

WOULD YOU LIKE A BIG CASH PRIZE? THEN ENTER FOR OUR SIMPLE CINEMA COMPETITION!

(Full Particulars on Page 312.)

The BOYS' FRIEND ^{1d}/₂

TWELVE PAGES!

TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR!

No. 999. Vol. XX. New Series]

THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending July 31st, 1920.]

Hard Times!



MORNINGTON'S LATEST!

stop it at once! Stop, I tell you! Mack, turn that young rascal away at once!

Dr. Chisholm stepped through the crowd, his eyes fixed on Mornington and on his placard with a terrific expression. "How—how—how dare you?" he gasped. "Wretched boy! Have you no sense of shame?" "What's wrong?" asked Mornington in surprise. "I've taken this up as a profession, sir—quite an honourable profession. Would you care to make a contribution to the hat, sir?" "Boy! You—you—honourable profession." thundered the Head. The faces of the juniors were wreathed in smiles as they witnessed this peculiar interview between Dr. Chisholm and the expelled junior.

The 1st Chapter. Rough on Morny!

"It's the Bandy-bird!" Arthur Edward Lovell made that remark.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were sauntering in the quadrangle at Rookwood after morning lessons when they sighted the fat little gentleman trotting towards the School House.

The chums of the Fourth regarded him in surprise. Mr. Bandy, the grocer of Coombe, was about the last visitor they had expected to see at Rookwood.

Mr. Bandy was not "persona grata" there! For was it not in Mr. Bandy's little shop that Mornington of the Fourth had found a refuge after being expelled from Rookwood?

Jimmy Silver & Co. were well aware how wrathful the Head had been, on discovering that the expelled junior had taken service with Mr. Bandy in Coombe. So the sight of the fat little grocer at Rookwood, naturally astonished them.

The Fistical Four bore down upon Mr. Bandy to inquire, and they capped him very respectfully as they stopped him on the gravel path. They rather liked the "Bandy-bird," as Lovell called him; he had proved a good friend to the expelled Rookwooder, who was down on his luck. For, though Valentine Mornington had been expelled, he had left many friends behind him at Rookwood, who were concerned for his welfare.

"Good-morning, Mr. Bandy," said Jimmy Silver, with great politeness. "Mornin', sir!" puffed Mr. Bandy. The walk to Rookwood in the hot sunshine had rendered the fat gentleman rather breathless.

"How's your new boy getting on?" Mr. Bandy grinned. "Fust-rate, sir! I've left him in charge of the shop," he replied. "You young gents ain't been to see 'im lately."

"The Head's put your shop out of bounds," explained Lovell. "We've all been licked for looking in on Morny! But we haven't forgotten him."

"Though lost to sight, to memory dear!" grinned Raby.

"We can't send poor old Morny any more orders, though," remarked Newcome. "The last lot was found out, and confiscated, and we got a licking all round. Carthew of the Sixth spied it all out. But, I say, Mr. Bandy, I'm surprised to see you here."

"I'm surprised to see myself 'ere," answered Mr. Bandy. "But I 'ad a message from Dr. Chisholm, askin' me to call, so I've dropped in to see 'im as one gentleman to another."

"Hem, exactly!" said Jimmy Silver. "I say, you won't let the Head talk you over into sacking Morny, will you, Mr. Bandy?" Mr. Bandy shook his head.

"Certainly not!" he answered. "Young Mornington is a good boy in

the shop and earns his wages. I ain't going to sack 'im to please nobody. I've been asked to do it, by your headmaster, and I've refused. Let the boy earn an honest living, says I. What?"

"Good!"

And Mr. Bandy, with a reassuring grin, progressed towards the School House, puffing as he went.

Tupper met him at the door, and took him in, evidently to see Dr. Chisholm in his study.

"It's jolly queer, all the same, the Bandy-bird coming here," remarked Jimmy Silver thoughtfully. "The Head's going to try again to make him send Morny away, of course. I wonder—"

"Bandy won't send him away," said Lovell, with a grin. "Bandy's a cheery socialist, you know, and he's no end bucked at standin' up to the Head and cheeking him. He enjoys it."

"The Head might bring him round, though," said Jimmy Silver.

"He can't! He doesn't deal at Bandy's shop, and that makes the Bandy-bird independent of him."

"Yes, that's so."

But Jimmy Silver still looked very thoughtful. Mr. Bandy's visit was a great surprise, and Jimmy could not help wondering whether it portended a fresh move against the expelled junior.

The presence of Mornington so near

the school he had belonged to, was a thorn in Dr. Chisholm's side; all Rookwood knew how much it annoyed and exasperated him.

The situation was, in fact, an awkward one, and one that could not be allowed to continue. Mr. Bandy's shop was out of bounds, and any Rookwood junior who spoke to Mornington in the village was liable to severe punishment. But for that reason, Mr. Bandy's shop had an irresistible attraction for crowds of the Rookwood fellows; it was turned into a sort of Bluebeard's chamber, fascinating, because it was forbidden. Mornington's conduct was a defiance of the headmaster who had expelled him, and it was intended to be so. And such a state of affairs was too troublesome to be allowed to continue indefinitely.

Jimmy Silver & Co. loafed about the gates, waiting to see Mr. Bandy as he came out after his visit to the august Head of Rookwood. Jimmy wanted to be assured that it was all right! That is to say, all right for Valentine Mornington. For in this matter the chums of the Fourth did not see eye to eye with their headmaster.

They wondered what the Head found to say to Mr. Bandy.

Certainly the old gentleman could not have anticipated any pleasure in the interview; the fat little grocer, with his red necktie and his defiant socialistic talk, was a horrid person-

age in the eyes of the reverend Head of Rookwood.

Yet the fact that he had asked Mr. Bandy to call proved that he hoped to induce the grocer to "sack" the junior he had taken into his service. He had tried before and failed; and if he were trying again now, it must be because he had some inducement to offer to Mr. Bandy.

So Jimmy Silver was uneasy on Morny's account.

It was some time before Mr. Bandy emerged and came puffing and blowing down to the gates.

There was a satisfied smile upon his fat face, which looked as if the interview with the Head had gone well, from Mr. Bandy's point of view.

"All serene, Mr. Bandy?" asked Jimmy Silver anxiously.

Mr. Bandy paused and coughed, and the Fistical Four thought he had a rather guilty look for a moment.

"Oh, yes, Master Silver," he said. "Of course! And by the way, you young gents will be able to come to my shop if you like, arter to-day."

Jimmy stared.

"And see Morny?" he exclaimed.

Mr. Bandy coughed again. "My noo boy's leaving to-day," he explained. "Come to think of it, it ain't quite the thing to keep 'im on, agin the wishes of a gentleman like Dr. Chisholm."

Lovell whistled. Evidently Mr. Bandy had lent ear to the voice of the charmer, and the

anguished ejaculations could be heard still farther.

"Now you may go!" rumbled the Head, pointing to the door with his cane. "I shall keep this document until all the boys whose names appear there have been punished. You may go."

Jimmy Silver went, almost limping.

He came round the corner of the passage, with his hands tucked under his arms, and deep woe in his countenance.

"Five hundred lines each!" said Lovell.

"Ow!" said Jimmy.

"After all, it was a rather rotte idea—"

"Wow!"

"Had it bad?"

"Yow-ow-wow-wow!"

It was some time before Jimmy Silver's anguish subsided sufficiently for him to think of Mornington again. But his sympathy with the

expelled junior never took again the form of presenting a petition to the Head. Once was enough.

The 6th Chapter. Mornny's Latest!

"What a horrid row!"

Arthur Edward Lovell made that remark the following day, after morning lessons. The chums of the Fourth were in the quad, when strange and weird sounds of music reached their ears from the direction of the gates.

A hurdy-gurdy had stopped in the road, close to the gates of Rookwood, and the raucous sounds could be heard almost all over the school.

"Why the thump doesn't Mack send the merchant away!" growled Raby.

"He seems to be enjoying the music," grinned Jimmy Silver.

Old Mack, the porter, had come out of his lodge, with the intention of despatching the itinerant music

merchant. Instead of that, however, old Mack had stopped in the gateway, and was staring out into the road with his eyes almost bulging from his head.

"Something going on there," said Jimmy Silver curiously. "Let's go and look!"

The Fistical Four sauntered down to the gates. Tubby Muffin was there, and he yelled to them as they came along.

"This way, you chaps! It's Mornny!"

"Mornny!" howled Jimmy Silver. "He, he, he! Yes, Mornny!"

The Fistical Four broke into a run. They came breathlessly up to the gates, and an astonishing sight met their eyes. A barrel-organ was in the road opposite the gateway, and the musician turning the handle was Valentine Mornington! He was grinding out a doleful tune, which bore some distant resemblance to "The Bogie Man." But the resemblance was very distant.

But that was not all. A large placard was fastened upon the organ, large enough to be read at a distance. It bore a striking and well-displayed inscription. Jimmy Silver gasped as he read it:

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC!
I AM A PUBLIC-SCHOOL BOY
REDUCED TO THIS METHOD OF
EARNING AN HONEST LIVING!
MY NAME IS MORNINGTON.
I BELONG TO ROOKWOOD
SCHOOL!
SPARE A COPPER!!!

A frowzy old hat lay on the ground beside the organ, for the reception of coppers from a compassionate public.

"My word!" breathed Lovell.

"That—that—that's Mornny's latest stunt!"

"Mornny, you awful ass—"

Mornington ground on at the organ.

"Look 'ere!" stuttered old Mack. "This won't do! You move on, you

young raskil! You take that thing away from 'ere!"

Mornington looked at him.

"This is a public road," he said. "I can grind my organ here if I like. I'm not on Rookwood ground."

"You clear off!"

"Rats!"

Tubby Muffin had sped into the quad with the news, and it spread like wildfire over Rookwood.

Crowds of fellows came swarming down to the gates, to stare at the amateur organ-grinder, and howl with laughter.

Mornington ground on.

"By gad!" said Townsend of the Fourth. "Spare a copper for an old Rookwooder! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Lovell. "What will the Head say?"

Coppers showered into the hat, and sixpences and shillings, too. The Rookwooders felt that the entertainment was worth it, especially when

(Continued on page 312.)

HEALTH & EXERCISE

If you are in need of any advice concerning health and general fitness write to "The Health Editor, The Boys' Friend, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4." All queries will be personally answered by Mr. Longhurst. Seize this opportunity of securing first-rate information and advice FREE!

(A Splendid Series of Articles on the All-Important Subject of Muscular Development.)
 By PERCY LONGHURST.

Forms of the "Struggle."

There are several varieties of the "struggle" other than that described last week, but the principle of all remains the same. Whichever form is used, be careful that you don't make the mistake of getting the feet very close together, or allowing the opposing bodies to touch anywhere except at the chest. One variety is carried out thus:

The parties stand facing each other; the arms are extended forward, slightly bent at the elbows, and the opposing hands locked by interlacing the fingers. Then the pushing and resisting commences. Other forms are with only one hand used—that is, fingers of right hand interlaced with those of the other fellow's left hand. And then your left against his right. Still another way is to have the hands lifted to full arm stretch above the head. This requires the bodies to be slanted well forward, and the feet really wide apart.

There is still another, but it is somewhat more difficult, and the contest should not be kept up very long. Attacker and defender stand back to back so that just the shoulder-blades are touching. The arms are extended sideways and at about the level of the shoulders; then opposite hands are locked as before, and the defender resists the attacker's attempt to drag or shove him across the floor.

Don't forget the deep breathing after each exercise.

A lot of hard muscular work and a good deal of fun can be got out of the following. The two chaps stand side by side, but facing in opposite directions. The attacker then presses his left shoulder against the defender's left, and, without breaking the contact, tries to shove him across the room, the defender, of course, resisting. Recollect that the shove must be continuous and steady; it is not a football charge. This done, change places and sides, the attacker becoming defender, and right shoulder shoving against right shoulder.

After this, let the attacker go behind the defender—who should lean forward—and clasp him about the body, just below the waist. Then he proceeds to lug him backwards, but by a steady pull, not a series of vigorous jerks.

The following is a good leg exercise. Let one sit on the floor, palms of the hands on the floor at sides to preserve balance. The other takes hold of the left ankle with both hands, lifts the foot from the floor, and carries it away to the left, the owner resisting. Then similarly with the right foot.

Your Favourite Game?

I was having a talk a while ago with a well-known medical man who has been making a very thorough inquiry into the relationship between games and physical efficiency—which, of course, includes health. Some of the conclusions at which he has arrived are very interesting; not only that, but they are of very great value. His position as the medical chief of an important branch of our Army gave him plenty of opportunities of

carrying out examinations and making exhaustive tests. What he had to say, therefore, is to be accepted without hesitation.

The best men from the military point of view, he declared, were found amongst those who were enthusiastic players of all athletic games. They had greater physical endurance, could be better depended upon "to stick it out," and had—to use a term which will be thoroughly well understood by everyone with experience of sport—"more guts" than those who did not spend part of their leisure in enjoying the playing of games.

Let fellows do their special exercises if they like," he said. "If they're not carried to excess, they won't do any harm, and they will do some good. But, for goodness' sake, don't let them give up all their time to the going through of muscular movements, to the following of some physical culture system. Let them spend—and particularly does this apply to the younger ones—the great bulk of the time they have at their disposal for recreation in such games as Rugby football—the finest physical 'game' there is—such athletic sports as boxing and wrestling, swimming, and cross-country or road-running. These are the exercises that are going to give them health and strength, fitness and endurance. For a chap to shut himself up in a room and go through twenty movements of this exercise with dumbbells, or forty movements of that kind with an exerciser, is a waste of time if he's able to spend it in getting out of doors or in the water. And don't let him forget the importance of breathing properly. So far as I can tell, there's not one in a million even amongst athletes who do breathe properly. Nearly all teaching of breathing has been upon entirely wrong lines up to the present."

Well, that's something with which I entirely agree. Do away with athletic games, and you do away with one of the most valuable forms of health and strength giving exercise. Games bring enjoyment as well as exercise, and there's a big advantage in getting that enjoyment. There can't be any real pleasure, for instance, in spending a couple of hours in the lifting of heavy weights—nothing like as much as will be derived from getting outdoors and taking part in a jolly, hard-working game which exercises lungs and heart and muscles, which leaves one pleasantly tired, and generally makes one feel one has had a jolly good time. Never neglect games.

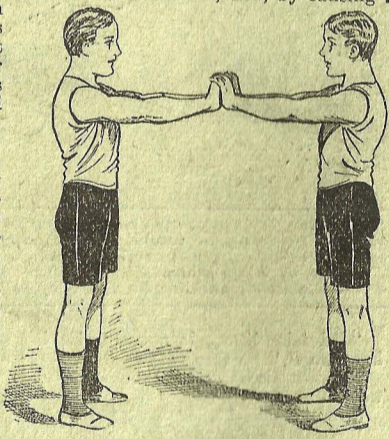
Cross-Country Running.

There is one objection to this most excellent form of exercise—those who live in towns can't get much opportunity of indulging in it. It's the only objection there is. Road-running is a substitute, if not a very good one. But where large open spaces or commons do exist in the locality in which a chap happens to live there is no reason why he should not try to obtain permission from the authorities—I dare say it will be re-

quired, and, anyway, it is better to avoid trouble by getting the permission—to indulge in a two or three mile trot over the grass. This is better than road-running, for the air above these open spaces is more pure than in the streets of a town, and, in addition, there is no danger from passing traffic to worry about. The permission obtained, the next thing is to hunt up half a dozen chums and get them to join in.

Such running is very different from track-running. The muscles are held much less stiffly, the running is more easy and natural. You don't want to make it racing.

This is the kind of running which gives a fellow endurance. It develops his lungs and strengthens his heart without any fear of producing strains. It makes him tough and wiry. It does an enormous amount of good to the blood circulation, and, by causing



A form of the Struggle.
(See accompanying article.)

gentle perspiration, helps to get rid of a deal of waste matter which will persist in accumulation in the body, no matter how good his health is.

Don't let the runs be too long. Go over the ground first and shape out a rough two miles course. This may be increased to three miles when the runners have brought themselves into decent condition. But four miles ought to be the absolute limit.

Don't let the pace be great—certainly not the best pace of the fastest runner of the bunch. If he is allowed to set the pace the slow runner will get discouraged and drop out, perhaps to abandon the game altogether. Or else he'll make a violent effort to keep up with the leader, with the result that he may do himself some serious injury. Anyway, he'll get no pleasure out of the game. And to extract pleasure from your athletic recreation should be the chief object. Exercise without enjoyment of it is nothing but disagreeably hard work which brings little benefit.

Start slow, so as to get the muscles warmed up and that the lungs may get accustomed to the demand made upon them. Later the pace may be increased for a brief spell, with a return to the slow jog-trot. If you

make a real race for the finish take care that the distance sprinted doesn't make more than a hundred yards or so.

Try to breathe as much as possible through the nose, and do not get into the habit of breathing snatchily. Do your best to empty the lungs of the used-up air. It is that which makes you feel bad.

The Swimming-bath.

If you have—as you ought—a swimming-bath not far away from where you live, make the best use of it. There you will not only be improving or acquiring knowledge of what is perhaps the most valuable physical accomplishment it is possible to possess; but, at the same time, you will be having a most enjoyable time, improving to an enormous extent your bodily strength and vital health, and gaining for yourself a resisting power against colds and coughs and other far more serious diseases such as may be acquired in hardly any other manner.

One of these days there'll be provided a sufficient number of swimming-baths to serve the needs of all as frequently as required. Don't wait until then; get as much swimming as you can now. It is far easier to learn to swim when young than when thirty years have been reached; and if you are a regular swimmer, long before you are thirty years of age you'll have built up a physical system strong and efficient enough to guarantee a continuance of good health throughout a long life.

Amongst the natives of the South Pacific Islands it is the usual thing to see youngsters only just big enough and strong enough to walk able to swim most efficiently. Of course, they have the sea at their front door, so to speak; they go into it when they're babies, and they pass a large part of the day in the water. Of course, we at home can't do this, but it is possible for every fellow to make more use of the local swimming-bath than he usually does. I know there are hundreds who go in practically every day when they can; but there ought not to be mere hundreds, there ought to be thousands—tens of thousands.

Take a dozen average boys and ask how many are able to swim. You'll be lucky if you find half who can do so. They don't realise what they are missing. Learning isn't difficult, and a small ability in swimming will give more enjoyment and real physical benefit than a corresponding degree of knowledge and ability in any other sport.

I don't say anything about racing. That's quite a minor consideration. A lad who can swim well enough to keep himself afloat is a better one than he who can't, even if the latter weigh a stone heavier and measures two inches more around the biceps and can do fancy tricks on the horizontal bar. The one who can, not only swim himself, but is able to take on the job of saving the life of a drowning person, is worth two non-swimmers.

If you're a non-swimmer, make up your mind to it that this summer you

really will learn. Stick at it until you do learn. Improve yourself all you can. Go into the bath as often as you can. It costs money? Sure, it does; but it is money well spent. Better spend your money in a swimming-bath than at a picture-palace.

Trick Feats of Strength.

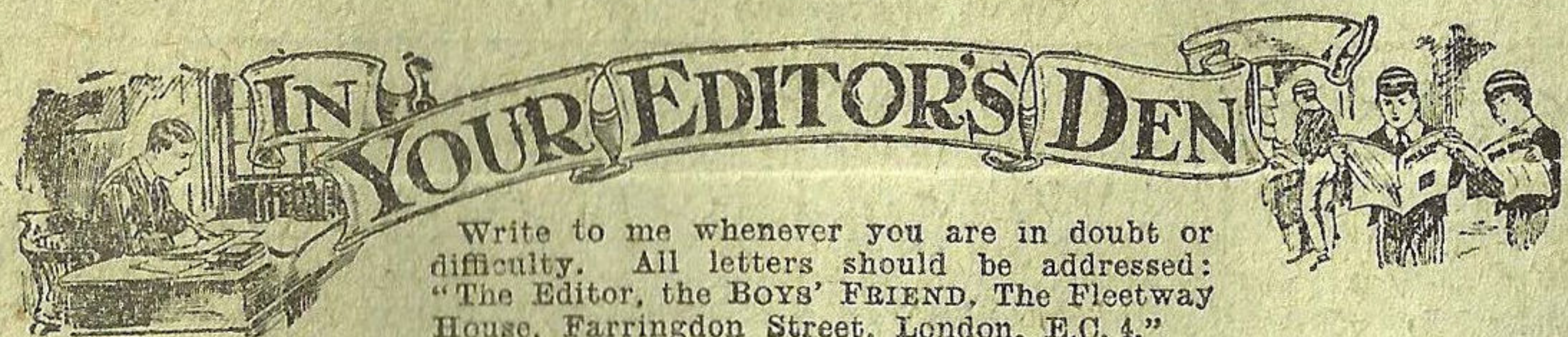
Those who had "inside" knowledge were aware that a goodly number of the wonderful feats of strength which were seen performed by professional strong men on the music-hall stage were tricks. Some were actually illegitimate—not at all what they were represented to be, while others were what may be called "trick" feats. The breaking of a massive iron chain by the contraction of the biceps muscle, and the snapping of solid coins between fingers and thumbs, were examples of the former kind. In some way or other, by the use of acids or by filing not easily to be detected, the chains that were actually broken had been "doctored." Sometimes the strong man would put on a pair of gloves when breaking a coin—just to save his skin from being cut. Yes; but those gloves would be provided with metal plates having a couple of projecting clips into which the coin to be broken would slip. A sharp wrench—I am not going to say that a good deal of real strength was not required for this—and the coin would be broken in halves.

Some of the feats, however—such as those that were performed by Vansittart, the "Man with the Iron Grip," who used to break an ordinary tennis-ball in halves with his fingers, and break horseshoes asunder were genuine. The best feat I ever saw him perform—in a club dressing-room—was to take an empty quart champagne-bottle between fingers and thumb, holding it by the neck, and then, simply by working his fingers, without assistance from the other hand, slide his grip gradually down the bottle, over the shoulders, and lower, until he had the bottle standing on the palm of his hand.

A good example of the "trick" feats I have referred to is the bar-bell one notable strong man owned, which was heavier at one end than the other. By constant practice he had learned exactly where to grip the bar so as to divide the weight equally. Others who tried, not knowing the trick, invariably failed to lift the weight above the head, which the strong man did with ease. Still another trick was to have a shaft to the bar-bell so thick that no ordinary hand—its owner's hand was as big as a shovel—could get a firm grip of it.

Here is a trick you can try for yourself. Stand upright, feet together, and place the finger-tips of one hand on the top of the head, elbow out sideways. You can now safely challenge any friend to lift your hand from your head with one hand, that hand taking an over grip. It seems simple enough, but it can't be done.

(Another splendid article next Monday.)



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."

NEXT MONDAY'S BUMPER NUMBER.

Our next week's issue will be the 1,000th number (now series) of the BOYS' FRIEND, and in honour of the occasion I have prepared a really tip-top bumper number. To commence with there will be the opening chapters of a magnificent new serial of the Wild West, written by one of your favourite authors, Mr. Gordon Wallace, who achieved such popularity with "The Double-Horseshoe Ranch."

"REDSKINS AND RUSTLERS!" By Gordon Wallace.

The next long complete story of the chums of Rookwood will be a scout story, in which the juniors pay a visit to the great scout festival at Olympia. The title is:

"JIMMY SILVER & CO. AT THE JAMBOREE!" By Owen Conquest.

And another splendid instalment of our grand new adventure serial is full of exciting interest from first to last. I have already received scores of letters in praise of this new serial by Mr. Sidney Drew, and you can take it from me that this story becomes more interesting from week to week as the author cleverly unwinds his plot. Be sure and read

"THE GOLDEN TRAIL!" By Sidney Drew.

Also a long, complete story of Frank Richards & Co. is included on the programme. Harold Hopkins, the Cockney schoolboy, is in trouble, and Frank Richards and his chums endeavour to assist him. What the trouble is, and what part the Cedar Creek fellows play in this splendid story, you will learn from

"DOWN ON HIS LUCK!" By Martin Clifford.

And another instalment of our cinema serial, with Phil Fernie well to the fore, will satisfy all my readers who have been following the exploits of Joe Fosdyke's Film Company. You must not miss

"THE STAR OF THE FILMS!" By Tom Bridges.

Next on the programme is a specially-written article by a Scoutmaster of the 3rd Hampton Troop of Boy Scouts, relating in glowing style the events of the Boy Scouts

Jamboree at Olympia. I want all my chums to make a point of reading this fine article, which is entitled

"THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL JAMBOREE." By Scoutmaster, 3rd Hampton Troop.

And another thrilling instalment of our schoolship serial, with Dick Dorrington & Co. in the limelight, so to speak. Dr. Crabhunter is chased by a herd of bank-oxen, and things are looking very black for him when our youthful heroes intervene. I advise all my chums to read

"THE SCHOOLBOY ADVENTURERS!" By Duncan Storm.

Last, but by no means least, there is a splendid article by our Health Editor, which will be of special interest to Boy Scouts. Do not miss

"HEALTH AND EXERCISE." Conducted by Percy Longhurst.

I feel sure my chums will appreciate this full programme, and will agree with me when I say that no other paper on the market offers such a bumper three-halfpennyworth. I can almost hear you saying "Hear, hear! Long live the 'Green 'Un'!"

OUR VILLAGE.

A correspondent tells me that he went to spend a few weeks in a pleasant village. He was a lucky sort of bargee to have the chance, since after London Town a quiet village at this time of year is bad to beat. I often think I should like a month sitting on a gate looking at what is going on, and having a chat with the cows

and sheep, and, perhaps, trying after the carp in the deep pond under the willows. A visit to a farm has its interest. You may be a bit clumsy with a pitchfork, but there is generally something an outsider can do.

A SUMMER HOLIDAY.

Did you ever stop at a farm in the South at hopping time? If you did you will know what I mean. There is something pretty wonderful about life in a valley in Sussex. The hops are not ready yet, but they scent the countryside pleasantly even now. You can pick as many hops as you just think you will, or you can roam round the farm buildings. There is a rare lot to see about a farm. Where the folks get the old furniture and whatnots from beats the band. You cannot help but appreciate the life. London might be a hundred miles away. You can walk for miles without seeing as much as a red-roofed cottage or a house of any sort. It is at times such as these that you feel sure the farmer has the best of it. He growls. He would not be a farmer if he did not. But may it not be that he wants to put others off coming along and enjoying his pleasant time? I let it go at that.

THE BEST FRIEND.

Now, is he the chap who agrees with you always—who, in short, is just an echo of yourself—or will the true friend prove himself a veritable stinging-nettle at times? I shall give

the last kind best. You see it is this way. The fellow who is simply a mush of concession shows weakness. Friendship is not a question of saying the placid, soft thing, but of standing out for what is right. There is too much chop logic and talk in most so-called friendships. Friendship is a largely silent business. Two chaps feel at one in many things. They do not want to talk about them.

A COMFORTING THEORY.

If you take the trouble to look into what was happening in back ages you are simply bound to be struck by the fact that things that happen now are precisely similar to things which occurred in the old days. The reason is easy to guess. It has been human nature all the way. You find the same misunderstandings, the same growls, the same way of taking things. There are numerous folks who regard this age of ours as mighty special and distinctive, but it really isn't anything of the kind. It is just a genial carrying-on of other ages. We have the same experiences and dilemmas. Civilisation picks up a lot of quaint extras, but it does not clear away the obstacles which humanity always found confronting it on the road.

Your Editor

HARD TIMES!

(Continued from page 304.)

they considered what the Head would say!

There was a rustle and an exclamation, and Mr. Bootles came pushing through the crowd at the gates, looking very agitated.

"Mornington!" he gasped. "Cease this at once! These—these disgraceful proceedings—"

"Nothing disgraceful that I know of, sir, in turning an organ for a living," answered Mornington.

"Go away at once!" said Mr. Bootles faintly. "The—the Head is coming!"

"Let him come, if he cares for music!" said Mornington. "I'm sure I'm honoured by such a distinguished audience. Hallo! Good-mornin', sir! Any special tune you'd like?"

Dr. Chisholm stepped through the crowd, his eyes fixed on Mornington and on his placard, with a terrific expression.

"How—how—how dare you!" he gasped, at last. "Wretched boy, have you no sense of shame—"

"What's wrong?" asked Mornington, in surprise. "I've taken this up as a profession, sir, quite an honourable profession. Would you care to make a contribution to the hat, sir?"

"Boy, you—you— Stop it at once! Stop, I tell you! Mack, turn that young rascal away at once!" thundered the Head.

"Oh, lor'!" murmured old Mack. "You don't care for music, sir?" asked Mornington affably. "You wouldn't care for me to come along to-morrow, sir, and play in the quad?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Mornington picked up the well-filled hat.

"I'm going, sir," he said. "Any fellow who cares for music—this kind of music—can hear me grinding outside the Peal of Bells this afternoon. I'll pay your school another visit to-morrow, sir."

"If—if you dare—"

"Good-afternoon, sir! Keep your wool on!"

And, with that parting salute, Valentine Mornington picked up the handles of his barrel-organ, and trundled the instrument away down the road towards the village.

The Head stood gazing after him, as if transfixed.

His expression was extraordinary as he turned away at last, and hurried back to the School House. There was a roar of laughter the moment the Head was gone. Morny's latest stunt had taken Rookwood by storm, and the juniors yelled over it. But the hapless Head was not inclined to join in the general merriment. He paced his study with contracted brows, wondering what was to be done with Mornington, without finding an answer to the question.

THE END.

(Another grand story of the Chums of Rookwood School next Monday.)

OUR NOVEL CINEMA COMPETITION! HIDDEN TITLES OF POPULAR CINEMA PICTURES.

First Prize, £10; Second Prize, Five Shillings a Week for a Period of Six Months; Third Prize, Half-a-Crown a Week for Six Months; and Twenty Consolation Prizes of Splendid Pocket-Knives.

THE FOURTH SET OF PICTURES

All the BOYS' FRIEND readers, I feel sure, visit the local Cinema at least once a week, and, having taken that for granted, I have designed this simple competition with a view to its being popular with all my chums.

In the adjoining columns you will see the fourth set of six pictures which, on careful study, will reveal the titles of popular Cinema Pictures.

All you have to do is to write underneath each picture the title of the film you think it suggests. Below you will find an example picture, which represents the film entitled, "Daddy Long-Legs," and the remaining pictures are just as easy.

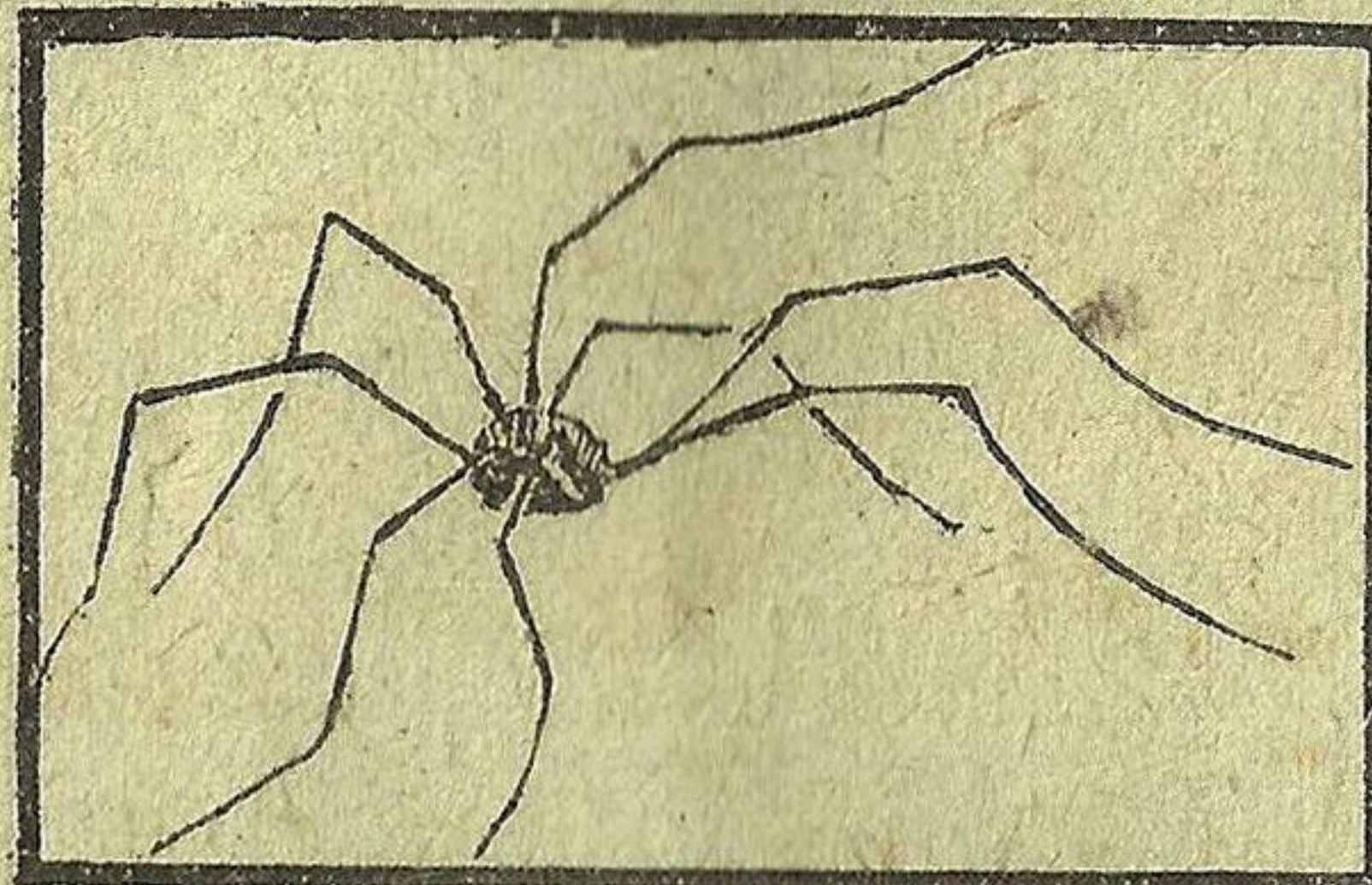
There will be four more sets of pictures, and when the last set appears I will announce in this column when your solutions are to be sent in to me.

Readers can send in as many sets as they like, but in each case the solutions must be written underneath each picture appearing in the BOYS' FRIEND.

To the readers whose efforts correspond most correctly with the list of titles I have locked in my safe, I will award the above prizes in order of merit.

Remember that Your Editor's decision must be accepted as absolutely final in this competition.

EXAMPLE:

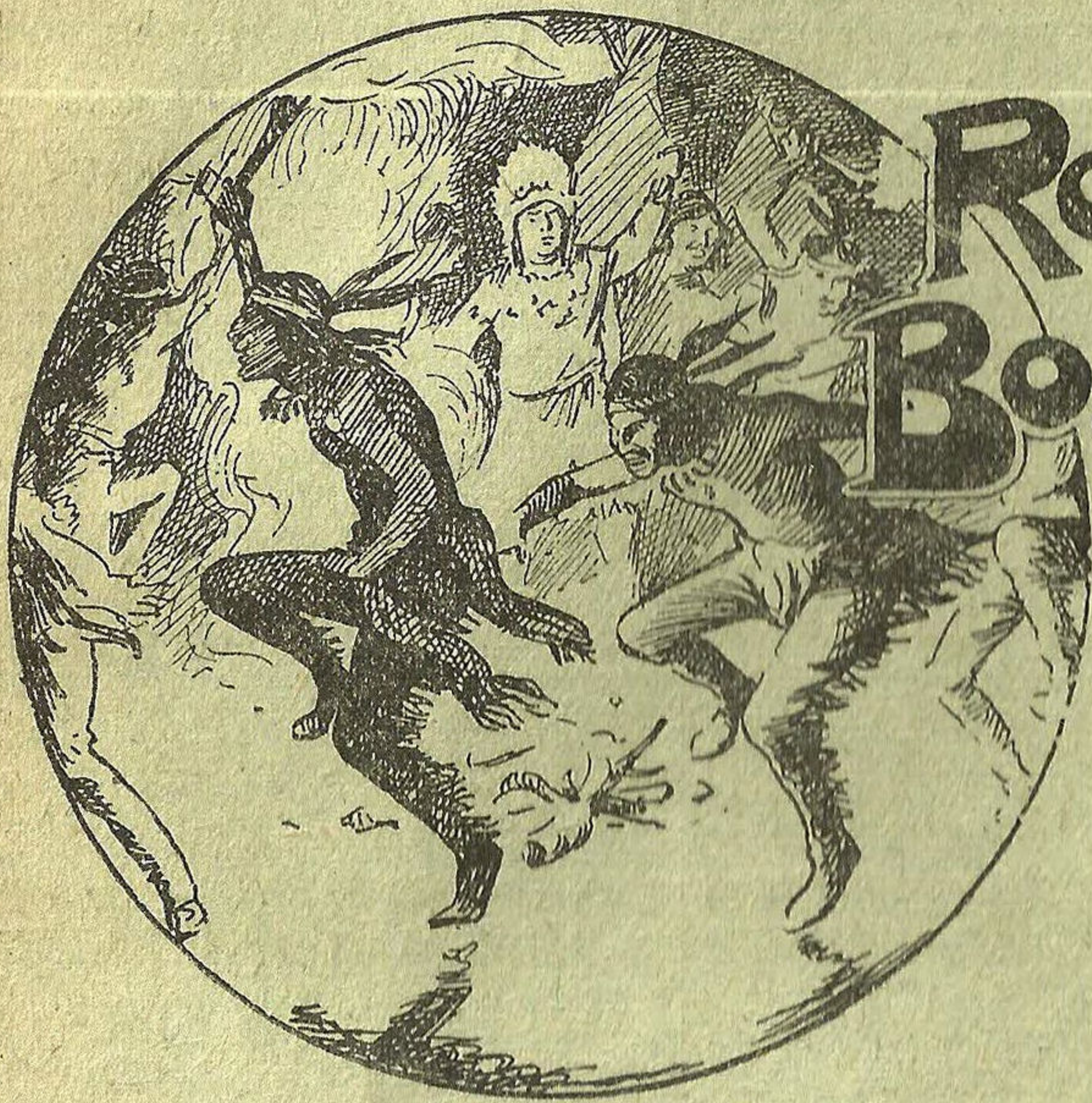


Daddy Long-Legs

NOTE! Keep your completed efforts by you. Do not send in any sets of pictures until the closing date of the competition is announced.

Grid of 24 numbered boxes containing partial images and letters for a cinema picture competition. Box 19: ED, B, F8. Box 20: And they lived happily ever after. The End. Box 21: R, a cow, a building. Box 22: The OE, W, FE. Box 23: A playing card (Jack of Hearts). Box 24: A man counting money, with text 'ALL THESE SHILLINGS ARE MINE! ALL MINE!'.

Advertisement for story books. 'YOUR CHOICE OF COMPLETE STORY BOOKS EACH A 65,000-WORD NOVEL COMPLETE IN ITSELF. NOW ON SALE!' Lists books under 'DETECTIVE TALES' (Sexton Blake Library) and 'SCHOOL, SPORT, AND ADVENTURE TALES' (Boys' Friend Library).



ROUNDING UP THE BOOT-LEGGERS

A Splendid, Long, Complete Story of FRANK RICHARDS & Co., of CEDAR CREEK SCHOOL. By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

The 1st Chapter.

The Troopers on the Trail.

"I guess that's the show!" Sergeant Lasalle raised his riding-whip, and pointed, as he spoke. Against the sky of black velvet, in the distance a red glow danced and wavered and vanished and appeared again.

Vere Beauclerc watched it eagerly. It was the reflection of a fire in the distance—evidently a huge bonfire to cast so wide a reflection.

Beauclerc and the sergeant were following a wild track in the hills, leading their horses, the footing being too uncertain for riding in the darkness of the night. Behind them came the five Canadian Mounted Police troopers, leading their steeds in single file.

Since leaving the camp of the liquor smugglers, the sergeant had lost the trail in the darkness, the traces left in the rocky soil being few and faint. He was seeking the Indian village, for which he was assured that the smugglers had headed. Beauclerc knew the direction in which it lay, but not its exact whereabouts; but the glow that suddenly danced in the sky was a sure guide.

"I guess they've got a big fire going," the sergeant remarked. "It's a jamboree, I reckon; and that shows pretty plainly that the fire-water has arrived. That's the Kootenay village yonder, my boy, and I guess the boot-leggers are already there."

"It looks like it," said Beauclerc. "That's too big for a trapper's camp-fire. If the boot-leggers are there, Bob Lawless and Frank Richards are there, too!"

"I guess so. Don't you worry, sonny," said the sergeant, kindly. "I guess we shall find them all right. They're prisoners, that's sure; but I reckon we'll get there in time—"

He paused. The red glow in the sky was wider and more constant. Evidently the great fire in the Indian village was burning high. The jamboree was probably already in progress, and if the fire-water was flowing, there was terrible danger for the white prisoners, though the Indians, when sober, would not have been likely to harm them. Under the influence of fire-water there was likely to be bloodshed among the Redskins themselves, and at such a time, white prisoners would scarcely escape unhurt.

Vere Beauclerc realised that clearly, as well as the sergeant, and his anxiety for his chums deepened.

Sergeant Lasalle turned to his men and rapped out a brief word of command, and the troopers looked to their carbines.

It was very probable that the weapons would be needed, if they arrived when the Redskins were in a state of intoxicated madness.

The little party pushed on. They were threading their way over a rocky and precipitous hillside, descending into a valley where the Indian village lay.

In spite of their haste to get to the Kootenay village, it was impossible to proceed at more than a walk. But from the trackless rocks, they came out at last into a beaten trail which ran almost directly towards the glow in the distance.

"Mount!" said the sergeant. It was possible to ride now; this track was evidently the Indians' accustomed path to the village.

The party pushed on at a trot. Redder and brighter grew the glow in the sky and the sergeant's quick ears even detected the sound of dis-

tant yelling. It was plain that the Indian jamboree was in progress.

"Halt!" said Sergeant Lasalle, suddenly.

The troopers stopped.

"I guess there's horsemen ahead of us on this trail," said the sergeant.

"Quiet! Dismount, and take cover."

Vere Beauclerc's heart throbbed with impatience.

He was thinking of his two chums, prisoners in the lodges of the Redskins, at the mercy of the maddened savages.

"Sergeant Lasalle——" he muttered.

"Silence!"

Beauclerc was silent. He could hear no sound on the trail ahead, but it was evident that the quicker ears of the sergeant had warned him.

a limb. Their captors were taking no further risks with them.

Outside, the big fire was blazing, and the squaws were busy cooking buffalo-meat and other meats in preparation for the feast.

The cargo of fire-water, brought to the village by Hiram Hook and his gang, had been transferred to the lodge of the chief, Thunder Cloud.

Half-a-dozen armed braves stood guard over that lodge to keep the fire-water from pilfering hands.

Frank Richards could see the scene from where he lay in the lodge. He was no longer thinking of escape.

The raw hide thongs that cut cruelly into his flesh made that impossible.

The chums of Cedar Creek could but await their fate, whatever it was; and they feared the worst.



NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON! In the darkness beyond the radius of light cast by the fire, Frank Richards caught dim glimpses of rapidly-moving horsemen. The burning brand came closer to him; he was to be the first victim. Crack! The light had almost touched the pile of brushwood when a rifle shot rang out, and the Indian gave a fierce howl and toppled over. Help was at hand!

The troopers drew their horses aside from the trail, and tethered them in a clump of stunted pines.

Then, carbine in hand, they waited. By that time, Beauclerc and the rest could hear what the sergeant had heard—the sound of hoofs on the hard soil, and the jingling of stirrups and bridles.

In silence, finger on trigger, the Canadian troopers waited for the unseen horsemen to come up.

The 2nd Chapter.

The Indian Jamboree!

"Frank, old chap!" Bob Lawless rolled over and wriggled into a sitting posture, with his back to the lodge-pole.

After their desperate attempt to escape, dragged back into the village by the Redskins, Frank Richards and Bob Lawless had been thrown into the lodge. They were bound hand and foot with rawhide thongs, so securely, that they could hardly move

In any case, they would hardly have escaped with their lives, when the Redskins became intoxicated; and their attempt to escape had exasperated the savages.

"I guess it looks pretty bad for us, Frank," went on Bob Lawless. "I wonder where the Cherub is now."

"Poor old Beauclerc!" said Frank. "I'm glad he went back and didn't get landed with us, anyhow."

"There's a chance yet," said Bob, hopefully. "I'm sure that the sheriff of Thompson will clip in, the minute Beauclerc tells him about the boot-leg gang—"

"It's no good thinking of that, Bob," said Frank Richards, quietly. "He couldn't possibly get here before to-morrow, if at all."

Bob was silent. Neither of the chums knew that Vere Beauclerc had fallen in with a party of Canadian Mounted Police, in search of the boot-leggers, and had not gone on to Thompson at all. Had they only known it, it would have cheered them and given them hope.

"That villain, Hook, will set the Redskins on us, if he can," said Frank. "We hurt him in trying to get away—"

"The pesky rascal!" said Bob, bitterly. "I guess I almost wish I had finished him."

"Here he comes." The buffalo-robe at the opening of the lodge was dragged aside, and the leader of the boot-leggers looked in.

Hiram Hook's bearded face was pallid, and he stood a little unsteadily.

In the struggle, before the chums of Cedar Creek had made their attempt at escape, the ruffian had been struck down, and although his wound was not very serious, it was painful. His shoulder was thickly bandaged under his coat.

His eyes glittered down at the bound schoolboys, under his thick, beetling brows.

"I guess you won't get loose agin," he said. "I guess you'll be sorry you tried to stick me, young Lawless."

"I'm sorry it's turned out no worse," answered Bob Lawless. "But you'll get hanged some day, that's one comfort."

Hiram Hook scowled and strode into the lodge and dealt the rancher's son a heavy kick.

"I guess that will stop your tongue," he remarked.

Bob's eyes gleamed at him, but he made no answer.

Hook waved his hand towards the blazing fire and the throng of Redskins gathered round it.

"They're beginning," he said. "I reckon they'll soon be through the feast, and then the whisky will begin to flow. Do you know what's going to happen then?"

No answer.

"I was goin' to leave you hyer to take your chance," continued the boot-legger. "I guess it would have been a mighty poor chance when the Reds got mad. But I've fixed it

"By gum!" he muttered. "I guess I'd have liked to get my hands on that scallywag, Frank!"

"I suppose he means what he says, Bob," said Frank Richards. "He's brute enough for anything. But, anyhow, the Indians wouldn't have let us alone when they were drunk."

"I guess not." The chums of Cedar Creek continued to watch the scene without, through the opening of the lodge.

The Redskins were gathered about the great fire, and the feast was already going on.

Hiram Hook and his followers, the three half-breeds, were making their preparations for departure.

But for the wound Hiram Hook had received in his struggle with the schoolboys, the boot-leggers would have been gone already.

Now they were in a hurry to get clear.

Hiram Hook and Black Henri examined the packs on the mules, and then mounted their horses. The other two half-breeds had joined the Indian feast, but Hook called them away, with oaths and threats; and the four rascals mounted at last and started.

The Indians scarcely heeded their departure.

Thunder Cloud, with stately hospitality, had invited the boot-leggers to join in the feast, an invitation Hiram Hook was far too cautious to think of accepting.

The boot-leggers rode away into the night, and vanished from the sight of the prisoners in the lodge.

"They're gone!" muttered Bob Lawless. "It's rotten to think of those rascals getting clear, Frank, after the harm they've done."

The chums continued to watch.

They observed that some of the squaws had collected up all the weapons of the braves and taken them away, a proceeding that rather puzzled Frank Richards at first.

But Bob Lawless, who knew more of the customs of the Redskins, explained it.

"That's always a preliminary to a fire-water jamboree," said Bob. "As soon as they're full, they'll begin to quarrel and fight, and if they had knives and tomahawks at hand, half the village would be wiped out before the morning. They know what's coming, you see, and they always have the weapons put in a safe place before they start drinking. As it is, I guess two or three will get killed by midnight."

Frank shuddered. "And that villain brings that stuff to them for a rotten profit, knowing the harm it does!" he muttered. "It's as bad as murder!"

"I guess it's quite as bad. Hallo, there they come with the fire-water."

The weapons having been taken away, and doubtless concealed in a safe place out of reach of the braves, some of the squaws were bearing the whisky jars from the chief's lodge to the feasters.

The jars were set down, and then the squaws turned from the scene—probably to seek safety for themselves, in the wild scene that was to follow.

The jars passed among the Indians, in solemn silence at first, but as the fiery liquid was poured down thirsty throats, the silence and gravity of the Redskins speedily disappeared.

A babel of voices arose, guttural shouting and singing soon mingled with threats and angry looks.

Some of the Redskins started a wild dance round the fire, several of them snatching flaming brands from the fire, which they waved in the air as they danced.

The jamboree was growing fast and furious now.

Frank Richards and his comrade watched, with throbbing hearts. At present they seemed to have been utterly forgotten, but at any minute, they knew, the Redskins might remember them. And then—

"Hallo, they're going it!" muttered Bob.

The first quarrel was in progress. Two braves, with flaming eyes, were gesticulating furiously at one another, with a torrent of words, taunts, and abuse, in the Kootenay dialect.

Some of the Redskins gathered round them, urging them on; others continued to drink or dance, without regarding them.

The two disputants soon proceeded from words to blows.

They closed and struggled, and each groped at his belt for the knife that—fortunately—was no longer there. But for the general disarming of the Redskins, two dead men would have fallen in a minute more. As it was, they fought with hands and feet and teeth, like a couple of

