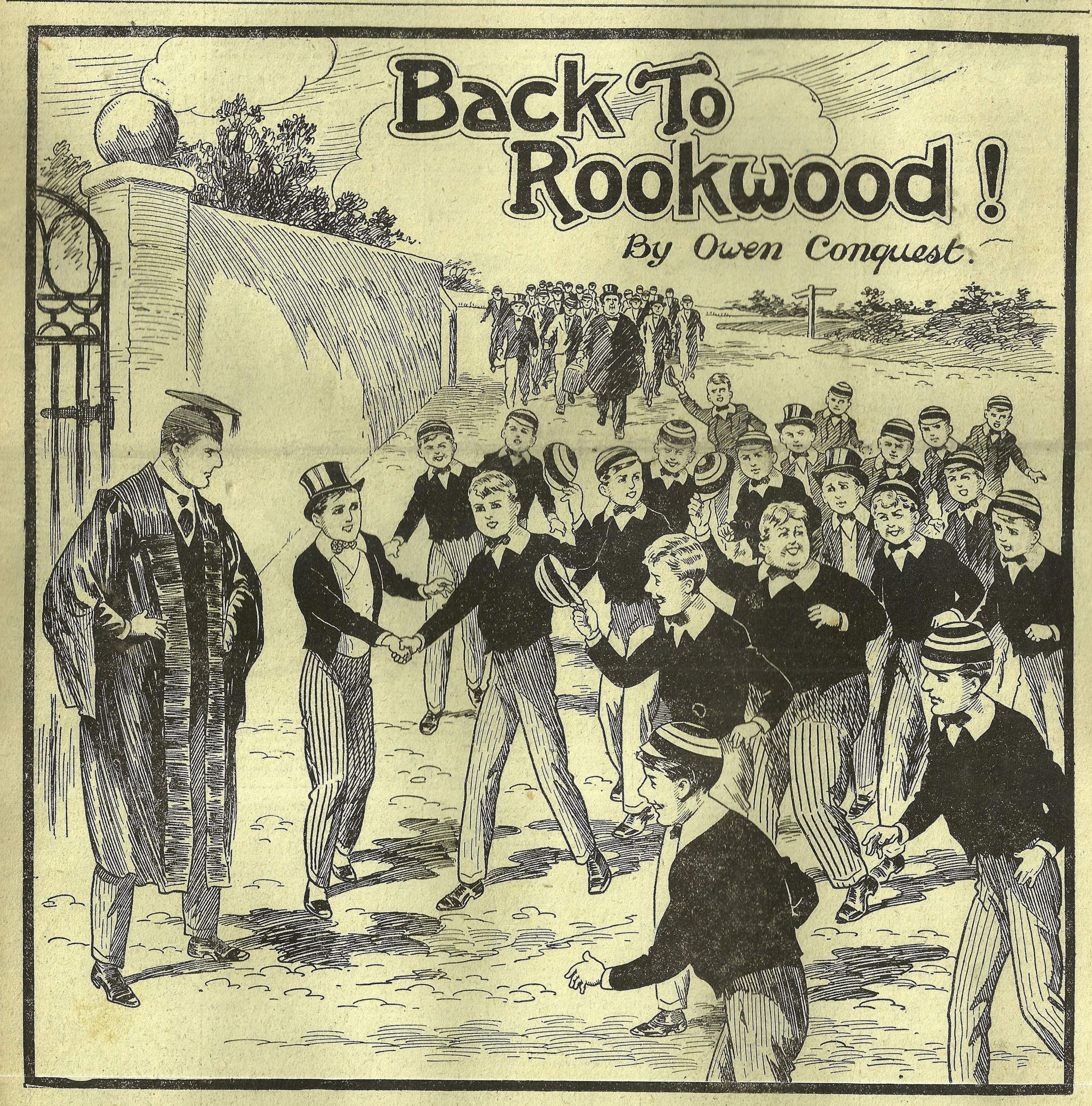
## More "J. B. Hobbs" Cricket Bats Offered This Week!

# SIXTEEN BIG PAGES!

No. 1,254. Vol. XXV.—New Series.] THE BEST BOYS' PAPER IN THE WORLD !

[Week Ending June 20th, 1925.



THE TRUANTS RETURN TO THEIR OLD SCHOOL!

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

YOU'LL ENJOY THIS GREAT NEW STORY ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL! OF JIMMY SILVER & CO. OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL!

Published

Every Monday



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

Manor House School does not after all prove a very serious rival to Rookwood!



The 1st Chapter. Morny Drops In!

woh, gad!" Valentine Mornington of the Fourth Form at Rookwood dodged quickly.

He had just time to dodge. Normally, at that hour in the afternoon the Rookwood Fourth would have been in class with their Form master, Mr. Dalton.

But just at present matters were not quite normal at Rookwood School. They were, in fact, quite abnormal.

The Fourth Form room was silent and deserted. Not a fellow belonging to the Classical Fourth was within the walls of the old schoolwith the single exception of Valentine Mornington.

And Morny was only just within the walls. He had, in fact, just dropped in, having climbed the school wall from the road outside. He dropped between the wall and a big beech-tree, and as he did so he heard the sound of footsteps and the murmur of voices on the gravel path on the other side of the tree; and, recognising the well-known voice of Dr. Chisholm, the Head of Rookwood, Morny breathed an ejaculation under his breath and dodged instantly into cover behind the beech.

"The jolly old Head!" he murmured. "Might have dropped on his jolly old toes, by gad!"

And Morny grinned.

He listened while he grinned, wondering whether the Head had heard him drop. But there was no alarm; and after a few moments Mornington peered cautiously round the big, gnarled trunk.

Two masters of Rookwood were pacing slowly along the gravel path. One was Dr. Chisholm, headmaster of Rookwood; the other. Mr. Richard Dalton, master of the Fourth Form. Both of them looked very grave.

The Head was speaking. Deep in discussion, the two masters had not noted the slight sound made by Morny in dropping from the wall.

"I am somewhat nonplussed, Mr. Dalton. The state of affairs is very unfortunate-most unfortunate." "Quite so, sir."

"It cannot be allowed to continue. A number of Rookwood boys, belonging to several Forms, have gone over to the Manor House School, and Mr. Greely has allowed them to remain there. There is obviously an intention on his part of appealing to their parents to allow them to remain permanently. Yet I hesitate to take drastic steps."

Morny winked into space. He, as well as Jimmy Silver & Co. and the rest of the seceders from Rookwood, had wondered incessantly how the Head was taking it. The general opinion was that the "Beak" | of certain little weaknesses. was raging in wrath. like a lion,

to speak. But Dr. Chisholm did not seem wrathy now. He seemed grieved and perturbed, but not angry. Morny wondered whether the recent happenings had caused the rather obstinate old gentleman to reflect a little, with beneficial results. Certainly, what had occurred might have been a lesson to any headmaster, howsoeyer obstinate and howsoever Olympian in his loftiness.

"There is little excuse for the boys | I--"

who have practically run away from school; little for Mr. Greely, who has encouraged them to do so," resumed the Head. "Yet I cannot. forget, Mr. Dalton, that the fault was mine in the first blace."

Mr. Dalton coughed. Mornington stared.

This was a tremendous concession from the Beak. Evidently he had been reflecting, and had profited by his reflections.

"The fault was mine!" repeated the Head. "The whole trouble began with the dismissal of Mr. Greely from his post here as master of the Fifth Form. That dismissal, as I learned later, was unjust." Mr. Dalton coughed again.

All Rookwood-from the Sixth to the Second, all Masters' Commonroom-had regarded the dismissal of Mr. Horace Greely as unjust. Apparently the same view had now dawned upon the majestic mind of the headmaster.

"I was under a misapprehension," went on the Head musingly. "Mr. Greely appeared in public with a bruised face, black eyes-altogether a ridiculous and revolting exhibition. dismissed him. Later-too late-I learned that he had received these injuries in a struggle with footpads who had attacked and attempted to rob Sir George Hansom."

"It was very unfortunate!" murmured Mr. Dalton. "Had you given Mr. Greely an opportunity to explain, sir--"

"To my great regret, I did not," said Dr. Chisholm. "Nevertheless, when I learned the facts I rescinded his dismissal and expressed my regret. By that time, however, Sir George Hansom-doubtless feeling under a great obligation to Mr. Greely-had arranged to launch the Manor House School, and had appointed Mr. Greely headmaster. It was natural, perhaps, that Mr. Greely should prefer this post to the one he had held here."

"Quite so!" "The matter might have ended there," said the Head. "I should have wished Mr. Greely success in his venture. But his Form-the Fifth-took up his cause, and joined him at the Manor House-and others have followed. Perhaps I was a little too severe, as a result of the annoyance I felt at the time."

Mr. Dalton coughed again. Really he did not know what to

There was no doubt at all that the Head had been too severe-much too severe. Had, in fact, acted like an autocrat, and had provoked rebellion at Rookwood by his high-handed

severity. But it was not Mr. Dalton's business to tell him so, especially as he liked and respected his chief, in spite

"I should be glad-only too gladseeking what he might devour, so for the dispute to be adjusted amicably," resumed the Head. "The fact that the fault was mine in the first place ties my hands to some extent. I have called on Mr. Greely and informed him that my boys must return to Rookwood; I have told him that I will give him a few days to consider the matter."

"A very good idea, sir." "If you can make any suggestion, Mr. Dalton, with a view to terminating this unhappy state of affairs

The Head paused.

The two masters had come to a halt and were standing under the branches of the beech, not two yards from Valentine Mornington, who kept close behind the big trunk.

"Certainly, sir," said Richard Dalton. "I should suggest offering a free pardon to all the boys who have gone over to the Manor House, on condition that they return to Rookwood."

"Hem!" "Some of them fear expulsion from the school, others severe punishment," said the Fourth Form master. "This gives them no choice but to

there is much justification. I think that Hansom of the Fifth should be freely pardoned with the rest, if his father will consent to his return to Rookwood."

There was another long pause. Mornington wondered whether a thunderstorm was about to burst upon the devoted head of Richard

Dalton. But when the Head spoke again his voice was very quiet.

"And Silver of the Fourth, Mr. Dalton-of your Form. He left Rookwood against my special command-almost in my presence-"

'I can only repeat what I have said, sir-a complete pardon all round seems to me the only satisfactory ending to the present state of affairs. It may lead to the peaceable return of the absent boys to Rookwood-or it may not. hope that it may."

Another long pause. "I have great faith in your judgment, Mr. Dalton," said the Head at last. "You are the only master at Rookwood whom I could have consulted in the matter. Neither can I forget that the whole trouble began in a fault of my own. I shall act on your advice."

"I am sure you will not regret it, sir," said Richard Dalton earnestly. "I trust not. The boys at the Manor House shall, therefore, be informed that if they return without delay all shall be forgotten and forgiven," said the Head. "I have offered to allow Mr. Greely to return in all honour if he should so decide; I could not do less. The boys, at all events, must return-and your suggestion shall be tried."

"I am glad to hear you say so,

Mr. Dalton was not the only person



A startling sight suddenly met Sir George ONLY HANSOW & A startling sight suddenly A woird figure was hopping along the path. For a moment, Sir George did not recognise it. "Great gad!" ejaculated the baronet. He stared blankly at the strange object. "Oh! Let me loose, dad!" gasped the weird figure. Sir George jumped almost clear of the ground. "Edward!" he said faintly.

throw in their lot with Mr. Greely and to use persuasion with their parents. An assurance that the whole matter would be forgiven and forgotten would, I am sure, do "Hem!"

The Head was clearly in a chastened mood, but did not seem quite prepared to go this length. There was a long pause.

"But I have actually expelled Hansom of the Fifth, Mr. Dalton, he said at last.

"That was a very severe measure, sir; unjustified, in my opinion." "Mr. Dalton!" exclaimed the

Head, in stately surprise. "You have asked me to speak, sir," said the Fourth Form master composedly. "I am bound to speak frankly if at all. Hansom of the Fifth most certainly is a headstrong and unthinking boy; but his father had been saved from severe injury by Mr. Greely, and Mr. Greely was dismissed-unjustly, as you acknowrebelled against his headmaster, but | Silver! When he cleared out of | See?"

who was glad to hear the Head say so. His gladness was shared by Valentine Mornington.

Morny had returned already from the new school, and his intention had been to see his Form-master alone first and make his peace before coming under the eyes of Dr. Chisholm. That intention he changed

With a cheery face the dandy of the Fourth stepped out from behind the beech, and raised his hat to the headmaster.

Dr. Chisholm stared at him. "Please I've come back, sir!" said

Mornington meekly. "What?"

School, sir!" said Morny. "I've come back to Rookwood. Lots of the | slipped it down into his hand in fellows will come back when they quite the prefect style. Then he know there isn't going to be a row, | flourished it in the air, rather more

The Head frowned.

"P'r'aps you wouldn't mind my sweep, now you're here you're goin' tellin' you somethin', sir," went on to toe the line! No more of your ledge. Certainly he should not have | Morny, unabashed. "About Jimmy | fag cheek. This isn't Rookwood!

Rookwood he wasn't up against you, sir; he came to fetch me back and make me toe the line. He was standin' up for law and order and so on when you dropped on him, sir, and told him he was goin' to be sacked for breakin' bounds."

Dr. Chisholm started.

The crimson came into his cheeks. This was a fresh enlightenment for him. Evidently it was not only in the case of Mr. Greely that he had been hasty.

"Bless my soul!" he said at last. "Is—is that the truth, Mornington?"
"Mr. Dalton will tell you that I am not a liar, sir, if you ask him," said Mornington, shrugging his

shoulders "I have no doubt whatever of Mornington's statement, Dr. Chisholm," said the master of the Fourth. "I have never doubted that there was some explanation of Silver's action unknown to you."

The Head bit his lip hard. "You may go, Mornington! You are pardoned!"

"Thank you, sir," said Morny cheerily.

And he sauntered away towards the House.

Dr. Chisholm looked at Mr. Dalton.

"I have acted hastily," he said. "I have been unjust. Mr. Dalton, your advice is good; I am grateful for it. Will you convey to the boys at the Manor House that all will be forgiven and forgotten if they return to Rookwood?"

"Gladly, sir!" And Dr. Chisholm walked away, deep in thought, leaving the master of the Fourth with a very cheerful face. At last there seemed a hope, at least, that the split in the school would be closed, the breach healed, and that Rookwood might once more resume the even tenor of its way.

> The 2nd Chapter. The High Hand!

"Collar him!"

Jimmy Silver jumped. Morning classes were over at Manor House School, and Jimmy was strolling along a secluded path under the old oak-trees, with his hands in his pockets and a very thoughtful expression on his face. He had chosen that secluded path because he wanted to think. "Uncle James" of Rookwood was in a rather worried mood, far from satis-

fied with the present state of affairs.

He was captain of the Rookwood Fourth. He was deeply attached to his old school. The line taken by his headmaster had left him no choic€ but to throw in his lot with the rebels who had gone over to Rookwood's rival, the new school at Coombe. But he was worried. His opinion was that Mr. Horace Greely would not really make a success of his new venture. He was a good enough Form-master, but natur€ had not designed him for a headmaster. But success or not, Jimmy did not want to throw in his lot with the Manor House: he was loyal to Rookwood. Yet it was impossible to return, unless Dr. Chisholm relented and took quite a new line.

It was a problem for Jimmy to think out, and he was wondering whether Mr. Dalton, his Formmaster at Rookwood, could be induced to intervene and make peace somehow. And then his reflections were interrupted by that shout from Hansom of the Fifth and a rush of footsteps.

Jimmy Silver was collared the next moment, and he came down on the grass under the oaks with a bump.

He was in the hands of Lumsden and Talboys of the Fifth, and Edward Hansom, captain of that Form, stood and grinned down at

"Landed our fish, by gad!" grinned Hansom.

"You cheeky ass!" shouted Jimmy Silver, struggling in the grasp of the two seniors. "Let go! Do you hear?" Hansom chuckled.

"My dear man, you're goin' to have a little lesson," he explained. "I'm goin' to teach you. Turn him

Hansom had an ashplant under "Fed-up with Manor House his arm, for all the world as if he were a Rookwood prefect. He like a fag than a prefect.

Mr. Dalton suppressed a smile. "You're goin' to have six!" he The Head frowned. said. "You see, you cheeky young

Simply top-hole—"Gunner's Discovery!" Next Monday's long story of the chums of Rookwood School. Don't miss it, boys!

Jimmy struggled desperately. "Six" from a Sixth Form prefect at Rookwood was bad enough, but it was in the rules. "Six" from a Fifth Form fellow was an insult as well as an injury.

"You silly owl!" he roared. "Mind, I shall lay it on harder if | you're cheeky!" said Hansom. "You knocked my hat off yesterday, and had the cheek to scrap with the Fifth! You've got to learn!" "You cheeky dummy!"

"Turn him over!"

"What-ho!" grinned Lumsden. Jimmy, resisting desperately, was rolled over, with his face in the grass. He struggled and kicked, and there was a howl from Talboys as he caught Jimmy Silver's heel with his chin.

"Yarooop!" "I'll give him two extra for that!"

said Hansom. "Ow! Wow!"

Jimmy was pinned down, still kicking frantically. Hansom flourished the ashplant, and brought it down with great vim.

"Oh!" gasped Jimmy. Whack! Whack! Whack! Hansom was laying it on with

vigour. "Rescue!" yelled Jimmy Silver with all the force of his lungs. "Lovell! Newcome! Raby! Rescue!"

Whack! Whack! Whack! Jimmy Silver's chums were not within hearing. The ashplant whacked and whacked, while Jimmy

struggled and yelled. Hansom was quite enjoying his task. His own opinion, when he was a Rookwooder, was that he would make an ever so much better captain of the school than Bulkeley of the Sixth. Now he was captain of the Manor House, and he was deter-

mined that the Manor House fellows should realise the fact.

They did not seem to want to realise it, that was clear. To the Fourth and Third and Second, Hansom was still Hansom of the Fifth, and a person of no authority whatever. Mr. Greely might make him captain of the school if he liked, but the juniors did not see it. Moreover, it was fairly well known that Hansom was extremely cheeky to his new headmaster, and that Horace Greely had cancelled his captaincy, only cancelling that cancellation, so to speak, on intervention from Sir George Hansom.

The fact was that Edward Hansom was an extremely unthinking youth. Manor House School was the property of his father, Sir George. Mr. Greely had been appointed headmaster by the baronet; and Hansom's view was that, in those circumstances, he could do as he jolly well liked. He extended the same freedom to his friends in the Fifth.

At Rookwood, Hansom had championed the cause of his dismissed Form master, to the extent of being expelled by Dr. Chisholm. This gave him an additional claim to Mr. Greely's indulgence. Even a remonstrance from Mr. Greely seemed to Hansom like black ingratitude. A command from him seemed like pure, unadulterated cheek.

How a school was to be carried on, with the headmaster yielding, on all points of difference, to a thoughtless fellow in the Fifth, was a problem Hansom did not trouble to think out. He was not much given to thinking at the best of times.

Hansom was a great believer in authority—when the authority was in his own hands. He was greatly indignant when the Manor House fellows declined to take him seriously as the captain of the school. But he had never learned the valuable lesson that he who desires to command must first learn to obey.

Having defied his own headmaster —the real goods, so to speak—Hansom had no intention whatever of yielding submission to Horace Greely, whom he privately described as a jumped-up Form master, a pompous old ass, and a footling duffer. But he was very keen on exacting submission from the juniors to his lofty self. Hence the present punishment of Jimmy Silver, to whom his lofty pretensions were a mere matter of merri-

ment. Whack, whack, whack!

Jimmy Silver & Co. might make merry over Hansom's airs and graces as captain of the new school. But Jimmy was not in a merry mood now as the ashplant whacked and whacked.

He roared and struggled and wriggled, and stated his opinion of make Mr. Greely happy for life. Edward Hansom at the top of his

voice. The six was already nine or ten, and the ashplant was still whacking.

"Cheeky ass, am I?" Whack! "Perhaps you'll change Whack! your opinion." Whack! "A few more, and you'll think quite differently."

Whack, whack! "Yaroooh! Ow! Rescue!" roared Jimmy.

Whack, whack!

"You won't bend over when you're Whack! "I have to catch you napping like this "-whack!-"when it's necessary to lick you." Whack! "But you'll learn, my son." Whack! "I'm goin' to get you in such jolly good order that you'll feed out of my hand!" Whack, whack!

It was more than a dozen now, and Hansom, warming to his work, was still whacking.

"Bless my soul! What-whatwhat---'

Mr. Greely came up.

The 3rd Chapter. Wrathy!

Horace Greely had been taking a little walk under the oaks that sunny morning, after class.

Like Jimmy Silver, Mr. Greely had problems to think over.

His new school was growing. There had been a great accession of numbers from Rookwood, and he had no doubt that when the advantages and attractions of the Manor House became known, parents would be after all, a better Head than his old school. Do you hear?"

Edward's captaincy had been cancelled; and again Sir George had all right." butted in, and Edward was still captain of the new school.

Mr. Greely chafed and repined, and longed for the departure of his kind friend and patron. After which, he would soon have brought the cheeky Edward to order.

Perhaps Sir George suspected as much. Perhaps he considered that the new school still required his supervision. At all events, he obviously did not intend to go.

The position was really growing painful.

Mr. Greely was beginning to think that a Form master's job at Rookwood was rather better than a headmaster-ship on these lines. Sir George was beginning to doubt a whack himself. whether Mr. Greely was, after all, suitable for the post he had created for him.

And meanwhile, Hansom of the Fifth was presuming more and more, and setting an example of cheek and insubordination to the whole school. Not that Hansom meant any harm. He was simply an unreflecting fellow who liked to have his own wayrather a chip of the old block, in

How to deal with this situation was a problem for Horace Greely. He wondered rather dismally how Dr. Chisholm would have dealt with it. He almost wondered whether he was,

where Jimmy's boot had landed. "It's

"Right as rain, sir," said Lumsden. "This cheeky young sweep wants a few more!"

Mr. Greely gasped with wrath and indignation. If this was the way in which fellows were to talk to him, his headmaster-ship was not worth very much. And to give point to it, Hansom brought down the ashplant again with a terrific whack which elicited a frantic yell from the hapless Jimmy Silver.

"Whooooop!" That was too much for Horace

Greely. He strode at Hansom, and grasped the ashplant from his hand. Hansom jumped back just in time to escape

Lumsden and Talboys, busy with Jimmy Silver, were not able to jump away in time.

Whack-whack! The two Fifth-Formers yelled, and

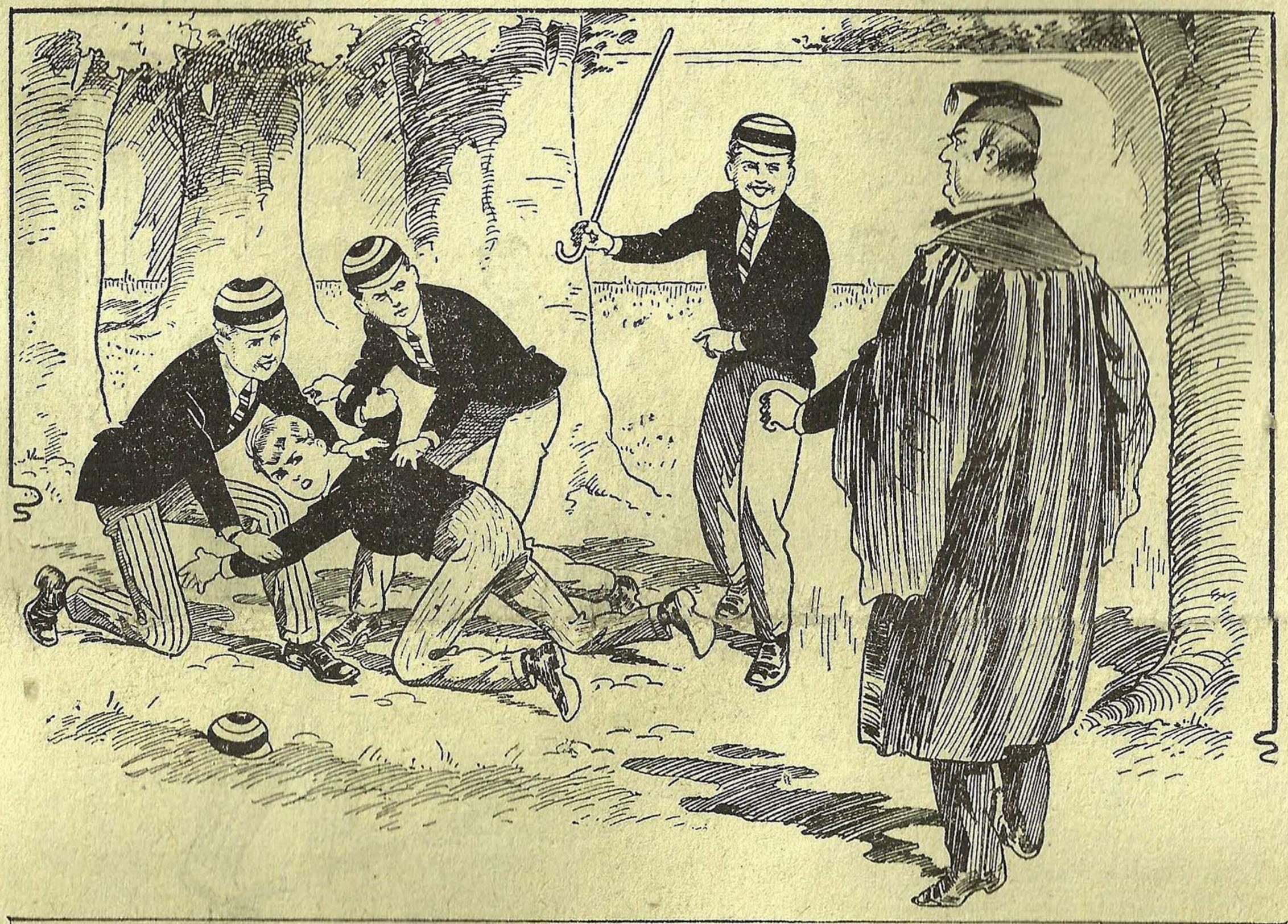
dodged out of reach. "Look here, sir!" shouted Hansom

indignantly. "Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Lumsden. "Look here, this is worse than

Dr. Chisholm! We didn't come here for this, Mr. Greely!" "We jolly well didn't!" shouted

Talboys. "Silence!" thundered Mr. Greely. "Hansom, you are an insolent boy!

You are no longer captain of the



JIMMY SILVER COES THROUGH IT! Hansom was warming to his work when Mr. Greely came up. "Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Greely. "What-what-what- Hansom! What are you doing? Stop this at once!" Hansom glanced at him, with a cheery smile. "Only givin' a cheeky fag six, sir," he answered.

anxious to send their sons there, to have the great advantage of training at the hands of Horace Creely. Mr. Greely's hopes had been high.

But there was a fly in the ointment. Sir George Hansom, his kind friend and patron, founder of the new school, was still an inmate of the Manor House.

His view, as it transpired, differed very much from Mr. Greely's.

His fixed opinion was that Mr. Greely was there to carry out his views. Mr. Greely's fixed opinion was that he was there to carry out his own views, and that Sir George was totally superfluous.

Then there was the open impertinence and rebelliousness of Edward Hansom. It was difficult to deal drastically with the son of his kind friend and patron, who also had the power of dismissing him, as Dr. Chisholm had dismissed him.

Sir George was kind, considerate, a good-hearted gentleman. But he had very fixed opinions, and was accustomed to having his own way, as was natural to a titled gentleman of enormous wealth. And he regarded his son and heir, Edward, with a fond father's indulgent eye. He had taken Edward away from Rookwood and placed him at the Manor House, and he really seemed to think that that was enough to

It wasn't! The rebellious Edward had been sentenced to a flogging, but the flogging had not taken place. Sir "Fathead, am I?" said Hansom. | George had butted in.

chief, as he had always firmly believed.

Thinking it out, with a frowning brow, Mr. Greely came on the little scene under the oaks, with Lumsden and Talboys holding Jimmy Silver in the grass, while Edward Hansom whacked him with the ashplant. Horace Greely hurried up.

As captain of the school, Hansom was invested with the power of the ashplant; but there was a limit, and it was clear that Hansom, in his enthusiasm, had gone beyond the limit.

"What - what - what --" claimed Mr. Greely. "Hansom, what are you doing? Stop this at once." Hansom glanced at him with a cheery smile.

"Only givin' a cheeky fag six, sir," he answered.

"Really, Hansom-" Whack!

The ashplant came down again. "Hansom," thundered Mr. Greely, "stop this at once! Do you hear me? command you!"

"Better not interfere, sir," said Hansom. "What-what?"

"You see, sir, I'm captain of the school, and I don't need any advice. I know what to do and how to do it." "Yes, leave old Hansom to it, sir,"

advised Talboys, rubbing his chin 



"My father will have somethin' to say about that!" retorted Hansom. "Silence, you young rascal! Another word, and I will flog you, as you deserve!"

"I don't think!" "What-what!" stuttered Greely.

"You jolly well won't, and that's that !" said Hansom independently. "I didn't come here to be flogged, I can jolly well tell you. I could have got that from Dr. Chisholm—a real headmaster—if I'd wanted it. Bosh! Come on, you fellows!"

Hansom & Co. walked away, leaving Mr. Greely spluttering. Jimmy Silver picked himself up,

wriggling. "Thank you, sir!" he said breathlessly.

Mr. Greely glared at him. He had been bound to intervene; but his intervention had led to fresh difficulties; there was more trouble in prospect with Hansom's father. Rather unreasonably, but perhaps naturally, his wrath turned on Jimmy.

"Silver, you have been insolent to Hansom, I have no doubt. Take five hundred lines."

"What?" gasped Jimmy. "Go!"

Jimmy Silver went.

Mr. Greely, greatly perturbed, paced under the oak-trees, more worried and perplexed than ever. Hansom, obviously, was not fitted to be captain of the school, or anything but a reckless and rowdy fellow in the Fifth. Even when older, and in the Sixth, he was not likely to be I

fitted for responsibility. No headmaster could possibly make him a prefect, with a due regard to the fitness of things. But it was quite clear that Sir George Hansom regarded all Manor House School as a sort of background for his hopeful son, and that there was a tussle to come on that subject.

Jimmy Silver found his comrades in the Close, and Lovell and Raby and Newcome stared at him as he came up, wriggling. Hansom had laid on the ashplant not wisely, but too well, and Jimmy was feeling the effects of it very severely.

"What on earth's the matter?" asked Arthur Edward Lovell.

Jimmy explained. "By gum! We'll jolly well rag Hansom for this!" exclaimed Raby indignantly.

"We jolly well will!" said Newcome. "And that pompous old ass has given you lines, too! What's he given you lines for?"

"I daresay he knows-I don't!" answered Jimmy Silver. "But I know this-I'm jolly well not going to do the lines."

"Hear, hear!" "It's not good enough," said Lovell. "I'd jolly well clear back to Rookwood like a shot; but-but-" "But we can't!" said Jimmy ruefully. "The Head's made that impossible; but I fancy we sha'n't be long here, anyhow. I'm fed-up with old Greely and his blessed fatheaded

"Same here!" And the Fistical Four went in to dinner, not at all satisfied with Manor House School, or things generally.

> The 4th Chapter. Horrid for Hansom!

Sir George Hansom stared. He rubbed his eyes and stared again.

Sir George had lunched with Mr. Greely-a rather grim and silent lunch. Both gentlemen had matters on their minds, of which they did not care to speak, yet which had to be spoken of sooner or later.

After lunch, the baronet took a walk in the grounds of the Manor House, and his footsteps took him along the path under the oaks, where, a short time before, Edward Hansom had exercised, not wisely but too well, his authority as captain of the school.

A startling sight suddenly met his wsvoriishadi gww.

A weird figure was hopping along the path. For the moment Sir George did not recognise it.

The figure had a blackened face; ink and soot had been rubbed over it. A fool's cap adorned its head. Its hands were tied behind its back, and its left leg was tied up, bent at the knee. The weird figure was therefore hopping on one leg, not at all grace-

gad!" George.

He stared blankly at the strange object. "Oh, let me loose, dad!" gasped the weird figure.

Sir George jumped almost clear of the ground. "Edward!" he said faintly.

"Ow! Oh, dear!" Hansom of the Fifth lurched as he hopped, and brought up against an oak. He leaned on the trunk,

spluttering ink and soot. "Edward!" gasped Sir George. "You-my son! What-what-what is the cause of this? What has happened?"

"Ow! Those cheeky fags!" spluttered the hapless Hansom. "Silver and Lovell, and a whole gang of the Fourth! Ow! They collared megroogh!-and did this- Wow-ow!

Look at me! Oooooch!" And he spluttered more soot and

The baronet stood dumbfounded. "I-I say, untie me, father, will you?" groaned Hansom. "I've been ragged, you know! Ow! I'm simply filthy! Wow! Have you got a penknife about you? Ow! Oh, dear!

I'll smash 'em! Groogh!" In amazed silence, Sir George Hansom took out a penknife, opened it, and cut the cords that tied up his

hopeful son. His face was crimson with wrath and indignation.

"Go and clean yourself at once, Edward!" he said, in a subdued voice. "That's what I jolly well want!"

groaned Hansom. And, once freed from his bonds, he cut across at a run towards the House, anxious to get into a bathroom without delay.

A roar of laughter greeted him as he appeared in the Close.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

(Continued overleaf.)

On offer this week-6" J. B. Hobbs" Cricket Bats in "A.B.C.'s" Competition No. 2 on Page 810 of this issue. Try your hand at it now!



"Looks handsome-what?" roared

"Where did you get that face,

"Give him some soap somebody."

Hansom's face was scarlet under

the soot and ink. The Close was

crowded with fellows, and they were

all roaring with laughter; even the

Fifth Form fellows yelled with the

drels!" panted Hansom; and he

charged at Jimmy Silver & Co.

"You-you-you young scoun-

Hansom of the Fifth sprawled on

Forth from the shade of the oak-

"You young rascals!" he thun-

"Hallo, here's the old bird!" ex-

"Tell your darling boy to go and

There was a scattering of the

Hansom ran for the House. In the

"Me!" spluttered Hansom, breath-

"What? Who? Hansom! Is it

"How dare you, Hansom? How

dare you appear in public in this

state-in this disgusting, this revolt-

ing state?" roared Mr. Greely, justly

incensed. "Is this a new example of

your insolence, sir? How dare you?"

He grasped Hansom by the

"You silly old fool!" gasped Han-

"What-what-what did you

Hansom was enraged, as well as

He let go, and dealt Hansom a box

"Whooop!" roared the Fifth-

"You old dummy!" yelled Han-

"Upon my word! I-I-" Mr.

Greely's wrath overflowed; he forgot

the existence of his kind friend and

patron, and would not have cared,

had he remembered it. He crowded

on Hansom of the Fifth, boxing his

dodging frantically. "You old ass-

yarooh!-you thumping chump-oh,

my hat! Keep off, you giddy old

"Mr. Greely!" It was Sir George

Hansom's voice in the doorway.

"Horace Greely! You forget your-

Mr. Greely suddenly left off boxing

Hansom of the Fifth dodged away,

Mr. Greely looked at Sir George,

breathing deep. Sir George looked

at Mr. Greely, his eyes glittering

with anger. Behind Sir George,

Jimmy Silver & Co., and a crowd of

other fellows swarmed. Fortunately,

both gentlemen remembered that

something was due to appearances,

and they restrained the hot words on

Sir George!" gasped Mr. Greely.

"K-k-kindly step into my study,

Smack, smack, smack!

"Ow, ow, ow!" yelled Hansom,

"You insolent young rascal---"

Mr. Greely, and he did not measure

'Let go, you footling ass!"

Mr. Greely stared at him.

on the ear that sent him spinning.

som. "Do you think I did it my-

doorway he encountered Mr. Greely,

and encountered a stare of wrathful

juniors as Sir George strode up. He

grasped his hapless son, and pulled

"Go in at once, Edward!"

"Who-what-who is that?"

lessly and ungrammatically.

"Yes; let me pass--"

shoulder and shook him.

call me, Hansom?"

ears right and left.

lunatic! Whoop!"

self, sir!"

their lips.

Hansom's ears.

"Go!" he breathed.

only too glad to escape.

"Ow! All right! Ow!"

get a wash, old bean!" yelled Putty

trees came Sir George Hansom, red

with rage, like a lion from his lair.

claimed Lovell disrespectfully.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

of the Fourth.

him to his feet.

astonishment.

Hansom?"

self?"

his words.

Former.

Lovell. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Hansom?"

rest.

Bump!

the ground.

Published

Every Monday

(Continued from previous page.)

"I will do so, sir!" snorted Sir George.

And a door closed on the two angry gentlemen, concealing them from the intensely interested gaze of Manor House School.

> The 5th Chapter. Marching Orders!

"It's Dicky's fist!"

"Mr. Dalton-by Jove! Let's see what Dicky has to say."

Jimmy Silver opened the letter. Not only his own comrades, but a crowd of the Fourth Form fellows gathered round Jimmy as he opened the letter from Richard Dalton under the trees in the close. They all wanted to know what the master of the Rookwood Fourth had to say.

Jimmy glanced at the letter and whistled.

"My hat! This is all right!" "Read it out!" exclaimed Lovell.

"Must have given the old scout a shock!" grinned Raby.

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Good old Dicky!" said Lovell heartily. "We're going back, of course. Shove that letter on the notice-board, Jimmy, and let everybody read it. The Fifth can do as they jolly well like; but I fancy that old Greely will lose his Fourth and his Third and his Second, when that's known!"

"Yes, rather!"

"Hurray!" "Jolly good idea!" exclaimed Tubby Muffin eagerly. "Let's get off, and we can cut classes here, and get to Rookwood too late for classes there! See!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We're going!" said Jimmy Silver. "The Head's come round, and that's all we wanted! We're not bound to stand by Greely—a pompous ass who doesn't know how to manage a school, and gives a fellow five hundred lines for being licked by a swanking Fifth-Form chump! I'm jolly well fed-up with Greely."

"Hear, hear!" Jimmy Silver walked into the House, the letter in his hand.

He proceeded to affix it in a prominent place on the school notice-board. In a few minutes a crowd of fellows

"Let that letter alone, you checky cad!" roared Lovell indignantly. "You cheeky young sweep-"

"Roll him over!" shouted Raby. There was a rush of the juniors. Hansom of the Fifth went sprawling, and the letter was recaptured and

stuck on the board again. "Bump him!" roared Lovell.

Lumsden and Talboys were shoved aside, and the juniors collared Edward Hansom, and proceeded to bump him hard. By the time they had finished with Hansom of the Fifth, that youth was too breathless to give utterance to his thoughts; but possibly he was thinking that, after all, he was not getting a better time at the Manor House than he had had at Rookwood.

Leaving Hansom for dead, as it were, Jimmy Silver & Co. marched away, and turned out of the school gates in a body. They had done with Hansom of the Fifth, done with the Manor House, and done with Mr. Greely. And as the crowd marched out cheering, other juniors who had not yet made up their minds, made them up quite promptly, and joined up, and not a junior was left within the walls of the Manor House. And even a few of the Fifth-possibly not wholly satisfied with Hansom's manners and customs as captain of the school-followed the crowd. And in cheery spirits, Jimmy Silver led his

"Such a ears!" said Sir George. form of punishment-"

'I confess that I had lost my temper, provoked by Edward Hansom's unparalleled insolence-"

'Headmasters do not lose their tempers, Mr. Greely, when they possess a proper sense of the fitness of

things. "Your son, sir, would drive an archangel to lose his temper."

"My son-who stood up for you when you were dismissed from Rookwood, and defied his headmaster on your account!" exclaimed the baronet indignantly.

"I do not forget it, sir-I do not forget it! But it has dawned upon my mind that Edward Hansom's defiance of Dr. Chisholm at Rockwood was of a piece with his defiance of me here! Of a piece, sir!" repeated Mr. Greely. "The boy is reckless, unruly, presumptuous-faults that I naturally expected his father to check-

"And which his father would check, sir, if he could perceive them as clearly as you appear to do!" snorted Sir George. "But he does not, sir-he does not."

"A headmaster, sir, cannot submit to constant interference in the management of his school-"

"The founder of a school, sir. is bound to satisfy himself that his headmaster is competent to fill his position, sir."

"Sir George!" "Mr. Greely!"

"I have no alternative, Sir George, but to administer a flogging to Edward Hansom, if he is to remain in this school."

"If!" ejaculated Sir George. "If -if my son is to remain in the school which I have founded, and to which I have appointed you headmaster. Was I mistaken, Mr. Greely, in believing your dismissal from Rookwood unjust? Had Dr. Chisholm grounds of complaint in your obstinacy of temper, your blindness to all opinions but your own-"

"So it has come to this!" said Mr. Greely. "This is the outcome of my high hopes-this-" He choked. 'Sir George, if I am to remain headmaster of Manor House, I insist, without question, upon a free hand. I insist upon that, sir, as a sine qua non.

"We need not prolong this discussion, sir," snorted Sir George. "It is undignified, and it is unprofitable. I will only say, that if you remain headmaster of the Manor House, I shall expect you to institute better order in the school, and to make it impossible, sir, impossible, for my son, the captain of the school, to be ragged, and blackened with soot, sir, by a mob of Lower boys. Think over

it, sir-think over it." With that, Sir George Hansom quitted the study, closing the door behind him with a bang.

Mr. Greely stood for some minutes staring at the closed door, trembling with anger and resentment.

Then he whirled round, strode to his desk, and grabbed up the telephone receiver.

He almost shouted a number into the transmitter. He jammed the receiver to his ear, and listened impatiently. A cool, calm voice came through.

"Well?" "Is that Dr. Chisholm, of Rook wood School?" asked Mr. Greely.

"Dr. Chisholm is speaking. Mr. Greely, I think--" "Yes, sir! Dr. Chisholm, yester-

day you called on me; you offered to let bygones be bygones---' "I spoke with sincerity, Mr.

Greely. I learned too late that I had treated you with injustice. regretted it, and regret it now." "Thank you, sir," gasped Mr.

Greely. The calm voice of the Head, and the words it uttered, were balm to the wounded spirit of Horace Greely. "Sir! You offered me reinstatement at Rookwood-"

"Reinstatement in your old position here, in all honour, Mr. Greely," said the calm voice. "I could offer you no less, if you cared to accept it."

"Is that offer still open, sir?" "Certainly."

"Dr. Chisholm! I will not deny that I resented, deeply, the injustice of my dismissal. But since that time, I fear that I have also been guilty of faults towards you, for which I ask your pardon."

"Granted, Mr. Greely, granted. My only wish is to let bygones be bygones."

"Then I accept your offer, sir." "I am glad to hear you say so, Mr. Greely," said the headmaster of Rookwood cordially. "I shall be happy to welcome you back to the school."

(Continued on page 816.)



MR. CREELY IS WRATHFUL! Mr. Greely crowded on Hansom, boxing his ears right and left. "Ow, ow, ow!" yelled Hansom, dodging frantically. "You old ass-yaroooh-you thumping chump-oh, my hat! Keep off, you giddy old lunatic! Whoop!" Smack, smack, smack, smack! "Mr. Greely!" It was Sir George Hansom's voice. "Horace Greely! You forget yourself, sir!"

breathless crowd.

"Dear Silver,-I am sure that you will understand that the present state of affairs cannot possibly be allowed to continue. I am convinced, too, that you are loyal to your old school, and wish to see an end to the present unhappy dispute. Dr. Chisholm authorises me to say that every Rookwood boy who returns to school will be freely pardoned; no reference whatever will be made to what has happened; all will be forgotten and forgiven. In these circumstances, I am sure that you will see that it is your duty, as well as your best interest, to return at once, and use your influence with your Formfellows to induce them to do the same. Please make this generally known to all Rookwood boys now at the Manor House. I know that I can rely upon you.

"Your Form master, "RICHARD DALTON."

"That's the goods, and no mistake!" said Putty of the Fourth. "Hear, hear!"

"Good egg!" "I know I'm jolly well fed-up with Greely, and all the Hansom family, old and young!" said Arthur Edward Lovell. "I'm going back!" "Same here!"

"Yes, rather!" said Jimmy Silver. "That's what we wanted-Dicky Dalton must have been talking sense to the Head!"

And he read out the letter to a lignorant that Dr. Chisholm was offering an amnesty to all fellows who returned to the school. The fact that Jimmy Silver & Co. were accepting the offer had a great effect on the junior contingent. Where "Uncle James" of Rookwood led, the Lower School were accustomed to follow; and Valentine Mornington, who had been the leader of the desertion, was already gone—the first to go. On all sides fellows were getting ready to clear out of the Manor House-and even some of the Fifth seemed in a doubtful mood.

Hansom of the Fifth, in a newlyswept and garnished state, but still showing signs of ink and soot about his ears and hair, was the last to arrive on the scene and read the letter from Mr. Dalton. Hansom gave a snort.

He was by no means disposed to leave the new school, where he regarded himself rather as monarch of all he surveyed, and return to law and order and discipline at Rookwood.

"Rot!" he announced.

"After all, there's somethin' in it," let you come back with us, Hansom, old bean. That's all right, you know."

"Rot!" repeated Hansom. "We're getting a better time here than at Rookwood."

"Yes," said Lumsden. "But--" "Rot, I tell you!"

Hansom jerked the letter down from the board.

The 6th Chapter. Homeward Bound! "Really, Sir George-"

"Really, sir-"

"The time has come, sir, to speak out, I think." "I fully agree with you, Mr.

Greely." Mr. Greely breathed hard and

He stood by his desk, in his study, and Sir George Hansom, also standing, faced him.

Both the gentlemen were angry; both were sorry to be angry; both realised that matters had come to a

"It seems," said Mr. Greely, his voice trembling a little, "that you have not complete confidence in me as headmaster of the Manor House, Sir George."

"I am sorry to say that I cannot think you have fully justified the confidence I placed in you, Mr. Greely."

"I admit nothing of the kind. repeat, nothing of the kind!" boomed Horace Greely. "To carry on as headmaster, and at the same time ventured Talboys. "The Head will submit to the insolence of a young rascal, is impossible, sir-impos-

> "Are you characterising my son as a young rascal?"

"The term is, perhaps, too strong: but a thoughtless, reckless, unruly, presumptuous young fool-"

"Mr. Greely!" "Sir George!"

"I find you, sir, boxing my son's

Do you know that No. 6 of "The Schoolboys' Own Library," now on sale, contains "Captain of the Fourth!" a long story of Rookwood School?

or three of Sir George's recently-

engaged masters were wandering

about, too, in a state of perplexity,

and exchanging wondering and tart

observations. Form masters were

there, and Form-rooms, but no

Forms. Manor House School seemed

to have "fizzled" out as suddenly as

it had come into existence. Long

up the drive, Hansom was "fed-up

wood with his comrades.

He snorted.

before his pater's car came hooting

with it, and longing to be at Rook-

Sir George descended from the car.

He almost jumped when Hansom

explained what had happened.

Scarcely able to believe what he

heard, Sir George strode to Mr.

Greely's study. Mr. Greely was not

there, but his letter was on the table,

addressed to Sir George; and the

baronet grabbed it up and read it.

"The ass! The man's an ass!"

ass at Rookwood, dad," said Han-

som. "Pompous old ass, you know."

position I created for him!" snorted

Sir George. "He goes back to Rook-

wood! If he was going back to

Rookwood, why in thunder could he

not have gone before I had taken

such trouble on his behalf? I am

"I shall not forget that he was my

old tutor, and is my friend," said

the baronet, more calmly. "I shall

not forget that he has done me ser-

vices. But I shall never be tempted |

again to think of placing him in a

position of responsibility! I will

appoint a new headmaster; the

become the most famous of public

"I'd rather go back to Rookwood,

"After all, old Greely isn't bad as

"Perhaps you are right!" he said.

"It was chiefly for Mr. Greely's sake

that I founded this school-to do him

justice! Huh! I have already had

an offer for the property-a hand-

some offer. I shall accept it. I

Rookwood School was having a

Jimmy Silver & Co. had marched

in, and Mornington greeted them at

the gates with a grin on his face.

Mr. Dalton greeted them more seri-

arrived with the Fifth, and was

shown into the Head's study at once.

and the hatchet was buried in a cor-

dial handshake. Then-last but not

least—a motor-car came buzzing in,

and Hansom of the Fifth descended

Jimmy Silver & Co. rejoiced, glad,

like the rest of the school, that the

Rookwood was itself again.

from it with his father.

close quarters.

of the Manor House.

your newsagent to-day!)

rather excited time that day.

will take you over to Rookwood in

schools, and you shall be captain, my

school shall carry on.

along with my friends, dad."

a Form master," said Hansom.

Sir George nodded at last.

There was a long pause.

"What!"

the car, Edward."

disappointed in Horace Greely."

Another snort!

"We all thought him a bit of an

"He resigns his position here—the

#### BACK TO ROOKWOOD!

(Continued from page 804.)

"To-day, sir-this afternoon-" "The sooner the better, Mr. "Then I shall see you very soon,

"Very good. And the boys-" "Undoubtedly the boys will re-

turn with me, sir. If-if--' "You will assure them from me, Mr. Greely, that all offences are pardoned and forgotten, if they return

with you. "You relieve my mind very much, sir! I make no doubt that all the boys will return, when I give them your generous message, sir."

"Very good." Mr. Greely jammed the receiver back on the hooks. He was feeling better. From his study window, he saw Sir George Hansom's car come round, and the baronet step into it. Mr. Greely eyed him grimly. Sir George was going to Latcham on some business connected with a supply of school maps—a business which might very well have been left to the headmaster. Sir George was welcome to take it in hand now. By the time he returned, Mr. Greely intended to have shaken the dust of the Manor House from his feet for ever.

He spent some little time in preparations for departure: he left a note on his table for Sir George Hansom. Then he sallied forth to announce his decision to the school. He found Hansom of the Fifth lounging by the door, and called to him. The Fifth-Former gave him a rather hostile look.

"Hansom! Call the school together in Hall-I have an address to make to all the boys."

Hansom grinned. "They're gone, sir."
"What?"

"All the fags have cleared off, sir, and some of the Fifth. There aren't a dozen fellows left here."

"Bless my soul!" "Buck up, sir!" said Hansom consolingly. "I'm standing by you, with my friends-so long as you don't come it too strong, you know."

"No more insolence, Hansom!" said Mr. Greely sternly. "Call the Fifth into the Form-room. It is important."

"Oh, all right!" yawned Hansom. Mr. Greely rolled into the Fourth Form-room, and in a few minutes the Fifth came in, lounging care essly, but curious to hear what their headmaster had to say. What he had to say rather surprised them.

Boys!" said Mr. Greely. have accepted an offer from Dr. Chisholm to resume my former position at Rookwood School. I am leaving ously. A little later, Mr. Greely Manor House immediately."

"Oh, gad!" ejaculated Hansom. "Isn't that rather letting my pater down?"

"Silence, Hansom! Boys, Dr. Chisholm offers a free pardon to all Rookwood boys who return with me. I trust that you will all return. Many of the boys, it appears, are already gone. The rest may come with me."

"Oh, my hat!" said Lumsden. "What a giddy surprise!" murmured Talboys.

"Jolly good idea!" said Brown major. "It was a lark while it lasted; but I'm ready to go back, for one."

"Follow me!" said Mr. Greely. "Come on, Hansom."

Hansom of the Fifth looked dismayed and perplexed.

"I can't go without askin' my pater, anyhow," he said. "He-he mayn't let me go! Good gad! What a let-down! You fellows get off with old Greely, if you like. I'm bound

to wait for my pater." Soon afterwards, Mr. Horace Greely was sailing away for Rookwood, lofty and majestic, like a galleon under full sail, and the Fifth Form sauntered after him. Hansom of the Fifth was the only Rookwood fellow who remained within the walls of the Manor House.

Not in a happy mood, Hansom wandered about the deserted school, Boys' Friend by ordering it from waiting for his father's return. Two

### : KINGS OF

(Continued from page 810.)

Hal was approaching both the vessels on a slant. And now he put his helm down. The Cid luffed slowly to the wind, gliding right in between the Fair Fortune and the pirate barque, fifty yards to either side of the Cid. Hal's heart beat fast. He had hardly hoped to get so close. The perilous moment had come, and he was only surprised that it delayed so long.

The San Domingo's men bawled out something that Hal did not understand. Old Simon answered them in their own togue.

"Bueno! We have had a fight as well as you," he cried gruffly. "Have we no share in the loot here, amigoes, or is it all yours?"

"Nada, nada!" jeered "Find your own prizes, Spaniards. Valdez! 'Tis a fat duck we are plucking here. You are in time enough to join in the sport."

"Stand by!" said Simon to his gun crews.

Quite suddenly the pirate crew became aware that there was something wrong. Here was the Cid, smartly handled and with her flag flying, sure enough. But the small number of men on her deck-less than a score when there should have been seventy-and the strange look of the little crew, none of whom they recognised now that they were close, puzzled the Spaniards. Then a chorus of oaths arose and a warning

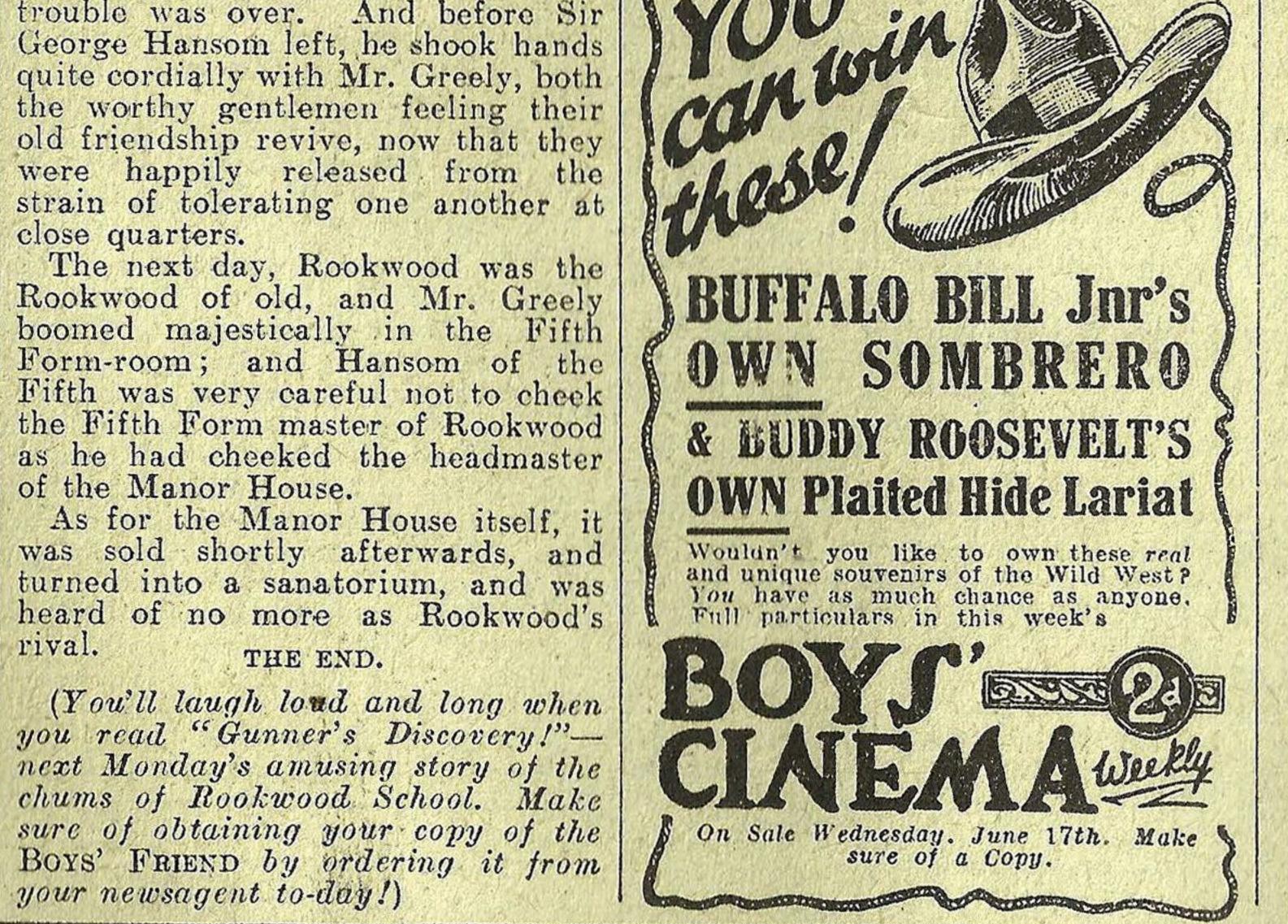
"Starboard guns!" roared Simon. "Now, lads!"

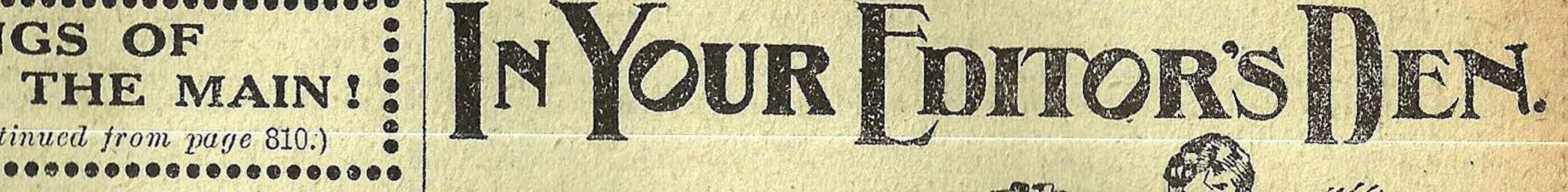
They jumped to it before the words were out of his mouth, every man to his piece. The crew of the pirate barque and those on the prize were rushing to action stations, but they were too late. As the Cid rolled to windward her ten starboard guns thundered out in one ragged, crashing broadside. And at that short range it was impossible to miss.

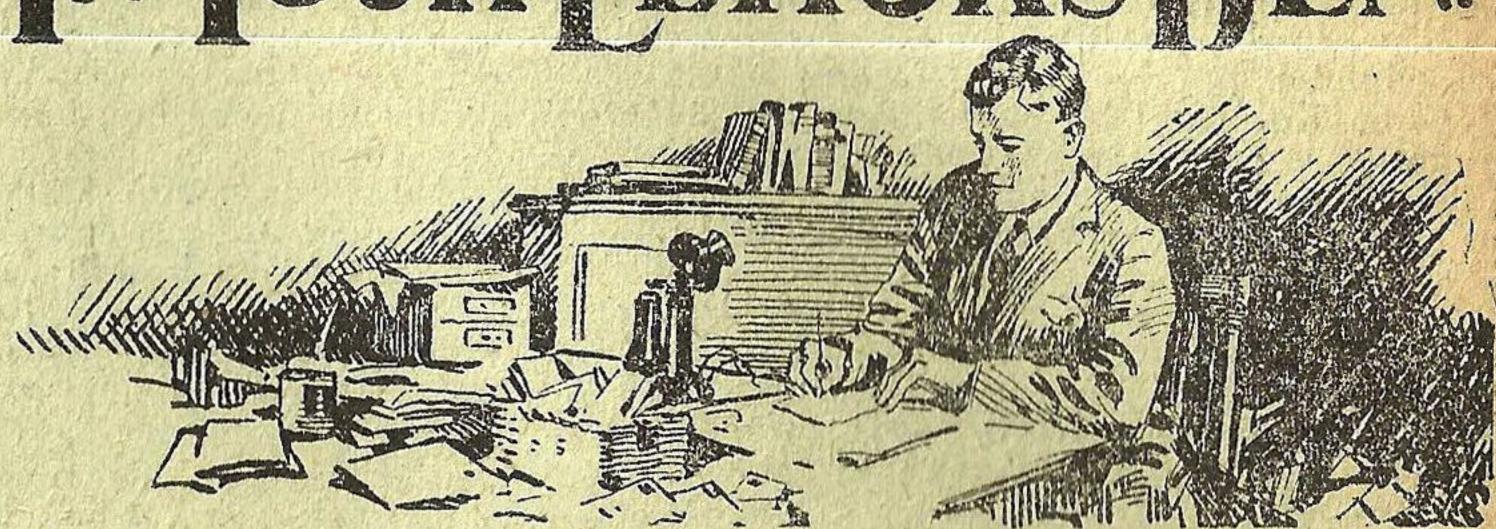
A hurricane of grape and chain shot swept the decks of the San Domingo, mowing down half her crew. A howl of rage and fear went up from the Spaniards on both sides while the smoke still hung thick.

"Larboard guns!" bellowed Simon, dashing across the deck to the far side with his men. And within ten seconds a broadside smashed along the upper decks of the Fair Fortune, ploughing into the disorderly masses of the crew that was locting her, cutting red lanes through them. sending the splinters flying and creating wild havoc and panic.

Monday's thrilling long instalment of this powerful story of the Spanish Main! Order your Boys' FRIEND in advance and avoid disappointment!)







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.

#### OUR A.B.C.'s COMPETITION.

This new top-line competition, as above, is going great guns. This week contains No. 2. Just show your keen loyalty for the old paper by broadcasting the news to your pals. A certain party, who shall be name-Nobody should miss it. It is bound less, turns up again like the usual to please everybody. Each week's bad penny, in the next instalment competition is complete in itself, and of David Goodwin's spanking serial six special "J. B. Hobbs" cricket of the corsairs of the deep. It is bats, with the great cricketer's name | always the way. This particular indion them, go to winners. Next | vidual has had strong hints dropped Monday we get another splendid to wander away. In addition, next A.B.C.'s Competition, with six more bats awaiting winners.

#### "GUNNER'S DISCOVERY!"

Mr. Owen Conquest has a big inspiration for our coming number. I don't know whether he dreamt it or how he got the idea, but it is a topping notion—all about the great Gunner at his best. There is also a tramp who has no local habitation, for the Tired Tim dosses in barns and so forth. But the vagrant has a name. That's the crux. The name on the mendicant's visiting card was the same one as that borne by a highly honoured gentleman. Gunner got wind of it all, and there is a haystack of trouble as a result. It is good going all the time.

#### "THE LION'S REVENGE!"

Are you an expert at imagining things? Can you picture the spectacle of the massed drilled hordes of Cathay, with an arsenal city in the background, all prepared for the wiping out of Western civilisation? If you once get the right hang of these things you will be close in touch with the wonder and the tragedy of the next instalment of Roger Fowey's big romance of war. There is grim reality and a lot of human nature in this grand story. Note the arrival of the troop-carrying plane, with Jackie and a hundred jolly Scots aboard. Most timely this, for things looked black as night for our friends Don and Keith.

#### "UNDER FALSE COLOURS!"

Hambley Saturday had a streak of (On no account must you miss next | bad luck whenever they met a certain seaside team. When Jim Gryce joined up there was a break in the bad record. But the story does not end there, as you will find when you get hold of Arthur S. Hardy's good | yarn of the willow. It is a fine !

(New Series.)

(New Series.)

picture of cricket, with a real, slapup mystery plot.

#### "KINGS OF THE MAIN!"

You would never have thought it! Monday we have further stirring adventures of the Traceys in connection with three ships which went sailing, not to mention a row-boat; the latter got into a mist. But there's no fog about this narrative of the days of old, and the sea dogs who pitted themselves against long odds.

#### "THE TONG OF THE RED LOTOS!"

Put Duncan Storm down anywhere in China and he's as happy as the day is long. This cheery fact has much to do with the new Bombay Castle yarn, which is a real livener. There is a bad bout of measles aboard the s.s. Bombay Castle, and that's why the Glory Hole Gang remain on their Junk of the Thousand Perfumes. But though Dick Dorrington and his chums may escape the measles they fail to dodge the coffin, so to speak. There's nothing very funereal about this part, only it is the Chink's anticipatory way to carry his coff about with him. Hence such com cations as might keep you awake nights if you did not happen to a sound sleeper.

#### GAN WAGA AHOY!

Who votes for the tubby Eskimo? Gan and Ferrers Lord, with the Lord of the Deep and its cheerful company, are coming soon in the best yarn Sidney Drew has ever put on paper in his neat little fist.

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Get this! Nos. 5 and 6 are now on sale, and be it duly remembered and noted down, to make all safe and sure, that No. 6 contains a rattling Rookwood story called "Captain of the Fourth!"

Your Editor.

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