

DR. CHISHOLM'S PERIL!

Here is another case where a small mistake causes a lot of trouble and misunderstanding. Mr. Cardwell comes to Rookwood, and he is voted a topping chap, until the mistake which was made some time ago comes to light, and then a great injustice is done to the new master. You will all enjoy this powerful yarn!

HERO OR FUNK?



True Blue!

By Owen Conquest.

A Tip-top Story of the Famous Chums of Rookwood School, introducing, Mr. Cardwell, the new master.

(By the Author of the Tales of Jimmy Silver & Co., now appearing in the "Boys' Friend.")

**THE FIRST CHAPTER.
The New Master.**

CLANG, clang! The rising-bell at Rookwood clanged out, and the Fourth-Form dormitory awoke to life—that is, with the exception of Tubby Muffin. The fat Classical was not a believer in early rising, and he only grunted and turned over. Jimmy Silver and Co. were soon up, and they sped down to the bathing-pool with their towels over their arms for a morning dip.

As they walked back to the school they saw a trap enter the gates of Rookwood, and seated in the trap was a bronzed young man of military appearance. The newcomer looked up as the juniors walked in, and nodded with a genial smile.

Jimmy Silver and Co. touched their caps and passed on.

"Wonder who that Johnny is?" remarked Raby.

"Looks like a military chap," said Jimmy Silver.

His chums nodded in agreement. In the all-important task of breakfast they soon forgot about the stranger.

Then the bell went for lessons.

The juniors crowded into the Fourth Form-room, and, to their surprise, Dr. Chisholm was standing in consultation with a stranger. As Mr. Bootles had been called away to London for a few days, they had expected to see the frowning face of Carthew, the prefect. But Jimmy Silver and Co. recognised the stranger as being the occupant of the trap they had seen before breakfast.

The juniors took their seats wondering.

Dr. Chisholm held up his hand for silence.

"Boys," he began, "let me introduce you to Mr. Cardwell, who is taking the place of your Form-master, Mr. Bootles, for a short time. Mr. Cardwell greatly distinguished himself in the late war, and I am sure you will do your utmost to make him comfortable."

There was a buzz of conversation, and all the Fourth Form looked intently at their new master. Mr. Cardwell was a handsome man of about thirty, and the majority of the juniors liked the look of him.

The Head turned to Mr. Cardwell, and after a few words of consultation, left the room.

The Fourth Form waited expectantly. Mr. Cardwell, with a glance over the class, cleared his throat.

"My boys, I'm sure we shall get on well together. You won't find me a hard task-master. You will find me just as interested

in your sports as in your studies, and, as I said before, I am sure we shall get on well together."

The faces of the Fourth Formers cleared. They had taken a liking to their new master. Even Tubby Muffin voted him a good sort, which was saying a lot.

Lessons that morning went off without a hitch, and Jimmy Silver confided in his chums as they left the Form-room that the new master was a brick. To which Raby, Lovell and Newcome added:

"Hear, hear!"

The Co. entered the end study, and Lovell at once settled down to finish a letter.

"I say, you fellows!"

The fat face of Tubby Muffin loomed in the doorway.

"Buzz off, Tubby!"

"Run away!"

The fat Classical advanced further into the study. Muffin was too thick-skinned to take hints.

"Have you heard the news?" he inquired breathlessly.

"What, have you come into a fortune?" said Lovell sarcastically.

"Really, Lovell, if I did come into a fortune I would take jolly good care to keep the news from you!" grunted Tubby Muffin.

"Well, what's all the excitement about?" asked Raby.

"I—I happened to hear the Head say that Cardwell was an officer in the Flying Corps, and that he's got a heap of decorations!"

Tubby Muffin paused.

"Go on, Tubby!"

"He's been wounded in the head by a bullet from a Hun airman, too!"

The Fistical Four looked interested.

Jimmy Silver had great respect for anyone who had served overseas, and Mr. Cardwell had evidently done so.

"I think it's up to us to celebrate his coming by giving him a spread!" went on Tubby Muffin.

"Jolly good idea!"

"I am glad you think that, Silver, old chap—I tell you what I'll do. You give me the money, and I'll guarantee that I'll put the finest feed on the table that's ever been known at Rookwood."

"Go and eat coke, porpoise!"

"Fat lot of feed we should see if you laid your fat paws on it first!" said Jimmy Silver.

Tubby Muffin snorted.

"I tell you—"

"Don't gas so much," said Raby. "Give your chin a rest, Tubby!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jimmy Silver looked thoughtful.

"I say, you chaps, it would not be a bad idea to invite Mr. Cardwell to a feed in honour of his coming to Rookwood."

"Hear, hear!"

"It's a good wheeze," said Jimmy Silver; "but how are we going to approach Mr. Cardwell on the subject?"

"Why not write him an invitation in good style, and send it to him by a fag?"

"Good!" said Jimmy Silver. "Let's get to Mornington's study and write it out."

And the Fistical Four, with Tubby Muffin trailing along in the rear, made tracks for Study No. 4.

Mornington was at home when the juniors entered, and Jimmy Silver, in a few words, detailed the position.

"By gad!" murmured the junior captain.

"That's a jolly good idea!"

Kit Erroll backed up his chum with a nod.

"You'd better write the note, Morney," said the leader of the Fistical Four.

"I suppose he wouldn't think it cheek coming from us?" suggested Erroll.

It was not an uncommon thing for a junior to be invited to tea in a master's study, but it was rather uncommon for a master to be invited to tea by juniors.

After all, as Lovell said, he could only refuse.

"How shall we begin it?" asked Mornington, taking up the pen and gnawing away at the handle by way of inspiration.

"Honoured sir—" began Raby.

"That's too formal."

"Respected sir?" suggested Newcome.

"Too businesslike!" said Erroll, with a shake of the head.

"Can't you put in something about meat-pies?" said Tubby Muffin.

"What on earth's that got to do with the invitation?" inquired Jimmy Silver.

"Really, Silver, if old Cardwell thinks he's coming to a twopenny-ha'penny feed like they have in the Third, he'll send a polite refusal."

"There's something in that!" murmured Erroll, smiling.

"I've got it!" exclaimed Mornington.

"Leave it to me!"

And he commenced to write with great care:

"The juniors of the Fourth Form request the presence of Mr. Cardwell to tea at six o'clock in the Common-room."

Mornington surveyed his handiwork with a look of pride.

"How's that?"

"Ripping!"

The Mystery of Valentine Mornington, the New Skipper—Next Week!

"We can give it to the page-boy to take across," said Jimmy Silver.

"Good egg!"
And the page-boy was duly found and despatched with the invitation to Mr. Cardwell's study, whilst the juniors waited anxiously.

The page-boy knocked at the master's sanctum, and a kindly voice bade him enter. Mr. Cardwell took the letter, and as he perused the contents, a smile crept over his face.

"The juniors of the Fourth Form request the presence of Mr. Cardwell to tea at six o'clock in the Common-room."

"You want an answer, my boy?"
"Yes, sir."
"Tell my hosts I shall be pleased to accept their invitation."
"Yes, sir."

And the grinning page-boy dexterously caught a sixpence which was tossed in his direction, and departed.

After he had closed the door, Mr. Cardwell took out the note and read it once again.

"I don't know whether it's infra dig for a Housemaster to accept an invitation to tea from juniors, but I think I'll go," he mused.

And he did.
The page-boy returned to the Classical House to be met by a crowd of juniors with anxious faces.

"Well?" they demanded, in one breath.
"Which as 'ow he said 'e'll be pleased to come!" gasped out the page-boy.
"Hurrah!"

"Now, to prepare the giddy spread!" said Mornington.

And the juniors were very soon busy. They meant to do their master well—very well, indeed.

The junior Common-room, a fairly large apartment on the ground floor, was soon the scene of busy preparations. Arthur Edward Lovell toured the studies for crockery and chairs, and Raby successfully managed to wheedle some clean white table-cloths from the House-dame.

Meanwhile, Tubby Muffin, Jimmy Silver, and Mornington were busy at the tucksop. Tubby Muffin's mouth watered incessantly as he watched the quantities the two juniors were laying in. With their arms fully laden, they made their way back to the Common-room, Tubby Muffin puffing and panting with his exertions.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Trouble for Carthew.

BY the time six o'clock rang out from the clock-tower of Rookwood, all was in readiness in the Common-room. One or two of the juniors had decorated the walls with some flags, and the long table, spread with white table-cloths, groaned under the choice selection of eatables that had been procured from the tucksop.

Mornington at the last moment had cut down to Combe on his bike, and had purchased a case of pipes to be presented to the new master. It was really a good idea, so the juniors agreed, and the junior captain lost no time in carrying it out.

He arrived back at the Common-room as the hour struck, just in time to greet Mr. Cardwell on his entry.

"Hip, hip, hurrah!"
The gathering of the Fourth let loose a hearty cheer, as their guest, with smiling face, held up his hand.

"Boys," began Mr. Cardwell, "I thank you from the bottom of my heart for this cordial reception."
"Hurrah!"

And the juniors trooped to their places. Mr. Cardwell occupied the seat of honour at the top of the table, and very soon made himself at home.

A cheery conversation was kept up throughout the meal, and the eatables gradually began to diminish. Tubby Muffin hardly spoke—he was far too busy consuming tarts, but when a word did escape him, it was only a request for another dish of cream-puffs. Mornington and Silver vied with each other in keeping the master's plate full. But all good things come to an end, as Tubby remarked, as he looked hungrily around for another piece of cake.

THE POPULAR.—No. 235.

Mr. Cardwell leaned back in his chair with a sigh of contentment. For a man of about thirty he had done extremely well. Perhaps he remembered his own boyhood days and the feeds connected with them.

Then Mornington, with the case of pipes in his hand, rose to the occasion, as it were.

"Go it, Morney!"
"Sir," commenced the junior captain, "we feel highly honoured with your presence here this evening. All of us have heard rumours of your experiences in the Flying Corps, and we feel very proud to have you as our Form-master."
"Hear, hear!"

"We should be very pleased," went on Mornington, "if you would accept this little gift, as a token of respect from the Fourth."

And he handed the master the case of pipes.

Mr. Cardwell's face lit up with pleasurable surprise.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed. "This is very good of you, my boys."

"Speech!" roared the Fourth, in one breath.

The new master rose to his feet.

"I shall never forget this occasion, my boys, and I thank you, not as master to pupil, but as man to man!"

"Hurrah!"
"I want all of you to look upon me as your friend, and if you have any troubles come to me by all means. I shall now proceed to make use of one of these splendid pipes!"

Mr. Cardwell sat down and began to fill one of the presentation pipes, and in a very few minutes clouds of smoke filled the Common-room. The juniors managed to keep smiling faces, although the smoke made them cough, but they surmised the master was only smoking in appreciation of their gift. That was the case. Mr. Cardwell knew it was hardly in keeping with the rules to smoke among the juniors, but this was a special occasion.

Soon the Common-room was hazy with smoke, and Mr. Cardwell, glancing at his watch, rose to go. After a few more expressions of gratitude to his hosts, he left them and made his exit, followed by a burst of cheering and the strains of "He's a Jolly Good Fellow!"

"He's a ripping sort!" confided Mornington to Kit Erroll.

"Hear, hear!"
Then the task of clearing up began, and the juniors set to with a will.

Very soon the room was emptied, with the exception of Mornington and Jimmy Silver and Co, and they were about to leave when the Common-room door opened, and the unpleasant face of Carthew, the prefect, looked in. Carthew was sniffing suspiciously. The whiff of tobacco had reached him in the passage as he was passing, and a gleam of malignant triumph came over his face as he saw who the juniors were. He did not know that Mr. Cardwell had had tea with the juniors, and was responsible for the smoky atmosphere.

Carthew's eyes gleamed with malicious triumph.

"So I've caught you!" he said, advancing into the room.

"Caught us?" said Jimmy Silver meekly, with a warning glance at his chums. "What do you mean, Carthew?"

It struck the juniors as being very funny. Carthew knew nothing about the visit of Mr. Cardwell, and the prefect was jumping to conclusions. Certainly the air was thick with smoke, and it looked very much as if the Co. had been smoking.

"I've caught you!" repeated the prefect. "Caught in the very act, you disgraceful young rascals. You've been smoking—I can smell it! The Head shall know of this!"

"Look here, Carthew—"
"Follow me to the Head!"
"But I tell you—"

"Follow me!" thundered the prefect. The juniors looked at one another.

There was not the slightest danger in following Carthew to the Head. The reason of the smoke could be easily explained. Jimmy Silver winked at his chums. He was going to teach Carthew a lesson.

"I should let the matter drop, Carthew!" The prefect sneered.

"I expect you have been at this rotten game for some months. This time I have caught you, and it is my duty as prefect

to report this flagrant case of breaking the rules to Dr. Chisholm."

"Don't be an ass!"

"Follow me!"
And the juniors followed the prefect out of the Common-room along to the Head's study.

Carthew tapped at the door.
"Come in!" came the clear tones of Dr. Chisholm.

The Head looked up in surprise as he saw his visitors.

"Bless my soul, what does this mean, Carthew?"

"I have brought these juniors," began the prefect, "on a charge of smoking."

"What?"
"I caught these juniors smoking, sir."

"Smoking?"
"Yes, sir!"

"Dear me, this is very distressing. Silver, I am surprised at you!"

"Excuse me, sir," said Jimmy Silver, "but we were not smoking!"

Dr. Chisholm looked puzzled.

"But Carthew states that he found you smoking."

"Certainly, sir!" chimed in Carthew. "That is not the case, sir," replied Mornington.

"How very extraordinary," murmured the Head. "Did you actually see them with cigarettes in their hands, Carthew?"

"No, sir!" said Carthew reluctantly. "But the room was full of smoke!"

"Indeed!"
"That's right, sir," remarked Jimmy Silver. "But we were not responsible for the smoke. We invited Mr. Cardwell to tea, sir, and after the feed he smoked his pipe."

Carthew's face was a study. He realised that he had put his foot into it.

Dr. Chisholm frowned.

"Mr. Cardwell must be referred to," he said sharply, and he despatched the page-boy for confirmation of Jimmy Silver's story.

"If what Silver states is correct, Carthew, I'm afraid you have been guilty of prejudice and hastiness," said the Head, frowning.

"You should find out the facts before you bring anyone on such a serious charge to me."

"Y-yes, sir!" stuttered Carthew.

Then Mr. Cardwell appeared.

Dr. Chisholm explained the situation, and as he proceeded a smile came over the face of the new master.

"Their statement is quite correct, sir. They presented me with a case of pipes, and if the room was smoky I am certainly to blame. I am afraid it was very thoughtless of me to smoke in the junior Common-room."

"Thank you, Mr. Cardwell!" said the Head.

The new master quitted the study.

Dr. Chisholm turned to Jimmy Silver and Co.

"You are completely exonerated, my boys!"

"Thank you, sir!"
"You may go!"

Jimmy Silver left the Head's study, chuckling, and Carthew made as if to follow them, but Dr. Chisholm beckoned him to remain.

"You have done these boys a great wrong, Carthew, with your hasty suspicions, and it points to a very strong prejudice on your part. You must be more careful in the future. Let this be a warning to you, Carthew!"

Carthew listened with burning cheeks. He was feeling his position keenly.

"You may go, Carthew!"

The prefect went. With a face burning with fury, he strode over to his study, breathing threats of vengeance upon the heads of the heroes of the Fourth.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Adolphus Gets His Back Up!

YOUR call, Smythe!"

The giddy goats of Rookwood were seated round the table in Adolphus Smythe's study indulging in a quiet game of bridge.

"Your call!" repeated Gower.
"I'll go no-trumps, by gad!" drawled Adolphus.

Gower chuckled, and waited for Peele to call. But Peele's call never came.

There was a tap at the door, and before the astonished nuts could hide the

incriminating cards, the face of Mr. Cardwell, the new master, looked into the study.
 "Excuse me—" began the new master. Then he caught sight of the cards and the money on the table.
 A frown came over his face, which changed to a look of disgust, and the nuts shivered in their seats.

"Bless my soul! Boys, this is a peculiar scene!" exclaimed Mr. Cardwell.
 Adolphus Smythe and Co. exchanged glances of dismay, and fidgeted uneasily.
 "I-I-It's only a little game!" stammered Peele weakly.

"So I perceive!" replied the master of the Fourth drily.

"Just a little flutter!" said Gower, with an attempt at bravado.

"I shall not report this to Dr. Chisholm," said Mr. Cardwell. "I shall deal with you in my own way."

The giddy goats looked relieved. They knew too well the view the Head would take of the affair, and visions of expulsion had floated before their eyes.

"Why aren't you at cricket practice?" asked Mr. Cardwell.

"We forgot," muttered the nuts in chorus.
 "Don't lie, my boys! A day like this should be spent on the playing-fields, not gambling away in stuffy rooms!" said the new master sternly.

"Yes, sir," assented Gower feebly.
 "Come with me!" commanded Mr. Cardwell.

The giddy goats rose to their feet, and followed the master downstairs to his study.

Mr. Cardwell gave them each two severe cuts with the cane, and the nuts doubled themselves up, clapping their hands.

The master surveyed them contemptuously.
 "You are to go down to the playing-fields, and report to Bulkeley," he said. "I don't want to hear any more reports of slacking, and I shall make it my business to see that you attend games every day!"

Adolphus Smythe and Co. looked sick. If there was one thing they hated it was cricket, or any other sport, for that matter; but the gleam in the master's eye bade them obey his commands.

"You may go!"

The giddy goats left the study with furious faces, and trooped over to the playing-fields.

"The beast!" exclaimed Adolphus Smythe.
 "The rotter!" roared Gower.

Jimmy Silver and Co. encountered them as they walked over to the nets.

"Hallo, Smythe! Trying to tie yourself in a knot?" inquired the leader of the Fistical Four sweetly.

Adolphus Smythe bestowed a savage glare upon the humorous Silver, which was entirely lost.

"Cheeky ass!" growled Gower.
 "What did you say, Gower?" asked Lovell.

"Oh, rats!"

The Fistical Four arrived at the nets, and the nuts went over to Bulkeley, who was batting.

"Hallo! What do you chaps want?" asked the captain of the school genially, as Adolphus approached him.

"We've come to play cricket!"

"Oh, good! Pile in!" exclaimed Bulkeley, who was surprised to learn of this sudden desire for cricket. The nuts did not explain that they had been sent down to the nets by the new master. Later Bulkeley found out the true facts himself, and ceased to wonder at the sudden desire for cricket. Mr. Cardwell had sent a note over to the captain of the school by the page-boy, explaining things.

That afternoon was a very busy afternoon for the nuts. Bulkeley seemed to take a delight in swiping the ball in their direction, and when tea-time came round Adolphus Smythe and Co. were truly thankful for this respite, and they left the cricket-field with sour faces and weary limbs.

"I call it the limit!" said Peele.

Gower looked very thoughtful, and when at last he came out of his reverie, it was with a very emphatic remark.

"I've got it!"

"Eh?"

"Got what?"

"I tell you I've got it," said Gower breathlessly.

"What are you burbling about?" asked Smythe.

"I've got it!" repeated Gower.

"Sunstroke, I should say!" murmured Topham.

"Ass!"
 "If you'll listen a minute I'll explain," said Gower excitedly.
 "Go ahead!"
 And Gower went ahead.

"Ever since this master came to Rookwood I have been wondering where I have seen his name before," explained Gower.

"Well?"

"I remember now. He was a giddy conscientious objector. I remember his name in the paper—A. V. Cardwell—and the blighter was sent to Dartmoor."

"Great Scott!"
 "By gad!"

The giddy goats grinned at one another. If such was the case they were beginning to see a way of making Mr. Cardwell sit up.

"Can you prove it, Gower, old sport?" asked Smythe.

"Yes; if I can get hold of an old file of the 'Times' at the bookshop down in Coombe," replied Gower, with a grin.

"Let's cut down there on our bikes," suggested Topham. "We'll make the cad sit up if it's true."

"Yes, rather, the beast!" exclaimed Peele, caressing his hands.

The nuts left the study, and made their way to the bike-shed, and were very soon speeding out of the gates in the direction of Coombe.

Arriving at the old bookshop they were busy for the next half-hour looking up the files, and it proved to be a very tedious job, but at length an exclamation escaped Peele, and the nuts crowded round him.

"Read it out, Peele, old chap!" said Smythe.

And Peele read it out aloud. It ran:
 "A. V. Cardwell, the conscientious objector, was sent to Dartmoor yesterday."

"Good!" ejaculated Gower, and a gleam of malicious triumph came into his eyes.

"Now we'll make the rotter sorry he ever came to Rookwood, by gad!" hooted Adolphus Smythe.

The nuts mounted their bikes, and raced back to Rookwood triumphantly.

They passed Mornington, the junior captain, as they entered their study, and he gave them a queer look.

"What's the little game?" he demanded. The nuts chuckled.
 "We've found out that Cardwell, your blessed war-hero, was a conscientious objector!" grinned Smythe.

"What?"
 "I thought that would make you sit up," said the leader of the nuts. "But we've got it in black and white."

"Rubbish! Why, I know for a fact that he fought in France!" replied Mornington indignantly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Read this, then!" said Peele, and he handed the junior captain the paper.

A look of incredulous amazement stole over Mornington's handsome face as he read the cutting.

"There must be some mistake!" he cried.

"I don't think so!" chuckled Smythe, and he entered the study with his pals, leaving the junior captain standing bewildered in the passage.

The nuts were very busy for the next hour drawing up posters, and whilst the Fourth were at tea they distributed them all over the building.

Adolphus Smythe rubbed his hands with satisfaction.

"This is where we smile!"
 To which the nutty friends added:
 "Hear, hear!"

**THE FOURTH CHAPTER.
 Proved a Hero!**

"MY hat!"

"Well, I'm blessed!"

"These remarks came from the crowds of juniors who were standing round the notice-board. Great excitement prevailed. Adolphus Smythe's posters were having the desired effect."

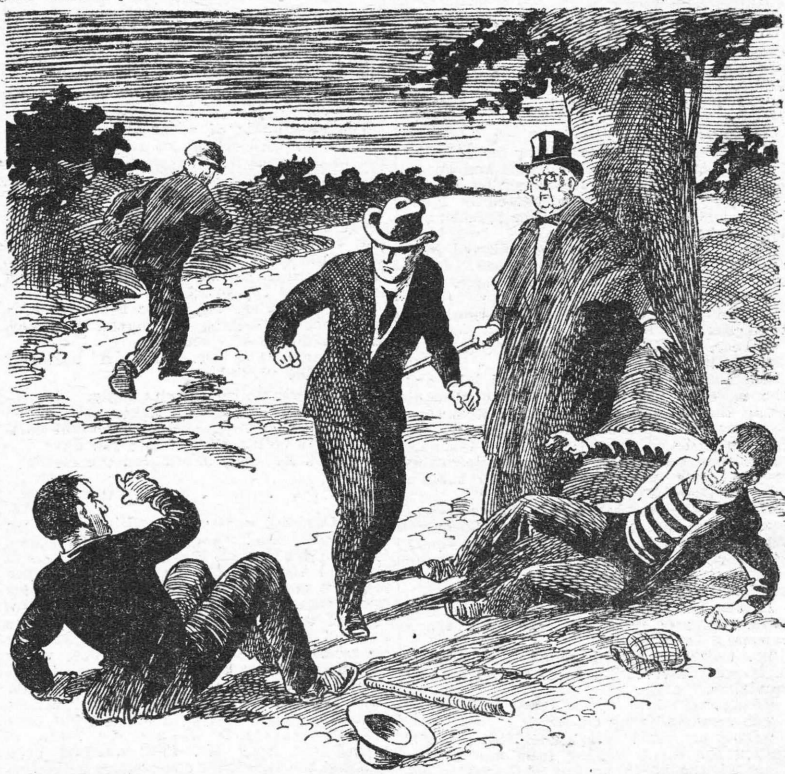
"What's all this about?" asked Jimmy Silver, as he came along with his chums.

Then he caught sight of the notice, and frowned.

"Read it out, Jimmy!" said Lovell.

"Are the Fourth aware that they have a conscientious objector for their Form-master?"

"Beastly cad, whoever wrote that!" exclaimed the leader of the Fistical Four.



THE NEW MASTER TO THE RESCUE!—Dr. Chisholm retreated against the trunk of the tree, with the rascals surrounding him. "Help!" There was the tinkle of a bicycle-bell, and a newcomer appeared on the scene. It was Mr. Cardwell. He took in the situation at a glance and sprang boldly to the rescue.

Will Morny Shoulder the Difficulties of the Fourth Form Captaincy?

Val Mornington, the junior captain, was coming along the passage, and Jimmy Silver and Co. stopped him.

"Seen the rotten notice, Morny?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"No."

"Well, come here, then. Some rotter is making a dirty attempt to smirch the good name of old Cardwell."

Mornington guessed what information the notice held, and, with a stride towards the board, he tore it down.

"It's that cad Smythe!" he said grimly.

"Smythe!"

"We'll scalp him!" roared Jimmy Silver indignantly.

Mornington drew the Fistical Four on one side.

"It's true!" he said quietly.

"What?" ejaculated the Co. in unison.

"It's true!" repeated Mornington. "I've seen the paper!"

Jimmy Silver and Co. looked puzzled.

"What paper?"

"I've just seen a paper Smythe has got hold of, in which it states that A. V. Cardwell was sent to prison during the war on the charge of being a conscientious objector."

"There must be some mistake," said Jimmy Silver.

"That's just what I thought," remarked Mornington.

"Let's go and see Smythe," suggested Lovell.

And the juniors went down the passage to Smythe's study.

The nuts were at home, and quite a crowd of juniors were outside in the passage. The news had soon spread that Adolphus Smythe was responsible for that notice, and they wanted an explanation. Loud and angry murmurs were running the round when the Fistical Four, followed by Mornington, entered the study.

The nuts looked up uneasily as the Co. marched in.

Jimmy Silver and Co. did not wait for any explanation. With one accord they fell upon the nuts, and ere long sounds of anguish proceeded from the study.

"Ow-yow! Stoppit, Silver, you rotter!"

"Yaroo!" roared Peele, as a heavy fist smote him in the region of the nose.

"G-grooogh!" howled Smythe, as he descended to the floor with a bump.

"You rotten cads!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver, with a gleam in his eyes.

"Kick 'em out!" roared Arthur Edward Lovell.

"Out you go, Smythe!"

The great Adolphus was flung out into the passage, and he fell on his hands and knees. From that position he was helped by a score of willing boots, and he departed in great haste, and did not stop until he reached the top of the stairs.

Peele, Gower, and Topham followed him, and the Giddy Goats crawled away, feeling as if they had been through a mangle.

Jimmy Silver wiped his brow.

"That will teach the cads a lesson!" he said grimly.

"Hear, hear!"

"Cave!"

The juniors scattered right and left, and the majestic figure of Dr. Chisholm came along the passage. The Head of Rookwood passed on unsuspectingly and headed straight for the gates. Taking the road to Coombe, he stepped out briskly for his evening exercise. It was often his custom to take a walk to Coombe in the evening.

It was a glorious evening. The sun was just sinking in the west, and Dr. Chisholm, who had an eye for art, gazed admiringly at the vivid sunset, quite unconscious of the fact that he was being followed by three evil-looking rascals of the tramp variety.

In the loneliest part of the lane he was made aware of their existence by a sharp command to stop.

Dr. Chisholm looked round him wonderingly, and observed the three rascals for the first time.

"Stop!"

The command rang out again.

"Bless my soul! What does this mean?" gasped the Head, looking from one to the other of the three tramps gathered round him.

They looked an evil trio—all three were armed with hawthorn cudgels, and evidently meant business.

The leader of the gang chuckled.

"It means, mister, that we want your money—"

"My good man, you'll get nothing from me!" retorted Dr. Chisholm stoutly. "Let me pass!"

"Not so fast!" chimed in the man who had spoken first. "If you hand over the durock's quietly we'll let you pass right enough. If you don't—" He brandished his cudgel threateningly.

The trio closed in.

Dr. Chisholm grasped his walking-stick grimly. He realised that he was in a tight corner. No one was in sight to come to his assistance; nevertheless, he had no intention of handing over his money to the rascals!

"This is scandalous, outrageous! I never heard of such a thing! If you don't let me pass, I shall shout for assistance!"

The three rascals advanced upon the unfortunate headmaster, and he faced them bravely.

The leader of the gang aimed a vicious blow at his head, but Dr. Chisholm stepped back and avoided it. There could only be one ultimate result, he knew, and with all the power of his lungs he sent out a call for help.

"Help!"

There was the tinkle of a bicycle-bell, and a newcomer appeared upon the scene. He took in the situation with a glance, and sprang boldly to the rescue. Right and left he hit out, and two of the rascals rolled in the dust. The third, not liking the new aspect of the case, took to his heels and bolted.

The newcomer went over to Dr. Chisholm. It was Mr. Cardwell, the new master.

The Head shook his hand warmly.

"Thank you, Cardwell! You've saved me from a nasty position, and I shall not forget it. I'm sure the rascals intended violence. Look out!"

The warning came too late. One of the ruffians had crawled up behind the new master and had dealt him a stunning blow over the head with a stick. He sank to the ground with a groan, and his assailant took to his heels and ran, followed by his companion.

Dr. Chisholm leant over the prostrate form of his rescuer, and discovered a gaping wound in the head.

"Good heavens!" he cried anxiously.

Mr. Cardwell lay as if dead. How to get him back to the school was a puzzle, and Dr. Chisholm wrung his hands in his utter helplessness.

The head-lights of a car shone down the road, and, with a sigh of relief, the Head ran to intercept it. Waving his arms in the full glare of the beam, his signal was seen, for the car pulled up, and a military gentleman stepped out.

Dr. Chisholm explained the situation in a few words, and between them they lifted the unconscious form of Mr. Cardwell into the car, which moved off in the direction of Rookwood at top speed.

Once at the school, it was the work of a few moments getting the master into bed, and the doctor was sent for.

He came, and Dr. Chisholm anxiously awaited the verdict.

The doctor smiled encouragingly.

"He'll pull through all right. It's an old wound been opened; but, with careful nursing he will be his old self in a few days."

"Thank Heaven!" murmured the Head.

Mr. Cardwell was tough, and in a few days was almost himself again. All the school knew of his gallant deed, and Smythe and Co. had the sense to lie low. During the master's convalescence Lovell had wired his uncle, who was a lawyer, to look up the record of the conscientious objector with the name of A. V. Cardwell, and a few days later he received a letter from his uncle, which stated that there had been a mistake in the printing of the initials, and that they should have been A. W. Cardwell. When the nuts heard this, great was their dismay, but they did not venture to dispute the fact. It turned out that Mr. Cardwell had been awarded the D.S.O. for conspicuous gallantry, and when the master fully recovered from his injury the reception that awaited him was overwhelming.

A few days later he left the school, as Mr. Bootles returned unexpectedly from London, and the Rookwood Fourth turned out in full strength to see him off.

Readers' Notices.

Syd Wright, 13, Nelson Street, Port Elizabeth, South Africa, wishes to correspond with readers in Canada, Australia, and India.

Norman Gordon, 53, Walpole Street, South Shields, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere; interested in boxing, amateur detectives, magazines, etc.; ages 14—16.

G. G. Sayers, 3, Dufferin Avenue, S. C. Road, Dublin, Ireland, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere, especially in London and America; ages 12—15.

W. Anders, c.o. Post Office, Waver-tree Road, Edge Hill, Liverpool, wishes to correspond with readers; ages 15—16.

Albert E. Fitch, 145, Finnis Street, Bethnal Green, E.2, wishes to correspond with readers, preferably in Wigan, Preston, or anywhere in Lancs; ages 15—16.

Miss Margaret Flood, Alameda House, Cr. Kent & Margaret Streets, Sydney, N.S.W., Australia, wishes to correspond with readers in Spain or New York; ages 15—17; all letters answered.

Ivor Campion, 11, Sandiways Road, Wallasey, Cheshire—will draw illustrations for amateur magazines in exchange for story-writers for his magazine—"The Planet." Also, he would like to hear from readers interested in drawing; ages 15—16.

Miss Madeleine Macken, 21, Fitzgibbon Street, N.C.E. Dublin, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere; ages 15—16.

A. Doddington, 55, Beresford Road, Lowestoft, wishes to correspond with readers; ages 12—14.

Miss Dorothy Feather, c.o. Mrs. Jones, Post Office, Llanfaelog, Anglesey, North Wales, wishes to correspond with readers in Canada and Australia; ages 16—20.

Miss D. E. Salmon, 206, Mile End Road, Stepney, E.1, wishes to hear from girl readers; ages 20—21.

Aubrey Bennette, P.O. Box 236, Port Elizabeth, South Africa, wishes to get in touch with a correspondence club.

Will William Chandler, of Ascot, write to C. Elliott, 32, Merchiston Road, Calford, S.E. 6?

Leong Ah Kay, 16, Belfield Street, Ipoh, Perak, Federated Malay States, wishes to hear from readers in the United States, Australia, and the Continent of Europe.

J. S. Taylor, 47, Hungerford Road, Crewe, Cheshire, wishes to correspond with readers interested in stamp collecting. Crewe district preferred.

J. Simons, 15, Hanover Street, Belfast, as secretary of stamp and correspondence clubs, wishes to hear from readers anywhere.

We would refer our readers to the announcement appearing elsewhere in this issue with regard to "THE PRACTICAL WOODWORKER," which is the most comprehensive work ever issued on this subject dealing with Woodworking from A to Z, with thousands of illustrations, and "how to do it" drawings and diagrams.

Readers should take advantage of the publishers' offer regarding a free booklet giving full particulars which will be of great interest.