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The BOYS' FRIEND 2d

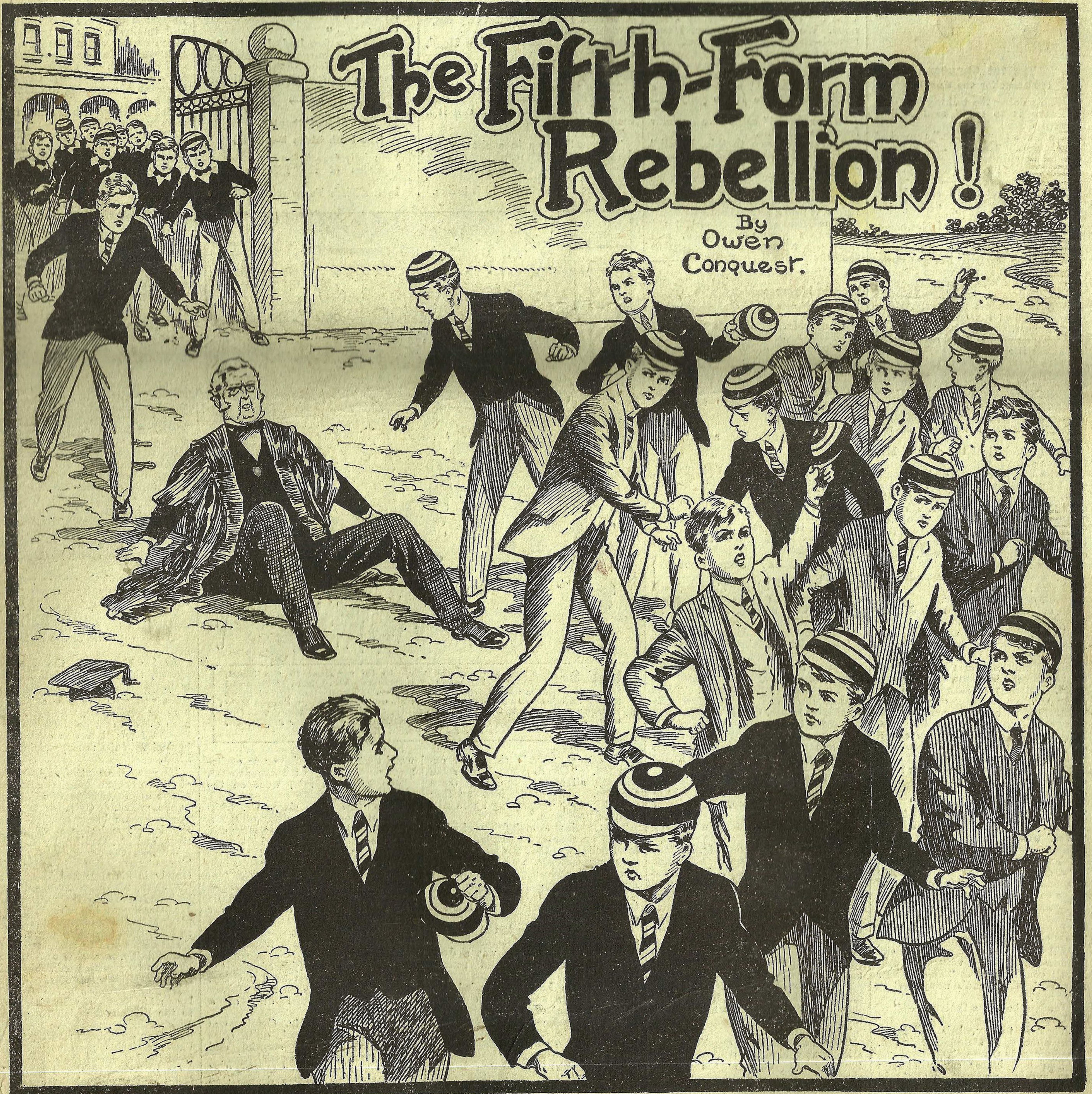
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THE BEST BOYS' PAPER IN THE WORLD!

[Week Ending May 30th, 1925.



The Fifth-Form Rebellion!

By
Owen
Conquest.

DR. CHISHOLM IS ROUGHLY HANDLED BY THE REBELLIOUS FIFTH-FORMERS!

(An exciting incident from Owen Conquest's great story of the boys of Rookwood School in this issue.)

ANOTHER EXCITING STORY OF THE CHUMS OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL!



The 1st Chapter.

No Luck for the Fourth!

"Who's doing the talking?"
"Leave it to me!" said Arthur Edward Lovell.

"Well, it's in your line," remarked Mornington. "You've had a lot of practice at chin-wag."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, Morny—"

"Oh, let's get on!" said Raby. "We're wasting time. Jimmy had better do the talking!"

"Go it, Jimmy!" urged Newcome.

Arthur Edward Lovell chimed in before Jimmy Silver could speak.

Most of the Fourth Form fellows considered that it was up to Jimmy, as captain of the Form. Not so Arthur Edward Lovell. In this matter, as in most matters, Arthur Edward placed his chiefest reliance upon himself.

"Leave it to me," he said. "I'd better put it to Mr. Dalton. You see, he will expect a fellow to talk sense."

"Then what's the good of you butting in?" asked Morny.

"Look here—"

"Oh, leave it to Lovell," said Jimmy Silver resignedly. "Let's get going, anyhow, or we shall be too late."

Lovell knocked at the door of Mr. Dalton's study.

In the corridor most of the Rookwood Fourth were gathered. Almost the whole of the Form had called to see their Form master, Mr. Richard Dalton. It was the morning "quarter"—and the morning quarter that day was not as quarters on other mornings at Rookwood.

"Come in!"

Mr. Dalton's voice responded to the knock.

Lovell opened the door.

He entered the study with Jimmy Silver, Raby, and Newcome. The Fistical Four led, and the rest followed. Mornington and Erroll, Oswald and Putty Grace, Conroy and Tubby Muffin, found room inside—the rest thronged about the doorway.

Mr. Dalton was standing by his study window, looking out into the quadrangle with a rather serious and thoughtful expression on his face. Now he fixed his eyes on the crowd of juniors, raising his eyebrows a little in surprise.

"What does this mean, Silver?" he asked. "Why have all you boys come here?"

"We're a deputation, sir," said Lovell, before the captain of the Fourth could speak. And Jimmy Silver, with a slight shrug of his shoulders, left it to Lovell.

"A what?"

"A deputation, sir! We want you to speak to the Head for us, sir, and we've come here to ask you."

"Indeed!" said Richard Dalton.

"If you'll let me explain, sir—"

"I am listening, Lovell, but be brief!" said Mr. Dalton.

"I'll cut it as short as I can, sir. I know your time's valuable," said Lovell considerably. "This is how it is, sir! The Head's waxy—"

"What?"

"I mean, he's in a tantrum—"

"Lovell!"

"That is to say, he's wrathful—I mean annoyed!" stammered Lovell.

"I—I mean to say—"

"You had better say what you mean, and lose no time, Lovell," said Mr. Dalton. "Come, come, what is it?"

"The Head being waxy, sir—I mean wrathful—that is to say, angry—"

The Fifth-Form Rebellion!

By OWEN CONQUEST.

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

To the surprise of Rookwood, the entire Fifth Form make their exodus from the school.

is handing out a jolly thick punishment," said Lovell. "Most of us went out of bounds yesterday afternoon. We went to see Manor House School—the new school that Mr. Greely has opened along by Coombe. Well, sir, that never was out of bounds till yesterday, and we all jolly well thought that we had a right to go there if we jolly well liked."

"Hear, hear!" came in a murmur from the corridor.

"I cannot listen to this, Lovell," said the Fourth Form master severely.

"I'm explaining, sir. The Manor House never was out of bounds till Mr. Greely and Sir George Hansom turned it into a new school—"

"The Head specially placed it out of bounds yesterday, Lovell, and there was a notice on the board to that effect. Such boys as went there knew what to expect."

"Yes, sir; but, all the same, we thought it rather thick," said Lovell.

"Now, the Head's sacked Hansom of the Fifth for going over there, although Mr. Greely was master of the Fifth here, and Hansom was in his Form, and old Greely—I mean, Mr. Greely—is his pater's pal. At least, the Fifth say Hansom wasn't really sacked, as his father butted in and took him away—"

"Keep to the point!" whispered Mornington.

"Eh?"

"You're wandering a bit, old man."

"Look here, Morny—"

"Now you have finished, Lovell, kindly leave my study, and close the door after you," said Mr. Dalton.

"But I haven't finished, sir!" said Arthur Edward Lovell in surprise.

"Morny interrupted me. I was saying— Where was I, you chaps?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came from the passage.

"Leave it to Jimmy!" called out Jones minor, in the crowd outside.

"You're only making a muck of it, Lovell."

"You cheeky ass, Jones—"

"Enough!" exclaimed Mr. Dalton, frowning. "Silence, Lovell! Silver, you are head boy of the Fourth. Have you anything to say to me?"

"Yes, sir!" said Jimmy. "The Head's sentenced every fellow who went over to Mr. Greely's new school yesterday to a caning. We think it's too thick, and we want you to speak to the Head, sir. Caning a whole Form is rather a new thing at Rookwood."

"I should jolly well think—"

began Lovell hotly. "Ow! Stop stamping on my toe, Raby, you clumsy ass!"

"Shut up!" said Raby in a fierce whisper.

"Silence!" rapped out Mr. Dalton. "My boys, I am sorry I cannot intervene in this matter. You knew what you were doing when you visited Mr. Greely's place yesterday. The circumstance that he is a dismissed master of Rookwood does not extenuate your disobedience—it rather aggravates it. The Head has commanded that there shall be no communication between Rookwood and Manor House School."

"Has the Head a right to command anythin' of the kind, sir?" inquired Valentine Mornington in his silkiest tones.

"Mornington!"

"I was only askin' a question, sir," said Morny blandly, while some of the juniors outside the study chuckled.

"You must not presume to question the Head's commands, my boys. I have received Dr. Chisholm's instructions to cane all the boys of my

Form who visited Mr. Greely yesterday, before third lesson. Those instructions I am bound to carry out," said Mr. Dalton.

"If you'd speak to the Head, sir—"

"That is beyond my province, Lovell."

"Then we're all going to be licked for nothing?" exclaimed Arthur Edward Lovell hotly. "I call it a shame!"

"Lovell!"

"Shame!" came in a shout from the passage, the Fourth Form fellows who were out of Mr. Dalton's sight shouting the loudest.

Richard Dalton knitted his brows.

"No jolly fear!"

Lumsden of the Fifth was the speaker.

In the Fifth Form room at Rook-



OUT OF HAND! "Do you wish to be reported to the Head, Lumsden?" demanded Mr. Quail. "Any old thing, sir," answered Lumsden cheerfully. "You—you impertinent young rascal—Oh!" yelled Mr. Quail suddenly, as an inkpot flew through the air. It impinged upon Mr. Quail's nose; and it was full of ink. The ink splashed over Mr. Quail's face and collar and gown. "Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Fifth.

"I cannot permit this," he exclaimed. "Go to your Form-room at once, all of you, and wait there for me. At once! Not another word! Any boy speaking again will be caned severely."

The Classical Fourth fellows looked at one another expressively. Their fixed belief was that the Head, in his sweeping sentence, was going "over the limit," and they felt that their Form master ought to put in a remonstrance. But Mr. Dalton had failed them. Obviously he did not share their views.

The juniors backed out of the study.

In the corridor there was a deep murmur of discontent and resentment.

Mr. Dalton had commanded the juniors not to speak again in his study, and that order was observed. But they spoke in the corridor, taking care to speak loudly enough for Mr. Dalton to hear.

"It's a rotten shame!"

"It's too thick!"

"Shame!"

"There will be trouble in this jolly old school," said Valentine Mornington. "I've settled on one thing. If I'm licked for going over to Manor

House School yesterday I'm going to write to my guardian and ask him to take me away from Rookwood and send me to Mr. Greely."

"Oh, good!" exclaimed Townsend. "Same here! My pater will shift me over to the Manor House if I ask him."

"Good!" said Topham. "I'm back-in' you up, Towny."

"The fact is, the Head's a jolly good deal too high-handed, and we're not standin' it!" said Peele. "All very well for him to quarrel with Mr. Greely, but that's no bizney of ours. Let's all write to our people to take us away from Rookwood."

"Hear, hear!"

"Oh, rot!" said Jimmy Silver easily.

"Is it rot?" demanded Arthur Edward Lovell hotly. "The Head's no right to come down on us like this, and he knows it. Dicky Dalton knows it, too, and he won't stand up for us. I'm fed-up."

Lovell's powerful voice was quite distinctly heard in the Form master's study. Mr. Dalton threw open his door.

"Lovell!"

"Oh! Yes."

"Take five hundred lines! Now go to your Form-room immediately!"

And the Fourth-Formers went, under the frowning eye of Richard Dalton.

The 2nd Chapter.

The Fifth Mean Business.

"No jolly fear!"

Lumsden of the Fifth was the speaker.

In the Fifth Form room at Rook-

walked in and walked off his cheerful son and heir, declining to recognise the expulsion at all, and loudly announcing that he was taking his son away because he was dissatisfied with the school and schoolmaster.

Such things really were unprecedented at Rookwood, and matters seemed to be going from bad to worse.

Fellows from all Forms, from the Second to the Fifth, had broken bounds to visit Manor House School from a natural interest and curiosity as to Mr. Greely's proceedings there.

The Sixth had held off, no doubt being too high and mighty to yield to such feelings as curiosity. Every fellow who had disregarded the Head's prohibition was to be caned that morning, and the number of the culprits ran to considerably more than a hundred in the various Forms.

It was, in fact, a sort of wholesale execution.

Fags of the Second and the Third were dealt with easily enough. In the Fourth there had been a deputation to the Form master and vigorous protest—with no result. In the Shell, Smythe & Co. were loudly indignant, and talking wildly of barring their Form master out of the Form-room, talk which was loud and indignant and emphatic, but chiefly "hot air," for assuredly Smythe & Co. had no intention of venturing to do anything of the kind.

But in the Fifth Form, matters were more serious.

The Fifth were seniors, and, as a rule, not to be caned. Only on special occasions, and by the headmaster himself, was a Fifth-Former subjected to the unpleasant process of "bending over."

Now the whole Form was to be caned by their new Form master, Mr. Quail. No doubt the Head disliked the idea of conducting the execution personally. Indeed, one old gentleman, howsoever fit, could scarcely have put in all the caning that was to take place that morning at Rookwood. So the punishments were left to the Form masters.

And the verdict in the Fifth, voiced by Lumsden, was:

"No jolly fear!"

The Fifth were burning with resentment at the expulsion of Edward Hansom, captain of the Form. Hansom had been taken away by his father, and was to be the first, the very first, pupil at Manor House School, under the headmaster-ship of Horace Greely, once master of Rookwood Fifth. And the Fifth excitedly declared to one another that they would have old Hansom back at Rookwood, or else they would somehow prevail on their parents to send them to Manor House School along with him. Hansom was a hero and a martyr in their eyes, and they declared, in the hearing of all Rookwood, that they were going to stand by him to the last ditch.

In this mood they were not likely to submit patiently to the "execution."

Even if the Head himself had undertaken the task there must have been some trouble in the Fifth Form room.

As for Mr. Quail, the new Form master, the Fifth despised him to a man.

He was an uncertain and rather nervous gentleman, who might have been quite a successful master in the Second Form, but was quite unable to deal with the unruly spirits of the Fifth.

He was, as a matter of fact, afraid of his Form, an unusual but by no means unknown state of affairs in a public school. Only, as a rule, a Form master knew how to conceal any inward misgivings of trepidations, and Mr. Quail did not.

Between the Head, who expected him to keep the Fifth in order as Mr. Greely in his time had kept it, and the Fifth, who were resolved not to be kept in order by their new master, Mr. Quail was in a decidedly unpleasant position—between the devil and the deep sea, so to speak.

His desire was to lead a quiet and peaceful life, a desire that was not likely to be gratified at Rookwood in the present circumstances.

He had a pathetic wish to be popular in his Form, a wish well known to the Fifth and which they repaid with ruthless contempt. A strong man they could have respected, if not liked; a feeble man they despised from the bottom of their hearts.

On one side of the hapless Mr. Quail was the Head, lofty and unbending; on the other side the Fifth, unruly, scornful, mutinous.

Between the Scylla of the Head and the Charybdis of the Fifth Form

it was very probable that Mr. Quail would come to shipwreck.

Morning quarter was passed by the Fifth in loud discussion in their Form-room, and their voices could be heard far along the corridor.

At third lesson the execution was to make them all bend over one after another. They, the Fifth, a senior Form, had to go through it like fags, and the verdict of the Fifth was "No fear!" If Mr. Quail thought that he was going to carry out that programme, as Talboys remarked with great wit, it was Mr. Quail who would have to be carried out.

Had Hanson of the Fifth still been there, it is likely that the Form would have taken some drastic step; but they missed their reckless leader, and Lumsden did not fill the place as Hanson had filled it. But the Fifth were ripe for mutiny.

The bell had rung for third lesson now, and the other Forms were going in. Soon there would be whacking of canes in the Second, the Third, the Fourth, and the Shell.

But Mr. Quail seemed in no hurry to come to the Fifth Form room.

Doubtless he shrank from the task before him.

The Fifth were ready for him. They were bent on trouble. Yet a strong man—a man like Richard Dalton—could have called them to order and enforced authority. Had Richard Dalton been in charge of the Fifth no doubt the threatened trouble would have "fizzled" out in mutterings and grumbings and whispered threats.

But the Fifth Form master was not of that calibre. His delay in coming to the Form-room was another proof of weakness that encouraged the mutinous Fifth.

Lumsden stood in the doorway, staring along the corridor. Class was already five minutes late, yet Mr. Quail was not in sight.

"He's funking it!" grinned Lumsden.

"And he's got jolly good reason," said Brown major. "I don't think there's going to be any bending over here this morning."

"No jolly fear!"

"He's bound to carry out the Head's orders," remarked Jobson.

"Oh, shut up, Jobson!"

"Well, you see—"

"Shut up!"

Jobson, the "swot" of the Fifth, shut up. He had doubts on the subject, but he was in a minority of one. As Talboys had scornfully declared, Jobson would have put up with anything for the sake of getting on with digging into Greek roots with Mr. Quail, who added to his other offences by being a profound classical scholar. The rest of the Fifth were made of sterner stuff. Indeed, the fact that there was Greek that morning in the Fifth, probably added to the general desire for a shindy.

"He's not coming!" said Lucas of the Fifth. "He don't dare to come here and bring a cane with him."

"Let him, that's all!" said Lumsden.

"Canin' us!" said Talboys. "Us, you know! Why, we wouldn't let the Head himself!"

"But he did, the other day," said Jobson.

"Oh, shut up, Jobson!"

"Well, he did, you know—"

"Buzz something at him for goodness' sake!" said Lumsden. And two or three inkpots were promptly "buzzed" at Jobson, who thereupon retired into a corner and made no more unwelcome remarks.

"Hallo, here he comes!" exclaimed Lumsden, looking out into the corridor again.

It was Mr. Quail at last; ten minutes late for his class. Grinning faces looked out at him as he came along to the Fifth Form room—a slight, obviously uneasy gentleman, with a cane under his arm.

"He's got the cane!" ejaculated Brown major.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Little ass!" said Lumsden.

Mr. Quail came into the Form-room. He blinked at the Fifth over his spectacles, and smiled uneasily. Never had any gentleman been set a more unwelcome task than Mr. Quail that morning. He felt a good deal like Daniel in the lion's den, only more so.

He coughed in a sort of proprietary manner.

"Well, my boys—" he began.

"You're late, sir!" said Lumsden, with a wink at his comrades.

"Dear me! Am I late, Lumsden?" said Mr. Quail. "Dear me! I am very sorry I am late, Lumsden."

"Our last Form master never kept us waitin', sir!" said Lumsden.

"Indeed! Indeed, Lumsden!"

"He never brought a cane into the Form-room, either, sir," said Lumsden. "You see, sir, the Fifth are never caned. You being new here, sir, I dare say you'd like to be told anything you don't happen to know about Rookwood customs. Seniors are never caned, and we look upon a cane in this room as an insult to the Fifth, sir."

"H'm!"

"Perhaps you'd like me to chuck it out of the window, sir?" said Lumsden, proceeding from one impertinence to another, as he realised more and more clearly that the unhappy Mr. Quail did not know how to make his authority respected.

"Oh, no; certainly not, Lumsden!"

"The fact is, sir, the whole Form feels rather strongly on this point," said Talboys, taking his cue from Lumsden. "We can't consent to sit down to class while there's a cane in the room. It places us on a level with the fag Forms, sir."

"My dear Talboys—"

"Perhaps you'd like me to take that cane back to your study, sir, and leave it there?" suggested Lucas.

And the Fifth grinned.

Baiting Mr. Quail was rather entertaining—much more entertaining than Greek.

The new master of the Fifth made an attempt to assume an authoritative air.

"Come, come," he said, "that will do—that will do! You are very well aware that the Head has ordered a punishment to be administered this morning. I have instructions to cane all the members of my Form

ing not to use it if he could help it.

"Now, every boy who visited Mr. Greeley's place yesterday is to be caned. The Head's orders are strict. Such boys will come forward at once. The others will go to their places."

Mr. Quail evidently expected all, or nearly all, the Fifth to go to their places. Thus the matter would have been settled.

But he did not know the Fifth.

They did not intend to accept punishment from a man like Mr. Quail, in any case, and they were not

6 "J. B. HOBBS" CRICKET BATS WON! See result of "Bullseyes" Competition No. 2 on page 766 of this number!

likely to tell palpable untruths to escape a punishment which they did not fear. Moreover, the Fifth felt themselves to be masters of the situation, and they did not intend to let Mr. Quail out of his difficulties. He wanted to let them off; but they were very far from wanting to let him off.

Lumsden grinned and signed to his comrades.

The whole Form marched forward towards Mr. Quail, even the peaceable Jobson bringing up the rear.

hesitated. The situation was growing absurd; something had to be done, and the Form master realised it.

"You—you were all out of bounds yesterday?" he gasped, at last.

"Not out of proper bounds, sir," said Lumsden. "Out of the new bounds, certainly. We're going again."

"Hear, hear!"

"Old Hanson's at the Manor House school now, sir, and we're going to see him after class," added Lumsden.

"Yes, rather!"

"H'm! I shall now carry out the Head's instructions," said Mr. Quail. "Here is a chair, Lumsden; I shall begin with you!"

"Will you?" grinned Lumsden.

"Bend over that chair!"

"I don't think!"

"You hear me, Lumsden?"

"Oh, quite!" yawned Lumsden.

"I trust, Lumsden, that you do not intend to disobey a direct order from your Form master."

"I've already explained to you, sir, that the Rookwood Fifth are not caned," said Lumsden.

"The Head's orders, Lumsden, the Head's orders."

Lumsden yawned.

Mr. Quail's eyes roamed over the defiant crowd. They rested on Jobson of the Fifth. Jobson, the "sap" and "swot," was not a fellow to enter into defiance of authority, if he could help it.

Jobson had one object in life—to get into the Sixth, and bag a scholarship to the University. It was a laudable ambition,



A SHOCK FOR THE HEAD! Mr. Quail rushed blindly into the House. "Mr. Quail!" It was the Head. The Fifth Form master staggered breathlessly. "Dr. Chisholm! I—I—" He broke off, panting, under the cold, hard, steady stare of the headmaster of Rookwood. "Mr. Quail!" thundered Dr. Chisholm. "Is this how you exercise authority? Is this how you maintain discipline? What does this mean, Mr. Quail?"

who visited the Manor House yesterday.

Mr. Quail swished the cane nervously.

"I was not on the spot," he went on. "If any boy here assures me that he did not go out of bounds, I am prepared to take his word. I trust my Form, as I desire them to trust me. I shall accept any boy's assurance on that point without question."

If anything had been needed to give the finishing touch to the Fifth Form's contempt for their Form master, that would have done it.

Every fellow there had been out of bounds the day before, and they knew that Mr. Quail knew it.

He was, in point of fact, offering to let them off, if they would take the trouble to tell him a lie or two, though doubtless that was not how he himself regarded the matter. The wretched Mr. Quail only wanted to get through without a disturbance somehow or other. He did not want to be ragged in his own Form-room; he did not want to be forced to go to the Head with a confession that he could not handle his Form. But the method he adopted only added to the scorn of the Fifth, without extricating him from his difficulties in the very least.

"Now, now," went on Mr. Quail, cane in hand—the cane he was yearn-

ing not to use it if he could help it.

"We were all in it, sir!" said Lumsden cheerily. "We went over to the Manor House yesterday."

"And we're jolly well going again!" said Lucas.

"As often as we like!" said Talboys.

"So that's that, sir!"

And the Fifth stood in a phalanx in front of Mr. Quail and grinned at him cheerily.

The 3rd Chapter. Quite Out of Hand!

Mr. Quail looked at the Fifth, and the Fifth looked at Mr. Quail.

In the other Form-rooms the execution was over, and the Forms had settled down to third lesson. Jimmy Silver & Co., in the Fourth Form room, had been through it; Smythe & Co. in the Shell had been through it; all the lower school had been through it. It only remained for Mr. Quail to put the Fifth through it.

He did not seem keen to begin.

The Fifth waited, and Mr. Quail

ANSWERS EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2:

but did not receive much sympathy in the Fifth. It occurred to Mr. Quail that if one fellow gave in the rest would probably follow, as a flock of sheep will follow where one sheep is led or dragged. And he fixed his eyes on Jobson as commandingly as he could.

"Jobson! I shall—hem—begin with you! Bend over that chair, Jobson."

Jobson glanced rather uneasily at his fellow Fifth-Formers, and moved towards the chair.

Mr. Quail's weak face lighted up. There was one fellow, at least, who was prepared to obey his orders.

He intended to let Jobson off with the lightest of flicks, as an encouragement to the others. All he wanted was to be able to report to the Head that he had caned his Form as directed.

But the Fifth were not in a mood for the lightest of flicks. Mr. Quail did not understand them in the least. They would rather have endured the soundest thrashing from a man they respected than the merest flick from a man they despised.

"Chuck it, Jobson!" said Lumsden menacingly.

"Silence, Lumsden!" exclaimed Mr. Quail.

Jobson hesitated.

While he hesitated Lucas grabbed him by the collar, and two or three

of the Fifth backed his shins. There was a howl of anguish from the surrenderer and he went sprawling along the Form-room floor.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Mr. Quail.

"Are you goin' to bend over, Jobson?" grinned Lumsden, standing over the sprawling Jobson with both fists clenched.

"No!" gasped Jobson.

"That's better."

Jobson crawled away.

"Lumsden! I order you to bend over that chair!" exclaimed Mr. Quail, stung into something like courage. "Now then! At once!"

"I'm not goin' to be caned!" yawned Lumsden.

"I command you—"

"Bow-wow!"

"What—what did you say, Lumsden?"

"I said bow-wow, sir! I'll say it again if you like! Bow-wow!"

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

"Do you wish to be reported to the Head, Lumsden?"

"Any old thing, sir."

"You—you impertinent young rascal— Oh!" yelled Mr. Quail suddenly, as an inkpot flew through the air.

It impinged upon Mr. Quail's nose; and it was full of ink. The ink splashed over Mr. Quail's face and collar and gown.

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

"Good shot! Give him another!"

"Upon my word! I—I—I—" spluttered Mr. Quail.

A Greek lexicon whizzed across the Form-room and smote Mr. Quail with a mighty smite.

"Oh! Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Pelt him!" yelled Talboys. The Rookwood Fifth were quite out of hand now.

Mr. Quail had no strength of character, but he had a temper. Like most weak men, he could only act severely when he was in a rage. He was in a rage now, boiling with it. He gripped his cane and rushed at the Fifth, and Lumsden gave a fiendish yell as he caught the cane.

Whack, whack, whack, whack!

Mr. Quail was lashing out right and left.

The Fifth-Formers scattered. They had looked on Mr. Quail as a sort of tame rabbit, to be baited and worried as much as they liked; and they had not expected the rabbit to be suddenly transformed into a tiger.

Whack, whack, whack! "Oh, my hat!" "Yaroooh!" "Whoop!"

"Tackle him!" yelled Lumsden.

Whack, whack, whack! Crash!

Mr. Quail's leg caught in a thrusting foot and he came with a crash to the floor.

Before he could pick himself up, he was pinned down by three or four of the Fifth.

Lumsden grabbed up the cane.

"Now then—keep clear!"

"Oh, my hat!"

Whack!

It seemed like a horrid dream to Mr. Quail.

He was actually being whacked, in his own Form-room, with his own cane, by a member of his own Form!

The cane fairly rang on him, in the hand of the enraged Lumsden.

Whack, whack, whack!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Give him jip, the cheeky little beast!"

"Give him some more!"

"Oh! Help! Help!" shrieked Mr. Quail. "Help! I shall report this; you will be expelled—flogged— Bless my soul! Stoppit! Help!"

Whack, whack, whack!

"Now ink him!" shouted Lumsden.

"Ow! Oh! Wow! Groooh!"

Five or six inkpots were up-ended over Mr. Quail. He staggered to his feet, streaming.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Form master's aspect made the Fifth yell. For a second or two, he stood glaring at them, crimson, breathless, dusty, streaming with ink. Then he whisked out of the Form-room and vanished.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Lumsden of the Fifth flung the cane into the passage after the fleeing Form master.

"Well, that does it!" he said.

"It does—it do!"

"I—I say, it will be the sack!" murmured Talboys, a little scared.

"Whackin' a Form master—phew!"

"He asked for it."

"Yes, but—"

"The Head can't sack the lot of

(Continued overleaf.)



The Fifth-Form Rebellion!

(Continued from previous page.)

the Head now. They were up against the Head when Hansom was here, and the old scout brought them to heel fast enough.

"So he will again," said Raby. "They've asked for more, and they'll get it."

Bulkeley of the Sixth came out of the House.

His face was very grave.

He walked across towards the Fifth Form fellows, who were standing in a group near the fountain-engaged in discussion.

"Bulkeley's chippin' in," said Morny. "I don't fancy they'll take much lip from Bulkeley, head prefect as he is. Let's watch."

Most of the juniors crowded after Bulkeley to hear what he had to say to the rebels. Lumsden and his comrades eyed the captain of Rookwood as he came up surlily and suspiciously. It was true that they were not in a mood to take any "lip" from the Sixth, even from Sixth Form prefects. They were in a mood to defy the headmaster himself, for that matter.

Now that they had had time to get over the excitement, and to reflect a little on what they had done,

as a message," said Bulkeley, with a faint smile. "Let me tell him you're going back to the Form-room, there's a sensible chap."

"We're not."

"No fear."

"Your Form master will come out and round you up if you don't," said Bulkeley.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Let him!"

"He's welcome!"

The Fifth roared. Bulkeley of the Sixth turned and walked back to the House. Arthur Edward Lovell winked at his chums.

"Now look out for the fireworks," he said.

And the fireworks, as Arthur Edward called them, were not long in coming. Mr. Quail—no longer inky, but rather pale of countenance—stepped forth from the House and advanced towards the Fifth—evidently with stern orders from the headmaster to shepherd them back to their Form-room.

Jimmy Silver & Co. watched him with deep interest.

Lumsden & Co. watched him a good deal like bulldogs. Rookwood fellows of all Forms were crowding round now. The tug-of-war was coming between rebellion and authority; and there was not a fag of the Second Form who was not keenly interested in the result.

Mr. Quail came out of the House quite briskly. But his pace slackened as he walked across the quad towards the fountain.

By the time he was near the wait-

will now return to your Form-room."

"Rats!"

"I have orders to take you there at once!" exclaimed Mr. Quail. "Now then, go—all of you—immediately!"

"Oh, chuck it!" said Lumsden derisively. "Here, hook it, or it will be the worse for you! We're fed-up with you and with the Head, too! Are you going?"

"What! What! No! Certainly not! I—"

"Rag him!"

"Duck him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a rush for Mr. Quail. In a moment he was struggling wildly in the grasp of half a dozen burly Fifth Form fellows. Still struggling, his arms and legs waving wildly, he was swept into the air.

Splash!

"Oh, great Scott!" ejaculated Jimmy Silver.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Quail plunged headlong into the great granite basin, and the water almost flowed over him. He scrambled up in the fountain, drenched, dripping, gasping for breath, dizzy, and dazed.

"Oh! Oooogh! Groogh! Gug-gug!"

The Fifth roared with laughter. Mr. Quail scrambled wildly out of the fountain and rolled, drenched, to the ground.

"Duck him again!" yelled Lucas.

"Collar him!"

"Give him another!"

Mr. Quail did not wait for another. He picked himself up and fled for the

the Fifth Form one minute longer! I refuse—"

"Really, Mr. Quail—"

"I did not expect, sir, to be placed in charge of a mob of young ruffians, sir!" hooted Mr. Quail. "I resign, sir! I repeat that I resign! I will quit Rookwood, sir, as soon as you please! I shall be glad, sir, to go!"

"Very good," said the Head quietly. "Obviously you are unsuitable for your post here. You will suit your own convenience in the matter, Mr. Quail. I shall now deal with the Fifth!"

Mr. Quail limped and squelched away; and the Head of Rookwood, with a grim brow, descended the steps into the quad to deal with the rebel Fifth.

The 5th Chapter.

Exodus!

"The Head!"

It was a tense whisper among the fellows crowded in the quad.

Lumsden and his comrades, chuckling over the ignominious flight of Mr. Quail, ceased suddenly to chuckle.

The most reckless spirit in the Fifth realised that the matter was awfully serious now that the headmaster himself was personally concerned in it.

The Head, tall, stately, impressive, advanced from the House, his grim glance fixed on the rebel Form.

The Fifth drew together.

"This is where they sing small!" Mornington remarked to the Fourth Form fellows, with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders.

Jimmy Silver shook his head. More than once the personal authority of the Head had sufficed to quell insubordination in the Fifth. But matters had reached a more serious pass now. The rebels, in fact, had gone too far to retreat; and the expulsion of their leader, Hansom, had caused so deep a resentment that they had no inclination to retreat. The Head had not the slightest doubt that his mere presence would suffice to quell this riot. Jimmy Silver had very strong doubts.

Slow and stately, the Head drew nearer, with all eyes upon him. The rebel Fifth drew together, and backed away towards the gates. Close by the gates old Mack the porter stood, staring on at the scene. Sergeant Kettle had come out of his little sloop; even the gardener was staring over the fence of the Head's private garden, and a chauffeur's cap was peering round a corner. It seemed that almost every soul at Rookwood was intensely interested in what was going forward. Jimmy Silver even fancied that he could discern the faces of housemaids at the windows.

As the Head advanced the Fifth-Formers backed more and more, in a rather disorderly array.

Not the wildest spirit in the Fifth dreamed, for a moment, of ducking the headmaster as they had ducked the Form master. No one dreamed of laying a finger on the sacred person of the Head. But even while they backed away uneasily, dogged resistance was growing in the looks of the Fifth. The climax had been reached, and the magic of authority had lost its spell. The Head did not yet know it; but he was soon to know.

He raised his hand as the Fifth moved back.

"Stop!"

Lumsden and his comrades exchanged glances and drew to a halt. Doggedly they stood and faced the Head. Of all the Fifth, Jobson only was absent; the rest of the Form stood together as one man.

"Lumsden, and the rest, go into your Form-room at once!" said the Head in a low but very distinct voice.

The Fifth did not stir.

"You hear me, Lumsden?"

"Yes, sir."

"Obey me at once!"

Lumsden shifted uneasily. But he drew resolution from the dogged looks of his comrades. He remembered Hansom, too. All the Fifth had sworn to stand by Hansom. It was now or never, neck or nothing; and Lumsden of the Fifth stood firm. There was a dramatic pause. Dr. Chisholm broke the tense silence. Until he spoke a pin might have been heard to drop in the Rookwood quadrangle.

"Lumsden, am I to understand that you hesitate to obey my commands?"

Lumsden gasped.

"You see, sir—"

Dr. Chisholm pointed towards the House.

(Continued on page 768.)



THE FIFTH MEAN BUSINESS! Lumsden caught old Mack by the collar. "Unlock the gates, Mack," he ordered. "Ow! Can't without 'Ead's orders, sir!" gasped the astonished Mack. "Unlock the gates, you old donkey, or we'll bang your silly head on them!" snapped Lucas. "Now, then, sharp's the word."

they were not feeling very comfortable. "Whacking" a Form master with his own cane was so very serious a thing that obviously it could not be passed over. Floggings, at least, would be handed out, and very probably the "sack" to two or three of the rebels; and the Fifth had resolved that they would not submit.

Bulkeley of the Sixth came up, affecting not to observe the surly looks of the Fifth-Formers.

"Message from the beak?" asked Lumsden, with a sneer.

"Yes. You're all to go back into your Form-room," said Bulkeley. "You're to wait there for the Head."

"I don't think!"

"Lumsden, old man," said the captain of Rookwood quietly, "let me advise you. You seem to have handled your Form master, and the Head's naturally ratty. But if you're careful, you may all get through this without any sacking. You don't want to follow Hansom."

"Don't we?" said Lumsden. "I can tell you, and the Head, too, that if Hansom doesn't come back to Rookwood, there will be a lot more trouble here. We're not having a pal turned out of the school for nothing, I can tell you. The Head's a jolly good deal too high and mighty, and you can tell him so, from me."

"I'm not likely to give him that

ing Fifth his steps lagged so much that he was fairly crawling.

"Buck up, sir!" called out Snooks of the Second Form, from the back of the crowd of onlookers, and there was a laugh, and the red came into Mr. Quail's pallid cheeks.

But he affected not to hear. So low had the hapless master fallen in the estimation of the school that even a fag could lift up the heel against him with impunity.

Mr. Quail arrived at the fountain at last. Lumsden of the Fifth, lounging against the great granite basin with his hands in his pockets, eyed him coolly and contemptuously.

"Hem!" That was poor Mr. Quail's usual beginning. "Hem!" "Hem!" repeated a dozen of the Fifth.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Cut it out, Quail!" called out Lucas. "We're not having any from you! Hook it while you're safe."

"That's right," drawled Lumsden. "Go while the going's good, sir."

"Lumsden! This language—to a Form master—"

"Oh, rubbish!" said Lumsden. "Some Form master, what?" murmured Mornington, and the Fourth Form fellows chortled. They could not imagine Dicky Dalton cutting so sorry a figure in open quad, under the eyes of all Rookwood.

"Hem! The Head will deal with you, Lumsden, and—with you others!" gasped Mr. Quail. "You

House. The crowd of Rookwooders, roaring with laughter, opened to give him room to pass; and he fled through them, squelching out water at every step.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"After him!" roared Lumsden.

Fear lent wings to the hapless Mr. Quail. His feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground as he raced for the House, followed by shrieks of laughter. He reached the steps and went up them without a pause, leaping as if for his life, and rushed blindly into the House.

"Mr. Quail!"

It was the Head.

The Fifth Form master staggered breathlessly against the door.

"Dr. Chisholm! I—I—" He broke off, panting, under the cold, hard, stately stare of the headmaster of Rookwood.

"Mr. Quail! Is this how you maintain discipline? What does this mean, Mr. Quail?"

"I—I—I—" spluttered the hapless man.

"You have assumed a position, sir, that is beyond your powers," rapped out the Head. "You are not fit to be a Form master at Rookwood, sir."

Even the worm will turn. The goaded Mr. Quail turned on the Head.

"I resign my position at Rookwood, sir! I refuse—yes, sir, I distinctly refuse—to be responsible for

us!" said Lucas. "We're all in this! Let's get out!"

The Fifth Form cleared out of the Form-room, still excited, but some of them feeling very uneasy. While the rest of Rookwood were still in class, the Fifth marched out into the quad, where Dr. Chisholm, glancing from the Sixth Form windows, saw them, with amazement and wrath.

The 4th Chapter.

Red-Hot Rebellion!

Jimmy Silver & Co. looked at one another in the Fourth Form-room during third lesson.

From the distance came the sound of the uproar in the quarters of the Fifth, audible to all the Fourth, and probably to other Forms as well.

Evidently, there were ructions in the Fifth that morning.

There had been no ructions in the Fourth. In spite of the deputation and the protest, the Fourth had taken their canings meekly enough. Richard Dalton was not a man to be trifled with.

Mr. Quail was, plainly, another kind of man. The Fifth were more than trifling with him.

Fourth Form fellows had always been rather proud of their Form master, whom they affectionately spoke of as "Dicky." But on this especial morning they were not pleased with him. Really, they would have preferred to deal with a master of the Quail brand, whom they could have hooted and cat-called, and at whom they could have "buzzed" inkpots and grammars and lexicons.

They envied the Fifth.

They knew that the Fifth were having a high old time, and they could guess easily enough that no punishment was being administered. Life in the Fourth seemed stale, flat, and unprofitable in comparison.

They heard, at last, flying feet pass their Form-room door—the flying feet of an inky Form master speeding for his life! Soon afterwards they heard the Fifth Form tramp by.

Mr. Dalton tried to keep the attention of his Form pinned to the subject in hand. But it was in vain. Lines fell in unusual plenty; the pointer came into use several times. But the Fourth were too excited to care for either lines or pointer.

Richard Dalton was glad enough when the time came to dismiss his eager and excited class.

The Fourth poured out of their Form-room, and crowded down the corridor with an excited buzz of voices.

"There they are!" chuckled Arthur Edward Lovell. "There's the giddy rebels. They've cut the lesson."

"I jolly well wish we had, too!" growled Mornington.

"Dicky isn't the man to stand it!" said Jimmy Silver, shaking his head. "What's the good of asking for trouble with Dicky? Besides, he's a good man, and we like him."

"That's all very well," grunted Lovell. "But it's getting too thick for me, and I've a jolly good mind to write home about it."

"Oh, forget it!" said Jimmy.

"That's my game, anyhow," said Mornington. "I'm jolly well goin' over to the Manor House School, if I can fix it. I'm fed-up with the Head and his giddy whackings all round. He's takin' it out of us because Greely's got his goat—that's what it amounts to."

"Let's clear off there this afternoon, instead of going in to class!" suggested Lovell recklessly.

"Fathead!"

"Draw it mild," said Newcome.

"Let's see how the Fifth get out of it," said Cyril Peele shrewdly. "They seemed to have scalped the man Quail; but they're up against



The Fifth-Form Rebellion!

(Continued from page 756.)

Three or four fellows grasped the gates and swung them wide open. Dr. Chisholm was striding after the Fifth now.

"Stop!" he thundered.

The rebels of Rookwood did not heed. They began to stream out at the school gates into the road.

That was the programme that the rebel Fifth had discussed, and agreed upon. If the Head did not come to terms, they were going to march out of Rookwood, march across to Manor House School, and take up their quarters there with Mr. Greely. So far, they were thinking of that programme as a temporary measure—to give the Head time to come to his senses, as Lumsden expressed it. If Mr. Greely could arrange the matter with their parents, it was probable that the temporary measure would become a permanent one.

Anyhow, they were not going to be flogged, their leaders were not going to be sacked, and they were not going to desert "old Hansom." On those points the rebel Fifth were absolutely determined. The Head had driven them a little too hard, and they had turned. To all the Rookwood Fifth, just then, Mr. Greely's new school seemed a happy refuge.

"They're goin'!" exclaimed Mornington.

"Stop!" thundered the Head.

The Fifth-Formers did not stop. Dr. Chisholm strode after them to the gates; he stood in the old gateway, his face pale with wrath, while the Fifth gathered in the road outside.

"Boys," he thundered, "I have ordered you to go to your Form-room! Will you obey my command? Enter the gates again at once!"

"Rats!" yelled two or three of the Fifth. Safe outside the school gates, they ventured to address the Head as they had never ventured before.

"What? What?"

"Bosh!" shouted Brown major.

"We'll come back when old Hansom does!" exclaimed Lumsden. "Do you want us to fetch him back, sir?"

"What? No; certainly not!"

"Then we're going."

"I command you—"

"Rats!"

The Fifth Form marched down the road. The Head stood gazing after them, dumbfounded. Never for a moment had he imagined that his authority would be disregarded;

and now it had broken in his hands, like a rotten reed. The Rookwood Fifth were going—marching off in defiance under his eyes. It was too much.

Dr. Chisholm strode out into the road and strode to Lumsden. He grasped the ringleader in the mutiny by the collar.

The next moment—no one knew exactly how it happened, but it did happen—the Head was sitting in the road.

He sat and gasped.

His dazed eyes, as he sat, blinked after the Fifth, streaming away down the road towards the Manor House School.

"Bless my soul!"

A strong hand helped Dr. Chisholm to his feet. It was Bulkeley of the Sixth who had come to his aid. Once on his feet, Dr. Chisholm shook the prefect's hand aside. His face was crimson; his eyes scintillated with wrath.

"Bulkeley," he panted, "follow those—those young rascals—follow them, and warn them, in my name, that if they do not instantly return to Rookwood, they will not be allowed to return—everyone of them is expelled!"

"But, sir—" stammered Bulkeley.

"Will you do as I tell you, Bulkeley?"

"Oh! Yes sir."

Bulkeley, much against the grain, followed the Fifth with that drastic message. Dr. Chisholm strode in at the school gates. He passed through a crowd of Rookwood fellows, all of them with grave faces. He was glad, for once, to escape from the observation of the school—glad to get away from the sea of eyes into the shelter of the House.

Jimmy Silver whistled.

"It's getting thicker and thicker," said Arthur Edward Loyell. "Sacking a whole Form! Phew!"

"All right if they come back with Bulkeley," said Jimmy.

"They won't!"

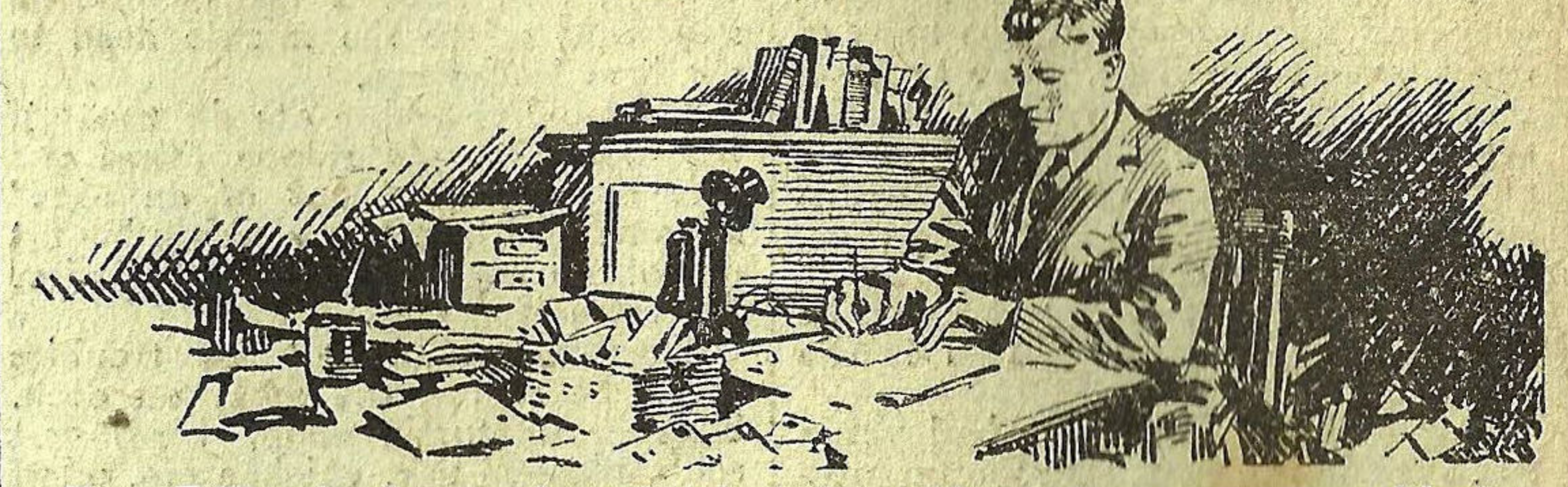
Lovell was right; they didn't! Bulkeley of the Sixth came in alone—with a clouded face, and went into the House to report to the Head. And all Rookwood knew that the Fifth Form were gone, with the solitary exception of Jobson, whom nobody regarded, they were gone—for good—and there was no longer a Fifth Form at Rookwood School.

And Arthur Edward Lovell opined that if the Head did not soon come down off his high horse, as Arthur Edward expressed it, soon there would be no other Forms at Rookwood, either. But that remained to be seen.

THE END.

(You'll enjoy "The Limit" next Monday's amazing long story of the boys of Rookwood School. Make certain of your copy of the Boys' FRIEND by ordering it from your newsagent to-day!)

IN YOUR EDITOR'S DEN.



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

MORE MAGNIFICENT CHANCES!

Once again there is more good news for all my myriad chums who stand by the BOYS' FRIEND. This week there is another "Bullseyes" Competition, with six splendid J. B. Hobbs cricket bats on offer. Don't overlook this important fact. This week, too, you will find the list of winners in Competition No. 2. Mind you tell your friends about the chance this week. It is an inducement to be reckoned with.

"THE LION'S REVENGE!"

Surprising news from China in the next instalment of our war serial. The Federals are busy in the Celestial land. The fight goes on and the excitement increases, for here we have a conflict by land, sea, and in the air. There are sensational doings on terra firma. Not much of the firma, though! Keith Ashley, Donald Wentworth, and Jackie Hume are in the thick of things once more, right in the midst of it, for they reach the Federal headquarters. After that coup lots of thrilling episodes are recounted. Capture seems inevitable, for the Chinks are swarming round. But a sudden bolt from the blue makes the enemy dive for the dug-outs. We get news, too, of the stealthy Siung Shan, the master mind of it all and the man who is "wanted." It all hums with vivid actuality. In fact, these coming chapters beat the band!

"THE LIMIT!"

Having said that much concerning the brilliant serial I can turn with assurance to the coming Rookwood tale. Next Monday's Jimmy Silver yarn will be found to carry on with the amazing activities of Mr. Greely in top-hole style. If my space permitted I could say much about the daring Manor House enterprise of Don Pomposo. It does not, and that's all there is to it. Next week's prime Rookwooder is, as you will note from the heading of this paragraph, the limit, and the limit likewise extends to Chat. But Mr. Owen Conquest puts some rare fine adventures in his next and best. He shows the horrid risks attending all clever schemes which have a usurping touch about them. Is that going too far? I don't think so. Mr. Greely's new school is in direct and very personal rivalry with good old Rookwood. The noble Fourth acts in dramatic fashion. See the "B. F." for next Monday.

TAKING SIDES!

We are bound to take sides. If we didn't, most like we should never take anything worth having. But feeling in this Rookwood versus Manor House business is running mountains high. No wonder! What's going to happen? That's what everybody is asking these days.

"KINGS OF THE MAIN!"

Before I make a desperate plunge into the grand follow-on of Mr. David Goodwin's serial, just one word about the man. Mr. Goodwin

is a top sawyer at character. He depicts men of all sorts. See him at it next week!

One outstanding fact hits one in the eye. The good ship, the Slapping Sal, has slapped her way right into the realm of romance, but she has not left reality behind. Look at what happens. Hal and Dick Tracey and their comrades from the old red Devon sail for the island with the grisly name, but en route their sympathies are touched by the sight of some half-drowned seamen clinging to a broken spar. Of course, these unlucky survivors are dragged aboard. But in shipping them the adventurers shipped more than they bargained for, as subsequent events show. Clunn and his clique, i.e. the newcomers, play a considerable part, likewise stout old Simon Slent, whom we all respect.

"THE UMPIRE'S SECRET!"

It is a pleasure to announce a new cricket series of yarns by Arthur S. Hardy. The first one appears on Monday, and a good innings may be predicted for Jim Gryce, the young cricketer who plays chief role. Gryce has no soft job; we soon tumble to that. He finds Hallows up against him, and Hallows is a man who does not stick at trifles. What the umpire's secret was can remain a secret till you get hold of this rousing yarn with its throb and thrill and splendid sense of loyalty. I do not believe for a moment that you will jib at the word loyalty once you have read an amazingly fine story of the summer game, and of the temptation of a fellow who was hard pressed in the game of life.

N.B.—Make a note of it that this cricketer tale is the first of a record series.

MOST IMPORTANT THIS!

Nos. 5 and 6 of the "Schoolboys' Own Library" will be on sale everywhere on Friday, June 5th. No. 6 contains a ripping yarn of Rookwood, entitled "Captain of the Fourth!" 'Nuff said!

"CECIL TURNS THE TABLES!"

Our old chum Cecil, of the sporting Bombay Castle crowd, has not gone in for hanky-panky table turning. He merely performs a most necessary duty, painful in its operation to some, but on the whole sound and sensible. The merry company of the s.s. Bombay Castle find themselves in the Flowery Empire, or Republic, the land of the cunning cangue and other quaint and fantastical contraptions. The fur flies, of course. There will be many a jolly laugh over this scrupulous narrative by the worthy Duncan Storm.

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Your Editor.

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