

6 "J. B. Hobbs" Cricket Bats Must Be Won SEE SPECIAL OFFER INSIDE!

# The BOYS' FRIEND 2d

EVERY MONDAY.

SIXTEEN BIG PAGES!

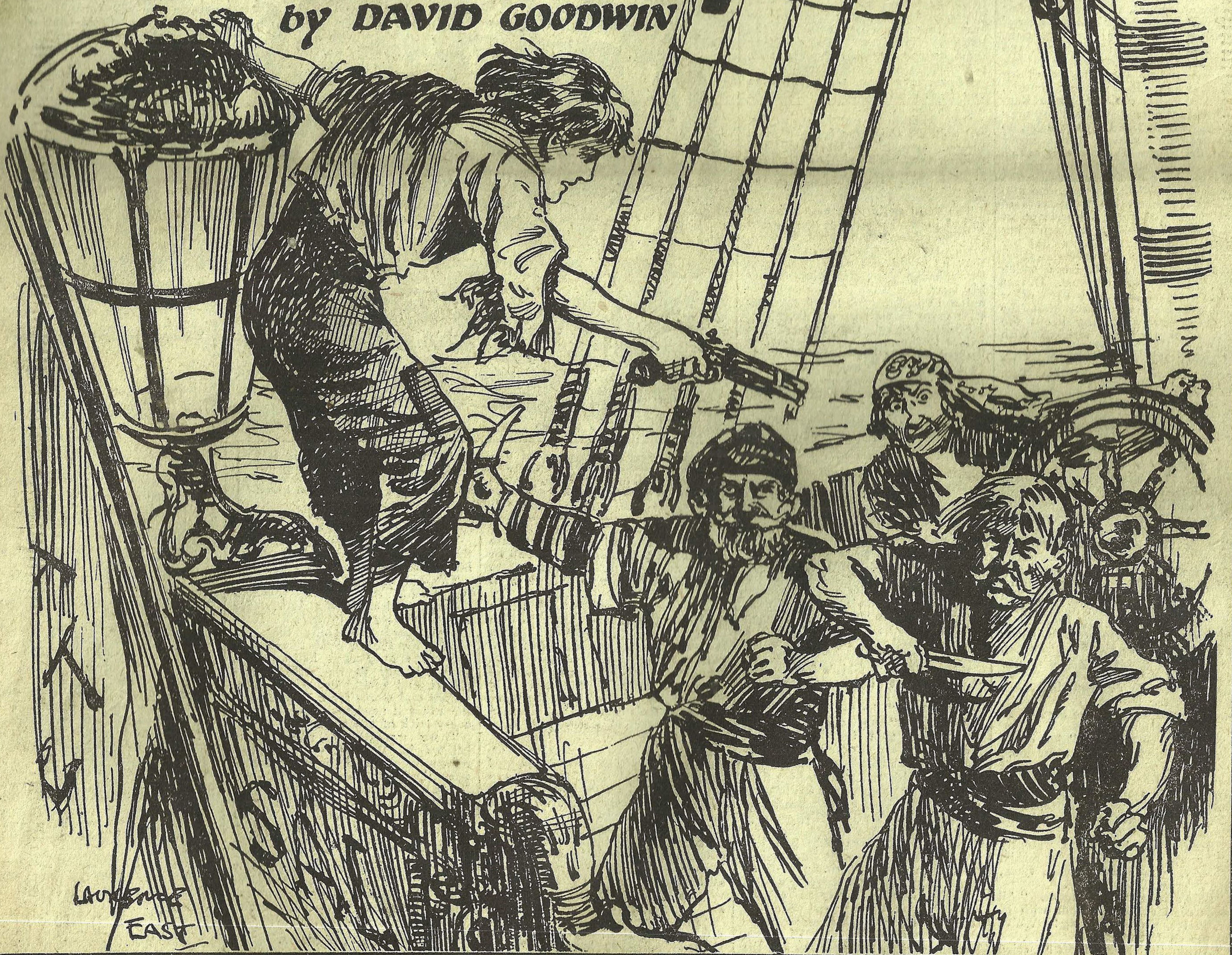
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THE BEST BOYS' PAPER IN THE WORLD!

[Week Ending June 6th, 1925.]

## Kings of the Main!

by DAVID GOODWIN



**JACKO, THE POWDER MONKEY, HOLDS THE MUTINEERS AT BAY!**

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



HERE'S ANOTHER EXCITING STORY OF JIMMY SILVER & CO., THE CHUMS OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL!



### The 1st Chapter. Putting the Lid On.

"The lid's on!" Valentine Mornington, of the Classical Fourth, lounged in at the doorway of the end study and made that remark.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were in their study, discussing what was now almost the sole topic at Rookwood School.

The state of affairs at Rookwood was in the language of the Head and of his staff, unprecedented; in the language of the juniors it was no end of a lark.

All the Rookwood fellows were wondering what the Head was going to do, and whether it would be any good when he did it!

Jimmy Silver and Lovell, Raby and Newcome, were deep in discussion, rather to the detriment of prep, when Morny lounged in.

"What's the latest?" asked Lovell. "The Beak's put the lid on," said Mornington.

By which Morny inferred that Dr. Chisholm, the august Head of Rookwood School, had reached what he, Morny, regarded as the limit.

Jimmy Silver looked a little worried.

Jimmy was a little more given to reflection than most of the fellows in the Fourth. No doubt the present state of affairs was very exciting, and a tremendous lark in its way. But Jimmy would have been glad to see an end of the trouble.

But the trouble was likely to be worse before it was better. For there was no doubt that Dr. Chisholm, kind-hearted old gentleman as he was in his placable moods, was a good deal of an autocrat, and so accustomed to having his own way unquestioned that he never even envisaged the possibility of yielding to opposition. And that unyielding firmness was not precisely the quality that was required to put an end to the split in Rookwood School.

"The jolly old Beak's fairly put the lid on!" continued Mornington. "It's the real limit! The fact is, the Head's a bit too given to going off at the deep end. First of all he sacks Mr. Greely—which was rather thick—then he rags the Fifth till they clear out of Rookwood and go over to Mr. Greely's new school. That would be bad enough for any old Beak to go on with, a fellow would think, but now—"

"Well, what now?" asked Jimmy.

"You know that Manor House School is out of bounds for Rookwood," said Morny. "We've all been licked for going over there to see old Greely's new school. Now there's a notice on the board, in the Head's fist. As so many fellows broke bounds last week all the Lower School are gated for to-morrow afternoon."

"What?"

"Great pip!" "The jolly old Sixth can take their giddy walks abroad if they like," said Mornington, "and there isn't any Fifth now. But all the Lower School have to keep within gates for the half-holiday. What do you fellows think of that?"

"My hat!" said Raby. "It's too jolly thick!" exclaimed Newcome indignantly.

"I'm not standing it, for one," said Arthur Edward Lovell.

"Little me, for another," said Mornington. "My idea is that after

# The Limit!

By OWEN CONQUEST.

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

More Rookwood fellows go over to Manor House School, Mr. Greely's establishment!



dinner to-morrow we all walk out of gates in a body to show the Head how much we care for his bunkum. As captain of the Fourth, Jimmy, it's up to you; we'll follow your lead."

Jimmy Silver was silent. It was, as Morny declared, the "limit"—the trouble at Rookwood was likely to be increased rather than diminished by the headmaster's new measure.

But Jimmy Silver was not anxious to see the Rookwood Fourth follow the example of the Rookwood Fifth. There was, in Jimmy's opinion, trouble enough, without any addition being made.

Morny eyed him rather mockingly. "Look here, Jimmy Silver, it's up to you! But if you don't take the lead somebody else will! I suppose we're not going to take this lyn' down—just after the Fifth have shown the Head that they won't stand his rot, too! What are we gated for, I'd like to know?"

"You see—" began Jimmy pacifically. "I don't!" interjected Mornington.

"You see—" "I don't, either!" said Arthur Edward Lovell.

"You see," persisted Jimmy Silver, "the Head's determined to stop any communication between Rookwood and Manor House School. I dare say he feels rather bitter against Mr. Greely; and there's not much doubt that Mr. Greely feels bitter. Now, the Beak put Manor House out of bounds last week and a crowd of fellows went over there, all the same. Most likely he thinks the same thing would happen again."

"It would!" said Morny.

"Not much doubt about that," said Raby. "Lots of the fellows would be going over to see what's going on."

"Well, there you are!" said Jimmy Silver. "The Head knows jolly well that something of the kind would happen, and so he's gated the Lower School. It's really the only way to keep the fellows from butting in at the Manor House, and he's dead against that."

"Like his cheek!" said Mornington.

"Hem!" "We're allowed to visit the chaps at Bagshot School if we like. Why shouldn't we visit Manor House School?"

"Echo answers why," said Newcome.

"Well, it's different," said Jimmy. "The Rookwood Fifth have gone over to Mr. Greely's show, defying the Head. It amounts to a barring-out. The Head could jolly well make them come back again, only—"

Mornington chuckled. "Only he warned them that if they went over to Mr. Greely they wouldn't be allowed to enter Rookwood again," he said. "He thought that would make them toe the line. It didn't! And now he can't eat his own giddy words."

"The fact is, the Beak's rather headstrong and he's got himself into a scrape," said Lovell.

"Well, we don't want to make matters worse," said Jimmy. "It's a bit thick to be gated for nothing; but after all—"

"You want to toe the line?" demanded Morny.

"Yes."

"Toe it, then, and be blown!"

said Mornington forcibly. "I'm not goin' to be gated for nothin' on a half-holiday, simply because the Head's got a quarrel on with Mr. Greely. He ought never to have dismissed Greely in the first place, as all the school knows jolly well. It was jolly decent of Sir George Hansom to stand by Greely as he's done, and start him as headmaster in a new school. And if the Head carries on as he's begun I fancy jolly nearly all Rookwood will follow the Fifth. I know I shall!"

"Now, look here, Morny—" "Oh, rats!" said Morny hotly. "I tell you I'm not standin' it, and more

edit. The example of the rebel Fifth had not been without its effect on all the other Forms at Rookwood.

Nevertheless, Jimmy Silver, captain of the Fourth, was a power in the Form and his influence was great.

"You fellows will back me up?" asked Jimmy.

"Hem!" "Um!" "Look here, Jimmy—"

"Well, carry on as you like," said Jimmy. "But I'm going to toe the line, though it comes hard. I think there's been trouble enough, and it's not good for the school."

"Oh, we'll back you up, of course!" said Raby uneasily; and Newcome nodded in a very dubious way.

"You're a bit of an ass, Jimmy," said Lovell. "Still, this study always stands together. And, after all, it's a cheek of Morny to talk about taking the lead. Who's Morny, anyhow? We'll back you up; but I'm bound to mention that I think you're an ass—in fact, a silly ass!"

"Good!" said Jimmy. "Now, let's get on to prep."

"Lots of the fellows aren't taking much trouble about prep, as matters stand," said Lovell.

"Then let us set a good example," suggested Jimmy.

"Oh, blow your good examples!"

But Arthur Edward Lovell conceded the point and devoted his attention to prep. And the end study did set a good example—which, however, was not widely followed in the



**RABY CHIPS IN!** Lovell clung desperately to the wall while already joined Jimmy Silver in the road; but Raby was astride of the wall. Fortunately—or unfortunately—George Raby had an apple in his pocket. He grabbed it out and hurled it down at Neville of the Sixth. "Ow!" Neville gave a wild howl as the apple caught him in the eye. He let go Lovell, and Arthur Edward whisked up to the top of the wall in a twinkling. "Good man!" he gasped.

fellows will agree with me than with you, Jimmy Silver; I can tell you that. A long time ago we had a barrin'-out at Rookwood because the Head was too high-handed, and now we're getting some more of the same medicine. I can tell you I don't like the taste of it."

"Yes, but—" "Bow-wow!" said Mornington. "You can stick up for peace at any price if you like, Jimmy Silver; I'm for war to the giddy knife, till the Beak comes down off his perch."

And with that Valentine Mornington turned angrily away and walked down the passage.

Jimmy Silver looked at his chums.

It was easy to see that they were in agreement with Mornington and strongly inclined for rebellious measures against the Head's new

Fourth Form of Rookwood. There was a spirit of restless rebelliousness abroad in the school—a general feeling that the Head was driving too hard—and Rookwood School, in fact, was approaching that unhappy state described by the ancient chronicler, when there was no king in Israel, and every man did what was right in his own eyes.

### The 2nd Chapter. Morny Looks for Trouble.

Mr. Richard Dalton, master of the Fourth Form, wore a rather worried look the following morning.

He anticipated trouble.

The Head's latest order, gating the whole of the Lower School, obviously for the purpose of cutting off all communication with the rebels at

the Manor House, was endlessly discussed and commented upon.

Even the Sixth Form, though they were not "gated" like the Lower boys, considered it rather "thick." All the junior Forms thrilled with indignation.

In Masters' Common-room, where the headmaster was much more freely discussed by his staff than he ever realised, comment was extremely unfavourable.

The whole staff of Rookwood resented the high-handed dismissal of Mr. Greely.

Mr. Greely had not been specially popular with the rest of the staff. He was lofty, he was a little overbearing; his powerful voice dominated Masters' Room when he was at Rookwood. In some ways it was rather a relief that he was no longer there.

But it was the principle of the thing, as Mr. Wiggins of the Second said emphatically to Mr. Bohun of the Third. The dismissal had been quite unjustified, hasty, ill-considered.

Mr. Dalton had pointed out in his quiet way that the Head, having realised his mistake, had offered to reinstate Mr. Greely. The other masters took the view that the Head never should have made such a mistake—which undoubtedly was true.

Moreover Sir George Hansom having founded Manor House School and offered his old friend and tutor the headmaster-ship, Mr. Greely could not be expected to give up his new and glorious prospects to return to Rookwood. A headmaster-ship was naturally the goal of any Form-master's ambition, and chances like this did not often come a man's way.

The Head, in the opinion of his staff, had made one mistake after another. Now the position was that there was a rival school to Rookwood, established only half a mile away, and that the Rookwood Fifth had gone over to it in a body, in defiance of their headmaster. Such was the outcome of the Head's severe measures with the Fifth Form; and now, as if unable to learn a lesson, he was trying the effect of severity on the rest of Rookwood.

The opinion in Masters' Common-room was that it would lead to more trouble. Indeed, no Form master could be oblivious of the wrath and resentment in the Lower Forms.

Mr. Richard Dalton was well aware of it.

He was well aware that Mornington, the most turbulent spirit in the Fourth, was planning mischief; well aware that nearly all his Form were in a restless and dissatisfied state, and that there was danger of the Fourth following the example of the Fifth.

Mr. Dalton was debating in his mind that morning whether he should or should not remonstrate gently with the Head.

In morning "quarter" he looked from his study window and saw his Form gathered in groups in the quadrangle deep in discussion, which was obviously of an excited character.

Even Tubby Muffin was moved to wrath. Mr. Dalton at the open window could hear the fat voice of Reginald Muffin in the distance.

"I can tell you it's too thick, you fellows! Who's going to stand being gated for nothing?"

"Can't be helped, fatty!" That was Jimmy Silver's voice on the other side of the big beech that stood opposite Mr. Dalton's window.

"It jolly well can be helped! It's up to you to put your foot down, as captain of the Form, Jimmy!"

"What can I do, ass?"

"Well, you can jolly well speak to Dicky Dalton!" came in Jones minor's voice. "He ought to put it to the Head! What about a deputation of the whole Form to Dicky Dalton?"

"Rot!" said Lovell. "We tried that when the lickings were handed round last week for breaking bounds. What good was it?"

"N.G.!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Well, I'm fed-up!" said Jones minor.

"Same here!"

"Yes, rather!"

"I'm not standin' it!" said Cyril Peele.

"I'm goin' out, all the same!"

"Hear, hear!"

"I jolly well know I am!" said Mornington.

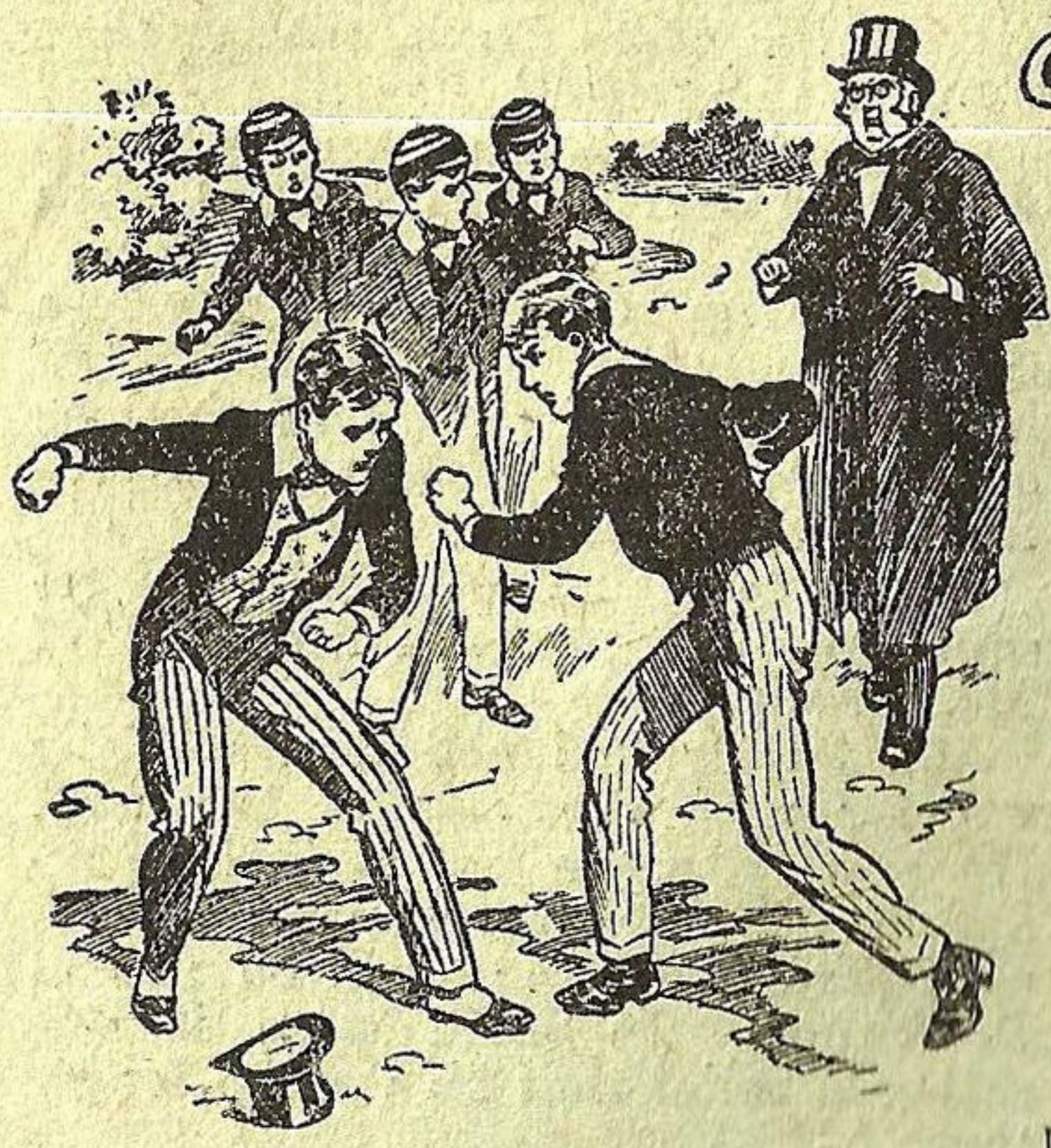
Richard Dalton stepped back from his study window and closed it quietly. He did not wish to overhear the discussion of his Form.

His face was grave.

(Continued overleaf.)

You'll enjoy "Rookwood's Rival!" next week's exciting long story of Jimmy Silver & Co.!





# The Limit!

(Continued from previous page.)

What he had heard showed him how enraged the Fourth were, if he had not known it before. There would be trouble that afternoon if the gating order stood. And Mr. Dalton made up his mind to speak to the Head and get that exasperating order rescinded if he could.

He found the Head in the Sixth Form room—the Sixth not being in yet. Dr. Chisholm was busy at his desk, but he looked up quite genially at the Fourth Form master. But at the mention of the gating order his face hardened and the genial expression vanished at once.

He raised his hand. "I am afraid I cannot discuss my decision on that point, Mr. Dalton," he said. "That matter is closed."

"There is a great deal of dissatisfaction, sir," Mr. Dalton hinted. "No doubt! The boys have themselves to thank, as I cannot trust them to keep within school bounds if they are allowed out of gates."

"If they should break bounds, sir, the usual punishment could be inflicted. But—"

"But I do not choose to allow any Rookwood boy to defy my authority, Mr. Dalton. I will allow no communication whatever with Mr. Greely. My view is that he has acted with the greatest insolence in opening a school so near to Rookwood. It is intended as an affront to me personally, I am assured of that." The Head coloured a little. "The order must stand, Mr. Dalton."

"I fear, sir, that it will not achieve its object," said Mr. Dalton. "Many of the boys will, I fear, disregard it."

"The punishment of any such boy will be very severe," said the Head. "I shall administer a flogging in each instance, and shall not hesitate to expel any boy who persists in disobedience."

Mr. Dalton suppressed a sigh. He liked and respected his chief, but he knew from of old that Dr. Chisholm when he had mounted the "high horse" was not to be reasoned with.

"Very well. I will say no more, sir," he said.

"Quite so, Mr. Dalton." And the Fourth Form master retired from the unprofitable interview. He proceeded to his own Form-room, where it was close on time for third lesson.

Four fellows came in promptly enough for class: Jimmy Silver and Raby, Lovell and Newcome. They went to their places, but it was some minutes before Conroy and Putty of the Fourth followed them in, some minutes more before Oswald and Jones minor and Higgs and Tubby Muffin followed on. In ones and twos the Classical Fourth came in, and the last lot—Peele and Lattrey and Gower—were a good ten minutes late. Mornington, last of all, followed them in, and lounged to his place with his hands in his pockets.

Mr. Dalton appeared to observe nothing. He knew that the unsettled state of the school and the successful rebellion of the Fifth could not fail to produce consequences in the other Forms. He was by no means a weak master, but in the present state of affairs he desired to avoid adding oil to the flames, if he could.

But for Jimmy Silver's influence, there would have been something more than slacking in the Fourth that day. But the captain of the Fourth was doing his best to keep the fellows in line.

Prep had been scamped in most of the Fourth Form studies the evening before, as in most other studies at Rookwood. Almost every fellow had turned in a shockingly bad "con" in the morning; but Mr. Dalton had been unusually easy-going. Now he did not seem to observe that the Fourth came in late, though he was

generally very severe on the question of punctuality. Most of the Fourth, realising that their Form master was dealing as gently with them as he could, felt a little compunction. After all, they had no quarrel with "Dicky" Dalton. But there were some restless spirits in the Fourth who were only encouraged by concession. Peele & Co. jumped to the conclusion at once that their Form master was afraid of them—that he feared to see the example of the Fifth followed in his own Form-room. That was more than enough for Cyril Peele and his friends. Valentine Mornington, too, was in a turbulent and troublesome mood. In a corner of the Form-room, Morny and Peele and several other fellows kept up a whispered conversation, apparently oblivious of the fact that classes were on.

"Mornington!" Mr. Dalton had to speak twice to the dandy of the Fourth before he received an answer. Then Morny turned his head lazily:

"Yes, sir! Did you speak?" "I spoke twice, Mornington," said Mr. Dalton sharply. "Indeed, sir!" said Morny.

Fourth. Morny's coolness was always rather entertaining when he was engaged on a rag.

Mr. Dalton picked up his cane. "Come here, Mornington!" "Certainly, sir!" The dandy of the Fourth lounged forward. "Bend over that chair!" Morny eyed the Fourth Form master and did not obey.

"You hear me, Mornington?" "I'm not goin' to be caned, sir," said Mornington, "and I warn you, sir, that if you touch me I'm goin' to clear out of Rookwood and go over to Mr. Greely!" "Morny, you ass!" breathed Erroll.

There was a gasp from some of the Fourth. They wondered for a moment how Richard Dalton would deal with Mornington's defiance. He was prompt to deal with it.

Without answering the dandy of the Fourth, Richard Dalton grasped him by the collar and, with a twist of his sinewy arm, bent him over the chair. Then the cane rose and fell.

Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack!

It was "six" and a severe six. Valentine Mornington uttered no sound, but his face was quite pale when he rose after the infliction. "Dismiss!" said Mr. Dalton.

"That does it, sir!" said Mornington. "I'm done with Rookwood, and with you, too!" And before Mr. Dalton could speak

carry out; they had the headmaster's orders. Some of them confided to one another that they were getting "fed-up"; but this they did not think of confiding to the Head.

Morny's declared intention of deserting Rookwood caused intense excitement among his Form-fellows. Morny was a fellow of his word, and few of the Fourth doubted that he would do as he had threatened, if he could. And most of the other members of the Form were only watching for an opportunity to get out of school bounds. The Fourth Form was seething with rebellion from end to end.

In normal times, the headmaster's authority was unquestioned; no fellow would have dreamed of disobeying a direct command of Dr. Chisholm. But injustice, followed by severity, produced its natural effect. Overstrained authority was liable to break down, like anything else with too severe a strain placed upon it. The Head's voice, once unquestioned and unquestionable, had become, so to speak, as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. The problem with the juniors was not whether they should obey an order which seemed to them unreasonable or tyrannical, but how they should dodge the prefects.

Jimmy Silver was almost in a minority of one. "Uncle James" of Rookwood was a rather thoughtful youth; but most of the Fourth were not given to reflection. In all

"The Head's a bit of a Tartar at times," Jimmy conceded. "It's rather thick gating all the lower Forms. All the same—"

"You can talk till you're black in the face, old bean; but I can tell you that by tea-time there won't be half a dozen of the Fourth left in the school, and I shall be the first to get goin'."

"It will mean jolly serious trouble when you come back."

"I'm not comin' back."

"How do you know Mr. Greely will take you in?"

Mornington chuckled. "It's no secret that the Head of the giddy new school is keen to get hold of Rookwood chaps. He'll be glad."

"But the Head can fetch you back," urged Jimmy. "It's running away from school, and the Head—"

"I'm not so sure he can. Anyhow, he can't if my guardian backs me up," said Mornington. "Besides, didn't the Beak say that any fellow who went over to the Manor House would be sacked? Well, if a fellow's sacked he can't be fetched back, can he?"

"Look here, Morny, you're in the wrong," said Jimmy Silver abruptly. "I know the Head is piling it on too thick; I don't deny that. But we've no quarrel with Dicky Dalton, and you got what you asked for when you ragged him in class."

Valentine Mornington shrugged his shoulders.

"Dicky Dalton ought to stand up for his Form against the Beak's tyranny," he answered. "I'm done with him! You can hang on here, Jimmy Silver, and take all the lickings and gatings the Beak cares to hand out. I'm fed-up, and I'm goin', and you can put that in your pipe and smoke it!"

Jimmy compressed his lips. "Does it occur to you that I'm captain of the Fourth?" he asked.

"If you want us to remember that, you'd better take the lead," answered Mornington carelessly.

"A captain's bizney isn't to go where he's shoved, but to lead in the way he believes right," said Jimmy. "And I can tell you this, Morny—you're not going to break bounds to-day!"

Mornington's eyes flashed. "Who's goin' to stop me?" he demanded.

"I am, if necessary," answered Jimmy Silver coolly. "I'm jolly well going to keep an eye on you, and if you bolt I shall jolly well yank you back. So that's that!"

Mornington snapped his fingers. "That for you!" he answered; and he turned his back on the captain of the Fourth and walked away.

Jimmy Silver breathed hard and deep. He was strongly tempted to stride after Morny and grasp him by the collar and bang his head on the nearest beech. But he controlled his wrath. As he stood with a frowning brow, Carthew of the Sixth came along, with a sneering grin on his face. From a distance he had had his eye on the two juniors.

"Plotting together—what?" said Carthew. "Mind, don't let me catch you trying to get out of bounds this afternoon, Silver! I know what you're after, you young sweep!"

"I'm not thinking of anything of the kind!" snapped Jimmy Silver irritably.

"Don't tell untruths, Silver," said Carthew. "I'm warning you to take care, that's all."

"Oh, go and eat coke!" "What?" howled the prefect.

"Coke!" snapped Jimmy. "Take two hundred lines, Silver, and go into your Form-room at once and write them out."

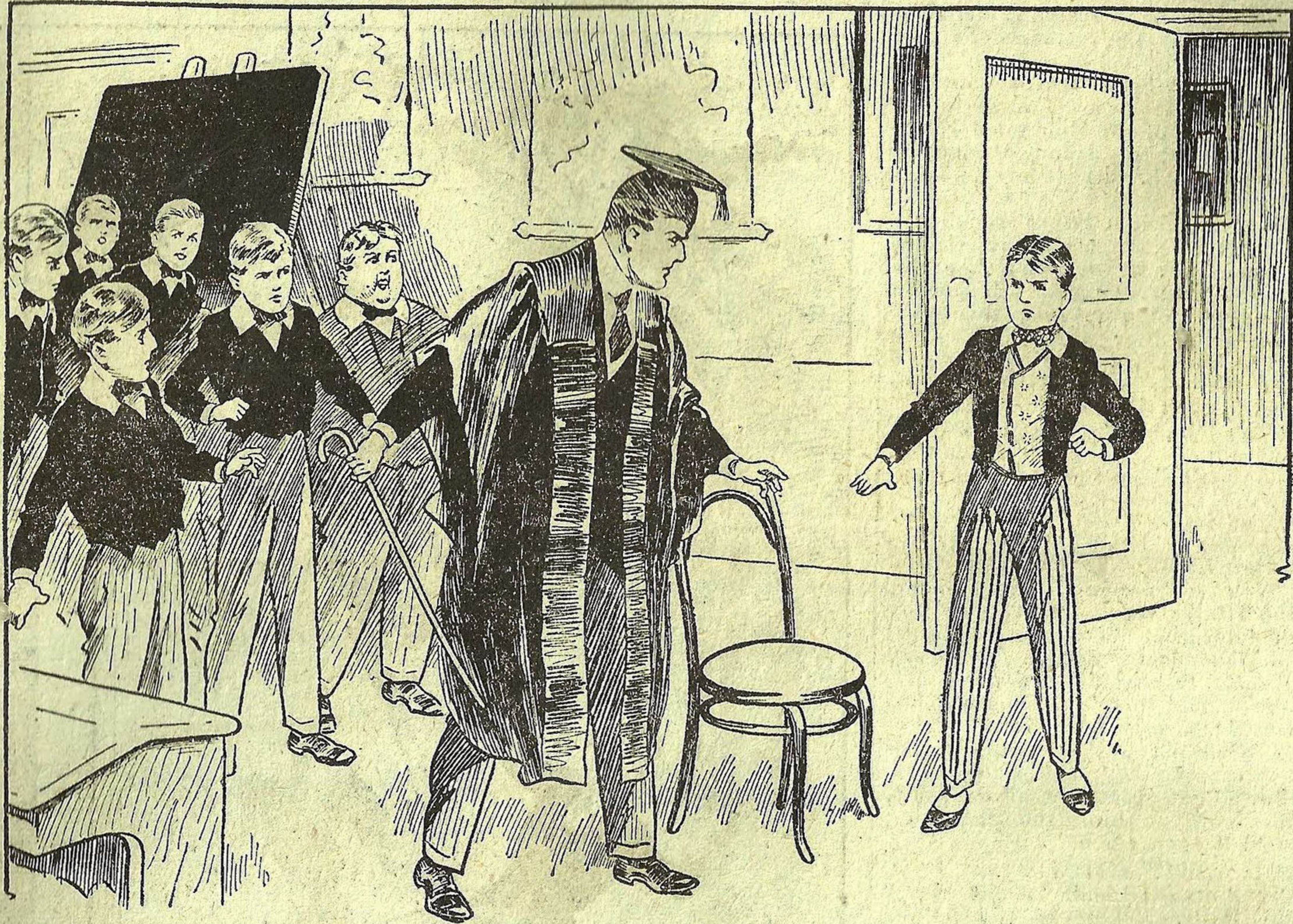
Jimmy Silver looked at Carthew. Doubtless the bully of the Sixth believed that he had been planning with Morny to break bounds; but really it was hard on Jimmy, after quarrelling with Mornington in the cause of law and order, to be pounced upon by a suspicious prefect as an aider and abettor of rebellion. He faced Carthew with gleaming eyes and his fists clenched, and the prefect backed away a step.

Then, with the corner of his eye, as it were, Jimmy Silver saw Morny turn back towards the spot and approach at a run.

Morny was coming to the rescue, cheerily anticipative of a tussle with Carthew of the Sixth.

That recalled Jimmy's good resolutions. "Very well, Carthew!" he said, with a meekness that surprised the bully of the Sixth.

He walked away hastily towards the House, leaving Carthew grinning after him. Mornington shrugged his shoulders and laughed. While Jimmy Silver—nobly setting



**MORNINGTON REVOLTS!** Whack! whack! whack! whack! whack! whack! whack! It was "six"—and a severe six. Valentine Mornington uttered no sound, but his face was quite pale when he rose after the infliction. "Dismiss!" said Mr. Dalton to the Fourth. "That does it, sir!" said Mornington. "I'm done with Rookwood, and with you, too!"

"Have you finished your paper, Mornington?" "No, sir; haven't started it." "The papers have to be handed in at the end of the lesson," said Mr. Dalton quietly. "Any boy who has not finished his paper will be caned." Mornington's eyes glittered, but he made no answer.

Peele & Co., suddenly awakening to the fact that their Form master was not, after all, afraid of them, hurried to get on with their papers. They fairly slugged at them to get finished in time.

Not so Mornington. He leaned back in his seat lazily and did not even touch his pen. Morny had the courage of his faults, at least. He had not touched his paper and was not going to touch it now.

Perhaps he expected an altercation with Mr. Dalton; but the Fourth Form master, having given him a warning, paid no further attention to him. Promptly at twelve o'clock he signed to Jimmy Silver, as head boy of the Form, to go round collecting the papers.

Jimmy brought the stack of papers and laid them on Mr. Dalton's desk. Peele & Co. had scrambled through somehow. Valentine Mornington's paper was a beautiful blank.

"Mornington!" "Hallo!" said Morny. "You have written nothing." "Just that much, sir," assented Morny. And there was a grin in the

Mornington left the Form-room. The Fourth marched out after him, leaving the Form master with a dark and troubled brow.

### The 3rd Chapter. To Go or Not to Go?

Deep excitement reigned in the Rookwood Fourth after dinner that day.

The half-holiday had commenced, and the whole Form had to remain within gates, as did the other Forms. The gates were closed and locked, instead of standing wide open as they generally did on a half-holiday; and the juniors observed that some of the Sixth Form prefects were strolling about in rather a pointed way, and guessed that they were on the watch. Probably it was a distasteful task for most of the prefects, excepting Carthew, the bully of the Sixth, who found pleasure in it. Carthew was quite entertained when he caught Jones minor attempting to climb the wall in a secluded corner, and hauled him back and gave him six with his ashplant, and sent him howling away. Distasteful or otherwise, the prefects had their task to

the Form, indeed, probably only Erroll was in hearty agreement with Jimmy. Lovell and Raby and Newcome backed him up, as in duty bound, but their sympathies were on the other side.

Jimmy looked for Mornington after dinner, and found him sauntering under the beeches, obviously on the look-out for a chance of bolting. Carthew of the Sixth had a special eye on him at a little distance.

Morny greeted the captain of the Fourth with a mocking grin. "Just the man I want to see!" he exclaimed. "Are you on?"

"On what?" asked Jimmy. "Help me to collar Carthew and up-end him, and we'll clear together—what?"

"Oh, don't be an ass, old chap!" said Jimmy. "Look here, Morny, this won't do. You can't clear off."

"I'm jolly well goin' to!" "What will your guardian say?"

"Blessed if I know—and I'm quite certain I don't care," answered Morny coolly. "I dare say I can square it with him. From what I hear, Greely is goin' to run Manor House School as a sort of second Rookwood, but the fees are goin' to be lower. That will appeal to my guardian—he hates spendin' money on me."

"We're bound to stick to the old ship," urged Jimmy. "Then we want a new skipper!" grinned Morny.

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



an example of obedience to the powers that were—was grinding out lines in the Form-room, Valentine Mornington and a crowd of the Fourth were busy in other ways.

**The 4th Chapter.**

**Jimmy Silver Puts His Foot Down.**

"Fathead!" Thus Arthur Edward Lovell Lovell looked in at the Fourth Form room, where Jimmy Silver was writing his lines. Raby and Newcome looked in also, grinning.

"Ass!" went on Lovell. "What's the row now, duffer?" asked Jimmy Silver, rather gruffly. Having sat in the dusky old Form-room for a considerable time that sunny afternoon, grinding out lines, Uncle James of Rookwood was not in his usual equable temper. He was wondering a little whether it was worth while, after all, to set himself up in opposition to the Form as a champion of law and order. Certainly the result to himself had not been beneficial, so far.

"Lines!" said Lovell. "Lines from Carthew! There isn't a fellow in the Fourth who wouldn't have lent you a hand to duck Carthew in the fountain, if you'd given the word!" "Oh, rats!" said Jimmy crossly. "We're not going to begin ducking prefects. I tell you the Fourth are not going to follow the Fifth."

Lovell grinned. "They've done it," he answered. "How's that, ass?"

"You've been so jolly busy with lines for Carthew that you don't know what's happened," chuckled Lovell. "If you'd been in the quad ten minutes ago—"

"Well, I wasn't, ass! What's happened?" demanded Jimmy. "Morny's happened," said Lovell. "Morny and five or six chaps collared Carthew, and ran him into the wood-shed and locked him in there."

"Oh, my hat!" "Then they cleared," said Lovell; "and I'd jolly well have cleared with them, only—"

Jimmy Silver rose to his feet. His face was set and grim, and there was a gleam in his eyes.

"Morny's gone?" he asked. "Clean gone, and half a dozen of the Fourth with him," said Raby. "The rest are only looking for chances to bunk. Even Tubby doesn't mean to be gated for nothing. The fact is Jimmy, the Head's put up the backs of the whole school, and you can't stop it."

"Let's follow," said Newcome. "After all, we're not going to be gated if Morny isn't. Our study never takes a back seat."

"Hear, hear!" said Lovell heartily. The three juniors looked at their leader. But the expression on Silver's face was not promising.

"Look here, Jimmy," exclaimed Lovell, "you're on the wrong track, old man. What have you got by backing up the Head? A gating like the rest of us, and two hundred lines extra. You're a fathead, as I said before, and an ass—"

"Never mind that," said Jimmy Silver. "I warned Mornington not to go; and I told him that if he went I should yank him back. That's what I'm jolly well going to do!" "Look here—" roared Lovell.

"I'm standing by Rookwood," said Jimmy Silver. "I'm going after Mornington to fetch him back. You fellows can please yourselves."

And, leaving his lines unfinished, Jimmy Silver walked out of the Form-room, with a grim face.

Lovell & Co. looked at one another.

"Now Jimmy's got his back up," sighed Raby. "I suppose we're going to back him up. Come on!"

"I suppose so!" grunted Newcome. "I've a jolly good mind—"

began Lovell hotly. "Oh, come on!"

The three juniors hurried after Jimmy Silver, and overtook him as he was going out into the quad.

Whatsoever might betide, the Fistical Four were to remain united. But Jimmy Silver's loyal followers were nearer to mutiny than they had ever been before. For once they quite failed to share the views of their great leader, Uncle James of Rookwood.

Carthew of the Sixth was coming into the House as they left it. Carthew looked rather dusty and untidy, and quite furious. Apparently he had escaped from the wood-shed into which he had been dumped by Morny and his comrades. He paused as he saw Jimmy.

"Silver, have you done your lines?"

"Find out!" snapped Jimmy.

"Silver, I tell you—" Jimmy Silver walked on unheeding. He had no time to waste in argument with the bully of the Sixth.

Carthew glared after him, but did not follow. He went into the House to make his report to the Head.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome were grinning as he walked across the quad with the captain of the Fourth. Jimmy was backing up the Head, and standing up for law and order; but he seemed to be gathering considerable trouble in his law-abiding career.

"We're going out?" asked Lovell, as they stopped at the school wall in a secluded corner.

"I'm going after Morny!" answered Jimmy Silver gruffly.

"What about bounds?" "Oh, cheese it! I'm going to fetch Morny back into bounds!"

"Suppose he won't come?" "I'll make him!" "Oh!"

Jimmy Silver clambered up the wall with the aid of a beech trunk that grew adjacent to it. There was a shout, and Neville of the Sixth came running up.

"Silver, stop! Come back at once!"

Jimmy Silver dropped on the outer side of the wall. His comrades were following him fast. Neville came up breathlessly in time to catch Arthur Edward Lovell by the ankle as he clambered up, last of the four.

"Come down, Lovell!" he shouted. "Leggo!" roared Lovell.

the mutineer of the Fourth to book. He was quite resolved that Valentine Mornington should return to Rookwood, even if he had to carry him there. And though the sympathies of his comrades were rather with the rebel, they intended to back up their leader.

There was no doubt of the direction Morny & Co. had taken; they were heading, of course, for Manor House School. The Fistical Four went down Coombe Lane at a rapid run. Half-way to the new school they sighted a group of juniors sauntering along cheerily, and recognised Mornington, Peele, Gower, Lattrey, Jones minor, and Tubby Muffin.

"There they are!" grinned Lovell. "Come on!"

Jimmy Silver ran on, and came up with Morny & Co., who stopped and looked round.

"Hallo, you fellows comin' along, too?" asked Peele cheerily. "Good!"

"Good men!" chuckled Mornington. "Jolly glad to see you! Take my tip and stay on at Manor House when you're there!"

"I'm goin' to," said Peele. "Mornington!" Jimmy Silver's voice was hard and sharp. "I warned you—"

"Did you?" yawned Morny. "Yes. Now you've got to come back!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Mornington. "What are you cackling at?" demanded Lovell.

"Jimmy's little joke," said Morny.

"Here goes, then!" And Jimmy Silver, with his hands up, advanced on the dandy of the Fourth. Mornington met him more than half-way; and in a moment they were fighting.

Lovell & Co. looked on grimly. There was no doubt that they were out of sympathy with their leader; but they were still loyal. But for their presence, Peele & Co. undoubtedly would have joined in the fray, and Jimmy Silver would have had the ragging of his life. But the Co. were there to see fair play.

But when Peele & Co. backed away from the spot, and resumed their route to Manor House School, leaving Mornington to it, Lovell and his comrades did not intervene. The deserters disappeared in the distance, while Jimmy Silver and Mornington were still fighting.

They paused at last, breathless, both showing serious signs of damage.

"Will you come back?" panted Jimmy.

"No!" "Then come on, you rotter!" "Come on, you silly ass!" retorted Mornington.

And they closed again, fighting fiercely.

**The 5th Chapter. The Limit.**

"What!" The voice of the headmaster of Rookwood was like the rumble of thunder. His eyes almost scintillated as he fixed them on Carthew.



**DR. CHISHOLM IS AMAZED!** "Neville!" The Head almost ran into Neville, as he hurried out to his eye. "Neville! What is the matter with you?" "Oh! I've had a bung in the eye!" gasped Neville. "A what?" "I—I mean, some juniors were getting over the wall, sir, and I caught one of them, and I had an apple bunged—I mean chucked—thrown in my eye, sir."

"You young rascal, you know the Head's orders—"

"Blow the Head!" "What? Come down!" shouted the prefect, tugging at Lovell's ankle.

"Oh scissors!" gasped Lovell. "Lend a hand, you chaps! The silly idiot will have me down in a minute."

Lovell clung desperately to the wall while Neville tugged at his ankle. Newcome had already joined Jimmy Silver in the road; but Raby was astride of the wall. Fortunately—or unfortunately—George Raby had an apple in his pocket. He grabbed it out and hurled it down at Neville of the Sixth.

"Ow!" Neville gave a wild howl as the apple caught him in the eye.

He let go Lovell, and Arthur Edward whisked up to the top of the wall in a twinkling.

"Good man!" he gasped. "We've done it now!" grinned Raby.

"Come on!" The two juniors dropped into the road, leaving Neville of the Sixth on the inner side of the wall rubbing his damaged eye in anguish. Jimmy Silver had already started at a trot towards Coombe, and his comrades followed him.

Jimmy, for once in a way, was really angry and determined to bring

"You're no end funny, Jimmy Silver, when you're doin' your heavy uncle turn! Keep it up!"

"Will you come back?" asked Jimmy quietly.

"Not quite!" "I mean business, Mornington."

"So do I." "You've got to come back to Rookwood."

"Rats!" "Look here," began Gower.

"What are you buttin' in for, Jimmy Silver? I suppose we can do as we like?"

"That's your little mistake," answered Jimmy. "You can't! I warned Mornington not to break bounds this afternoon—"

"Couldn't mind your own bizney, could you, old bean?" asked Mornington.

"Well, I think this is my business," said the captain of the Fourth. "I may be mistaken, but there it is. Will you come back?"

"No." "Then I shall have to make you."

"You're welcome to try!" said Mornington, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"Well, you're asking for it," said Jimmy Silver. "You can go back before a scrap, or after a scrap, just as you like. But you're going back."

"After, please!" said Mornington mockingly.

"What! Am I to understand, Carthew, that a number of the Fourth Form boys have gone out of bounds in spite of my strict orders?"

"Yes, sir!" gasped Carthew. "The prefects were instructed to prevent anything of the kind!" snapped the Head.

"I—I did my best, sir. I was collared—"

"What?" "Collared, sir!" gasped Carthew.

"What do you mean, Carthew? Cannot you, a Sixth Form boy of Rookwood, speak English?" Really it looked as if the Head's wrath was turning on the hapless Carthew, as the nearest victim.

"I—I mean, sir," stammered Carthew, "I—I was seized, sir—"

"If you mean that you were seized, Carthew, you should say that you were seized. You should not use absurd slangy expressions in making a report to your headmaster!"

"Nunno, sir!" gasped Carthew. "I—I mean—"

Carthew began to wish that he had not been so very keen on the performance of his prefect's duties that afternoon.

"You were seized—"

"Yes, sir. Mornington and some more of the Fourth collared me—I mean seized me—and chucked me—"

"What?"

"I—I mean, pitched me into the wood-shed, sir, and looked the door on me. I couldn't get out till old Mack heard me shouting, and came—"

"Bless, my soul! And the boys—"

"They're gone, sir. I saw them from the window of the wood-shed. Mornington was the leader!"

The Head breathed hard. He seemed astonished as well as angry at this disregard of his strict orders, though anyone at Rookwood could have told him that there was nothing to be surprised at.

"And Silver, too," went on Carthew. "I gave Silver lines, for—for impertinence; but he has not written them. He left the Form-room again without permission, and I think he has gone off with his friends."

"Silver is head boy of the Fourth," said Dr. Chisholm. "If he has indeed set a lawless example by disregarding my orders, he shall receive a public flogging. But are you sure that he has gone?"

"I'm not sure, but I think—"

"What you think on such a serious matter, Carthew, is of little consequence," said the Head severely. "A prefect should report facts, not suppositions, to his headmaster."

"I—I mean—" stammered Carthew. "I'm certain he was planning it with Mornington. At least, I think—"

"Enough! At all events, it appears certain that Mornington of the Fourth Form has gone out of school bounds. You are certain of this; you do not merely think so?" snapped the Head.

"Yes, sir!" gasped Carthew.

"Very good! I shall take that matter in hand myself. In the meantime, you may ascertain whether Silver is still within the walls of Rookwood."

"Very well, sir."

Dr. Chisholm hurried from his study. Carthew looked after him, with quite a savage expression on his face. And he did not proceed to ascertain whether Jimmy Silver was still within the walls of Rookwood. He proceeded to his own study to console himself with a cigarette. If this was the sort of thanks a prefect received for backing up the headmaster, Carthew had had enough, and a little to spare.

In a very few minutes Dr. Chisholm was issuing forth from the House in hat and coat. The expression on his face caught the attention of a good many fellows in the quad. Smythe of the Shell, as he looked at the Head's grim countenance, thanked his lucky stars that he had thought better of a little scheme he had formed for breaking bounds that afternoon.

"Neville!" The Head almost ran into Neville, as he hurried out of the House. Neville of the Sixth was coming in with one hand to his eye. "Neville, what is the matter with you?"

"Oh, I've had a bung in the eye!" gasped Neville.

"A what?" "I—I mean—"

"It is astonishing to me," said Dr. Chisholm, "that Sixth Form boys, in a school like Rookwood, cannot express themselves in good English."

Neville breathed hard. It was not only the Lower School of Rookwood who found the Head rather trying in these days.

"I mean, some juniors were getting over the wall, sir, and I caught one of them, and I had an apple bunged—I mean chucked—thrown in my eye, sir. I'm afraid I'm going to have a black eye. Wow!"

"Their names?" snapped the Head. "Lovell, Raby, Newcome, Silver!"

Dr. Chisholm hurried on. He swept away towards the gates, with a hundred pairs of eyes turned upon him. His wrath was almost at boiling point. Not only Mornington, well known to be a reckless fellow, but Jimmy Silver, captain of the Fourth and head of his Form, had joined, apparently, in this defiance of authority. The Fourth were following the rebellious example of the Fifth. Even fags of the Lower School were daring to lift the heel against constituted authority. But this new rebellion was to be repressed ruthlessly, before it had time to spread. A striking example should be made of the rebels of the Fourth.

Dr. Chisholm strode along Coombe Lane at a speed to which he was little accustomed, and which indeed was scarcely in keeping with his majestic dignity.

He was quite certain of the direction taken by the breakers of bounds—they were going, of course, to Mr. Greely's new school—visiting Manor House School for no better reason

(Continued on page 784.)



**THE LIMIT!**

(Continued from page 775.)

than that it had been placed out of bounds by their headmaster. Mr. Greely, of course—iniquitous Mr. Greely—would welcome them there—glad to foment and foster trouble in the school from which he had been dismissed. Indeed, knowing what they had to expect on their return to Rookwood, it was probable that the rebel juniors might stay there, allowed to do so by the iniquitous Horace Greely, as the Fifth had been allowed to stay. That, at least, would be frustrated by the headmaster's prompt pursuit—at least, he trusted so.

As a matter of fact, the Head's pursuit would have been a good deal too late, but for the circumstance that Jimmy Silver had gone out of bounds with precisely the same object in view. The Head, hurrying along the Coombe Road towards Manor House School, came in sight of five Rookwood juniors—two of whom appeared to be engaged in a desperate fight, while the other three were looking on, with their hands in their pockets.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated the Head.

He swept on. Jimmy Silver and Mornington were much too hotly engaged to have eyes for anything but one another. And Lovell and Raby and Newcome were watching the fight, and certainly not thinking of their headmaster.

Dr. Chisholm approached the spot at a rapid stride, quite unobserved by the Fourth-Formers. If anything had been needed to give the finishing touch to his wrath, the sight of that "scrap" on the Coombe Road would have done it. Not content with breaking bounds, and defying their headmaster, these young rascals were fighting together—a display of hooliganism that all Hampshire might have witnessed if all Hampshire had happened to pass that way.

"Boys!" The juniors were quite unaware of the Head's approach, till they heard his voice. Then they jumped.

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Lovell.

"The Head!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

"The jolly old Beak!" gasped Mornington.

"Cease this at once!" thundered the Head. "How dare you! Have you no respect for the reputation of your school? Have you no sense of decency? How dare you fight like—

like ruffians, on the public road! Silver, you are head of your Form, and chiefly to blame. You, at least, should know better than this."

The two combatants separated. They blinked at the Head—Jimmy Silver in dismay; Mornington grinning.

Both of them were damaged. Their noses streamed crimson, and their eyes winked and blinked. Both were untidy and breathless, and certainly neither of them looked a credit to his school at that moment. And undoubtedly it could not be said that Jimmy Silver looked just then like a champion of law and order.

"This is disgraceful!" thundered the Head.

Jimmy dabbed his nose.

"You are out of bounds!" continued Dr. Chisholm. "All of you will be severely punished. You must learn that the commands of your headmaster must be obeyed."

"We—we—" stammered Lovell. He glared at Jimmy Silver. This was what came of backing up the captain of the Form in support of law and order!

"You—you see, sir!" gasped Jimmy.

Dr. Chisholm raised his hand. "It is useless to offer excuses, Silver. Are you, or are you not, out of school bounds, in disregard of my strict orders?"

"Yes, sir. But—"

"Enough! Every boy who has left Rookwood this afternoon will be flogged," said the Head sternly.

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Lovell.

"But you, Silver, will be more severely dealt with!" said the Head grimly. "As head boy of your Form you are expected to support proper authority, and to set an example of obedience and discipline. Silver, I shall have to consider whether I can allow you to remain at Rookwood at all. Sorry as I shall be to expel you from the school, I fear that you have left me no other resource."

"I—I—" stuttered Jimmy helplessly.

"Silence!"

"If you'll let me explain!" said Jimmy Silver.

"I will not hear a word from you, Silver, when I have actually found you out of bounds, fighting another Rookwood boy on a public road, and setting an example of wilful disobedience and rebellion to your Form. Not another word!"

Jimmy Silver drew a deep, deep breath.

"Follow me!" said the Head.

"Follow your leader!" murmured Mornington.

Dr. Chisholm turned. The juniors exchanged glances. The spell of the Head's authority was still upon them, and they followed—even Mornington. They followed with lagging steps, but they followed.

The Head glanced round once, and frowned at the dark faces behind him. Then he strode on towards Rookwood. As he turned a corner of the lane, five juniors came to a halt.

"Fed-up, yet?" grinned Mornington.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome looked expressively at their leader.

"I'm not going to be flogged!" said Arthur Edward Lovell, with deep emphasis. "You can jolly well suit yourself, Jimmy; but it's not good enough for me. I'm going to Manor House School, and I'm going to ask Mr. Greely to take me in, and I'm going to write to my father. So that's that."

"Same here," said Raby.

"And here!" said Newcome.

"Come on!" said Mornington cheerily. "Don't be an ass, Silver! Do you want to walk back to Rookwood to be sacked?"

Jimmy breathed hard.

"No!" he said. "It's the limit!"

"Then we're off?" demanded Lovell.

"Yes."

"Good egg!"

The Head's voice was heard calling across an intervening hawthorn hedge.

"Silver! Mornington! Do not lag behind! Follow me at once!"

But answer there came none!

Jimmy Silver & Co. had left the road, and were scudding across a footpath towards Manor House School and refuge. When Dr. Chisholm, in lofty wrath, came striding back for them, they had vanished. The Head looked this way, and that way, like Moses of old; but he saw nothing more of Jimmy Silver & Co.

And Rookwood saw nothing more of them that day. Jimmy Silver & Co. were gone from Rookwood, and in spite of watchful prefects, a good many more of the Fourth followed the way they had gone. And whether they would ever return was a matter that was still on the knees of the gods.

THE END.

(Excitement galore in "Rookwood's Rival"—next Monday's magnificent long story by Owen Conquest. Don't miss it on any account! Order your BOYS' FRIEND in advance and avoid disappointment!)

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**ALL THE BRIGHT NEW TURNS!**

These you always find in the BOYS' FRIEND. It is the paper that is watched for with immense eagerness every Monday morning. It brings the latest news from Rookwood, and tells one of the progress made in the fight out East. As for its competitions, the old "Green 'Un" soars away out of reach of all rivals.

**"BULLSEYES"!**

This thought brings me to the subject of what we are doing this week. You will find another magnificent "Bullseyes" Competition in this week's issue, as promised, all according to plan, and so forth. I am offering six more J. B. Hobbs cricket-bats, each bearing the great Jack Hobbs' autograph. Pass the good news along. Make your chum get this week's number of the BOYS' FRIEND and try his hand at a fascinating competition.

**SPECIAL NOTICE!**

Next Monday comes along our Grand New Competition. For this new test the prizes will be the same, namely, six of the celebrated cricket-bats. It is great news, and wants spreading. I know all my chums will take the hint. I want all to join in. These grand bats must be won, and now's the time to muster every member of the intelligence department and make ready.

**"THE LION'S REVENGE!"**

More astounding facts about the Hooded Sons of the Willow in our next! This great war serial marches on triumphantly, but there are more sensational events to come. There is immense importance in this week's instalment. The carry-on next Monday is full of weird and wonderful significance, for, as you will find, the advance on Pekin has begun in deadly earnest. It is at the Chinese capital that for the moment lies the centre of interest. There the clock of the world is wound up. There, too, the plots against all that is worthiest in civilisation are being hatched. Look out for surprises!

**"ROOKWOOD'S RIVAL!"**

Manners at Manor House are decidedly on the down grade. Mr. Horace Greely started his scholastic venture with a noble fanfare of trumpets. But you cannot live on trumpets. It is poor diet. Like the young bear, the ex-Fifth Form master finds his troubles coming. There are swarms of them. The enthusiasm for his fruity voice and his portly self is sort of dying out, and many and interesting incidents are recounted in the new instalment, especially in connection with a visit paid to the rival school by the for-

giving Dr. Chisholm. The latter has had no end of a task to put up with it. Rumour has been flying. Other things have flown as well. You will appreciate all the jolly details when next week's BOYS' FRIEND is in your hands.

**"KINGS OF THE MAIN!"**

There is plenty of brisk work in next Monday's magnificent instalment of David Goodwin's matchless serial. It is a whirl of exciting adventure with the piratical enemies of the treasure-seekers busy, and some hard cheese for those who had pinned their hopes to the good ship the Slapping Sal. Though she may slap no more, there is still room for confidence regarding the quest, notwithstanding the onrush of the buccaners. Wits have beaten numbers ere now. Next week's number contains the best chapters yet of a record romance of the sea, and the narrative shows how Jacko discovers some unexpected allies.

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Arthur S. Hardy weighs in with a trenchant cricket yarn of Jim Gryce in the new issue. It is craft and cricket this popular writer deals with in his usual convincing style. If Jim Gryce keeps his end up, he only does it by calling on all his reserves. A great story, this!

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Look out for how good old Gus, scales and all, turns the scales in the favour of Dick Dorrington & Co. Duncan Storm has a tale of a scintillating gem purloined from Buddha. That's the start of a prize yarn.

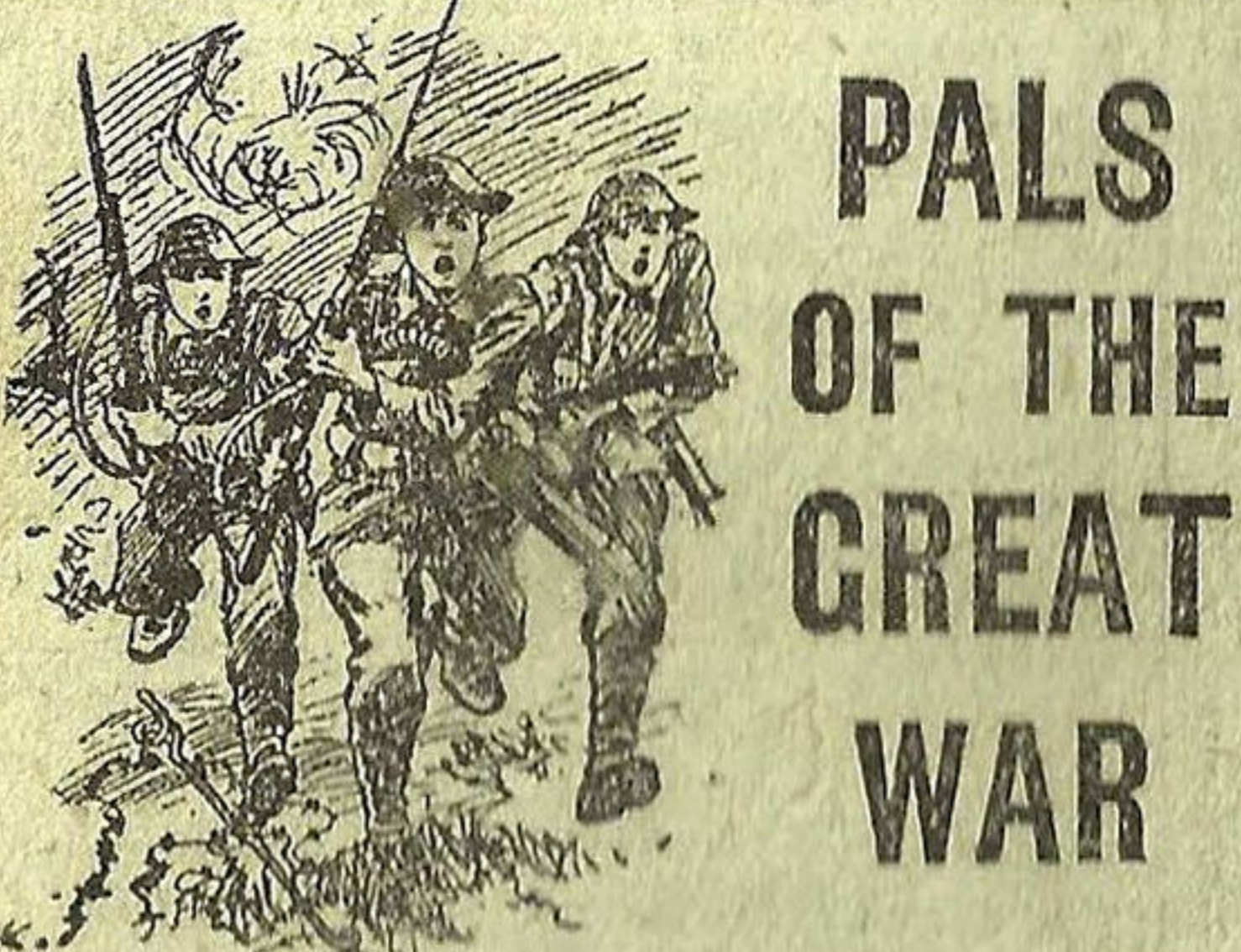
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Your Editor.



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