SCHOOL, SPORT, MYSTERY, & ADVENTURE!



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BOYS' PAPER IN THE WORLD!

Week Ending March 13th, 1926.



A rough handling for the new skipper!

The 1st Chapter. The New Captain.

I IMMY SILVER stopped at the door of the first study in the Classical Fourth passage and hesitated.

The door was half-open and Jimmy had a view of the interior of the study.

Four juniors of the Classical Fourth were there; Peele and Lattrey and Gower, to whom the study belonged, and Arthur Edward Lovell.

Since the dispute with his old chums, Arthur Edward Lovell had shaken the dust of the end study from his feet, so to speak, and he had taken up his quarters with Peele & Co.

Having, in his lofty indignation and resentment, determined that he would not continue to "dig" with Jimmy Silver & Co., Lovell had had to look for another study; and rather to his surprise—and much to his indignation—no study had seemed keen on taking him in.

A hot-headed fellow who quarrelled with his best friends, and withdrew into a shell of unapproachable dignity, was really not a fellow whom the Fourth-Formers were keen to capture as a study-mate.

Only Peele & Co., the black sheep of the Fourth, were eager to take Lovell in, and, as a fellow had to have a study, it was a case of Hobson's choice with Lovell.

Probably Lovell was not very proud of his new friends; and he could not have fancied that a change from the end study to Peele's study was a change for the better. But any port was welcome in a storm, and Arthur Edward had realised, only too clearly, that there was something rather ridiculous in turning his back loftily on his old quarters and finding no other door open to him.

So he had settled down with Peele & Co., probably not very comfortably but making the best

Undoubtedly Peele & Co. were glad to have him. Now that Lovell had been elected junior captain of Rookwood, he was rather a prize for Peele & Co., whose slacking and shady ways had often brought them into trouble under the captaincy of Jimmy Silver.

Jimmy was on anything but good terms with the black sheep of the Fourth, and he disliked extremely paying a visit to their study. But he had to speak to Lovell, and Lovell was there.

So, after a brief hesitation, Jimmy lifted his hand and tapped at the half-open door and stepped in.

Peele & Co. were having tea; Lovell was busy at a corner of the table, with a sheet of paper and a pencil. He was making up a list of names, and, judging by the wrinkle that corrugated his brow, he was finding some difficulty in the composition thereof.

He did not look up as Jimmy Silver came in. Certainly he knew that the visitor was the late junior captain of Rookwood. But Lovell was not on speaking terms now with his old friends, and he deliberately ignored Jimmy's entrance.

Peele & Co. grinned. "Hallo! Did I ask you to tea, Silver?" inquired Peele. "I've quite forgotten it if I did." . "I haven't come to tea, Peele-I've called in to speak to Lovell," said Jimmy. "Can you spare me a minute or two, Lovell?". . .

(Continued overleaf.)



Arthur Edward looked up at that.

"I'm rather busy," he said. "It's about the football," said Jimmy. Arthur Edward Lovell smiled sarcastic-

"You needn't worry about that," he said. "That happens to be in my hands now, you know."

"I know that!" snapped Jimmy.

"Oh, I thought you might have forgotten it!" said Lovell, still sarcastic.

Jimmy Silver looked at him.

Really, this did not seem much like his old chum Arthur Edward Lovell, once a loval member of that select circle, the Fistical Four, and Jimmy's chum ever since Jimmy had come to Rookwood, until a few weeks ago.

Often and often there had been a rift in the lute in the end study, owing as a rule to Lovell's hot temper. But the breach had always healed sooner or later. .

Now there was no sign that the breach would heal; and Jimmy was aware that Lovell's new friends would do all they

could to keep it from closing.

Lovell was nursing his wrath and resentment, and there was no doubt that Peele & Co. helped and encouraged him to do so by every cunning suggestion and artful device. Peele, indeed, in private, boasted to Gower and Lattrey that he was "playing Lovell like a dashed fish." But in his lofty self-satisfaction it did not even occur to Arthur Edward that his new companions were pulling his leg.

Under Peele & Co.'s influence, Lovell was growing more and more estranged from his old chums, and displaying more and more the most unpleasant side of his nature.

"The fact is, Silver, Lovell doesn't want any advice from you about the footer," re- | nobody there?" marked Peele.

Jimmy did not heed the cad of the Fourth.

"About games practice to-morrow, Lovell," he said.

"That's all right," said Lovell. "You needn't worry about it, as I've said. I'm looking after that."

"I'm not exactly worrying about it," said Jimmy Silver mildly. "But it's usual to put a notice on the board."

"Oh!" "If games practice is off to-morrow, I shall be going out of gates," explained Jimmy. "It's for you to settle the matter with Bulkeley of the Sixth, of course."

"Of-of course," said Lovell, colouring a little.

As a matter of fact, Lovell had quite overlooked that little duty of the junior captain of the school.

"As the notice isn't up, I suppose it's off," said Jimmy. "But I thought I'd ask you first, before arranging with Raby and Newcome to go out on the bikes."

Lovell's colour deepened.

He was annoyed with himself for having forgotten his duty, and annoyed with Jimmy Silver for having reminded him of it. Lovell fully intended to perform all his duties in his new position in the most conscientious way. But the actual fact was that Lovell was not, as he supposed, one of those fellows who are born to command-he was, in actual truth, very far indeed from being anything of the kind.

All his administrative abilities could have been put into a nutshell, leaving plenty of room for the nut. He had many qualities, but a careful attention to matters of detail was not one of them.

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(Continued from previous page.)

"It's all right, then?" asked Jimmy. "We sha'n't be wanted on Little Side to-morrow afternoon?" "You will!" answered Lovell.

"Oh! At what time?"

"I shall put a notice on the board as-as usual," said Lovell. "That's all."

"Oh, very well, then!"

"You're not getting off games practice so early as all that, Jimmy Silver," said Cyril Peele, with a chuckle.

"No fear!" grinned Gower. "Lovell's going to keep you up to the mark, ain't you, Lovell?"

"Slacker!" chuckled Lattrey. Jimmy Silver, with a glint in his eyes, made a step towards the grinning trio.

Lovell jumped up. He interposed at once between Jimmy

Silver and the three. "That's enough, Silver! You'd better

"Look here, Lovell-"

"You ought to know better than to come kicking up a shindy in your captain's study," said Lovell. "This sort of thing won't do, Silver!"

"You're not skipper now, Silver, you know," grinned Peele. "You've got to toe

the line like the rest."

Jimmy Silver paused, breathing hard.

He did not want trouble with his former chum, but the jeering of Peele & Co. was very hard to bear patiently. But Lovell's sturdy form stood between him and Peele & Co., and Lovell obviously was ready for trouble to any extent.

With a great effort Jimmy Silver swallowed his wrath and walked out of the study. The jeering laughter of Peele &

Co. followed him. Jimmy returned to the end study, where Raby and Newcome awaited him.

"Well?" asked his two chums.

"Games practice to-morrow," Jimmy. "We sha'n't be able to get that run over to Latcham." "But there's no notice on the board."

"Lovell forgot."

"Oh, my hat! And I suppose he wouldn't have remembered until to-morrow afternoon, if you hadn't reminded him." "Probably not."

"Some captain!" said Raby derisively. "What would old Bulkeley have said if he'd turned up on Little Side and found

"Something emphatic, very likely," said Jimmy Silver, laughing. "But it's all right, now we know. After all, Lovell isn't used to his job yet."

"Getting used to it won't help him! He hasn't the brains for it," said Newcome.

"Those slackers in his study pull his leg and get him to let them off," said Raby. "They've hardly shown up at all on Little Side since Lovell was electedand it was not a proper election, either. He will have Bulkeley down on him sooner or later."

"Sooner the better!" grunted Newcome. "Hem! Let's have tea!" said. Jimmy Silver.

And the discussion of the new junior captain dropped.

> The 2nd Chapter. Not Nice for Loveli.

for TOT a full house!" grinned Valentine Mornington.

It was the following afternoon, and the Classical Fourth had turned up for the usual games practice on Little Side. Fellows who were keen on football seldom missed games practice if they could help it; but there were fellows who dodged it on every possible occasion-slackers like Peele & Co., and lazy "frowsters" like Tubby Muffin.

It was the junior captain's duty to see that all the fellows turned up, unless there was some good reason for their absence, and on compulsory days Jimmy Silver had always done his duty conscientiously. That was one of the causes of the bitter dislike felt by Peele & Co. towards "Uncle James," of Rookwood.

Peele & Co.'s opinions were that games were rot and games practice utter rot; they preferred a quiet smoke and a game of banker in their study. Tubby Muffin preferred to haunt the school shop, like a lion seeking what he might devour. Other fellows were occasionally careless in suchmatters and had to be rounded up by a conscientious captain. Gunner, for instance, had declared that, since he never had a chance to play in matches, he was going to "chuck" practice; and on one occasion Gunner had been run down to the football field in the grasp of the Fistical here," he said. "They missed games Four, and his bullet head had been bumped | practice last time, I noticed Why are on a goalpost till he had decided that he they not here to-day?" would not, after all, chuck practice. That was all for Gunner's good, for had his conduct been referred to Bulkeley, the Head of the Games, Gunner would have The junior captain was empowered to let been given "six" by that authority.

detention.

came with them. Oswald and Jones minor ing faults with him. and Putty of the Fourth followed, and Con- He did not answer the Rookwood caproy and Pons and Van Ryn, and several tain's question. more fellows. But it was a cold day, with a "Did you hear me, Lovell?" sharp wind, and some of the Classical Fourth evidently preferred the lazy comfort of their studies, for they were not there. And the paucity of attendance was so marked that it was unlikely that it would escape Bulkeley's notice.

Lovell, of course, was there. Lovell was no slacker, though it was rather easy for any slacker to "tell the tale" to Arthur Edward and receive his permission to dodge | Dalton--" practice. But Lovell, as a matter of fact, hardly remembered which fellows he had excused and which had remained away regardless.

Neither was he giving the matter any thought. Lovell prided himself upon being efficient and wasting no time, and he proceeded at once to select the men for a pickup game.

"Here comes jolly old Bulkeley!" murmured Raby. "I wonder whether he will notice that about half the Form are chucking it to-day?"

"I hope not!" murmured Jimmy.

"Oh, you're an ass, old chap! sooner that fathead Lovell is called to order the better! What did he want to butt into the job for if he can't handle it?" George Bulkeley, of the Sixth Form,

arrived on Little Side with a cheery face. He was superintending junior practice that afternoon, which was an honour for the Classical Fourth, and a benefit to juniors who were really keen on football. But the great man of the Sixth, of course, could not be expected to waste his valuable time rounding up fags for practice-that duty was left to the junior captain. The captain of the school had plenty to do without attending to such trifling details

"All here-what?" said the captain of Rookwood cheerily.

"Yes," said Lovell. Bulkeley glanced over the juniors.

"Some of your men seem to be late, Lovell. I suppose you put the time on the board?"

"Oh, yes." "Well, where are your men, then?" asked Bulkeley, rather sharply. "A lot seem to be missing."

He glanced over the juniors again. "Peele and Lattrey and Gower are not

"I've let them off to-day," said Lovell.

"Why?" Lovell flushed.

off any fellows who gave a good reason This especial afternoon was a "compul- for cutting practice. He was answerable sory" day, therefore every member of the to the Head of the Games for his exercise Classical Fourth should have been on the of that power. But Lovell did not like ground unless kept away by illness or being called over the coals like this. Bulkeley had never asked Jimmy Silver Instead of which it was anything but why he let a fellow off games practice. a "full house," as Morny remarked. This was some more injustice for Lovell. Jimmy Silver and his friends were there | He had a strong feeling that Bulkeley did bright and early; Mornington and Erroll not approve of his election, and was pick-

What else?"

"I asked you why Peele and Lattrey and Gower are not here." "I can let off any fellow who gives a

good reason, I suppose," said Lovell, with a touch of sullenness. "Quite. But I'm rather curious to know

the reason in this case. What is it?" "Peele has lines to do for Mr.

"Peele can do his lines another time.

"Gower has a cold, and Lattrey has hurt his knee," said Lovell. "They-they told me so, so I excused them for this after-

"Hum! And why isn't Gunner here?" "Isn't he here?" said Lovell, looking round. "I hadn't noticed."

"Why isn't Muffin here?"

"I-I don't know."

"Why aren't Townsend and Topham

"They asked me specially for leave as they had to go down to Coombe this after-

"Have they started yet?"

"Couldn't say?" "Find out, then, and tell them to come

to Little Side at once, and that I'll give them six each if they're not here by the time I get back from the House."

Bulkeley strode away towards the House, leaving Arthur Edward Lovell staring after him. Some of the footballers were grinning. Lovell's face was crimson.

It was true that the head of the games had power to rescind any order or leave given by the junior captain, but it was a power seldom exercised. Evidently Bulkeley



"Don't jaw! Get back to the changing-room and come down to the footer," Lovell said.

of the Sixth had considered it necessary to

exercise it on this occasion.

"There go Towny and Toppy, Lovell," murmured Jimmy Silver, with a gesture to- | them they fairly scuttled away back to the wards two distant figures heading for the school gates. "You'll be in time if you cut after them now."

"Mind your own business!" said Lovell

savagely.

In his anger and humiliation, Lovell was cager to turn his wrath upon somebody and it fell upon Jimmy.

"What?" ejaculated Jimmy Silver.

Lovell turned his back on him and stared in the direction of Towny and Toppy. Those two nutty and elegant youths, rejoicing in their freedom from compulsory practice that afternoon, were sauntering down to the gates, dressed to kill, things of beauty and joys for ever. Their polished toppers gleamed back the winter sunshine from the distance. Lovell stared after them but made no move.

He had given them leave. They had come to him as to a majestic person in authority, which was quite enough to put Arthur Edward into his most amiable and accommodating mood. He realised now that he had acted rather thoughtlessly. But there it was. He had given them leave, and it was deeply humiliating to have to withdraw it at the order of the Rookwood captain.

Lovell was tempted to rebel-to let Towny and Toppy go on their happy way, regardless of Bulkeley's command.

Fortunately, he stopped short of that. After a period of hesitation, which caused many of the juniors to exchange grins and chuckles, Lovell started after the nuts of the Fourth at a run. He had no time to lose, and he put on speed and Townsend Topham were overtaken.

"Hold on, you chaps!" gasped Lovell. Towny and Toppy looked at him inquir-

"We're just off," said Townsend.

"Just startin'," said Topham amiably. "Anythin' we can do for you in Coombe, Lovell, old bean?"

"You can't go to Coombe, after all," blurted out Lovell abruptly.

"Eh?"

"What?"

"Get changed and come down to the footer."

"But we're goin'---" exclaimed Towny indignantly.

"You're not."

"You gave us leave from games practice yourself!" exclaimed Topham, with breathless indignation. "Mean to say you've altered your mind at this time of day?"

"Yes. Get back." "Why, you cheeky ass---"

Lovell glared. He did not choose to tell the dandies of the Classical Fourth that he had altered his mind at the command of the head of the games. As was not uncommon with Arthur Edward Lovell, his lofty pride led him to put himself in the wrong.

"Don't jaw! Get back to the changingroom and come down to the footer!" he said.

"'Nuff said! Get a move on!" "Look here-"

"We jolly well won't!" roared Topham.

"Do you want me to handle you?" roared Lovell. "By Jove! If you don't get a move on this minute I'll jolly well jam your silly heads together!"

In a calmer moment the nuts of the Fourth would have hesitated to defy the sturdy Lovell. But they were boiling with indignation now.

"Go and eat coke!" exclaimed Townsend.

"We won't go!"

"We jolly well won't!" shouted Topham. "What sort of a game is this, givin' a fellow leave one minute and takin' it back the next? Go an' chop chips, and be blowed to you!"

"I tell you-" "Rats!"

That was enough for Arthur Edward Lovell - more than enough. He was intensely angry with Bulkeley, but the There were startled exclamations in the captain of the school was far beyond the reach of his wrath. Towny and Toppy, unfortunately for themselves, were within stared at Bulkeley in terror. Three juniors leaped to their feet and looked in at No. 2. Tubby Muffin was there, mistake as soon as occasion offered, and frowsting over the fire, as usual on a cold after that another as soon as there was

Fourth and grabbed them in angry and were smoking, but fortunately-very forpowerful hands.

Crack!

There was a simultaneous yell from Towny and Toppy as their heads came together with a loud concussion.

"Ow !"

"Wow!" "Now, then, get a move on before I mon up the ground with you, you slinking slackers!" bawled Lovell.

"Oh gad!"

"Oh dear!" Towny and Toppy had had some vague | "Oh!" gasped Peele. idea of strewing Lovell in the quad and "Is this how you take care of your cold, marching victoriously over him. They quite Gower?"

gave up that idea now. They jumped away from him with the activity of kangaroos, and as Lovell made another movement at House. Arthur Edward Lovell followed them, with a grim brow, and rounded them up into the changing-room, where Towny and Toppy changed for footer, with furious looks and feelings that could not have been expressed in any known language.

The 3rd Chapter. Rounding Up the Slackers!

ULKELEY of the Sixth tramped into the Classical Fourth passage with a heavy tread and a frowning brow.

He was far from being satisfied with Arthur Edward Lovell's election as junior captain of Rookwood, not regarding Arthur Edward as being in any way suitable for the

He was not aware that Lovell's election had been chiefly brought about by the circumstances that two other candidates had been kept away from the election by the inestable Gunner, who had butted into the affair not wisely, but too well. Had Bulkeley been aware of that circumstance, probably he would have ordered a new election, in which Arthur Edward Lovell would not have stood the ghost of a chance of success. But the juniors had not cared to report the irregular proceedings to a prefect, and the election stood.

"Oh dear!"

"Is smoking good for your crocked knee, Lattrey?"

"Mmmmmmmm!"

"I understand that you gave Lovell those reasons for letting you off games practice, and he seems to have been fool enough to believe you?"

"I_I_I__"

"We-we-we-"

"Oh dear!"

"Put those cigarettes in the fire!" The wretched juniors obeyed, with appre-

hensive looks. "Turn out any more you've got!"

A box of cigarettes came to light.

"Put them in the fire!"

"Yes, Bulkeley!" gasped Peele. The burnt-offering, so to speak, having been made, Peele & Co. stood in an apprehensive row, eyeing Bulkeley very uneasily. The grimness of his brow gave them cold feelings down their spines.

"Is there a cane in this study?"

"N-n-n-no."

"Find me a fives bat!"

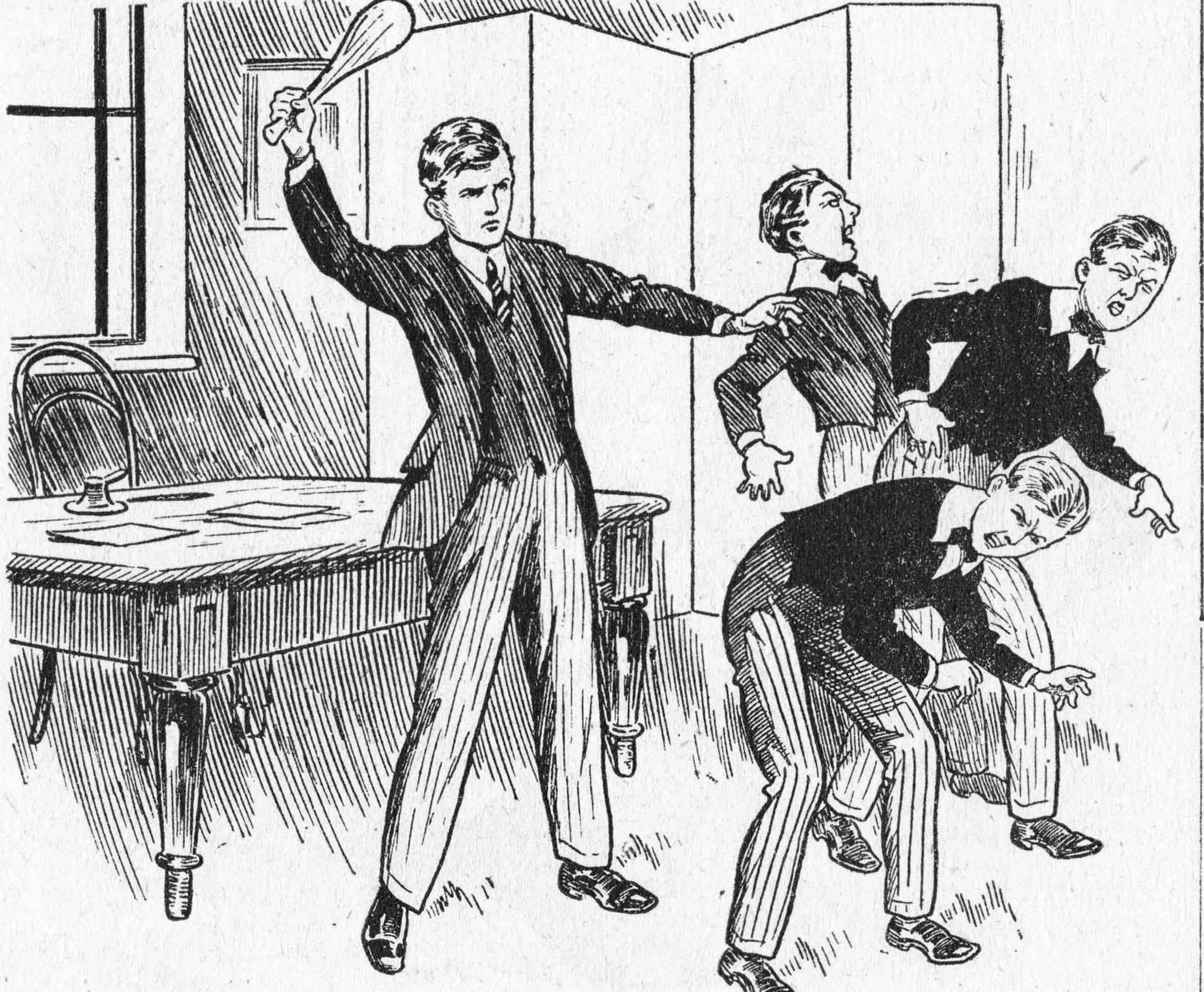
"Oh dear!" Peele found a fives bat and handed it to Bulkeley in a very gingerly manner.

"Bend over-all of you!"

There was a rhythmic sound of whacking in the study. It was accompanied by loud yells from Peele & Co.

Having finished, Bulkeley tossed the fives

bat into a corner.



There was a sound of whacking in the study. It was accompanied by loud yells from Peele & Co.

As the Rookwooders had—as Bulkeley supposed—chosen Lovell of their own accord, he had to accept him as junior captain. But he had already found that there would be more trouble on his hands than in Jimmy Silver's time. Lovell had to learn that a junior captain's business did not consist wholly of carrying his head high in the Fourth Form passage and listening to adulation from fellows who wanted to be let off games practice.

Bulkeley had never had to "butt into" matters of this kind while Jimmy Silver was junior captain. But he was butting in now, and with a heavy hand.

He stopped at the first study and threw the door open.

study.

Lovell rushed at the two nuts of the ette smoke. Peele and Gower and Lattrey of toffee. He jumped up at the sight of the tunately for themselves—they had not yet started banker, and no cards were visible demanded Bulkeley. so far.

The three young rascals had deemed themselves perfectly secure. Not for an instant had they expected a visit to the study.

bulging from their heads, the cigarettes still in their mouths. The captain of Rookwood eyed them grimly.

"Is this how you do your lines, Peele?"

"You will take two hundred lines each, and bring them to me before dorm," he said. "Yes, Bulkeley!" stuttered the wretched trio. They were only too glad that the

headmaster. "Now get out and change. And if you're not on the football ground in five minutes, look out for trouble."

prefect did not march them off to their

"Yes, Bulkeley!" gasped the three. And they bolted like rabbits for the

Peele & Co.'s new friendship with the junior captain of Rookwood had not turned out such a prize as they had anticipated. Their feelings towards the fellow who had let them down in this unexpected way were Hunnish.

Bulkeley strode along the passage and easy reach of it. In the room was an atmosphere of cigar- afternoon, and helping himself to a packet captain of Rookwood.

"Why aren't you on Little Side?"

"Just going!" gasped Tubby.

"Get a move on, then!" Bulkeley walked on to Gunner's study, while Tubby Muffin scuttled down the stairs

They stared at Bulkeley with eyes almost after Peele & Co. Peter Cuthbert Gunner did not look alarmed when Bulkeley stared in on him.

Peter Cuthbert was a great man in his own esteem, and the frown of a prefect did not make him tremble. "Hallo, Bulkeley!" he said. "Come in!"

"Why aren't you on Little Side?" "Chucked it," said Gunner airily.

"Jimmy Silver never gave me a chance in the matches, and Lovell's no better. So I've decided to cut games practice this term."

"Have you told Lovell that?" "Oh, Lovell's nobody! I don't take any

notice of Lovell," answered Gunner loftily. "Well, I am somebody, and I think you will take some notice of me," said Bulkeley grimly. "Give me the shovel from the tender."

"What for?"

"Because I tell you."

Gunner eyed him, but he handed over the shovel.

"Now bend over that chair!"

"Look here--"

"I think I told you to bend over!" remarked the captain of Rookwood pleasantly. "But you jelly well look here. I---

Yaroooh!" roared Gunner, as a grip of iron fastened on the back of his collar. Gunner found himself bending over the chair, without power to do anything but

wriggle, hefty fellow as he was. The shovel rose and fell six times, and the dust rose from Gunner's trousers and loud yells from Gunner.

"Now get down and change, and don't lose time."

"Ow! Yow! Ow! I can jolly well tell

" Cut!"

Gunner decided to cut.

He was the last to join the infuriated group of slackers who were changing for football. Lovell was gone, with Townsend and Topham. Peele & Co. followed with scowling faces, Tubby Muffin groaning, and finally Peter Cuthbert Gunner, in a state of towering wrath.

When Bulkeley of the Sixth walked down to Little Side again he found the tale of the Classical Fourth complete.

"Now get on with it!" he said. Lovell's brow was dark during games practice that afternoon. After it was over he tramped away by himself to change, and joined in none of the cheery chat in the changing-room. His authority had been set

aside. He had been made to look ridiculous, and the fact that he had brought it all upon himself did not comfort him, even if he realised it. He was in a mood to quarrel with his

best friends. But even here Arthur Edward's luck was out, for it was very doubtful whether he had any friends left to quarrel with.

> The 4th Chapter. Merely a Misapprehension.

ELIEVE me, some captain!" said Adolphus Smythe. Howard and Tracey of the Shell laughed.

Lovell turned crimson.

The three nuts of the Shell were chatting by the landing window as Lovell came upstairs after tea in Hall.

Lovell had not cared to "tea" with Peele & Co. in the first study. He was not in a mood for their company; neither did he expect them to be in an amiable or welcoming mood after their painful experience at games practice. Undoubtedly the black sheep had been "let down," and Lovell felt that they had reason to reproach him. He had given them leave from practice much too easily and much too thoughtlessly; but he had given it, and it had been taken away again. There was no doubt that Peele & Co. would be very sore about it.

So Lovell "tea'd" in Hall with a moody brow, conscious of sly glances among other Fourth Form fellows, who were "teaing" in Hall. He knew that the general opinion was that he had stepped into shoes too large for him, as it were; that he had taken on a task beyond his powers. Already his indiscretions had brought him under the frown of the captain of the school. True, Lovell was not likely to err again in the way of sparing the slackers; rather he was likely to round them up ruthlessly and remorselessly. But he would make another another occasion. That was the flattering opinion the Fourth held of his abilities.

Lovell, of course, did not share it. He was going to prove to the Lower School that he was the captain they really wanted; that he was the man who could do things. Exactly how he was going to prove this was not yet clear in his mind, but he was going to do it. Jeering Moderns and sarcastic Classicals, detracting Fourth-Formers, and sneering Shell fellows should see at long last that Arthur Edward Lovell was the "goods.";

In the meantime unanimous criticisms, silent or spoken, had an extremely exasperating effect on the new junior captain of Rookwood.

> (Continued overleaf.) B. F.-No. 1,292.-March 13th, 1926.



With outspoken criticism he could scarcely deal, but with the spoken word he was prepared to deal promptly and drastically. He was, in fact, in a mood for a row, and not in the least anxious to avoid trouble with any fellow who was looking for it.

In this mood he came on the three nuts of the Shell, lounging by the landing window, with their hands in their pockets, slacking as usual.

Slackers that day had caused Lovell trouble enough. The sight of a loafing slacker was irritating to him after his

experience with Bulkeley. At the best of times the slacking, loafing, high-sniffing manners and customs of loafers were presuming to criticise him-in grinning faces. his hearing, too! "Some captain" Adolphus was saying in sardonic tones, and Howard and Tracy were grinning. Lovell had no doubt that he was the captain alluded to-his own figure, and his own annoyances and grievances, filled up his horizon just then.

With a crimson face he stopped and swung round towards the three Shell fellows.

They did not heed him.

"Some captain-I believe you!" said Tracy. "The giddy limit-what?"

"The outside edge!" said Howard. "Meddlin' ass, you know," said Smythe. 'If there should be a new election, I

know he jolly well won't get my vote," said Howard. "No fear!"

"I'd like to see a new election, and that cheeky cad down and out," said Smythe. "It was the Fourth he was raggin' to-day, ; but it may be the Shell to-morrow. Too

big for his boots, you know." "Cheeky rotter!" agreed Tracy.

These remarks passed among the lounging nuts of the Shell, while Lovell stared at them with a face growing grimmer and grimmer, and they heeded him not. Really, they did not seem to care whether he heard them or not-they must have known that he was there, but they did not pay the slightest heed to his presence.

So it had come to this—that fellows could slang him in his very presence, and call him names, as if he were of no more account than Tubby Muffin or Cuffy!

That was not how the matter stood, in Lovell's opinion. These slacking wasters were going to learn that they couldn't do as they supposed. Here was the "row" for which Lovell really was looking-readymade, as it were.

He strode towards Smythe & Co. "You cheeky rotters!" he bawled.

· The three spun round from the window. "Hallo! What's bitin' you?" asked

Adolphus Smythe. "You know jolly well I heard you!" roared Lovell.

"What about it?"

"Eh?"

"What about it?" repeated Smythe. "Can't a fellow say what he thinks about anybody since you became junior captain?" "I'll jolly well show you what about it!" bawled Lovell.

And he rushed at the three.

The next moment there was a wild and whirling scene on the landing.

Smythe & Co. knew all about neckties, they were authorities on the subject of waistcoats, and no professional tailor could have taught them anything about trousers. But as fighting men they did not shine.

But even Smythe & Co. were not to be handled with impunity when they were

three to one. Lovell's rush knocked them right and left, but they rallied, and collared Arthur Edward on all sides.

"You cheeky cad! Bullyin' us!" gasped Smythe. "Mop him up!"

"Roll him down the stairs!" yelled Tracy.

"Yaroooh!" raved Howard, as an uppercut almost lifted him from the landing and laid him upon his back.

But as Howard went over, Lovell went over also, in the grasp of Smythe and

Tracy.
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Crash!

The three went down together.

two of the Shell fellows. But Howard | correct?" for the infuriated Lovell.

Struggling frantically he was rolled towards the lower stairs.

"Roll the cad over!"

Lovell was game; he fought hard, and existed at all, in fact." the three slackers had their hands full with him. But rage and indignation lent Adolphus & Co. unusual courage, and Lovell's hard punches added to their rage. They punched him mercilessly in return, and ing untruthfully?" rolled him over the top step, and as he sprawled there, clutching at the stairs, a drive of Smythe's boot sent him rolling

"Goin'---" gasped Adolphus. "Goin'--" chuckled Howard breath-

"Gone!" chirruped Tracy. "Ha, ha, ha!"

Lovell sprawled half-way down the flight before he clutched at the banisters | and stopped himself. He sat up, and then jumped up in towering wrath. Three grinning faces looked down at him from the have to round them up for games practice | Fourth-Form passage was crowded—the landing, and Lovell, utterly reckless of the | to-morrow. I'm not standing it." Smythe & Co. irritated Lovell. Now these odds, charged up the staircase at those "Oh, gad!" gasped Adolphus.

"Just that, sir. Ask Lovell."

"Lovell, I am afraid I have sometimes | -that he had taken too much for granted, Lovell was hitting out furiously, and observed you to be a quarrelsome boy," and for the sole reason that his thoughts in his enraged state he was a match for said Mr. Dalton. "Is what Smythe states

rallied and joined in the scrap, and three | "I did handle them, sir," said Lovell. | humiliating discovery for the hapless pairs of hands were rather too many even | "They jolly well asked for it, and I gave |

Smythe indignantly. "Hardly knew he feetly absurd, Lovell. You hear these boys "Shove him down!" gasped Smythe. | was about. Weren't speakin' to him, or of | discussing a Sixth-Form prefect, and you him, or thinkin' of him-forgot that he attack them without waiting to inquire.

"That's a lie!" snorted Lovell.

Lovell!" snapped the master of the Fourth. | surely you know that you are bound to "Do you mean to say that Smythe is speak-

"Yes, I do!" grunted Lovell.

"Then express your meaning in civilised language, not like a hooligan," said Mr. that he did not address you at all-"

"Not a word!" gasped Adolphus. "Never even looked at him."

"They were talking about me, and knew! study. I could hear," said Lovell savagely. "They

'Is that the case, Smythe?"

Crash! The study table flew, as the struggling juniors bumped into it.

"Oh, gad! He wants some more!" ejaculated Smythe. "Line up!" "Collar him!"

Lovell was collared as he charged and dragged over, dragging down the Shell fellows with him. They sprawled together on the landing in a mixed, wriggling heap. A dozen fellows stared down at them from the upper landing, and from the lower passage there came rapid footsteps. Mr. Dalton, the master of the Fourth, came up the lower staircase with a frowning brow. The four juniors were sprawling in a struggling heap fairly at his feet when he reached the landing.

"Boys," thundered Mr. Dalton, "stop

this at once!" "Oh, gad!"

"Cave!"

The dusty, breathless combatants separated, glaring at one another. All of them looked considerably the worse for

Mr. Dalton eyed them sternly.

"How dare you make this disturbance on the staircase!" he exclaimed. "What is this about?"

"Nothin', sir!" gasped Smythe. "Nobody knows except Lovell. He charged at us speaking?" suddenly like a mad bull. Didn't he, you

"Just like a wild elephant, sir!" panted Tracy. "We were simply defendin' ourselves, sir."

"Come, come!" said Mr. Dalton improvocation?"

"Yaas, sir."

"Nunno! We were speakin' of somebody else, sir." Smythe grinned in spite of himself. "I-I suppose Lovell fancied we were speakin' of him, sir, as he says so; but we weren't."

"Lovell thinks everybody's thinkin' of him and speakin' of him," sneered Tracy. "He can't see a fellow laugh without thinkin' that the fellow's laughin' at

Mr. Dalton coughed. "Did these Shell boys mention your

name, Lovell?" "N-n-n-no," stammered Lovell, utterly taken aback.

"Then why did you suppose they were speaking of you?"

"I-I thought so; they-they were speak-

"Are you the only captain at Rookwood, and the most important one?" sneered Tracy. "There's a captain to every Form, as well as a captain of the school, and a captain of each House! Of course, you'd think a fellow couldn't speak of a captain without speakin' of you?"

"Silence, Tracy! Of whom were you

"Bulkeley, sir-Bulkeley, of the Sixth." "Oh," murmured Lovell.

There was the sound of a chortle from

the upper landing. Mr. Dalton glanced about?" snapped Lovell. "I don't want any up and beheld a sea of grinning faces. His own face was twitching.

patiently. "Do you ask me to believe | Lovell's ludicrous misapprehension made the severe handling they had received. Lovell's face was burning.

He realised now that he had been hasty had been wholly fixed upon himself and his own importance. It was a painful and Arthur Edward.

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Mr. Dalton, "Never spoke a word to him!" howled trying hard not to smile. "This is per-Really, Lovell, such hot-headed thoughtlessness is intolerable. In your new "Kindly do not use such expressions, position as junior captain of the school, exercise some self-control-some judgment -some common sense at the very least."

Lovell stood dumb, overwhelmed with

confusion.

"You appear to have been wholly to Dalton sternly. "It is certain that one blame for this fracas, Lovell," continued party here is speaking untruthfully, and the Fourth-Form master. "You will take I intend to extract the truth. Smythe says | five hundred lines, Lovell. Now, let there be no more of this."

> And Mr. Dalton went down the stairs and did not smile till he was in his own

Lovell did not look at Smythe & Co., called me a meddling ass and a cheeky who grinned triumphantly. He tramped up rotter, and thinks like that, because I shall | the upper stairs with a burning face. The uproar had drawn nearly all the Classical Fourth to the scene. The juniors parted for Lovell to pass, grinning and chuckling -and Lovell was glad to hurl open the door of the first study and stride in and slam the door behind him, and shut off that sea of grinning faces. And his ears burned as he heard the roar of laughter in the passage through the closed door

The 5th Chapter. Fed-Up!

Cyril Peele jumped up. Gower and Lattrey followed his example, throwing down their pens.

The three black sheep stared at Lovell, with concentrated malice. They had lines to do-two hundred each-for Bulkeleyand work in any shape or form was never welcome to Peele & Co. They had been grinding wearily through their impositions, too busy to look out of the study, when they heard the uproar on the staircase. Lovell's hurried entrance interrupted their task, however.

"You!" repeated Peele.

Lovell stared at him.

"What the thump do you mean?" he exclaimed testily.

As Lovell had been for more than a week an inmate of the first study, he had naturally come to look upon those quarters as his own. But that was not the view taken by Peele & Co.

The Rookwood junior captain had not turned out to be the expected prize and safeguard; rather, he had landed them into unusual trouble. He had let them down in the matter of games practice; he had caused the captain of the school to take the matter personally in hand. They had bagged a licking all round, and a heavy impot. This was not what they had expected, and decidedly not what they wanted. They had had enough of a friendship that produced results of this sort.

Lovell had indeed dropped in upon them at the worst possible moment. The shady trio were still feeling the effects of Bulkeley's licking, they were tired from games practice, and they were grinding wearily through endless lines. Their tempers, never very good, were now exceedingly bad, and the sight of Lovell had an effect on them somewhat like that of a red rag on a savage bull.

Lovell had not expected Peele & Co. to be pleased; but in his usual lofty way he had given them very little thought. He had more important matters to think about than the black sheep of the Fourth. He ing of—of the captain," Lovell stuttered. had been glad to share their study, having "I—I thought——" none of his own; but he did not like his none of his own; but he did not like his surroundings there, and regarded Peele & Co. with a kind of impatient tolerance. His opinion of them was that they were worms; and now he was to learn that the worm would turn.

Peele & Co. exchanged glances and left the study table. They fixed their eyes on Lovell with deep animosity and malice.

"So you've come back here," said Peele. "You've had the cheek to come back here!" said Gower.

"What the thump are you babbling cheek from you, and I warn you that I'm not in a patient temper to stand it."

"Do you think you can frighten all that one boy attacked three without any Smythe & Co. themselves grin, in spite of Rookwood with your temper?" bawled

"Oh, shut up!"

"We've been licked!" howled Peele.

"I don't care how often you're licked! I hope it's done you good! You can do with a few lickings," retorted Lovell.

"You let us off games practice, and Bulkeley came here and rounded us up! What sort of a captain do you call yourself?"

"I couldn't help Bulkeley butting in," said Lovell sullenly. "It was like his cheek, if you come to that. I told him I'd let you off and he took no notice."

"He used to take notice of Jimmy

Silver!" sneered Lattery.

Lovell's eyes blazed. "That's enough, Lattrey! Shut up!" "Mustn't a fellow speak in his own study now that you're junior captain?"

sneered Lattrey. "Not if I don't choose! Shut up!"

"Oh, my hat! You cheeky rotter-" "I'm not shuttin' up!" howled Peele. "I tell you Bulkeley came here and caught us, and licked us all round."

"Rot! Bulkeley's a meddling fool, but he wouldn't lick you for nothing."

"It wasn't for nothing, you silly ass! We thought it was all safe, as we'd got leave from you, and he caught us smoking."

"Serve you jolly well right, then."

"What?" yelled Peele.

"Serve you right, you smoky cad! I hope he gave you six, and laid them on jolly Mornington's voice from the passage. Fourth.

"Why, you-you-you-" gasped Peele. "He did give us six, and he did lay themon hard," roared Gower, "and that's what we get for taking you in when you were kicked out of your own study."

"I wasn't kicked out of my own study, and Newcome. you worm! I left the end study because

this study in the same way if you don't mop up the whole study!" get out jolly sharp." "What?"

"We're fed-up with you! Get out!" | "Call a prefect!" shouted Lattrey. "Call

chucked out your books and things already study." -you'll find them along the passage."

Lovell stared at the three Fourth-Formers. Not for a moment had he dreamed that Peele & Co. would ever take up this attitude. It was, from his point of view, an honour and distinction for these no-class fellows to have a decent chap in their study, especially when that chap was junior captain.

"You've chucked my books into the passage?" he articulated.

"Yes, and if you don't go sharp, we'll chuck you after them!" sneered Peele. "Oh, collar him, and boot him out!" ex-

claimed Gower impatiently. "I'm fed-up with him."

Cyril Peele threw the door wide open. "Now then, Lovell-outside!"

Lovell trembled with rage.

It was borne in upon his mind that, junior captain as he was, he had no power in this matter; certainly his Form master would never have allowed him to "stick" in a study to which he did not belong against the will of the rightful owners.

But to be treated in this manner, by such rank outsiders as Peele & Co. was too fender. much for Lovell.

"You cheeky rotters!" he roared, finding ! his voice at last. "Why, I'll mop up the study with you."

"Another shindy, gents."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "This way, you fellows!" yelled Tubby Muffin. "Lovell's going it!"

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Jimmy Silver, coming out of the end study with Raby

"You shady cads-you worms!" roared Lovell. "No decent fellow ever speaks to "Because you had a boot behind you, I | you, if he can help it, you rotten outfancy," said Peele. "And you're leaving | siders! And you talk to me! Why, I'll |

"Outside!" hooted Gower.

"I-I-I'll-I'll---"

"Outside!" hooted Lattrey. "We've a prefect to turn that bully out of our

Mornington chuckled. "Old Lovell seems to have out-stayed his welcome," he murmured. "Hark! They're

breakin' up the happy home." "Ha, ha, ha!"

A mob of the Classical Fourth congre-

gated outside the first study. From that apartment came sounds of serious damage. Lovell's temper was at boiling point. He had not counted the odds in handling Smythe & Co., and he did not count them now. He fairly hurled himself upon his new friends-whose friendship, alas, had been all too brief!

Peele and Gower and Lattrey closed in on him like cats, Lattrey still yelling for somebody to call a prefect. But the laughing crowd outside were not likely to call a prefect on the scene. They were enjoying the entertainment too much to want to see it interrupted.

Crash!

The study table flew as the struggling juniors bumped into it, and pens and ink and the unfinished lines went whirling about the room as the table landed in the

"Go it!" yelled Mornington.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Lovell was going it; there was no doubt about that. He seemed much more than "Hallo, Lovell's at it again!" came a match for the three black sheep of the

> Gower joined the table in the fender, sprawling there breathlessly. Lattrey went spinning against the bookcase, and sat down in the midst of a shower of

> Neither returned to the fray; they had had enough. Cyril Peele remained alone in Lovell's grasp.

> Bang! There was a fiendish yell as Peele's head clumped on the overturned table. Bang, bang, bang!

"Oh! Yaroooh! Help!" yelled Peele. "Oh! Ow! Whooop!"

over Lattrey. Then Arthur Edward glared round the study.

"Do you want any more?" he roared.

"Ow, ow, wow!"

"Gerrout! Oh!" 'Arthur Edward Lovell turned and strode out of the study. He glared at the laughing juniors; but his glare had no effect; they howled with merriment. Lovell strode away savagely to the stairs, and a roar of laughter followed him as he went.

THE END. (You'll read about the troubles of the new captain of the Fourth Form at Rookwood in "Nowhere to Go!" Owen Conquest's tip-top story for Monday next. Make sure of your copy of the Boys' Friend by ordering it from your newsagent to-day!)

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6 D. Of all Booksellers and Newsagents, or 7d. post free (inland) from "Best Way," 291a. Oxford Street, W.1. Lovell hurled him aside and he sprawled | weeessessessessessessessessessessesses



addressed to him c/o the BOYS' FRIEND, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. envelope for a reply should accompany all a stamped addressed communications.)

Leagues in Opposition.

This week-end there is another of the big representative matches of the season to be played, that between the Football League-generally referred to as the English League-and the Scottish League. A year ago, when the chosen of the two Leagues met at Goodison Park, they gave a fine exhibition of football. I thought that the finer of the two teams were the Scots, but the Football League representatives won by four goals to three. By the way, as there is some misunderstanding on the point, it should be stated that the selectors who choose the English League team and those who choose the teams for the English Internationals proper are two separate bodies. A lot of people think that the representative teams are chosen by the same lot of men.

Scots Who Have Departed.

Looking through the names of the players who appeared in the corresponding match last season, it is pretty obvious that there will be a lot of changes. I shall be specially interested, for instance, to see if the Scots can put as good a team in the field as they did last season, for several of the men who then played for the Scottish League have since become associated with English clubs, and are consequently no longer available for the Scottish League side. Of those who played for the Scottish I

League a year ago, goalkeeper Harper has joined the Arsenal; Townsley, the centre half-back, has gone to Leeds; Russell, the insideright, is now with Preston North End; and Gallacher, the centre-forward, is, of course, the man who has scored such a lot of goals for Newcastle United during the last few



W. ADAMS (West Bromwich Albion).

months, since he was transferred from the Airdrieonians for a very big

Scottish League selectors will have to | season than at any time, and that is | selectors! Without any misgivings find some new blood.

Football League side. To enable | that there might be more rough play you to make a comparison, I give the names of the players who beat the Scottish League in last year's game. Pym (Bolton). Lucas (Liverpool), Jones (Birmingham), Hill (Burnley), T. Wilson (Huddersfield), Graham (Millwall), Kelly (Burnley, who is now at Sunderland), Roberts (Manchester City). Puddefoot (Blackburn Rovers), Elkes (Tottenham Hotspur), and Seymour (Newcastle United).

Shall We Go Back to the Old Offside Rule?

A reader sends me a query the answer to which may prove interesting to my "followers" in general. This reader of the Boys' FRIEND declares that a pal of his seems quite certain that at the end of the present season there will be a reversion to the old offside rule, experience, according to my informant, having shown that the change has not been for the good of the game in general. Now I happen to know several people who have a lot to do with the making of the rules of football, and from the conversations I have had with them can assure my readers that the chances of the offside rule being changed back to the old are about a thousand to one against. Although a lot of people are of opinion that the game in general is not better under the new rule than it was under the old, this view is not shared by those who were responsible for the altera-

Less Rough Play.

My own opinion, too, is that the longer the game goes on under the new rule the more obvious will become the advantages of the new conditions. It is certain that there figure. So it is clear that the have been fewer matches spoilt this

Although all the players who repre- | something done. Nor have the fears | sented the Football League in this | which were held about the effects of match a year ago are still available, | the change in other directions been many changes have been made in the justified. It was felt, for instance,



A. STEELE (Charlton Athletic).

in defence, but this has not proved to be the case. Indeed, on the whole, I think the football has been cleaner this season than for some time past, and the reason, as I see it, is the removal of the irritating stoppages for offside. The old offside rule led to frayed tempers, and "scenes" inevitably followed. So you may take it from me that the offside experiment will be continued for at least another season, and I am inclined to stake my reputation even further, and to say that never again shall we revert to the old offside rule.

A Coming England Defender.

For many years West Bromwich Albion provided England with her left full-back in Jesse Penningron. What happy days they were for the

surely something attempted and they could choose Crompton and Pennington as full-backs season after season. However, that day has gone, and I only recall it now to mention that at West Bromwich they think they have found another left-back who may prove a worthy successor to Pennington in the English International teams of the future. This player is "Bill" Adams, whose progress this season has been most marked. He is a product of Black Country football, and, like most of the other members of the Albion team, was picked up as a lad and trained on to the required standard. He tells me that he doesn't believe in players moving about from one position to another, and that ever since he was quite a lad he has occupied the same berth-that of left full-

Charlton's Internationals.

It is not often that a Southern Third Division side can claim two Internationals in their ranks, but this is the proud position of Charlton Athletic. Their centre-half, Armitage, has played for England, and during last month Steele, their inside forward, was given his cap for Ireland. He is a native of Belfast, and was brought out by the Glenavon club. He played quite a conspicuous part in the Charlton club's amazing run of success in the Cupties of 1923. when they removed three First Division clubs ere falling by a single goal to Bolton Wanderers, who eventually won the trophy.

(There will be another ripping football article by "Goalie" in our next issue. Be sure you read it. boys!)

WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN ON

The likely winning side is printed in capitals. Below will be found our expert's forecast of the probable results of the big games to be played on Saturday, March 13th, 1926. Where a draw is anticipated, both clubs are printed in smaller letters.

DIVISION I. Birmingham v. Newcastle United. BLACKBURN ROVERS v. Burnley. BURY v. Leeds United. Cardiff City v. Aston Villa. EVERTON v. Arsenal. HUDDERSFIELD T. v. Manchester U. MANCHESTER C. v. West Ham United. SHEFFIELD UNITED v. Notts County. SUNDERLAND v. Liverpool. TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR v. Leicester C. West Bromwich Albion v. Bolton Wan.

DIVISION II. Barnsley v. WEDNESDAY. Blackpool v. SOUTH SHIELDS. BRADFORD CITY v. Wolverhampton W. CHELSEA v. Oldham Athletic. CLAPTON ORIENT v. Stoke. DARLINGTON v. Fulham. DERBY COUNTY v. Portsmouth. HULL CITY v. Stockport County. Notts Forest v. Middlesbrough. Port Vale v. Swansea Town. SOUTHAMPTON v. Preston North End.

DIVISION III. (Southern Section). ABERDARE ATHLETIC v. Charlton A. Bournemouth v. Northampton Town. Breutford v. Newport County. BRIGHTON & H.A. v. Gillingham. BRISTOL CITY v. Queen's Park Rangers. CRYSTAL PALACE v. Luton Town. Millwall v. READING. NORWICH CITY v. Exeter City. PLYMOUTH ARGYLE v. Bristol Rovers. Southend United v. Swindon Town. WATFORD v. Merthyr Town.

DIVISION III. (Northern Section). ASHINGTON v. Accrington Stanley. Barrow v. Halifax Town. COVENTRY CITY v. Grimsby Town. Crewe Alexandra v. ROCHDALE. DONCASTER ROVERS v. Chesterfield. LINCOLN CITY v. Tranmere Rovers. NELSON v. Rotherham United. NEW BRIGHTON v. Hartlepools United. SOUTHPORT v. Walsall. WIGAN BOROUGH v. Durham City. Wrexham v. Bradford.

DIVISION I. Scottish League. ABERDEEN v. Motherwell. AIRDRIEONIANS v. Queen's Park. Clydebank v. Hibernians. Cowdenbeath v. Kilmarnock. Dundee v. Celtic. HAMILTON ACADS. v. Falkirk. HEARTS v. Morton. RAITH ROVERS v. St. Mirren. St. Johnstone v. PARTICK THISTLE. B. F.-No. 1,292.—March 13th, 1926.