ENTER TO-DAY

NO ENTRANCE FEE!

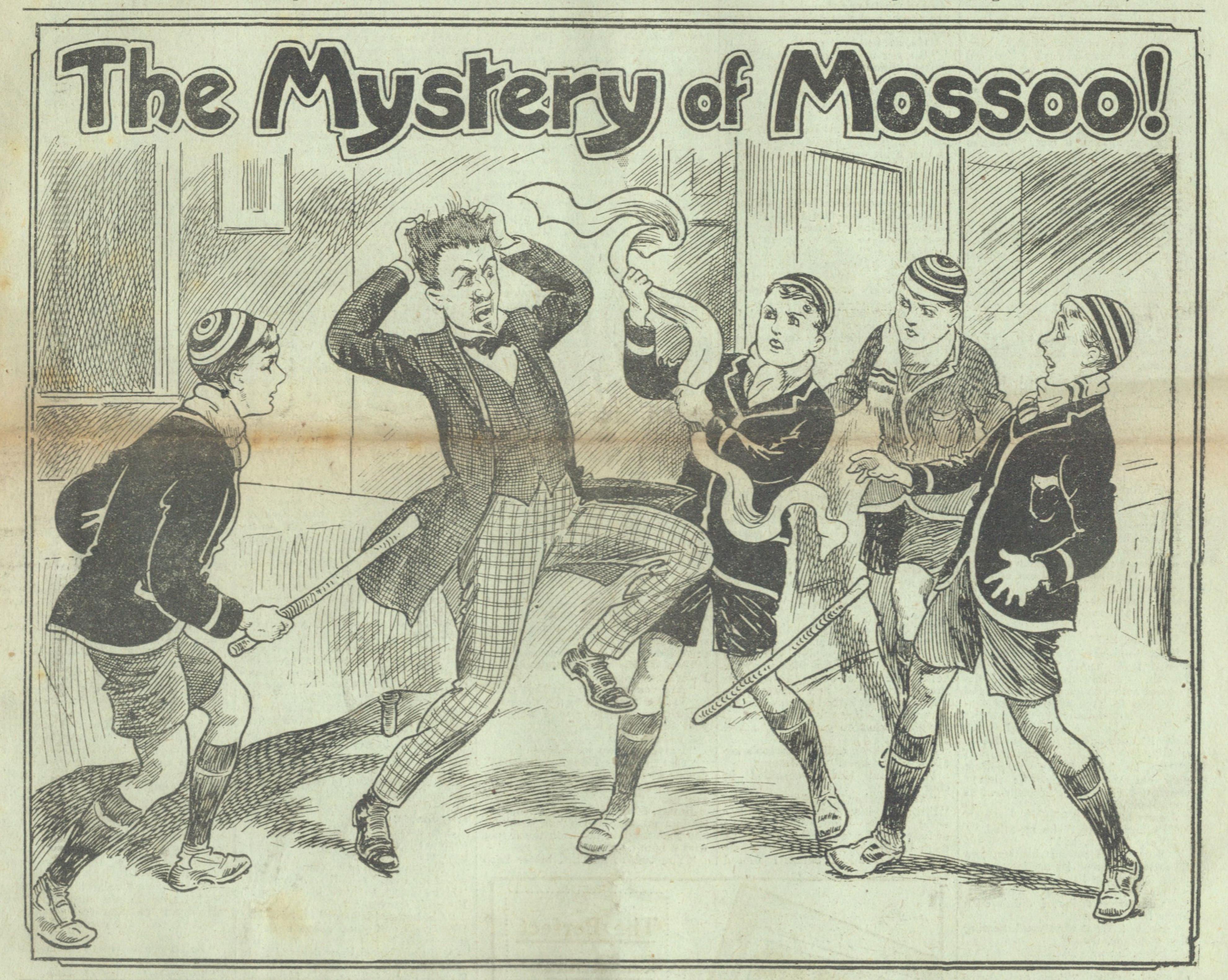
# 72 PRIZES WIN THIS WEEK!

WINNERS' NAMES SEE OUR CHAT PAGE.

No. 966. Vol. XIX. New Series.]

THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending December 13th, 1919.



# UNMASKED!

The prisoner's head was wrapped in a sort of turban, which hid his hair and most of his face from view, but as Lovell grabbed, the headgear came apart, revealing to the amazed eyes of the juniors a mop of purplish red hair—and what was more amazing, the features

of Monsieur Monceau were disclosed at the same moment. The Fistical Four let go their prisoner as if he had suddenly become red-hot. "Mum-mum-Mossoo!" stuttered Jimmy Silver. "Oh crikey!" The French master's hands went up to his hair and he gave a howl. "Mon Dieu! Helas! Vous avez vu!" Jimmy Silver & Co. blinked at him spellbound.

The 1st Chapter.

A Surprise for Jimmy Silver!

"Silver threads among the gold Shine upon my brow to-day."

"Oh! Ow! Woooop!"

Jimmy Silver was humming the old song carelessly as he strolled under the leafless beeches in the quad at Rookwood.

He was suddenly interrupted.

Monsieur Monceau, the French master of Rookwood, was pacing under the trees. Jimmy did not | sieur Monceau, in the tone Julius |

the most extraordinary manner.

He made two rapid strides towards autres! Mais—"
he Fourth-Former, and seized him Shake, shake! the Fourth-Former, and seized him by the collar.

Shake, shake!

that, after the first yell, he simply wriggled helplessly in Monsieur Monceau's grasp.

Shake!

"Et vous aussi!" exclaimed Mon-

Jimmy Silver was so astonished Oh crikey! Wharrer you at? What's outbreakwrong? Leggo! Yooop!"

Shake, shake! "Mauvais garcon! Bad boy!" exclaimed Monsieur Monceau.

path, until Mossoo suddenly acted in | celebrated remark, "Thou, too, It occurred to him that the French | all! Leggo my collar! Oh dear!" Brutus!" "Vous aussis, comme les master must have taken sudden leave of his senses. Jimmy had always rather liked Mossoo; he was, as most "Oh, my hat!" stuttered Jimmy of the juniors agreed, a good little ass. Silver blankly. "I-I say, Mossoo- But this sudden and inexplicable

"I-I-I say, Mossoo, wharrer

marrer? Leggo!"

"You sall sheek me, is it?" exclaimed Monsieur Monceau.

observe him as he came along the, Cæsar might have used in making his I Jimmy Silver wriggled helplessly. | Silver, in bewilderment. "Not at

"It is sheek! I have zat sheek from Peele and Gower and some ozzers-now from you, you bad boy, Silvair!"

"But I-I-I haven't-I didn't-I wasn't--" stammered Jimmy Silver.

Shake, shake!

Lovell and Raby and Newcome were coming along from the gates to "Great Scott!"

"I-I wouldn't cheek you for meet Jimmy Silver on the path under worlds, Mossoo!" gasped Jimmy the beeches. They stopped as they



angry French master.

with a vengeance!"

"But I-1--"

"Zat is enoff!"

suddenly "potty."

"Nothing!"

"What have you done?"

"He said you checked him."

Jimmy. "Is he off his rocker?"

grinned Raby. "But-"

He was feeling wrathy.

\*ccounting for it!"

"He, he, he!"

gruffly.

you, Jimmy!"

siderable entertainment.

Jimmy blinked at him.

never said a word to him!"

"He, he, he!"

know he was there!"

that song for, then?"

Raby and Newcome.

chums.

topknot."

"Eh-what song?"

"Yes. He, he, he!"

grinning.

a temper.

Shake!

exclaimed.

And they stared: It was surprising

"What on earth's Jimmy been

With that last powerful shake Mon-

and the captain of the Fourth went

staggering against a tree. Mossoo |

"You sall not be sheeky again!" he

Monsieur Monceau set his hat

straight—it had fallen a little sideways

owing to his exertions-and walked

away towards the School House.

Jimmy Silver leaned on the tree and

gasped for breath. He was utterly

bewildered and at a loss to account

the French master had really become

stuttered, as Lovell & Co. came up,

"D-d-did you fellows see that?" he

"Yes, rather!" chortled Lovell.

"But I didn't. I never said a word.

"Must be, if that's correct,"

Jimmy Silver glared at his chums.

"You silly asses!" he exclaimed.

"I tell you I never even saw him-

didn't know the little ass was near me

at all! Then he jumped out and col-

lared me! I'd have kicked his shins,

only I suppose he's gone off his

rocker! There's no other way of

it seemed to have afforded him con-

"Well, what are you giggling at,

"He, he, he! Fancy you pulling

fat image?" roared Jimmy Silver. "1

"You podgy duffer, I didn't even

"He, he! What were you humming

"Silver threads among the gold '!"

chortled Tubby. "Peele and Gower

were singing it outside his study this

morning; and Mossoo came out with

a cane and laid into them. He's

awfully touchy about his topknot

going grey! He never knew it was

noticeable till Peele and Gower let

on to him about it. It was Peele's

"Oh!" ejaculated Jimmy Silver.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Lovell and

Jimmy turned a flushed face to his

"You chuckling chuckleheads, it

was quite an accident! I wouldn't

pull poor old Mossoo's leg about his

"You managed to, all the same!"

chortled Lovell. "I remember now

somebody chalked on the blackboard

the other day, just before French

Poor old Mossoo turned awfully red

when he saw it. And now you've

lesson, 'Seratcho for the Mop !

idea. He doesn't like Mossoo."

Fatty?" demanded Jimmy Silver

I didn't even see him till he jumped

on me like a giddy tiger!" gasped

"But-" chuckled Newcome.

shook a severe finger at him.

sieur Monceau released Jimmy Silver,

doing?" murmured Arthur Edward

Lovell. "Mossoo's got his rag out

to see little Monsieur Monceau in such

## THE MYSTERY OF MOSSOO!

Published

Every Monday

(Continued from previous page.)

been singing to him about silver threads among the gold."

"I haven't!" howled Jimmy Silver. "It was sheer chance!"

"He, he, he!" came from Tubby Muffin. "Jolly queer that you should happen to be humming that blessed old song by chance."

"Jolly queer!" grinned Newcome. "It was running in my head," said Jimmy. "I heard that idiot, Peele, chanting it, and I suppose that's the saw him wriggling in the grasp of the I was just humming the dashed thing without thinking. Mossoo must have thought I knew he was there, and was doing it on purpose like that cad Peele."

> "Ha, ha, ha!" "It's not a laughing matter!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver warmly. " thought at first Mossoo was dotty. wouldn't hurt his feelings for worlds He's a nice little idiot in his way, and he treats us jolly well. It's all through that cad Peele! Just like him to chip poor old Mossoo about his topknot getting a bit discoloured! I'll punch his head!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And-and I shall have to explain to Mossoo somehow," said Jimmy. "I wouldn't have him think that of me for anything. Blessed if I see why he should be so touchy, though!" "But he is!" grinned Lovell.

"Hallo! There's the dinner-bell!" said Raby. "Come on! You can punch Peele's nose after dinner, Jimmy! for Victor Monceau's outbreak, unless

And the Fistical Four headed for the House, three of them grinning, but their leader looking very serious. Jimmy Silver had two matters to think of-an explanation was due to Mossoo, and a punch on the nose to Peele. And the captain of the Fourth intended to fulfil both duties immediately after dinner.

#### The 2nd Chapter. Warned Off!

"Seen Peele?"

Jimmy Silver asked Mornington that question. Cyril Peele had slipped out of the dining-room quickly after dinner; and the Fistical Four missed him when they came out.

"Gone up to his study, I think." answered Mornington. "Peele's got some joke on. He was grinning with Gower, no end."

"I'll give him jokes!" growled Jimmy Silver.

The captain of the Fourth went up to the Fourth Form passage, and That unmusical cachinnation pro- stopped at the first study. There was seeded from Tubby Muffin of the a sound of chuckling within, which Fourth. Muffin had witnessed the | ceased abruptly as Jimmy threw open peculiar scene under the beeches, and the door. Peele and Gower were there, and they looked with unamiable inquiry at Jimmy Silver.

"Well, what do you want?" asked | your nose on the bars-" "You've been pulling Mossoo's leg

about his top-knot," said Jimmy. Peele and Gower chuckled in

poor old Mossoo's leg like that!' chorus. chortled Muffin. "I'm surprised at "Yes, rather," grinned Peele. "I'll give him planting irregular verbs on me-bother him! He's "Pulling his leg!" he repeated. awfully touchy about his mop. don't believe he knew it was getting | with a bump. "How was I pulling his leg, you

it out. Can you lend me a couple of stamps, Silver?"

"Stamps!" said Jimmy. "Yes. I've got a circular herean advertisement of the hair-dresser's at Rookham. Nupkin's Nonpareil Hair-Restorer. It might be useful to Mossoo, you know. I'm going to send it to him by post, just as if it came from the hair-dresser's-see? He'll think that his mop has been noticed in Rookham, and that Nupkins thinks it's a job for him-see?" "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Gower.

Jimmy Silver's brow darkened. Peele and Gower disliked the French master, for the excellent reason that he made them work in the French class, instead of slacking. But Jimmy Silver was far from sharing their feelings. He liked and they had better leave Mossoo alone respected Mossoo; and even poor old in future. Mossoo's absurd touchiness about the encroachments of grey hairs upon his black "mop," only made Jimmy feel a sort of protective kindness towards

It was not age that had withered poor Mossoo's beautiful black hair. His nephew had been "missing during the last two years of the war, and had turned up after peace, halfstarved, in a remote German prisoncamp. Anxiety for his fate had incessantly worried the poor little gentleman, and it was then that his jetblack "mop" had begun to "go." Jimmy was quite aware of that, and so was Peele, for that matter; but Peele was only thinking of getting even for a large dose of French irregular verbs under which he had hurriedly. lately suffered.

Peele. "I fancy this will make just after lunch. Mossoo sit up and take notice. He won't be able to lay into Nupkins with | Rookham. a cane for sending him this circular. Got any stamps?"

"Give me that circular!" said Jimmy.

"Eh! What for?"

"I'm going to put it in the fire." "You're jolly well not!" roared

"Give it to me, you cad!" "Look here

Jimmy Silver advanced with his hands up. Peele snatched up the circular to save it; and Jimmy grasped

With Jimmy's grip on the back of his neck, Cyril Peele was propelled towards the fireplace.

"Drop it in!" said Jimmy. "I won't!" howled Peele. "Why, you rotter - Yaroooh! Gower, you dummy, lend me a hand!"

"Let him alone!" exclaimed Gower belligerently, advancing to his chum's assistance.

Jimmy Silver released one hand, and met Gower with a drive on the chest that completely doubled up the weedy nut of the Fourth. Gower collapsed on the carpet, gasping.

Then Jimmy's grasp tightened on Peele's neck again.

"Are you going to put that circular in the fire, old top?" he asked agreeably. "Otherwise, I may tap

"Yarooop!" "I give you two seconds--"

"Oh! Ow! There, you beast!" gasped Peele, dropping the offending circular into the fire. "Yah! Leggo, you rotter!"

Jimmy Silver did not immediately let him go. He shook him severely, and then sat him down on the carpet as grey as a badger, before I pointed I

"You two rotters had better keep

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clear of Mossoo!" he said grimly. is foul! Helas! Que faire, alors? "Mossoo's a good little ass, and he's under the protection of the end study. Let me catch you ragging him any more!"

"Is it your business, you cad?" howled Peele.

"Yes, rather! I've made it my coolly. "You've got to keep off the grass as far as Mossoo is concerned. You can chip the Head about his bald spot if you like-if you've got nerve enough. You're going to leave Mossoo alone!"

And Jimmy Silver walked out of the room, leaving Peele and Gower gasping and vowing vengeance, but realising that the captain of the you, sir, to explain-" Fourth meant what he said, and that

study.

had taken in hand, to explain to the touchy French gentleman that he I accept your word, and I am sorry hadn't meant any harm by that mad- | zat I sall shake you. Zat it be forvertent reference to "silver hairs gotten." among the gold" in his hearing. But Jimmy felt that he was bound to explain. It was too bad to be classed with Peele and Gower in Mossoo's

He tapped at the door of Monsieur Monceau's study, and opened it.

There was a sudden howl within. "Va-t-en!" Jimmy Silver had just a glimpse of

the room, before he closed the door

Monsieur Monceau was not alone, "Good wheeze-what?" grinned as Jimmy had supposed he would be

A plump gentleman, with rather laid into me with a cane this morn- long hair and a shiny complexion, was ing for singing quite a harmless old with him, in whom Jimmy recognised song outside his study door. He Mr. Nupkins, the hair-dresser of

chair with something white draped around him and tucked in at his neck, obliging fellow, and he repaired to as if he were just going to have his hair cut.

But Mr. Nupkins hadn't any scissors in his hand. What he was holding in | end study. his hand was a bottle.

Mossoo howled out "Va-t-en!" in alarm as the door opened; and Jimmy closed it hurriedly.

His luck was out. As he hurried away down the passage, he heard a key turn in the lock of the study door.

It was rather a pity that Mr. Nupkins had not turned it earlier. "Oh, my hat!" murmured Jimmy.

Evidently the circular which Peele had so playfully intended to send to Mossoo was not needed. Mossoo had already called upon the services of Mr. Nupkins; and that shiny gentleman had come over to Rookwood to attend to the French master's "mop." The reason was not far to seek.

Mr. Nupkins had quite an extensive local celebrity as a restorer of hair. His weird compounds and mixtures had a good sale in Rookham and the vicinity; and his services were much sought after by elderly gentlemen, who wished to be rejuvenated in the matter of their hirsute adornments.

Evidently Mossoo was undergoing "treatment," destined to restore his recalcitrant locks to the beautiful black of a few years ago.

"Seen Mossoo?" asked Lovell, meeting the captain of the Fourth at the end of the passage.

"I-I'm going to see him later," said Jimmy. Not even to his chum would he

confide the fact that poor Mossoo was having his hair dyed.

"Nupkins has just come in and asked for him," said Raby, laughing. "Is he going to have his hair cut? He can't spare much."

"Oh, bother his hair!" said Jimmy. "Let's go and punt about a footer till lessons!"

And the Fistical Four devoted their attention to a punt about with the Fourth Form fellows, and forgot all about Monsieur Victor Monceau and his hirsute troubles.

#### The 3rd Chapter. Mysterious Mossoo!

thought him of the explanation due to Monsieur Monceau, or rather, overdue. While Lovell and Raby and Newcome were getting tea in the end study, Jimmy proceeded to the French master's quarters. He tapped discreetly at the door; but this time he was careful to wait for an answer from within before turning the handle.

But there came no answer. Jimmy | the matter with Mossoo?" heard a sound of restless pacing inof evident agitation.

Victor Monceau, in agitated self-com- remark. munion. "Mon Dicu! Zat man-he In the Fourth Form dormitory that

Vat to do? Moi malheureux! Mon

Mossoo was evidently in a worried frame of mind. Jimmy wondered whether "zat man" was the enter-

prising Mr. Nupkins. He tapped again, more loudly. bizney," explained Jimmy Silver This time Monsieur Monceau heard the tap. The hurried pacing sud-

denly ceased. "Vat is it? Who is zere?"

"It is I, sir."

"Zat is you, Silvair?" "Yes, sir. Can I come in?"

"Non!"

"Very well, sir," said Jimmy, in surprise. "I-I wanted to speak to "You may go avay, Silvair."

"Yes, sir. I-I wanted you to know, sir, that that I wasn't being Jimmy descended the stairs, and cheeky to-day in the quad when you made his way to Monsieur Monceau's | thought "-Jimmy stammered-" I didn't know you were there, sir. on It was rather a delicate mission he my word, and I never meant-"

"Mon Dieu! Verree well, Silvair,

"Thank you, sir!" Jimmy, puzzled as he was at not being admitted to the study, turned to go. But Mossco's voice came again:

"Silvair!" "Yes, sir!" said Jimmy; turning

"You do me vun leetle service, Silvair?"

"Certainly, sir-anything you "I vish to have tea viz me in

zis study, and perhaps you vill tell Madam Maloney to send him here."

"With pleasure, sir!" "Zank you, Silvair!" Jimmy Silver hurried away, in

wonder. Why Monsieur Monceau could not ring and give his com-Monsieur Monceau was seated in a | mands to the maid was a mystery to him. However, Jimmy was an the housekeeper's room, and gave Mrs. Maloney the message.

Then he rejoined his chums in the

Got it off your chest?" grinned "Yes," said Jimmy, laughing.

"Mossoo's a little brick. I say, those kippers look nice!" The Fistical Four sat down to tea.

They had nearly finished, when the door opened, and the fat face of Reginald Muffin, of the Classical Fourth, looked in.

"He, he, he!" was Tubby's first remark.

"Too late!" said Lovell. "The kippers are gone, so you may as well be gone, too, my fat pippin!"

"Rats! I haven't come to tea," said Tubby Muffin. "I knew you only had some mouldy old kippers-I mean, I hope I'm not the fellow to come to tea without a special invitation. I say, old Mossoo-"

"Well, what about Mossoo now?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"Right off his dot!" Schuckled Tubby Muffin. "I say, Jane took his tea to his study on a tray, and what do you think? He wouldn't let her come into the study. I saw her. She had to pass the tray in, and Mossoo took it, and he kept behind the door all the time. He, he, he!"

"Is there anything you don't see?" grunted Jimmy Silver.

"Yes. I didn't see Mossoo-only his paws!" chuckled Tubby, "Jane was as surprised as anything. And he locked the door afterwards. Do you think he's really off his rocker, Jimmy?"

"Fathead!"

"Well, there's something up with him!" said Tubby Muffin sagely. "He's got his blind drawn, and it's not dark yet. He don't want to be seen. Why not?"

"Better ask him!" suggested

"I've asked a lot of fellows, and they all think it's queer," said Tubby. "Putty says he had his hair cut today, but I don't see why that makes any difference, unless Nupkins has taken the lot off. He, he, he!"

"Would you mind cachinnating in After lessons Jimmy Silver be- some other study?" asked Jimmy Silver politely.

"Oh, rats!" said Tubby.

And the fat Classical rolled away to gather further opinions in the Fourth on the subject of the mystery of

"Tubby's a prying little beast!" remarked Arthur Edward Lovell. "But it's queer, all the same. What's

Jimmy Silver wondered whether side the study—the sound of Monsieur | Mossoo's mysterious conduct had Monceau walking to and fro in a state | anything to do with the "treatment" Mr. Nupkins had bestowed "Mon Dieu!" It was the voice of | upon his "mop," but he made no

# On Sale Everywhere.

night Tubby Muffin had further news.

"Mossoo's gone!" he announced. "Gone!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "Yes; cleared off!" grinned Tubby. "I happened to be in the passage, and I saw him scuttling out in a terrific hurry. I say, he had his head wrapped up just as if he had a on Coombe Heath. Within sight of bad cold. I couldn't see anything of the wood stood a bungalow, in which him but the tip of his nose!"

claimed Conroy. "He jolly well did!" answered that date.

Tubby. "It's jolly windy and rainy tonight," said Townsend. "Mossoo wouldn't go out if he had a cold."

"Well, he was wrapped up likelike anything!" asserted Tubby. "He had a big cap with flaps over his ears, and his coat-collar turned up, and a big muffler, and-and-"

Tubby Muffin ceased, as Bulkeley of the Sixth came into the dormitory to see lights out.

But his information had made the juniors rather curious, and the next day some of them looked out for Mossoo, but Mossoo was not to be

There was a French class in the morning, but the juniors found that Mr. Bootles was taking them instead. French classes were "cut."

After lessons, Tubby Muffin ventured to inquire of the Form-master whether Monsieur Monceau was ill. Tubby was devoured by curiosity. Mr. Bootles briefly informed him that the French master had left Rookwood for a few days.

Apparently, Mossoo had gone away for a change of air. French classes were "off" till Mossoo returned. That was a great comfort to Tubby Muffin, but it did not satisfy his curiosity. And other fellows as well as Reginald Muffin were curious, too.

#### The 4th Chapter. An Astonishing Discovery.

"Heath Bungalow!" said Peele. "Jolly good idea!" agreed Top-

ham. "But can a fellow get in?" inquired Smythe of the Shell.

"Easy as fallin' off a form!" said Peele. "I was by there last week, and I looked in. You know, that's the place Tickey Tapp used to have when he was running a gamblingden near Coombe, and the police got after him, and he had to cut. The bungalow's been empty ever since. Nobody will take it before the summer, of course. All the bungalows on the heath are empty in the winter, as a rule.

"That's so!" agreed Adolphus Smythe. "But how's a fellow to get

"There's a window that opens; I've tried. And the place is furnished," said Peele. "Old Hixon, of Coombe, looks after it, but he doesn't go to the show once a week. Safe as houses."

"Good egg!" chorused the Giddy

Goats of Rockwood.

And the merry party started. Jimmy Silver & Co. were playing football that afternoon. There was a junior match between the Classical and Modern sides.

But Smythe & Co. weren't interested in football. There was too much exertion in that game for the Giddy Goats of Rookwood. But the giddy goatishness of Smythe & Co. was not wholly safe within the walls of the school, and all the merry party thought Peele's idea an excellent one. In one of the deserted bungalows on the heath, scarcely visited by the caretaker, they could "spread" themselves, and be as goatish as they liked, without fear of prefects of the Sixth or of high-handed interference from the less "giddy" members of the Lower School.

It was quite a numerous party-Smythe and Howard and Tracy, of the Shell; and Peele and Gower, Lattrey and Townsend and Topham, of the Fourth. They were going to enjoy their half-holiday in their own peculiar way. with plenty of "smokes" and a game of banker, quite at their ease for once. And as they walked out of the gates of Rookwood School, Tubby Muffin joined them.

Adolphus Smythe turned a contemptuous eyeglass upon the fat Classical.

"What do you want?" he inquired frigidly.

"I'm coming, old chap!" said Tubby affectionately. "Cut!" said Smythe curtly.

"Kick him out, somebody!" "Like me to call on old Hixon in Coombe, and tell him you're in the bungalow he's supposed to be taking care of?" asked Tubby agreeably.

"Oh gad!" ejaculated Smythe. "You listenin' little beast-"

"Let him come," whispered Peele. "He'll jaw if he doesn't. And easy catch." besides, we can send him in first to make sure the coast's clear."

"Oh, good!" grinned Adolphus. And Tubby Muffin came.

Smythe & Co. walked through the wood by the short cut, and came out a few months before a gang of "He didn't go out like that?" ex- gambling rascals had been raided by the police. It had stood empty since

There were a good many bungalows on Coombe Heath, crowded in the summer days, but deserted in winter. With their furniture carefully covered up, they were locked up, to wait for the next arrival of summer visitors.

"Hallo!" ejaculated Smythe suddenly. "Smoke!"

"Phew!" There was a thin curl of smoke from the chimney of the bungalow. The nuts of Rookwood halted near

the fence that surrounded the garden in doubt. "Somebody's there!" remarked

Tracy. "Perhaps the caretaker's been, and he's lighted a fire to air the place. I think he does sometimes," muttered Peele. "All the better for us, if he has-if there's coal there."

"We don't want to be caught," said Townsend. "I think it's tres-

passin'." "Cover!" murmured Peele.

The juniors promptly took cover

get it open all right, though-it's an

Peele opened his pocket-knife, and inserted the blade between the sashes. It did not take him long to force back the catch.

"What a burglar you'd make!" grinned Howard.

"Oh, cheese it! All serene now!" Peele pushed up the lower sash carefully, and pulled the blind aside within. The window opened into a little room, evidently used as a boxroom; there were several boxes and pieces of disused furniture stacked there. The room door was closed.

"Come on!" whispered Peele. "There's nobody here!"

"Better be careful till we make

"Well, you needn't make a row." "I say, give me a bunk up, you chaps," said Tubby Muffin.

"Bother you!" "Look here, Towny-"

Townsend grunted, and bunked up the plump junior-rather a hefty task. Tubby Muffin grunted as he rolled in. The rest of the party followed, and were gathered in the little room.

Peele turned the handle of the door. "Come on, Muffin," he said casually, "you don't want to be left behind."

"I'll follow you, old top," answered Tubby. "Oh, get a move on!"

Peele opened the door, and Smythe pushed Tubby Muffin into the passage under the palings, as the front door I beyond. The Giddy Goats believed I

The 5th Chapter. Jimmy Silver to the Rescue.

"Moi-prisonnier ici!"

Smythe & Co. fairly gasped. Monsieur Monceau—a prisoner in the bungalow! Who was keeping | He was there." him a prisoner there, then? The Giddy Goats looked round them quickly, over their shoulders, in the

shadowy passage. Tubby Muffin was the first to move. He made a rush back to the boxroom, and went sprawling through the window into the garden outside

with a breathless squeak. Smythe & Co. were not slow in

following. sure," muttered Smythe, rather un- by terror. If Mossoo was a prisoner Tracy. in the bungalow there must be a gaoler-and if there was a gaoler-The fancy of the terrified Goats

peopled the shadows with ruffianly, threatening faces.

Smythe was a close second after Tubby Muffin. He bolted from the window of the box-room.

"Ow!" he gasped, as he sprawled in a damp flower-bed underneath.

"Quick!" panted Peele. "Wow!" came from Adolphus

Smythe. Peele was rather too quick. He

landed on Adolphus' sprawling legs. The rest of the nuts came bundling

Leaving the window open, they bolted across the garden for the fence,

and fled.

As they streamed past the gate they

"Let him alone!" exclaimed Gower. Jimmy Silver released one hand and Gower received a terrific drive on the chest which doubled him up completely. He collapsed on the carpet, gasping. Then Jimmy's grasp tightened on Peele's neck. "Are you going to put that circular in the fire, old top?" he asked agreeably. "Otherwise, I may tap your nose on the bars!" "Yaroop!" howled Peele. "Leggo, you rotter.

of the bungalow opened. A little, grey-whiskered man came out with a bag in his hand, closing the door very carefully after him. The juniors, peering through the palings, recognised Mr. Hixon, of Coombe.

The old man did not glance towards them. He started for Coombe, and soon disappeared across the heath.

"Coast's clear now!" said Peele. Adolphus nodded.

"Yaas; lucky we didn't drop in on him while he was there. Come on, and show us that window, Peele, dear

The juniors entered the garden. They had not the slightest doubt that the bungalow was deserted now; now that they had seem the caretaker depart. They had not expected to see Mr. Hixon there at all-but he was gone now.

Peele led the way along the side of the building. All the blinds were drawn, and it was impossible to see into the interior. But that was another proof that the bungalow was untenanted. Anyone within would not have been likely to keep the

blinds closed on a sunny afternoon. "Here's the window," murmurad Peele. "It was unfastened last week

-I found that out. I'll try it." Peele knelt on the sill, and tried the window. Then he muttered an

unpleasant ejaculation. "Fastened?" asked Smythe. "Yes; that idiot Hixon must have that the bungalow was deserted; but in case of accidents it was just as well | ming behind. to let Tubby Muffin go first.

"Ow! You beast!" gasped Tubby. "I-I say, there's a light--" "Only the fire."

"It don't look like firelight."

"What rot!" But the juniors were very cautious

as they trod lightly out into the passage. From under one of the other doors

that opened on the passage came a gleam of light. It seemed highly improbable that anyone in the bungalow would have the blinds drawn and the lamp lighted in the daytime. But it did not seem exactly like firelight under the door, all the same.

Smythe & Co. stopped in an uneasy crowd outside the door.

There was a sound of a movement in the lighted room. "Somebody's there!" breathed

Smythe, changing colour. "Walking about!" muttered Howard.

The juniors stared at one another blankly. Someone in the diningroom of the bungalow was pacing restlessly to and fro. And as the alarmed juniors stood dumbfounded, a voice came to their ears—a voice from the lighted room-a voice they knew!

"Mon Dieu! Moi, prisonnier ici! Helas!"

It was the voice of Monsieur Monnoticed the catch was undone. I can I ceau, the French master of Rookwood.

heard the sound of the window slam-It was closed again.

Smythe, casting a hasty, terrified glance back, saw the blind drop into its place over the closed window.

"Run for it!" he gasped. "The -the awful ruffian may be out of the door after us in a tick!" "Stop for me!" wailed Tubby Muffin.

But the Giddy Goats did not stop; they ran as if for their lives, and Muffin pounded breathlessly after them.

It was not until the scared crowd were a good distance along the footpath in the wood, that they came to a halt. Then they looked at one another rather shamefacedly.

It occurred to them-rather laterescue him, instead of bolting for | ing me, Lovell, you beast!" their lives in this way.

That, certainly, was what Jimmy Silver & Co. would have thought of on the spot. But the Fistical Four were made of sterner stuff than the Giddy Goats of Rookwood.

"I-I say, this is-is awful!" panted Tracy. "Mossoo-we all thought he'd gone away-and he's a prisoner there-"

"Kidnapped!" said Gower. "It seems impossible---" muttered Smythe. "But we heard him-"

"Yes; we heard him right enough.

"But the kidnapper must be in the

1-I wonder who kidnapped him-

"Must be somebody," said Peele,

"and whoever it is, he's in league

with old Hixon, the caretaker. That

old rogue must know all about it.

who is keeping him a prisoner?"

house!" said Smythe with a shudder. "We-we might have run right into

"Ow!" "D-d-did anybody see anybody?"

gasped Townsend. "Ow! I did!" gasped Tubby Muffin, coming up breathlessly. "You rotters, you left me behind!

For their amazement was succeeded "What did you see?" exclaimed

"Ow! Oooch! I'm out of breath! I-I saw an awful fellow who shut the window!" spluttered Muffin. "A fearful-looking ruffian! Ow!"

"What was he like?" "I-I don't know-only awfullooking-with flaming red hair-" "Red hair?" exclaimed Peele.

"Simply blazing!" said Tubby. "Purple red, you know--"

"What rot! There isn't such a thing !"

"Well, he had it-purple red!" asserted Reginald Muffin positively. "Awful-looking! Fearful! Some foreign ruffian! A-a German spy, perhaps!"

"Fathead! There's no German spies now!"

"Well, he looked as if he might be -a horrible-looking ruffian! I-I say, we ought to go to the policestation and tell them!"

"Tell them we were trespassing in the bungalow!" said Peele, with a shrug of the shoulders. "I don't think !"

"I say, we can't leave Mossoo a prisoner there, though," said Smythe uneasily. "We're bound to tell some-"Let's tell Jimmy Silver!" said

Peele, with a grin. "He's so jolly fond of Mossoo; he can go and look for him if he likes." "I'll tell him!" gasped Tubby

Muffin. And Tubby started for Rookwood as fast as his fat little legs could go, eager to be the bearer of startling news. Smythe & Co. followed at a more leisurely pace now that they were at a safe distance from the mysterious bungalow. They discussed the mystery as they went, greatly perplexed and alarmed, but quite agreed that it could be left to Jimmy Silver to take measures. It was, after all, as Adolphus Smythe remarked, no business of theirs, and it would be very awkward to explain what they had

been trespassing in the bungalow for. Tubby Muffin was not much of a sprinter, but he beat all his previous records on this occasion. He came up to the gates of Rookwood, gasping like a grampus. Lovell minor of the Third was near the gateway, and Tubby collared him breathlessly.

"Where's Jimmy Silver?" "On the footer ground. Leggo, you fat idiot!" answered Lovell minor.

Tubby, stopping only to take in a breath, pounded on towards Little Side.

The junior match had just ended. Jimmy Silver & Co. were coming contentedly off the ground, having beaten Tommy Dodd's team by two goals to one. Tubby Muffin staggered breathlessly up to the Fistical Four as they were coming away from the ground, in their coats and

mufflers. "Jimmy--" he spluttered. Lovell of the Fourth caught him by

one fat ear. "Steady on!" he remarked.

"Wow!" "What's the matter?" asked Jimmy Silver. "Seen ghost, Tubby?"

"Ow! Mossoo-" "Mossoo come back?" asked Newcome.

He - he - he's kid. "Nunno!

napped!" "What!"

"Kidnapped!" spluttered Tubby Peele put his finger to his lips. | that as Monsieur Monceau appeared | Muffin. "Honest injun-kidnapped, to be a prisoner in the bungalow, it and kept a prisoner in Heath Bungareally was up to the Rookwooders to low- Yaroooh! Leave off shak-

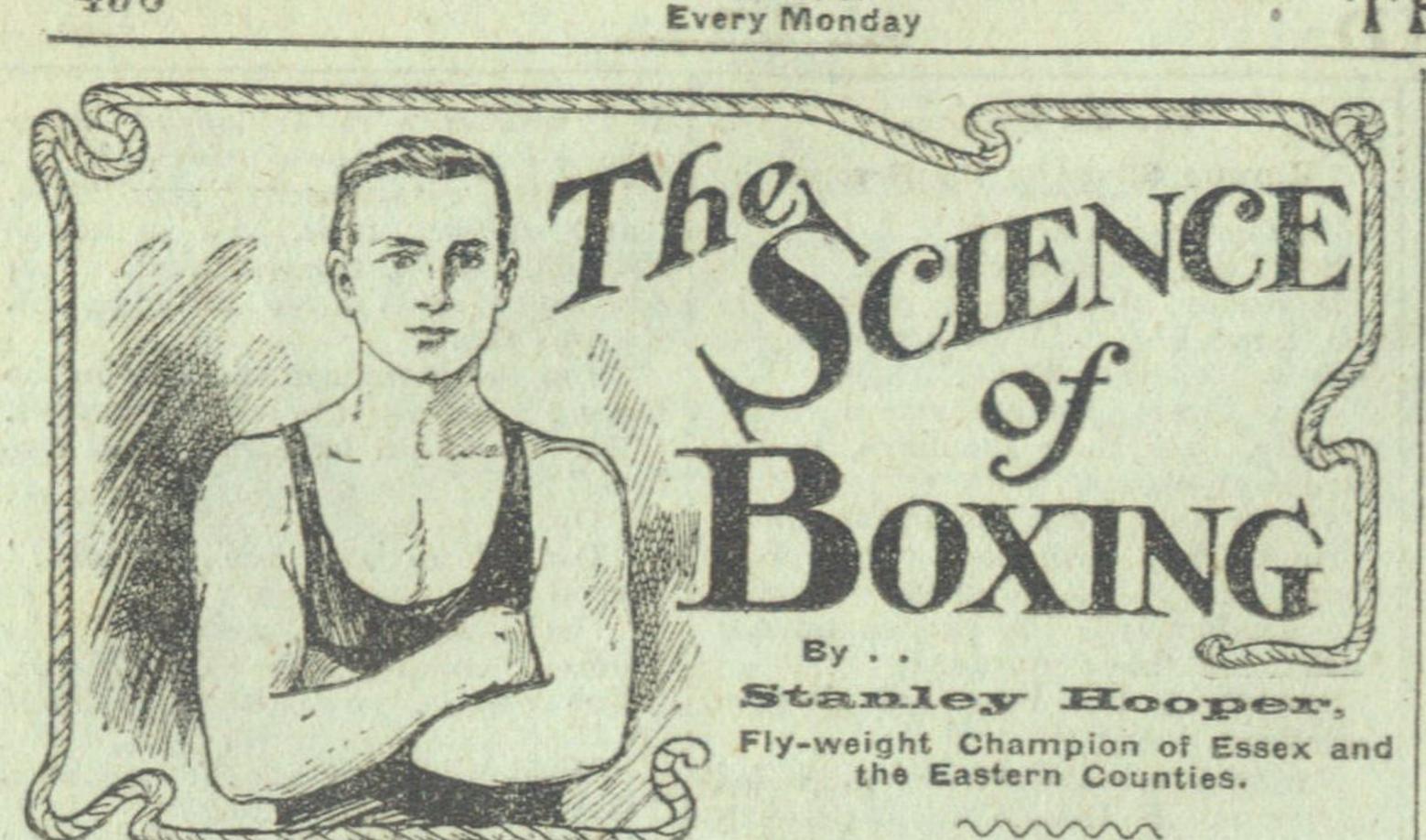
Arthur Edward Lovell shook the fat Classical vigorously.

"You can tell that yarn to Cuffy, or tell it to the marines!" he said. "What do you mean by springing it! on us, you fat duffer?"

"Yooop! It's true!" howled Tubby. "Ask Smythe--" "Do you want another shake?"

"It's true!" shrieked Tubby, backing away. "You silly ass! We've seen him-heard him, at least-" Jimmy Silver regarded the fat

Classical very curiously. He could see that Tubby, at least,



Published

STAN HOOPER

To be able to use one's feet correctly in boxing is as essential as football-boots are to the footballer.

When you take into consideration the fact that the position of the feet controls every kind of offensive and defensive movement in boxing, you will see how perfectly necessary it is to study and practise earnestly this all-important branch of the noble

It may surprise you, but is, nevertheless, true, that quite a large number of present-day professionals are not acquainted with the real meaning of footwork and its uses. At least, I gather they are not, according to the poor knowledge displayed in the various bouts I have witnessed recently.

· It is a real pleasure to watch men like Johnny Basham, Jimmy Wildewho has a freakish style of his ownand Jim Driscoll, who was my opponent in a bout at the Royal Albert Hall way back in 1915. These, and other champions I could name, are past-masters in the art of footwork. Which reminds me that the trio I have just mentioned are all sons of gallant little Wales, and it is somewhat remarkable that our most scientific boxers of recent years emanate from the Principality.

There are at the present moment | boxer. scores of Welshmen of exceptional ability rapidly rising to fame, who preliminary exercises will probably be find that you have overcome one of antagonist. The side movements are be described as scientific footwork. the greatest obstacles barring your | useful for spairing purposes, but | Now, practise carefully with a progress to modern boxing.

you should be able to get about easily | legs. find that, in attempting to move about | opponent's point of view. than not get your legs crossed, and side, and, incidentally, away from his would have otherwise accomplished. lose your balance. The following | damaging right hand. Were you to | Spar up to each other in the correct you right.

attitude; then step forward with the acquainted with orthodox methods. left foot, and follow with the right. then retreat in the same manner, only this time using the right foot first, following back with the left.

the right, then the right foot first. Go through these movements slowly get back to your former position. at first, gradually increasing in speed until you find that you are easily able | to avoid a blow without losing your balance.

This first lesson on footwork should be treated just the same as a dancing lesson. Do not move your feet far from the ground, but make a sliding | movement of the whole affair, more of a glide than anything else.

is impossible to become a skilful your feet.

ments will be found useful for (a) on the legs, and you will be generally attacking purposes, (b) to get yourself | in a pumped condition. will demonstrate their cleverness and found rather boring, but you will be quickly out of reach from a threatened . This is a very bad habit to get into. 

chiefly to give you some idea of friend what I am about to tell you, In the first place, it is obvious that | balancing the body perfectly on both | and, much to your surprise, you will

ing important remarks should be

It is absolutely unnecessary to After a while "advance" and flounder about the place when spar-"retreat" will come automatically | ring with an opponent-that is to say, to you, which means that you will to rush in with a left, and immediinvariably have the same distance ately dash back a few paces, which between the two feet, and the right | undoubtedly will take you out of his foot will always be behind the left, | reach and cause a gap between you, which is an important point, as you but which, on the other hand, will will discover when sparring with a obviously keep him immune from friend; for you are much less likely to | further attack on your part. If he is lose your balance, or get sent over | wise, he will just wait for you to come with an apparently heavy blow. With | in again, at least, within respectful your right foot always behind you, distance of his reach. You will now you will be able to withstand a lunge | see. my point. You are doing a lot or rushing attack on the part of your | of needless running about, whilst your opponent, at the same time maintain- opponent is keeping calm and conserving your equilibrium. On the other | ing his energy and strength, just All of this goes to bear out my con; hand, were your legs straddled or [ using his feet sufficiently for his recrossed, the chances are ten to one | quirements. Carrying on as I have ledge of the correct use of the feet, it | that you would be rushed clean off | described, you will find, at the end of the first round, that you have lost The forward and backward move- your wind, you will feel "groggy"

well repaid in the long run, when you | rush or onslaught on the part of your | and cannot by any manner of means

find yourself as fresh as paint at the and quickly on the feet. If you are | Remember when sparring for an | end of a round instead of casping for mexperienced-and even if you may opening to move round to your right, breath. At the same times you will be naturally active and light-you will which will be the left from your have been able to execute quite as much, if not more, work to the detrito avoid a blow, you will more often | You are thus keeping on his off- ment of your opponent than you

movements, which are simple, but attempt to go round to your left, you attitude. Send your left out slowly require careful practice, will soon put | would be running yourself into a right | with the shoulders turned, so that you hook or a swing, always assuming that are utilising the whole of your reach, First of all, stand in proper boxing | your adversary is at least a little | at the same time landing on your opponent's chin without having to When stepping in with a left lead, come in close, thereby wasting your Take three paces like this forward, be extremely careful you do not move | reach and running into possible your left foot too far forward. This | danger. Now, from this point, we will cause you to lose your balance, | will say, for argument's sake, your and, in the event of missing your chins are one yard apart. You will holders are called upon to defend their The same exercise should be carried objective, you will be an easy prey know for the remainder of the bout out in stepping sideways to the left | for your opponent, who will be in a | just exactly how near to approach or to the right. If stepping to the position to send out a shower of blows your man for the purpose of landing doubtedly lies with the thorough | left side, use the left foot first; if to | from all angles, the while you are | with a straight left. There is now no endeavouring to recover yourself and | earthly need for you to dash in and dash away when you require to attack. Providing you have given yourself | The distance of one yard, with posdue time to study and practise the sibly an inch or so added, is just the preliminary movements of footwork, distance you will require to keep your and have reached that stage where opponent from you, both when attackyou are able to glide about smoothly | ing and defending. Should be with ease and grace, the follow- attempt to predominate affairs by coming forward, just retreat systhoroughly digested and complied tematically, following out the instructions of the preliminary exercise, so that he does not lessen the necessary gap between you. When you in turn take the offensive, exactly the same thing applies-i.e., do not come closer than is necessary to land with a straight left.

Of course, getting '-to close quarters with the object of landing hooks or jabs is a different thing altogether, as I will explain in a later article; but, generally speaking, if the above directions are carried out to the letter, you will have attained the highest order of footwork and distance judging, thereby having a great advantage over your opponent, and, incidentally, increasing your staying power and stamina.

## THE MYSTERY OF MOSSOO!

superiority when Lonsdale

The secret of their success un-

grounding of the preliminaries they

receive at the hands of their various

trainers and instructors. Then, again,

it may possibly be a coincidence, but

I can truthfully say that, after having

seen most of the Welshmen of note

in action, I have formed the opinion

that their footwork leaves practically

nothing to be desired, which, you will

agree, appears very significant.

Indeed, I am firmly convinced that

their thorough mastery of footwork,

and the intricacies involved, is the one

is Fred Hall Thomas, is another

Welshman who will readily be re-

membered as the "wizard of the

ring" so far as footwork and skill is

His remarkable footwork and speed

fairly dazzled his opponents, and was

the predominating factor in his suc-

cess against Willie Ritchie, when he

annexed the World's Light-weight

Championship from the famous

American at Olympia, London, some

tention that, without sufficient know-

It is as well to mention that the

Freddie Welsh, whose correct name

great factor of their success.

concerned.

five years back.

(Continued from previous page.)



amazing as his yarn was.

"Hold on, Lovell," he said. "Now | listened attentively. let's have this straight, Tubby. What are you talking about?"

story. He had had time for his told. imagination to work, and Tubby had an imagination that would have put a war correspondent to the blush. It appeared from Tubby's narrative-revised and amplified-that Mossoo had been heard groaning and shricking for mercy in the bungalow, and that a burly ruffian with a revolver in his hand had slammed the window after the fleeing Goats.

"Jolly nearly had me!" concluded "He fired Tubby, impressively. right at my head---"

"What?" right at my head, when I felled him | seems certain, at any rate."

to the ground--" "Draw it mild." "I-I mean, I-I bunked, and-

and-" "Ha, ha, ha! Not much differ-

ence!" roared Lovell. Tubby. "They must be near home time. Why should he, if he's free?"

Silver. "There's something in this, | hand in any kidnapping bizney," reyou fellows, though I'm blessed if I | marked Newcome. "Besides, why can quite make out what. But if | should anybody kidnap Mossoo? Mossoo's landed in any trouble, we're | He's got no money." just the fellows to help him." "Well, he's there, and a prisoner,"

dubiously.

idiots have to say."

Co. were now in sight, and the four chums ran out to join them.

"What's this yarn Tubby's spin-

ning?" demanded Jimmy Silver. The Giddy Goats explained willingly enough. To do them justice, they were anxious that somebody should do something for the hapless thought he was stating the facts, scrapping with ruffianly kidnappers themselves. Jimmy Silver & Co.

"Then you didn't actually see Mossoo?" asked Jimmy, when the Tubby Muffin spluttered out his thrilling tale had been breathlessly

"No: we heard him."

"And he said-" "' Moi, prisonnier ici!' " Smythe. "That means, 'Me prisoner here--' "

"Thanks. I can construe French, small packets," answered Jimmy | Silver. "And then you bolted?"

"We-we left." "You saw nobody?"

"Somebody shut the window after us. Tubby says he was a ruffian with red hair-"

"Well, it seems that Mossoo is "I-I mean he was going to fire there!" said Lovell. "That much

"And if he said he was a prisoner. I suppose he is a prisoner," said Jimmy Silver, very much perplexed. "It's jolly queer."

"He was supposed to be gone to the seaside," said Peele. "It turns out "You can ask Smythe!" exclaimed he's sticking in that bungalow all the

"But-but old Hixon is a respect-"We'll ask them," said Jimmy able old gent; he wouldn't have a

"But has he?" said Raby said Peele. "You fellows can do as you like about it. You're so jolly "Well, we'll see what the other | fond of Mossoo that it's up to you, | you know."

The Fistical Four hurried down to | And Peele and his comrades walked | no one came to the door. That there the gates, without going in to change on to the school, leaving the Fistical was something wrong at the bungafirst. Outside the gates, Smythe & I Four to make up their minds.

Jimmy Silver glanced at his chums. "We'd better look into it!"

"Oh, yes, rather!" "Come on, then. We can get some sticks in the wood as we go, in case.

And the four juniors started.

#### The 6th Chapter. Not a Rescue.

The dusk was thickening over the woods and the heath, when Jimmy Silver & Co. came in sight of the lonely bungalow.

Not a glimmer of light came from the building.

But that did not show that it was Mossoo, though not inclined for untenanted. The bungalow had been fitted up in the air-raid days, and the blinds were dark and thick, to shut off light. Jimmy noted that a thin column of smoke was rising from the chimney into the dusk.

"Somebody's there, anyhow!" he remarked. "I suppose it's Mossoo. Look here, I simply can't imagine how Mossoo can be there, if he's a free man; but I can't quite swallow a kidnapping yarn. Let's go up to the door, anyhow, and see if they let us in, whoever they are."

"Right-ho, let's!" agreed Lovell. And the chums of the Fourth marched up to the front door and Jimmy Silver dealt a thundering rattat-tat with the knocker.

The noise echoed through the bungalow, and Jimmy thought he detected the sound of a movement

But no one came to the door. After a pause, Jimmy Silver thundered again with the knocker. Only

the echo of it answered. "They're not going to let us in, anyhow," remarked Newcome.

Jimmy Silver looked a little grim. attack. "Blessed if I don't begin to think there's something in it," he said. "We know there's somebody in, and it's pretty certain Mossoo is there. If they don't open the door, we're going in somehow!"

Rat-tat-tat! Jimmy tried the knocker for a third time, and the shindy must certainly have been audible in every corner of the bungalow. In fact, it was audible a good distance across the lonely heath. But there was no sound of footsteps inside, low could hardly be doubted now; I determinedly.

and the Fistical Four, with very I grim, faces, started round the building to the side window where Smythe & Co. had effected an entrance.

Jimmy Silver knelt on the sill, as there's really any kidnapper to deal | Peele had done, and forced back the catch with his pocket-knife. Quietly he pushed up the sash. Then he reached in and pulled aside the blind. The room within was in darkness.

The chums of the Fourth were very that poor little Mossoo was a helpless of the dining-room, and paused there. prisoner in the building spurred them in the wood-and the Fistical Four had unlimited pluck and nerve.

"Come on!" whispered Jimmy. He dropped lightly into the room. Lightly as he dropped, his football boots clumped rather heavily on the floor, and in the dead silence of the house, the noise seemed very loud. Jimmy thought he heard a sound in the passage beyond the room door.

"Quick, you fellows!" he breathed. Lovell and Raby and Newcome piled in quickly enough at the window. In the deep dusk of the room, the four juniors stood warily on their guard, grasping their sticks-fully prepared to see the door open, and admit the red-haired ruffian Tubby Muffin had so graphically described. But the door did not open.

Outside, there was a sound of hurried breathing, and that was all. But as Jimmy, nerving himself, turned the handle of the door, there were footsteps in retreat. Jimmy threw open the door, and looked into the inner passage, holding his stick before him to ward off a possible

Along the passage was an open door, from which light streamed. Jimmy was just in time to see a fleeing figure whisk into that room. The door closed after it, and the passage was in darkness.

"Oh!" gasped Jimmy.

"Who-what was it?" ejaculated Lovell. "You-you saw-" Jimmy breathed hard.

wrapped up!" he said.

"My hat!" "Come on!" said Jimmy Silver spellbound.

The Fistical Four marched resolutely into the passage, keeping their eyes well about them. There was a swinging lamp in the hall, and Lovell struck a match and lighted it. The juniors were glad of the light. At Rookwood they hadn't paid much attention to Tubby Muffin's description of the red-headed ruffian with a revolver; but inside the lonely bungalow, it seemed somehow differserious now; it was a serious step ent. The light was a relief. The they were taking. But the thought four juniors gathered round the door

As they paused, there was a sound on. As for danger to themselves, they of fumbling with the look within. did not give that much thought. Jimmy Silver realised that, the man There were four of them, and they | in the room was about to lock the had stout sticks which they had cut | door, and he hurled it open on the

> There was a yell in the room. The suddenly opening door had come in violent contact with the man within, and hurled him back. He went sprawling on the floor, and the Fistical Four almost tripped over him as they rushed in.

"Collar him!" gasped Lovell.

The man was scrambling up-a strange object. His head was wrapped in a sort of turban, which hid his hair, and most of his face from view. The juniors piled on him at once, and he went sprawling under

"Got him!" gasped Lovell. "Gurrrrrggh!" came from the struggling form on the floor.

"Nail him!"

The headgear of the struggling man came off in Lovell's gasp. A head of purplish red hair burst on the amazed eyes of the juniors-and what was still more amazing; the features of Monsieur Victor Monceau were disclosed at the same moment.

The Fistical Four let go their prisoner as if he had become suddenly red-hot.

"Mum-mum-Mossoo!" stuttered Jimmy Silver.

"Oh crikey!" Mossoo leaped up.

His hands went up to his head, and

he gave a howl.

"Mon Dieu! Helas! Vous avez vu! Mon Dieu!"

The next instant he had caught up "It was somebody-with his head | the cloth and was jamming it round his purple-red head with frantic haste. Jimmy Silver & Co. blinked at him

(Costinued on page 504.)



KEDSKIN AIDERS.

> A Grand, Complete Story of FRANK RICHARDS & Co., the Chums of the School in the Backwoods.

# CLIFFORD.

#### The 1st Chapter. Unpleasant Expectations!

"Peckover hasn't come." Frank Richards made that remark as Cedar Creek came out from lessons into the bright, wintry sunshine in the playground.

"Not yet!" said Bob Lawless. "I have expected him to drop in during lessons," remarked Vere Beauclerc. "Perhaps he's not coming,

after all." "Oh, he'll come!" said Bob. "He couldn't come during lessons without leaving his own class at Hillcrest. He'll drop in before dinner. Suppose we wait at the gate and give him a few snowballs."

"Fathead!" said Frank.

"I guess we're in for it, anyhow," said Bob. "He's going to complain to Miss Meadows, and we're going to be rowed. May as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, you know!"

"I think there'll be trouble enough without landing ourselves for more!" grumted Frank Richards. "If he comes, let him rip!"

"Oh, he'll come!" The three chums of Cedar Creek strolled away towards the gates to

keep anteye on the trail. They hoped that Mr. Peckover, the | Bob Lawless. schoolmaster of Hillcrest, wouldn't arrive, but they felt pretty sure that

he would. Mr. Peckover was not a good-tempered gentleman, and a forgiving spirit was not included in the list of his virtues.

Frank Richards & Co. had fallen foul of him during a raid on Dicky Bird and his comrades at Hillcrest School, and Mr. Peckover had promised to come over to Cedar Creek and lay the matter before Miss Meadows. And that was the kind of promise Mr. Peckover was certain to keep. The chums could have forgiven him freely for breaking that promise, but that was too much to hope. They knew Ephraim Peckover of old.

"Franky!" howled Chunky Todgers, as the trio walked down to the gates.

But Frank Richards did not turn his head; he was thinking of Mr. Peckover, and had no attention to waste on Chunky.

Todgers followed the chums to the gates, with a wrathful expression on his fat face.

"You blessed jays!" he exclaimed. "Have you forgotten?"

"Not a bit. We hope Peckover has," replied Bob Lawless.

"Bother Peckover! Who's talking about Peckover? Have you forgotten that it's rehearsal to-day?" "Rehearsal!" repeated Frank.

Chunky gave a sniff. "Well, I guess I like that!" he said. "It's you that's getting up the

play, and you've been roping fellows in whether they like it or not, and now you've forgotten all about the rehearsal! We've got all the things in the barn, and there's plenty of time before dinner."

"Well, I had forgotten it, and that's a fact," confessed Frank Richards. "Call yourself a manager!" said

Chunky Todgers. "Come on at once!"an

"Can't come now," said Bob. "Rehearsals will have to wait! We're expecting a visit from Peckover!"

"Oh, bosh!" said Chunky crossly. "I want to try on my things as Black Buffalo, the chief of the Cheyennes."

"Rats!" Chunky snorted. He really had cause to feel wrathy. Frank Richards was the founder and the president of they hurried out of the barn, and ran ma'am." the Cedar Creek Thespians, and, as a for the schoolhouse. Miss Meadows rule, he was very keen on amateur | was not to be kept waiting.

theatricals. The Thespians were arranging to produce a Redskin play, written by Frank Richards, and most of them had caught Frank's enthusiasm. Redskin plays were rather easier to produce at Cedar Creek than Shakespearian drama; the "properties" were much more easily obtained, for one thing, and the Cedar Creek fellows knew a good deal more about Red Indians than about ancient Romans or Danish princes or dukes of Illyria. Quite an imposing array of "props" had been obtained for the great drama of "Eagle Eye, the Red

Frank Richards generally took a great deal of trouble in rounding up the fellows for rehearsal, and now he himself was found wanting.

"You mosey along!" exclaimed Chunky Todgers, wagging a fat forefinger at the president of the Thespian Society. "Never mind old Peckover! He can go and chop chips! The fellows are waiting for you!"

"Can't be did! You see--" . Tom Lawrence shouted across the playground.

"Waiting for you, Richards! Get a move on!"

"Oh, bother rehearsals now!" said

Frank Richards looked out on the snowy trail that ran through the leaf-

less timber towards Thompson. "He doesn't seem to be coming," he remarked. "Let's cut. After all,

he's not worth waiting for!" "Of course he isn't!" said Chunky

Todgers. "If Miss Meadows wants you she can send for you. Come "Oh, all right!" grunted Bob.

And the chums followed Chunky

Todgers to the barn behind the lumber schoolhouse. Quite a number of the Cedar Creek

fellows were gathering there.

Two or three of them were already draped in coloured blankets, and had their heads adorned with feathers.

"You're late!" growled Eben Hacke. "Call yourself a manager, Richards!"

"There isn't too much time before dinner," remarked Dick Dawson. "Are we going to paint up, Richards?"

"No; that's not necessary. We'll keep the paint for the dress rehearsal on Saturday," answered Frank. "Just hang on the blankets, and let's go over the lines."

"Right-ho!" Frank Richards was stage-manager, general manager, and a good many other things, and he had plenty to do at rehearsal. He was quickly busy, and it had the effect of banishing Mr.

Peckover from his mind. But Mr. Peckover was brought back to his thoughts before long. The rehearsal was going strong, when Algy Beauclerc strolled into the barn and turned his eyeglass on the amateur Redskins.

"Richards-" he began.

"Don't interrupt now!"

"Sorry; dear boy, but Miss Meadows wants you. Sent me to tell you, old top," said Algy Beauclerc.

Vere Beauclerc gave a whistle. "Is Peckover there?" he asked.

His cousin nodded. "Yaas!"

"Better get along!" growled Bob Lawless.

blankets and feathers, and became for what reason you entered Mr. white schoolboys again. Leaving the | Peckover's premises?" rest of the Thespians still rehearsing.

The 2nd Chapter. Mr. Peckover's Opinion!

Frank Richards & Co. arrived rather breathlessly at the door of Miss Meadows' sitting-room in the Lumber

School House. They found Miss Meadows there, with a frowning brow.

A thin, angular gentleman was standing in the room, with an exceedingly unpleasant expression on his face. It was Mr. Peckover, the master of Hillcrest School.

Mr. Peckover's thin lips came tightly together as the three schoolboys entered, and his eyes glinted. There had been trouble more than once between the Hillcrest master and | happened." Frank Richards & Co.

over?" asked Miss Meadows quietly. for a lark," said Frank. "If we'd annoyance was great. The chums of acquainted with them!"

Miss Meadows fixed a stern glance all." upon the Co.

sir!" exclaimed Miss Meadows. | lark on their side." "How did your snowshoes come to be at Hillcrest, Richards?"

Frank hesitated.

He did not want to explain that Dicky Bird & Co. had raided the snowshoes. It was only too probable that Mr. Peckover would make that a reason for punishing the lively Dicky.

"They were your own snowshoes, once. I suppose?" asked Miss Meadows, as Frank did not answer.

"Oh, yes, Miss Meadows!" "How came they at Hillcrest?"

"They were-were left there-" stammered Frank.

daylight and asked for them, then,"

"You could have called during the

said the Canadian schoolmistress. "We-we-" stammered Frank. "Of course, such a story is absurd on the face of it," said Mr. Peckover. "I found them rummaging about my premises. It is true that I have missed nothing, but that probably is because they were discovered,

and interrupted." "Why, you rotter," broke out Frank fiercely, "do you dare to say that we went there to steal?"

"Silence, Richards!" "Mr. Peckover isn't going to call me a thief!" exclaimed Frank indignantly. "He knows he's not telling

the truth!" "He couldn't if he tried!" growled

Bob Lawless. Mr. Peckover bit his thin lip.

"This insolence will not cover up your guilt!" he said venomously. "I am convinced--"

"Nothing of the kind!" said Vere Beauclere coolly. "Silence!" exclaimed Miss Meadows, with a troubled look. "My boys, I am quite aware that Mr.

Peckover's suspicions are absurd. But you must explain how the affair "Well, some of the Hillcrest schoolboys were caned. It was rather

"These are the boys!" answered gone over for them while the fellows | Cedar Creek had certainly been reck-Mr. Peckover. "I am very well were there we should have got snow- less, though they had never dreamed balls instead of snowshoes, that's of the construction that might be

"My boys, Mr. Peckover informs | kind," said Miss Meadows, looking | "You may go!" said Miss me that you entered the school much relieved. "You should not Meadows, laying down her cane. premises at Hillcrest last evening have done so, however, and you will I "You will kindly keep away from

"Kindly allow the boys to explain, | we gave their names. It was only a

"You refuse to give the names?" asked Mr. Peckover unpleasantly. "Certainly, I refuse!"

"That is enough. Miss Meadows, I do not believe a word of Richards' statement. He does not give the names because there are no names to

"That isn't true!" said Frank at

"Silence, Richards! Mr. Peckover, the explanation is quite simple, and is true on the face of it!" exclaimed Miss Meadows.

The Hillcrest master shrugged his

thin shoulders. "I do not believe a word of it!" he said. "Richards can prove his statement, if true, by giving the names. He declines to do so. I can only conclude that my first supposition is correct, and that these three boys entered my premises after dark

with dishonest intentions." "Liar!" burst out Bob Lawless,

his eyes blazing. Mr. Peckover turned quite pale

"Miss Meadows-" he began. "Be silent, Lawless! You must expect the boys to be indignant, Mr. Peckover, when you bring so cruel and unfounded a charge against them. I accept their explanation without reserve. I shall cane them for entering Hillcrest, and there the matter ends." Miss Meadows picked up her cane, "You have acted very feelishly, my boys. Your reckless action has laid you open to base and

unworthy suspicions." "Madam-" stuttered Mr. Peck-

"I mean exactly what I have said, sir. Such suspicions are base and unworthy!" said Miss Meadows warmly. "You will hold out your

hand, Richards!" Mr. Peckover, trembling with rage, looked on while the three "Are these the boys, Mr. Peck- fellows bagged our snowshoes-only a severe caning, for Miss Meadows' placed on their action by an ill-"I thought it was something of the | natured and suspicious man.



MR. PECKOVER'S SCALP IN DANGER! "Bring forth the paleface prisoner," said Black Panther in his guttural tones. Mr. Peckover was dragged towards the ferocious chief, and he dropped on his knees gasping with fear. "Mercy!" he cried. "Dog of a paleface! Why should not your bald scalp hang in the lodges of the Black Panther?" demanded the chief, fingering his scalping knife. "Ow! Mercy!" gasped the unfortunate master.

after the gates were locked for the | be punished for entering Hillcrest | Hillcrest School in future. If you "Yes, ma'am," said Frank Richards

meekly. "He admits it!" said Mr. Peckover

sourly. Frank's, eyes gleamed at the Hillcrest master for an instant. "We shouldn't be likely to deny it,

as it's true," he said. "I am not so sure of that!" sneered Mr. Peckover.

Frank opened his lips for a hot retort, but closed them again as he met Miss Meadows' glance.

"I am sure, Richards, that you will tell me the exact truth," said The three chums hastily stripped off | the schoolmistress. "Kindly tell me

> "Only to fetch some snowshoes, "Nonsense!" interjected Mr. Peck-

over.

after dark." "Very well, ma'am!"

"I trust you are satisfied with Richards' explanation, Mr. Peckover?" said the schoolmistress, a little tartly.

Mr. Peckover smiled sneeringly.

"Not in the slightest!" he answered. "If Richards' statement is correct, he can give the names of the Hillcrest boys who took away his snowshoes. Let him do so, and I will question them."

"You know the names, Richards?"

"Yes, ma'am!"

"Will you give them to Mr. Peck-

disregard this order, your punishment will be severe."

Frank Richards & Co. left the room silently.

"You are satisfied, I trust, Mr. Peckover?" they heard Miss Meadows say as they went into the passage.

"No. Miss Meadows, I am not satisfied!" rasped Mr. Peckover. "I adhere to my opinion of those boys

"Then I will say plainly, sir, that I do not credit for one moment that you sincerely hold such an opinion of

"Madam!"

"I believe, sir, that you are speak-"Certainly not!" exclaimed Frank | ing maliciously and without sinwarmly. "Mr. Peckover would cerity!" exclaimed Miss Meadows. make it an excuse to cane them, and her voice trembling. "And if you they would think we'd told tales | venture to repeat such odious inabout them. So we should have if sinuations elsewhere, sir, I have no

doubt the boys' parents will take the got that Indian clobber on, an' your proper steps to punish you for such a slander!"

Mr. Peckover did not reply to that. He shrank from the scorn in the Canadian schoolmistress' eyes, and he quitted the room without another word.

of three pairs of blazing eyes as he strode to the door. With feelings too deep for words, Frank Richards & Co. watched the Hillcrest master drive away in his buggy. Then, with sombre faces, they returned to the rehearsal in the barn.

#### The 3rd Chapter. Something Like a Stunt.

There was an under-current of excitement in Miss Meadows' class that afternoon.

The story of Mr. Peckover's visit and of his insinuations against Frank Richards & Co. had spread.

All the fellows knew the reason of the Co.'s visit to Hillcrest the previous evening, and the Peckover version roused the deepest indignation and resentment at Cedar Creek.

That Mr. Peckover really believed what he alleged was not to be credited for a moment. He spoke not from conviction, but from malice, from his old grudge against the cheery Co.

And all the comrades of the famous Co. agreed that Mr. Peckover was to be made to feel sorry for himself.

That was the thought that was chiefly in Frank Richards & Co.'s minds that afternoon, and they gave more thought to the discomfiture of Mr. Peckover than to the instructions they were receiving from Miss Meadows.

After school there was more rehearsal by the Thespians before the Co. started for home, but they were putting little heart into amateur theatricals now.

The punishment of Mr. Peckover was uppermost in their minds. But that was not likely to be an easy matter. When Frank Richards & Co. led out their horses in the dusk for the ride home they were rather surprised to find Dicky Bird, of Hillerest, waiting for them on the trail. They gave the Hillcrest fellow dark looks as he came up. Dicky was looking very red and uncomfortable.

"What the thunder do you want here, you galoot?" grunted Bob Lawless. "Looking for a cowhiding?"

"I want to speak to you," said Dicky Bird. "Don't get wild. I want to tell you we're sorry for what's happened. I've heard it from Peckover; and when we knew what he'd said here, we owned up at once about the snowshoes." Dicky rubbed his hands ruefully. "We've had it warm. Old Peckover wasn't pleased at having to admit that you'd told him the truth. If he had any decency, he'd come over and apologise, but he hasn't."

The Co. thawed considerably. "All serene, old scout!" said Frank Richards. "It was decent of you to own up and stop his beastly slanders. We're going to make your precious headmaster sit up somehow, all the same!"

"I guess I wish you could!" said Dicky Bird. "I'd give a week's pecket-money to see you do it!"

"You'll see it!" said Boh. "Some-And the chums of Cedar Creek bade

good-night quite cordially to the Hillcrest fellow, and rode on the homeward trail.

As they trotted along in the dusk, through the powdering snow on the trail, they discussed the matter. Algernon Beauclerc listened without speaking, while the discussion went on. When the chums reached the fork in the trail, where they were accustomed to part, Algernon broke silence.

"You chaps haven't thought of a

wheeze yet," he remarked.

"I guess we'll think of one!" grunted Bob Lawless.

"Perhaps Algernon's thought of something," said Frank Richards, Lessons had long been over at Hill-

with a smile. "Ha, ha, ha!" The dandy of Cedar Creek pulled in

his horse, and turned his eyeglass thoughtfully upon Bob Lawless. "You don't think that likely?" he asked.

"Ha, ha! Nope!" "Get it off your chest, Algy!" said

Vere Beauclerc, with a smile. "Certainly, dear boy! It was those theatricals of yours put it into my

head," said Algernon. "The Injun business?" asked Bob. "Yaas!"

"What on earth's that got to do with Peckover?"

chivvies war-painted, nobody would know you from Adam-what?" "What about it?"

"Peckover wouldn't know you," suggested Algernon.

"Of course he wouldn't; but-" "Well," drawled Algernon, "sup-In the passage, he ran the gauntlet | pose the Redskins went on the war-"Eh?"

> "And raided Hillcrest--" "They wouldn't! There's no wild Indians in this section, duffer!"

> "You ain't very bright, old scout," remarked Algernon. "This man Peckover isn't exactly a hero, is he?" "Quite the reverse," said Frank Richards, laughing.

> "Well, then, a troop of Redskins raiding him all of a sudden would give him blue fits," said Algernon. "Why shouldn't he take you for real Redskins?"

"Wha-a-at?" gasped Bob.

"You could attack the place, you know, with giddy war-whoops," said the dandy of Cedar Creek, "and collar him-"

"Great gophers!" "And scalp him, if you liked-"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Of course, I'm only a tenderfoot," said Algernon, with a touch of

sarcasm. "But I really think that's a jolly good idea!" The chums of Cedar Creek looked

at one another. "Jerusalem crickets!" ejaculated Bob Lawless. "What a stunt! What a surprise for Peckover-"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Algernon, you're not such a silly jay as you look, with your glass eye," exclaimed Bob. "Why, it's the stunt

of the season!" "But if Peckover knew us-" murmured Vere Beauclerc.

"How could he? We sha'n't know one another when we've got the Injun rig and war-paint on!"

"That's so!" agreed Beauclerc. "My word!" Bob Lawless rubbed his hands. "It's no end of a stunt! We'll tell the fellows to-morrow. They'll back us up all right. We'll get the props out into the timber after lessons, and dress up there, and raid Hillcrest! Fancy old Peckover's face!"

The chums yelled. Bob Lawless pushed his horse closer to Algernon's, and gave the dandy of Cedar Creek an appreciative thump on the back, which made Algernon Beauclerc howl.

"Yah! Oh! You ass!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "It's a cinch!" exclaimed Bob. "To-morrow, you fellows."

And the chums parted, Frank Richards and Bob riding on to the Lawless Ranch, in a mood of great glee. The startling scheme propounded by the tenderfoot of Cedar Creek was to be acted upon, and the chums chortled joyously at the prospect.

pering and chuckling among the Panther will not harm him!" honourable members of the Thespian Society at Cedar Creek.

All the merry Thespians entered heartily into the surprising stunt, and they thought of little else during the

And after lessons, the "props" and the war-paint were taken quietly out of the barn, and carried to a glade in the depths of the timber, where the metamorphosis was to take place.

And, with many chuckles, a dozen Cedar Creek fellows set to work under the trees, transforming themselves into braves of the Kootenay tribe, with blankets, feathers, and war-paint complete.

#### The 4th Chapter. The Redskin Raiders.

Clatter, clatter! Thud, thud!

"Whoooop!" "What the merry thunder!" shouted Dicky Bird, in blank amaze-

"Injuns!" yelled Blumpy. "Vamoose!" Fisher. howled

"Injuns! Oh crikey!"

crest School; but Dicky Bird & Co. had stayed on to play lacrosse in the playground. They had finished their game, and were preparing to depart. when that sudden outburst of yells and galloping rang from the trail.

The Hillcrest fellows stared blankly at the bunch of horsemen that showed up in the gateway.

There were a dozen riders, in streaming blankets and feathers, with coppery faces daubed with streaks of black and white paint and red ochre. Their horses were also daubed with paint in startling streaks.

They charged into the playground | them! That's all!" in a body, waving spears and rifles, "Nothin', so far. But when you've I and uttering loud yells.

The Hillcrest fellows stood frozen to the ground.

Redskins on the warpath were a "back number" in the Thompson Valley. In the old days there had been fighting Redskins in the section, but not within the memory of any Hillcrest fellow.

"Whooop!" The horsemen circled round the startled group of schoolboys.

"Injuns!" breathed Dicky Bird. "Oh crumbs! They-they-they're after mischief!"

"Cut for it!" gasped Blumpy. The Hillcrest fellows streaked for the School House at top speed, the Indians allowing them to pass through the ring of horses, but waving their weapons with threatening yells.

Mr. Peckover looked out of his window, and stood transfixed there, his eyes almost starting from his

Mike, the man-of-all-work, was splitting logs near the School House. He ran for his cabin, to get his gun. But the Redskins seemed to be on the look-out for Mike. A lasso flew, and the noose settled over the big Irishman's shoulders, and he came to the ground with a bump.

"Yaroooh!" roared Mike, as he landed on the back of his neck. 'Help! Injuns! Help! Murther!"

A couple of the Redskins jumped to the ground, and seized the big man as he struggled with the lasso.

A few turns of the rope were taken about his brawny limbs, and knotted, and he was reduced to helplessness.

Leaving him on the ground-thankful that his scalp had not been "lifted"-the Redskins rode on towards the buildings, whooping.

Dicky Bird & Co. had bolted into the School House, and were frantically barricading the door inside.

They were busily engaged when the head of a mounted Redskin appeared at a window, and the warrior looked

"Wah!" he exclaimed. "Is the Little Chief Dicky Bird among the palefaces?"

"He he knows me!" stuttered Dicky Bird, staring at the coppery, painted face in the window.

"Peace be in your lodges, little paleface!" said the Indian solemnly. "The braves of the Black Panther do not seek the scalps of boys!"

"Oh, good!" gasped Blumpy. "Let the little chief advance and speak with his red brother!" said the Black Panther.

Dicky Bird hesitated. He was plucky enough, and he was

very glad to hear that the Redskin was not seeking the scalps of schoolboys; but he did not like the idea of placing himself within reach of a thrust from the Kootenay's spear.

As if reading his thoughts, the Black Panther threw his spear behind him, and held up his hands empty. "Let the Little White Chief come

The next day, there was much whis- | without fear!" he said. "The Black "Oh, I guess I'm not afraid!" re-

torted Dicky Bird independently; and he came towards the window, his comrades watching him breathlessly. Black Panther leaned his head

inside. "Did we startle you, old scout?"

he asked, in a low voice. Dicky Bird jumped clear of the

The appearance of Black Panther and his braves at Hillcrest was astonishing enough; but to hear Black Panther speaking with the voice of Frank Richards of Cedar Creek was simply astounding.

Dicky Bird gazed at him like a fellow in a dream.

The red chief winked. "Oh crikey!" stuttered Dicky Bird. "You-you ain't an Injun at all! Oh, Jerusalem crickets!"

"Keep it dark!" murmured Black Panther. "I thought I'd give you the tip, old chap, so that you wouldn't he scared, or getting fooling round the guns and things-savvy?"

"Oh, great gophers!" "It's a little lark on Peckover, you know. Keep mum!"

And the red chief grinned, and rode away from the window. Dicky Bird stood in a dazed

condition. Blumpy ran forward and caught him by the arm, intensely curious. "What did he say?" he exclaimed.

"Oh, my eye!" stammered Dicky. "Rot! He didn't say that! He looked a jolly good-tempered chap for an Injun on the warpath." "What did he say, Dicky?" shouted

five or six voices. Dicky Bird recovered himself. "Keep inside the School House," he said. "The Injuns won't do us any harm, if we don't fool about with

"Is that what he said?" asked Watson.

"Something of the sort."

"Jolly glad they're not after us!" said Fisher. "Are they after old Peckover?"

"They won't hurt him," grinned Dicky Bird. "These Injuns ain't the scalp-raising kind! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if it looks to me like a laughing matter!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Dicky Bird. "Is it quite safe, then?" demanded

Blumpy.

"I guess so-rather!" Frank Richards' secret was not to be confided to all Hillcrest. It was rather too serious a matter for risk to be run of the facts coming to light. But Dicky Bird's confident tone assured his comrades, and they crowded to the windows to watch the Redskin raiders.

One of the Kootenays was keeping guard over Mike, who lay on his back wriggling in the knotted coils of the rope. Two or three of them were dashing round the playground, waving their spears and uttering ferocious

But most of the raiders had gathered at the schoolmaster's house, which was built out of the end of the schoolhouse.

Mr. Peckover, as soon as he recovered his wits, which was not soon, rushed to his door to bar it against the invaders. But he was not soon enough. A warrior with a hideous, striped face had already jumped off his horse at the door, and the glittering point of a spear met the schoolmaster in the doorway. Mr. Peckover jumped back.

"Dog of a paleface!" said the Redskin, in deep, guttural tones.

"Oh dear! Oh, help!" Mr. Peckover rushed back along the passage. There was the sound of a key turning, as the cook locked herself in the kitchen. Mr. Peckover reached the kitchen door too late.

He dragged at the handle. "Let me in!" he howled. Then he howled again, as the point of a spear touched him behind.

"Yaroooh! Mercy! Help!" And he sprinted once more. The red warrior stopped at the

kitchen door as Mr. Peckover raced away. He bent and called through the keyhole. "Don't be alarmed, cook! There's

no danger!" "Oh! Ow! Wow!" came the cook's voice from within. "Is it were holding him, and leaped up-

Injuns? Is that you, Master Bird?" | but the point of a spear, presented to Indians! They're not going to do any harm."

And Bob Lawless, having reassured the cook, started in pursuit of the master of Hillcrest, with a crowd of | face receive his punishment. I have whooping braves at his heels.

#### The 5th Chapter. In the Hands of the Redskins!

Mr Peckover ran for his life. There was a door connecting his house with the big school-room, and it was for that door he ran, as the only avenue of escape.

The Redskins chased after him, yelling, and doing some damage with their spears as they pursued. There was a succession of crashes, as furniture was knocked right and left.

Mr. Peckover reached the door and hurled it open, and bundled breathlessly through into the school-room, where Dicky Bird & Co. were assembled.

He slammed the door after him, and essayed to lock it; but the Redskins were already there.

The door was hurled open again, sending Mr. Peckover spinning. Black Panther & Co. swarmed through, and Mr. Peckover yelled

with affright as the grasp of the Redskins closed on him. He was dragged to his feet, trem-

bling in every limb. The Hillcrest fellows crowded at the other end of the big school-room with startled faces, but they were relieved to see that the Redskins did not approach them.

The Kootenay warriors seemed to be concerned only with Mr. Ephraim Peckover.

scared about. They don't want us!" | after him. Watson.

"I-I say, they look an awful spears to accelerate his flight.

Bird. "Keep up this end, and they house and released him. won't worry us!"

"I-I say, one of us could scoot by the window, and fetch the sheriff!" whispered Watson.

"Nothing of the sort!" said Dicky Bird sharply. "Just look on, and think you're at a circus!"

for the others. However, they remained where they were staring along the room towards the Kootenays

and their prisoner. Mr. Peckover was trembling in the grasp of a couple of braves, who had him by either arm.

It was noticeable that the schoolmaster towered over the two Redskins. Indeed, all the Kootenays were decidedly small for Indian warriors. One of them was decidedly fat also.

But the smallest of them would have been enough to inspire Mr. Peckover with the direct terror.

"Mercy!" he was mumbling. "Bring forth the paleface prisoner!" said Black Panther, in his guttural

Mr. Peckover was dragged towards the ferocious chief. His knees knocked together as Black Panther laid his coppery hand upon a scalp-

ing-knife in his girdle. He dropped on his knees before the Indian chief, gasping with fear. "Mercy!"

"Dog of a paleface! Why should not your bald scalp hang in the lodges of the Black Panther?" demanded the red chief.

"Ow!" "The Black Panther will spare your life!" said the Indian chief scornfully. "He does not war with

cowards!" "Oh dear!" Mr. Peckover did not mind the complimentary epithet. He was only

too glad to hear that his life was to be spared. Black Panther proceeded to give

directions to his braves. Mr. Peckover, much to his astonishment, was slung face downwards over a form. Then one of the warriors produced a cowhide.

Whack! "Yarooooh!" roared the master of "Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked Dicky Bird.

"They-they're walloping him!" said Blumpy, in blank astonishment. "I-I-I say, they are jolly queer Injuns!"

"They are!" chuckled Dicky Bird. "No mistake about that; they are! Ha, ha, ha!"

Whack, whack, whack! Mr. Peckover squirmed and yelled. He broke loose from the braves who "It's all right, cook-only tame his chest, drove him back into their grasp. The braves pinned him down

to the form again. "Go it, Bob," said Black Panther. "I-I-I mean, let the dog of a pale-

spoken!" Whack, whack, whack!

"Yooop! Yah! Oh, mercy!" Mr. Ephraim Peckover was newquite new-to the pleasures of a cowhiding. And the cowhiding he icceived now was more than a joke. The coppery brave who was laying on the cowhide did it with all the power of his arm—and his arm was a very

Whack, whack, whack! The yells of the hapless Mr. Peckover resounded through the school-

The Redskins were grinning, as they watched the infliction. And the Hilicrest fellows were grinning, too, now. Mr. Peckover was not a popular

man at his school, and there was no

fellow present who was not pleased to see him soundly thrashed-amazing as such a proceeding was on the part of a band of raiding Redskins. Whack, whack, whack! "Help! Mercy! Yoooop!" "Let the dog of a paleface go!"

him forth, and he shall run before our spears!" "Ow, ow, wow!" "Wah! I have spoken! Drive

said Black Panther at last. "Drive

him out!" Mr. Peckover bolted for the door as a spear pricked him, and the Redskins swarmed in pursuit once more, with bloodthirsty yells. The schoolmaster dodged into the playground, and headed for the gates, running like a "All serene, you fellows!" mur- deer. Black Panther & Co. mured Dicky Bird. "Nothing to be clambered on their horses, and rode

"How do you know?" gasped Mr. Peckover fled out of the gates, with the Indians in pursuit, touched "The chap told me at the window." | up from behind by the Redskins'

Mike sat up, struggling with the "They're not so black as they're rope, and in a few minutes Dicky painted, I guess!" chuckled Dicky Bird came grinning out of the school-

"Tare an' 'ouns!" mumbled Mike. "Ha, ha, ha!"

Dicky Bird & Co. rushed to the gates to watch the departure of the raiders ... They caught a distant glimpse of

Mr. Peckover, fleeing for his life in That was easy enough for Richard | the direction of Thompson Town-Bird; but it was not quite so easy (Continued on page 502.)

them waiting for the tuck, and that | quietly. they intended to take tea, set to discussing it in all its bearings.

But before the evening was out there was more to amaze them, for | Cawood. the manner of Roberts' betrayal, and the escape of Cullen after he had been denounced by the instructor, was known to almost every boy in the school.

Some copies of the "Banford Evening News" were smuggled into who could not get a peep at the paper copied the reports from its columns.

"It's an absolute corker!" was the verdict of young Tate, in which most of the juniors concurred. "And in | even if he's all they say he is, is a the excitement, while Cullen was flooring the police like ninepins, good One might have known he was a criminal! But good old Roberts is a gentleman, every inch of him!"

"Here, I say!" gasped Sid Grey, emitting a whistle of dismay.

"What's up now?" challenged Cayley.

school!" "Eh-what rot? Break up St. Clives's! What do you mean?"

"Why, just look at it calmly! It's ! a serious position for Dr. Brooks to be in. He said Roberts wasn't a convict, and now the police will be able to prove that he harboured him, protected him, shielded him! Most of the boys will be taken away from St. | if they do, murder will be done!" Clive's. It'll be closed down."

There was a dismayed silence in the little room. None of them had thought of that, and they exchanged wide-eyed glances, for they realised that what Gray said was only too! true. The Head of a public school must be above suspicion. How would Dr. Brooks be able to explain this ugly thing away?

Bobby was the first to offer a grain of comfort.

"After all," he observed, "they can't prove anything against old Brooks. They can never prove that he knew that Roberts had escaped from Banford Gaol."

It was just a glimmer amid the darkness, and with it they had to rest content. But most of the chums tossed uneasily in their beds that | eagerly scanned to see what developnight, for they were wondering what would become of them if they were Raynham's relief, the convicts were obliged to leave dear old Clive's. And it is safe to say that none of them had ever valued the school one half so much as they did then.

Meanwhile, Raynham had called together a council of his friends. Armed with the newspaper, they

discussed the situation, too. The captain was very grave, Cawood very silent. The others dis-

cussed the situation in whispers. They all looked glum and unhappy. "Of course, I consider," said

Wright, speaking sharply, "that Dr. Brooks was entirely in the wrong in not getting rid of the instructor the moment there was a breath of suspicion against him. Had he done that were dropping out of the fine old the school wouldn't have got into this | school. There's hardly ever smoke without fire. It stands to reason there must have been something very ugly against Roberts, or he would never had lain down after Cullen had him in the wood. Brooks ought to have sent him away next day."

"Even supposing they happened to !

"Yes, of course! Why not? Friendship doesn't extend beyond the prison gates, old man!" remarked by degrees approached the wood in

"I hope," remarked Raynham, "that Roberts gets away, and that they arrest Cullen!"

because then there won't be half the scandal about the school! Oh, but, by George, there will, though, if the school and handed round. Those | they arrest Cullen! He'll blab like blazes!"

"I want to see Cullen in gaol," cried Raynham, frowning, "because he isn't safe out of it! But Roberts, white man, and a plucky one, too!".

And then he startled them by tellold Roberts got clear away. I hope | ing them about his meeting with pose was the blasted oak, with its he'll escape. But the police must get | Cullen in the narrow lane while the | riven trunk. Cayley and Bobby Tate hold of Cullen. The beastly brute! paper-chase was being run, and how Roberts had probably saved his life. They stared at him in blank amazement.

"Great Scott, Raynham!" cried George Leake. "Why didn't you tell us about this before?"

"I didn't want to. I never intended | "This is going to break up the old | to say a word while Roberts was in the neighbourhood, and in danger of arrest. And it was because he interfered between Cullen and me that he was arrested. Cullen must have followed him, discovered that he was staying at the inn in Spedmore, and set the police upon his track. Yes; I'm glad Roberts got away, and I hope that the two will not meet, for

> "This thing is going to seriously damage the school, old fellow," remarked Leake gloomily.

"I shouldn't be surprised. But, anyway, I sha'n't leave. I intend to stay and help Dr. Brooks to face it out. The masters will stand firm. I hope most of the boys will. I've already written to my pater. And, now, you chaps, I'll say good-night, for I'm feeling pretty down in the mouth. I hope there will be better news to-morrow."

Raynham showed them out of his room, and then sat down before the dying embers of the fire to smoke a pipe and think things out. It was late in the night before he undressed and went to bed.

The morning newspapers were ments had occurred overnight. To still at large. All trace had been lost of the pair of them. The police were hunting the county through and through, and it was confidently expected that the convicts would be captured before many hours were up. Yet the Saturday arrived, and the police were still completely baffled.

By that time a good many of the smaller boys had been taken home by indignant parents, and letters had ber and vanished. arrived by the bagful, the reading of which had caused Dr. Brooks grave concern.

about Dr. Brooks.

It really did look as if the bottom | alibi for this."

pened, however, to quench the high and hurriedly removed their spirits of the chums of the Fourth, Kootenay garb, and washed their who, finding that their parents had faces and hands in the stream. not recalled them home, thought that tried to blackmail him and half killed | they could not spend the day to better | advantage than by joining in the hunt for the convict Cullen.

Accordingly, having taken with at great speed.

forgetting that Bobby Tate had kept | be old friends?" asked Raynham | them a supply of sandwiches, some sweets, and a thermos or so, they set out for a long tramp over the country, skirted Banford Town, and which Roberts, the instructor, had sought refuge after his miraculous escape from the police.

BOYS' FRIEND

"I say, the wood's the place for a "Oh, I hope Roberts escapes, too, man to hide in, if ever there was one!" cried Bobby. "My hat, I shouldn't wonder if Cullen's skulking there! Let's go and have a look!"

The suggestion was hailed with acclamation, and, forcing their way into the wood, they wandered into the very heart of it, and, searching for the big trees, found them, and climbed one after another for the sheer excitement of the thing.

The third they selected for this purgazed in admiration at the majestic king of the forest.

"Look at the masses of ivy!" cried Bobby Tate excitedly. "A man could easily hide up there-ay, and sleep there, too! It would be mighty cold, though. Give me a bunk up, Peter!'

The others scorned the riven oak, and strolled off to find another tree more to their liking. Cayley, giving Bobby a hand, pushed him into the heart of the tree, and Bobby in turn hauled him up.

They climbed over the ivy, and peered down into the hollow of the

"My hat," gasped Bobby, pushing his head down, "I think I can see something down there! Looks like a

Then, with a startled cry, he reared himself up, almost pushing Cayley

"What's up?" gasped Peter, steadying his chum. "There is a man down there,

Peter," whispered Bobby hoarsely. "I saw his face. He looked at me. It's Mr. Roberts!"

(Another grand instalment of this splendid story in next week's BOYS' FRIEND. Order in advance.)

## REDSKIN RAIDERS!

(Continued from page 500.)

hatless, his scanty locks blowing in the wind.

The Redskin raiders were riding behind him, stimulating him with fierce yells and lunges.

As they reached the open trail, however, the Kootenays drew rein. Mr. Peckover, frantic with fear, went tearing on towards the town, while the Redskins rode into the tim-

Under the trees the painted braves howled with laughter.

"My hat!" exclaimed Black Pan-In the town ugly things were said ther, alias Frank Richards. shall have to prove a pretty strong

The Redskins halted in a glade in It took more than what had hap- the timber, by the bank of a creek,

> Under their Redskin blankets and leggings they had their own clothes on. Faces were rubbed and scrubbed, and paint was rubbed from the horses

> There was no doubt that Mr. Peckover would give the alarm as soon as he reached Thompson, and it was necessary for that band of Kootenays to disappear as quickly as possible, without leaving a trace behind.

> The "props" were concealed in a hollow tree, to be fetched away the next day. And then the raidersmetamorphosed once more into Canadian schoolboys-took their separate paths, and rode for home. And as they rode the timber echoed and re-echoed to their merry laughter.

An hour later armed men from Thompson were searching for the Redskin raiders-but they found them not. The warlike Kootenays had vanished as if the earth had opened and swallowed them up.

Who they were, whence they came, and whither they had vanished, remained a mystery-but certainly they were not to be found within the borders of the Thompson Valley.

There were fellows at Cedar Creek, and some at Hillcrest, who could have explained-but they were careful not to do so. And Mr. Peckover never discovered-or even suspected-the real identity of the Redskin Raiders.

THE END. (Another splendid, complete story of the Chums of the Backwoods next Monday.)



Stopping the other fellows is just i two methods ensures each of the as important a branch of football as attackers being covered, for the the scoring of goals. It is an ob- centre-half will look after the opposvious truth you can't lose a match | ing centre-forward. so long as your defenders succeed in | An incident which I recall in a holding up the forwards of the other | representative match a few years side, and, at the present moment, no ago, impressed me very much with better example of the value of a | the value of a proper understanding really sound defence can be given as an aid to anticipating and frustratthan by quoting the case of New- | ing an attack. The full-back and the castle United.

the head of the League table, but | games, played on the principle of the there are quite a lot of teams-some even near the bottom of the League, and the other on the principle that who have scored more goals than the Newcastle men. It is when you look at the goals against column, however, that you discover the secret of Newcastle's success. Their capable defenders have given away fewer goals than any other side in the League, and hence it must be said that they owe their splendid position to the manner in which their backs and half-backs have held up their opponents' forwards.

Having pointed out, then, the value of a strong defence, we can go

#### E. LONGWORTH,



The famous full-back, who captains Liverpool's team of stalwarts, and also plays for England.

ahead and discuss some of the qualifications necessary for the making of good full-backs, and also talk over the methods most likely to meet with success.

In the first place, I should say that the greatest mistake made by defenders in our junior clubs is that the full-backs and half-backs do not realise the importance of working together. Everybody admires a forward line in which the men shine in the art of combination, but in my opinion combination is just as essential in full-back play.

There must be method about defence as well as attack, although the necessity for it in the latten is often overlooked. Strictly speaking, there are five forwards and five defenders-two full-backs and three half-backs-and before going on to the field, these five defenders should have some idea of the methods which will be adopted by each. These methods should have, as their primary object, the "covering" of each member of the opposing attack.

For instance, there is the question of a certain defender covering a certain attacker in the ordinary run of the game. By that I don't mean to infer that a full-back will watch one particular man and leave the watching of the others to somebody else right throughout the ninety minutes. But there should be such an understanding that the other members of the defence will know who, in the ordinary way, will be ready to cover a particular forward when the ball is passed to him.

Nowadays, most first-class teams try to cover the two men on each wing by the half-back tackling and watching the inside forward, and the full-back keeping an eye on the outside man. Some sides reverse the process, and the method adopted depends to a certain extent on the type of players in a particular team.

Whether the full-back takes the outside wing man or the inside is not nearly so important as a proper understanding about the method which will be adopted. Either of the

half-back were from different clubs. At the time of writing they are at one of which, in ordinary League full-back watching the inside-man, the inside man was the proper objective for the half-back.

> Evidently, these two players forgot to talk over their tactics before the game started, with the result that the first time the insider got the ball both half-back and full-back went to tackle him at the same time. A big collision between the two members of the defending side was the natural result, and, meantime, the ball had passed along for the outside man-who was not covered at all-to slip in and score an easy goal. Thus was the absence of understanding brought home to these two defenders in tragic fashion, for, as it happened, the game was lost by that early goal, which was the direct outcome of absence of method in defence.

In rather a different, but none the less essential way, there should be a proper understanding between fullbacks and goalkeeper. I don't quite know how it is, but it always strikes me that the average man in the football crowd considers it a sign of weakness when the full-back passes the ball back to his goalkeeper, so that the latter may clear.

Why this action should be considered as other than what if really is—combination in defence passes my comprehension. The goalkeeper is a part of the defence, and the fullback who finds himself hard-pressed by the opposing forwards should never hesitate to pass the ball back to his goalkeeper. Anyway, if is usually much safer for him to do that than run the risk of losing the ball to the forward who is bearing down on top of him.

Again, the full-back who hopes to be really successful should remember that he is practically the last line of defence, and that being so. he cannot afford to dally with the ball in front of his own goal. To be able to dribble is occasionally of real service to the full-back, but I almost hesitate to say so lest some young full-back should fall into the error of dribbling when it is not absolutely necessary for him to do so.

Many a goal have I seen given away by a full-back, who, instead of getting rid of the ball at the earliest possible opportunity, has decided to show how clever he could be with the ball at his toe in the way of beating the other fellows. Instead, he has lost the ball, with disastrous consequences to his side.

"Get rid of it," should be the first motto of the full-back. We might add to that and say: "Get rid of it to the best advantage of your side," but even so, the latter part of the motto is not nearly so important as the first, and very often in the course of the ordinary game the full-back must just kick the ball away from his goal the minute he gets the chance, and trust to luck that the kick will be of use to his own forwards.

One other thing. Keep the ball in play whenever you can do so without running risks. Some full-backs seem to enjoy kicking out on the slightest excuse, and sometimes without excuse at all, but the full-back who does so is not giving the full value of his services to his side.

If you must kick out in order to hold up the other fellows, oby all means do so, but if it is possible to keep the ball in play, then it is up to the full-back who hopes to get into the top class to show what he can do in this direction.

E. Tongworth.

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ASK YOUR NEWSAGENT FOR THEM.

#### Construction of the second of THE MYSTERY OF MOSSOO!

(Continued from page 496.)

Sammannonnonnonnon

The last time they had seen Mossoo's hair, it was black, streaked with grey. Now it was purple-red, with a bronze tinge.

The juniors stood dumb.

Monsieur Monceau glared at them. Never had a prisoner looked more ungratefully at his happy rescuers.

"Mais, nom d'un nom!" shrieked Mossoo. "Vat you do here? Vy for you come? Expliquez, donc."

"B-b-but ain't you a prisoner?" stuttered Lovell.

"Moi-prisonnier! Mais certainement non! Vat you mean, mauvais garcon?

"We-we came to save you, sir!" stuttered Jimmy Silver.

"Comment!"

"Some-some fellows came here all ze school laugh at ze nose, is it?" this afternoon, and-and-"

and I shut ze window after zem. Zey! the seaside."

see nozzing. Now you come, and you have see! Helas! On me rit au nez! Nevair, nevair sall I show face in Rookwood vunce more! On me croit-helas! Mauvais garcon, vy for you come, zen?"

"We-we're sorry, sir," babbled Raby. "The-the fellows said you were a prisoner—they heard you speaking, and you said 'Moi, prisonnier ici!' They-they heard you

"And we-we came to rescue you, sir!" gasped Newcome.

Monsieur Monceau sank into a chair with a groan.

"Mais je suis prisonnier ici!" he mumbled. "I am prisoner, perhaps I say so, je ne sais pas-but I am prisoner, because I show not ze face in ze school-because of zat vicked man Nupkins-"

"Nupkins!" said Jimmy Silver. "Mes garcons!" exclaimed Mossoo, almost tearfully. "I have been good master to you-you vill not tell zis to all ze garcons at Rookwood, so zat

"Not a word, sir!" said Jimmy "I hear zem!" said Monsieur Mon- | Silver. "But-but what's happened, ceau. "I hear zem, young rascals, sir? We all thought you'd gone to

Monsieur Monceau made a gesture of despair.

"You have see my hair?" he gasped.

"Ye-es, sir!" "It was zat vicked dummy, Nupkins. Zere was some few small grey hairs in my pauvre tete-my poor head, isn't it? I have zat man to come to my room at ze school, for put on vat you call ze dyestuff. And zat vicked man he make one mistake-he put in wrong chemicals, and zat dye, instead of to be black, he turn out red and purple-c'est affreuse. Ven I discover him turning to zis colour, I am in despair."

"Oh!" gasped Jimmy. He understood now how it had come to pass that Tubby Muffin had seen the French-master "sneaking" quietly out of Rookwood with his head carefully muffled up. No wonder

the hapless gentleman had muffled

up that remarkable head of hair. In seeking to change his "mop" for the better, poor Mossoo had evidently tumbled out of the frying-pan into the fire.

Jimmy Silver & Co. tried hard not to smile.

"Now I am red, I am purple!"

Nupkins say, zis colour he pass off; zen it is all right wiz me. I not let him touch my head again. Bettair have ze grey hair zan run ze risk of | that time, once more black and grey; zese fearful colours. Vous comprenez? In vun veek it is all right; | Nupkins' weird mixtures to improve but until zen, I keeps myself dark, I as you say in English. Helas!" "Oh, dear!" gasped Jimmy Silver. The heroic rescuers backed to the

seen, in zis lonely spot. In vun veek,

door. They were awfully sorry for poor Mossoo and his dreadful misforto yell. Monsieur Monceau eyed ! them anxiously.

"You say nozzings?" he asked eagerly.

tered Lovell.

"I zank you!" "G-g-good-night, sir!" Jimmy.

And the rescuers fled. Not till they were out of the bungalow, out of the garden, and on the open heath, did they give way to their

groaned Mossoo. "I come here; zat | feelings. Then they lay down in the Hixon, he let me have zis bungalow | grass, and kicked up their heels and for vun veek. I bury myself to not be | yelled.

> THE REPORT OF THE PARTY OF THE It was nearly a week later that Monsieur Monceau reappeared at Rookwood School. His hair was, by and he did not try any more of Mr. it. He was fed up with Mr. Nupkins and his mixtures.

Jimmy Silver & Co. had kept the secret, only explaining to Smythe & Co. that Monsieur Monceau was at the bungalow for reasons of his own, tune, but they felt a pressing need | and was not, as they had supposed from his unhappy ejaculation, a prisoner there. Smythe & Co. never understood, and even Tubby Muffin's curiosity remained unsatisfied. Mossoo "Not a syllable, sir; and we'll see | blushed a beautiful red when he met that the fellows don't come nosing | the Fistical Four after his return; round the bungalow, either!" stut- but the chums of the Fourth were elaborately unconscious, and the French gentleman happily supposed that they had forgotten about the startling "mop" that had met their view, on that exciting occasion when they had set out to rescue the Prisoner of the Bungalow.

THE END.

Write to me whenever you are in doubt or difficulty. All letters should be addressed: "The Editor, the BOYS' FRIEND, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4."

Readers of the Boys' FRIEND are invited to contribute short original paragraphs of general interest for publication on this page. Cash prizes of five shillings and half-a-crown, according to merit, will be awarded to the senders of all paragraphs published.

#### FOR NEXT MONDAY!

There is a long, complete story of Rookwood School in the next issue of the Boys' FRIEND, which is full of excitement throughout. Mr. Manders' behaviour is very puzzling to Jimmy Silver & Co., and the juniors are at a loss to understand the new light in which the Sixth Form-master reveals himself. The mystery, however, is ultimately solved in

#### "THE FORM - MASTER'S DOUBLE!" By Owen Conquest.

Another ripping instalment of our grand adventure serial will delight all my chums who are ardent followers of Steve Emberton, the young cowboy, and his exploits on

"THE DOUBLE-HORSESHOE RANCH!"

By Gordon Wallace. Also another splendid yarn of Frank Richards & Co., which is vastly

amusing. Chunky Todgers decides to earn his living, but much to that worthy's amazement, he finds that his new venture is attended by hard work in plenty. That, as you know, does not agree with the egregious Chunky. None of my readers should miss

#### "CHUNKY TODGERS' NEW JOB!" By Martin Clifford.

Next on the list of good things is a long instalment of our school serial, in which events take a dramatic turn. Be sure to read

#### "THE SPORTS OF ST. CLIVE'S!" By Arthur S. Hardy.

And a splendid instalment of our treasure-hunting serial with Dick Dorrington & Co. in the limelight. Life aboard the Junk of a Thousand Celestial Perfumes is full of excitement, vividly described in

"SKULL ISLAND!" By Duncan Storm.

Stanley Hooper will once more

oblige readers of the Boys' FRIEND with a splendid article dealing with the noble art, making No. 4 in his series, entitled

#### "THE SCIENCE OF BOXING!"

Last, but not least, there is another grand footer article specially written for the "Green 'Un," by Tom Boyle, of Burnley fame, entitled

#### "THE PART A CAPTAIN PLAYS!"

### POISONOUS ENGLISH PLANTS.

The number of poisonous plants growing in Great Britain is small, but at the same time it is a wise thing to guard children from eating any fungus and any wayside berry, except the blackberry, raspberry, and bilberry. The berries of the yew, bryony, and cuckoo pint or arum, and the seeds of the laburnum are poisonous, as also are the berries of the deadly nightshade and the woody nightshade. The common nightshade of the hedgerow is not the deadly nightshade, as is commonly supposed, but the woody nightshade, the berries of which, though poisonous, are far less deadly. The taste of this latter is a "sweet-bitter." and this is sufficiently nauseous to children to prevent a dangerous quantity of these berries being taken. On the other hand, the deadly nightshade, or belladonna, has luscious, sweet, black berries, as large as cherries, which children are tempted to eat greedily. It is very fortunate that the deadly nightshade is a comparatively rare plant.

#### MONKSHOOD.

Monkshood is another deadly plant which is often mistaken for horse radish as both plants are commonly grown in cottage gardens. As the monkshood contains a baleful poison, the following distinguishing point is worth noting. When the root is scraped, it soon turns pink, whereas horse-radish, when similarly treated, remain perfectly white. Monkshood is a pretty blue flower, not unlike larkspur.

The sap of a few other plants is poisonous, e.g., that of henbane, the leaves and flower of the potato, thorn apple, foxglove, meadow rue and savin. The plants, however, present no part likely to be eaten by mistake. i

#### HEMLOCK.

The hemlock tribe includes a great number of harmless plants, e.g., wild carrot, fools' parsley, etc., the leaves of which are often mistaken for true parsley. One can tell the difference between hemlock and its harmless allies by the fact that the former has smooth stems, with red spots, while the latter is rough and not spotted.

#### FUNGI.

Last, but not the least, of these poisonous plants come the poisonous fungi that somewhat resemble mushrooms, and for that reason are the cause of many serious mistakes. There are many features which distinguish the mushroom from other fungi, but the chief is that, while the former is always dry and peels readily, the poisonous fungi are often moist, and rarely peel easily. Ninetenths of the deaths caused by fungipoisoning are through the toadstool, as it so much resembles the mushroom in shape. The saying concerning the mushroom and fungi, "If in doubt, many doctors' bills.

(Sent in by A. Hardy, 32, Rosslyn Road, Barking, to whom I am sending a cash prize of five shillings for his informative little article.)

#### THE OLD QUERY.

Among my letters is one that interested me very much, though the guestion the writer put has been often asked before. The note comes from Strand-on-the-Green, the quaint, old-world village at Chiswick which has preserved all its ancient picturesqueness. Why do not the characters move into higher forms?

That is the question, and it has to be answered just as other queries on the same lines have been answered. In a story series, the fellows must in the main, remain as they were and are. If they started growing out of I the picture, their places would have to be taken by a fresh crowd, and that sort of thing would not please my readers at all, for the intense popularity of a long successive story depends on the reader knowing that every week he will have a chance

The reader does not want to be bothered with the life history of his favourites. He wishes to hear what they are doing at school, and there must be a bright and catchy episode every week.

of reading about chaps he knows.

If there is not, the Editor-that's me, you know-hears all about it in a way he does not appreciate. Of

course, we might act up to the notion just to show how mistaken it would be. Tubby Muffin would be growing out of his quaintness, Jimmy Silver would be moving into higher forms, and so on, and the harmony of the yarns would be all destroyed. It would be impossible to carry on with the later adventures of fellows. who have figured in the Boys' FRIEND and its Companion Papers, while at the time describing school scenes. There would not be room.

#### CORRESPONDENCE WANTED.

Maurice Wiggett, Queen's Street, Oudtshoorn, Cape Province, South Africa, with boy readers in Great Britain or America. Age 13-16. Kenneth Berge, Church Street, The

Hill, Oudtshoorn, South Africa, with readers anywhere. Age 13. W. H. Simpson, 187, Marton Road, Middlesbrough, with readers any-

G. Thomas, c.o. J. W. Wagger & Co., Box 231, Port Elizabeth, South Africa, with readers anywhere.

#### THE RESULT OF OUR "RHYMESTER" COMPETITION No. 1.

Large numbers of readers entered this competition, and the work of adjudication proved to be a difficult matter, because so many smart efforts were sent in.

The First Prize of Fifty Shillings has been awarded to:

C. SHEARD. 12, Ormerod Street. Clayton Bridge, MANCHESTER,

go without," is well worth remember- who submitted the following lines to ing, as it may save much anxiety, and | complete the five unfinished verses published:

1. At lessons I'm a nigger.

2. He's trapped in all his capers. 3. Of my renowned position.

4. And many a crimson "duster."

5. If I don't sing my praises. The five prizes of 10s. each have been awarded to:

Frank Farmer, Clent House, Mayfield Road, Acocks Green, Birmingham. Miss J. Shroll, 94, Grafton Road,

N.W. 5. Leonard Jeans, 9, Chapel Road, Kidsgrove, Staffs.

D. Court, 16, East Dulwich Road, Dulwich, S.E. 22. K. Moore, Beech Tree Lane, Cannock.

The six splendid penknives have been sent to:

John Grant, 4, Balfour Place, Leith. Miss Doris Lucas, 25, Randle Street, Lower Tranmere, Birkenhead.

Harold W. Evans, 85, Bedford Street, Moss Side, Manchester.

Bernard Archer, 15, White Street, Birkenhead, Cheshire. George W. Holliday, Thorpe Row

Farm, Toftwood, East Dereham. A. S. Gardner, 3, Festing Road, Southsea.



#### CASH PRIZES FOR READERS! OUR NEW WEEKLY COMPETITION! (No Entrance Fee required)

Have you tried our novel competition yet? Just glance down the next column and make up your mind | O, Rookwood is a sorry skool, to enter for this simple and yet interesting feature. The Rookwood

Rhymester, who gained such popularity with his "Personalities" series, has induced some of the leading lights at Rookwood to write verses about themselves. All you have to do is to supply the last line in each verse-it must rhyme with the sixth line and also carry on the theme of the verse. It is not difficult, and you will find it provides no end of amusement. Don't think that you have to use words of

will do. When you have succeeded in supplying the missing "last lines," send in your effort to "Rhymester Competition No. 6," The Boys' FRIEND, They give us scraps of ancient horse Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C.4. Competitors' efforts must reach the above address not later than first post December 15th. A postcard He said, "Don't come to me agane, will be sufficient.

great length-plain, simple English

Your Editor, assisted by "The Rookwood Rhymester," will be the judge, and he will award the prizestwelve of them each week-to the Becaws he caught me on the hop readers who send in the best "last lines," in his opinion. By the act of entering this competition, every Soon I shall starve, and weeds will competitor binds himself, or herself, to accept your Editor's decision as final.

"MYSELF!" By Reginald Muffin.

The worst in all the nation; They nevver feed you, as a rool, But give you slow starvation. The feloes say this isn't so, They urge me to keep quiet;

I reelly must complane, you know,

Soon after rising-bell rings out And birds begin to waken We troop in Hall, with many a shout, And sample eggs-and-bakon. And this is all we get to eat, I'm reelly not a glutton, But I'd prefer a joint of meet,

The dinner is a farce, of corse, It wouldn't fill a sparrow; And skinny chunks of marrow. One day I ventured to complane To Bulkeley, chief adviser;

I wunce liked Sergeant Kettle's shop, But now I've come to dread it, And will not give me creddit. I nevver get enuff, although They say I'm always stuffin';

grow

| Although I'm sadly underfed I'm quite a clevver feloe, With brainy notions in my head \* And wheezes ripe and mellow. My pocket-munney isn't grate, A very paltry pittance; And so, deer chums, pass round the

plate

The last line of each verse is left for you to supply. You need not write out the poem in full, in sending in your attempt; just send in a card with the five "last lines" written on it and your name and address. Now for the prizes. For the most meritorious effort-the one which consider "rounds off" Tubby Muffin's

## CASH PRIZE OF FIFTY SHILLINGS.

poem the best-I shall award a

For the 5 next best efforts, FIVE PRIZES OF TEN

SHILLINGS EACH, and for the next six, Consolation Prizes of

6 Splendid Pocket Knives.

ENTER FOR THIS INTERESTING COMPETITION TO-DAY!

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