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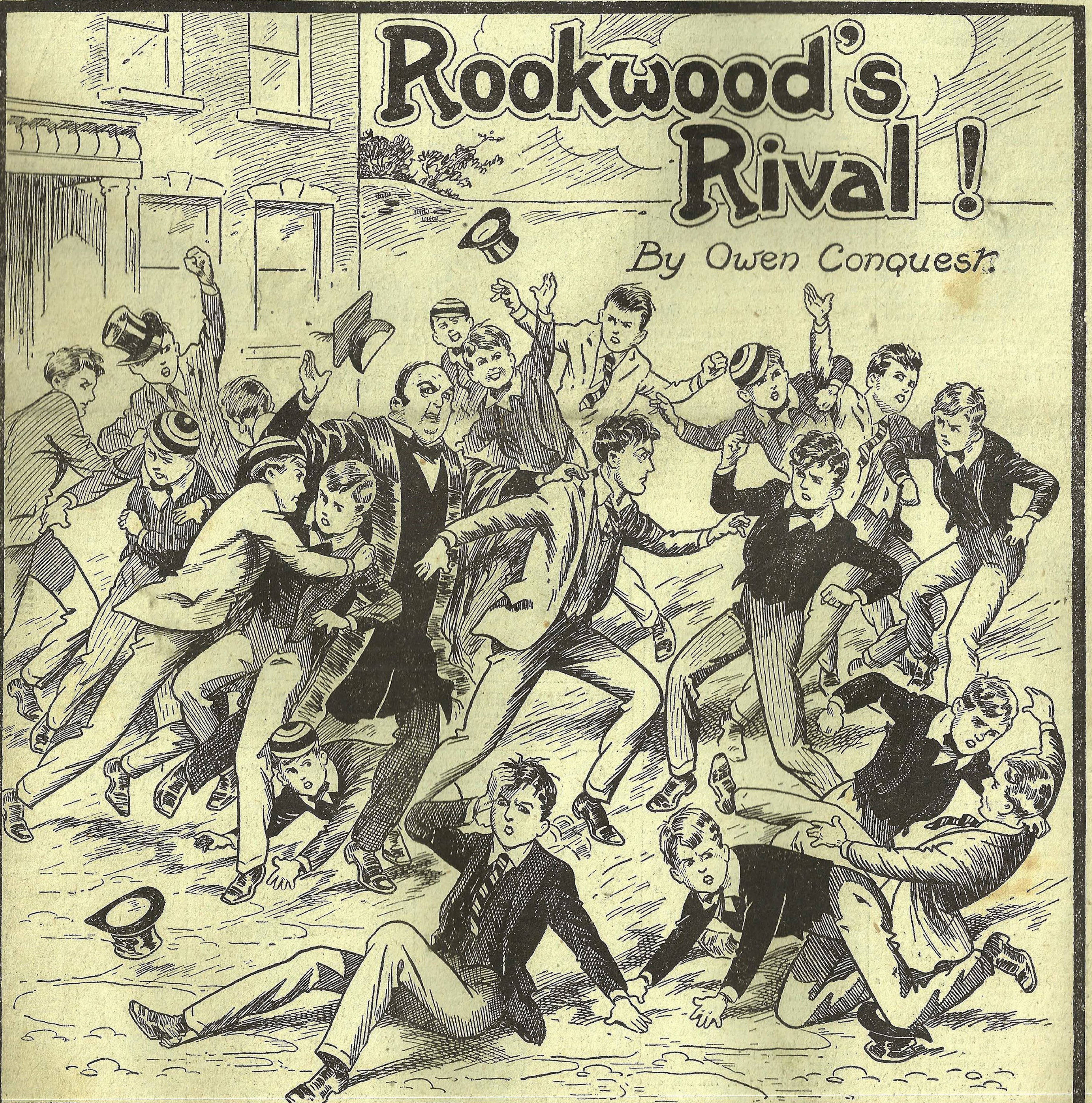
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THE BEST BOYS' PAPER IN THE WORLD!

[Week Ending June 13th, 1925.]

Rookwood's Rival!

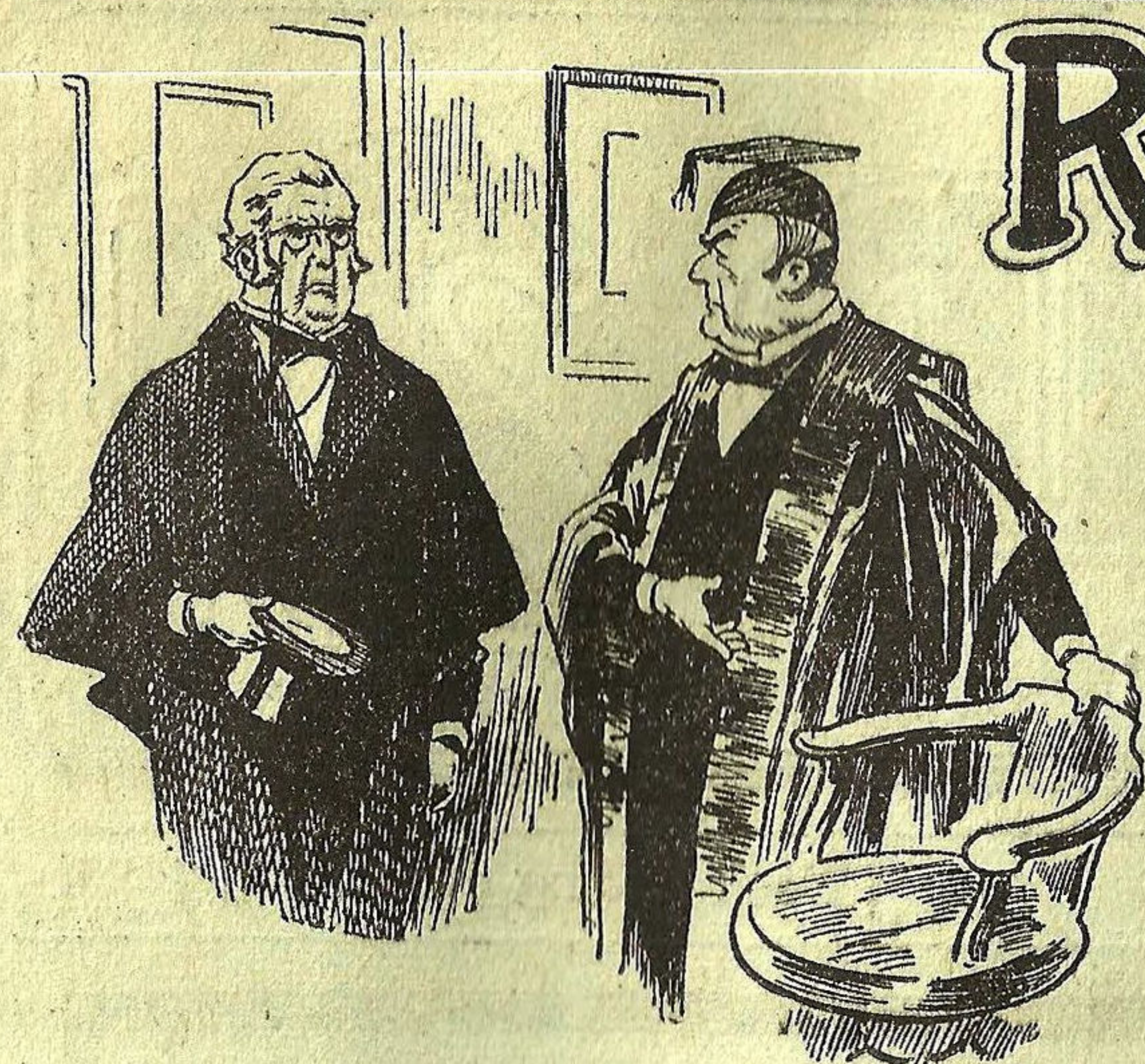
By Owen Conquest



MR. GREELY VALIANTLY TRIES TO RESTORE ORDER IN THE CLOSE OF MANOR HOUSE SCHOOL!

(An exciting incident from Owen Conquest's great school story in this issue.)

AN EXCITING LONG STORY OF ROOKWOOD AND MANOR HOUSE SCHOOLS,
FEATURING JIMMY SILVER & CO., THE FAMOUS FISTICAL FOUR!



Rookwood's Rival!

By OWEN CONQUEST.

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

Mr. Horace Greely finds that it is not all honey being the headmaster of a public school!

The 1st Chapter.

At Manor House School!

"It's a lark, anyhow!" said Arthur Edward Lovell.

Raby and Newcome nodded. They agreed that it was a lark, at least.

Jimmy Silver looked thoughtful. The rising-bell had clanged out in the summer morning, and Jimmy Silver & Co. had turned out of their dormitory, and turned out into the early sunshine.

But it was not in the old quadrangle of Rookwood School that they were sauntering while they waited for the breakfast-bell.

The grey old tower of Rookwood was in sight against the blue sky far away across fields and meadows and woods. It was in the Close of the Manor House School that the Fistical Four walked and talked—still rather surprised to find themselves there.

It was a strange state of affairs. Arthur Edward Lovell pronounced that it was a "lark," anyway; and most of the Rookwooders who had gone over to the Manor House seemed to be of opinion that it was quite a lark—in fact, no end of a lark. Dr. Chisholm, the Head of Rookwood, had driven too hard—his autocratic methods had been a little too autocratic; and now that more than half Rookwood had marched away to the rival school, the fellows wondered how he liked it.

It was, as Peele of the Fourth observed, "one in the eye" for the Beak.

And Tubby Muffin pointed out the great advantage that lay in the fact that the time-table was not yet definitely arranged in Mr. Greely's new school. So far as classes went, matters were still in a rather fluid state; even the requisite number of masters had not yet been engaged. This meant glorious opportunities for slacking—which suited Tubby down to the ground. It meant lots of time for cricket, which suited more energetic fellows than Tubby.

But Jimmy Silver, captain of the Fourth, did not seem to be so satisfied, somehow.

Arthur Edward Lovell looked at him severely.

"Don't you think it's no end of a lark?" he demanded.

"I dare say—in a way!" agreed Jimmy.

"Hasn't the Head asked for it?"

"Well, yes."

"Didn't he sack Mr. Greely, and then expel Hansom of the Fifth, and then ride rough-shod over the Fifth Form, and then begin on the Fourth?" demanded Lovell. "Didn't he simply go down on his knees and beg for trouble?"

Jimmy Silver laughed.

"Yes," he said.

"Didn't he tell you he was going to 'bunk' you from Rookwood yourself because you went out of bounds to fetch Morny back, and he misunderstood, and didn't give you a chance to explain?"

"Yes."

"Well, then," said Lovell warmly. "He asked for it, and now he's got it. My belief is that jolly nearly all Rookwood will come over. The Moderns haven't come—old Manders keeps them under his thumb—but we don't want Moderns. Blow the Moderns! If Greely makes this a wholly Classical school, it shows his sense!"

"Hear, hear!" said Raby and Newcome.

Arthur Edward's chums were not

always in agreement with his opinions, positively as he expressed them. But they fully agreed with him that Moderns were no good. Being on the Classical side at Rookwood themselves, they had not the slightest doubt that the Modern side was "all rot," composed chiefly of riffraff—"ticks" who learned German and "stinks" instead of Latin and Greek.

Not that Lovell & Co. were personally very keen on Latin and Greek. It was never observed that they mugged up those classic languages more than they could help. But, as Classics, they stood by the ancient learning loyally—in theory, if not in practice.

"Blow the Moderns and their giddy chemistry and stuff!" said Lovell. "We don't want them here. Now, do we?"

"None of the Sixth seems to have come over," said Jimmy.

"Blow the Sixth! We're all the better off without a Sixth Form and meddling prefects to bother a chap."

"Hem!"

"Greely's the man, and more power to his elbow!" said Lovell emphatically. "The fact is you're rather an ass, Jimmy."

"Thanks!"

"Not at all! I've told you before, and I tell you again. You're an ass," said Lovell. "From what I can see we shall have twice the time at cricket that we had at Rookwood—at least, until things settle down. Why can't you chirp and be happy?"

Jimmy smiled.

"I don't know what our people will say," he remarked. "They will have to agree to our staying here."

"Oh, that will be all right."

"We can fix that," said Raby.

"Especially the fellows who are going to be bunked if they go back to Rookwood," chuckled Newcome.

"The fact is, the Head went too far, and he went over the limit," said Lovell. "Now he's down and out, and I hope he likes it. Hallo, Hansom!"

Hansom of the Fifth came strolling along with Lumsden and Talboys of the same Form.

Edward Hansom had been captain of the Rookwood Fifth, and he had been "bunked" by Dr. Chisholm for his enthusiastic and somewhat reckless championship of his dismissed Form master, Mr. Greely; and the Rookwood Fifth, in wrath and indignation, had followed him, and now they were all installed at Manor House School.

How the affair was going to end they did not know; but they were determined on one point—that they wouldn't go back to Rookwood without Hansom.

Lovell greeted Hansom of the Fifth quite cheerily and cordially, feeling that in the present extraordinary state of affairs all old grudges ought to be forgotten.

That was unusually thoughtful of Arthur Edward. Unfortunately, Hansom of the Fifth did not share his unusual thoughtfulness.

Hansom stared at the Classical juniors loftily and disdainfully. Hansom never could forget that he was a senior, captain of a senior Form, and of immensely more importance than mere fags.

"You fags here!" he exclaimed.

"Here we are," said Lovell. "All in the same boat now, Hansom, old bean."

Hansom frowned.

"Well, if you think you're going to be as cheeky here as you were at Rookwood you're making a mistake!" he said.

"Eh?"

"You don't address the Fifth as 'old bean,' my son," said Hansom. "That will help you to remember it."

"Oh!" roared Lovell, in surprise and wrath, as Hansom knocked his hat off and then walked on, laughing, with Lumsden and Talboys.

Lovell fielded his hat and glared after Hansom. Evidently that lordly youth was as "Fifth-Formy" at the Manor House as ever he had been at Rookwood.



NOT TAKING ANY! Mornington sat on the wall, with his feet pulled up out of Mr. Greely's reach, and looked down on the enraged headmaster of Manor House. "Mornington! Come down at once!" roared Mr. Greely, brandishing the cane. "Bow-wow!" "Boy!" "Man!" retorted Mornington.

"By gum!" gasped Lovell. "Does that cheeky ass think we're going to stand that? Back me up, you chaps."

Lovell rushed after the Fifth-Formers.

Crash!

Hansom's hat went flying from his head under a sudden snite. It dropped to the ground, and Lovell promptly jumped on it.

Crunch!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Why, what—what, you cheeky fag! You—you—" Words failed Edward Hansom in his wrath, and he fairly hurled himself on Lovell.

Four juniors promptly collared him together, and Hansom sat down on the ground with a bump. Talboys and Lumsden rushed to the rescue, and so did Mornington and Oswald Conroy and several more Fourth Form fellows.

In a few seconds there was a terrific mix-up. Five or six Fifth-Formers came speeding up—and more of the Fourth. The breakfast-bell rang, but it rang unheeded.

And Horace Greely, headmaster of the new school, looking out of the big doorway, stared—stared blankly at the sight of a considerable portion of his new school mixed up in a wild and whirling combat.

The 2nd Chapter.

Something Like a Shindy!

Horace Greely stared.

He could scarcely believe his eyes.

For long, long years, Mr. Greely had been a Form-master at Rookwood School, and all the time he had been secretly persuaded that his proper vocation was that of headmaster. He was, in his own opinion, a gentleman by the hand of Nature "marked, quoted, and signed" to be chief—in fact, monarch of all he surveyed. He had never been satisfied with Dr. Chisholm's methods. He had never doubted that in his hands Rookwood School would have been managed in an entirely superior way.

Now that, owing to Sir George Hansom's generosity, he had his chance, he was convinced that his superior methods would be seen to full advantage. Often and often there had been trouble at Rookwood. There was never going to be any trouble at Manor House School. Under the majestic presidency of Horace Greely, affairs would proceed on the even tenor of their way. The Head of Manor House School would inspire an awe, a respect, such as Dr. Chisholm had never inspired—never could inspire.

Some such agreeable reflection was in Mr. Greely's mind as he stepped out of the House that sunny morning for a breath of fresh air before breakfast.

And as he stepped forth he beheld that terrific shindy, and he stared at it blankly.

Shindies had occurred at Rookwood. Form rows and raggings had happened there. But Rookwood had

"Hurrah!"

"Oh! My eye! Wow-wow!"

"Gerroff!"

"Go it, you fellows!"

Mr. Greely waved his hands in wild command.

"Cease this at once!" he boomed.

"Do you hear? Do you dare to disregard your headmaster? Hansom, I address you specially, Hansom, as I have made you captain of the school! Hansom! Boy!"

Edward Hansom ought to have heeded his new headmaster, if any fellow ought to have done so. For that wholesale secession from Rookwood had been started, in the first place, by Hansom's reckless enthusiasm in the cause of the dismissed Mr. Greely, and it was Hansom's father whose wealth had founded the new school.

But Hansom was wildly excited.

Moreover, the reins of discipline having been relaxed, were not easy to tighten again. Hansom, having "kicked" against the authority of his old headmaster, was by no means disposed to "kow-tow" to his new headmaster. And, further, Hansom was of opinion that as his father was the proprietor of Manor House School, he—Edward—could do pretty well what he liked there. Indeed, he had already told Fifth Form fellows that he wouldn't stand much "side" from Don Pomposo, who would jolly soon find, if he put on side, that Hansom's pater could sack a headmaster as easily as he could appoint one!

Such were the disrespectful views held by Hansom of the Fifth—unknown to Horace Greely!

And Hansom was wild now. His nose streamed red, his necktie was jerked out, his hair was like a mop. Lovell had held his ears and banged his nose on the hard earth, and Hansom was just getting to close quarters with Lovell when Mr. Greely hurled stern commands at him.

Hansom did not heed those commands.

He rushed at Lovell.

"Hansom!" roared Mr. Greely, in a formidable voice.

He rushed forward, and grasped Hansom by the shoulder.

"Leggo!"

Edward Hansom shook the detaining hand off, and rushed at Lovell and clutched him.

They rolled over together almost at Mr. Greely's feet, punching and pommelling with terrific vim.

"Bless my soul! Hansom—Lovell! Boys!" shrieked Mr. Greely. "This is—is disgraceful! Cease at once! Do you hear me? Boys, I command you! Hansom, Lumsden—

Yarooooop!"

Mr. Greely wound up with a roar, as five or six fellows crashed into him, and he sat down suddenly on the ground.

Hansom was still pommelling Lovell, and Jimmy Silver had jumped to his chum's aid. Hansom was dragged off by the hair and ears, with a series of fiendish howls.

Mr. Greely staggered up.

His wrath was at white heat now.

Hansom, appointed captain of Manor House School, ought to have been quelling the riot, instead of which he was the leading spirit in the disturbance. Mr. Greely plunged at him and grabbed him again, and this time he gripped him by the collar with a relentless grip that was not to be shaken off.

"Leggo!" roared Hansom.

"You young rascal—"

"Leggo, I tell you! I'm going to smash them!"

"Hansom, I shall flog you for this!" roared Mr. Greely. "Boys, cease this at once! Cease, I tell you!"

Hansom wriggled, but Mr. Greely's grasp was too powerful for him. He was a prisoner.

"Every boy here will be caned!" thundered Mr. Greely. "Hansom, I shall flog you before all the school for this!"

"You jolly well won't!" booted Hansom.

"What? What?"

"Let go my collar!"

"Chuck it, Don Pomposo!" came a voice from the crowd.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The fray was petering out now—Hansom, its leading spirit, being a prisoner in his headmaster's grasp, and all the other fellows in a very breathless state. The two parties drew off, glaring at one another, though pommelling was still going on here and there.

"Into the House, all of you!" exclaimed Mr. Greely. "You are late for breakfast! Go in at once. Hansom, come with me!"

"Let go my collar!" yelled Hansom.

Instead of letting go, Mr. Greely tightened his grip, and marched

It's great—"Back to Rookwood!" next Monday's long complete story of Jimmy Silver & Co. Be sure you read it, boys!

Edward Hansom off towards the House.

"Let him go!" shouted Lumsden. "Chuck it, old Pomposo!"

"Get off the grass, Greely."

Mr. Greely's face was crimson, but he turned a deaf ear to those disrespectful shouts.

It was borne in upon his majestic mind that his authority was very far from unquestioned in Manor House School, that the fellows did not recognise in him, by any means, the "divinity that doth hedge a king."

Hansom was the worst of the lot, that was clear; and he was going to make an example of Hansom. The public flogging of Hansom would show all the school that Mr. Greely was not to be trifled with—that he was not to be rebelled against like Dr. Chisholm, at Rookwood.

Hansom, still wriggling, was marched into the house.

Mr. Greely marched him on, with an iron grip on his collar, into an empty study, and there released him. He took the key from the lock.

"Hansom, I shall lock you in this room, since you do not know how to behave yourself," said Mr. Greely sternly. "This is, for the present, the punishment-room, and you are in disgrace, Hansom."

Hansom snorted.

"I'm jolly well not going to be locked in."

"Boy!"

"I didn't come here for this, I can tell you!" exclaimed Hansom.

"You came here to respect your headmaster's authority, Hansom," boomed Mr. Greely, purple with indignation.

"Did I?" snorted Hansom. "Look here, I'm not going to be flogged, that's too jolly thick. Might as well be with Dr. Chisholm, if it comes to that!"

"You will be flogged in public, Hansom, with the utmost severity."

"My pater will have something to say about that," snorted Hansom.

"What! How dare you, Hansom?" Mr. Greely fairly gasped with wrath. "Do you suppose for one moment that Sir George Hansom will dream of interfering with my authority as headmaster of Manor House School?"

"Yes, rather!"

"Silence, you insolent boy!"

Mr. Greely rolled out, locking the door after him, leaving Hansom of the Fifth a prisoner, with a flogging in prospect. Rookwood's rival—Manor House School—was making rather an exciting start.

The 3rd Chapter. A Rift in the Lute!

Jimmy Silver & Co. breakfasted with good appetites and in cheery spirits. Perhaps the tussle with the Fifth had improved both their appetites and their spirits. Undoubtedly Manor House School was rather a change from Rookwood. Lovell declared that it was going to be "Liberty Hall," and it looked as if Lovell was right, so far. It was quite certain that the fellows had not the awe of Mr. Greely that they had felt towards their old headmaster; and Mr. Greely's authority, founded on rebellion, naturally could not be so secure as that of the headmaster of Rookwood, founded on habit, and custom, and immemorial tradition. That was a trifling point which Horace Greely, perhaps, had overlooked.

Mr. Greely was not quite so cheery over his breakfast as the heroes of the Fourth.

Hansom's words worried him a little, lingering in his mind.

Sir George Hansom had been generous in his dealings with his old friend and tutor; he had stood by him loyally and generously when he was unjustly dismissed from Rookwood. But there had already been one or two little jars.

That determination and decision of character which had made Sir George so prompt to act in the founding of Manor House School made him a little difficult to pull with when there was a difference of opinion. And Mr. Greely had his own views, and was very positive about them.

Sir George's view seemed to be that Mr. Greely should play up to him, as it were. While Mr. Greely's view was that Sir George should be a sort of Polonius behind the curtain, not presuming to interfere in matters which Mr. Greely could manage so much better than he could.

Now there was trouble about Hansom.

A senior fellow, who had been appointed captain of the school, and who took a leading part in a disorderly riot, instead of quelling the

same, had to be taught the elements of discipline if there was to be law and order at the Manor House at all. That was quite certain.

Hansom could not possibly remain captain of the Manor House, and Hansom had to be punished.

Surely it was impossible that Sir George, as a sensible man, would dream of interfering with his new headmaster.

Impossible as it ought to have been, Mr. Greely was troubled with lingering doubts.

Unfortunately, the baronet was on the spot.

As founder of the Manor House School, proprietor of the estate upon which it stood, generous provider of all the necessary funds, Sir George considered his presence, for some time, a necessary thing. He had put off many important engagements in order to see the Manor House safely through its infancy, as it were.

Mr. Greely, much as he respected his kind friend and patron, did not see eye to eye with him on this point, and would, indeed, have been overjoyed to see Sir George take the train for London.

This, however, he could hardly suggest.

It was only with great reluctance that he realised that Sir George was a thorn in his side. Having founded the school and set Mr. Greely going, Sir George was now really superfluous, from Mr. Greely's point of

view; however, they went in to class with more or less submission. And the contingents of the Second and Third were also disposed of.

With the Fifth it was different. They were in a riotous mood when they went to their Form-room, boiling with indignation on Hansom's account.

Lumsden had already suggested clearing out of Manor House and marching home to Rookwood as a lesson to "Don Pomposo."

That suggestion might have been acted upon could the Fifth Formers have depended on a cordial reception from Dr. Chisholm. But there was very much doubt on that point.

Mr. Greely found that he had an angry and excited Form to deal with. "Where's Hansom, sir?" asked Lumsden, as Mr. Greely rolled majestically in.

"Hansom is locked in the punishment-room, Lumsden. Go to your place."

"We think, sir—"

"You need not tell me what you think, Lumsden," said Mr. Greely, with crushing dignity.

"All the same, sir—"

"Silence!"

Mr. Greely rolled ponderously to his desk and the Fifth-Formers exchanged glances.

It was then that the imposing figure of Sir George Hansom appeared in the doorway of the Form-room.

Edward to slack, Mr. Greely—my son must be as amenable to discipline as any other fellow here, what?"

"Undoubtedly," said Mr. Greely dryly.

"Well, well, where is Edward?"

The Fifth began to grin.

"Lumsden, I shall leave you in charge of the class for a few minutes," said Mr. Greely hastily.

"Yes, sir," said Lumsden, hardly suppressing a chuckle.

Sir George Hansom looked surprised, as Mr. Greely drew him out of the Form-room. Horace Greely did not desire to make that very awkward explanation in the presence of the grinning Fifth.

"Is anything the matter, Mr. Greely?" asked Sir George, as he paced down the corridor with the new headmaster.

"I am sorry to say, yes."

"Well, what is it?"

Mr. Greely coughed.

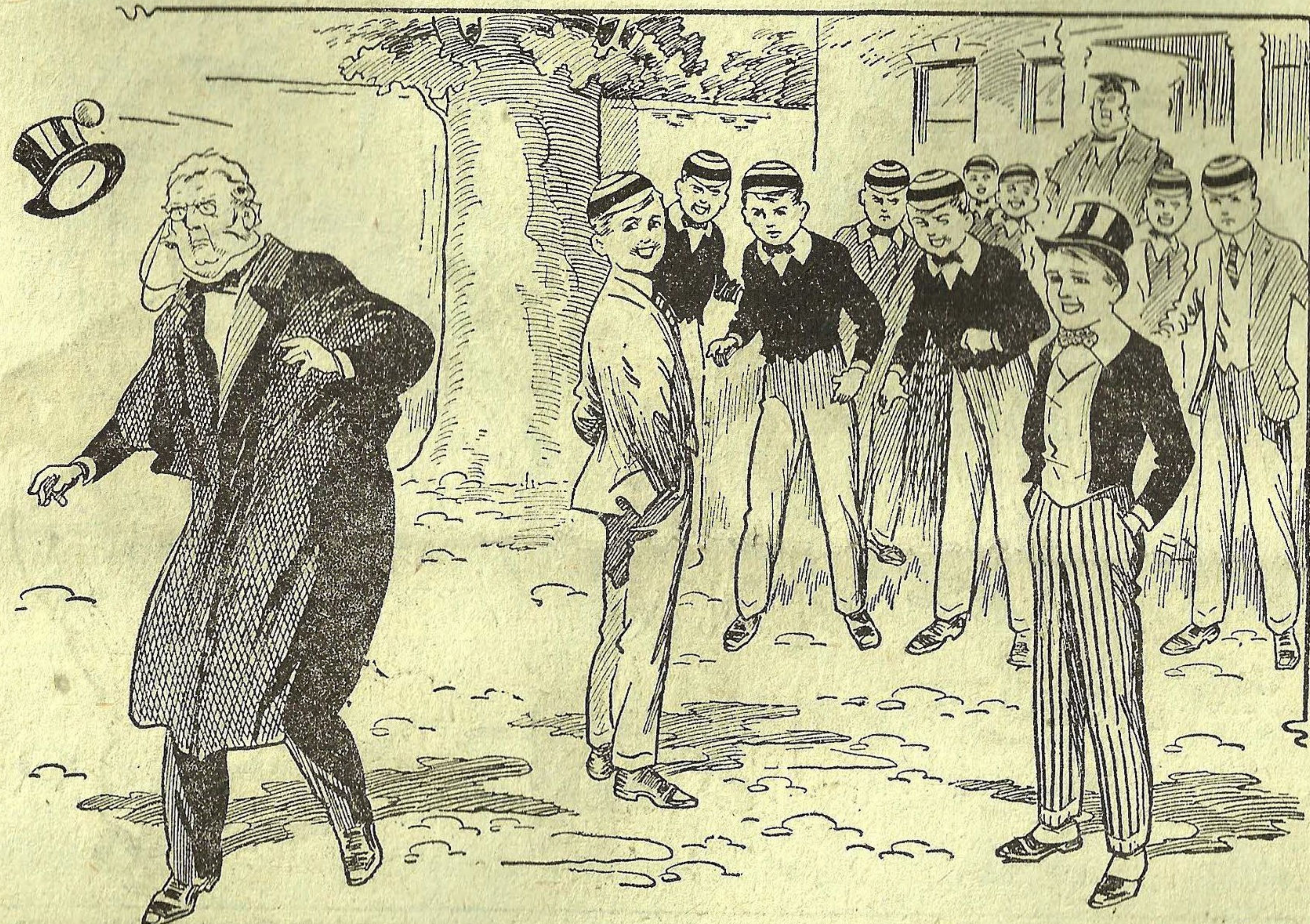
"A mere matter of discipline, Mr. Greely. I think I heard something like an uproar before I came down. Have the young rascals been kicking over the traces, what?"

"Something of the kind, sir," said Mr. Greely.

"And my son was concerned in it?"

"I regret to say, yes."

"Well, well, boys will be boys," said Sir George. "I will speak to Edward on this subject. He must toe the line like the rest. Where is he?"



A BLACKGUARDLY ACTION! Mr. Greely walked as far as the House doorway with Dr. Chisholm and stood there, with a mixture of feelings, watching the stately gentleman progress along the path to the gates. And all of a sudden he had the startling sight of Dr. Chisholm's silk-hat flying off—knocked from his head by a flying tennis-ball. "Good heavens!" gasped Mr. Greely.

view; he had, as it were, outlived his usefulness. But the baronet did not understand it at all, and obviously it would have been a very delicate business to point it out to him.

Mr. Greely did not enjoy his breakfast so much as usual. He was rather glad that Sir George was breakfasting in his room. It gave him time to think.

After breakfast Mr. Greely was so busy that he forgot, for a time, the unpleasant affair of Edward Hansom, who remained locked in the punishment-room, in a state of seething wrath and indignation.

The arrival of the Rookwood Fourth had given Mr. Greely great satisfaction, troublesome as the outcome had been. It was a great accession of numbers to the school. Arrangements had to be made with the boys' parents, of course, and intervention from Dr. Chisholm was to be expected; but Mr. Greely was prepared for that. Sir George had already engaged several masters, in consultation with Mr. Greely, ignoring, or ignorant of the fact that Mr. Greely had expected that matter to be left entirely in his hands. However, the masters were there, and Jimmy Silver & Co. found a Form master ready for them, and the Fourth went in to class as if they had been at Rookwood.

They were not wholly pleased. Peele & Co. and Tubby Muffin had hoped to slack; other fellows had been thinking of cricket.

Sir George was bright and cheerful that sunny morning, ignorant, so far, of the trouble that had arisen in the new school.

He was looking into the Fifth Form room to give Mr. Greely a cheery greeting, and a kind nod to the Fifth, and perhaps to make a comment or two, and one or two suggestions. Mr. Greely simply hated anybody butting into his Form-room; he had found it hard to tolerate, when Dr. Chisholm had sometimes done so at Rookwood. But Dr. Chisholm, at all events, had been headmaster there, with the duty of supervision to perform; and Sir George Hansom was "butting" into matters he did not understand, and which really did not concern him at all—so far as Horace Greely could see. And this was an especially awkward moment for meeting the father of Hansom of the Fifth!

"Good-morning—good-morning!" said Sir George breezily. "Hard at it already, what—what?"

"Quite so!" said Mr. Greely.

"Where is Edward? Edward late for class, what?" said Sir George, glancing over the Fifth. "This will never do—never! I must speak to Edward! You must not allow

"I have found it necessary to lock him in the punishment-room."

"Oh!"

"It is my intention to administer a flogging."

"Oh!"

"Hansom unfortunately appears to have an impression, Sir George, that as your son, he is entitled to disregard discipline," said Mr. Greely. "You, of course, would not approve of this."

"Certainly not. But—come, come, Mr. Greely! Only a few days ago my son was appointed captain of the school."

"I fear that I must cancel that appointment."

"Indeed!" said Sir George Hansom coldly.

"Yes, indeed, Sir George!"

The two gentlemen walked on side by side, in silence for some minutes. Both were feeling deeply pained.

Sir George Hansom was beginning to wonder whether Dr. Chisholm, after all, had had some justification for his drastic treatment of Horace Greely—obviously a self-willed and tactless man.

Mr. Greely was beginning to wonder whether he had acted wisely, after all in refusing Dr. Chisholm's offer of reconciliation, in order to accept a headmastership from Sir George Hansom—who also was a tactless and self-willed man.

"This is very awkward!" said Sir George, at last.

"I agree."

"I had better see my son," said the baronet abruptly.

"It is, of course, very unusual for a boy's parent to intervene personally in such a matter," remarked Mr. Greely.

Sir George flushed.

"I must see my son, Mr. Greely."

Mr. Greely flushed.

"If you insist, Sir George, I am bound to remember that I received my appointment at your hands, and—"

"I do not desire that to weigh with you in the very least, Mr. Greely. I am bound to give you a perfectly free hand as headmaster of the Manor House. Nevertheless—"

"Your interview with Hansom will, I fear, strengthen his belief that he is not amenable to discipline like the other boys."

"I do not think so, Mr. Greely."

"I fear so."

"I do not fear so."

Mr. Greely breathed hard.

"We seem to take different opinions," he said.

"Unfortunately, yes," assented Sir George.

In grim silence Mr. Greely handed the key of the punishment-room to the baronet, and with the briefest of bows, walked away to his Form-room.

The 4th Chapter. Unexpected!

"The Head!" Arthur Edward Lovell uttered that exclamation.

He was not referring to Horace Greely, headmaster of the Manor House. Dr. Chisholm, headmaster of Rookwood, came in at the gates, and proceeded with a slow and stately stride towards the House.

"The Beak!" ejaculated Mornington.

Tubby Muffin gave a squeak.

"He's after us, you fellows."

"Let him come after us, if he likes," said Cyril Peele. "He can't touch us! The Beak can go and eat coke!"

"Let's give him a howl!" said Gower.

"Shut up, Gower!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver sharply.

"Rats!"

"Cheese it, you cad!"

Classes were over at the Manor House. The Close swarmed with the Rookwood fellows who had joined up at Mr. Greely's new school. Among them was Hansom, of the Fifth.

Hansom was looking quite pleased with himself.

There had been no flogging. Exactly what had transpired between Mr. Greely and the baronet, the fellows did not know; but they knew that Mr. Greely had climbed down. It was possible that Sir George was beginning to share his son's view that "Don Pomposo" was a pompous ass.

Apparently the baronet had put his foot down, in the firm opinion that cancelling Hansom's captaincy, and flogging him, would be a decidedly bad beginning at Manor House School. Putting his foot down seemed a perfectly natural proceeding to the masterful old gentleman, in the circumstances. But undoubtedly it was a grief and a grievance to Horace Greely, and made him simply yearn for the hour when the gates would close behind the founder of the new school. On the other hand, this little difficulty had convinced Sir George that his presence was more than ever required at the new school which he had founded.

Quite a crowd of fellows gathered round to look at Dr. Chisholm, as he proceeded to the House.

The Head of Rookwood did not seem to observe them. He looked neither to the right nor to the left, as he walked on, slow and stately.

Mr. Greely, from his study window, observed him, and started.

Mr. Greely had retired to his study, in a grim mood, full of resentment and a sense of helplessness. He was prepared to be wrathful with anybody just then, as he could not venture to be wrathful with his kind friend and patron, Sir George. To Dr. Chisholm, at least, he could say what he thought; and his brow was grim when the headmaster of Rookwood was shown into his study.

The two masters looked at one another.

"Pray be seated, sir!" said Mr. Greely, with grim courtesy.

"Thank you, I will stand."

"As you please, sir."

"This interview need not last more than a few minutes, Mr. Greely."

"As a matter of fact, my time is of value, Dr. Chisholm."

(Continued overleaf.)

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2:



Rookwood's Rival!

(Continued from previous page.)

"I have called with reference to the boys who have left Rookwood and taken refuge here."

"No doubt." "These boys must return to Rookwood."

"These boys now belong to the Manor House, Dr. Chisholm, and will remain here."

"The boys have, in point of fact, run away from school, Mr. Greely, and if they do not return, the law will be invoked."

"You are welcome to invoke it, sir."

"The parents of the boys—" "The parents of the boys will give their decision in the matter, Dr. Chisholm, and I trust that it will be in my favour."

"You are determined, then, to keep on this unhappy dispute, Mr. Greely?"

"There is no dispute, sir," said Horace Greely. "I am headmaster of the Manor House. You are headmaster of Rookwood. I decline to enter into any dispute."

"Dr. Chisholm paused. As a matter of fact, the Head of Rookwood had had time to reflect, and, as generally happened with the obstinate old gentleman after due reflection, he regretted a hasty and inconsiderate action. So now he was unusually patient with Horace Greely."

"I have already expressed, Mr. Greely, my regret for the unfortunate misunderstanding which led to your dismissal from Rookwood School. That dismissal I offered to rescind, and my offer is still open. You are welcome to return to Rookwood in all honour."

Mr. Greely felt an inward twinge. The Head had done him wrong, and he had justly resented it; but certainly the Head had made all the amends in his power, and this was a great concession from so lofty a gentleman. And Mr. Greely's headmaster-ship—with Sir George Hansom putting his foot down—did not seem so dazzling as it had seemed earlier.

For a moment, Horace Greely wavered.

But it was only for a moment. After all, Sir George Hansom would soon be gone, then he would be master in his own house, monarch of all he surveyed in his new school.

"I cannot see my way to accept your offer, sir," he said stiffly. Dr. Chisholm bowed.

"That is as seems best to you, Mr. Greely; at all events, I trust there is no personal ill-feeling, now that I have made all the amends in my power."

"None at all, sir, none at all," said Mr. Greely, sincerely enough. "I deeply regret that there was any disagreement. But I am now committed to my new career."

"Quite so! I will say no more. But, in the matter of my boys who have come here, I am unable, of course, to let the matter rest where it is," said Dr. Chisholm.

"You will take any measures that seem to you proper, sir," said Mr. Greely, truculent again. "On my part, I shall do the same. If a legal question must be decided in the courts, I am prepared."

The Head of Rookwood made a deprecating gesture.

"I trust it will not come to that, Mr. Greely. For a few days, at least, I shall allow the matter to rest where it is, in the hope that it may be arranged without public scandal and gossip. I have too much respect for your character not to feel that my boys are perfectly safe in your charge."

"You are very good, sir," said Mr. Greely, melting again.

"That is all I have to say, sir," said Dr. Chisholm, and he held out his hand gravely.

Mr. Greely shook hands with his former chief.

He walked as far as the House doorway with Dr. Chisholm, and stood there, with a mixture of feelings, watching the stately gentleman progress along the path to the gates. And, all of a sudden, he had the

startling sight of Dr. Chisholm's silk-hat flying off—knocked from his head by a flying tennis-ball.

"Good heavens!" gasped Mr. Greely.

Dr. Chisholm staggered, in his surprise, clutching at his flying hat, and fell on his august knees.

Mr. Greely, with a purple face, rushed down the steps.

"Who threw that ball?" he thundered.

There was a buzz among the fellows in the Close.

"What disrespectful young scoundrel dared to throw that ball?" roared Mr. Greely.

Dr. Chisholm picked himself up. His face was flushed, but he preserved his dignity.

"Thank you," he said quietly, as Jimmy Silver rushed up with his recaptured hat.

There was a big dent in the hat. Dr. Chisholm smoothed it, with sedate calmness, and set it upon his head again.

"Answer me directly, Mornington! Say yes or no."

"Yes or no!" said Morny, at once.

"What, what?" The exasperated Head of Manor House School could not realise that Morny had the astounding impudence to pull his leg at that critical moment. "What did you say, Mornington?"

"Yes or no, sir," answered Mornington brightly.

"What do you mean, Mornington?"

"Only to be obedient, sir," said Morny meekly. "You told me to say 'Yes or no,' sir. So I've said it! I'm trying to set an example of obedience to these fellows, sir."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Greely was purple.

"You—you dare to bandy words with me, Mornington! I take that as an admission that you were guilty of this heinous act of insolence and disrespect to Dr. Chisholm. Mornington, follow me into the House."

Mr. Greely stalked away, bursting with wrath.

"Dear me!" said Morny, with a yawn.

"Was it you, Morny?" demanded Jimmy Silver.

"Not at all. It was somebody behind those oaks yonder—I saw the ball whizz," said Morny calmly. "I dare say Peele could tell us who it was."

"How should I know?" demanded Cyril Peele.

conceivable that he ever would have answered "Hallo!" to Dr. Chisholm at Rookwood. But he answered "Hallo!" to Mr. Greely as if that was quite the proper mode of address to a headmaster.

Mr. Greely suppressed his wrath. He did not want another argument with Sir George Hansom.

"Go and fetch Mornington here at once, Hansom."

"Oh! Right-ho, sir!" said Hansom cheerfully. He was more than ready to lend a hand in keeping cheeky Fourth-Formers in their places. The more the Fourth were licked the better it was for them and for the world in general, according to the view taken by the Fifth.

Hansom bore down on the dandy of the Fourth. Several of the Fourth gathered round Morny at once. It looked as if the morning's scrap between the Fourth and the Fifth was to be repeated in the afternoon. Somehow or other—Mr. Horace Greely did not know how—he had failed to impress his new school with a proper sense of his authority. It was quite possible that a ponderous gentleman who was well suited to be a Form master lacked the necessary qualities of a headmaster. But that was an explanation that did not occur to Horace Greely for a moment.

He strode hurriedly upon the scene, anxious to prevent another "shindy." "Stand back, Hansom—"

having assaulted Dr. Chisholm by knocking off his hat!"

"But I didn't do it, sir."

"You have admitted that you did by your prevaricating answers when I questioned you—"

"Not at all, sir. That was only your little mistake," said the dandy of the Fourth coolly. "The fact is, sir, you rather jump to conclusions."

"Muffin! Hurry yourself, sir!" shouted Mr. Greely, as Tubby came rolling from the House with the cane.

"Oh, yes, sir!" gasped Tubby, and he hurried up and handed the cane to Horace Greely.

"Hold out your hand, Mornington!"

Mornington did not remove his hands from his pockets.

"You hear me, boy?"

"I'm not deaf, sir."

"If you'll let me speak, sir—"

interposed Jimmy Silver.

"Silence, Silver!"

"It wasn't Mornington threw the ball, sir," persisted Jimmy. "He was standing quite near me at the time."

"Nonsense!"

"I assure you, sir—"

"Silence!"

Mr. Greely was not in a mood to listen to reason. He had been deeply humiliated by the insult offered to his late chief, and the offender had to be punished. That he had, so to speak, got the wrong pig by the ear was a little circumstance he was too angry and excited to trouble about. Morny at least had been disobedient, and undoubtedly impertinent. Mr. Greely flourished the cane.

"Mornington, I command you—"

"Dear me!" said Mornington.

That was too much for Mr. Greely. He fairly jumped at Mornington and grasped him by the collar.

Whack, whack, whack, whack!

The cane rang on Morny's shoulders.

"Whoop!" roared Mornington. "Leggo, you rotter! Oh my hat! Yarooop! Rescue, you fellows! Leggo, you priceless old ass! Do you hear?"

If anything was needed to make Horace Greely boil over, that would have done it. The headmaster of Manor House School was actually addressed as a priceless old ass!

Mr. Greely laid on the cane as though he were beating a carpet.

Valentine Mornington writhed and wriggled and yelled. There was a sudden howl from Mr. Greely as the junior backed his shins.

"Oh! Ah! Ow!" howled the startled Mr. Greely, and in his anguish he released Mornington.

That reckless youth darted away at once. He scudded to the school wall. Mr. Greely was very quickly after him; but, with a desperate clamber, Mornington reached the top of the wall.

There he sat, with his feet pulled up out of Mr. Greely's reach, and looked down on the enraged headmaster of the Manor House. The whole crowd of fellows followed and stood staring on at the scene in breathless excitement.

"Mornington, come down at once!" roared Mr. Greely, brandishing the cane.

"Bow-wow!"

"Boy!"

"Man!" retorted Mornington.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The next boy who laughs will be flogged!" roared Mr. Greely.

"Mornington, I shall make an example of you!"

"First catch your hare, sir!" said Mornington coolly. "The fact is, Horace, old man, I'm fed-up with you!"

"Wha-a-at?"

"You were no great shakes as a Form master at Rookwood, I believe," said Mornington cheerily; "and as a headmaster, old bean, you cut no ice whatever. You can't keep your jolly old Fifth in order, and when it comes to the Fourth you're not even an also ran; you're nowhere at all!"

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

Mr. Greely choked with wrath.

"You—you young rascal—you—you—I—I—"

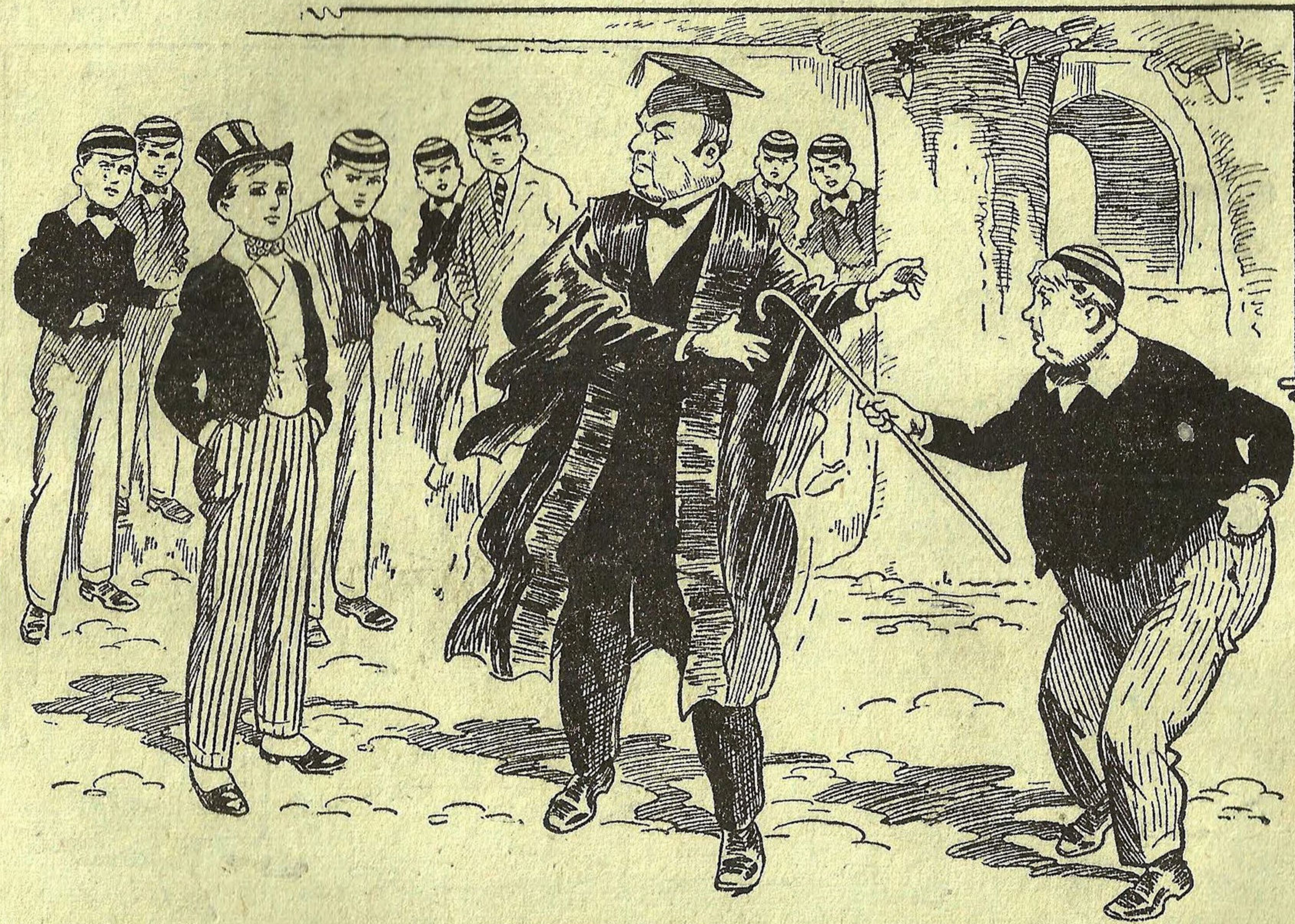
"Take your time, sir," said Mornington. "It's a pleasure to listen to you; but don't stutter!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I—I will—I will—I will flog you!" gasped Mr. Greely, almost incoherent with rage. "You—you insolent young blackguard—"

"You won't flog me, old pippin!" answered Mornington. "I'm fed-up with you, as I said before. If I'm goin' to be caned I may as well be caned by my own headmaster. I'm goin' back to Rookwood!"

(Continued on page 800.)



MORNINGTON IS DEFIANT! "Muffin! Hurry yourself, sir!" shouted Mr. Greely, as Tubby came rolling from the House with the cane. "Oh, yes, sir!" gasped Tubby, and he hurried up and handed the cane to Horace Greely. "Hold out your hand, Mornington!" ordered the headmaster of Manor House School. Mornington did not remove his hands from his pockets. "You hear me, boy?"

"Dr. Chisholm!" gasped Mr. Greely, scarlet with rage and mortification. "A thousand apologies! I cannot say how—how I regret—I am sure you will understand that I am deeply shocked! I—I—"

"Quite so, Mr. Greely. Good-afternoon."

The Head of Rookwood sailed majestically out of gates. And then Mr. Greely, with a deadly glare, turned on the crowd of fellows in the Close.

"Who threw that ball? The young rascal will be instantly flogged—flogged with the greatest severity! Who was it?"

The 5th Chapter. Out of Hand!

"Echo answers 'who'!" murmured Valentine Mornington, and some of the juniors grinned.

But really, it was not a grinning matter. The action had been an outrageous one, and Mr. Greely was deeply enraged. The incident reflected deep discredit on Manor House School, on Horace Greely's headmaster-ship. The culprit was "for it" as soon as Mr. Greely discovered him.

But he did not seem easy to discover.

"Was it you, Lovell?" thundered Mr. Greely.

"Certainly not!" snapped Lovell indignantly.

"Mornington—"

"Oh, sir!" said Mornington.

"Well, you sneaked out from behind the oaks a few seconds after the ball knocked off the beak's hat," grinned Mornington.

Peele gritted his teeth.

"You can tell Greely that, if you like. I shall deny it."

"My dear man, I'm not goin' to tell Greely anythin'. I'm not even goin' to see the good gentleman."

"You'd better go Morny," urged Jimmy Silver. "Greely ordered you to follow him."

"Bother Greely!"

"You'd no right to pull his silly old leg, when he was asking you a question," said Putty of the Fourth.

"He'd no right to ask me such a question. I'm not the chap to knock off a master's hat with a tennis-ball."

"All the same—" said Jimmy Silver.

"Oh, rats!"

Valentine Mornington walked away with his hands in his pockets. Mr. Greely, staring round from the House to make sure that Morny was following him, observed the dandy of the Fourth disappearing in the distance, sauntering coolly with his hands in his pockets.

"Mornington!" thundered Mr. Greely.

Morny did not even glance round.

"Hansom!"

"Hallo!" said Hansom, glancing at Mr. Greely cheerfully. His victory had made Hansom of the Fifth more independent than ever. It was in-

"You told me to fetch him, sir!" grunted Hansom.

"And now I tell you to stand back!" snapped Mr. Greely sharply.

"Leave Mornington to me."

"Well, if you don't know your own mind, sir—" said Hansom.

"Silence!" thundered Mr. Greely.

Hansom shrugged his shoulders. He was not in the least afraid of Horace Greely, and he seemed to desire that fact to be observed by all observers.

In the peculiar circumstances it was undoubtedly awkward for Mr. Greely to deal with Hansom as that reckless and unreflecting youth deserved. He concentrated his attention upon Morny.

"Mornington, I ordered you to follow me to the House! Muffin, fetch a cane from my study at once!"

"Yes, sir!" said Tubby Muffin.

"Am I goin' to be caned, sir?" yawned Mornington.

"You are, you unruly young ruffian! You have dared to insult Dr. Chisholm, a guest within these walls—"

"By leaving Rookwood and comin' here, sir, do you mean?" inquired Morny in his silkiest tones.

Mr. Greely choked.

"I do not mean that, Mornington."

"Oh, I thought perhaps you did, sir!" said Morny cheerily.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence! I shall cane you with the utmost severity, Mornington, for

ROOKWOOD'S RIVAL!

By OWEN CONQUEST.

(Continued from page 788.)

"Mornington, I order you to descend at once from that wall!" boomed Mr. Greely.

"I'm goin'! Good-bye, old bean!" said Mornington, slipping over to the outside of the wall.

"Come back!" thundered Mr. Greely.

"Rats!" "I command you—"

"More rats! I'm goin' back to Rookwood. Shall I tell the beak that you other fellows are comin'?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Any message from you, Greely, old man?"

Mr. Greely did not answer. He made a rush towards the gates, evidently with the intention of cutting off Mornington's retreat in the road.

"Time I was gone!" remarked Mornington, with a nod and a smile to the grinning crowd of fellows. "You chaps had better follow my example. Greely's no good. His giddy school's no good! Ta-ta!"

Mornington dropped from the wall and vanished.

"Well, my hat!" breathed Jimmy Silver.

Arthur Edward Lovell chuckled.

"What larks!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If Greely catches him—" murmured Raby.

"Greely won't!" grinned Lovell.

Lovell was right. Mr. Greely didn't. A few minutes later the Head of Manor House School came striding in again alone. Evidently he had failed to catch the elusive Mornington.

Mr. Greely glared at the crowd of chucking Fourth-Formers.

"All Fourth Form boys will go into their Form-room at once for an hour's detention!" he boomed.

"What?"

"Oh, my hat!"

"I will maintain discipline in this school!" thundered Mr. Greely. "Go at once! At once, I say!"

And the enraged Mr. Greely looked so dangerous that the Fourth Form fellows marched off, shepherded into the House by Horace Greely, cane in hand.

Mr. Greely thoughtfully provided them with a detention task and left them breathing deep with wrath.

The detention task did not occupy the attention of the Fourth-Formers, however. Even Tubby Muffin was rebellious.

"We're not standing this," said Arthur Edward Lovell. "Why, we kicked because the Beak was too high-handed at Rookwood. We're not standing this from a cheap imitation Beak!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"No jolly fear!"

"Come on!" said Jimmy Silver determinedly.

And the Fourth-Formers marched out again.

From his study windows, ten minutes later, Horace Greely had a view of them in the Close. He grasped his cane and stepped to the door, then he paused and laid down the cane again. Mr. Greely really did not know what to do, and in the end he did nothing. Which was not an augury of success in Mr. Greely's new career as a headmaster.

THE END.

"Back to Rookwood!" is the title of next Monday's magnificent long story of Jimmy Silver & Co. Be sure you read it, chums! Order your Boys' Friend in advance and avoid disappointment!

THE LION'S REVENGE.

(Continued from page 794.)

looked to the chums as though the massed forces of the allies would smash the city flat in minutes only; but they forgot that the allied machines had a mile to cover before they reached the town, and there was no telling what that mile of broken ground might hide.

The radio set which was strapped near Don's head shrilled suddenly.

"General advance!" exclaimed Keith, and his words were lost in the sudden crash of artillery as the shock-tanks opened fire.

The little, squat machines surged forward, with their short-barrelled guns heaving shells at twenty-second intervals. Keith, squatted at the back of his own gun, peered through the periscope, and he grinned a little as he heard the smashing bark of Jackie Hume's weapon.

For one moment Pekin showed gleaming in the sunshine, glittering through the haze of smoke and debris thrown by bursting shells; then it seemed as though the very earth rose up in front of the city.

Bushes and trees, stretches of bean-fields, millet and sorghum grass—all lifted into the air! And beneath them was disclosed the mighty, towering bulks of amphibians and land-ships, rising in metal companies with guns crackling and blazing, hurtling solid banks of shells.

There were beetle-machines, surging forward, their actinic guns streaking vivid spurts of blue flame.

They, and the rest, had been cleverly camouflaged; had remained hidden to the eyes of British aircraft flying overhead. Now they rose in all their might, a barrier of deadly guns and metal walls that rolled forward to crush the British attack.

Behind those machines, rising from the walls of the city, there lifted the rounded bulks of wireless heat emitters, flinging their searing rays at the oncoming aircraft, bringing them down out of the air as tumbled masses of melted wreckage, filling the sky with a flickering glitter of electric blue.

It was an ambush, the best conceived of the war. From all about the city fresh craft rose from the earth to give battle. The very aged walls opened to the tapering muzzles of mighty guns, tilting to fling deadly shells at the supporting troops behind the van of the British attack.

The stage was set to a battle that the world would never forget, and back of the seething battalions of land-craft every man that China could muster to the spot waited the word to advance and crush the attack that the amphibians and land-ships, and beetle-machines were to break.

"Gosh!" breathed Keith. "We're for it this time!" And he trained the barrel of his weapon on a flickering beetle-machine and let fly.

Shells ripped and gashed the earth as Don sent the long, low tank scudding to meet the enemy.

All about them the blunt, squat machines, spitting fire and death, reeled and checked, and shuddered, and smashed under the blaze of Federal fire.

A gigantic amphibian heaved high in the advance of the chums. A gun dipped in its prow and a shell shrieked before the nose of the tank.

There came a lurid slash of spurring flame, their look-outs were masked by a slashing film of smoke and torn earth. The front of the tank heaved high, and their hearing was stunned in a tornado of shattering sound as the craft spun like a cork in a whirlpool, flinging them in a heap above the hot engine casing.

A second shell caught the tank while it still rocked on its tail, tearing away the broken tractors and flinging it on its side as the metal flooring split.

And with that second shell, the oil-tanks of the crippled engine broke. From the rent in the floor there came a spreading lick of red flame, that suddenly roared angrily, filling the tank with choking smoke and fire!

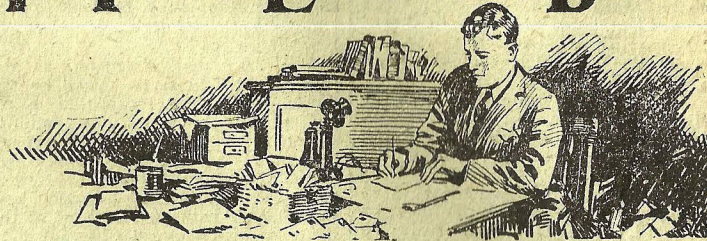
Keith flung himself at the metal hasp of the armoured hatch in the side of the machine. His groping fingers hauled on the bolt, and he pushed outwards with all his strength.

The door did not move!

They were trapped—trapped in the burning tank, with the greatest battle of all history raging around them!

(Keith and Don and Jackie Hume are in grave danger of being burned alive! Will they succeed or not in extricating themselves from the blazing scouting tank? Whatever you do, don't miss next Monday's long instalment of this powerful story of the war of 1975! Order your Boys' Friend in advance and thus make certain of securing it!)

IN YOUR EDITOR'S DEN.



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

THIS WEEK'S SURPRISE!

Our A.B.C.'s Competition No. 1 appears this week. It might be called the After Bats Competition; but, as a fact, there's more in it than meets the eye at first glance. Anyhow, my chums all over the country are after bats. These bats are the famous J. B. Hobbs cricket bats, each bearing the name of the celebrated batsman. This new A.B.C.'s Competition will be the hit of the season. Show this week's copy of the old "Green 'Un" to your friends, and tell them to have a shot. The competition is complete in itself, and six bats go to fortunate prize-winners.

NEXT MONDAY'S OFFER!

There are more chances next week. No. 2 appears in our coming issue. Look out for an A 1 A.B.C. chance. All are welcome. This is right on the wicket; a really unique opportunity not to be missed. I want you all to extend a proper slap-up welcome to this merry and bright A.B.C. stunt, for it's good all the way through, with extra special attractions which give it a clear non-stop run for the popularity stakes.

"BACK TO ROOKWOOD!"

This title is like a jolly little miltum in parvo all on its own. It explains itself in most correct style. But, of course, it is very far from explaining everything. Mr. Owen Conquest has a tremendous yarn to spin next Monday. It is all right to come back to Rookwood, but how, when, and where does it all come in? That's what we want to know, you know. There has been a hush about it, but now we want to know, you know. There has been a hectic mix-up of late, with Manor House fighting to wrest the well-won laurels from the senior school. Feelings have been as mixed as pickles and the weather. Mr. Bombastio Greely has had his triumphs—a bit short-lived these—and his gruelling. Are we to see the worthy old fellow come crushing out of Olympus back to obscurity? Is he to emulate the flashing rocket? We know he is a bit of an old stick. The long and the short of it is that amazing and catastrophic happenings are on the record. You will be thrilled by the coming yarn. It is a glorious wind-up to a time of storm and stress. For the rest, just wait and see. You will be wondering whether we are to lose old friends—whether peace is possible after the raging typhoon which rocked Rookwood to its foundations. Is it a compromise? Some of the honours go to the author, who has handled a delicate situation in thorough diplomatic style.

There is ticklish work next Monday connected with the advance on Pekin, and the wily Siung Shan, lord high instigator of craft and artifice, has a part to play which must surprise even himself. Next week's chapters of Mr. Roger Fowey's thrilling story, reach a pitch of intensity which baffles belief. We have the immense appeal of the steady advance of the British on the strongly fortified capital of old China, the mystery city of history. Then something happens. Keith Ashley and his friends are privy to a certain deadly secret which is linked up with the boasted security of Pekin. The reader, as a spectator of the manoeuvres covering the big offensive, has a top-hole, exciting time of it, and of course his sympathies will go with Keith and Don, and Jackie Hume. The trio find themselves bang up against a crisis. They have got their orders, but they shrink from following out said orders to the letter. To do that means hurling myriads into eternity. Do they obey? You will see all about it, with the details of a critical situation, next week.

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Next Monday David Goodwin gives us a sea fight second to none. Quesada's ship, the Cid, brings a note of tragedy to a rattling story. The pirates are in force, but Hal Tracey and his comrades show themselves equal to the occasion, and stand in for the right. Amidst the roar of the guns there is time for a cheery bit of plotting against the buccaneers.

"RUN OUT!"

A stunning yarn by Arthur S. Hardy! Jim Gryce is no longer in the team, but he has a part to play. Knowing the stuff he is made of, you realise he plays it with a will. The tale shows the good work done by a silent witness of the fateful match, and ends up with a pleasant surprise.

"KINGS OF THE MAIN!"

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"THE WELL OF CHIH-SIAU!"

The cruise of the Junk of a Thousand Celestial Perfumes goes on with the trusty wights of the Glory Hole Gang on the qui vive. They tumble on a melancholy old mandarin who is badly hipped, having experienced trouble with his local water company. Dick Dorrington & Co. play up in grand fashion, and do a good turn to his mournful nibs.

"CAPTAIN OF THE FOURTH!"

A nailing Rookwood yarn under the above title is found in No. 6 of the "Schoolboys' Own Library," now on sale. Get it to-day!

Your Editor.

STORIES OF SPORT, SCHOOL AND ADVENTURE.

Table listing various stories from the Boys' Friend Library, including titles like 'The King of the Caravans', 'The Secret of the Coconut Groves', and 'The Captain of the Fourth'.

Advertisement for Mead Cycle Company, Inc. featuring a bicycle and a Pea Pistol. Text includes 'FACTORY TO RIDER' and '1/6 THE BULLY BOY 1/6'.

Advertisement for a Keyless Lever Pocket Watch. Text includes 'YOURS for 6d.', 'Our World-famous Gent's Full-size KEYLESS LEVER POCKET WATCH.', and 'FREE A Solid Silver English Hallmarked Double Curl Albert given FREE to every purchaser.'

Advertisement for 'Splendid Chances for Boys' featuring a course for Jujitsu. Text includes 'DON'T BE BULLIED' and 'Special offer. TWO ILLUS. SAMPLE LESSONS from my Complete Course on JUJITSU for four penny stamps, or a Large Illus. Portion of Course for P.O. 3/6.'

Advertisement for 'My Great Offer' featuring a bicycle and a watch. Text includes 'Write for my Free Bargain Lists of the best Coventry made cycles. SENT ON 14 DAYS' APPROVAL. CARRIAGE PAID.' and 'YOURS FOR 6d. ONLY'.