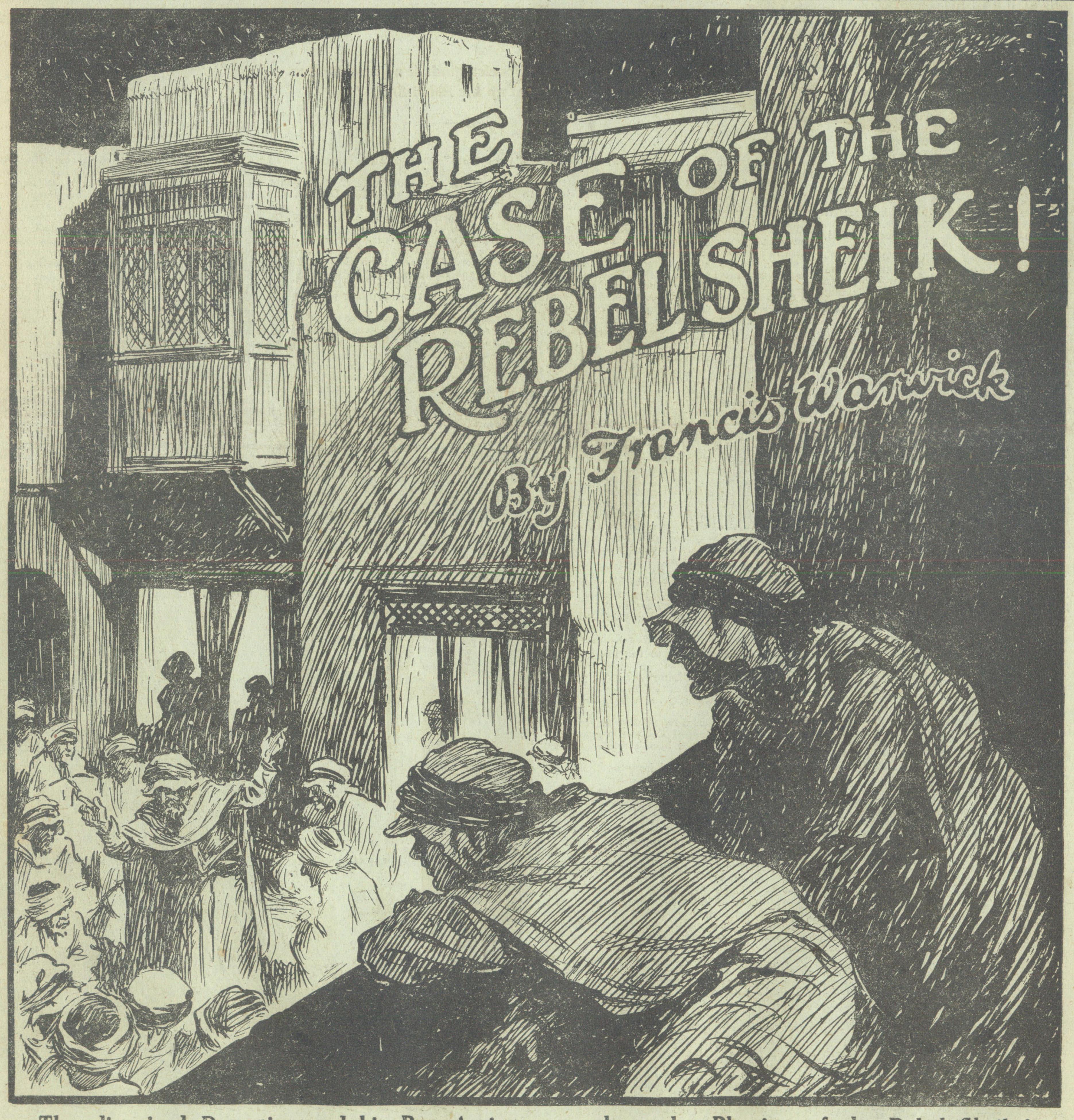
FIVE GREAT STORIES AND A NOVEL ONE-WEEK FOOTBALL COMPETITION INSIDE!



No. 1,276. Vol. XXVI.—New Series.]

THE BEST BOYS' PAPER IN THE WORLD!

[Week Ending November 21st, 1925.



The disguised Detective and his Boy Assistant overhear the Plotting of the Rebel Sheik!

(An incident from the powerful detective story complete in this issue.)

CLASSICALS AND MODERNS GIVE THE NEW BOY THE COLD SHOULDER!



The 1st Chapter. The Refugee!

66 OMMY DODD!" Four Classical juniors uttered that name in tones of surprise.

Jimmy Silver & Co. of the Classical Fourth at Rookwood had arrived at the end study rather late for evening prep. They expected to find their study dark and untenanted, and, to their surprise, the light was on and a junior was sitting in the study armchair. And that junior was Tommy Dodd of the Modern Fourth.

Modern side fellows had no business on the Classical side; and at that hour the Houses were closed, and all juniors were supposed to be within House bounds. So the Fistical Four were naturally astonished to see a Modern sitting in their study.

"What's this Modern bounder doing here?" exclaimed Arthur Edward Lovell suspiciously. "What are you up to in our study, Tommy Dodd?"

"Let's bump him, anyhow!" suggested Raby. "And roll him along the passage," said New-

come. Tommy Dodd did not move. He heard those cheery suggestions, but they seemed to have no effect on him. His face was darkly clouded, and he looked as if all the troubles at Rookwood School had suddenly descended on his youthful shoulders in a bunch.

"Hold on, you chaps," said Jimmy Silver. "Anything up, Doddy?"

Tommy Dodd nodded without speaking. "Oh, rot!" said Lovell. "It's a Modern jape on us, and he's been up to something. Bump him!"

Jimmy Silver caught Lovell by the arm and jerked him back.

"Hold on!" he repeated. "Look here, Jimmy-"

"Chuck it, fathead! Give a chap a chance to speak," said Jimmy. "Now then, Doddy, what's the row? House rags are off, if there's Raby. trouble-and you look as if there was a lot."

"I'll get out if you like," said Tommy Dodd. "I came over to this side to lie low a bit. I'm dodging Manders."

"Dodging your Housemaster?" exclaimed Jimmy.

"That's it."

"Oh, my hat! But you can't dodge your giddy Housemaster," said the captain of the Fourth. "You'll have to turn up in Manders' House for dorm." "I-I suppose so. I'm putting it off," sighed

Tommy Dodd. "Manders may cool down if l give him time. You see, I'm for it, and the longer it's put off the better. Oh dear!"

Evidently Tommy Dodd of the Modern Fourth was up against severe trouble. That was not an uncommon thing in Mr. Manders' House at Rookwood; Roger Manders was well known to be a Tartar. But apparently the present trouble was more severe than usual. Tommy Dodd's face was generally merry and bright; usually he looked like a fellow who found every minute of his life well worth living. Now he looked as if he found it a dismal burden.

Jimmy Silver was quite concerned. Although constant warfare reigned between Classicals and Moderns at Rookwood, the rival juniors liked one another well enough, and Jimmy Silver pulled very well with Tommy Dodd, in spite of occasional lapses into ragging and nosepunching. And he did not like in the least to see Tommy looking like this.

"Old Manders is a corker, and no mistake," said Lovell. "I hear he's got a nephew come to Rookwood, who's a chip of the old block. You fellows over there must be getting too much Manders."

"That's the trouble!" groaned Tommy Dodd. "Manders' nephew-that new kid in the Modern Fourth?" asked Raby.

"Well, not exactly," said Dodd, with an air of reflection. "I can't say I like worms; but it's insulting a worm to compare Marcus Manders to it. The wormiest worm is quite nice after young Manders."

Silver, with a grin. "I've seen the young cad as I came with you to the station to meet him this afternoon. But what has he done?"

ferociously. "You know we had a row coming the study. But Knowles came in alone. to the school. He wanted to bilk the cab-

Lovell. "Dash it all, even a Modern kid ought to be able to take a licking without making a lot of fuss about it!"

"Look here-"

"You frabjous chump-"

well as a licking from Manders-" roared Arthur Edward Lovell.

"What else, Tommy? There's something beside the licking, I suppose?"

"Lots! Young Manders was waiting for me outside old Manders' study, and he jeered at me when I came out, licked. And-and-"

Lovell. "I did."

"And he sneaked to old Manders again?" asked Newcome sympathetically.

"Worse than that! I knocked him right into old Manders' study."

"He rolled right in, and slammed down right at old Manders' feet!"

"Great Scott!"

"What on earth did you do then?" exclaimed

"Bolted." "Well, I suppose that was the best thing to

said Tommy Dodd dismally. "You see, old Manders gave me a tough licking for handling his nephew, though the clammy little beast was in the wrong, and fairly asked for it. You know he asked for it, Jimmy-you were there!"

"I know," assented the captain of the Didn't you tell Manders-"

cad had pitched his yarn first, and got old He was not afraid of Knowles, Sixth Form man Manders' back up. I didn't mind the licking and prefect as the latter was. so much-old Manders often licks a chap. But -but now-you see, the little beast was punched right into his study, and nearly cannoned him as he went down. If he gave me a fearful licking for handling the young cad on his way to Rookwood, what will he give me for that?"

"If you fellows don't mind, I'll hang on here a bit," said Tommy Dodd dispiritedly. "I

"You may get it worse for keeping out of

"I can't get it worse. I'm booked for the worst old Manders can hand out. I'm hoping

frame of mind to be solaced by a cake. "Never mind the cake," he said. "But I'd

"As long as you like, old man." "Yes, rather!" said Lovell.

"Is he a worm?" asked Newcome.

"Well, I shouldn't wonder," said Jimmy

jolly old uncle all about it, and I was licked." Knowles, as I instructed you?"

"Well, a fellow can stand a licking!" said

Tommy Dodd glared at him. "You Classical ass!"

"If you want a thick ear, Tommy Dodd, as

"Cheese it, old man," said Jimmy Silver.

"Why didn't you punch him?" demanded

"Oh, good!"

do," said Jimmy Silver. "But-" "I've kept clear of my House since then,"

Lovell whistled.

know I've got to face the music. But--"

your House after hours," said Raby.

he may cool down a bit by bed-time."

"Stay on as long as you like, old chap," said Jimmy Silver hospitably. "You may be right -- he may cool down. We've got to get on with our prep; but you can have the armchair and the fire. And there's a cake in the cupboard." Tommy Dodd grinned faintly. He was in no

be glad to stay, if you chaps don't mind."

cloud on his brow grew darker and darker as he thought of it.

(Author of the tales of Rookwood appearing in the

"Popular."

Jimmy Silver & Co. side with the

Moderns against Marcus Manders,

the sneak of Rookwood!

The four Classicals sat down to their prep,

and Tommy Dodd remained in the armchair,

blinking at the fire, with deep and gloomy re-

flections in his mind, and a deep cloud on his

face. While Jimmy Silver & Co. worried over

Virgil, Tommy Dodd was thinking of what

awaited him when he returned to his House-

and the anticipation was not pleasant. The

R. MANDERS looked up with a frown, as Knowles of the Modern Sixth entered his study, on the Modern side of Rookwood.

The 2nd Chapter.

Dodd is Wanted

His glance passed Knowles, as if he expected "What hasn't he done?" said Dodd to see someone else following the prefect into

"Where is Dodd?" exclaimed Mr. Manders. driver, and I made him pay up. He's told his "Why have you not brought him to me,

"He's not to be found, sir." "What? The House is closed at this hour. Dodd must be within House bounds," snapped Mr. Manders.

"He doesn't seem to be, sir," said Knowles. "I've looked for him everywhere, and asked his study-mates, and they don't know anything about him. He must be out of the House."

"Nonsense!"

Knowles coloured. It was not all honey, so to speak, to be headprefect in Mr. Manders' House. It brought a fellow into pretty constant contact with the Housemaster; and Mr. Manders was not a pleasant gentleman when his temper was irritated, as it very often was.

Knowles was a Sixth Form man, a prefect, and captain of his House, and so he did not like to hear his remarks characterised as nonsense. But when Mr. Manders was annoyed even so great a man as Knowles was liable to be given the rough edge of his tongue.

"Nonsense!" repeated Mr. Manders. "The

boy must be in the House!"

"Well, I can't find him, sir," said Knowles sullenly. "Nonsense! The boy must be found. I do

not believe for a moment that, especially in the circumstances, he would venture to break House bounds. The matter is serious, Knowles."

"Is it, sir?" murmured Knowles. His glance dwelt for a moment upon a junior who was sitting by Mr. Manders' fire. It was Marcus Manders, the new fellow in the Modern Fourth. The fact that he was sitting in the evening by the Housemaster's fire was a testimony that Marcus Manders was not considered a fellow to be treated like other fellows in his Form. There was a cheeky expression on his meagre face as he returned Knowles' glance, Fourth. "He fairly begged and prayed for it. an expression that would have earned any other junior a cuff from the prefect. Marcus Man-"Lot of good telling Manders! He wouldn't ders was fully aware of his advantage in being hear a word against his precious nephew. The the relation and favourite of the Housemaster.

"My nephew, a new boy here, was savagely attacked by Dodd," said Mr. Manders. "I had already caned Dodd for ill-using him, and he had the unparalleled effrontery to attack him again, in the very doorway of my study."

"Indeed, sir!" murmured Knowles, men-

tally deciding that he would let Tommy Dodd off some lines he had given him that day. "Yes, indeed, Knowles! I shall deal with him with unsparing severity," said Mr. Manders. "My nephew is seriously hurt."

"Look at my nose!" growled Marcus. Knowles did not look at his nose, or give any sign of hearing the remark. If Mr. Manders liked to let a junior butt into the conversation like this, Knowles did not intend to follow his example. He ignored Marcus Manders utterly.

"Dodd must be found, and he must be found at once!" rapped out Roger Manders. "If you cannot find him, Knowles, I must take the matter in hand myself. But this is not what I expect from my prefects. Knowles. I am not satisfied with you, Knowles!"

"Sorry, sir!" said Knowles. "But--"

"You may go, Knowles."

"Very well, sir!"

Knowles left the study with deep, suppressed feelings. He had been rated by his Housemaster in the presence of a junior, and such a very unpleasant, sneering fellow as Marcus Manders. Knowles would have given a great deal to tell Mr. Manders what he thought of him, and he debated in his mind, as he went, whether he would risk losing his prefectship if he gave Marcus Manders a terrific thrashing at the first opportunity.

"You may remain here, Marcus," said Mr. Manders, rising from his table. "Make yourself comfortable. I am sorry that your first day at Rookwood has been so very unpleasant, but rest assured that Dodd will be given such a lesson that he will never dare to raise his hand to you again."

Marcus grinned at the anticipation. "The boy attacked you so savagely, I am assured, because you informed me of his conduct." said Mr. Manders.

"That was it, uncle," assented Marcus. "You will have nothing to fear in the future.

and you must not let this unpleasant episode make any difference, Marcus. You will be careful to keep me informed of any occurrences in the House that may be of interest or use to me."

"Yes, uncle," grinned Marcus.

Mr. Manders left the study, leaving his hopeful nephew rubbing his damaged nose. The task of spying and sneaking did not seem an uncongenial one to the worthy Marcus.

A few minutes later the door of Tommy Dodd's study in the Modern Fourth passage was opened by Mr. Manders.

Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle jumped to their feet at once. Mr. Manders glanced sharply round the room. The three Tommies of the Modern Fourth

were generally together, especially after the

House was shut for the night. But only two Tommies were in the study. Tommy Dodd was not to be seen. "Where is Dodd?" asked Mr. Manders

harshly. "We don't know, sir," said Cook. "Knowles has asked us already, sir, but we haven't seen

"He belongs to this study. Has he not been "No, sir." "You must know whether he is in the

House!" snapped Mr. Manders. "We don't sir," said Cook. "He left us at the changing-room, to come to your study, and we haven't seen him since."

"I suppose you know that he made a brutal attack upon my nephew?" "Hem! We-we heard there was some

trouble, sir," stammered Cook. "The severest punishment awaits Dodd when he is found," said Mr. Manders. "Is it possible

that he has gone into hiding?" The two juniors did not answer. They thought it very probable, but they had nothing to tell Mr. Manders.

The Modern master set his lips. "You two juniors are close friends of Dodd's, I believe?" he said.

"Yes, sir," said Cook and Doyle together. "I am convinced that you know where he is. command you to tell me at once, so that he may be found." "We don't know, sir."

"I do not believe you, Cook." Tommy Cook was silent; he had no rejoinder



Marcus Manders and thumb closed vice. "Moooooooooh!" spluttered Marcus. Lov juniors grinne

to make to that. He would have liked to reply that Mr. Manders was no gentleman, to doubt a fellow's word. But replies like that could not be made to a Housemaster.

Mr. Manders stood looking at the two juniors for a few moments doubtfully, and then he quitted the study. Doyle and Cook exchanged dismal glances.

"Poor old Tommy's for it this time!" murmured Cook. "I say, we'll jolly well rag that sneaking cad, young Manders, to-morrow."

"And have old Manders on our trail," said Doyle. "Not good enough."

Mr. Manders went along the Modern Fourth studies, and in each he demanded information of Tommy Dodd's whereabouts. But the Modern fellows had no information to give.

It dawned upon the Modern master at last that Dodd was no longer in the House. He went down, and came on Knowles and Tresham of the Sixth in the lower hall.

"It appears that Dodd is not in the House, Knowles," he said. "He must have gone over to the Head's House."

"I told you, sir-" began Knowles.

"Never mind what you told me, Knowles," snapped Mr. Manders. "Go over to the Classical side at once, and ask Mr. Dalton whether Dodd is there, and bring him back with you. Lose no time."

"Very well, sir."

Knowles of the Sixth walked across the quad to the Head's House, the Classical side of Rookwood. Knowles was a good deal of a bully, and he was seldom reluctant to hand over a junior for punishment. But on this occasion all his sympathy was with the delinquent, and he would rather have given Tommy Dodd a pat on the back than a caning for his "attack" on Marcus Manders. Quite unaware of those thoughts in his head-prefect's mind, Mr. Manders returned to his study, to await there the arrival of Tommy Dodd, with a black brow and a cane ready on his table. The hapless Tommy had hoped that Mr. Manders would cool down, but it was a very delusive hope. Mr. Manders' wrath seemed to improve, like wine, with keeping.

The 3rd Chapter. For It!

UBBY MUFFIN put a grinning face into the end study, where Jimmy Silver & Co. were busy at prep. "Anybody seen a Modern cad?" he

asked. "Eh? What's that?" asked Jimmy, looking

"They've lost one in Manders' House," chuckled the fat Tubby. "Lost, stolen, or strayed! Knowles of the Sixth has come over asking after him, as if we'd have any of their measly Moderns over here."

Tommy Dodd jumped up from the armchair. "Knowles?" he exclaimed. "Oh, my hat!" Tubby Muffin started and stared at him.

He had not noticed the Modern junior in the armchair.

"You here!" he exclaimed. "I-I say, I-I didn't exactly mean that you were a measly Modern, Doddy-I meant-"

"I'm not going to kick you, fatty," snapped Tommy Dodd. "Shut up! Where's Knowles?"

"Downstairs, speaking to Mr. Dalton," said Tubby. "I heard him asking if you were over here, and Dicky Dalton said he thought not.



ped back, but not quite in time. Lovell's forefinger his sharp nose in a grip that was like that of an iron compressed his grip. At a distance, the Modern s they looked on.

ENTER MR. MANDERS! Whack, whack, whack, whack, whack, whacked and whacked and whacked and strove to yell for help, but succeeded only in gurgling horribly. The rope whacked and whacked and whacked again on his pyjamas. In their excitement the Modern juniors did not detect a faint footfall in the passage without. They did not even hear the door open. It was not till the electric light was switched on that they realised that someone had arrived. Then there was a gasp. "Manders!"

You'll get into a row for being out of your glitter in his eyes. "Come in, Dodd. You of limping as far as the Fourth Form quarters.

"Hallo, there's Dicky!" murmured Lovell, as a deep voice floated in from the Fourth Form passage, through the open door.

Fourth?" Mr. Dalton was inquiring in the passage, and there was an answer in half a enjoy. dozen voices. "No, sir!"

The Fistical Four looked at Tommy. He looked at them glumly. Evidently it was useless for Dodd to linger longer in the Classical study. Mr. Manders did not mean to wait till bed-time for dealing with him.

"I-I suppose I'd better go," muttered Tommy.

"Can't be helped now, old chap," said Jimmy Silver. "Awfully sorry."

Tommy Dodd nodded and stepped out of the study into the passage. Richard Dalton sighted him at once, and called to him. "Dodd!"

"Yes, sir!" Tommy Dodd walked down the passage towards his Form master.

"What are you doing in this House, so late in the evening, Dodd?" exclaimed Mr. Dalton severely. "You should have been in your own House long ago."

"I-I know, sir-" "Mr. Manders has sent a prefect to fetch you. Knowles, here is Dodd!"

Knowles of the Modern Sixth came along from the staircase. Rather to Tommy Dodd's surprise, Knowles did not look unpleasant. Indeed, he gave the junior an almost friendly nod.

"Come with me, Dodd," he said.

"Yes, Knowles." Tommy followed the Modern prefect down the stairs and out of the House. A good many Classical fellows stared at them as they went, wondering what a Modern had been doing on the Classical side so late in the evening.

In the misty quadrangle, Tommy lagged by the side of the prefect as they crossed over to Manders' House. Knowles did not snap at him to get a move on; he seemed unusually patient.

"You've been handlin' Mr. Manders' nephew-what?" he asked.

"He asked for it, Knowles."

"I can quite believe that. I never saw a more sneaky, cheeky, rotten-looking young cad in my life," said the Modern captain. It dawned upon Tommy Dodd that Knowles was not pleased with his Housemaster's nephew. "I never saw a little beast that looked so much as if he wanted thrashing. Still, I'm afraid you're for it, kid!"

Tommy Dodd mumbled dismally; he was quite sure of that himself.

"Don't cheek Mr. Manders," said Knowles. "He's pretty waxy; don't make him worse. It will be a bit tough for you, anyhow. And you needn't do those lines I gave you to-day, Dodd."

astonished by this unexpected kindness from master's nephew again. Whack, whack, a senior who was known to be a good deal of whack! rang the cane. a bully. He realised that Marcus Manders Tommy Dodd wriggled and squirmed. But must have put Knowles' prefectorial back up he would not utter a sound to gratify Mr. very considerably.

"The little beast is in Mr. Manders' study now, frowsting over the fire," added Knowles. "Looks as if he's going to be a Housemaster's favourite. I rather think-" There Knowles broke off, realising that he was talking too freely to a junior.

Manders' House. Knowles piloted the re- study door.

"Here is Dodd, sir!"

may go, Knowles." Cecil Knowles went.

Tommy Dodd stood unhappily before his Housemaster. Marcus Manders grinned at "Has anyone seen Dodd of the Modern him from his seat by the fire. A scene was you?" grinned Marcus. coming that the amiable Marcus was going to

> have been absent from your House after hours. jolly well make you toe the line, and the other That is very serious. I required your presence, chaps, too. Like to punch my head again, and you could not be found. Dodd, you struck my nephew almost in my presence, after I had already chastised you for ill-using him. Have you anything to say before I administer the most condign punishment?"

Mr. Manders swished his cane. "I-I never meant him to fall in your study, sir," stammered Tommy Dodd. "I-I was rather waxy, sir, at his jeering at me after I'd been licked."

"If my nephew acted in such a way, Dodd, it would be no excuse for you; but I should certainly not allow him to do so. Marcus!" "Yes, uncle?"

"Is there any foundation whatever for Dodd's statement?" "No, uncle!"

"I was assured that there was none," said his face. Mr. Manders. "Dodd, you will bend over that chair."

"He is lying, sir!" said Tommy Dodd desperately. "What?"

me, sir, otherwise I wouldn't have touched the Cook. rotten cad!" blazed out Tommy Dodd.

ejaculated Mr. Manders. "You dare to call wasn't much use; he sent a prefect over to my nephew such names in my very presence? fetch me, and-and it was worse than ever

"I wouldn't have touched him if he'd let me alone, sir. He shouldn't have jeered at me when I was licked."

"My nephew says that he did nothing of the kind!" "It's a lie, sir!" Tommy Dodd was too

desperate now to care much what he said. "I shall punish you still more severely for that allegation, Dodd. Bend over that chair!" thundered Mr. Manders.

Tommy Dodd breathed hard.

"I've been beaten once to-day, sir," he said. "You will be beaten again, and still more severely," said Mr. Manders grimly. "For the last time, bend over that chair."

Slowly, reluctantly, Tommy Dodd obeyed. There was no help for it. He set his teeth to endure his punishment.

The cane rose and fell with loud whacks that rang through Mr. Manders' study, and could be heard in the passage outside. Mr. Manders did not spare the rod.

Marcus Manders looked on with a grinning face. The fellow who had handled him so unceremoniously was paying dearly now for having laid hands on him. Undoubtedly Tommy Dodd was likely to think twice before "Thank you, Knowles," said Tommy, quite he laid so much as a finger on his House-

Manders' nephew.

The cane ceased to fall at last. "I trust that will be a lesson to you, Dodd!" said Mr. Manders, in a grinding voice. "You may go."

Tommy Dodd, without a word, and with a white face, limped from the study. Marcus He said no more, and they arrived at Mr. Manders followed him out and closed the

captured junior to the Housemaster's study. Dodd leaned against the wall, breathing hard. His punishment had been very severe, "Very good!" said Mr. Manders, with a and he did not feel, for the moment, capable Marcus Manders came up to him grinning. "Worse than the last lot-what?" he said.

No answer. "Sorry you laid your paws on me, aren't

Dodd was silent.

"You'd better be jolly careful!" grinned "Dodd!" ground out Mr. Manders. "You the amiable nephew of the Housemaster. "I'll would you?"

He thrust his grinning face fairly into Tommy Dodd's. Tommy panted. He would have given worlds to plant his fist fairly in that grinning, malicious face, and send the new fellow spinning. But it was not good enough-he simply could not face another "bending-over" in Mr. Manders' study. He set his teeth, and was silent, and Marcus Manders chuckled again.

"You've got a little more sense nowwhat?" he asked jeeringly.

Tommy Dodd, with a great effort, controlled his feelings, and moved away. He limped up the stairs to the Fourth Form passage, and went to his study. Cook and Doyle jumped up as he came in, startled by the expression on

"Tommy, old man!"

"Tommy, old chap!" Tommy Dodd leaned on the table, and groaned. He could not help it. He was feeling done to the wide.

"He did jeer at me just after you'd licked "Where have you been, Tommy?" asked

"On the Classical side, keeping out of "What-what-what epithet did you use?" Manders' way!" muttered Tommy Dodd. "It Are you out of your senses, Dodd?" when I got it. All through that young cad, Manders.

"What's that?" asked a sneering voice.

Marcus Manders walked into the study. Tommy Dodd eyed him.

"Get out of this study!" he said thickly. "Housemaster's nephew or not, I won't stand anything from you in my own study. Get

Marcus Manders laughed disagreeably. "It happens to be my study, too," he said. "What?" exclaimed the three Tommies

together, in blank dismay. "My uncle's put me in this study," explained Marcus agreeably. "You fellows got anything to say against it?" "Oh, dear!"

The three Tommies had plenty to say against it. But it was useless to say it. The Housemaster's word was law in such matters.

"Well, this is the limit!" said Cook. "The outside edge!" groaned Doyle. "Planting him on us-us!"

Tommy Dodd's face was woeful. It was bad enough to have the fellow in the House at all,

but to have him in the study-it was, indeed, the limit. Marcus Manders grinned at the expression on the juniors' faces. He threw himself in the study armchair, from which Cook had risen. Tommy Dodd looked at him with a gleaming eye. "Get out of that chair!" he said.

"Sha'n't!"

"It happens to be our chair, personal property," Cook explained. "The school don't provide armchairs. Any other fellow would be welcome to it; but we don't choose to have our things contaminated by a reptile like you-see? Get out of it!"

"Put me out!" sneered Marcus Manders. "I'll do that, fast enough!" shouted Tommy Cook. And he grasped the back of the chair. intending to shoot the occupant out in a heap on the hearthrug.

(Continued overleaf.)



"Do-and I'll tell my uncle!" said Marcus. "Wha-a-t?"

"You'll get a licking, like Dodd! Go ahead, if you want one."

"Why, you sneaking cad, I-I-I'll-" spluttered Cook.

"Chuck it!" said Tommy Dodd, very quietly. "The cad will sneak to old Manders, and it means a licking. He doesn't mind telling lies along with his sneaking. Let him alone."

"But--" "It's not good enough," said Tommy Dodd. "Come on, let's get out of this. Mr. Manders can put him in our study, but he can't force him. us to put up with his company. Let's get out

The three Tommies left the study, leaving young Manders in triumphant possession.

For the rest of that evening there was only one topic among the juniors of Manders' House -Marcus Manders, and what a rank outsider he was, and what they would have done to him if he hadn't been Mr. Manders' nephew.

The 4th Chapter. Rough Justice!

NOWLES of the Sixth saw lights out in the Fourth Form dormitory in Manders' House that night. If Knowles noticed that there was a good deal of suppressed whispering going on in the Modern Fourth, he affected to be unaware of it.

Something, certainly, was on the tapis; the whole dormitory seethed with suppressed, or half-suppressed, excitement. Any prefect might have guessed that lights out that night would not be followed at once by balmy slumber in that particular dormitory. As there was a new fellow in the Form, taking his place in the dormitory for the first time, a prefect might have guessed that there was some scheme of putting that new fellow "through" it.

Perhaps Knowles did guess it. Perhaps he had no objection to Marcus Manders being put through it. At all events, he was resolute not to observe that anything was amiss; and when Towle of the Fourth excitedly whispered to Lacy that he had brought up the rope's-end, and was dismayed the next moment to see Knowles at his very elbow, it seemed that Knowles was deaf.

"Turn in, you young scamps!" said Knowles, with unusual geniality. "But you're not all here; where's young Manders?"

"He hasn't come up yet," said Wadsley. Knowles frowned. He did not want to get into Mr. Manders' black books by heckling his favourite; but to hang about at lights-out, till it pleased Master Manders to come up to bed, was not to be thought of.

"Do you know where Manders is, Wadsley?" "In his study, I think, Knowles."

"Go and tell him to come up at once."

"Yes, Knowles."

Wadsley left the dormitory. He returned in a few minutes with a lurking grin on his face.

"Well, where's Manders?" snapped Knowles. "He says he won't be long."

"By gad!" muttered Knowles.

The Modern juniors were turning in. They exchanged curious glances as they heard that cheeky message from young Manders. Apparently the Housemaster's nephew supposed that he could "throw his weight about," as Tommy Cook expressed it, among the prefects as well as among the juniors. They wondered what Cecil Knowles would do. He was the very last man in the Sixth to put up with impudence from a junior.

Most of the juniors were in bed when Marcus Manders loafed into the dormitory. Knowles strode towards him.

"What the thump do you mean by being as

late as this, young Manders?" "Am I late?" yawned Manders.

"You are ten minutes late."

"Dear me!"

The Modern juniors looked on with bated breath. Knowles had his official ashplant under his arm. He slipped it into his hand. "Bend over that bed, Manders." "Wha-a-t?"

"Bend over, you cheeky young rascal!" In his anger, at that moment, Knowles did not care for Mr. Manders or the whole tribe of Manders, to the thirtieth and fortieth generation.

Marcus Manders backed away, eyeing Knowles evilly, and with evident trepidation.

"I-I say--" he stammered. "Bend over!" snapped Knowles savagely. There was a step in the doorway, and the angular figure of Roger Manders appeared there, and his sour face looked in.

"Knowles!"

"Oh! Yes, sir!" "This will not do, Knowles. I am surprised to see you thinking of punishing a new boy on his first day at Rookwood," said Mr. Manders. "On several occasions, Knowles, I have heard complaints of bullying on your part. I must

say that this looks as if these complaints were after lights-out; he could not have failed to be well-founded."

Marcus Manders' apprehensive look rather unpopular. vanished, and he grinned. He felt that he was safe now. Knowles stared at his Housemaster.

"What-what?" he stammered. "Manders is ten minutes late for dorm, sir, and he has answered me impudently. I hope, sir, that this junior is not to be allowed to set the prefects at defiance."

"Nothing of the kind, Knowles. My nephew will render all just obedience to constituted authority, or I shall deal with him myself," said Mr. Manders. "I shall not, however, allow bullying in this House, and you will bear that in mind, Knowles."

"I-I-I-" stammered Knowles.

"You may leave the dormitory. I will see lights out for the Form," said Mr. Manders. Knowles, choking with rage, quitted the dormitory, and tramped away to the Sixth

into sympathetic Sixth Form ears. Marcus Manders tumbled cheerily into bed. Sixth Form prefects, at whose nod other juniors were supposed to tremble, had no terrors for

Mr. Manders glanced up and down the and rows, remained where he was. dormitory before he turned off the light, with a watchful and suspicious eye.

The juniors were as still as mice; two or three of them even affected to be asleep Tommy Dodd quietly. already; nobody met Mr. Manders' eye. Possibly the Modern master had some suspicion through it." that there might be a "rag" in the dormitory

aware that the new fellow had made himself

But all seemed calm and quiet; and the Housemaster turned out the light at last, and the dormitory door closed on him.

For ten minutes more all was calm. Not a fellow in the dormitory had closed his eyes; but they sagely gave Mr. Manders plenty of time to get back to his study before they stirred. The Modern master's study was at a good distance from the sleeping-quarters of the Fourth, and he was not likely to hear any little disturbance there. As for the prefects, that had to be risked; but some of the juniors had a shrewd suspicion that the prefects would not be keen to intervene on Marcus Manders' behalf. Certainly he had not much to expect from Cecil Knowles, after the way he had talked to the captain of the House.

Tommy Cook gave the signal for a move at Form quarters, there to pour his tale of wrong last by turning out of bed and lighting a candle-end, which he stuck on his washstand. Tommy Doyle and Towle followed suit; and then the rest of the Form, with the exception of Tommy Dodd. Dodd, captain of the Modern Fourth, generally the leader in all rags

"Aren't you getting up, Tommy?" called out Towle.

"No! You fellows turn in again," said

"Rats! That sneak is going to be put "Yes, rather!"

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READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

The Prize of £5 will be awarded to the competitor whose forecast is correct or most nearly correct, and the other prizes in order of merit. Any number of attempts may be sent in, but each must be made out on a separate and properly signed

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It is a distinct condition of entry that the Editor's decision shall be accepted as final and binding. The right to divide the prizes, or their value, in the case of ties, is reserved. All entries must reach us not later than first post FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20th, and any arriving

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	(MATCHES PLAYED, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21st, 1925.)	
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League I	I. v	
League 1	II. (Southern)	
	ering this contest I agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and binding.	
	4	
Boys' Fi	IEND. Closing date, Friday, November 20th, 1925.	

"Get up, young Manders!" shouted Cook. Tommy Dodd sat up in bed.

"Chuck it," he said. "I keep on telling you it's not good enough! The cad will sneak to his uncle, and it means trouble for the whole

Form. Get back to bed and chuck it." There was a howl of refusal from the Modern Fourth.

"Isn't it the rule that sneaks are ragged?" demanded Lacy. "Haven't we ragged Leggett for sneaking more than once?"

"Leggett isn't the Housemaster's nephew," said Tommy Dodd dryly. "Look here, you fellows, chuck it!"

"Rats!" "Rubbish!"

"Turn that sneak out of his bed!"

Marcus Manders sat up in great alarm. Alone in the dormitory with the angry juniors, his protecting uncle far away, he had good reason to be alarmed. Punishment for the raggers on the morrow was all very well; but that was not much of a consolation for the wretched sneak if he had to go through it in the dormitory.

"Have him out!" shouted Wadsley.

"Turn out, you cad!"

The Modern juniors surrounded Manders'

"Look here!" panted Marcus Manders. "You keep off! You know what Dodd got! You'll get the same."

"That's why you're going through it," said Cook, "You got Tommy Dodd two awful lickings, and now you're going to sit up for it. Did you bring up that rope's-end, Towle?" "Here it is," said Towle.

"Roll the cad out!"

"I'll tell my uncle!" shrieked Marcus Manders desperately.

He rolled on the floor of the dormitory in a tangle of bedclothes. "You'll tell him, will you?" grinned Towle,

as he dragged Marcus out of sheets and blankets. "Tell him I smacked you at the same time-like that--" "Yarooooh!"

"Tell him I kicked you!" chortled Doyle. "Whooop!"

"Tell him we bumped you!" shouted Lacy; and Marcus Manders, in the grip of four or five excited fellows, was swept off the floor and bumped down on it hard. "Ow! Wow, wow! Yow!"

"Now shove him over the bed," said Towle, flourishing the rope's-end. "He's going to have twice as many as Doddy had. How many aid you have, Doddy?"

"I gave up counting," said Tommy Dodd, with a rueful grin.

"Then we'll make it twenty." "Yow-ow! Leggo!"

roared Marcus Manders. "Help! Yoop! Grooogh! Help!" "Showe his head into a pillow! He's making too much row." "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Gug-gug-gug-grooogh!" Marcus Manders gurgled wildly as his face was slammed down into a pillow. A dozen hands held him across his bed, while Towle

wielded the rope's-end. Whack, whack, whack!

"Go it, Towle!" "Give him jip!" chuckled Cook. "If he's going to tell Manders in the morning, let him

have plenty to tell." Whack, whack, whack!

Towle was going strong. Marcus Manders struggled and squirmed and strove to yell for help, but succeeded only in gurgling horribly. The rope whacked and whacked and whacked again on his pyjamas.

In their excitement the Modern juniors did not detect a faint footfall in the passage without. They did not even hear the door open. It was not till the electric light was switched on that they realised that someone had arrived.

Then there was a gasp. "Manders!"

The wriggling rascal on the bed was released as suddenly as if he had become red-hot. And the Modern Fourth stared in dismay at Mr. Manders, as he strode into the dormitory with an expression on his face that might have put the Gorgon of ancient times to the blush.

> The 5th Chapter. After the Feast the Reckoning!

IMMY SILVER & CO. stared. After breakfast in the morning the chums of the Classical Fourth had sauntered across the quad, to learn what had happened to Tommy Dodd at the hands of his Housemaster. They were quite concerned about Tommy. As the Classical juniors came up towards Manders' House their eyes were greeted by a curious sight.

From the doorway of that House emerged Cook of the Modern Fourth, with Doyle by his side. It was a sunny morning-unusually sunny for the time of year, and the sunshine had had quite a cheery effect on Jimmy Silver & Co. But on Doyle and Cook it obviously produced no effect whatever. They could not have looked more dismal if the sky had been overcast by the blackest of thunderclouds.

They were wriggling and writhing as they came out, twisting most uncomfortably. They rubbed their hands at the same time.

After them, Towle emerged from the House. He was writhing also as he walked. In fact, he did not walk, he wriggled along.

Then came Lacy, and then Tommy Dodd, and then Wadsley, and then Cuffy. Then more and more of the Modern Fourth, till every member of that Form was in the quad with (Continued on page 336.)



Published

Every Monday

the exception of the new junior, young Manders.

And every one was wriggling and mumbling. Jimmy Silver & Co. stared at the scene in astonishment. The sight of all the Modern Fourth wriggling out of Manders' House one after another was really extraordinary. Every member of the Modern Fourth seemed to be understudying the young man of Hythe, who was shaved with a scythe, and did nothing but wriggle and writhe.

"Well, my only hat!" said Jimmy Silver. "What's the matter with them? The whole giddy Form can't have been licked early in the

morning!" "They look like it!" grinned Lovell.

"What a jolly way to start a day!" murmured Newcome. "Manders has some original

"There's that toad!" said Raby. The "toad" referred to was Marcus Manders. Last of all the Modern Fourth, he came out of the House, but he did not follow the rest into the sunny quadrangle. He stood on the House steps and grinned at them. The sight of all his Form-fellows wriggling and writhing evidently had an entertaining effect on young Manders. He looked quite bucked.

Some of the wretched Moderns looked round at him. Their looks showed how much they would have liked to collar young Manders and mop up the steps with his skinny person.

But no one approached him. Not a hand was raised to remove the derisive grin from his illfavoured countenance.

The Modern Fourth had had their lesson. Marcus Manders was not to be touched. He grinned and chuckled unchided and unkicked.

Dismally the Modern Fourth trailed into the quadrangle. Every face was woebegone. Some of them stared at the four Classicals glumly. The cheery faces of the Fistical Four were in startling contrast to the looks of the juniors of Manders' House.

"Oh, dear!"

"Mmmmmmm!" "Oow! Wow! Wow! Oh!"

"Oh, crumbs! Oh, scissors! Oh, dear!" Such were the remarks of the Modern juniors.

They seemed to have suffered much. "If I were one of that Modern gang," said

Arthur Edward Lovell emphatically, "I'd mop up that grinning monkey yonder, and give him something to grin at." "You wouldn't," said Cook with a groan.

"We mopped him up last night in the dormitory for sneaking about Tommy Dodd. Ow !"

"Hence these tears. What?" asked Lovell. "Ow! Wow! Yes."

"Manders came in-spying about, as usual," groaned Doyle. "Caught us giving the young beast the rope's-end."

"Well. I'm glad you gave him the rope'send," said Jimmy Silver. "That's so much to the good."

"Yes; but oh, dear!" "What did Manders do?" asked Raby.

"You can see what he's done," groaned Tommy Dodd. "Ordered the whole Form to turn up for a licking in the morning. Every fellow in the Modern Fourth. Even Leggett, who funked taking a hand in ragging young Manders; even Cuffy, who was fast asleep, and wouldn't have ragged a fly if he'd been awake. No exceptions for Manders! His dear nephew had been ragged, and the whole dormitory got it in the neck."

"Six on the bags and three on the hands," said Tommy Cook. "Something like a licking.

What?" Jimmy Silver whistled.

"Manders is going strong," he remarked. "Of course, he wants to make us understand that dear Marcus can do as he likes, and mustn't be touched," said Tommy Dodd. "I knew how it would be, but the fellows posed that he could be "sidey" with them wouldn't listen to me. Caning a whole Form! as he was with the Moderns. He had been "EELING better, what?" Some punishment. What? Old Manders' arm only a day at Rookwood, and it was quite posmust have ached when he'd got through."

"Oh, dear!"

"Ow! Ow!" "And there's the cheeky cad grinning at us very least.

and enjoying it," said Cook savagely, "and we can't touch him. Can't even call him names without being reported to Manders and licked again. I've had enough licking to go on with. Oh, scissors!"

"I'm not touching him any more!" mumbled Towle. "It's not good enough, as Tommy told us. Let him sneak as much as he likes."

"It's rotten!" said Jimmy Silver. "But you can't rag the cad if Manders is going to hand it out like this every time. But look here, Tommy Dodd, there's more than one way of killing a cat. You can't thrash the worm, and you can't rag him, but you can leave him alone. Send him to Coventry."

Tommy Dodd's clouded face brightened. "I hadn't thought of that yet," he said. don't know whether the measly worm would mind. He's got the skin of a rhinoceros. And he's put in our study, too!"

"All the better, if you cut the rotter," said Jimmy. "He won't like being sent to Coventry in his own study. Manders can lick you for ragging the cad, but he can't order you to talk to his nephew. Fellows are not bound to speak to a chap if they don't choose."

Tommy Dodd nodded. "Good for you, Jimmy," he said. "It's the only thing we can do-and we'll jolly well do it. You hear that, you chaps? We're sending that unspeakable toad to Coventry, and nobody is to speak a word to him, or answer him if he speaks. Not a syllable."

"Good egg!" Much as the Modern Fourth had suffered, "Mooh! Leggo! Led do ob by dose!" there was a general brightening of faces now. spluttered Marcus Manders.

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ripping features.

In that one way, at least, they were able to

"get back" on the sneak of the House, and it

was difficult to see what Mr. Manders could

do, even if he took heed of what was going

on. Even a sneak and a tell-tale like Marcus

Manders could scarcely report to his uncle that

fellows showed an aversion to his conversation.

It might be an offence in Mr. Manders' eyes,

but it was scarcely an offence of which a

"That's the game!" said Towle. "Send the

Housemaster could take official cognizance.

cad to Coventry! Let him jaw to his jolly

old uncle if he wants to jaw! Ow! Wow!

Marcus Manders strolled down the steps of

his House at last, his hands in his pockets, his

ill-favoured face still grinning and cheery.

He had had a rather painful time in his dormi-

tory the night before; but it had been brief,

and he had been quite solaced by the whole-

sale punishment that had fallen on the rag-

gers. It was not likely that there would be

any more rags in the Modern Fourth dormi-

as the cad of Manders' House came along

the path. Jimmy Silver & Co. stayed where

they were, and Marcus Manders came up to

them. His look was insolent and cheeky, and

the Fistical Four wondered whether he sup-

sible that he did not realise that his uncle's

authority, paramount in the Modern House,

did not extend to the Classical side in the

Tommy Dodd and his friends moved away

"They look a pretty moultin' crew, don't be reported to Mr. Manders. But he did they?" grinned Marcus, with a nod towards not receive any answer at all. the mourning Moderns. "They've had it het same, young Silver. You-were pretty cheeky walked on regardless. yesterday, and I haven't forgotten it."

"You horrid worm!" said Jimmy in disgust.

"What?"

"If we had a sneak like you on the Classical side, we'd boil him in oil!" said Arthur deaf or not. He made no statement whatever. Edward Lovell. "Don't speak to us." He walked on

"You're calling me names, are you?" said I'll mention it to my uncle!"

and your grandfather, if you like," said this?" Jimmy Silver contemptuously. "If you want Classicals. And there isn't a master on the way. Classical side who will listen to a tell-tale." "Oh!" said Marcus, rather taken aback.

Edward Lovell. "Manders is the man for it! shoulder. And while you're mentioning to Manders that we called you names, you can mention at the Towle---" same time that I pulled your nose."

Marcus jumped back, but not quite in time. out speaking. Lovell's forefinger and thumb closed on his sharp nose, in a grip that was like that of an iron vice.

"Mooooooooh!" spluttered Marcus Manders. Lovell compressed his grip. At a distance, the Modern juniors grinned as they looked on. There vas comfort in the sight for them.

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Young Manders clenched a hand and raised

it. Lovell, with a grim look, clenched his

free hand, and raised it also. And Marcus

Manders did not strike. He realised that he

would be knocked spinning the next moment

if he did; and his craven spirit failed him.

He stood wriggling but unresisting, while the

"Look at him!" breathed Tommy Cook.

"Letting a Classical chap pull his nose in

open quad! Even Leggett wouldn't. Jevver

If anything could have added to the con-

tempt and disgust of the Modern fellows, that

would have done it. Marcus Manders wrig-

gled and spluttered and mumbled till Lovell

"Now cut, before I kick you!" he said.

And young Manders, with an evil look, cut.

The derisive grin was no longer on his face,

and his sharp nose looked, like Marian's in

the ballad, red and raw. The Fistical Four

"What a specimen!" said Jimmy Silver.

The 6th Chapter.

Sent to Coventry!

Marcus Manders asked Tommy

Dodd that question, in morning

break, with a grinning face.

He expected some tart or angry answer,

And they strolled back to the Classical

Classical junior tweaked his nose.

hear of such a worm!"

chose to let go his nose.

looked at one another.

Lovell released him at last.

** CONTRACTOR CONTRACT

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

WELL IN FRONT!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tommy Dodd did not look at him, or speak, and strong. Mind you don't get some of the or appear conscious of his existence. He

Marcus Manders stared after him in sur-

prise and annoyance.

"Are you deaf?" he hooted.

Tommy Dodd did not state whether he was

Manders, with a puzzled look, turned to Marcus Manders, with a sneer. "All right; Towle, who had just come out of the House. "What's the matter with Dodd?" he ex-"Mention it to your uncle, and your aunt, claimed. "What sort of a fool's game is

Towle looked full in Marcus Manders' face, to sneak about us, you silly young ass, you but without a sign of recognition, and did must sneak to a Classical master-we're not speak. Without a word, he passed on his

More and more puzzled, not yet catching on to what was in the wind, Marcus Manders "Keep it for Manders' House," said Arthur hurried after him and caught him by the

"Look here, Towle-I think your name's

Towle jerked his shoulder away, still with.

"Can't you speak?" hooted Manders.

Towle walked away. "Well, my hat!" murmured the sneak of

Manders' House. "I wonder what this means? Something's up!"

It was soon quite clear that something was up. He bore down on Lacy, and spoke to him, and Lacy turned his back without a word. He called out to Wadsley, and Wadsley stared at him and did not answer.

By the end of morning quarter, Marcus Manders was feeling extremely annoyed and uncomfortable. He had not exchanged a word with a fellow that morning. He had spoken a good many times, but he had received no answers. Among themselves the Moderns talked enough, and he sometimes saw them grinning; but whenever Master Marcus approached a cheery group, that group broke up at his approach, and he was left alone.

At dinner the same state of affairs obtained. By that time it had dawned on Marcus Manders that he was cut by the Form. At tea-time young Manders went to his

study-the study of the three Tommies, and he found them there. He gave them a surly look. "I hear that the fellows generally have tea

in their studies here," he said. "I'm going to have mine here with you." Silence.

"I don't want you to stand treat!" sneered Manders. "I'm going to stand my whack! What's it to be?" Unbroken silence.

"Look here, you cads!" shouted Manders, his temper breaking out. "Can't you speak?

Do you think I'm going to stand this? Are you dumb, you silly, cheeky owls?" Tommy Dodd rose to his feet.

"Tea in Hall this time, you fellows," he

Yes, rather."

The three Tommies left the study. Marcus Manders glared after them.

"You cheeky cads!" he shouted. The three Tommies did not seem to hear.

They walked to the staircase and disappeared. After tea Marcus Manders emerged from the House with a black brow. In the quad the three Tommies were chatting cheerily with Jimmy Silver & Co. Manders came up scowling. "Look here, Dodd--"

The Rookwooders walked away. With an

angry, excited face, Marcus Manders rushed after them. "I can jolly well tell you, Dodd-" he

bawled. The Modern juniors seemed deaf as adders.

But Arthur Edward Lovell turned back. grasped Marcus Manders by the collar, and sat him down heavily on the ground. "Ow!" gasped Manders.

The juniors walked on, with smiling faces, leaving Marcus Manders sitting on the ground, blinking after them. And it began to dawn upon the malicious mind of young Manders that the way of the transgressor was, after all, hard; and that matters did not, after all, look very rosy for the sneak of Rookwood.

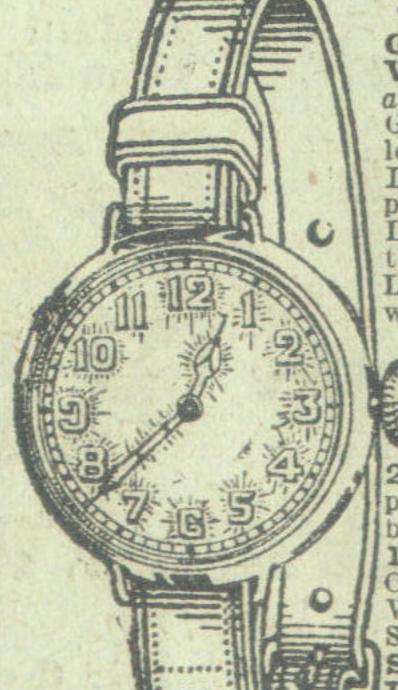
THE END.

(Chock-full of fun and excitement-"Too Much Manders!" next Monday's splendid long story of the chums of Rookwood School. Don't miss it whatever you do. Make sure of your copy of the Boys' Friend by ordering it from perhaps some angry objurgation that could your newsagent to-day!)

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