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"SHOWN UP!" by Owen Conquest, a Great Story of Jimmy Silver & Co. of Rookwood School, Inside!

The BOYS' FRIEND 2d

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THE BEST BOYS' PAPER IN THE WORLD!

[Week Ending June 7th, 1924.]

Don Darrel's Derby!

by VICTOR NELSON.



FOUL RIDING—AN ATTEMPT TO SEND TOM THUMB OVER THE RAILS!

(A thrilling incident from the long complete racing story in this issue.)

ANOTHER GRAND STORY OF THE CHUMS OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL!



The 1st Chapter. Too Hasty!

Shown Up!

By Owen Conquest.
(Author of the tales of Rookwood appearing in the "Popular.")
In an attempt to catch Jimmy Silver & Co. doing some wrong Carthew shadows them wherever they go!

Arthur Edward Lovell sniffed. It was a pronounced, an emphatic sniff. Lovell had just come in from cricket. He entered the end study in the Fourth Form passage and banged down his bat in a corner. And then he coughed, and then he sniffed. There was a thick atmosphere of tobacco-smoke in the end study—the air was quite heavy with it. Hence Lovell's pronounced, emphatic, and disgusted sniff. Newcome stood by the study window waving a newspaper to clear off the cigarette-smoke. Arthur Edward Lovell fixed an accusing glance on him.

"You silly ass!" said Lovell. "Eh—what?" "Smoking in the study! My hat! You ought to be jolly well ashamed of yourself, Newcome!" exclaimed Lovell hotly.

"You born ass!" roared Newcome. "You silly bounder!" retorted Lovell.

"You footling chump! I haven't been smoking!" howled Newcome. "I haven't been indoors two minutes, fathead, and I found the study just like this, duffer! And I've a jolly good mind to punch your silly head, dummy!"

"Oh!" said Lovell, rather taken aback. It was one of Lovell's little ways to jump to hurried conclusions. He seldom stopped to think. Indeed, his loyal chums, Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome, sometimes averred that he lacked the necessary mental apparatus for thinking.

"Well, if it wasn't you, who was it?" demanded Lovell. "Fathead!" "Look here, Newcome—"

"Ass!" Newcome seemed annoyed. There was a step in the passage, and George Raby came in. Arthur Edward Lovell's accusing glance turned on him.

"Look here, Raby, this is too thick! If you're taking to smoking cigarettes, like that cad Peele, you might at least smoke them somewhere else."

Raby stared at him. "Who's been smoking cigarettes?" he inquired. "Haven't you?" demanded Lovell. "Fathead!" "Slanging isn't answering," said Lovell loftily. "I asked you a question."

"You asked me to punch your silly nose, I suppose you mean!" said Raby warmly.

"Well, if it wasn't you or Newcome, I suppose it was Jimmy," said Lovell. "It must have been somebody. The study fairly reeks with it. I'm surprised at Jimmy, and I'll jolly well give him a talking-to! Hallo! Here he is!"

Jimmy Silver came in. "Tea ready, you chaps?" he inquired cheerily. "Never mind tea!" said Lovell severely. "I'm surprised at you, Jimmy—and jolly well shocked, too! You're captain of the Fourth, and you ought to know better!"

"Eh?" "All very well for dingy cads like Peele and Gower," went on Lovell indignantly. "But I never expected

a chum of mine to make a study reek with filthy baccy-smoke!" Jimmy Silver looked round and sniffed. "Somebody's been smoking here!" he remarked. "And I want to know who it was," said Lovell. "Newcome says it wasn't him, and Raby says it wasn't him; and so I suppose it was you, and you jolly well want kicking!" "So you suppose it was me?" said Jimmy, looking at him. "You shouldn't suppose anything, Lovell, old man. You really ought to remember that on the few occasions when you do any thinking you make a hash of it. Never think, old man. Your brain won't stand it."

"Look here—" roared Lovell. "It's clearing off," said Newcome, still waving the newspaper at the open window. "I wonder who it was? Awful cheek for some cad to sneak in here to smoke while we were out!"

Lovell started. "Oh! You think that's it?" he asked. "Fathead! Of course that's it!" snapped Newcome. "If you had the brains of a bunny rabbit you'd know without being told."

"That's all very well—" began Lovell. "Peele, I suppose," said Jimmy Silver. "Just one of his tricks! Rather rotten for us if a master or prefect dropped in and found the study reeking with smoke."

"I should jolly well say so!" exclaimed Lovell. "And if it wasn't one of you chaps—"

"Cheese it, ass!" "Well, if you give me your word, of course—" said Arthur Edward Lovell magnanimously.

"Not at all!" said Jimmy Silver cheerily. "No need for that, Lovell. You're not judge and jury and prosecuting counsel in this case. You're only a cheeky ass! What you really want is a bumping! That's what you're going to have—see?"

"Look here—"

"Collar him!"

"What-ho!" grinned Raby and Newcome. "Hands off, you cheeky chumps!" roared Lovell. "I tell you—I say—I— Yoopp! Ah—ow! Yar-ooooooop!"

Bump! Arthur Edward Lovell, in the grasp of three pairs of hands, landed on the study carpet with a loud concussion and a louder howl.

"Oh! Oh, my hat! Oooooop! You rotters—owp!"

Bump! "There!" said Jimmy Silver. "Now own up that you're a cheeky ass, old chap, and say you're sorry to have given us the trouble of bumping you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I—I'll wallop you all round! I'll—I'll—" gasped Lovell, spluttering with breathless wrath.

"Are you a cheeky ass?" inquired Jimmy. "Ow! No! I—"

Bump! "Whoop!" "Are you a cheeky ass?" again inquired Jimmy Silver, while Raby and Newcome roared with laughter.

"Oh, my hat! Yes, if you like!" gasped Lovell. "Oh dear! Leggo! I'll scrag you! I'll give you the kybosh! I'll— Ow!"

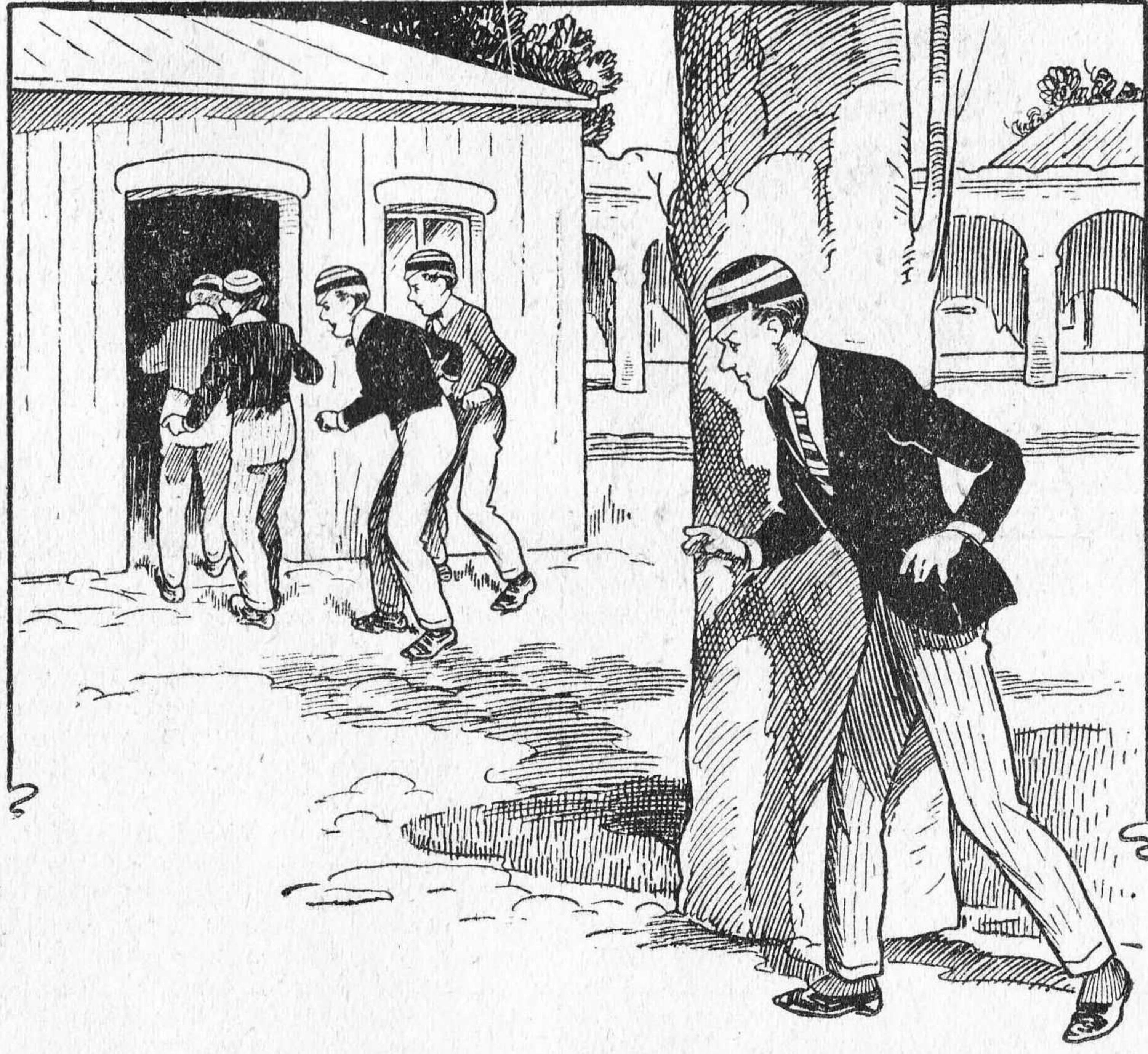
Lovell scrambled to his feet as his chums released him. He seemed about to charge at the three like an enraged bull. But just then there was a step at the door, and Newcome ejaculated:

"Hallo! It's Dicky!"

Carthew as he spoke. He spoke in a very decided tone. Carthew of the Sixth flushed.

"I've reported to you, as the juniors concerned are in your Form, sir," said Carthew tartly. "If you prefer it, I'll take the matter before the Head."

"You will do nothing of the kind, Carthew," said Mr. Dalton quietly. "As you have reported this matter to me I shall look into it. But I have said that it is nonsense, and I repeat that it is nonsense. It has not escaped my observation, Carthew, that you seem to have a personal dislike for Silver and his friends. I am afraid that you allow this to influence you—which is extremely unbecoming in a Sixth Form prefect of Rookwood."



SHADOWED BY CARTHEW! Carthew's eyes gleamed as he noticed that before entering the bicycle shed Jimmy Silver & Co. glanced round them with a very cautious air.

Carthew compressed his lips. "I suppose I can believe my own eyes, sir!" he snapped. "I passed Silver's study a short time ago, and it was reeking with tobacco-smoke. I suppose you do not intend to allow Silver to smoke, any more than any other junior at Rookwood, because he is a favourite of yours."

"That is an impertinent remark, Carthew. I have no favourites in my Form," said Mr. Dalton sternly. "I know Silver too well to believe him guilty of any such folly. However, I shall go to his study at once and see into the matter. You will kindly accompany me."

Mr. Dalton rose and left his study, and the bully of the Sixth followed him.

The Fourth Form master frowned as he mounted the staircase. It was not the first time by many that Carthew had brought him reports of Jimmy Silver & Co.; and Mr. Dalton was quite aware of the feud between Carthew and the end study. Nevertheless, a plain statement of fact was easily put to the test, and the Form master felt that he could not pass the matter without notice.

Several fellows of the Classical Fourth were in the passage, and they looked after the Form master as he passed along with Carthew, and wondered what was "up."

Peele and Gower looked out of their study, the first in the passage, and exchanged a grin.

"Trouble for somebody!" murmured Peele.

"Looks like it!" grinned Gower. Mr. Dalton stopped at the doorway of the end study, which was wide open. He heard Newcome ejaculate "It's Dicky!" but affected not to hear. He was aware that he was called "Dicky Dalton" by the Fourth. He frowned into the study. There was an unmistakable atmosphere of tobacco-smoke, and Carthew's statement was borne out by that evidence.

The Fistical Four looked rather sheepishly at their Form master. Lovell was red and breathless and panting, and the other three looked warm from their exertions in bumping their chum for his own good. They wondered whether Mr. Dalton had heard the uproar, and come along to inquire into it.

"What does this mean, Silver?" asked Mr. Dalton quietly.

"Only a rag, sir," said Jimmy. "Nothing the matter. We didn't think you'd hear the row—"

"I have heard nothing. I am alluding to the atmosphere of smoke in this study," said Mr. Dalton sternly. "Someone has been smoking here."

"Yes, sir."

"I was sure that Carthew was mistaken when he reported the circumstance to me. I trusted this study."

Jimmy crimsoned.

"None of us has been smoking here," he said. "We've been in only a few minutes, and we found the study smoky like this. We don't know who's done it."

Carthew burst into an involuntary laugh. This seemed to him about the thinnest story he had ever heard. Mr. Dalton gave him a cold glance. "This is not a laughing matter,

"No, sir. There were some fellows in the passage."

"The smoking must have been quite recent when you came in ten minutes ago, as the odour is still so perceptible." Mr. Dalton turned to the prefect. "Carthew, you found this study reeking with smoke, as you told me, when you passed the door. How did you happen to be in the Fourth Form passage at the time?"

"It's a prefect's duty to look around the junior quarters occasionally."

"I know that. Were you simply making a round, or had you any special reason for looking into this study?"

"Well, I had a reason," admitted Carthew, after a moment's hesitation. "As a matter of fact, I suspected something had been going on."

"Why?"

"I heard a remark made by a junior," said Carthew sullenly. "It led me to believe that smoking had been going on here."

"Very good. Who was the junior whose remark you heard?"

"Peele of the Fourth."

"He spoke in your hearing—intending you perhaps to hear?" said Mr. Dalton.

"I don't suppose so for a moment."

"You heard his remark, at all events," said Mr. Dalton dryly. "We will now speak to Peele."

The Fourth Form master walked back along the passage, followed by Carthew, who was now looking sullen and uneasy. Jimmy Silver & Co. exchanged a grin. They could guess by this time that Carthew's leg had been pulled by the cad of the Fourth—though certainly Cyril Peele had not expected the investigation to take the line it was now taking.

Mr. Dalton stopped at the first study, and Peele and Gower faced him in uneasy surprise.

"Peele and Gower," said the Form master quietly. "On two or three occasions I have had to punish you for smoking. Have you been smoking this afternoon?"

"No, sir!" answered the two juniors together.

"This study doesn't smell of smoke, Mr. Dalton," said Carthew viciously. "Quite so; and the end study does. Peele, at least, was aware of the fact that smoking had been going on there."

"Oh, no, sir!" said Peele, in alarm. "You made a remark in Carthew's hearing to that effect, Peele."

"Oh! I—I mean—"

"Have you been smoking in the end study, Peele, and did you cause Carthew to visit that study, intending punishment to fall upon boys who had been out of doors at the time?"

"Oh, no, sir!" gasped Peele. "Have you been smoking at all today?"

"No!" said Peele desperately. "Show me your hands! If you have not been smoking, Peele, how comes it that your fingers are stained with cigarettes?"

"Oh!"

"Turn out your pockets, both of you," said the master of the Fourth sternly. "Turn them out to the lining. Ah, I thought so!"

The hapless black sheep of the Fourth had to obey. Among the other articles turned out of their pockets were a packet of cigarettes from Peele, and two or three loose cigarettes from Gower.

"I think that settles the matter," said Mr. Dalton calmly. "I am afraid you allowed yourself to be misled, Carthew, by this unscrupulous boy Peele. I suppose it is clear to you now who has been smoking in Silver's study."

Carthew did not answer. He realised only too clearly that he had made a fool of himself in the most hopeless way, and he did not utter a word.

He gave the two black sheep of the Fourth a savage look, and quitted the study. The Fourth-Formers in the passage grinned as he stalked away furiously to the stairs.

"Peele," said Mr. Dalton, "you will fetch a cane from my study."

Cyril Peele fetched the cane. As soon as he returned with it there was a sound of swishing in Study No. 1, and dismal howls from Peele and Gower. When Mr. Dalton left he left two hapless juniors wriggling and rubbing their hands.

"Oh!" groaned Gower. "Oh, you ass, Peele! Oh! You said it was quite safe. Ow! Wow!"

"Ow! I thought it was all right," groaned Peele. "Ow! It would have been all right for Carthew—wow! That beast Dalton seems to see through everything. Yow-ow!"

Ten minutes later Carthew of the Sixth looked into the study. He had

(Continued overleaf.)

"Under False Colours?" is the great story of the chums of Rookwood School appearing in our next issue. Don't miss it whatever you do!

In Your Editor's Den



Your Editor is always pleased to hear from his readers upon any subject. Address your letters to: Editor, "Boys' Friend," The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

GOOD OLD ROOKWOOD!

Letters pour in from far and wide about the sterling quality of the Rookwood yarns. Mr. Owen Conquest weighs in with an even better story than usual next week. There is never a Rookwood tale but what your attention and interest get nailed from the start.

"UNDER FALSE COLOURS?"

That is the title of the yarn in our next issue. It is a sort of Entente Cordiale story. Mr. Conquest is what the Americans call a good mixer. He knows just the right ingredients to put into his narrative to make it gripping and convincing. In the new tale he describes the advent to Rookwood of a dark horse in the person of a new French master. Monsieur Monceau has been called away. The substitute brings a first class mystery along with him, and Tubby Muffin will long have cause to remember the stranger from La Belle France who drops in to teach French verbs and how to parlyvoov.

"THE AIR MAIL MYSTERY!"

In next Monday's number we get a vivid impression of the perils as well as the mysteries of the new air routes, which are steadily coming into use. Don Darrel and his able coadjutor, "Bulldog" Holdfast, are concerned in a drama of the airways, the equal to which has never been as much as dreamt of. Look out for this thrilling contribution to the romance of the ether. Trifles may be light as air, but in the air are happenings which are far from being trifles, as you will see.

"SCOBBER'S SWINDLE!"

Another treat for our coming issue! Sidney Drew gets into his stride. There is all the fun of life on the Lord of the Deep. Gan Waga plays the chief part. It sounds like an attempt to joke to say the Eskimo has all the fat, but he does get the lion's share. You will be interested in Scobber for a thousand reasons, and tickled a good deal by the quaint events which come up for treatment.

OUR SERIALS.

When serials reach their climax you can know that still finer features are close at hand. This remark is more than ever true in the present instance. Next Monday will see the fall of the curtain on those two magnificent winners: "The Cruise of the Cormorant," and "The Winning Streak," but in each case it is merely giving place to something extra good in the triumph department. We can

salute each of these fine serials with a sincere au revoir to each author. Walter Edwards has a trump hand with his new feature. More of that in a moment. As regards Maurice Everard, there is a good deal that I would like to put in here, but the news will keep. It is just the best news possible with a pleasant anticipatory tingle in it.

NED LOW.

This notorious pirate forms the subject of Mr. Stuart Martin's splendid life story next Monday. The series of biographies of well-known buccaneers has achieved an enormous success, and no wonder at it!

IN TWO WEEKS' TIME!

In a fortnight we shall have the grand opening of a brilliant cricket serial by popular A. S. Hardy. Mr. Hardy is one of the foremost writers on sport. He has a magic touch, and thanks to his vast experience he has the luck to be able to see the pageant of life from many different angles. His forthcoming story, commencing in the next number bar one of the BOYS' FRIEND is startling in its vivid portrayal of a group of characters who come into prominence thanks to their participation in the summer game. King Cricket has a superlatively sound chronicle in Mr. A. S. Hardy, the man in the know.

MORE PROPHECIES.

Maybe to forecast success for Walter Edwards is a work of super-erogation. Anyway, I can be permitted to say that in a few short weeks we shall have the first yarn of the new series about the Duke by the one and only "W.E." These tales are all top-notch. They ring with reality. The Duke has played no end of parts. We have him smooth and suave, talking as pretty as a diplomat. Again he roars in the best leonine style. His hatred for the Hon. Rollo Dayton burns as furiously as of yore. You can bank on the coming treat. The many friends who have written about the Duke please take note.

HOW TO MAKE A SPEECH.

A chum writes asking me about this matter. He has to speak on an ultra important occasion. How is he to do it? What is he to say? It seems a queer contradiction to advise him not to make a speech. But that is the best advice. How many set speeches are washouts because of too much preparation beforehand? People want to hear what a man has to say. What the speaker has to do is to be himself, and say what is in his heart to say. The words will come. It is no good getting up a lot of readymade sentences and firing

them off. People say: "This fellow has been making it all up out of a book." They would rather listen to what he himself thinks.

A SPECIAL REQUEST.

Will readers living at Barnard Castle drop a line to G. Carter, whose address is Wongan Hills, Western Australia? This far away correspondent lives in the Bush, and he is tremendously keen on the stories in the Companion Papers, which make life extra interesting to him. He is in need of a pen chum in this country as stated, age about sixteen.

A GRAND OLD AUTHOR.

Only this week I received a letter from a staunch chum who told me that he had read the stories in the BOYS' FRIEND for years past, and liked them better each week. This correspondent also dips into French literature. He is keen on the works of Anatole France, that wonderful old man who, though eighty years of age, is still working as hard as ever. My friend, likewise, mentioned Dumas, and that famous book "The Three Musketeers." This was a letter of special interest.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Just for the benefit of new readers I would repeat what I have often said about writing to me. If you feel my advice can be of use; two heads are better than one. I am always receiving requests about work and sport, and a myriad topics, and every communication is privately and personally answered.

ON THE MARCH.

Nowadays the BOYS' FRIEND proves more than ever the significance of its title. It is out to keep abreast of all demands, and outstrip them even. With each week the world is changing. New ideas pop up, new requirements have to be taken into account, but the old paper proves equal to the call. That is a proud boast, but it is made by supporters of the "Green 'Un," so I can safely let it pass muster.

THE "BOYS' FRIEND."

As we sweep onward into the jolly summer months the old paper will be dealing in the usual happy style with the sporting interests of the season. Look out for some really appropriate adventures by Jimmy Silver & Co. I have, too, a handful of complete surprises for my chums, so keep your eye on the "Green 'Un." You will always find it right on the spot with just what is wanted.

SUMMER FITNESS.

Mr. Longhurst has his keen eye on the summer season. Anyone in doubt about training in the hot weather should consult the Health Specialist. Conditions and regimen have to be considered. What will serve for the winter is no use now. The summer has its attendant risks in the way of over-exertion, etc., and often enough a straight tip from an expert will save trouble. So just drop a line to Mr. Percy Longhurst if you want to know anything about how to keep yourself up to record concert pitch.

Your Editor.



Shown Up!

By Owen Conquest.

(Continued from page 775.)

and bruised, panted and gasped in the loose straw inside. He knew that the case had been set down in the quad, and he could hear a score of voices round him, and roars of laughter. It dawned upon him at last that Jimmy Silver & Co. must have known all the time that he was concealed inside.

"Hallo!" yelled Lovell. "There's somebody inside."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Somebody inside the packing-case!" yelled Smythe of the Shell.

"Oh gad! Who is it?"

"What is this?" exclaimed Mr. Dalton, hurrying up. "How dare you open this packing-case here? Why—what—what—what—"

The master of the Fourth fairly stuttered, as the loose straw was dragged aside, and Carthew of the Sixth was revealed.

Carthew staggered up. "Carthew!" shouted Bulkeley. "What—what—"

"M-m-master Carthew!" stammered the sergeant. "I never knowed he was inside. Is he mad?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Carthew, breathless, panting, crimson with rage and shame, stood in the open packing-case, with straw clinging all over him. Fellows of all Forms, from the Sixth to the Second, crowded round, staring at him, and yelling with laughter. Mr. Dalton could scarcely believe his eyes.

"What does this mean, Carthew?" he gasped. "Are you out of your senses?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Jimmy Silver & Co.

"Carthew, answer me! What—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence!" rapped Mr. Dalton angrily.

But the juniors roared; they could not help it. They roared and roared again.

Carthew did not speak. He cast one furious glance round him, and then leaped from the packing-case and ran for the House. Yells of merriment followed him. Jimmy Silver wiped his streaming eyes.

"It's too good!" he gasped. "Oh, my hat! I think even Carthew will be fed up after this. It's jolly old Chingachgook's last trail."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jimmy Silver was right. Afterwards Carthew of the Sixth had a painful interview with Mr. Dalton, and a still more painful interview with the Head. And for days and days all Rookwood chuckled and chortled over the episode. And after that Carthew wisely decided to leave the end study severely alone, much to their relief and satisfaction. It was, in fact, Chingachgook's last trail!

THE END.

"Under False Colours?" is the stirring story of the chums of Rookwood School appearing in our next issue. Don't miss it! Order your BOYS' FRIEND in advance and avoid disappointment!

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