



SPECIAL FOOTBALL ARTICLE!

By HAROLD HALSE.

The Famous Chelsea Forward.

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SPECIAL BOXING ARTICLE!

By STANLEY HOOPER.

Fly-weight Champion of Essex.



The BOYS' FRIEND

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TWELVE PAGES!

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THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending January 3rd, 1920.

Carthew's Tea-Party!



MIXED COMPANY FOR CARTHEW!

The prefect was doing the thing in style, and quite a handsome spread was waiting in his study for the distinguished guests. He kept Jimmy Silver busy putting the finishing touches to the study, and the junior found an opportunity to mix pepper with the jam. The guests were almost due to arrive—but they were not quite the kind of guests Mark Carthew was expecting!

The 1st Chapter. Fag Wanted!

"Fag!"
Carthew of the Sixth was lounging at the corner of the passage, with his hands in his pockets.
He called "Fag!" as Jimmy Silver & Co. came down the staircase.
A dozen of the Third and the Fourth had passed Carthew, and he had not called to them. Evidently he had been waiting for the Fistical Four.
The four juniors looked at one another; but they did not look at Carthew. They went on.
"Fag!" called the Sixth-Former again. "You'll do, Silver!"
Jimmy Silver compressed his lips.
The chums of the Fourth were going down to football practice, and Jimmy Silver, as junior captain of Rookwood, was wanted on the scene. It was particularly exasperating to be called upon to fag just then; and

Jimmy knew, just as well as if the bully of the Sixth had told him, that Carthew was calling on his services just because it was particularly exasperating.
"I think you hear me, Silver!" said Carthew, coming forward with an agreeable smile upon his face.
"Bother you!" was Jimmy's reply.
"What!"
"Look here, I'm just going down to the footer!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "You can get another fag, Carthew."
Carthew shook his head.
"A prefect must be just!" he said.
"I can't allow you to shirk and put it on somebody else, Silver."
Jimmy's eyes gleamed.
"Look here," broke out Arthur Edward Lovell, "you can go and cat coke, Carthew! Jimmy's wanted on Little Side."
"Cut for it, and chance it!" whispered Raby.

"Come on!" said Newcome.
Mark Carthew planted himself in the way of the juniors. He did not mean to let his victims escape.
"Silver—" he began.
"I'm not fagging this afternoon," said Jimmy Silver determinedly.
"I'm wanted at the footer, Carthew."
"Follow me at once!"
"Cut!" whispered Jimmy.
The Fistical Four made a rush for the doorway.
Carthew was shoved aside, and the juniors fled. But the Sixth-Former was rushing after them in a moment, and his grasp closed on Jimmy Silver's collar. Lovell and Raby and Newcome dodged out into the quadrangle; but the captain of the Fourth was a prisoner.
"Leggo!" roared Jimmy.
"Come with me, you cheeky young rotter—ah!"

Jimmy Silver jerked his collar away.
Carthew was between him and the doorway now, and Jimmy dodged up the passage.
"Stop!" roared Carthew.
Jimmy stopped—not because Carthew shouted, but because Mr. Bootles, the master of the Fourth, suddenly loomed up before him in the corridor.
Mr. Bootles blinked at him over his glasses.
"Dear me!" said Mr. Bootles. "What—what—what is the matter?"
"I have just asked Silver to fag for me, sir," said Carthew smoothly. "He was bolting instead."
Mr. Bootles frowned at the junior.
"That is a highly improper proceeding on your part, Silver!" he said, with severity.
Jimmy breathed hard.
"I'm wanted at the footer, sir," he answered.

"Oh, if it is for a football match, Carthew will excuse you!" said Mr. Bootles. "It is understood, Carthew, that on the occasion of a match, a player cannot be called away for fagging duties."
"It's not a match, sir!" said Carthew.
"But Silver says—"
"It's football practice, sir," explained Jimmy.
"Oh, in that case, there is no reason why you should not do as a prefect requires you, Silver! You will obey Carthew."
"But, sir—"
"You hear me, Silver!" said Mr. Bootles, and he rustled on.
Jimmy Silver clenched his hands.
It was rather a risky proceeding to disobey a prefect of the Sixth; but it was quite impossible to disobey a Form-master.
"Are you coming?" asked Carthew, with a grin.

