips. He was "for it"; there was no doubt about that. But he was not likely to attempt to save himself by denying what every fellow in Big Hall knew to be the fact.

"No!" he snapped.

"Very well," said the Head. "You will leave Rookwood—"

Before the Head could proceed further there was an interruption. The big oak door swung open to admit a newcomer.

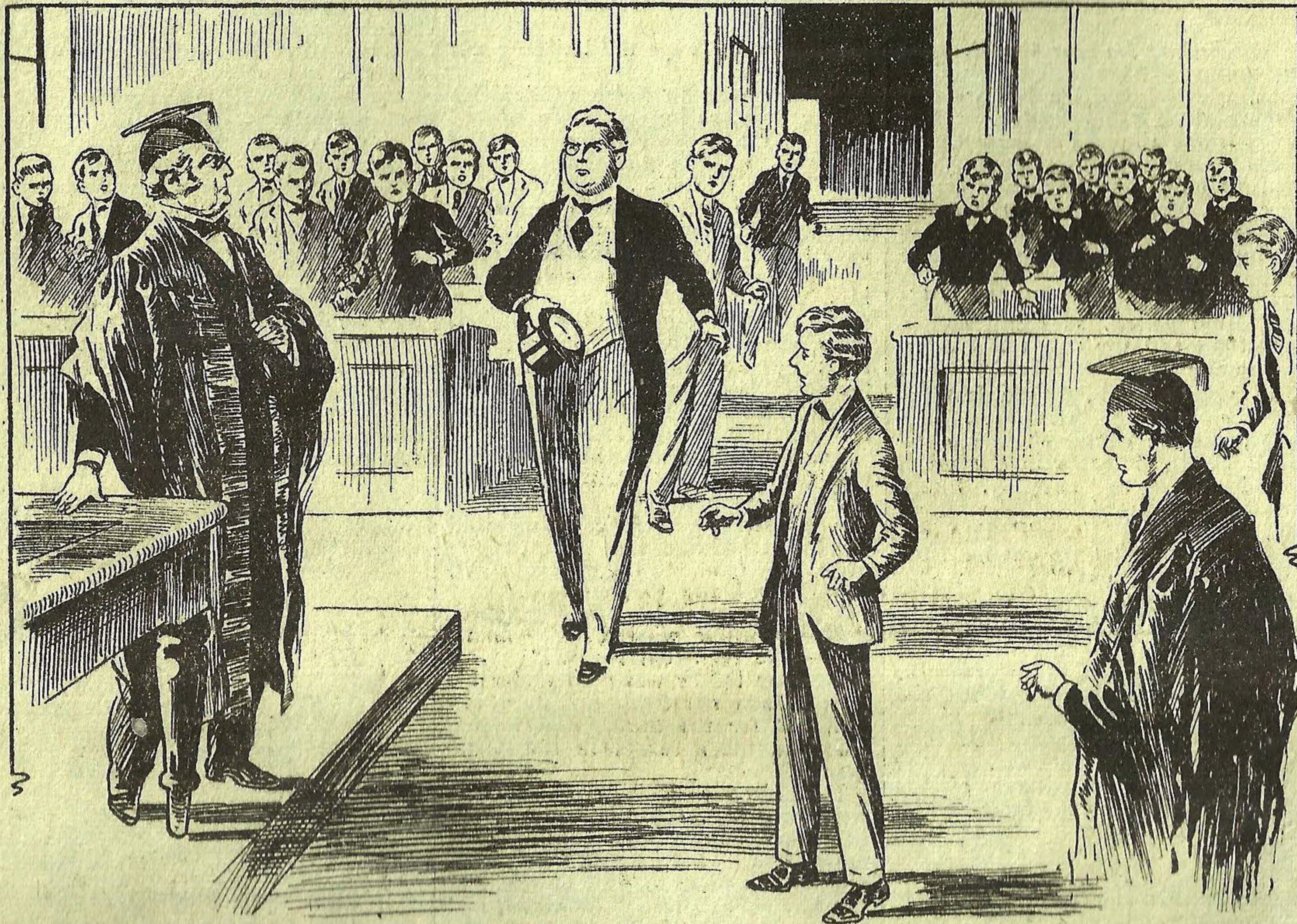
Every fellow looked round.

"Hansom's pater!" whispered Lovell.

"Phew!"

The Head turned a freezing stare on the gentleman who had entered. Hansom stared at him blankly. There was a hush as the tall baronet walked coolly up the hall.

(Continued on page 752.)



**THE ARRIVAL OF HANSOM'S PATER!** "Do you deny that you were the ringleader, Hansom?" demanded Dr. Chisholm. Hansom set his lips. He was "for it," there was no doubt about that, but he was not likely to attempt to save himself by denying what every fellow in Big Hall knew to be the fact. "No!" he snapped. "Very well!" said the Head. "You will leave Rookwood—" Before the Head could proceed further, there was an interruption. "Hansom's pater!" whispered Lovell. "Phew!"

their powers; and they did the only wise thing they could do—they turned their backs on Manor House School, and walked away to Rookwood.

"Going—going—gone!" chuckled Lovell.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bulkeley and Neville disappeared. Then Jimmy Silver & Co. came out into the road in a chucking swarm. The coast was clear now.

"We're jolly well going in to see Greely!" grinned Arthur Edward Lovell. "What?"

"What-ho!" said Morny.

"Come on!" said Jimmy Silver. And the Rookwood fellows swarmed in.

Mr. Greely had almost innumerable guests that afternoon at his new school. Refreshments had been provided, as he had stated; and his numerous guests did full justice to the refreshments. The Rookwooders roamed over the new school, and explored class-rooms and studies, and generally had quite an entertaining afternoon.

It was not till they were on the way back to Rookwood, in the dusk, that Arthur Edward Lovell remarked:

"What will the Head say?"

"I wonder!" murmured Jimmy Silver.

And all the Rookwooders wondered. They realised—a little late—that after the feast came the reckoning.

"adsum" in response. Every fellow was anxious to avoid, if he could, catching the headmaster's eye.

Roll was finished; but the usual signal to dismiss was not given. There was something more to come.

"Now for the fireworks!" murmured Mornington. "See the gleam in the old scout's eye!"

Some of the Fourth chuckled rather nervously.

"Silence!" rapped out Bulkeley.

There was a hush.

The Head was about to speak. His deep voice, not loud, but clear, rolled through Big Hall.

"It has come to my knowledge

vicinity of the Manor House taking notes.

"Muffin! Jones minor! Stop!" rapped out Carthew.

Jones minor sneaked back to his place, crestfallen.

"Get back, Muffin," said Carthew, with a sour smile. "You were there."

"I—I wasn't exactly there, Carthew," mumbled Tubby Muffin. "I may have just looked in—"

"Go to your place!"

Tubby Muffin rolled back dolorously to the ranks of the Fourth.

"Higgs! Smythe! Selwyn! Snooks!"

Carthew rapped out the names. Obviously, he had been on the watch, and made a very complete list of the Rookwood fellows who had gone into the Manor House.

The hapless offenders who had hoped to escape undetected had to return to their places.

The Head waited in grim silence. Less than a third of the school left Hall. The rest remained, and the big door closed again.

Dr. Chisholm glanced over the assembly. Probably he was surprised by the number of the offenders.

His deep voice was heard again.

"Am I to understand that all the boys present have defied my strict order, and gone out of school bounds this afternoon?"

There was no reply; but silence gave consent. Apparently the Head was to understand just that!

**ARE YOU A WINNER?**

**6 "J. B. Hobbs" Cricket Bats awarded this week.**

**See result of "Bullseyes" Competition No. 1 on page 750 of this issue!**





# By Order of the Head!

(Continued from page 743.)

## The 5th Chapter. Exit Hansom!

Sir George Hansom bowed to the Head.

Dr. Chisholm made the slightest inclination in response.

The Rookwooders stared on breathlessly. Sir George gave his son a cheery nod, which, however, did not seem to cheer Hansom very much. He wondered whether his father knew that he was "sacked."

"Pray excuse my interrupting you, sir!" said the tall baronet breezily. "I called, Dr. Chisholm, and was told—"

"It is not usual, sir, for a visitor to interrupt proceedings here, Sir George!" said the Head freely. "I am honoured by your visit; but I must request you to wait elsewhere until I am at leisure."

"Quite so!" said the baronet, unmoved. "In ordinary circumstances I should naturally do so. In the present circumstances I am bound to speak to you without delay. I have lately returned to Manor House School from London, and was informed by Mr. Greely—"

"Really, sir—"

"Informed by Mr. Greely that a number of Rookwood boys, including my son, had visited him this afternoon. I therefore—"

"With Mr. Greely and his so-called school I have nothing to do!" said the headmaster of Rookwood icily. "I cannot discuss the matter—above all, not here and now! I must request you—"

"Allow me, Dr. Chisholm!" interrupted Sir George coolly. "This matter will not wait! Mr. Greely's impression was that you would inflict punishment upon the boys who had visited his school—"

"That impression was a correct one, sir!" said the Head. "Every boy who has broken school bounds this afternoon will be severely punished."

"I gathered as much, also, from the talk I have heard among the boys outside," said Sir George. "In this punishment, I take it that my son is included?"

"Quite so."

"That was my impression, and is my reason for interrupting you," said the baronet. "Now, sir, Mr. Greely is my old friend, and was my tutor in my Oxford days, and I have a great respect for him. I regard his dismissal from Rookwood as an act of hasty injustice—"

"Sir!"

"I am therefore backing him, with every means in my power, in his new enterprise," said Sir George calmly. "I hesitated to take my son away from Rookwood, though it was my

desire to place him with my old friend Mr. Greely. But I am bound to say, sir, that if my son is not allowed free access to the Manor House, and the improving and beneficial acquaintance of his old Form master, I shall remove him from Rookwood."

"Sir!" gasped the Head.

"And I request you, sir, not to punish him for his visit to Mr. Greely this afternoon, a visit that has my whole-hearted approval."

Dr. Chisholm seemed to breathe with difficulty.

Thirty years before Sir George had been a Rookwood fellow himself. But for the lapse of those thirty years, undoubtedly Sir George would have been booked for a Head's flogging.

"You—you—your request—"

stuttered the Head.

"Exactly, sir."

"I—I—" the Head gasped.

"Any punishment in this case, sir, I should regard as an act of injustice," said Sir George Hansom. "I should regard it as a reason for removing my son from this school, which I have, so far, hesitated to do!"

There was a brief pause. Thunder gathered on the Head's brow. Hansom of the Fifth stood at ease now. The Head's thunders no longer had any terrors for him. He even winked at Lumsden in the ranks of the Fifth.

The unexpected arrival and support of his pater bucked Edward Hansom tremendously. He was immensely proud of the tall, cool gentleman who faced the headmaster of Rookwood with matter-of-fact calmness, bearding the lion in his den, the Douglas in his hall, so to speak, without turning a hair.

"Sir!" said the Head at last. "This intervention—this unheard-of interference—this insolence! Sir,

do you imagine for one moment that I shall endure dictation! Your son has disobeyed me! He has been the ringleader in what amounts to a rebellion! For that offence I have expelled him from Rookwood!"

"Stuff!" said Sir George.

"What? What did you say?"

"Stuff!"

The Head gasped.

"I have expelled this boy! I was pronouncing sentence upon him when you forced your way into this hall. Hansom of the Fifth Form leaves Rookwood School to-morrow morning—"

"My son leaves Rookwood, not to-morrow morning, but this evening!" retorted Sir George. "Edward!"

"Yes, dad!" murmured Hansom.

"Go and pack your things at once."

"Yes, rather!"

"My car is waiting," said Sir George. "You will leave Rookwood with me, Edward. I shall take you to Manor House School. You will be placed with Mr. Greely. I hope my example will be followed by other parents of Rookwood boys! Lose no time!"

"What-ho!" grinned Hansom.

He walked cheerily down the hall, nodding to the Fifth Form fellows as he passed.

"You fellows write home and get your people to send you along after me!" he called out.

"Silence!" thundered the Head.

Hansom of the Fifth walked out of hall. The Fifth stood silent. They were still in the hands of Dr. Chisholm, and they did not venture to make a sign.

"Now, sir," said Dr. Chisholm, fixing his glinting eyes on Sir George Hansom. "Now, sir, your son is gone—expelled from Rookwood—"

"Nothing of the kind!" said Sir George. "My son is taken away from Rookwood—taken away by me, because I am not satisfied with Rookwood and not satisfied with the headmaster!"

"I will not bandy words with you, sir!" gasped the Head. "I request you to take your son and yourself immediately away from the school."

"That I shall proceed to do at once!" said the baronet. "My business here is finished! Good-evening, Dr. Chisholm!"

And the tall baronet walked down Big Hall and the oaken doors closed behind him.

In the breathless silence that followed the Head gave the signal to dismiss. The Rookwooders poured out of hall.

"Well, this beats it!" said Arthur Edward Lovell, with a deep breath.

"Who'd have thought it?"

"What a giddy circus!" grinned Mornington.

"Let's see old Hansom off!" chuckled Arthur Edward Lovell.

"Yes, rather!"

Most of Rookwood gathered to see Hansom of the Fifth off. Sir George's big car stood on the drive, and Edward Hansom's possessions were already being stacked in it. The Fifth Form turned up to the last man to say good-bye to Hansom.

For a fellow who had been "sacked," Hansom of the Fifth was looking remarkably cheerful. He stepped into the car with his father and waved his hand to the Rookwood crew.

"Good-bye, you fellows! See you again soon!" he called out.

"Yes, rather!"

"Good old Hansom!"

"Bravo, Cabby!"

The car rolled away amid a roar of cheering from the Fifth. Dr. Chisholm, in his study, heard that roar; he was intended to hear it, and he did. The car rolled away and the gates of Rookwood closed behind Hansom of the Fifth and his father.

"Well, Hansom's gone!" remarked Jimmy Silver. "But we're here—and to-morrow morning there's whackings all round!"

"It's getting too thick!" said Lovell darkly. "The Head had better jolly well mind his p's and q's. I can jolly well tell him!"

"There'll be trouble!" said Mornington.

The Head, having expelled the ringleader and sentenced the mass of the offenders to condign punishment, had the impression that the trouble was over; but he had that impression all to himself.

THE END.

(Lively times at Rookwood! Be sure you read "The Fifth-Form Rebellion!"—next week's magnificent new story of the boys of Rookwood School! Order your copy of the BOYS' FRIEND in advance and thus make certain of obtaining it!)

# THE LION'S REVENGE!

(Continued from page 746.)

rickety tiled roof, supported on poles, and under it was clustered a group of men and women from the village. The yamen was the local court of justice, and they were on hand early, so that they might put their pleas first before the magistrate.

They made way for the chums. Jackie had told them what to do, and they squatted one on either side of the doorway, that lay back from the verandah, while the youngster went inside.

With bent heads the chums sat there, hardly daring to move, and Keith's fingers were resting on the butt of the automat that he carried. Both realised that this was but the beginning of their trials; for weeks they would have to live on the very edge of discovery. One single hint of their identity, and the curious mob before them would have pounced to tear them limb from limb.

Minutes passed, and there was no sign of Jackie's return. Nearly half an hour slid by; then he came hurriedly out of the yamen and tapped Keith on the shoulder, making a gesture for him to enter the doorway. Then he touched Don.

He walked between the chums across the threshold, and as they went, he whispered:

"The magistrate's here. I think something's gone wrong. Look out for trouble!"

Through the doorway they stepped into a courtyard, one wall of which was now tinted by the yellow rays of the rising sun. Barely were they across the threshold than the door slammed shut behind them.

Forgetting that they were supposed not to be able to hear, the chums swung round. Four Federal soldiers stood there, with lifted automats in their hands.

On the other side of the courtyard was the village magistrate, and with him was a Federal, who wore the purple cuffs of an officer. Behind him stood a dozen men.

Jackie stopped dead as he saw them.

"They weren't here when I fetched you!" he said softly. "Come on; don't let on that you suspect anything!"

The two shuffled behind him across the dusty courtyard, Jackie proffered his begging-bowl to the magistrate, and he said something in whining tones. As he spoke, the Federal officer slipped round him.

Keith felt the man's hand drop on his hood. An instant later and the fellow had jerked it back, staring him full in the face.

For the fraction of a second he stood staring at Keith, then he jumped back, and as he moved his right hand jerked an automat from his belt.

His thin lips stretched over his yellowed teeth as he exclaimed in fair English:

"How long havee Sons of 'um Willow had blue eyes?"

(Keith and Don and Jackie have are indeed in a tight corner. What happens to them now? Whatever you do, don't miss next Monday's long instalment of this powerful war story of 1975! Order your copy of the BOYS' FRIEND in advance and thus make certain of securing it!)

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