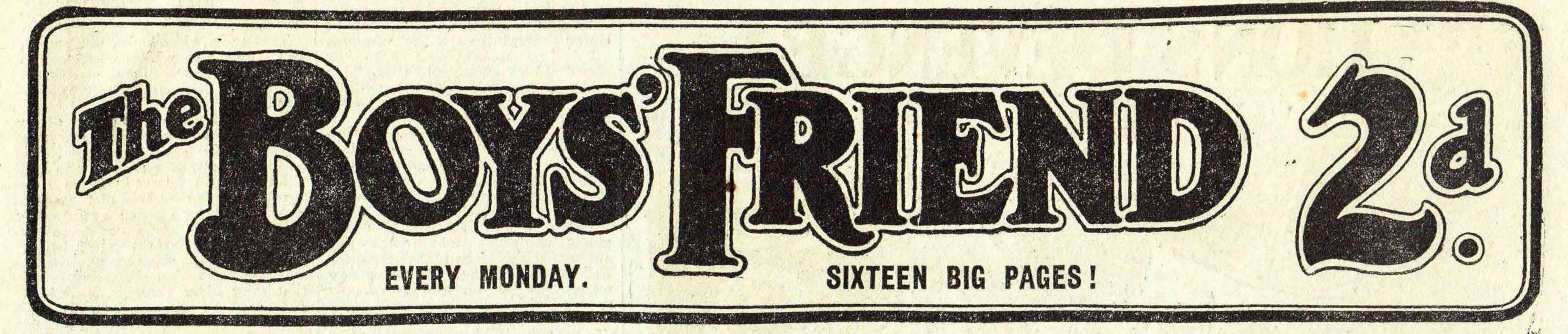
# 6"J. B. Hobbs" Cricket Bats Won This Week!

6 MORE OFFERED INSIDE!



No. 1,255. Vol. XXV.—New Series.]

THE BEST BOYS' PAPER IN THE WORLD!

Week Ending June 27th, 1925.



Saved from the Sword! A British Troop-Plane to the Rescue of the Doomed Chums!

(A dramatic incident from the powerful story of the World War of 1975 in this issue.)

#### HERE'S ANOTHER AMUSING STORY OF THE CHUMS OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL!

Published

Every Monday



# CONQUEST.

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

### Peter Cuthbert Gunner is badly taken in by a tramp!

"Carry him!"

The 1st Chapter. Taking Care of Gunner.

"Gunner! Hold on!" Peter Cuthbert Gunner of the Classical Fourth condescended to turn his head and glance round.

But he did not hold on. He was on his way to the gates when Jimmy Silver hailed him, striding along with his usual lofty stride and with an unusually determined expression upon his rugged

Jimmy Silver & Co., coming along the same path at a more leisurely pace, sighted Gunner ahead of them. and Jimmy called to him. Lovell and Raby and Newcome chimed in.

"Stop, you ass!" "Chuck it, Gunner!"

"Come back, you chump!" Upon which Gunner, after a scorn-

ful glance round, turned his back on the Fistical Four and marched on gateward.

It was a half-holiday at Rookwood, | the Fourth decided to intervene. and many of the fellows were going out of gates on that sunny summer's afternoon. In ordinary circumstances, therefore, there would have been nothing surprising or perturbing in seeing Peter Cuthbert Gunner marching out.

But on that special half-holiday Peter Cuthbert was under detention. Peter Cuthbert had been slacking in class—as, being so important a person, he felt himself fully entitled

to do if he chose. That morning he had slacked not wisely but too well. He had exhausted the patience of Richard Dalton, master of the

Fourth Form. And he was detained for the afternoon, with a dismal prospect of two hours all on his own in the Form-room, grinding at Latin irregular verbs.

Verbs, regular or irregular, never did appeal to Gunner. Of all the nine parts of speech, there was not one he really liked-in fact, he detested them all with a deep detestation. But if there was a verb he disliked more than another verb. it was an irregular verb, and if there was an irregular verb he hated with a perfect hatred, it was a Latin irregular verb. And from the fact that Gunner was marching down to the school gates with a determined expression upon his bulldog face, it was clear that he was not going to spend a half-holiday with irregular verbs if he could help it.

He was going, in fact, to cut detention.

Hence the objurgations of the Fistical Four as they sighted his broad back on the way to the gates. Gunner heard them, but he did not

Deaf to the authoritative voice of his Form master, he was not likely to heed mere juniors like himself-or, rather, juniors unlike himself, for Gunner was, in his own estimation, unique. Jimmy Silver was captain of the Fourth, his comrades were great men in the Form, but in Guiner's opinion they were very small fry. That was his opinion, and he never concealed it. He considered his opinions much too valuable and instructive to be kept dark.

So Gunner marched on, lofty and

scornful. "The silly ass!" said Lovell. "I heard him tell Dickinson minor that he was going to hook it. But I didn't think he would be ass enough."

"Ass enough for anything!" said Raby.

"Gunner!" shouted Jimmy Silver. Gunner did not even turn his head at that fresh hail. "Gunner, you chump!" yelled

Newcome. "Well, it's no bizney of ours," remarked Raby. "Dicky Dalton will lick him-and serve him right. Let

him rip!" Jimmy Silver frowned.

Mr. Dalton, master of the Fourth, was popular in his Form and much respected. Gunner's punishment was a just one; he had fairly asked for

In fact, as Morny had said, begged and prayed for it. So there was something quite irritating in this reckless defiance of authority by a fathead like Gunner. It was treating "Dicky Dalton" with contempt; it was putting him under the necessity of inflicting a severe punishment, which all the fellows knew that he disliked doing.

For which reason the captain of

"Come on, you fellows!" he said. And he broke into a run.

"Stopping him?" asked Arthur Edward Lovell. "Yes."

"Oh, all right! It will save him a licking." Still at a little distance from the

gates, Jimmy Silver's hand droppedon Gunner's shoulder. Gunner had to stop then. The

grip on his shoulder swung him round, facing the captain of the Fourth.

"Let go, you ass!" he shouted.

"Hold on-" "Rats!"

"You're not going to cut detention, Gunner."

"I jolly well am!" said Gunner, with emphasis.

"Now, look here, old chap," said Jimmy patiently, "you asked for what you got, and it's up to you to take it smiling. See?" "Rot!"

"It means a licking if you hook it," said Raby.

Gunner snorted. "I'm not afraid of a licking, if

you fellows are." "It's disrespectful to Mr. Dalton," said Jimmy. "It isn't as if he were

a nagging old tick like Manders, or a pompous ass like Greely. He's a good sort, and--" "I know he's a good sort. I like

him," said Gunner. "But I'm not going to let him dictate to me." "You cheeky ass!" exclaimed Lovell. "We never cheek Dalton."

"Quite right, too," said Gunner. "You fellows shouldn't. Fags like you ought to be respectful to your Form master. It's a bit different with me. I'm not going to be dictated to. I've got my position in the Form to think of." "Oh, my hat!"

"It's not much good talking to you, Gunner," said Jimmy Silver. "To cut it short, will you keep detention?"

"No!" "Then we'll jolly well make you!" "Hear, hear!" grinned the Co.

"Hands off!" roared Gunner truculently, as the Fistical Four grasped him on all sides. Gunner was swept off his feet.

"You're going into the Formroom," said Jimmy Silver determinedly. "Will you walk, or be carried?"

"Yaroooh!"

"Give the silly ass the frog's march!" "Good egg!"

grinned Lovel!.

"Yow-ow-ow!" roared Gunner. He struggled frantically. Gunner was a hefty fellow, but he was not of much use in the hands of four. With his arms and legs flying wildly, he was borne back along the path.

"Oh! Leggo! You cheeky asses, interfering with me-me! By gad! Why, I'll wallop you all round! Yow-ow! Leggo!"

Gunner made a desperate effort, marked.

specially accurate chronometer he could not have done better.

Right into Richard Dalton crashed the fleeing Gunner, and the impact was terrific.

Richard Dalton staggered. ,

Gunner sat down.

"Upon my word!" gasped Mr. Dalton.

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Jimmy Silver. And the Fistical Four came to a sudden halt.

"Ow! Wow!" spluttered Gunner. "What the thump-- Ow! Wow!" "Gunner!"

"Ow! Wow!" Mr. Dalton stooped, grasped Gunner

by the collar, and jerked him to his "Gunner, you should not rush

you hurt?" "Ow! Wow! Yes! Ow!" gasped Gunner.

about in this reckless manner. Are

"You should be more careful, Gunner. It is time now that you should go into the Form-room for your detention. Come with me!"

For a moment the gasping Gunner

hesitated. He had declared loudly and emphatically that he would not be dictated to by Richard Dalton. He had meant it. But, somehow or other, in the actual presence of Richard Dalton, Gunner underwent a change of spirit. For a single moment he hesitated, red-hot rebel- looked for work. If, indeed, he had lion in his thoughts. Then with the meekness of a lamb. He walked across the quad with Mr. Dalton towards

Jimmy Silver smiled. "So much for Gunner!" he re-

the House.

to chip him afterwards for being a

silly ass.

The mendicant did not look very

He loafed out of the shade of the beeches at the cross-roads in Coombe Lane as the four juniors came strolling by towards the village. He looked in hard luck. His battered hat would have disgraced a dustheap; his clothes were dirty and torn; his boots were horrid. On his looks he had not been able to afford to buy any soap for years and years and years. But his puffy cheeks and his red and bulbous nose hinted that he had found resources somewhere to expend in support of the drink traffic. No doubt he was hard up for money when what he regarded as a prime necessity of life cost as much as twelve-and-six a bottle.

He breathed a horrid mixture of spirits and strong tobacco, and Uncle James, in spite of his kind heart, backed away a little.

"Spare a copper, sir - jest a copper!" said the man, eyeing Jimmy Silver. He seemed to realise at once that Lovell and Raby and Newcome were of no use to him. "A prosperous young gentleman like you, sir, I'm sure you can feel for a bloke out of work, sir."

Jimmy smiled faintly. He was willing to believe the best of anyone, but he could not quite believe that this fellow had ever looked for it, it was only as a man might have looked for a bull or a mad dog in order to keep well out of the way of it.

But Jimmy fumbled in his pocket. He had had a remittance from home that morning, and sixpence out of five shillings was not much.

But Arthur Edward Lovell intervened. There were few affairs in which the Fistical Four were concerned, in which Arthur Edward Lövell did not feel bound to intervene personally.

"Chuck it, Jimmy!" said Lovell, "What's the good of giving the man money to sprint off with straight to the Bird in Hand?"

"You say you're looking for

work?" went on Lovell, fixing his eyes magisterially on the frowsy

The man scowled.

"Yes," grunted the tramp. "What's your name?"

"Bill Dalton, sir-William Henry Dalton." "Dalton!" repeated Lovell indig-

nantly. "Same as our Form master! Like your cheek, I think!"

"Dash it all, the man can't help his name!" said Jimmy.

"It's too good a name to be disgraced by a scarecrow like this," said Lovell. "Like his cheek, I think! Well, look here, Bill Dalton-if that's your name, which it very likely isn't-what sort of work can

"Wood-cutting," said Bill Dalton, after a moment's pause. "And you're looking for a job?"

"Yes, looking 'ard."

"Then I can jolly well help you," said Lovell triumphantly. "There's a lot of wood being cut round about here, and a chance for casual labour. Trot along a bit and I'll point out Mr. Giles' house. They're cutting now on his woodland, near Coombe. Come on!"

William Henry Dalton did not stir. That chance of a job did not seem to appeal to him, somehow.

Raby and Newcome grinned. Silver frowned. Arthur Jimmy Edward Lovell looked loftily indig-

"Well, are you coming, Bill?" he

"I ain't so spry as I used to be since—since I was 'urt in an accident, sir," said William Henry. "And—and it's 'ot to-day, and—

"And you're a spoofing humbug and don't want a job," said Lovell contemptuously. "What you want is a wash, and there's a river handynothing to prevent you from washing yourself. Go and do it. And you keep your money in your trousers pocket, Jimmy, you ass!"

Jimmy smiled. "Catch!" he said.

He tossed a sixpence to William Henry Dalton. The frowsy gentleman caught it with a dirty hand.

"You silly owl!" roared Lovell. "Thanks, old man!"

"It's encouraging tramps and loafers and spongers!" snorted Lovell. "You're a howling ass, Jimmy!" "Same to you, old man. Come

The Fistical Four moved on, Bill Dalton-eyeing them. He looked up

(Continued overleaf.)



GUNNER GOES! Gunner was swept off his feet. "You're going into the Form-room," said Jimmy Silver determinedly. "Will you walk or be carried?" "Yarooooh!" "Carry him," grinned Lovell. "Give the silly ass the frog's march." "Good egg!" "Yow-ow-ow-ow!" roared Gunner. He struggled frantically. Gunner was a hefty fellow, but he was not of much use in the hands of four. With his arms and legs flying wildly, he was borne back along the path.

and the four juniors, holding him. I And the Fistical Four sauntered swayed, and the whole party collapsed on the ground.

There was a wild yell from Lovell as he caught Gunner's elbow with his eye. He let go Gunner quite suddenly.

"Hold him!" panted Jimmy.

"Ow!" " Oh!"

Gunner tore himself loose and leaped to his feet. Before the juniors could grasp him again he was tearing away towards the gates at top speed.

Jimmy Silver scrambled up. "After him!"

"Ow!" gasped Lovell. "My eye! Wow! I'll pulverise him! Wow!" The four rushed in pursuit. Gunner, with a terrific burst of speed, reached the old gateway well ahead, and went through it like

lightning. Then there was a crash. Richard Dalton, master of the Fourth, was returning from an after- 'Raby and Newcome exchanged a

cheerily out of gates, three of them cheery at least. Arthur Edward Lovell was rubbing his eye rather painfully. Gunner's hefty elbow planted in a fellow's eye was no joke. And so far from sympathising with a fellow condemned to irregular verbs on a half-holiday, Lovell, as he rubbed his eye, only hoped that the verbs would be very irregular indeed.

#### The 2nd Chapter. William Henry Asks For It!

Jimmy Silver stopped at the sound of the whining voice. "Oh, come on!" grunted Lovell.

"Spare a copper, sir!"

But Jimmy did not come on. Uncle James of Rookwood had a soft heart-Lovell sometimes said that he had a soft head to match. Anyhow, a tale of woe always found a sympathetic listener in Jimmy, and he hated to refuse even the most unpleasant mendicant.

lunch stroll. He had returned just | wink as they stopped. That wink | in time to meet Peter Cuthbert implied that this particular mendi-Gunner in full career. Had he, cant was going to get something out the road and he looked down the indeed, timed his return with a of Jimmy, and that they were going !

"Well Meant!" is the screamingly funny story of the chums of Rookwood School appearing in our next issue. Be sure you read it!



road. No one was in sight. Then he picked up a stick from the grass and leaped into the lane in front of the Rookwood juniors. From the whining mendicant he had suddenly turned into a threatening rough.

"'Old on!" he said. "A tanner ain't much use to me. Make it five

"Oh, my hat!" said Raby. William Henry flourished his

no time to waste! 'And over five the corridor. bob or I'll cave in your nappers jest as if you was spadgers! Now, then, sharp's the word!"

Another flourish of the cudgel. Bill Dalton undoubtedly was in a hurry. He was afraid that at any moment someone might come in sight up or down the lane. As for the four juniors, he was not afraid of them. He took it for granted that a set of schoolboys would be afraid of a rough fellow with a cudgel.

Never had he made a greater mis-"Five bob!" he said. "You 'ear me? Sharp's the word, afore I knock

you spinning! I--- Yarooooooop!" Bill Dalton had no time to finish. Jimmy Silver came at him with a spring, dodging the flourishing cudgel, and his right fist landed on the ruffian's jaw with a terrible crash.

Bump! William Henry Dalton went over on his back as if a cannon-ball had

struck him. The cudgel flew from his hand, and Raby promptly annexed it and sent it spinning away over the tree-

tops. Jimmy Silver & Co. gathered round the sprawling ruffian, grinning.

Bill Dalton sprawled, and put his hand to his jaw. He seemed to be rather doubtful whether it was still there.

"Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow!"

he mumbled. "Have another?" asked Jimmy genially.

"Ow! Ow! Ow!" "Bump him!" suggested New-

come. "He's not clean enough to touch," said Lovell. "Roll him into the ditch."

"Good egg!"

Jimmy Silver chuckled. "Good! All kick together," he said. "When I say three, leg out!"

"Right-ho!" Rookwooders. He was not thinking of violence now. Only too clearly it had been borne in upon his dull mind that that was a chicken that would

not fight. "Ow! Let a bloke alone!" he groaned.

"One!" said Jimmy, counting. The Fistical Four stood in a row and drew their right feet back.

He scrambled to his feet. "Three!"

"Two!"

William Henry Dalton leaped away and ran for his life before the boots could reach him.

wooders.

Bill Dalton crashed through a hedge, rolled into a field, and ran. He had had enough of the cheery Rookwooders-more than enough. He vanished across the field, panting, and Jimmy Silver & Co. continued their walk to the village, having, as they supposed, quite done with William Henry Dalton. Not for a moment did they dream of the peculiar circumstances in which they

> The 3rd Chapter. Out of Bounds!

were destined to hear of him again.

"No fear!" said Gunner. And he added emphatically: "No thumping fear!" Gunner was not addressing Dickinson," he said.

"Eh?"

anybody in particular. He was alone in the Fourth Form-room.

Before him, on his desk, lay his detention task-a nice little exercise in Latin irregular verbs. It did not seem to attract Gunner. Mr. Dalton had left him to it, and Gunner had left it to itself.

(Continued from previous page.)

Gunner was detained; Gunner was in the Form-room; Gunner was seated at his desk. But he was not going to be detained, all the same. He was only waiting for Mr. Richard Dalton to get quite clear. Then Gunner was going!

"No fear!" he said into space, a dozen times at least. "No fear! All very well for fellows like Jimmy Silver, or that fathead Lovell! Not little me! No fear!"

He rose at last and crossed to the "I mean business!" he said. "I've door. He opened it and looked into

"I know. Sorry!" "Dalton thinks I'm going to stay

"I suppose he does," assented Dickinson minor.

"Silly ass, you know."

"Fetch me my straw, will you? Dalton made me leave it in the lobby."

Dickinson minor stared up at the rugged, grinning face of Gunner above him. He did not see why exclaimed Gunner impatiently. Gunner wanted a straw hat in the Form-room.

"Your straw?" he repeated.

"Yes-quick!"

"But what--" "I'm bunking, you ass! I'm going to drop from the window," explained Gunner. "Dicky Dalton's in the passage—can't get out that way."

"But I-I-I say, it will mean a fearful row!" exclaimed Dickinson

minor in dismay. "What about it?" snorted Gunner. "What about a Head's flogging?" suggested Dickinson.

"Rats! Fetch my straw." "But I say, Gunner-"

"Are you going to fetch my straw, Dickinson minor, or are you not going to fetch my straw?" inquired Gunner categorically.

"Oh, all right!" Dickinson minor disappeared into

"Get a move on, Dummy," said Gunner.

"But I-I say---" stammered the hapless Dickinson.

"Go and get him talking, and get him to walk past the trees-turn his back, anyhow, while I drop out and

" But---" "If you really want a licking, Dickinson minor, say so at once, without beating about the bush!"

observed his minor in talk with a Fourth, after roll call. detained fellow in the Form-room window, a thing that was quite against the rules. At home in the holidays, Dickinson major was quite an affectionate big brother. At school, he was a prefect with a proper sense of authority and dignity, and never seemed aware that any relationship existed between him and Dickinson minor.

"You've been talking to Gunner?"

"Yes, I've--"

"Yes, but-"

"Take fifty lines."

"All right. But I say-" "Cut off!"

"Gunner's under detention?"

Dickinson minor cut off. At the To his annoyance and dismay two | the House, and came back with | same moment Gunner, seeing the Form masters were pacing there, in Gunner's straw hat under his arm. prefect engaged in talk with his

COLLISION WITH MR. DALTON! Jimmy Silver & Co. rushed in pursuit of Gunner. Gunner, with a terrific burst of speed, reached the old gateway well ahead, and went through it like lightning. Then there was a crash. Right into Richard Dalton crashed the fleeing Gunner, and the impact was terrific. Mr. Dalton staggered. "Upon my word!" he gasped.

was his own Form master, Mr. Dalton.

closed the door. Obviously he could not walk away under the eyes of

Richard Dalton. "Rotten!" he muttered.

He crossed to the windows next. The windows were open to let in the balmy air of summer. Gunner put his head out.

"Hallo, Dickinson!" he shouted.

Dickinson minor, of the Classical Fourth, was strolling across the quad with his hands in his pockets. He was Gunner's study-mate in No. 7, junior whom he found dropping from "Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Rook- in the Fourth, and Gunner's pal and · loyal follower, and no doubt he sympathised with the detained Gunner. Nevertheless, he was looking very cheery as he strolled in the sunny quad on his own. Perhaps he could not help reflecting how quiet and peaceful a half-holiday was when Gunner was detained in the Formroom. From such pleasant and peaceful reflections he was roused by the voice of P. C. Gunner hailing him from the Form-room window.

> "This way, Dickinson!" shouted Gunner.

Dickinson minor came over to the Form-room windows. He never dreamed of obeying his impulse to walk quickly in the opposite direction. Gunner grinned down at him.

William Henry Dalton sat up. He | conversation. One of them was Mr. | Gunner gave him a nod, and looked | minor, dropped from the Form-room blinked dazedly at the four grinning | Greely, master of the Fifth, the other | up and down, and round about before | window. He landed on his feet, making his descent upon the Formroom window. Gunner feared no jumped up again as soon as the Gunner drew back quickly and foe; and he had little of the prudence | Sixth-Former started towards him. which is the better part of valour. | So far from the prefect's attention But even Gunner realised that if | having been taken off Gunner, it Bulkeley or Neville of the Sixth happened to be in the offing he would! not be able to get clear.

> A big Sixth-Former was sauntering in sight, and there were some juniors The Sixth-Former was Dickinson major, elder brother of Dickinson minor, and a Sixth-Form prefect. Gunner eyed him dubiously. Any prefect was bound to stop a a Form-room window, that was certain, and there was little doubt that Dickinson major would do his duty.

"Dickinson, that's your dashed brother yonder," said Gunner. "Go and edge him off somehow."

"He wouldn't go for me," said Dickinson minor uneasily. good asking him, Gunner."

"I can't reach you from here," said Gunner. "I suppose that's why you're cheeky. If you want me to thump you in the study this evening, you've only got to say so, old bean."

Dickinson minor looked worried. He did not want to be thumped in the study that evening; Gunner had to want to sample it. But he was "I'm detained here, you know, almost as nervous of his brother in

rolled over, and sat down-and had rather been concentrated upon him. He was within six feet of the cheery Peter Cuthbert, with his hand already outstretched to collar him, when Gunner jumped up.

"You young sweep!" Gunner jumped back. He jammed his straw hat on his head and ran. "Come back!" roared Dickinson

major. Gunner did not heed.

He was streaking for the school wall, at a distance from the gates. The prefect stared after him, scarcely believing that the junior would dare to disregard the voice of authority. But it was soon clear that Gunner was disregarding it, and Dickinson major rushed after him in great

But Gunner had a good start. He reached the wall, behind the beeches, and clambered up. His hands were over the top when Dickinson major reached him, and

clutched at his legs. Bang!

Quite by accident-Gunner, naturally, had no eyes behind himfar too hefty a thump for any fellow | the junior's heel crashed on the Sixth-Former's chin.

chin with both hands. The next moment Gunner was over the wall. "Oh, gad! Oh! Ow!" gasped Dickinson major. "Oh, my

hat! The young villain! Wow!" Gunner dropped into the road, and sprinted. Dickinson major, still clasping his chin, turned back from the pursuit. He was not disposed to climb a wall and chase an elusive junior in the country lanes He rubbed his chin ruefully, and proceeded to report the misdeeds of Peter Cuthbert Dickinson minor walked away and Gunner to Mr. Dalton. And Richard approached his brother. The prefect | Dalton, with a deep frown, proceeded met him with a frown. As a matter | to select his stoutest cane for the of fact, Dickinson major had already | special benefit of Gunner of the

The 4th Chapter.

Gunner Makes an Amazing Discovery!

"Gunner!" "That ass!"

Gunner grinned.

He was really quite pleased to meet Jimmy Silver & Co .- quite pleased to let them see that he had not been detained, after all.

Gunner was sauntering cheerily along a narrow, leafy lane, with his hands in his pockets, whistling shrilly, cheerfully, if not tunefully, when he came on the Co. Gunner was enjoying his freedom, and he was in great spirits. He had escaped from detention-escaped from Latin irregular verbs-escaped from Dickinson major, and shown the universe generally that he was not to be dictated to. He had said that he wasn't going to be detained that afternoon, and here he was, free as air, undetained. True, there would be trouble to follow. But trouble and Gunner were old acquaintances; and on a fine, sunny afternoon, with irregular verbs at a safe distance, he was not inclined to meet trouble half-way. He grinned at the chums of the

Fourth. "Hallo! Here we are again!" he remarked brightly. "Did you think I was detained?"

"Dicky Dalton let you off?" asked Lovell.

Gunner snuffed.

"I've let myself off," he explained. think I mentioned to you fellows that I wasn't going to let Mr. Dalton dictate to me."

"You silly ass!"

"Who's Dalton, anyway?" asked Gunner. "He's our Form master, you silly

chump, and he will jolly well lick you for breaking detention," said Jimmy Silver. From a clump of willows, close by which the Rookwooders had stopped,

a pair of dull eyes blinked out wearily. In the shade of the willows,

William Henry Dalton-if that really was his name-had laid his weary limbs down to rest.

His eyes glinted at Jimmy Silver. But he was very careful to keep in cover. His stubbly jaw was still aching from Jimmy's knuckles, and William Henry did not want any more. In some matters, at least, the dirty vagrant knew when he had had enough.

He kept quiet as the voices of the Rookwooders floated to his ears.

"I've a jolly good mind to take you by the scruff of the neck, Gunner, and run you back to Rookwood," said Jimmy Silver.

"Look here, we're not going to carry Gunner a mile," protested Raby. "Let's bump him, and let him rip."

Gunner laughed.

"Oh, don't play the goat!" he said. "Look here, I've got a cake and a bag of tarts here, and a bottle of fizz. Sit down under these willows, and whack it out with me. You're welcome."

"Not a bad idea," said Newcome. "I'd rather whack out Gunner's tarts than carry him home to Rookwood." Jimmy Silver laughed.

"You're not a bad sort of an ass, Gunner, and I suppose you can't help being a born idiot," he said. "We'll let you off the bumping. Come on, you chaps!"

"Silly asses!" commented Gunner. He moved off the path under the shade of the willows. Gunner had dropped into the tuckshop at Coombe, and he had a bundle under his arm. He was proceeding to unroll his bundle when he became aware of a shabby, grubby figure sitting up in the grass under the willows, and stared at William Henry Dalton.

William Henry eyed him.

He was debating in his mind whether to handle Gunner, now that Jimmy Silver & Co. were gone, and transfer to his own possession Gunner's handsome watch-chain, and Dickinson major gave a wild howl. | the watch attached, and any loose the Sixth as he was of Gunner. | He staggered back, clasping his cash Gunner might have about him.

fellow, and the ache in William Fourth. Mr. Dalton certainly would Richard." Henry's stubbly jaw was still painful. | never be able to hold up his head at | William Henry decided that it was Rookwood again. Indeed, he would jerked a ten-shilling note from his not good enough.

"Hallo!" said Gunner. "Who the thump are you?".

"Name of Dalton, sir," said the vagrant civilly. "William Henry Dalton, sir—that's me."

"My hat!" said Gunner, staring. "Dalton-eh? That's my Form master's name. Relation of his, perhaps? Ha, ha, ha!"

Gunner roared at the idea.

William Henry blinked at him with sly eyes. The rascal was accustomed to "telling the tale" in every shape and form, according to the simplicity of his hearer, of which he was a good Judge.

It depended on his hearer whether William Henry represented himself as an honest man looking for work, or a repentant convict with his past against him, or an old soldier broken in the wars, or an unhappy parent turned out of home by his unfeeling offspring. Shakespeare has remarked that one man in his time plays many parts, and undoubtedly William Henry had played very many indeed.

Gunner had a great opinion of his own intellectual powers, though upon what it was founded nobody in the Rookwood Fourth had ever been able to discover. The general belief in the Fourth was that Peter Cuthbert Gunner was an unmitigated fathead, and that belief was assuredly very near the facts.

William Henry, as he looked Gunner over with sly eyes, wondered whether he was ass enough to swallow a tale of a poor and neglected relation of his Form master.

Certainly, he looked an ass. There was no doubt about that. William

Henry resolved to try it on. "The fact is, sir, you're right," he

Gunner stopped laughing, and

stared again. "I wasn't always like you see me now, sir," said William Henry

pathetically. "No; I suppose you were washed once." remarked Gunner genially. "I've come down in the world,

"And you haven't much further to go, by the look of you!" agreed

Gunner. "I've got well-off relations, sir, and they've turned me down," said I William Henry.

"Not proud of you-eh?" "I've got a young brother, sir, a

Form master in a big school." "Oh, come off!" said Gunner incredulously: "That's too thick, you know."

"I s'pose you'd 'ardly believe it, sir, seeing me now," said William Henry sadly. "But it's true, sir. My brother Richard is a master in the big school yonder, on my davy,

Gunner jumped. "Richard?" he repeated.

"Richard Dalton, sir-my brother

"Great Scott!" It did not occur to Gunner's power-

ful brain that the tramp, under the willows, had heard him talking with Jimmy Silver & Co. He did not recall that Lovell had alluded to the Form master as "Dicky Dalton." So he was greatly struck by the fact that this man Dalton knew that Mr. Dalton's name was Richard.

William Henry saw that he had made an impression. Gunner not only looked an ass; he was what he looked.

"Mean to say that my Form master, Dicky Dalton, has a brother a scarecrow like you?" ejaculated Gunner.

"I-know it sounds steep, sir."

"It does." said Gunner.

"He's turned me down," said William Henry sorrowfully. "They say that blood is thicker than water, but he's turned me down. I can see that you're a kind-hearted young gent. Seeing that my brother, sir, is your Form master, p'r'aps you'd 'elp a man on his way, sir. It goes ag'in the grain to go up to the school and show Dick up afore all the folks, me being in this 'ere state."

"My only hat!" said Gunner.

He stared at the tramp.

Mr. Dalton had annoyed him that day-annoyed him considerably. Mr. Dalton had detained him, had insisted upon him keeping detention, and was undoubtedly going to lick him for clearing out of the Form-room. But Gunner was a generous fellow-quite chivalrous, in fact. If this frowsy man was a relative of Dicky Dalton's, and he showed up at Rookwood and

But Gunner looked a very hefty simply awful for the master of the lit. I'm going to see my brother l scarcely be able to stay in the school as a master.

"You mustn't do that!" exclaimed Gunner hastily. "If you're really a relation of Dicky Dalton's, for goodness sake keep away!"

William Henry contrived not to

"A young man ought to help his head. He had quite taken Gunner's brother what's down on his luck. My | measure by this time. brother Richard could afford it, him being your Form master, sir, at a big school."

"That's all very well," said boys. I'm going to see Richard." quite swallow it. Nobody's ever | quite convinced now. supposed that Dicky Dalton had relations like you. Look here, if you're really Mr. Dalton's brother, the most decent thing you can do is to keep clear of him. Take a railway ticket into the next county."

"Ain't got the railway fare, sir!" said William Henry.

"Well, if you tramped here, you can tramp away again, I suppose," said Gunner.

brother Richard for 'elp," explained | there were nine or ten of them William Henry: "I don't need there, and William Henry's eyes through; I'm offered a job in though the spirit was willing, the credulously, as he passed and caught Sussex, if I can get there. I don't flesh was weak; he did not dare to Gunner's remark.

Gunner hesitated no longer. He pocket.

"Here you are!" he said. "I'll chance it! Dicky Dalton doesn't understand me, and never seems to realise my position in the Form; but I'm not going to see him disgraced before all Rookwood! Take it and go!".

"A man must live, sir," he argued. | Again William Henry shook his

"Thank you kindly, sir-but no!" he answered. "Richard mightn't like me to take it from one of his

Gunner doubtfully. "But it's too! He turned again in the direction thick, you know. Blessed if I can of Rookwood. Gunner jumped up,

> "Stop!" he exclaimed. "Good-arternoon to you, sir!"

said William Henry. "Stop, I tell you! I'll make it a pound," exclaimed Gunner; "and if you show up anywhere near Rookwood, you rotter, I'll jolly well punch your face in, so take your

William Henry looked at him. Gunner had taken the pound-note "I've tramped 'ere to ask my from a well-filled leather purse; pound would see me fairly glistened with greed.

Gunner whistled. lick me after roll-when I know this of it; and the more it seemed to him

in his face!" And Peter Cuthbert Gunner gave his attention at last to his cake, his the Shell. tarts, and his ginger-pop, with a feeling of great satisfaction and selfapproval because he was not like some chaps!

#### The 5th Chapter. Black Ingratitude!

Jimmy Silver, as he went into Hall for roll that day with his chums, paused and glanced at Gunner.

Gunner had stopped on his way to roll, and was standing staring out of a window into the sunset in the quad, with an expression of deep thought on his face. He seemed to have forgotten that he was due in Hall with the rest of the Fourth; and Jimmy kindly tapped him on the shoulder to remind him of the fact. "Wake up, old man," said Jimmy.

"Roll, you know! Better not be "I was just thinking-" said

"Oh, draw it mild, you know!" said Mornington of the Fourth in-

Dalton. The nearer the licking "Poor old Dalton! He's going to came, the less Gunner liked the idea about him! Lucky for him I'm not | that, after what he had done for like some chaps, who would throw it Richard Dalton that afternoon, he was entitled to be let off the licking. "Gunner!" repeated the master of

Oswald gave Gunner a poke. "You ass, you're being called!" "Oh! Adsum!" said Gunner.

Mr. Mooney glanced at him severely, and went on with the roll. Roll finished, the Rookwooders cleared off; Gunner still in a brown study. In the corridor Dickinson minor came up. Dickinson minor had, after all, had a quiet and peaceful half-holiday; Gunner having been out of gates ever since his break from the Form-room, till he came in for roll. But Dickinson was feeling a good-natured concern about his study-mate.

"You're for it, I suppose, old man," he said.

"I don't know," said Gunner. "Haven't you got to see Dicky?" "I've been told to."

"Better go," urged Dickinson minor, really anxious to save the headstrong Peter Cuthbert from making matters worse for himself. "No good cheeking a Form master, you know. It will be six now; but if you get Dicky's rag out, you may get a Head's licking."

"Six!" said Gunner. "Pretty ungrateful of Dicky Dalton to give me six, I think, in the circumstances."

"Ungrateful?" repeated Dickinson minor. "That's the word!" said Gunner

with a nod. "Is it?" gasped Dickinson minor, He stared blankly at Gunner, as well he might. Like Jimmy Silver, he wondered whether Peter Cuthbert was wandering in his mind.

"I don't see why I should be licked," said Gunner. "You broke detention, you know."

"Yes, but suppose I hadn't," argued Gunner-"what would have. happened then?"

"Eh? You'd have done your detention task, I suppose."

"I'm not talking about that, fat-I mean- But I'm not sure that I can tell you, Dickinson. You're a pal of mine, of course; but it's really Mr. Dalton's secret. A fellow's bound to keep it dark when he hears something shady about a man, isn't he?"

"Something shady about Dicky Dalton?" stuttered Dickinson minor. "Yes, awfully shady."

"I-I say, Gunner, old man, I-I wouldn't talk like that, if I were you," urged Dickinson minor. "The fellows would rag you if they heard it. There isn't anything shady about Mr. Dalton, you know. There'd be an awful row if you were heard saying things like that about a Form master." Dickinson minor was really getting anxious about Gunner.

"I'm not going to tell you what it is, Dickinson; but there it isawfully shady," said Gunner. "I'm a fellow that can keep a secret. I sha'n't say a word-I feel bound in honour not to. But I can tell you this much-but for me, Dicky Dalton would have had a frightful showingup this afternoon. His brother-"

"Has he a brother?" asked Dickinson. "Never heard of him."

Gunner chuckled.

"Not likely to hear of him, considering what he's like! Not that I'm going to tell you, or anybody else, anything about him, of course. I'm bound to keep perfectly mum on this subject."

"Have you met a brother of Mr. Dalton's?" asked Dickinson minor, staring at Gunner in bewilderment.

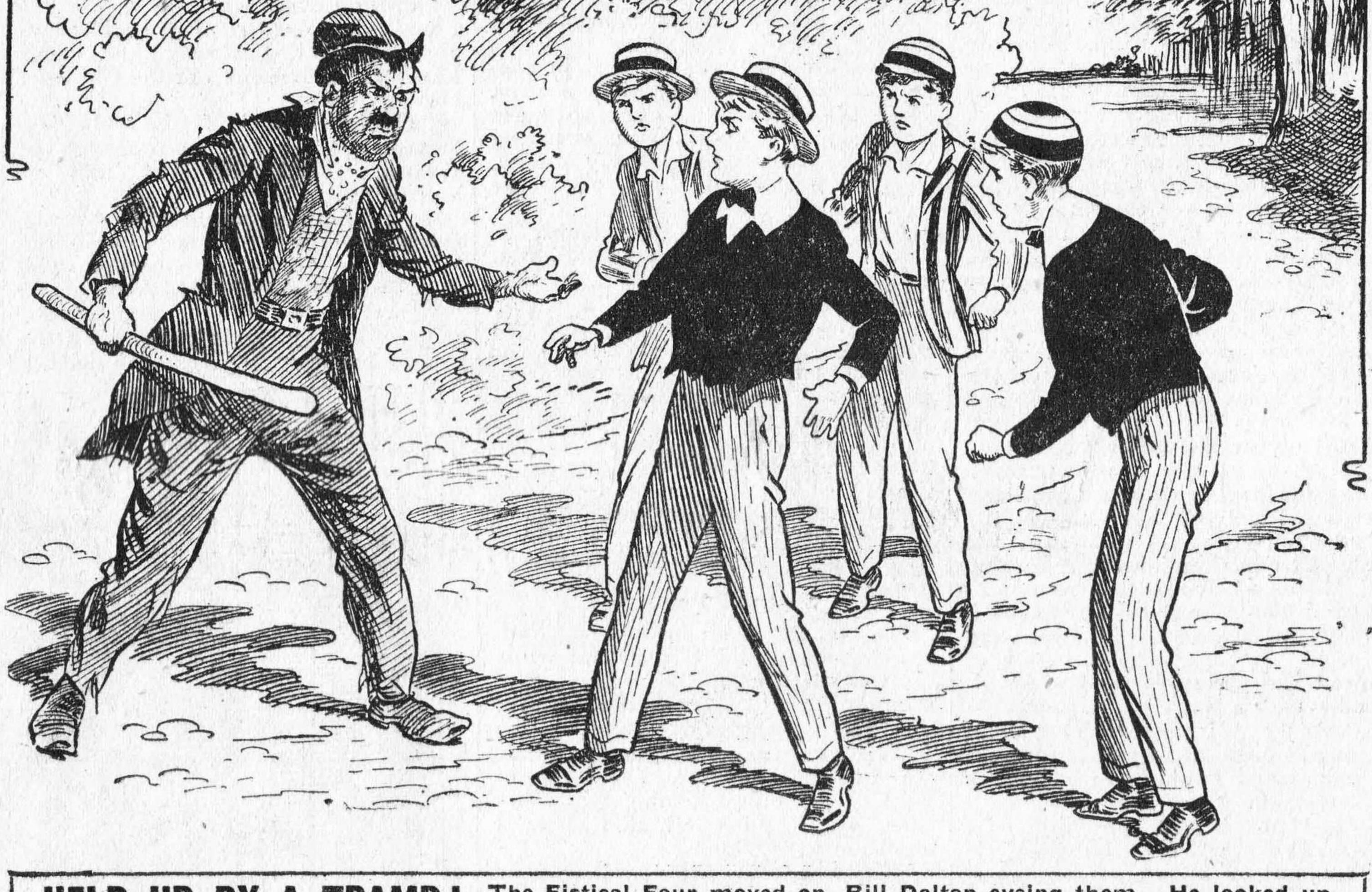
"I may have, and I may not have," answered Gunner mysteriously. "I'm not saying a word about it. as "Eh! What have you done for I've told you. But considering that Mr. Dalton?" ejaculated Jimmy I've saved Mr. Dalton from an awful show-up before all Rookwood, think he ought to let me off the licking-what?"

"You'd better go and see him," urged Dickinson. "And-and don't talk like this to him. Gunner-he would be waxy. I don't know what you've got in your head now, but the less you say about it the better, really,

old chap." "I'll see him," agreed Gunner. Peter Cuthbert walked away to Mr. Dalton's study. Dickinson minor looked after him quite anxiously. Really, unless Gunner was a little

loose in the top story, there was no accounting for his mysterious observations. Nobody, of course, ever expected Gunner to talk sense. Still, there was a limit.

Gunner knocked at his Form (Continued on page 832.)



The Fistical Four moved on, Bill Dalton eyeing them. He looked up the road, and he looked down the road; no one was in sight. Then he picked up a stick from the grass, and leaped into the lane in front of the Rookwood juniors. From the whining mendicant he had suddenly turned into a threatening rough. "'Old on!" he said. "A tanner ain't much use to me! Make it five bob!"

Dalton glinted. being a generous young gentleman,"

"It's too thick!" said Gunner. "Just you sprint for the railway-

-but-"'Arf-a-sovereign would 'elp me | William Henry slouched away, on my way, sir!" said William Henry. "But never you mind, sir-I'll go up to the school and see

Richard." "You keep clear of Rookwood," you turned up there claiming to be

his brother-if it's true." "Serve 'im right," said William Henry. "I'm goin'."

The tramp detached himself from the grass. Gunner eyed him doubtingly; half convinced. Far in the distance, the grey old tower of Rookwood School showed over the trees against the blue summer sky. It was in that direction that the frowsy gentleman turned his steps.

"Hold on!" exclaimed Gunner. William Henry looked back. Quite unknown to Gunner; he was perfectly able to follow that obtuse youth's thoughts.

He shook his head. "No, sir!" he said firmly. "You're going to offer me the money, but I ain't going to take it, sir. Thinkclaimed his relation, it would be ing it out, sir, I ain't going to take l

a bloke to do?" stretched out a grimy hand to the could make a rejoinder. Gunner's hand slid into his pocket, | proffered note.

But the hand came out again he said, "I'll take it and go, sir, empty. without seeing my brother Richard."

"It's odd, I know, you knowing station," grunted Gunner. "The Dicky Dalton's Christian name, but sooner you're a dozen miles from Rookwood, the better."

taking the direction this time of Coombe. Certainly, there was a railway-station there; but Bill Dalton did not walk so far as the station. Considerably nearer was said Gunner uneasily. "It would the Bird-in-Hand Inn; and at the mean the push for Dicky Dalton, if Bird-in-Hand the weary limbs of William Henry found repose once more, and his deep and perpetual

thirst a temporary assuagement. Gunner sat under the willows. staring after him till he was out of sight, almost forgetful of his cake, his jam-tarts, and his ginger-pop.

"Well, my hat!" said Gunner at last. "Fancy that-Dicky Dalton's brother! Frightfully rough on Dalton if it got out at Rookwood! I wonder what the Head would say! What a sensation for Masters' Common-room!"

want to disgrace Richard, but what's tackle the hefty Gunner. He walked on before Peter Cuthbert

"I was just thinking," repeated and the shifty eyes of William Henry "Well, to oblige you, sir, you Gunner. "Nothing to grin at in Morny's cheek, Silver. I was just thinking, you know. I've had a message that Dicky Dalton wants to see me in his study after roll."

"Naturally," assented Jimmy. "It means a licking for cutting detention."

"Of course it does." "Well, I don't think Dalton ought to lick me, in the circumstances," said Gunner. "Seeing what I've done for him."

Silver in surprise. "I'm not going to tell you that," said Gunner. "It's a sort of secret,

and not exactly my own secret, so I

can't very well tell you, can I?" The captain of the Fourth blinked. at him. He wondered whether Gunner was wandering in his mind; indeed, he almost wondered whether Gunner had any mind to wander in.

"Come on, Jimmy!" shouted

Leaving Gunner and his mysterious remark unexplained, Jimmy Silver ran on and went into Hall. Gunner followed him in, just before the big oak doors were closed.

Lovell. "You'll be shut out."

Mr. Mooney, master of the Shell, was taking the roll. He called Gunner's name twice before he received an answer; Gunner being deep in thought again on the subject of his | master's door and entered. coming interview with Richard

## GUNNER'S DISCOVERY!

(Continued from page 823.)

sive fellow, and often his manner was lacking in the respect due to those placed in authority over him. But now there was almost a swagger about Gunner as he lounged into his Form master's study that was distinctly unpleasing to the eyes of Richard Dalton. It seemed to him that the delinquent was adding disrespect to disobedience.

Gunner really was a decent fellow, according to his lights. Not for worlds would he have made capital out of this shady secret he had discovered—as he supposed—in connection with Mr. Dalton. He would have disdained the mere idea of doing so. Nevertheless, one good turn deserves another. He had parted with a whole pound-note, out -of sheer kindness of heart, to save his Form master from a disgraceful show-up at Rookwood. The least Mr. Dalton could do was to let him off the licking in return. Certainly Mr. Dalton did not know what Gunner had done for him, and Gunner felt a natural delicacy about telling him. He felt, indeed, that he could not tell him. It wouldn't be decent to rub it in. Still, there it was; he had done Mr. Dalton that generous service, and one good turn certainly deserved another. And, considering that by the mere mention of William Henry he could cover Mr. Dalton with humiliation as with a garment, it was rather cheeky of Mr. Dalton to be frowning at him in this lofty way, Gunner thought.

He stood before his annoyed Form master with an air of independence that added to Mr. Dalton's irritation. The young master's hand closed on his cane.

"Gunner!"

"Yes, sir?" said Peter Cuthbert carelessly.

"You were detained this afternoon, and you left the Form-room without permission. You disregarded a Sixth Form prefect who called you to

"I don't think much of Dickinson major, sir." said Gunner. "I shouldn't take much notice of him."

"That is not the way to speak of a Sixth Form prefect, Gunner." "Isn't it, sir?" said Gunner cheer-

fully.

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"You seem to have very little sense of discipline, Gunner," said under the caning. At the fourth 

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Mr. Dalton glanced at him as he | the master of the Fourth. "I am came in, and raised his eyebrows a afraid that you are a very foolish little. Gunner never was a submis- and obstinate boy, and that only punishment has any effect on you. I shall cane you severely for breaking detention this afternoon; and your task, which was undone, must be done on Saturday afternoon."

> "Oh, must it?" said Gunner warmly.

Mr. Dalton rose to his feet.

"There is a chair, Gunner. Bend over it!"

Gunner eyed him, showing no disposition to obey.

"The fact is, sir, I think you ought to let me off," he said.

"What! What excuse have you to offer for your conduct, Gunner?" exclaimed Mr. Dalton.

"Well, as it turned out, it was jolly lucky I did get out of detention this afternoon, sir," said Gunner. "I can tell you that something would have jolly well happened if

"What do you mean, Gunner?" "I'd rather not tell you what I mean, sir, but I think you can take my word for it," said Gunner, with a grin. "I can tell you, sir, you'd have been jolly sorry if I hadn't been out of gates this afternoon."

"I fail to understand you, Gunner," said Mr. Dalton, looking very attentively at the cheery Peter Cuthbert. "Your manner is impertinent, and, so far as I can perceive, your words have no meaning whatever. I have no further time to waste on you, Gunner. Bend over that chair."

Gunner breathed hard and deep.

"Look here, sir-" "Will you obey me instantly!"

snapped Richard Dalton. "I jolly well think-"

"Bend over that chair!" thundered Richard Dalton; and Gunner jumped, and almost before he knew what he was doing he was bending over the

The cane rose and fell.

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

It was "six," and every stroke was well laid on. Richard Dalton disliked caning delinquents; but there were occasions when the cane had to come into the picture, and this was one of them. Mr. Dalton felt that it was his duty to be severe, and he did his duty conscientiously.

Gunner wriggled and squirmed

stroke he was yelling; at the sixth he was roaring.

Mr. Dalton laid down the cane. "Now, Gunner-".

"Yow-ow-ow-wow!" "Your detention task will be given to you on Saturday afternoon. If it is not then done satisfactorily, you will be reported to the headmaster. Now you may go." "Ow-ow-ow!"

Gunner limped to the door. At the door he turned and gave Richard Dalton a glare.

"Ow! Caning a chap, after what he's done for you!" he gasped. "Do you call that grateful? Ow! Wow! I jolly well wish I'd let that chap

come up to Rookwood now! Ow!" "I do not know to what you are alluding, Gunner, and I take no interest in the matter," said Mr. Dalton. "But your intention is evidently to be impertinent. You will take two hundred lines of Virgil."

"Oh, look here, Mr. Dalton-" "Silence! Another word, and 1 shall cane you again, Gunner, and more severely. Leave my study at once, you unruly boy!" exclaimed Mr. Dalton.

His hand was on his cane again, and his eyes were gleaming. Even the headstrong and obstreperous Peter Cuthbert realised that he had better go. And he went, wriggling.

"Hallo, Gunner's had it!" grinned Arthur Edward Lovell, as Peter Cuthbert came limping and wriggling along the corridor. "Poor old Gunner! Well, you asked for it, old

"Ow-ow-ow!" groaned Gunner. "Had it bad, old chap?" asked Dickinson minor.

The cheeky "Ow-wow! Yes! rotter!" gasped Gunner. "Caning a chap, you know-and two hundred lines-and detention on Saturday!"

"Well, what did you expect?" asked Jimmy Silver. "Have a little sense, Gunner. You asked for time. That you will all vote it a

Gunner snorted. He was in a state of anguish and anger and indignation—especially indignation.

"After what I did for him this. afternoon!" he hooted. "Cheeky rotter-that's what Dicky Dalton is! I jolly well wish I'd let him be shown up, now, before all Rookwood! It would have served him right! tipped his rotten relation a quid to keep away from Rookwood! Ow!" "What?" yelled Jimmy Silver.

"Eh?" "Dicky Dalton's brother is a tramp -a regular rotter and blighter-an awful character-I met him this afternoon, coming up to Rookwood!" gasped Gunner. "Met him on the way, you know, and stopped him, and tipped him a quid to keep awayjust to save Dicky Dalton from a

him! Ow! Talk about ingratitude! There was a howl of astonishment.

show-up! And this is how he re-

wards me, after what I've done for

"Mad!" said Mornington. "Oh, quite!" said Jimmy Silver. "Mad as a hatter! But, mad or sane, Gunner isn't going to say about Dicky! things like that Bump him!"

"Here, hands off-- Yarooooh!"

roared Gunner. Bump! Bump! Bump!

It was a dizzy and breathless Gunner that Dickinson minor helped to his study after Jimmy Silver & Co. had finished with him. Gunner collapsed into his armchair and groaned; and Dickinson minor, grinning, left him to groan.

THE END.

(There's a laugh in every line of "Well Meant!"-next Monday's ripping long story of Jimmy Silver & Co., of Rookwood School. Don't miss reading it, chums! Order your Boys' Friend from your newsagent to-day, and thus make certain of obtaining 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.

#### HOW TO BE FIGHTING FIT!

By Jack Dempsey.

about this business, it is Jack for Arthur S. Hardy: I dare say it Dempsey. As Heavy-Weight Champion of the World he has picked up no end of useful information. That's why I asked him to write me an article for next Monday's issue of the one envies him! Since young Gryce Boys' FRIEND, just to tell us how it is done—in other words, what sort of policy he adopted. You will find this splendid contribution full of prize hints. Jack Dempsey is a foursquare, famous fighter, and he has forgotten more than most. It is no end useful to be able to fight when occasion calls for an offensive. You want to know how to go about it, and you need to be in condition. Look out for what Dempsey has to say next week. You will find it all worthy of the closest attention.

#### "KNIGHTS OF THE WHEEL!"

It gives me great pleasure to announce this thrilling motor-racing serial which starts in a few weeks' winner I am sure. Thrills and excitement follow fast on each other as can be imagined in a yarn of the track. And, by the way, while on the subject of new serials, let me ask you to look out for another recordbreaker coming shortly, called "The Three Gold Feathers." Fine feathers make fine birds. The trio in this case make a thundering good yarn.

#### OUR SERIALS.

These are booming. "The Lion's Revenge!" with its picture of the great war of 1975 will be found swinging along in grand style next week; likewise, "Kings of the Main!" by David Goodwin; and the jolly Bombay Castle story, with heaps about the secret societies which honeycomb China. In far Cathay you never know what the members of a secret society will be up to next. You find them bobbing up in the most unexpected places, and it's no wonder their activities cause a lot of bad feeling.

### TALKING OF CRICKET!

A correspondent in the Midlands sends me a long and learned letter about cricket. The writer seems rather a funny merchant. He means it all in dead seriousness, as I can see; but-would you believe it?-he says he thinks cricket as played in the old days was a finer game. He refers me to some of those old pictures of the game, showing the players wearing nice shiny toppers and a lot of graceful whiskerage! Well, speaking for myself, I would prefer not to play cricket either in whiskers or a top-hat, but there's no accounting for taste. Still, I thank my erudite chum for his amusing letter. I liked it all the better for the fact that he was not poking fun. Neither am I; but I don't agree with him, except when he says that Jim Gryce is a first-rate fellow.

#### "WORTH HIS PLACE!"

That consideration brings me to If there is one man who knows all I the point where I must put in a word is not necessary, for Mr. Hardy's cricketing series about Jim Gryce and Hambley Saturday has won hands down. Good old Jim! How joined up with Hambley that team has rushed ahead, and next week's topping yarn shows the demons and sprites of jealousy buzzing round him like a lot of infuriated hornets just because he shows his mettle. If Hallows is dished, that is his lookout. But 'nuff said! A good cricket tale by Hardy needs no push from

#### WHAT IS ROOKWOOD BUILT OF?

Strange queries reach me, and when I don't happen to know the answers I just go out and spend a few happy hours amidst the encyclopædias. But this question is clear. Rookwood is built of brains. Of course, the structure itself is of stone; but this has nothing to do with the occasional stoniness of Jimmy Silver & Co. Rookwood is an age-old priory, where in the ancient times the cowled brothers caught fish on Thursdays. There are parts of the old building which have not even yet been well explored.

#### "WELL MEANT!"

That brings me to a very pleasant duty-namely, the job of announcing the new Rookwood yarn, all brand and fresh as paint for next week's number. It is about Gunner, and others. I am always glad to have anything to say about Gunner. He is such a nut for initiative, and there is not a doubt but that the thoughtful fellow meant jolly well when he took a certain tatterdemalion in hand. Of course, elephants barge in where white mice would fear to tread. Some might advise Gunner to go and boil his head in glue. That would be uncharitable. Gunner did mean to be really nice and helpful.

#### THE "SCHOOLBOYS" OWN LIBRARY."

Nos. 5 and 6 are now on sale everywhere, and you will lament your hard lot if you miss them. Take notice that No 6 is a stirring Rookwood yarn, called "Captain of the Fourth!"

#### DON'T FORGET THIS!

Next Monday's issue will be an extra special one. The

Special Article by Jack Dempsey

alone is sufficient to lift it far above the common rut. All your friends ought to know about this, so pass the word along: Jack Dempsey in the Boys' FRIEND

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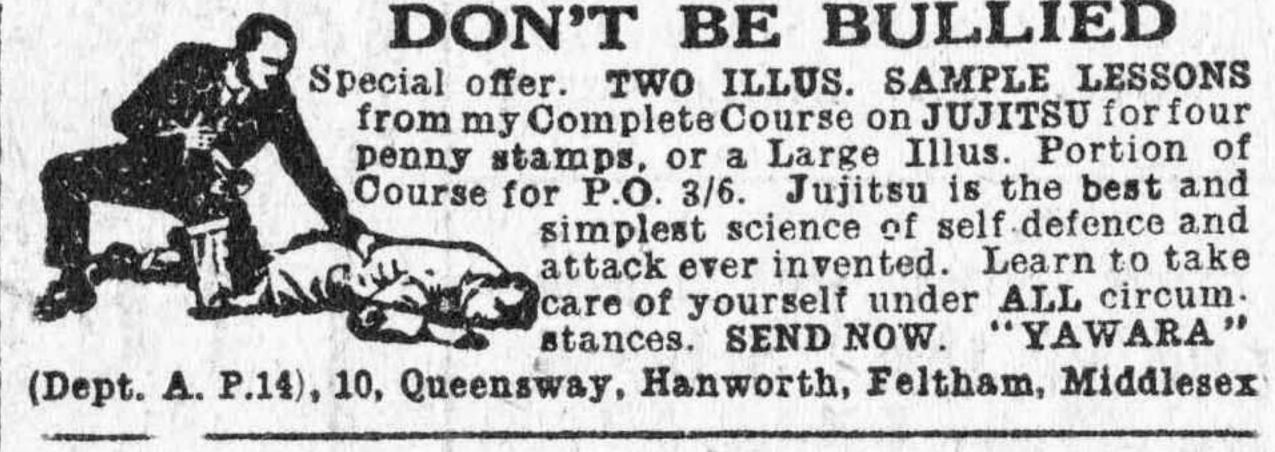
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