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THIS ISSUE!

The BOYS' FRIEND 2d

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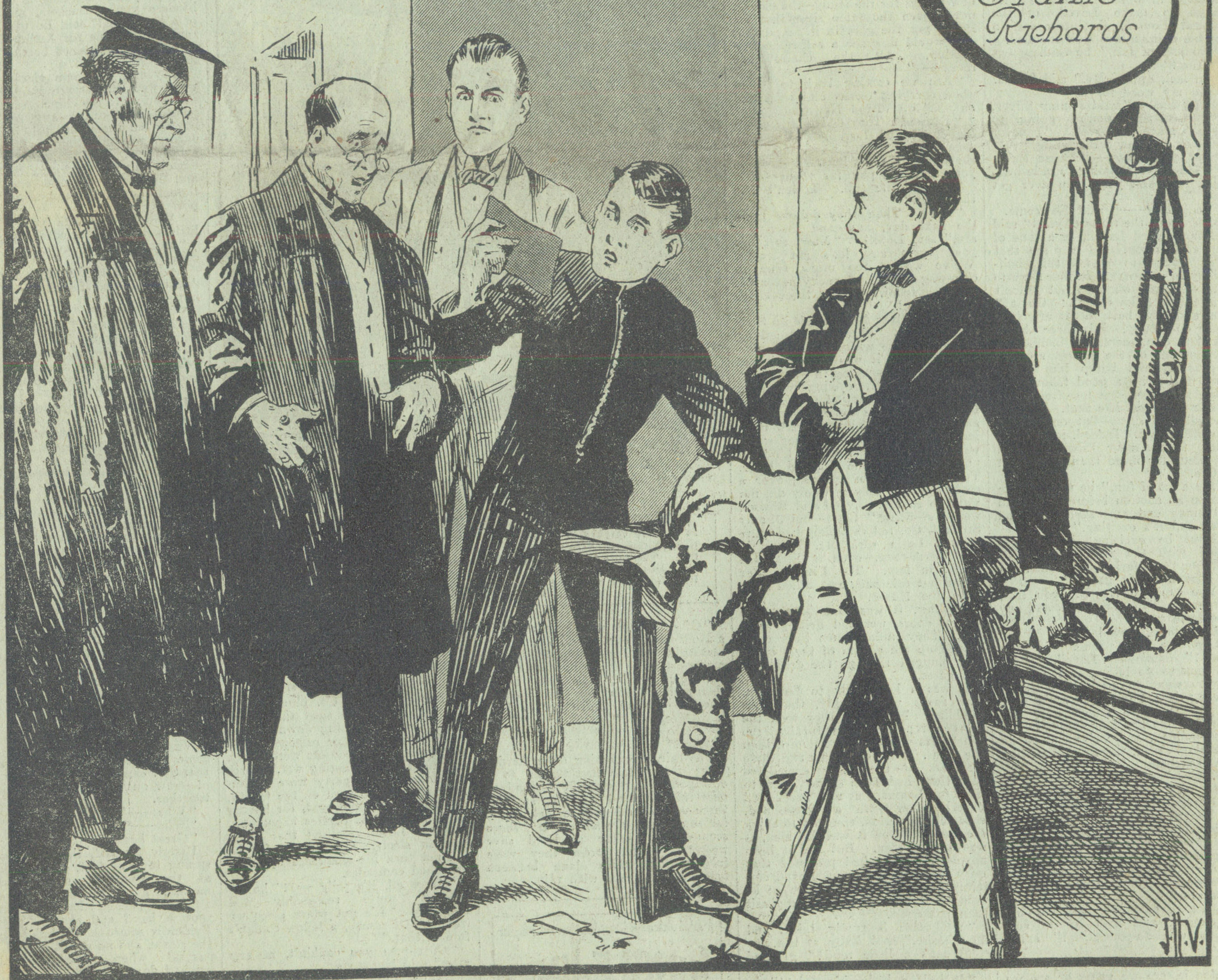
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THE BEST BOYS' PAPER IN THE WORLD!

[Week Ending November 22nd, 1924.

Chums of St. Kit's!

by
Frank
Richards

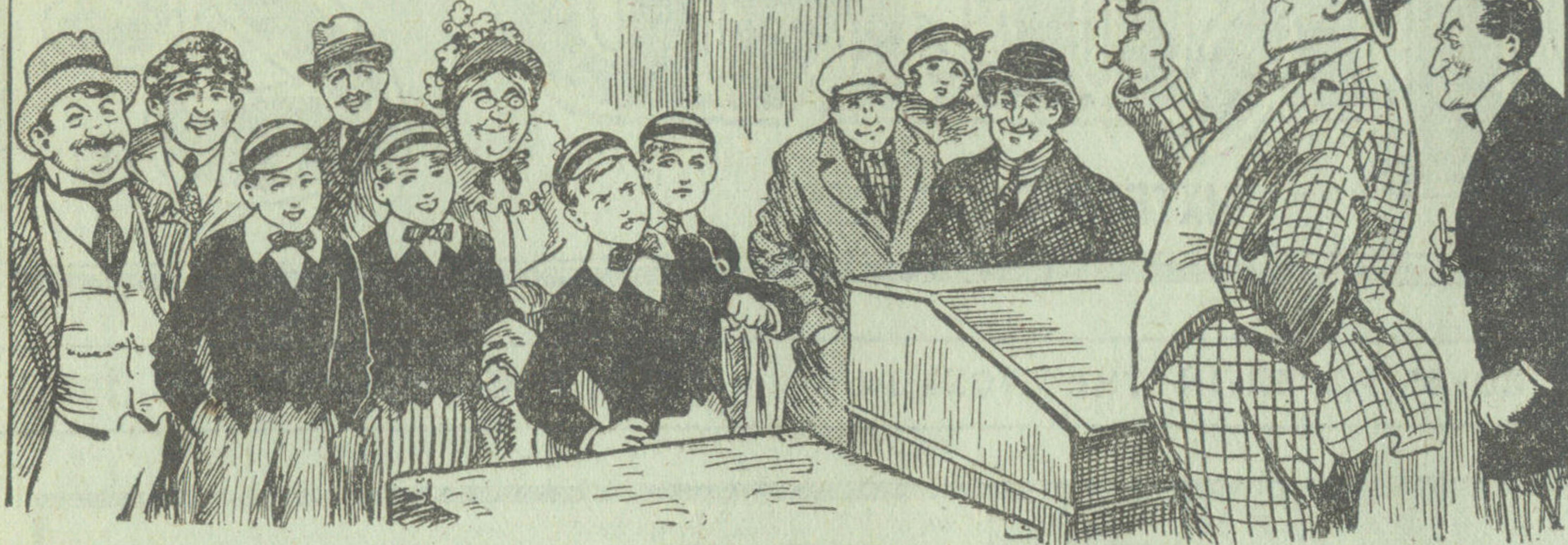


THE MISSING FIVE-POUND NOTE IS FOUND IN THE NAMELESS SCHOOLBOY'S OVERCOAT!

(A dramatic incident from Frank Richards' Great School Story inside.)

ANOTHER FASCINATING STORY OF THE CHUMS OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL!

Leaving it to Lovell!



By OWEN CONQUEST.
(Author of the Tales of Rookwood appearing in the "Popular.")

Arthur Edward Lovell makes a queer purchase at an auction sale!

The 1st Chapter. Wet!

"It will be rather fun!" said Lovell. Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome looked doubtful.

Lovell, of course, looked obstinate at once. If another fellow doubted the wisdom of his opinion, that was quite enough to make Lovell, of the Classical Fourth, absolutely certain that his opinion was well founded.

"No end of fun," he said. "Hum!" "In fact, quite jolly," said Lovell. "Take my word for it." "You see—" said Jimmy Silver. "I see that you're going to argue," assented Lovell. "I never met such a fellow for arguing."

"But, you know—" began Raby. "I know you're going to chin-wag, Raby. Doesn't your chin ever get tired?" "Look here—" said Newcome.

"Oh, go it, the three of you!" said Arthur Edward Lovell, in a tone of deep resignation. "I can see that we're going to spend this half-holiday in chin-wag. Rather a waste of time, if you ask me; but I don't mind if you fellows don't! Go it!"

Lovell leaned back in the armchair in the end study. His three chums looked at him, seemingly inclined to tilt him out of the armchair on to the carpet, and bump him there. Lovell was quite a good fellow—one of the very best—but he often made his comrades feel like that.

Lovell was silent—but only for a moment or two. Indeed, it was but seldom that Arthur Edward Lovell was silent for more than a moment or two.

"It's a lot of fun," he said. "I've been to an auction before. You bid for things and run them up, you know, and it's exciting."

"Must be exciting, if you get landed with the goods and don't want 'em!" remarked Newcome. "I call that a mug's game!"

"You can call it what you like, Newcome. I've never expected any sense from you."

"Look here, Lovell—" "Can we play footer in this drizzle?" demanded Lovell. "Do you want to go biking in the rain? Do you want to stick in a stuffy picture palace, blinking at awful rot? Do you want to frowst over the study fire like Peele or Gower? It's a half-holiday, and we've got to do something. Well, there's that auction on at Latcham. Let's go!"

"But—" said Jimmy. "We may pick up some bargains," said Lovell. "I heard of a chap once who bought something or other at an auction for a few shillings, and it turned out to be real genuine old thingummy, and he made pounds out of it. Pounds!" added Lovell impressively. "Now, I've an eye for a bargain."

"Quite expert on genuine old thingummy, and well up in real antique what-do-you-call-it?" asked Raby. "Oh, don't be an ass, Raby! The question is, are we going or are we not going?" said Lovell. "I say go. Now, then."

"After all, we want to get out of

doors," said Jimmy Silver resignedly. "It will be a bit muddy walking to Latcham. Never mind—let's go to the giddy auction. I don't quite see where the fun will come in; but Lovell seems to know all about it."

Lovell jumped up. "Now you're talking," he said. "That's all right. The fact is I'm quite keen on it. We want some new things for the study—the clock's never been the same since that ass Putty put the glue in it. And that sofa would disgrace a self-respecting dustbin. All the chairs are rocky—"

"Are we coming back to Rookwood carrying clocks and sofas and chairs?" ejaculated Newcome.

"Fathead! They deliver the goods for you," said Lovell. "You just select what you want, bid for them, and they're knocked down to you, and you pay for them—"

"There's the rub. I don't like that part." "Ass! Then they deliver them the next day, and—and there you are," said Lovell. "Now, sort out your maes and let's get going. We've wasted too much time in chin-wag already. I really never did see such fellows as you three chaps for talking!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. made up their minds to it. After all, something had to be done with the afternoon.

It was wet, it was drizzly, it was distinctly discouraging in every way. Footer was off, cycling was not attractive, and many of the Classical Fourth were at a loose end. Peele and Gower and Lattrey were playing banker in a quiet corner somewhere; but pursuits of that kind did not appeal to the Fistical Four. Tubby Muffin was snoozing over a study fire, but they certainly did not want to snooze. Erroll and Rawson were "swotting" Latin—but Jimmy Silver & Co. felt that they had quite enough Latin with Mr. Dalton in the Form-room—even a little too much, in fact. The Fistical Four sorted out raincoats, and sallied forth from the House.

Anyhow, it was something to be out of doors, wet and drizzly as it was. They pulled down their caps, turned up the collars of their coats, and plunged through the drizzle to the gates.

It was a long walk to Latcham. The roads were muddy, the lanes muddier. Naturally, they took the short cuts; equally naturally, the short cuts were deeper in mire than the roads. After a mile or two three members of the party considered that they had been prize asses to start for Latcham at all; but Lovell ploughed on with a determined, cheerful expression, resolved to enjoy the walk. Since it was his idea, it was a good idea. But had it been anyone else who had proposed that miry tramp to Latcham, Lovell certainly would have told him what he thought of him, with more emphasis than politeness.

"Well, this is pretty thick, and no mistake," said Raby at last.

"What's a little mud?" grunted Lovell.

"It isn't a little—it's a lot!"

"Better have gone by train!" grumbled Newcome.

"Railway fares are a waste, when

we've got time to walk," said Lovell. "Buck up! I'm not grouching! Never mind a little mud." "Oh, rats!" "Keep smiling!" said Jimmy Silver cheerily.

Grunt—from Raby and Newcome.



A SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER! "Look out!" yelled Jimmy Silver. A man who had been lying on some straw in the shed sprang suddenly to his feet. The four Rookwood juniors stared at him blankly, and he stared back at them, with a fierce, savage, suspicious face. His eyes gleamed like those of a hunted animal, and it came into the minds of the astonished juniors that he was, indeed, hunted.

"Of course, it would be nicer in a Rolls-Royce car!" said Lovell sarcastically. "I'm going to buy a motor-car some day, when some kind old gent will give me thirty thousand pounds for its upkeep. Just at present we've got to hoof it. Keep on!"

"Fathead!"

"Ass!"

The rain was coming down harder now; the drizzle had turned to a downpour. Even Lovell's determined cheerfulness paled a little, and his three comrades began to look round for some kind of shelter. But there seemed no shelter at hand save weeping, leafless trees—they were following a miry lane between meadows, drenched with rain.

The Children's Best Coloured Paper
JUNGLE JINKS
Out on Thursday—Price 2d

Suddenly, from a narrow turning, there was a trampling, and a horseman rode out into the lane, splashing mud right and left. The Rookwood juniors jumped out of the way promptly.

The rider pulled in his horse as he saw them.

"Hi!" "Hallo, it's a bobby!" said Lovell.

It was a mounted constable, with water streaming from his waterproof cloak. He waved his hand to the four schoolboys.

"Have you seen a man pass this way?" he called out.

"No."

"Seen anybody?"

"No."

The mounted man rode on. He disappeared among weeping hedges and trees.

"He's after somebody!" remarked Lovell. "Pleasant job, in this weather—I don't think! Come on! We've got miles to do yet."

"Thank goodness!" exclaimed Raby, a few minutes later.

"What—"

"There's a shed."

"We're not looking for any dashed old shed!" exclaimed Lovell. "We're going to Latcham."

"Go to Latcham, or go to Jericho!" retorted Raby. "I'm jolly well going to get out of the rain."

And Raby plunged through a gap in a hedge, and headed for the shed. Jimmy Silver and Newcome followed him.

Lovell stared after them.

"Look here, you slackers!" he shouted.

"Rats!"

Arthur Edward Lovell snorted, and followed his comrades. As a matter

It was not an inviting shelter, really, but it was a case of any port in a storm to the Fistical Four of Rookwood. The shed was apparently used as a cattle-shelter. One side was open to wind and weather. In one corner was a large stack of damp straw, not clean. Outside was a trough, swimming with rain.

The four juniors stood well inside, looking out at drenched fields and trees. The rain came down in great splashes. They stamped their feet for warmth, and wrung out their caps.

"Nice, isn't it?" grunted Raby.

"Rotten!" said Newcome.

"Miles more to Latcham, and miles back to Rookwood!" went on Raby. "What a giddy half-holiday!"

"Oh, don't grouse!" said Lovell. "I'm as wet as you are!"

"To think that we might be in the study now, with a good fire!" said Raby.

"Bad for a chap to frowst over a fire!" said Lovell loftily.

"If I catch a cold, I shall jolly well punch your silly nose, Lovell."

"Well, I daresay you'll catch a cold—slackers and frowsters do, you know," remarked Lovell. "I must say it's chilly here. What about getting on to Latcham?"

"In this rain, ass?"

"Well, we don't want to be late for the auction."

"Blow the auction!"

"Bless the auction!"

"Bother the auction!"

Auction sales, it appeared, did not seem attractive to Jimmy Silver & Co. just then. Lovell grunted.

"We came out to go to the auction," he said.

"We came out because we were silly asses, and let a sillier ass jaw us into it!" snapped Raby.

"And you're sticking in this shed because you're slackers, and afraid of a little wet!" said Lovell. It was really impossible for Arthur Edward to keep his eloquence bottled up for long.

Raby and Newcome glared. They were wet, they were muddy, they were fed-up to the chin. And Lovell, instead of showing any regret for having led them into this disastrous outing, was adopting his customary attitude of lofty superiority. Perhaps it was not surprising that Raby and Newcome became very cross, though Lovell did not seem to expect it.

"Well, if you like rain, have a little more of it!" roared Raby.

"Yes, rather!" concurred Newcome.

And Raby and Newcome collared Arthur Edward Lovell, and hurled him forth.

"Oh, my hat!"

Arthur Edward Lovell went spinning out into the rain.

He brought up against the horse-trough, and pitched forward over it, and there was a heavy splash.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Lovell lifted a dripping face from the trough.

He glared round at his comrades. "You—you—you—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Now, then," interposed Jimmy Silver pacifically.

But Lovell did not heed. He came charging back into the shed with a terrific rush.

The next moment Lovell and Raby and Newcome were rolling over together in a struggling heap.

"Chuck it, you duifers!" shouted Jimmy.

"Buzz him out again!" roared Newcome.

"Outside, you fathead!"

"I'll jolly well—" panted Lovell.

Three excited juniors reeled and staggered to and fro. Lovell lost his footing, and went down bumping on the stack of straw in the corner of the shed, dragging down Raby and Newcome with him.

A yell rang through the shed, but it was not Lovell or Raby or Newcome who yelled. Loud and startled that yell came from under the heap of straw on which they had crashed together.

"What—"

"Who—"

"Great Scott!"

Utterly amazed, the three juniors sprang to their feet, staring blankly at the heap of straw—now in motion. From the straw protruded a foot and part of a leg; from another spot a hand and sleeve projected. Evidently someone was hidden under the straw, and no doubt he had been startled when three schoolboys crashed down on him.

"Somebody's there!" yelled Jimmy Silver.

"Oh, my hat!"

The straw was tossed aside, and a man sprang to his feet. The four

juniors stared at him blankly, and he stared back at them, with a fierce, savage, suspicious face. His eyes gleamed like those of a hunted animal, and it came into the minds of the astonished juniors that he was indeed hunted.

Only for a few seconds the man stood panting and glaring. He was a short, thickset man, with a bulldog jaw and a broken nose, and sharp, fierce little eyes set close together under thick brows. It was a face that, once seen, was not likely to be soon forgotten. But it was only for brief seconds that the Rookwooders saw it. The man turned from them, ran swiftly to the opening of the shed, and bolted out into the pouring rain.

Almost in a flash he disappeared from sight, running hard.

"Well, my hat!" ejaculated Jimmy Silver.

The juniors stared after the vanished man, and then looked at one another. The sudden and unexpected happening had fairly astounded them.

"The silly ass, to clear out into the rain," said Lovell. "We shouldn't have hurt him, I suppose."

"What the thump was he hiding for?" said Raby. "He must have seen us coming here, and dodged under the straw."

Jimmy Silver looked very thoughtful.

"He had jolly good reasons for keeping out of sight, I should say," he answered. "You remember that mounted bobby we passed some time back—he was looking for somebody. Looks as if it may have been this chap he wanted."

Lovell whistled.

"Shouldn't wonder," he said. "He was scared at being found here, anyhow. If he's some rotter wanted by the police, we ought to have collared him."

"Rather too late to think of that," said Jimmy.

The man had vanished, and the juniors discussed the matter for some time as they stood watching the rain. Fortunately, the surprising happening had restored peace in the Co. Lovell and Raby and Newcome did not renew their argument.

The juniors stamped about the shed, and waved their arms to keep warm, and waited dismally for the rain to stop. It did not stop. But after a time it slackened, and they decided to get moving.

"Are we going on or going back?" asked Newcome.

"I'm going on," said Lovell gruffly.

"Oh, let's keep on, as we've come so far!" said Jimmy Silver. "We can get a train back from Latcham to Coombe, you know."

So they went onward, and tramped through dreary drizzle and deep mire to the town of Latcham, which they were very glad to reach.

The 3rd Chapter. Just Like Lovell!

"Here's the place!" said Lovell. The Fistical Four were feeling a little better now.

At the old inn at Latcham they had had some hot coffee and cake, and had been able to dry themselves at a glowing fire. So they were feeling better as they walked down the old High Street to the building where the auction was being held.

It was a large zinc building, and a poster outside announced that Mr. Bunce was holding the auction there that afternoon. The proceedings were already proceeding, so to speak; the Rookwooders were late for the start. They moved into the building among the crowd, which was not large, the weather probably having kept a good many people away. The auctioneer, a plump man with a rosy complexion, was already at Lot 37, and was tapping with his hammer.

"Gentlemen, this handsome rosewood cabinet—this splendid rosewood cabinet, in excellent condition—I am offered seven guineas for this first-class rosewood cabinet. Gentlemen, what improvement on seven guineas for this desirable rosewood cabinet?"

"Eight!" called out Lovell.

"You frabjous ass!" gasped Jimmy Silver.

"Dry up, you blithering chump!" hissed Raby.

Lovell did not heed.

If that handsome and desirable rosewood cabinet had been knocked down to Arthur Edward Lovell for eight guineas several problems would have arisen. First and foremost among them, where Lovell was to get eight guineas from to pay for it.

Fortunately, it was not knocked down to Lovell.

"Nine!" came from a podgy little

gentleman with a large, hooked nose and a lisp.

"Ten!"

"Twelve!"

Lovell grinned at his comrades.

"All serene, you see," he said. "It's quite a game, you know. Only you have to keep your eyes peeled and not get landed with the stuff."

"And suppose you do get landed with it?" demanded Newcome.

"Oh, I shouldn't! But don't you fellows do any bidding. You're as likely as not to put your foot in it."

"And you're not?" snorted Raby.

"Not at all. I know my way about," explained Lovell. "I sha'n't get landed with anything I don't want. That's all right. Leave it to me!"

The chums of the Fourth had to leave it to Lovell, because there was nothing else to be done. Short of gagging Arthur Edward Lovell, there was no stopping him.

Lovell's confidence in his own perspicacity was unbounded. He was quite assured that he knew what he was about. He was going to bag some necessary things for the study, if possible, at bargain prices. And to while away the time he was going to help on the bidding, always taking great care not to be the fellow who made the final bid.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were very far from sharing Lovell's confidence. His perspicacity they regarded as a minus quantity. But there was no help for it, short of gagging their exuberant

bid if he chose, and he looked well-dressed enough to be good for the money.

"Gentlemen, four pounds I am offered," said the auctioneer. "Four pounds for this handsome baby-carriage, in excellent condition, hardly used. Are you making it guineas, Mr. Isaacs?"

The hook-nosed gentleman shook his head.

"Gentlemen, this handsome baby-carriage going at four pounds. Going—going—"

Arthur Edward Lovell breathed rather hard. What on earth he would have done with a baby's perambulator, knocked down to him for four pounds, was a deep mystery. But again he was in luck.

"Guineas!" came from the back of the crowd.

"Gentlemen, I am offered four guineas for this excellent baby-carriage. Going at four guineas. Going—going—gone!"

Rap!

Arthur Edward Lovell had quite a serious look. Four guineas was the top bid, and it had just saved him from being landed with a perambulator to wheel home to Rookwood.

"You thumping ass!" murmured Newcome.

It was an unfortunate remark.

Lovell's narrow escape from the perambulator might have been a warning to him. But Newcome's remark roused all his obstinacy again. He was quite determined to

There was no doubt that the trunk was solid and of great capacity. It was nearly five feet long, and its other dimensions were about two feet. The man who had built that trunk, long ago, had been a believer in the maxim that there is nothing like leather. Its weight must have been very considerable empty. Two men who had brought it forward looked rather tired when they had set it down. It was a trunk which a modern railway porter would have gazed at in despair and wonder. If in its youth that huge and heavy trunk had ever travelled by railroad, it seemed that there must have been giants on the earth in those days.

Many grinning glances were turned on the big trunk as the auctioneer extolled its value. No doubt a leather-dealer might have found his money's worth in it. Mr. Isaacs remarked that if he bought that trunk he would let it furnished—being evidently a humorist. He started the bidding with fifteen shillings.

"Pound!" said Lovell cheerily.

"Twenty-five shillings!"

"Twenty-six!"

"Thirty!"

"Two pounds!" called out Lovell.

"Gentlemen, this handsome trunk, this well-made trunk, this capacious travelling trunk of the most solid construction, is going at two pounds. What offers, gentlemen? Two pounds I am offered! Did I hear someone make it guineas?"

A rather dusty and oily gentleman nudged Lovell.

"You settle up now, sir, and, if you like, we can arrange for the delivery of the trunk, or you can send for it later in the day. Two pounds, please."

Lovell had the sum of two shillings and threepence in his pockets. It was obvious, even to Arthur Edward Lovell, that he had put his head into the lion's mouth once too often.

The 4th Chapter. Back Up!

Jimmy Silver & Co. looked very serious.

Lovell cast an almost haggard look at his chums.

He was landed now; there was no doubt about that. He could not repudiate his own bargain. Exactly how he would have stood legally, had he repudiated it, he did not know—as a minor and a schoolboy, probably he could not have been held to it. But an honourable fellow, of course, could not take advantage of that. The fact that the bargain could not possibly have been enforced on him made it absolutely essential for a decent fellow to stand by it. Perhaps the thought of backing out somehow crossed Lovell's mind for a moment; but, if so, it was only for a moment. He was "for it," and he knew it.

Mercifully, his comrades forbore to deal with him as he deserved.

At a time like this, when a fellow had landed himself in a scrape by his own wilful obstinacy, no doubt they would have been justified in leaving him to it, but that was not the part for loyal comrades to play.

Lovell had asked for it, and he had got it; and now it was up to his comrades to help him through. Among the Fistical Four there was frequently argument and dispute, and even punching was not quite unknown in their happy circle. But with them it was always sink or swim together. As a matter of course, the three backed up the hapless Lovell without even saying "I told you so!"—which certainly showed great forbearance and self-denial on their part.

"Two pounds!" said Jimmy Silver. "Wait a minute, my man—it's all serene. How much have you got, Lovell?"

"Two-and-threepence!" whispered Lovell.

"Oh, my hat!"

"I've got a ten-bob note," murmured Raby.

"Six shillings here," said Newcome.

The oily gentleman eyed the juniors rather curiously. Bidding for Lot 55 was going on briskly. Nobody was giving any attention to the happy possessor of Lot 54, excepting the oily gentleman, whose business it was to collect the hard cash. The juniors withdrew from the crowd. They were done with the auction now. Even Lovell had not the slightest desire to do any more bidding.

"That's eighteen-and-three altogether," murmured Lovell. "Have you got anything, Jimmy? Of course, I shall settle up."

Jimmy Silver suppressed a sigh.

He had a few shillings in his pockets, and a pound note which had been specially sent him by his father for some new football things.

But it was a case of all hands on deck, so to speak. Lovell had to be saved. The oily gentleman was already looking suspicious, and if Lovell had failed to take over his bargain, certainly there would have been a most unpleasant scene.

That had to be avoided at any cost. A Rookwood fellow was bound to be as good as his word, and it was a time for his friends to rally round him, reserving their comments till afterwards. Afterwards, no doubt, Lovell would hear what they thought about the matter and about him—at considerable length. But that was in the future; the present was a time for action.

Jimmy Silver produced a pound note and three shillings. There was more than enough to satisfy the oily gentleman.

"Taking it away with you, sir?" asked the man when his pecuniary claims had been satisfied. "Like to leave it till the morning? All goods 'ave to be cleared afore twelve to-morrow."

"Leave the blessed thing where it is," said Raby. "It's no good to you, Lovell. You don't want it at Rookwood."

"It's cost two pounds, Raby," said Lovell. "It must be worth something. Somebody else offered thirty bob. Of course, I'm not going to chuck it away."

(Continued overleaf.)



LOVELL'S TRUNK!

Mr. Dalton raised his hand. "Take that trunk away at once!" he thundered. "But, sir—" began Arthur Edward Lovell. "Take it away!" "Oh dear! Come on, you chaps," groaned Lovell. And the procession marched away.

chum, which really was out of the question.

The rosewood cabinet was "knocked down," and Lot 38 came on view. It was a large perambulator. The rosy-cheeked auctioneer tapped gently with his hammer, and proceeded with his paean of praise.

"This beautiful baby-carriage, a triumph of the most modern construction, gentlemen, what offers for this handsome baby-carriage?"

"Ninepence!" came a voice, and there was a laugh. It was the tubby gentleman with the hooked nose and the lisp who made that offer, evidently in a spirit of humour.

The auctioneer grinned indulgently.

"Gentlemen, be serious. This handsome, reliable baby-carriage cost thirty guineas. What offers, gentlemen, for this most desirable lot?"

"Fifteen shillings!"

"A quid!"

"Thirty bob!"

"Thirty-five!"

There was a pause.

"Two pounds!" sang out Arthur Edward Lovell cheerily.

Jimmy Silver & Co. exchanged hopeless looks. Arthur Edward was "at it" again. But again Lovell came off scot-free.

"Two pounds ten shillings!"

"Three pounds!"

"Four!" rapped out Lovell.

The auctioneer glanced curiously at Lovell. Possibly he was puzzled by a schoolboy bidding for a baby-carriage. But Lovell had a right to

show his companions that he knew his way about, and that their uneasy fears were groundless.

Instead of keeping silent, therefore, he plunged into the game more recklessly than before.

Lot after lot was brought forward, and each time Lovell bid recklessly; but, considering that he was not bidding in earnest, he had amazing luck, for each time he was outbid by someone who really wanted the article.

Lovell grinned at his comrades from time to time, as if to say, "I told you so."

They began to watch him with interest now, wondering how long it would be before he got "landed." For such a peculiar game, kept up too long, was fairly certain to end in disaster. Lovell's fate was likely to resemble that of the lion-tamer, who put his head into the lion's mouth every day until he put it in once too often. It was certain to be bitten off at long last.

The only question in the minds of the Co. was, what sort of an undesired and undesirable article Lovell would get landed with. They wondered whether it would be a perambulator or a suite of drawing-room furniture, or a grandfather's clock, or a dinner-set, or a carpet.

"Lot 54. Large leather trunk. A very strong trunk of very great capacity. Old-fashioned, but, gentlemen, the old trunks are of the stoutest make. Not one of your light, modern fibre about this. A genuine, strong trunk of solid leather."

The auctioneer looked round.

If he had heard someone make it guineas his ears had deceived him, for there was silence.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, two pounds I am offered! Going at two pounds—"

Lovell had a cold feeling down his back.

"You've jolly well done it now!" murmured Newcome.

"Going at two pounds—going—going—"

Arthur Edward Lovell cast an anxious glance round him. Had he, indeed, "done it" at last?

He had!

"Going at two pounds—going—going—gone!"

"Yours, sir!" said the auctioneer, with a smile and a nod to the dismayed Lovell. "You will settle with that gentleman yonder. Next lot! Lot 55, a wireless set, complete with—"

Lovell was not listening.

He had not the remotest desire to join in the bidding for Lot 55. Lot 54 was enough for him—too much, in fact.

Arthur Edward Lovell was the happy possessor of a gigantic leather trunk, of no conceivable use to him or to anybody else, unless he should start in business as a leather-worker, and cut it up into boot-soles and saddles and such things. Which, of course, was quite impracticable for a fellow in the Fourth Form at Rookwood. Lovell stood and stared at the trunk. His comrades stared at Lovell. He had "done it" now.

Leaving it to Lovell!



(Continued from previous page.)

"How the thump are you going to get it to the school, and what the dickens are you going to do with it there?" demanded Raby.

"Leave that to me!" said Lovell, with a touch of his old loftiness, which made George Raby breathe very hard.

"Well, sir, I shall be wanted in a minute," said the oily gentleman.

"Could you send it over to Rookwood for me?" asked Lovell.

"Where's that?"

The oily gentleman had apparently never heard of Rookwood.

"Near Coombe."

"Oh!" The oily gentleman considered. "I'll manage it, sir. Seven-and-six. You'll pay now, please."

"You couldn't do it for fifteenpence?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"Course I couldn't!" said the oily gentleman warmly, and he turned away and left the juniors to deal with the gigantic trunk themselves.

"We've got just one-and-three left among us," said Jimmy, looking at his chums.

"It's a jolly good trunk!" remarked Lovell.

"Oh, blow the trunk! What are you going to do with it?"

"Take it to Rookwood, of course."

"It won't go into the study."

"I can put it in a box-room. I'll advertise it for sale in the local paper, same as Carthew did with his bike, and very likely sell it at a profit. There's a lot of leather in it, and leather's very expensive these days. The fact is, it's rather a bargain."

Arthur Edward Lovell was recovering!

"You frabjous owl!" said Raby.

"Don't talk to us about bargains! Of all the silly idiots—"

"Of all the crass dummies—" said Newcome.

"Look here, are you going to help me with this trunk or not?" demanded Lovell. "We can carry it among us."

"Carry it?" gasped Raby. "Carry that stack to Rookwood? I can see myself doing it!"

"Carry it out of here, anyhow," said Lovell. "We've got to get it away. We can get somebody to give us a lift with it to Rookwood. Or we can hire a horse and cart."

"For fifteenpence?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"Well, we can leave it at the carrier's office," said Lovell. "We can pay carriage on it at the other end to-morrow. I'll borrow a few bob of Morny."

The chums of Rookwood looked at the big trunk. If Lovell was going to keep it, certainly it had to be got away from the auction-rooms. Taking it to the carrier's office was, perhaps, the best plan—but carrying it there was a big proposition. Even four sturdy fellows were likely to find that gigantic trunk difficult to negotiate.

"Lend a hand!" said Lovell briskly.

"Look here, leave it here!" growled Raby. "The rotten thing's no good—we've wasted the money, anyhow. What's the good of carting it away?"

"Don't be an ass, Raby!"

"Look here, Lovell—"

"Oh, let's lend a hand!" said Jimmy Silver resignedly. "It's not far to the carrier's office, anyhow."

Four pairs of hands grasped the great trunk. A good many grinning faces were turned on the Rookwood juniors as they bore it out into the street.

In the street they set it down to gasp for breath. Undoubtedly it was a very heavy trunk.

"Can't we get a trolley or something somewhere?" gasped Raby.

"Where the thump are we to get a trolley?" snapped Lovell. "Put your beef into it! It's only a hundred yards!"

"Go it!" said Jimmy Silver. "Up she goes!"

Up went the huge trunk. With a

Rookwood junior at each corner, it swung into the air, and the four corners rested on four shoulders. Thus was it borne along the High Street of Latham.

A light drizzle descended on the trunk and its bearers. But they did not feel cold now. Their exertions sufficed to keep them very warm. Some members of the rising generation of Latham gathered and followed them, evidently interested in the trunk. One youth inquired whether it was a "moving job," and another asserted that they had

"Ere they are!"
"Oo pinched the trunk?"
"For goodness' sake, let's get out of this!" gasped Jimmy Silver.
And the Fistical Four walked off, with burning faces, at a good speed.

The 5th Chapter. The Wanted Man!

"Shanks' pony again!" growled Raby.
"We've got to hoof it! Oh dear!"

There was no help for it.

Fifteenpence remained to the Fistical Four, and fifteenpence would not cover the railway fares to Coombe for four. Jimmy Silver & Co. had intended to take the train back. That intention had to be abandoned now. It was Shanks' pony, as Raby remarked; and their only consolation was that the rain had stopped at last.

By miry lane and muddy field-path the juniors tramped on, leaving Latham behind. Lovell had declared that it would be "fun," attending the auction; but, so far, his comrades had failed to perceive any fun in it. Indeed, three members of the party agreed that, of all the utterly rotten ways they had ever spent a half-holiday, this was beyond doubt the rottenest. With muddy and miry miles before them, they did

"Yes, sir. I suppose you haven't seen anybody dodging or hiding about these parts?"

"Man with a broken nose, by any chance?" asked Lovell.

The mounted man gave quite a jump.

"You've seen him?" he exclaimed.

"My hat! Is that the man you want?" exclaimed Jimmy Silver.

"We've seen him right enough."

"Oh, good! Where—and when? Quick!"

The Fistical Four explained about the meeting in the shed three hours or more ago. The constable listened very attentively, especially to their description of the man.

"That's Nosey Jenks right enough!" he said. "He's still about here, then. We'll have him, sooner or later."

"Nosey Jenks?" repeated Jimmy Silver. "What a giddy name! I suppose he's a criminal, as you're after him, officer?"

"Burglar," said the constable. "Six months ago he got away with a bundle of banknotes from the Latham County Bank. He was spotted, and caught; but he got rid of the notes before our men laid hands on him. He got away before they could get him to the station, and vanished—and we never expected to see him in these parts again. But he was seen the day before yester-

day—and again yesterday—so it's pretty clear that he's come back to find the banknotes he hid somewhere before he was caught that night. He's got a face that's easily remembered, with that nose on it."

"I think everybody would remember his chivvy!" grinned Lovell. "If you should happen to see him again, let them know at the nearest police-station at once."

"Yes, rather!"

"He's taken to the fields, and he'll never get to a railway-station without being nabbed," said the constable. "But he's giving us a hunt, and no mistake. Where's that shed exactly?"

The juniors pointed out the direction of the shed, and the mounted man rode away.

The Rookwooders walked on towards the school.

"Lucky we came out this afternoon, after all," said Lovell, with a glance at his comrades.

"How's that?" grunted Raby.

"Well, we've been able to give the police a tip about a man they want. May lead to his capture."

"Rats! I fancy he's a good ten miles away from that shed by this time. Must be, if he's got any sense!"

"Might be that shed where he hid the loot," said Lovell. "I remember seeing something in the local paper about the bank robbery, now. It was rather interesting, too. The thief was spotted getting out of the bank by a top window, and they got after him on the roof, and he got through a window into an attic in the next house—a house belonging to a Colonel Thompson. It's really interesting—"

"Blessed if I see it! Why?"

"Because it was Colonel Thompson's stuff that was being sold by auction to-day," said Lovell. "He's gone abroad, and his household effects were sold by auction—we've bagged his old trunk."

"You have, you mean!" said Newcome. "I wish the giddy colonel had taken his dashed old trunk abroad with him!"

"Hear, hear!" said Raby.

"They caught him a few minutes after he got away from Colonel Thompson's house—I remember reading it in the paper," said Lovell, unheeding. "It's near the bridge, you know, and it was suggested that he threw the bundle of banknotes into the river before the bobbies collared him. But his coming back here looks as if he hid them somewhere where he could find them again."

"Shouldn't wonder," yawned Jimmy Silver. "Here's Coombe at last. Less than a mile to Rookwood now, thank goodness!"

"Might be fun hunting for those banknotes, you know, next half-holiday!" said Lovell.

"Yes; just about as funny as going to auctions and buying silly old trunks!" said Raby.

"Look here, you ass—"

"Put it on," said Jimmy Silver. "We haven't too much time to get back before lock-up."

Tired and muddy, the Fistical Four reached Rookwood School just before old Mack shut the gates. They tramped into the House, not in the best of spirits.

It was some time before they got rid of the mud they had brought home with them. Then they had a rather late tea in the end study, and felt much better.

Over tea Arthur Edward Lovell was quite himself.

"It's all right about that trunk!" he told his comrades.

"Is it?"

"Oh, yes! I've very little doubt that I shall get three pounds for it," said Lovell. "It's really a valuable trunk, though it's so jolly heavy. When I sell it—"

"When!" said Newcome.

(Continued on page 336.)

SOLVE THIS PICTURE-PUZZLE AND WIN A PRIZE! A FIVE-POUND NOTE AND SIX FOOTBALLS — MUST BE WON! OUR STUNNING ONE-WEEK PICTURE-PUZZLE COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE - - £5
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MATCH FOOTBALLS.

On the right, here, is a splendid picture-puzzle competition in which you can all join—and there is no entrance fee.

Remember that each picture in the puzzle may represent part of a word, one, two, or three words, but not more than three words. Solutions containing alternatives will be disqualified.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO is to solve the puzzle, which deals with H.M.S. Spenser. When you have done this to your satisfaction, write, IN INK, on one side of a clean sheet of paper, exactly what you think the puzzle tells you. Then sign your name, IN INK, on the coupon, cut out the whole tablet, pin your solution to it, and post to "Warships" Competition No. 10, BOYS' FRIEND Office, Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4, so as to reach that address not later than THURSDAY, November 27th, 1924.

The First Prize of £5 will be awarded to the reader whose solution is correct, or most nearly correct, and the six footballs in order of merit.

In the event of ties, the right to divide the value of the prizes is reserved, but the full amount will be awarded. It is a distinct condition of entry that the decision of the Editor must be accepted as final. You may send in as many attempts as you like, but each attempt must be accompanied by a separate picture and coupon, signed IN INK.

Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

The Result of "Warships" Competition No. 4 appears on page 327.

"pinched" the trunk—and the latter suggestion caught on. With crimson faces the Rookwooders marched on with their burden.

"Look out!" yelled one of the urchins. "There's a copper!"

"Oh crumbs!" murmured Jimmy. The policeman at the corner looked very curiously at the Rookwooders and the trunk. But he did not suppose that they had "pinched" it. By the time they reached the carrier's office nine or ten youths of various ages were following them in a procession, all eagerly discussing the supposed "pinching" of the trunk, and the nerve of the "pinchers" in passing a "copper" with it.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were glad to hand that trunk over to the carrier. They came out of the office feeling that a weight was gone from their minds, as well as from their shoulders. Outside, the youth of Latham greeted them.

not leave Lovell in any doubt as to their opinion on the subject.

"Hallo! There's that bobby again!" remarked Lovell, perhaps glad to change the topic. A mounted constable, who looked very muddy, appeared in sight in the lane.

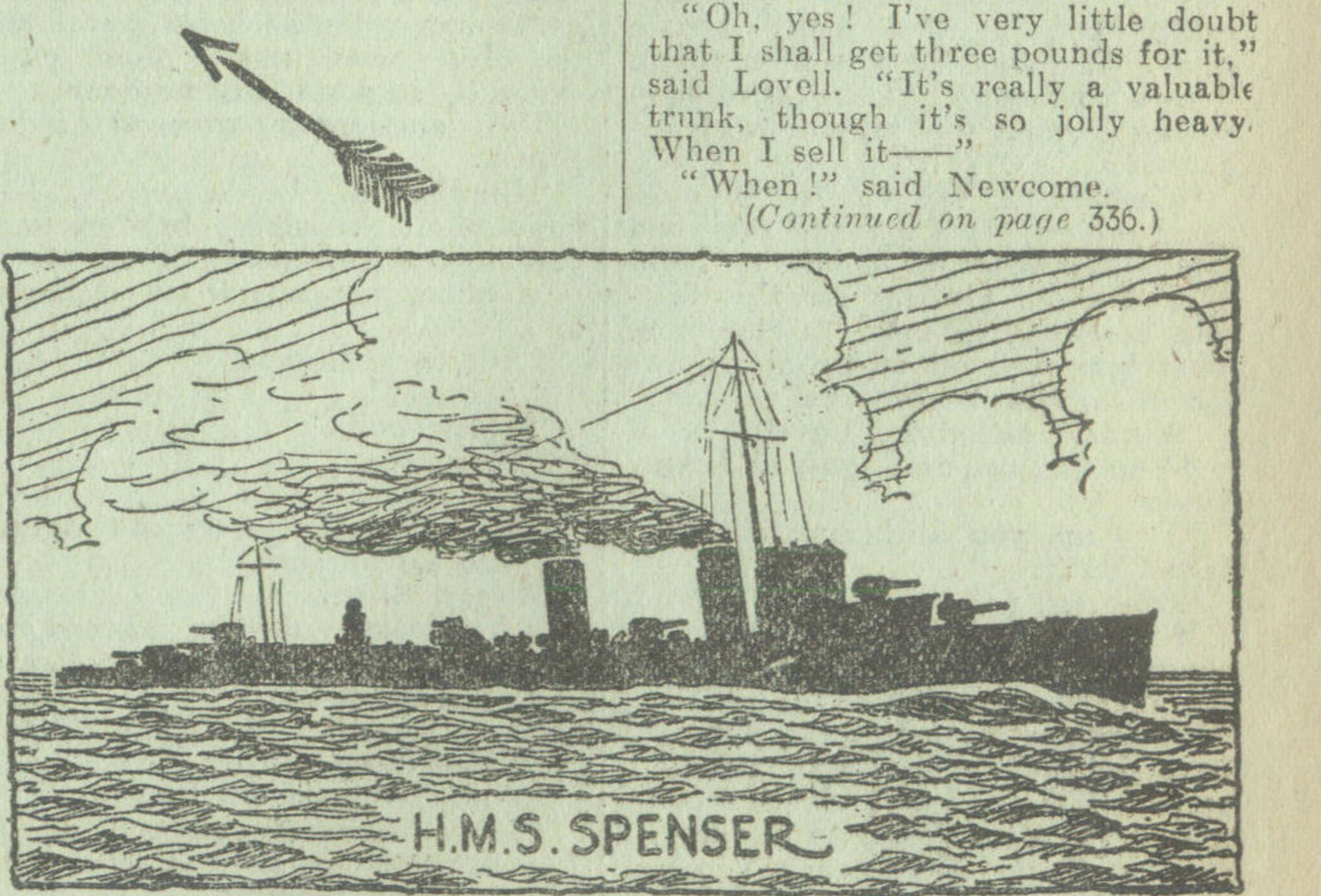
On a closer inspection, however, the juniors saw that it was not the same mounted constable that they had seen earlier in the afternoon on their way to Latham. Apparently, more than one officer was patrolling the countryside between Latham and Coombe, and the Rookwooders wondered whether this search had anything to do with the broken-nosed man with the bulldog jaw whom they had surprised under the straw in the shed.

The constable was riding towards the juniors, and he pulled in his horse as they came up to him.

"Looking for somebody?" asked Lovell.



I enter "WARSHIPS" Competition No. 10 and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and binding.
Name
Address
B.F. Closing date, November 27th.



This is an outline of the Warship, the history of which is told in the above picture-puzzle. Can you read it?

There's a grand photogravure plate of H.M.S. Spenser given away FREE in the "Magnet" Library. Out To-day! Don't miss it!

THE FINEST SCHOOL STORY EVER PENNED!



The nameless schoolboy is accused of theft!

The 1st Chapter.

When it is learned at St. Kit's that a boy without a name is coming to the school, and is to be put into the Fourth Form, Vernon Carton, captain of the Fourth, decides to give the nameless boy a rough time when he arrives. When Harry Nameless, on his way to St. Kit's, arrives at the stone bridge which runs over the River Wicke it is to discover St. Leger, who is bathing there, in difficulties. Harry immediately dives into the water and rescues the dandy of the Fourth. From then on a firm friendship springs up between Harry and St. Leger, and at the request of the dandy of the Fourth the nameless schoolboy is put into his study, which is also shared by Bunny Bootles, the fat boy of the Form.

At the first opportunity Carton picks a quarrel with Harry, and, much to the captain of the Fourth's dismay, the nameless schoolboy gives him a sound thrashing. To get even with Harry, Carton & Co. rag him just before Colonel Wilmot, St. Leger's uncle, arrives at the school on a visit to his nephew. Colonel Wilmot, seeing Harry in such a dishevelled state, and learning that he has no name, informs St. Leger that Harry is not a fit person to associate with, and that St. Leger should drop his acquaintance. The dandy of the Fourth, however, takes no notice of his uncle's wishes, and he and Harry Nameless continue their friendship.

Later, Colonel Wilmot pays another visit to St. Kit's, and openly accuses Harry Nameless of telling lies when the youngster denies all knowledge of ever having seen the colonel before he—Harry—came to the school. It is the colonel's idea that he has previously seen Harry Nameless whilst sitting on the magistrate's bench. As a result of Colonel Wilmot's accusations against Harry the nameless schoolboy and St. Leger are sent to "Coventry" by the Fourth Form. So upset is Harry with the state of affairs at the school that he secretly meets Colonel Wilmot and gives him his word that he will leave St. Kit's at the end of the term. When St. Leger hears of Harry's promise to Colonel Wilmot, he decides to visit his uncle in London, and get him to make the journey to South Cove for the special reason of seeing the nameless schoolboy's guardian, and obtaining his assurance that there is nothing against Harry's character. Algy secures leave from St. Kit's easily enough, and he proceeds light-heartedly on his quest.

The day before the Fortescue examination Carton & Co. duck Harry Nameless, who is an entrant for the prize, in the school fountain, and so ill is Harry next morning that he fails utterly in the exam. But Carton is made to suffer for his treachery, for Harry gives him a thrashing.

The 2nd Chapter. Bunny Asks for It!

"Durance, old top—"
"Buzz off, you fat bluebottle!"
"I say, Durance—"
Dick Durance made a motion with his boot. Bunny Bootles retreated a pace, but he did not depart.
"I say, old top, just listen a minute. I'm stony—"
"Go hon!"

"Broke to the wide, old fellow!" said Bunny pathetically.
"I suppose you would be while St. Leger's away."
"If you think I borrow money of St. Leger, you ass—"
"I know you're not goin' to borrow any of me," answered Durance. "Roll away and don't worry."
"Hasn't your uncle sent you that pound note he promised?" grinned Tracy.
"The—the fact is—"

Bunny; "so if you'd like to lend me half a crown, old top—"
"I wouldn't."
"Even a bob—"
"Not even a bob. You shouldn't be so jolly generous!" grinned Durance.
"I know it's a fault; I can't help being generous," said the fatuous Bunny. "I've given more than a pound to that poor devil Nameless, I can tell you. Yaroooooh!"
Bunny yelled as a grasp fell upon the back of his collar. Durance and Tracy roared with laughter. Harry Nameless had come along in time to hear Cuthbert Archibald making that free use of his name.
"What's that, you lying young rascal?" exclaimed Harry.
"Yow! Leggo! I wasn't saying anything—"



UNTRUTHFUL BUNNY! "I can't help being generous," said the fatuous Bunny Bootles. "I've given more than a pound to that poor devil Nameless, I can tell you. Yaroooooh!" Bunny yelled as a grasp fell upon the back of his collar. Durance and Tracy roared with laughter. Harry Nameless had come along in time to hear Bootles making that free use of his name. "What's that, you lying young rascal?" exclaimed Harry indignantly.

"Yes, let's hear the facts," said Tracy, with a chuckle; "I like Bunny's facts—they're as good as any fiction."
"Of course, I'm telling you the exact truth," said Bunny. "The fact is I did get that pound note from my uncle—"
"And you've framed it and hung it up in the study?" asked Durance, sarcastically.
"No—no."
"Where is it then?"
"I—I've lent it to Nameless—"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Honest injun," said Bunny. "You know how hard up his people are! He's got the bailiffs in at home, or something of the kind. And—and I'm a kind-hearted chap. So I—I gave him my pound note."
"Pile it on," said Tracy.
"I did, you know. 'Here you are, you poor rotter,' I said to him; 'you're a rank outsider, but here you are—take it!' And he thanked me for it with tears in his eyes."
"I can see him doing it!" said Durance.
"Yes, and it's left me stony," said

"You were saying you had given me money, you rotter."
Bunny jerked himself away.
"D-d-don't you speak to me!" he gasped. "You're in Coventry, you know. Here! Keep off, you beast!" And Bunny fled incontinently.
"Stop! I'll—"
Bunny vanished up the staircase with a speed that was quite remarkable, considering that weight he had to carry.
Harry Nameless followed up the stairs with a frowning brow. He was not pursuing Bunny Bootles; as a matter of fact, he had to go to the study for prep. Bunny had taken refuge in Study No. 5, and he quaked as he heard the nameless schoolboy's footsteps approaching the door.
Bunny knew what he deserved, and he quaked.
"Oh dear! The beast is after me!" gasped Bunny.
He scudded across to the window, almost resolving to trust his fat person to the ivy. But he could not quite make up his mind to that. He

dived under the table instead and squatted there, still quaking.
Harry Nameless came into the study and closed the door.
He did not glance under the table; it did not even occur to him that the fat junior was squatting there in hiding.
He took out his books and sat down at the table.
Bunny groaned inwardly.
The beast had evidently come there to work, and Bunny had his prep to do, too. He could have done his prep in some other study, but he could not venture to show himself. A guilty conscience held Bunny Bootles enchained under the table, with Harry's boots only a few inches from his fat knees.
It came as a great relief to Bunny when footsteps approached the door at last, and there was a tap. The door opened, and from under the table Bunny Bootles recognised the elegant trousers of Vernon Carton in the doorway.
"Nameless!"
Carton stepped into the study as he spoke, and he spoke in rather a low voice.
Bunny was astonished.
Vernon Carton was about the last fellow at St. Kit's that Bunny would have expected to see calling on the nameless schoolboy in his study. It was all the more odd because all the Fourth were now in their studies at evening preparation, and Carton should have been in the top study at work. It really looked as if he had chosen a moment for his call when he was pretty certain to be unobserved by the juniors.
Harry looked up in surprise.
"What do you want?" he asked icily.
"Nothin' Only a message from Oliphant."
"Well?"

make him make it pax before I let him in. He's got to do his prep, so he will have to make it pax. He, he, he!"
And, quite satisfied with his stratagem, Bunny Bootles set to work.
Meanwhile, Harry Nameless proceeded to the Sixth Form passage.
He tapped at Oliphant's door, and as there was no reply from within he opened the door and entered. The study was empty.
There was no light in the room save a red glow from the fire in the grate. Harry stood irresolute.
The message had been plain enough; he was to wait if Oliphant was not there. He wondered whether he should venture to take the liberty of lighting the gas.
He decided that he had better. Oliphant could not expect him to wait there in the dark.
He struck a match and lighted the gas, and waited.
Oliphant did not come, and the junior grew impatient. He began to wonder whether Carton had been pulling his leg, and the St. Kit's captain had not sent for him at all.
There was a sound of footsteps and voices in the corridor. Harry recognised Oliphant's voice, and he rose from the chair he had sat down in to wait.
The study door was thrown open and Oliphant came in with Wake of the Sixth.
"Hallo, I didn't leave the light on!" exclaimed Oliphant. Then his eyes fell upon the junior standing by the table. "Hallo! What the thump are you doing here, Nameless?"
"Don't you want me here?" demanded Harry.
The St. Kit's captain stared at him.
"Eh! If I wanted you I should say so, I suppose."
"I was told to come here—"
"Somebody's been pulling your leg, then. Clear off!"
Harry Nameless quitted the study, frowning angrily. It was clear that Carton had deceived him. He returned to the Fourth Form passage, and for a moment he thought of going on to the top study to speak to Carton. The trick that had been played on him was a childish one; it had wasted a quarter of an hour that should have been given to prep. He could not help wondering that Carton should have descended to a foolish trick, worthy only of a mischievous fag in the Second Form.
He paused, and did not approach Carton's study. The absurd incident was not worth a row.
He turned the handle of his study door and found it locked, and rapped sharply.
A fat chuckle came from within the room.
"He, he, he! That you, Nameless?"
"Yes, you fat duffer! Let me in."
"Is it pax?"
"What?"
"Make it pax, old top, and I'll let you in! You ain't going for me, are you?" asked Bunny Bootles cautiously.
Harry burst into a laugh.
"No, you duffer; open the door!"
"It's pax!" insisted Bunny, with great caution.
"Yes."
"All right, then."
Bunny Bootles unlocked the door. Harry Nameless entered No. 5, and was soon deep in prep again, and the incident in Oliphant's study passed from his mind. But it was destined to be recalled.

The Thief.

"Thunder!"
Oliphant of the Sixth uttered that ejaculation in startled tones.
He was standing before his desk, in a corner of the study near the window. Wake, in an armchair by the fire, looked round lazily.
"What's up, Oliphant?"
"Something jolly serious," answered the captain of St. Kit's. "Look here."
Wake rose to his feet and came over to the desk. Oliphant's tone was a sufficient indication that something serious had happened.
"Well," he asked, "been burgled?"
"Looks like it!"
"What?" exclaimed Wake, in astonishment.
His suggestion had been made jestingly.
"Look at that!"
Oliphant laid his finger on a small drawer in the desk.
"That's where I keep my cash," he said.

(Continued overleaf.)



Chums of St. Kit's!

By FRANK RICHARDS.

(Continued from previous page.)

his visit, excepting the broken lock of the money-drawer. Wake broke the silence.

"Have you got the number of the note?"

"Yes, in my pocket-book; I always take the number."

"That's good; it ought to be fairly easy to get hold of it, then. I dare say there are a dozen fivers about the school."

"But who," muttered Oliphant—

"Who?"

He paused, and his eyes met Wake's. The same thought was in both their minds.

"That kid who was here when we came in—"

"Nameless!" said Oliphant. "He was here; he said he had been sent. We shall see about that. It looks—"

"The poor wretch is hard up. I believe that's the talk of his Form," said Wake. "You remember—"

"I remember there was a yarn that his guardian was on the rocks," said Oliphant, "and that a lot depended upon Nameless winning the Fortescue prize. Of course, he is poor, and—and"—he made an uneasy movement—"you know what Colonel Wilmot said when he was here. He—he believed the fellow was some rotter of no character. He's been sent to Coventry by the juniors in consequence, and I can't say I blame them. I suppose Colonel Wilmot knew what he was talking about."

Wake nodded.

"It seems clear enough," he said. "Poor little beast! I suppose he was brought up among people who do these things."

"That's no excuse for him. Everybody knows it's wrong to steal, I suppose, howsoever he was brought

up. But," Oliphant paced the study restlessly, "I suppose there's all sorts of excuses for him if he was dragged up among dishonest people. It's a pity he wasn't sent away from St. Kit's at once when Colonel Wilmot put it to the Head. No need for him to stay here till he disgraced the school."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"Well, I ought to go to the Head at once," Oliphant hesitated. "I—I hardly know whether I'm entitled to deal with the matter even as head prefect. But—a scandal in the school is a horrible thing. Of course, it's not as if it was one of the other fellows. Still, that young rascal is a St. Kit's boy, in name at least. We—we want to avoid a horrible scandal if we can—"

"But—"

"I'll give him a chance," said Oliphant resolutely. "If he hands back the money and signs a confession and promises to leave St. Kit's by the first train in the morning—"

"But will he?"

"If he doesn't the matter goes before the Head, of course, and there will be the disgrace of an expulsion. But I should think he will have sense enough to take it quietly. He can make any excuse he likes to the Head, so long as he goes at once. Shall I give him the chance? What do you think?"

"I—I think so," said Wake, after a pause. "Better keep clear of a scandal if we can. It won't do any good."

"Then fetch him here, old fellow, and we'll go into it at once. See that he doesn't have a chance of getting rid of the notes after you speak to him. No doubt they are in his pockets now."

"You bet."

Wake left the study and hurried up to the Fourth Form passage. That passage was silent and deserted; the juniors were still in their studies at prep. Wake tapped at the door of No. 5 and opened it.

Harry Nameless and Bunny Bootles were busy at the table. They rose as the prefect came in.

"You're wanted, Nameless," said Wake curtly. "Come with me."

Harry looked at him quickly, surprised by the curt tone and grave manner of the Sixth-Former.

"I've nearly finished prep—" he said.

"Never mind prep, now; come at once!"

"Very well, Wake."

A prefect's command was law to a Fourth-Former. Harry prepared to follow him from the study, but Wake stepped back.

"Go first!" he said. "Oliphant's study."

"Yes."

Wake followed the junior down the passage and down the stairs. His eyes were upon him to make sure that he did not attempt to get rid of the stolen notes on the way.

But if Harry Nameless had stolen notes in his possession, he was certainly very cool and self-possessed. His face expressed surprise, but no other emotion. He arrived at Oliphant's study and entered, and Wake followed him in.

He closed the door, and stood against it, leaving the matter now in Oliphant's hands.

The St. Kit's captain fixed his eyes upon Harry.

"You can guess why you're sent for, I suppose?" he asked.

"Not at all," answered Harry, in wonder.

Oliphant waved his hand towards his desk.

"I've missed the money," he said.

Harry started.

"What money?"

"The money you've taken from my desk."

For a moment the study seemed to swim round Harry Nameless. He stared dazedly at the captain of the school.

"The—the money what—that—that I— What do you mean?" he succeeded in stammering out at last.

"Don't waste your breath denying it," said Oliphant impatiently. "I found you in my study when I came in, and after you were gone I found that that drawer had been broken open and the money taken out. The thing's pretty plain, isn't it? I don't want a scandal. I've decided to let you hand the money back—"

"The—the money—"

"And write out a confession, only to be used in case of necessity—"

"A—a confession!"

"Then you'll clear out of the school the first thing in the morning. You can make some excuse to the Head—write to him after you're gone will be best."

Harry stared at him.

"Are you mad?" he asked.

"What?"

"If you're not mad, what do you mean?" shouted the junior indignantly. "I've touched no money."

"Look here, Nameless—"

"You—you accuse me—me of stealing!" Even yet Harry could hardly grasp it. "Why, you're mad—you must be out of your senses, Oliphant! How dare you accuse me of anything of the sort?"

Oliphant knitted his brows.

"Do you deny it, then?" he snapped.

"Deny it!" shouted Harry savagely. "I don't take the trouble to deny it. I only say you are either a fool or a liar."

"What?" roared Oliphant.

It was the first time a Fourth Form junior had used language like that to the captain of St. Kit's.

"A fool or a liar!" shouted Harry fiercely, "and I'll say so before all the school."

Oliphant's jaw set grimly.

"Do you understand that you'll be taken before the Head if you keep this up?" he asked quietly.

"I demand to be taken before the Head, and if you don't take me there I shall go myself. Do you think I would lie down under a rotten, lying accusation like this?" exclaimed Harry passionately.

"That's enough," said Oliphant curtly. "Open the door, will you, Wake. I'll take him to the Head at once."

Wake opened the door.

"Come!" said Oliphant roughly.

"I'm ready," answered Harry Nameless disdainfully.

And with his head erect, though with a hot flush in his cheeks, he walked by Oliphant's side to the Head's study. A dozen fellows saw them go, and marked the sternness in Oliphant's rugged face, and the flush in Harry's and the blaze in his

(Continued on the next page.)



Football Gossip!

By "Goalie"

The Quality of Football.

The quality of the football in the various sections of the League is a matter for continual discussion. The "high-brows" of the First Division make rather a habit of talking about the lower Divisions as if there was some distinct and definite line which could be drawn between the football as played in the sections. The Cup-ties have frequently demonstrated the hollow nature of this sort of argument, and the results of this season's League games serve to emphasise the fact that, for effectiveness, at any rate, there is precious little to choose.

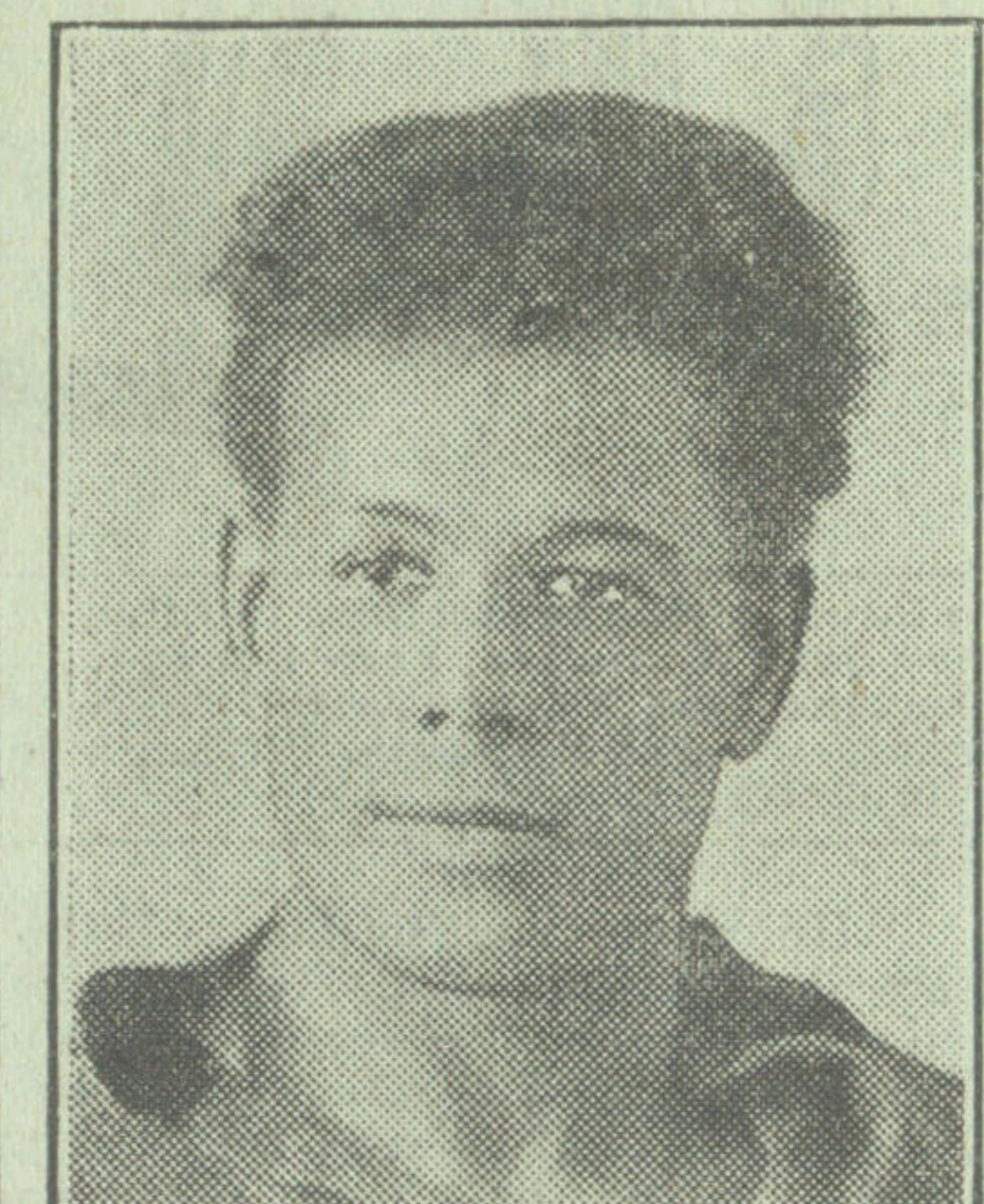
Success for the Promoted Clubs.

By way of example, we had Bury and Leeds United promoted from the Second Division to the First Division at the end of last season. Both these clubs were content, for the most part, to rely on the players who had done well in League II., and with these self-same players they have up to now managed to hold their own quite well in the top section. Then Portsmouth came up from the Southern Section of League III., and the Wolves from the Northern Section, and here again we find both these clubs making a very good show in the class higher up without any material change in the men on the staff. Indeed, Portsmouth have one notable feat to their credit, at least—they remained undefeated for a longer period this season than any club in the League to which they were newcomers. So it really does not seem, after all, that the premier League people have any good excuse for looking down on their brethren in the lower sections.

The Most Common Result.

A reader of these notes asks me what is the most "popular" result in big football, and by the question he means the result most frequently met

with. The query is rather a big one, as I found out when I started to analyse the results of all the games



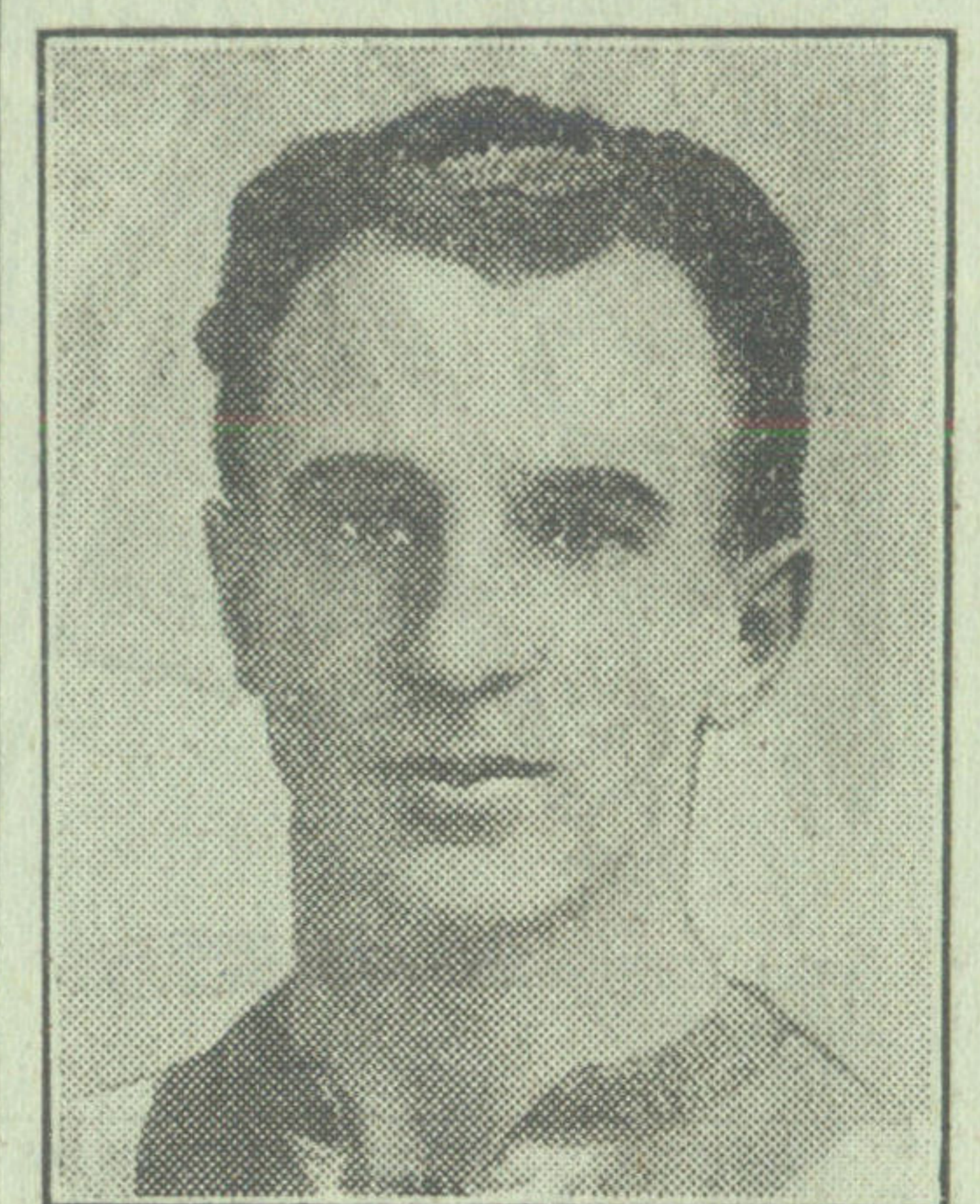
J. LESLIE.
(Plymouth Argyle.)

played up to date. But I found the figures more than a trifle interesting, and, consequently I carried through the analysis to the end. I confess frankly that if I had been asked to give an answer without referring to statistics I should have said that the goalless draw was the result which cropped up with the greatest frequency; but such an answer would have been wrong. The one goal to nothing result is by far the most popular, and it may astonish some of my readers to know that week in and week out something over one match in every five ends in a one-nil score. Two-nothing is the result which comes next in order of numbers, with the draw minus goals occupying third position. Afterwards, in the order of "popularity" come one each, two-one, and three-nil. I was more than a little surprised to find on going through the analysis that the figures three-two very seldom occur. Indeed, only about one match in a hundred has ended with this score up to now.

Are Bigger Targets Wanted?

Mention of the matter of goals reminds me that there is a proposal on foot to get the size of the target at which forwards have to shoot, increased. The suggestion is made by a man who is high up in the official world of football, so it is obvious that if and when he brings the matter forward at Football Association meetings it will be considered worthy of consideration. Personally, I hate this idea of constantly tinkering with the rules of the game, and I certainly see no reason why we should make it any

easier for the forwards to get goals. I admit that goals are the spice of the game so far as the onlookers are concerned, but they are only the spice because they are comparatively rare and can only be gained by an effort



W. SMITH.
(Huddersfield Town.)

full of merit. If it is suggested that the game will necessarily be improved either as a spectacle or in a playing sense by increasing the number of goals scored, why not have the target stretching from one side of the field to the other, and as high as the posts which are used in the Rugby game? No. What big football wants is not a greater amount of space between

the posts, but increased forward efficiency.

Plymouth in the Running.

In practically every season since the War Plymouth Argyle have made a big struggle to finish on top of the Southern Third Division; but each time have been beaten at the post—or very near to it. Once again the Plymouth side is making the running, and in Manager Jack they have an old player who has been responsible for bringing out quite a lot of most promising youngsters. Indeed, I know of no manager more ready to give a lad his chance. London has also been a happy hunting ground for the man who holds the reins at Plymouth, and from Barking he secured in James Leslie a forward who seems now to have made the inside-left position his own. When he went to Plymouth Leslie was regarded as an extreme wing man, but has done even better nearer the middle. He has the distinction of being the only coloured player now appearing regularly in first-class football, though there have been other instances in the recent past.

A Corner Kick Artist.

When the rules were altered to make it possible for goals to be scored direct from corner-kicks, I warned my readers not to expect any big increase in the number of successes on this account. That I was right in this prediction was proved by the fact that nearly five hundred first-class games had been played before the first goal was scored direct from the corner-flag. The honour of doing this went, appropriately enough, to William Smith, the outside-left of Huddersfield Town, and one of the most accurate corner-kick experts of the present day. Smith is in every respect a first-class winger, and he it was who scored a penalty goal for Huddersfield when they won the Cup in 1922.



(For the best footer information you can't beat "Goalie." Don't miss his great new article appearing in our next issue!)

WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN ON SATURDAY.

Below will be found our expert's opinion of the probable results of the big games to be played on Saturday, November 22nd. The likely winning side is printed in capitals. Where a draw is anticipated, both clubs are printed in smaller letters.

First Division.	Second Division.	First Division. Scottish League.
Arsenal v. SUNDERLAND.	BARNESLEY v. The Wednesday.	AIRDRIEONIANS v. Queen's Park.
ASTON VILLA v. Everton.	Blackpool v. Manchester United.	FALKIRK v. Ayr United.
BLACKBURN ROVERS v. Bolton Wan.	BRADFORD CITY v. Southampton.	Hamilton Acads v. Dundee.
BURY v. Preston N. E.	DERBY COUNTY v. Stockport County.	HIBERNIANS v. Aberdeen.
HUDDERSFIELD TOWN v. Notts C.	FULHAM v. Coventry City.	KILMARNOCK v. Hearts.
LIVERPOOL v. Leeds United.	Hull City v. Leicester City.	PARTICK THISTLE v. Cowdenbeath.
MANCHESTER CITY v. Cardiff City.	MIDDLESBROUGH v. Clapton Orient.	RAITH ROVERS v. Morton.
NEWCASTLE UNITED v. Birmingham.	PORTSMOUTH v. Stoke.	St. Johnstone v. RANGERS.
Nottingham Forest v. Burnley.	PORT VALE v. Crystal Palace.	ST. MIRREN v. Motherwell.
Sheffield United v. West Bromwich A.	South Shields v. Chelsea.	Third Lanark v. Celtic.
WEST HAM UNITED v. Tottenham H.	WOLVERHAMPTON W. v. Oldham Ath.	

eyes. And in five minutes most of the Lower School of St. Kit's knew that something was "up," and that Harry Nameless had been taken in to the Head by the captain of the school.

Before the Head.

Dr. Chenies was chatting with Mr. Rawlings in his study when Oliphant knocked at the door. In response to the Head's "Come in!" Oliphant opened the door and walked in with the accused junior. Dr. Chenies adjusted his spectacles, and glanced at them.

"What is it, Oliphant? What has happened?" It was clear enough from Harry's look that something very unusual had happened.

"It's a rotten thing, sir," said Oliphant. "I'm sorry to have to report anything of the kind. It—it's theft."

"Theft!" exclaimed the Head, with a start, nearly dropping his gold-rimmed pince-nez.

"Yes, sir!"

"But surely Nameless has not—" began Mr. Rawlings. The Fourth Form master had a very high opinion of his nameless pupil.

"I think so, sir; but I'd better state exactly what has happened, and you can question Nameless," said Oliphant, looking at the Head.

"Pray do so," said the Head quietly.

Oliphant explained succinctly. He had been out with Wake, and the money-drawer in his desk had been intact when he left the study. On his return he had found Nameless in the room, not having sent for him. Later he found that the drawer had been forced and the money gone.

Harry Nameless calmed down considerably as he listened to Oliphant's explanation. He realised that, whatever became of the charge, there was no question of Oliphant being a party to any foul play. The captain of St. Kit's had jumped to a conclusion, that was all. And it was not, at the first glance, a conclusion without some grounds.

Dr. Chenies listened patiently to the prefect, and when he had finished turned his glimmering glasses upon Harry.

"What have you to say, Nameless?" he asked, gently enough. And again it came into Harry's mind that here, at least, he would get fair play. The Head had only one desire—to get at the truth of the matter. That

there was a thief in the school was certain; but the junior upon whom suspicion had fallen was to have every opportunity of proving his innocence—if he was innocent. To his thoughts on that point Dr. Chenies' face gave no clue.

"I know nothing whatever about the money, sir," answered Harry calmly. "It seems to me infamous that I should be suspected."

"You do not deny Oliphant's statements?"

"No, sir; I was in the study."

"What were you doing there?"

"I was told that Oliphant wanted me, and that I was to wait till he came in if he wasn't in the study. I waited."

"If that point is proved, Oliphant, Nameless' presence in the study will be fully accounted for," said the Head mildly.

"Quite so, sir," said Oliphant. He reddened a little, wondering whether he had been too hasty. "Of course, Nameless can say who told him to come there, and if the fag bears him out—"

"Precisely. Who told you to go to Oliphant's study, Nameless?"

"Carton of the Fourth, sir."

"Oliphant, will you kindly call Carton here?"

Oliphant left the study, smitten with still deeper doubts as to whether he had been hasty. Harry's answers were calm and ready, and it seemed incredible that he would be guilty of the folly of calling a witness if he was not certain of what that witness was bound to say. A few minutes would settle the matter.

Mr. Rawlings' countenance cleared. It would have been a great shock to the Fourth Form master to find that his opinion of the nameless schoolboy was ill-founded.

There was silence in the study while they waited; but in a few minutes Oliphant entered, followed by Vernon Carton.

The latter did not glance at Harry. He looked cool and unconcerned, only slightly surprised. He fixed his glance upon the Head.

"Oliphant says you want to speak to me, sir?"

"Yes, Carton. You have not told Carton what is toward, Oliphant?"

"Not a word, sir. I simply told him he was wanted."

"Very good. Carton, did you take a message from Oliphant to Nameless a short time ago?"

"No, sir."

"I should rather have said, a

pretended message, telling Nameless to go to Oliphant's study and wait there for him?"

"No, sir."

Harry Nameless started forward. He could scarcely believe his ears.

"Carton!" he exclaimed in a choking voice. "You—"

"Stand back, Nameless!" said the Head, and there was a note of sternness in his voice now. "Silence, sir! Now, Carton, pray remember, and speak very carefully. Nameless states that you gave him a message, supposed to come from Oliphant, which caused him to go to Oliphant's study and wait there. Do you deny that this is the case?"

"Most certainly, sir," answered Carton calmly. "Nameless has been sent to Coventry, sir, and I never speak to him at all."

"Have you spoken to him at all this evening?"

"No, sir."

"You are sure, Carton?"

"Perfectly sure, sir."

Harry's eyes blazed at his old enemy. And yet there was a sense of unreality about the scene. Bitterly as Carton hated him he could scarcely understand that the fellow would stand before the Head and utter deliberate falsehoods. And what was his object? If Oliphant had not told him of the theft, why should he utter these lies? If he did not know of the theft he could not know the harm he was doing his enemy.

"Very well," said the Head, turning to Harry. "Nameless, do you repeat that Carton gave you the message you allude to which accounts for your presence in Oliphant's study?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have heard Carton deny it."

"He lies!" exclaimed Harry bitterly. "It's pretty well known in the school that Carton hates me. He's lying now to do me an injury."

"Carton does not even know why you are being questioned, Nameless," said the Head coldly. "Kindly do not make wild statements. This is a matter for proof. Was anyone present when Carton gave you this message, as you state?"

"No, sir."

"Where do you say he spoke to you?"

"In my study."

"You were alone there?"

"Quite alone, at prep. One of my study-mates is away from the school at present."

"Ah, yes; St. Leger! But you have another—Bootles. Where was he?"

"I don't know."

"He was not in the study?"

"No, sir."

"It is unfortunate that you happened to be alone when Carton gave you this message, upon which so much depends," said the Head, with considerable dryness of manner. "Very unfortunate, indeed. If Carton played a foolish trick upon you in sending you to wait in Oliphant's study, there is no reason whatever why he should not admit as much. Unless you can produce a witness of some sort, I am bound to accept Carton's statement that he did not give you any such pretended message from Oliphant."

"He came in when all the fellows were at prep, sir," said Harry. "I suppose he picked a time when there would be nobody about."

"Why should he?"

"I don't know, unless because I'm in Coventry, and he mayn't have liked to be seen speaking to me."

The Head made a gesture.

"I fear, Nameless, that Carton's statement invalidates your assertion that you received a message calling you to Oliphant's study. It is quite possible, however, that you may have been there for some reason of your own, unconnected with the theft. Had you any such reason?"

"No, sir; I went because of what Carton told me."

The Head coughed.

"At what time did you leave your study, Oliphant?"

"About half-past seven, sir."

"And you returned—"

"At eight."

"You are sure the drawer was intact when you left?"

"Quite sure."

"Then the theft must have been committed between half-past seven and eight o'clock. At what time did you reach the study, Nameless?"

"I had been there about a quarter of an hour when Oliphant came in, sir."

"Then, on your own statement, in the previous quarter of an hour the theft must have been committed by some other person."

"I suppose so."



ACCUSED OF THEFT! The St. Kit's captain fixed his eyes upon Harry Nameless. "You can guess why you're sent for, I suppose?" he asked. "Not at all," answered Harry, in wonder. Oliphant waved his hand towards his desk. "I've missed the money," he said. Harry started. "What money?" "The money you've taken from my desk."

"Did you see anyone near Oliphant's study?"

"No one, sir."

"What did you do while you waited there?"

"I sat in a chair, sir."

"Did you know there was money in the drawer?"

"I never thought about it."

"But if you had thought about it, would you have known that there was money there?"

"I might have," said Harry, flushing. "I've seen Oliphant take money from the drawer. So have fifty other fellows, I suppose. I've sometimes fetched things for him from the tuckshop, and once or twice he's taken the money from a drawer in his desk."

The Head made Carton a sign to leave the study. The captain of the Fourth went quietly out.

"I believe, Nameless, that you have much less money than most of the boys at this school?" the Head resumed, when Carton was gone.

"I—I think so, sir."

"You have recently been in need of money, I think?"

"That's no secret, sir, owing to Bootles prying and tattling my affairs about the school," said Harry bitterly. "But it was not for myself that I wanted the money."

"No doubt. It was this need of money that caused you to work very hard for the Fortescue prize."

"I admit it, sir."

"But you did not gain the prize," continued the Head, "and the pressing need of money, I presume, continues."

Harry's cheeks burned.

"I—I suppose so, sir."

There was a pause. Oliphant's face was very grim, and Mr. Rawlings avoided looking at Harry. But the Head's keen eyes remained fixed upon him.

"I will give you time to reflect, Nameless," said the Head at last. "Take your time if you have any confession to make."

"I have nothing to confess, sir. I do not need to reflect to know whether I am a thief or not," said Harry indignantly.

"Very well," said the Head. "If you have nothing to confess the matter must go farther. You are ready, I presume, to submit to a search?"

"I am ready to submit to anything you think necessary, sir."

"Please touch the bell, Oliphant."

Oliphant rang, and Tuckle, the page, appeared. Tuckle blinked from one grave face to another. Harry's cheeks burned hotly. Every nerve in his body revolted at the indignity that was to be put upon him. But he realised that there was no help for it, and he kept cool.

"If you have any money about you, Nameless, kindly lay it on my desk for the present," said the Head.

Harry laid his money on the desk. There were two pound notes and some silver.

"What money was missed from your drawer, Oliphant?"

"A five-pound note and two pound notes, sir."

"Have you the numbers?"

"I have the number of the five-pound note, sir. Not of the others."

"Give me the number, please."

Oliphant copied it from his pocket-book upon a sheet of paper—0003579.

"These two pound notes are yours, Nameless?"

"Yes, sir; they are all I have left of five pounds I had when I came to the school."

"Tuckle, will you oblige me by making a thorough search of Nameless, and laying upon my desk anything you find upon him?"

"Yessir," gasped Tuckle.

And the search began.

The Proof of Guilt.

Harry Nameless submitted quietly. His position was humiliating enough, but any objection would only have strengthened the suspicion already black enough against him. He realised, too, that a search was the simplest way of proving his innocence. The theft had been discovered so quickly that it was improbable that the thief would have had time to conceal his plunder in some safe place. If the notes were not found about him or in his belongings, it was a point very much in his favour.

A good many articles were turned to light in Tuckle's search. Several letters—two from Algy—and a pencil, a fountain-pen, a few stamps, and a pocket-knife. The pocket-knife was glanced at very keenly by the Head. It was a combination knife, with several implements in it, and it occurred to all present at once that it might have been used in forcing open the flimsy lock of Oliphant's money drawer.

But no money was found on the junior, excepting the amount he had placed before the Head, and which he declared to be his own.

"That is all, Tuckle?"

"Nothing else, sir," said Tuckle. The search had been thorough enough; the watching eyes had made sure of that.

Dr. Chenies rose.

"Very good. Then we shall proceed to Nameless' study."

The Head led the way.

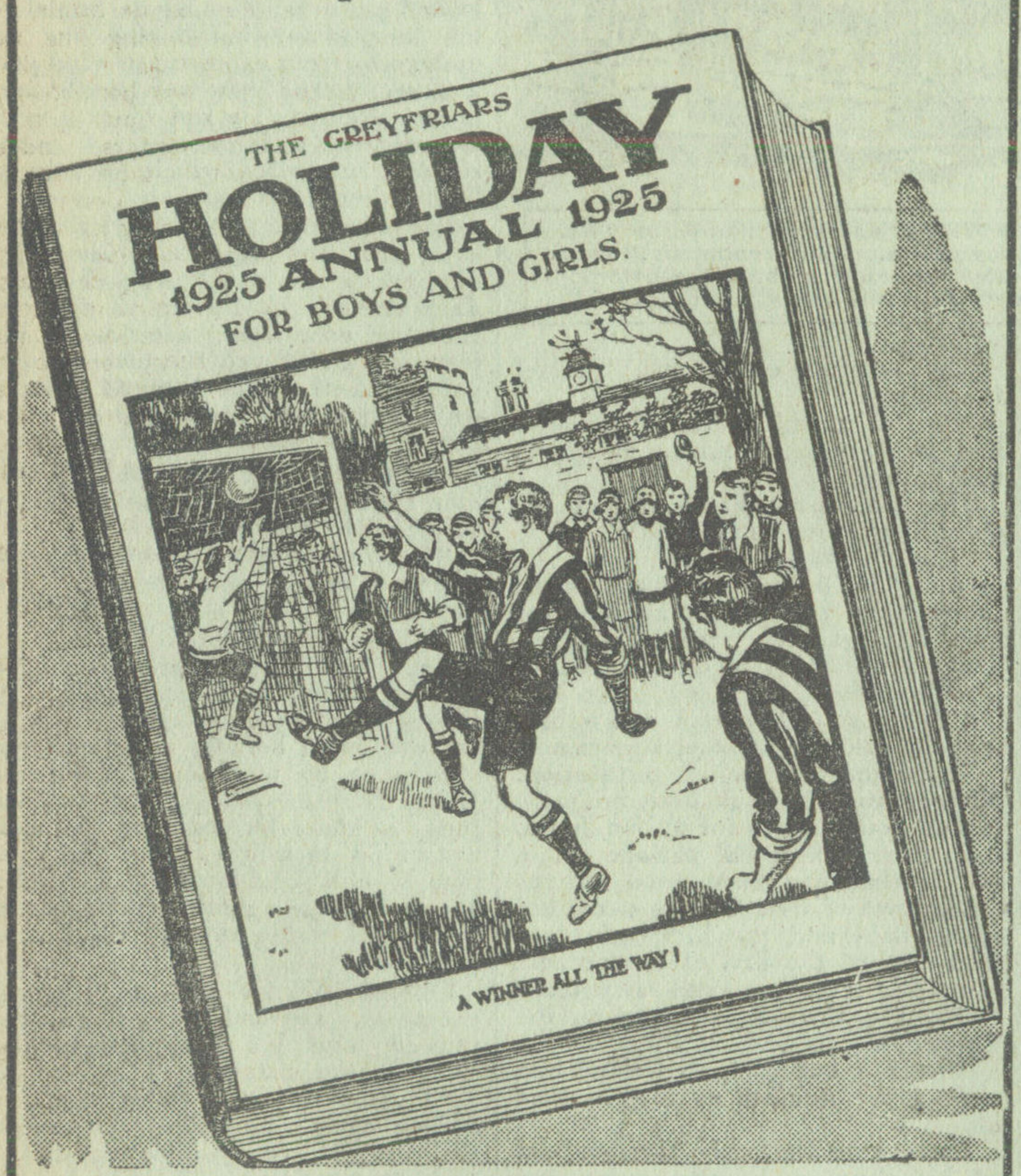
Following him came Harry Nameless, Oliphant, and Mr. Rawlings. Tuckle brought up the rear.

A hundred eyes at least watched that stately procession to the Fourth Form passage. There was suppressed excitement all over St. Kit's now. The facts were not yet known. But the juniors did not need telling that something very unusual indeed was "on."

At a respectful distance behind the procession a crowd of juniors

(Continued overleaf.)

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Chums of St. Kit's!

By FRANK RICHARDS.

(Continued from previous page.)

back in case the Head should come out.

"You have an overcoat, Nameless?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where is it?"

"Hanging in the lobby, sir."

"We will proceed to the lobby," said the Head, with dignity.

Arrived in the lobby, Harry's coat was taken down, and Tuckle spread it on a table to go through it scientifically. Harry Nameless stood looking quietly on. He had no fear of the result of the search, and the scornful smile was still on his face.

"The pockets is all empty, sir," said Tuckle, "but the linen's torn 'ere, sir, and there seems to be something inside, sir."

"Make a thorough examination, Tuckle."

"Yessir."

Tuckle shoved his hand through the torn lining, considerably increasing the rent in the process.

His hand came out with something clutched in the fingers—something that glimmered and rustled.

fell in and marched in pursuit. Half the Fourth and the Shell were hanging about the staircase end of the passage by the time the Head reached Study No. 5.

Bunny Bootles was there. He had finished prep, and was making a minute examination of the study cupboard, in the hope that Harry Nameless might have left something of an eatable nature there. His search was fruitless, and as he heard steps in the doorway Bunny threw a scornful remark over his fat shoulder.

"You needn't think I'm after your grub, you beast. I knew there wasn't any. I wouldn't touch it, anyhow. Oh crumbs!" added Bunny, as he sighted the awe-inspiring figure in cap and gown that loomed up in the doorway. "I—I didn't know. Oh dear! Is—is—is it you, sir?"

The Head paid no heed to Bunny Bootles.

"Kindly point out your—er—belongings to Tuckle, Nameless," he said.

"Yes, sir."

Bunny retreated into the window recess and looked on at the scene with wide-open eyes.

Little was said in the study.

Harry pointed out his few belongings. Most of the furnishing of the study was the property of Algernon Aubrey St. Leger.

His belongings were carefully searched by Tuckle, under the eyes of the Head, Mr. Rawlings, and Oliphant.

There was no result.

"Nameless has a box in the dormitory, I think, Mr. Rawlings?" said the Head.

"Certainly."

"We will proceed to the dormitory."

The procession restarted after the interval, so to speak. But for the grave countenance of Dr. Chenies there would have been something just a little absurd in it. They proceeded up the dormitory stairs, and in the distance behind as before, followed a crowd of juniors. Dr. Chenies did not look back, and was apparently unaware of the almost feverish interest his proceedings excited among the fags.

Oliphant turned on the light in the dormitory.

Harry's box, which stood at the foot of his bed, was turned out methodically by Tuckle, who was now warming to his work, Harry having handed over the key. The nameless schoolboy stood and looked on with a scornful smile on his lips.

Again the search was in vain; the trunk was drawn blank.

Then there was a pause.

A faint murmur came from the passage outside, and Dr. Chenies, turning his head in that direction, saw the doorway crammed with eager faces.

Those faces met the Head's stern, rebuking glance, and vanished like ghosts at cockerow.

"Mr. Rawlings, your boys have lockers in the Form-room, I think?"

"Yes, sir."

"We will proceed there."

They proceeded.

The crowd of juniors in the dormitory passage broke into tumultuous flight as the Head emerged and rustled down the corridor.

They fled by all ways, and did not gather again until the procession was past. Then they closed up in the rear like the waves behind a stately ship.

Mr. Rawlings turned on the light in the dusky Form-room. Harry handed over the key of his locker.

Tuckle recommenced his labours with keen interest. Tuckle was feeling quite like a Scotland Yard detective by this time, and was really anxious to unearth stolen banknotes.

But there was a disappointment for Tuckle. The locker was drawn as blank as the trunk in the dormitory.

Again there was a pause. The crowd outside the Form-room dodged

"You need not add further falsehoods to your guilt, Nameless," said the Head coldly.

"I am telling the truth. I—"

"Oliphant's banknote has been found in your coat—hidden in the lining. No doubt you placed it there, in readiness to be taken out of gates at the first opportunity and got rid of. Have you the audacity, sir," exclaimed the Head, "to utter any further impudent denial of the theft?"

"I—I—" gasped Harry.

He tried to regain his self-control. The Head's angry condemnation almost stunned him. There was sorrow, as well as indignation, in Mr. Rawlings' kind face, bitter scorn in Oliphant's. Even Tuckle was sneering. A murmuring whisper came from the throng outside the lobby doorway. Condemnation—condemnation on all sides, and he was innocent—innocent! Was it possible for an innocent lad to be adjudged guilty? He could never have believed it. But—

His eyes sought the Head's stern face wildly.

"Dr. Chenies, you do not—you can't believe—"

"Believe what?" said the Head, in a grinding voice. "Believe that you are a despicable thief? Undoubtedly. Believe that you have brought disgrace and shame upon the school you ought never to have entered? Most certainly!"

"Take him away, Mr. Rawlings, please!" said the Head, with a look of disgust.

The Form master's hand fell heavily upon Harry Nameless' shoulder, and he was led away. Five minutes later he was locked in the punishment-room—alone. Alone with his thoughts! His thoughts were terrible enough.

Jack Straw at Home.

Algernon Aubrey St. Leger glanced from the window of the railway carriage at the little station nestling amid the Sussex downs. He smiled, and glanced at the tall, stern-faced gentleman sitting opposite.

"Southwood! This is the station, uncle."

During the journey few words had been exchanged by uncle and nephew. Now Colonel Wilmot only nodded in response to Algy's remark, and stepped in silence from the train.

It was a little wayside station, and they were the only passengers that alighted. Round them were the green slopes of the downs. The sea was not visible, though the taste of it was in the keen air. A ruddy-faced station-master directed the two travellers to South Cove, with a cheery smile and a broad accent.

"Three moile by the lane, sir," he said. "Tarn at the end by Goiles' pond, and you see South Coove afore you, sir."

certainly, but healthy and contented. The fever of town life had not penetrated within miles of South Cove.

The three-mile walk was little enough to the colonel and to the sturdy junior, though it was a rugged road. There were steep slopes and sharp acclivities. Over the last roll of the green "down" they came suddenly in sight of the sea—blue and wide, curling in the wind, with little crests of white, stretching away towards the distant coast of France. In a hollow of the downs reposed the little straggling village, and two or three boats were drawn up beyond the tide.

A dozen children played near and among the boats on the sand; an ancient mariner, gnarled and grizzly, stood and stared at the sea and smoked a clay pipe, and at intervals, with a regular solemnity as if it were a religious rite, he hitched up his huge trousers. He glanced at the travellers without turning his head, merely because they came in his line of vision, without curiosity.

The colonel paused.

"I think we had better inquire where Mr. Straw's cottage is, Algernon," he remarked.

"Yaas, uncle. Shall I ask this old gentleman?"

"Do so, Algernon."

Algernon Aubrey raised his cap politely as he approached the ancient mariner. A slow stare rewarded him. "Excuse me, sir," said Algy courteously.

"Ay, ay," came a deep voice in reply.

"Perhaps you know where Mr. Straw—Jack Straw—lives?"

"Ay, ay."

With that reply the old seaman turned his steady stare upon the sea again. Algy coughed.

"Will you have the kindness to direct us to Jack Straw's cottage?" he inquired.

"Ay, ay." The old gentleman hitched his trousers and detached a gnarled mahogany hand and pointed. "Bear up by the cliff yonder, mess-mate, abaft the inn, keep a straight course for a dozen cables' length, and you'll raise her to port."

"My only hat!" murmured Algy.

The direction seemed a little vague to landmen. However, they knew that "port" was left, and they knew how to keep a straight course. Ten minutes later they sighted a little cottage in a hollow of the cliff, with a thin column of smoke rising from its single chimney. It was a rugged path up to the cottage. There was a little garden, and in the garden, outside a wooden porch, a bronzed old sailorman sat, smoking a pipe and reading over a letter—apparently with some effort. He was old, but looked sturdy and strong as an oak—his face was almost the hue of mahogany from exposure to wind and weather, but his eyes were bright and blue and clear. He was reading with the aid of a large pair of horn-rimmed spectacles, which he held in his left hand.

He put down the spectacles, however, at the sight of the two strangers at his gate. At a distance, Jack Straw's eyes were as good as they had ever been. He rose to his feet as Algy opened the little garden gate, and the tall, bronzed colonel walked up the little path to the porch.

"Afternoon, sir," said the old seaman civilly, though he was evidently surprised by the visit.

"Good-afternoon!" said the colonel. "May I ask if you are Mr. Jack Straw?"

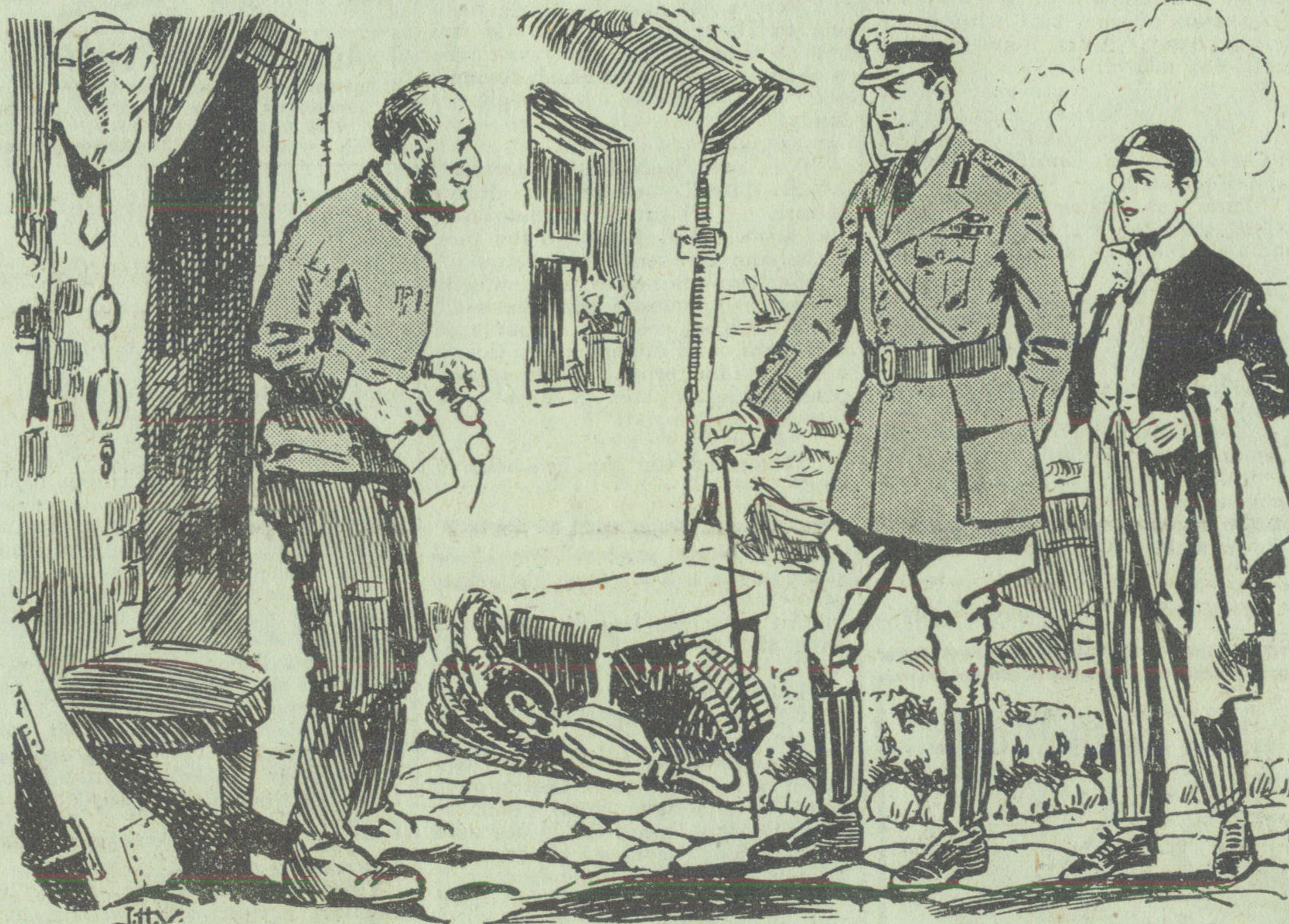
"That's my name, sir."

The colonel's keen eyes were on the old mahogany face searchingly. In that weatherbeaten face there was to be read plain honesty and truth too clearly to be mistaken. Whatever Harry Nameless was or was not, no judge of character could be mistaken as to what Jack Straw was; a simple, honest, and kind-hearted old man; one of "nature's gentlemen," superior in a good many ways to the manufactured article.

Colonel Wilmot was a judge of character. He had come there prejudiced, and his prejudice melted away on the instant.

"I must ask you to excuse this sudden visit," he said. "I should really have given you notice that I was coming. But—" The colonel did not care to explain, naturally, that he had not chosen to give Harry Nameless' guardian time to prepare a tale for his hearing. The first glance at Jack Straw, too, showed how unnecessary the precaution had been. "May I have a few minutes' conversation with you?"

"Certainly, sir," said Jack Straw, natural politeness overcoming his



JACK STRAW'S VISITORS! Jack Straw rose to his feet as Colonel Wilmot and Algernon Aubrey St. Leger walked up the little path to the porch. "Afternoon, sir," said the old seaman civilly, though he was evidently surprised by the visit. "Good-afternoon," said the colonel. "May I ask if you are Mr. Jack Straw?" "That's my name, sir," replied the old fellow, nodding.

He held it up for inspection.

"It—it—it is a five-pound note," said Mr. Rawlings faintly.

Oliphant's lip curled with contempt. There was no doubt about it now.

The Head's brow was thunderous.

"Take that note, Mr. Rawlings," he said, "and read out the number."

"0003579!" read out Mr. Rawlings faintly.

"That is the number of your bank-note, Oliphant?"

"That is the number, sir."

"You may take it."

The Head turned to Harry.

"Where are the other notes, Nameless?"

Harry was standing with a bewildered look on his face.

"The—what—the—other notes?" he stuttered.

"Yes. Two pound notes were taken from Oliphant's drawer, as well as the five-pound note," said the Head, in a hard voice. "I presume that the two notes you laid on my desk are Oliphant's."

"They are mine—"

"Two pound notes are missing, and two are found in your possession, as well as the stolen banknote. I cannot accept your statement that they are yours, Nameless. They will be handed to Oliphant, unless you can produce two others."

Harry staggered against the table.

"I did not touch them—I did not—I—" He stammered breathlessly.

The discovery of the banknote in his coat had completely unnerved and bewildered the hapless boy.

"Oh, sir! I—I—"

"I would to Heaven, now, that I had listened to Colonel Wilmot!" the Head exclaimed passionately. "That would have saved St. Kit's from this disgrace. I defended you, unhappy boy, and this is how you have repaid me."

"I swear I—"

The Head glanced at the doorway, thronged by a breathless crowd. This time the juniors did not back away. They saw that their headmaster wished to speak to them.

"Boys"—the Head's voice was deep—"listen to me! This boy, Nameless, is found guilty of purloining money from Oliphant's study. He will be expelled from the school in utter ignominy, and will leave tomorrow morning. No boy is permitted to speak to him, or to hold any communication with him again. Any boy doing so will be most severely punished. But I think I can trust to your own sense of rectitude, your own contempt and abhorrence of the act of which this wretched boy has been guilty."

There was a low murmur in the crowd. The Head made a gesture, and the juniors backed off the scene.

He turned to Harry Nameless.

"Boy, you will be taken to the punishment-room now, and confined there until you are removed from the school."

Harry panted.

"Dr. Chenies, I am innocent! I swear that I never even saw that banknote before! I—I—"

"Is there no conveyance?" asked the colonel.

"I—I'm afraid there won't be a taxi here, uncle," murmured Algernon Aubrey.

The station-master scratched his straggling beard thoughtfully.

"There's Willie Jones' trap," he said. "He'll be back from South Coove with the fish in an hour or two, sir, and, after restin' his horse, I make no doubt he'd take you to the Coove—"

"Thank you! I think I will walk," said the colonel. "Come, Algernon!"

Uncle and nephew left the station. Neither traveller was keen on waiting an hour or two for Willie Jones, and then taking a passage in a vehicle that had been used for the conveyance of fish. It was a cold but sunny day, and the hills stood out clear against the sky. A keen breeze came from the sea, and they faced it for the three-mile tramp to the Cove.

Algernon Aubrey looked about him with great interest as they walked on.

These were the early surroundings of his chum. In this quiet spot almost all Harry's young life had been spent. Over these green, abrupt hillsides he had tramped and rambled. Along this very lane, probably, he had walked and cycled hundreds of times—before Algy had met him. It was a beautiful place, far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife. The few inhabitants that were passed seemed poor,

astonishment. "Please step into my cottage, sir."

It was a little dusky room, but scrupulously clean. Jack Straw drew out two chairs for his visitors, and they thanked him and sat down. Algernon Aubrey's eyes were dancing with delight. He could not fail to observe the impression Jack Straw had made upon his uncle, and he had taken a liking to the old sailorman at first sight. Jack Straw remained standing, possibly a little awed by the colonel.

It was evident that he had not the faintest idea of his visitors' identity, or of the object of the visit.

"Won't you sit down, Mr. Straw?" said the colonel. "I am afraid I shall keep you some time—if you will allow me. Let me introduce myself. I am Colonel Wilmot, a governor of St. Kit's School."

"My boy's school, sir?" said Jack Straw.

The colonel coughed.

"Exactly."

Jack Straw sat down with a cheery smile upon his weatherbeaten face.

"I take it very kindly, sir, for you to call on me here," he said. "It's an honour to me, sir. My boy, he's getting on all right at the big school?"

Colonel Wilmot coughed again. He began to realise that his mission was a difficult one. In the presence of this simple old gentleman he felt half ashamed of his suspicions of Harry Nameless.

"He's gettin' on toppin', sir," said Algernon Aubrey, answering for his uncle. "I dare say he has mentioned me to you, Mr. Straw—I'm his best chum; my name is St. Leger."

Jack Straw looked at the elegant Algy in evident wonder.

"Ay, ay, sir," he said. "Harry has mentioned you a hundred times, I should say; he's mentioned you in this letter what I was readin' when you' hove in sight, sir. And you're the friend of my boy?"

"Yaas; we're great pals."

"I'm glad to hear it, sir," said Jack Straw. "My boy, Harry, he makes friends wherever he goes. But you had something to say to me, sir?" he added, touching his forelock to the colonel.

"Ye-es—yes," said Colonel Wilmot.

He began to wish that he had not

acceded to Algy's desire to visit Mr. Straw. His mission was a very awkward one. Yet it had been impossible to refuse; he had a stern sense of justice. If Harry was to be condemned it was only fair play to make some investigation first, and Jack Straw was the man of whom information was to be sought. Colonel Wilmot plunged into the subject at once with an effort.

"I understand, Mr. Straw, that your son—"

"Not my son, sir," said Jack Straw. "He's my boy, but he ain't any relation to me. In these parts he was called Nameless, 'cause his name wasn't known, and it stuck to him. But he's my boy, and he's as good to me as any son could be to his father."

"Yes, yes. I understand that he has always lived here with you until he went to St. Kit's."

"All his life, sir, since he was about four, I reckon."

"He has been absent at times, no doubt?"

"Never, sir, 'cept for a day or two when he was goin' on his bike."

"You are sure of that, Mr. Straw?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

Colonel Wilmot drew a deep breath. "I will be frank with you, Mr. Straw. I saw your boy—Harry Nameless—a few weeks ago at St. Kit's, on the football field, and I recognised him."

Jack Straw opened his big blue eyes, as open and innocent as a child's.

"Did you, sir?"

"Yes. Exactly where I knew him before I cannot say, but his face was quite familiar to me."

"P'raps you've had a holiday here at South Cove, and seen him about, sir," said the old seaman.

"I have never been within twenty miles of the place, to my knowledge."

"Ain't you, sir? Then that's queer, ain't it?" said Jack Straw, politely interested, but evidently attaching no importance to the circumstance.

Algernon Aubrey winked at a walrus tusk that adorned the little mantelshelf in the sitting-room. He knew that his uncle was feeling distinctly uncomfortable.

"His name I did not know," said

the colonel after a pause. "I could only conclude that when I saw him before he was passing under another name."

Jack Straw smiled.

"My boy Harry wouldn't play larks like that, sir," he answered. "I think you're out of your reckoning there, sir."

"I had better be plain, Mr. Straw. I have sat on the Bench as a magistrate, and juvenile offenders have sometimes come before me. As Nameless denies having met or seen me before, I have been driven to the conclusion that he has come before the Bench charged with some offence."

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING!

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It was out now.

Jack Straw did not seem for some moments to take in the full import of the colonel's words. But when the visitor's meaning fully dawned upon him his rugged face grew crimson, his knotted old hand trembled on his pipe. Algernon Aubrey was grave enough now. There was silence in the little dusky room for a few minutes.

When old Jack Straw spoke again his voice was steady.

"You're mistaken, sir," he said.

"I am not mistaken," said Colonel Wilmot coldly. "The boy is perfectly well known to me, and there must be some explanation of the fact. If you can offer any explanation I

am willing to hear it. If you cannot, I retain my belief that the boy has deceived—"

"Harry wouldn't deceive anybody, sir," said Jack Straw quietly. "Mr. Carew—that's our vicar, sir, who took him in tow and eddicated him, will tell you that. I never knowed Harry tell a lie."

"He told me a lie in stating that I was unknown to him."

"He did not tell you a lie, sir," answered Jack Straw steadily. "With all respect, sir, if you think my boy would tell a lie, you don't know what you're talking about."

The colonel flushed a little.

"I fear that he has deceived you, Mr. Straw, as well as others," he said, rising. "I cannot think, after seeing you, that you have been a party to his deceit. But that he is guilty of deceit is certain to my mind, and his deceit can only have one reason—the desire to cover up something he dare not make known."

"That's what you come 'ere to tell me, sir?"

"Yes. I am very sorry to give you pain, but I have my duty to do as a governor of the school Nameless has entered."

"You're mistaken, sir," said Jack Straw earnestly. "If you knowed that boy as I knowed him—as every man in South Cove knows him—you wouldn't think nothing of the sort. You couldn't. Do you think that if he got into trouble, as you s'pose, I shouldn't know nothing about it? What you says, sir, is an insult to my boy, and I fear, sir, you must have a bad heart to think such things."

"That is enough," said the colonel

cutly. "I am sorry, but I have a duty to do, and shall do it."

And he turned to the door.

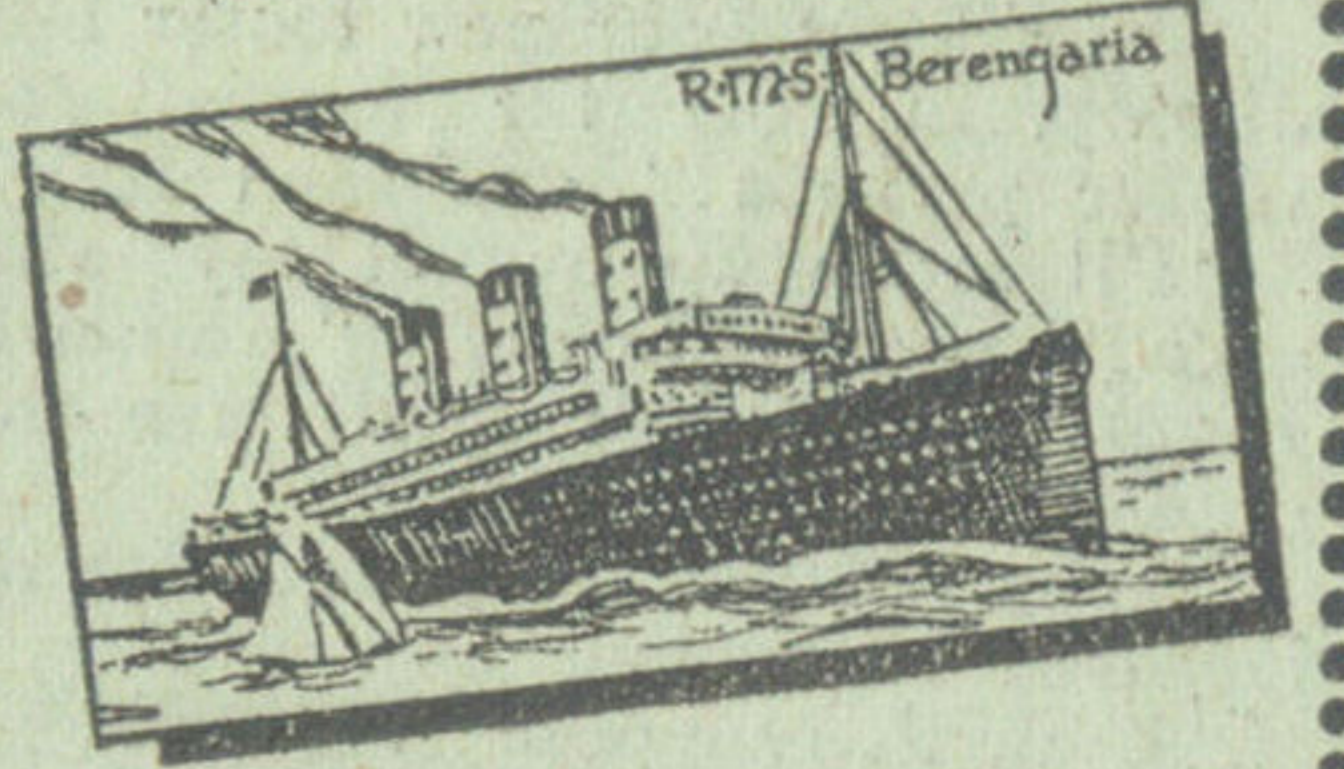
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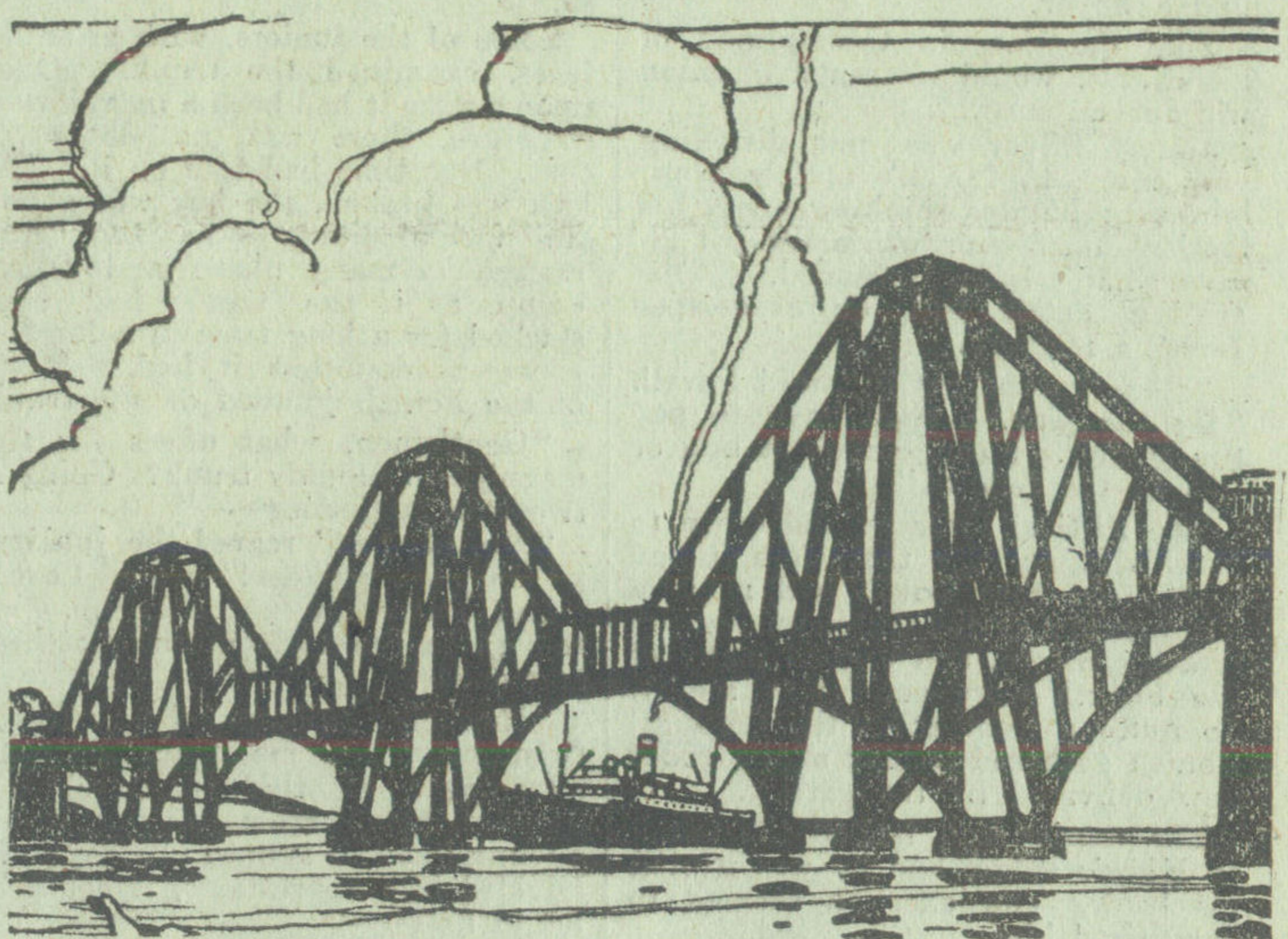
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HEALTH AND SPORT

Conducted by **PERCY LONGHURST**

If you are in need of any information concerning health, sport, or general fitness, write to Mr. Percy Longhurst, c/o The Editor, THE BOYS' FRIEND, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for a reply. All queries are a confidence between Mr. Longhurst and the sender, and are always answered by a personal letter and never in these columns. The information is entirely free, and is the best obtainable.



Training.

One or two weeks of "training" for an athletic contest of any kind isn't enough, though many a fellow with lighthearted ignorance thinks differently. A fortnight of "real hard work," and he'll be as "fit as a fiddle." But he isn't. He forgets that the men who row in the Boat-race put in weeks and weeks of training; that the boxer who wants to be "fighting fit"—fit to win a long and stubborn bout—gives himself at least a month; that for a Marathon runner three months are not too much, and four are much better.

Of course, the half-fit athlete doesn't take so long to get into winning condition as the fellow who is unfit or who has never before entered a competition or race. To attempt to crowd a lot of vigorous work into a short time is just stupidity. It may even be dangerous. Getting into condition ought to be an unhurried business, for it is the little at a time that tells. Rushing things leads to soreness, stiffness, perhaps muscular breakdown. It may interest some of my readers to know that the Finnish wrestlers at the Olympic Games last July, actually were in training for three months before their competitions started. And the Finns won about half of the available prizes, in spite of the fact that twenty-odd other nations were up against them.

The longer the distance—and this applies to boxing, walking, running, cycling, and swimming—the longer should be the period of preparation—that is a safe working rule. For a fellow who has never competed in a

sprint race before in his life I would advise not less than four weeks of preparation. To try to cram the work of that four weeks into two robs him of his chances of success; he doesn't have a chance to do himself justice. Even the experienced athlete can't afford to hurry matters—as some of the world's best-known athletes have found to their cost. Carpentier, when he met Battling Siki, must have repented of his neglect of this truth. The great John L. Sullivan had the same regret when he faced "Pompadour" Jim Corbett. Corbett had trained for many weeks, Sullivan hadn't—and he lost the championship of the world.

Seconding.

Seconding doesn't often win a contest under amateur rules, because the bouts, being confined to three rounds, aren't long enough for the value of the work of the clever, experienced seconder to get much of a look in. But even in these contests it is quite possible for mistakes of a second to lose his man the decision.

Real seconding doesn't mean falling on the boxer immediately you have got him on his chair, standing close to him, and swiping a towel furiously up and down just in front of his face. And frequently there's not a bit of need for a second to set to work to give his principal's arms and legs a vigorous rubbing up and down. Such attentions as these, mixed with voluble directions to do this and that during the next round, which some seconds seem to think constitute their special job, are much more likely to do harm than good.

As a rule, the less fussing around the second indulges in the better for the boxer.

Violent friction of arms and legs for ten or twenty seconds doesn't help a boxer's muscles at all. It harms the boxer to make him swig a mouthful of water. Let him rinse out his mouth by all means, but don't let him drink it. Chiefly what he does want is to get his wind back, and much violent towel swinging doesn't help him in this. It's far more likely to prevent him recovering his breath. And don't overwhelm him with a whole lot of advice. Encourage him with a few words certainly; tell him the other fellow is in bad shape, if you like, and won't stand much busting about, but, unless you're a tip-top boxer yourself, and able to recognise a boxer's weak and strong points, abstain from telling your man what you think is the best thing he can do. Remember that he's doing the work, and knows the difficulties of it, probably, a lot better than you do.

If he's feeling the effects of a stiff punch to the head or jaw, that has dazed him a bit, don't tell him to throw back his head while you dash water in his face. Put the bucket on the floor, get him to hold his head over it, and then squeeze out your full sponge on the nape of his neck. Don't keep his head down too long, but when he rises, lying well back, keep the wet sponge firmly pressed against the back of his neck until you hear the "Seconds out!" If there's another second (the A.B.A. rules allow one second only), he can be usefully employed in rubbing gently behind the boxer's ears, or with one finger inside the waistband pulling the boxer's knickers gently forward, so as to relieve the pressure on the front of the stomach, and so help him to regain breath.

And never try to coach him while the bout is going on by calling out advice to him. You're taking his attention from his work, and it's against the rules.

Percy Longhurst

(Look out for another helpful article.)

LEAVING IT TO LOVELL!

By OWEN CONQUEST.

(Continued from page 324.)

"Yes, when!" snapped Lovell. "When I sell it I'll settle with you fellows—"

"You'll get your new footer boots, Jimmy, in time for football next winter perhaps!" remarked Raby.

"I'll settle up out of my allowance!" roared Lovell. "And when I sell the trunk I shall have three quids."

"Why not ask ten pounds for it?" inquired Newcome.

"I don't suppose I could get ten."

"I don't suppose you could get three. So you may as well ask ten as three," said Newcome amicably.

"You silly owl!"

And the subject of the unfortunate trunk was dropped in the end study.

The 6th Chapter.

Homeless!

"Master Lovell!"

"Hallo, Tupper!"

"Which there's a big trunk come for you, sir, in the lodge, sir," said Tupper.

"Oh, good!" said Lovell.

It was the following day, after morning class. Jimmy Silver & Co. had come out of the Form-room and were sauntering in the quadrangle when Tupper brought his news.

Lovell had been talking about the trunk—apparently convinced, by this time, that he had made a great bargain. Even Lovell did not pretend that he had any use for the gigantic trunk; but he averred that, on a resale, he would make a handsome profit, the only question being to find a buyer.

That question, in the opinion of his chums, would remain a question without an answer.

Jimmy Silver was not listening very much to Lovell's anticipations, however; he was thinking about his football boots—for which the pound-note had been intended. That trifling detail had quite escaped Lovell's memory.

"Let's go and get it," said Lovell. "By the way, I shall have to pay the carrier. I can borrow a bob or two of the fellows."

The Fistical Four walked down to Mack's lodge. By that time it had leaked out that Lovell had made a big bargain at the Latcham auction the day before, and a good many of the Fourth were curious to see it. So quite a number of the Classical Fourth gathered to look at the goods now delivered by the carrier.

The carrier had landed the trunk at Mack's lodge, and he was wiping his brow. The exertion seemed to have tired him.

"There it is," said Lovell.

"Yes, 'ere it is," said old Mack. "This 'ere yours, Master Lovell? This 'ere is agin the rules."

"There's nothing in it," said Lovell, with a grin. "I'm not smuggling tuck into the school, Mack. How much?"

That question was addressed to the carrier.

"Five shillings, sir."

"Give him the trunk, old man," advised Raby. "That's just about the value of it; and you don't want it here."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Lovell glared at Raby.

"Do shut up, you ass! Morny, old man, will you lend me five bob till Saturday?"

Valentine Mornington handed out the required loan. The carrier took it and wiped his fevered brow again.

"Ot work, sir," he said. "That

trunk's 'eavy, sir. I've 'andled lots of trunks in my time, but that there trunk, sir, is a reglar corker!"

Lovell nodded.

"Makes a man thirsty, sir!" said the carrier.

Lovell looked appealingly at his comrades. Fifteenpence remained to the Fistical Four. Jimmy Silver, with a rather wry smile, handed out his last shilling, and Lovell tipped the carrier. That gentleman wiped his brow again and departed.

The trunk was left in the doorway of Mack's lodge. Old Mack stared at it disparagingly, and blinked at Lovell.

"This 'ere can't be left 'ere!" he said. "Blocking up a man's doorway. You see 'ere, Master Lovell—"

"I don't want it left here!" snapped Lovell. "I want it carried into a box-room."

Old Mack blinked again.

"Carry that!" he said. "I ain't a blinking giant, Master Lovell, neither I ain't a steam-crane, nor yet a blooming derrick!"

With that assurance, old Mack retired into his lodge, and closed his door on the trunk and its owner.

Lovell glanced round at a ring of grinning faces. That huge trunk, once the property of Colonel Thompson of Latcham, now the property of Arthur Edward Lovell of Rookwood School, had to be moved; but the question of transport was a serious one. Certainly old Mack would not have undertaken the herculean task without a very considerable tip—the threepence that remained to the Fistical Four certainly would not have induced him to do so.

Some of the juniors, with grinning faces, examined the trunk. Once upon a time it had been a magnificent structure, there was no doubt of that. But time had told on it. The lock was broken, the key was gone; the inside lining was torn and ragged in many places and rather damp, as if the trunk had been stacked for a long time in a lumber-room—as doubtless it had. Putty of the Fourth jumped on the trunk.

"Gentlemen, what offers for this magnificent mouldy trunk? Going at twopence halfpenny—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the juniors.

"Shut up, you ass!" hooted Lovell.

But Putty did not shut up. He ran on in the style of the Latcham auctioneer.

"Twopence halfpenny I am offered! Gentlemen, let me point out the advantages of this trunk! In a time of house shortage, gentlemen, a trunk like this is not to be despised! Divided into apartments, it could be let in flats—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You silly owl!" roared Lovell.

"Get off that trunk!"

"Any advance on twopence halfpenny? Threepence! Did somebody say threepence! Going at threepence, which is really below its value! It is worth fourpence of anybody's money—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Going at threepence! Going! Going! Gone! Yaroooooh!"

The humorous Putty was gone, too, as Lovell hooked his leg and brought him down off the big trunk.

"Now lend me a hand with the thing, some of you fellows!" said Lovell. "Half a dozen of you—"

"Catch me!" grinned Townsend.

"Ask next door!" said Topham.

"Look here, you slackers! Bear a hand!" shouted Lovell. "It can't be left here!"

"Oh, pile in!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Volunteers wanted!"

The Fistical Four collared the big trunk. Rawson and Erroll and Conroy lent a helping hand. With seven fellows holding it, the great trunk was swung up and borne away.

"Stop!"

It was Mr. Dalton's voice, as the juniors reached the House with Lovell's big bargain. The master of the Fourth stared at the party in amazement.

"What does this mean?" he exclaimed. "To whom does this—this enormous trunk belong?"

"Me, sir," said Lovell.

"And where, in the name of all that is absurd, did you obtain possession of such an article?"

"I bought it at an auction, sir."

"Upon my word! You cannot bring that rubbish into the house, Lovell! Take it away!"

"Wha-a-at?"

Mr. Richard Dalton raised his hand.

"Take it away at once!"

"But, sir—"

"Take it away!"

"Oh dear! Come on, you chaps!" groaned Lovell.

The procession turned away from the House, Mr. Dalton frowning after it. A crowd of grinning juniors followed the seven bearers and the huge, shabby trunk.

"Whither now, O King?" asked Conroy.

"Perhaps Mack will take it in if I tip him!" said Lovell hopefully.

Back to the lodge went the procession. But old Mack, with an emphasis that was really uncalled for, declined to have anything to do with the trunk under any circumstances whatever.

"Try the sergeant!" grinned Putty of the Fourth.

"Come on!" gasped Lovell.

The trunk swayed on again to the school shop in the corner behind the beeches, kept by Sergeant Kettle. The sergeant stared at it with wide eyes. He stared still more when he was requested to take it in and give it shelter. His answer was as emphatic as Mack's, and even more so.

The trunk went on its travels again, its bearers panting and perspiring by this time, and their followers howling with laughter. Half the Lower School of Rookwood had gathered to look at "Lovell's Latest," as Putty of the Fourth had already christened the huge trunk.

"I—I say, I can't stand this much longer!" gasped Raby. "What the thump are we going to do with it, Lovell?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Lovell panted.

"Shove it in the wood-shed!" he gasped.

"Oh dear! Go it!" groaned Jimmy Silver.

With a final effort Lovell & Co. bore the enormous trunk to the wood-shed. And they found the wood-shed locked.

That was the last straw.

"Chuck it!" gasped Jimmy.

Crash!

The trunk was landed beside the wood-shed. The juniors mopped their brows.

"Look here—" exclaimed Lovell.

"Good-bye!"

"The trunk can't be left here!" hooted Lovell.

"Looks to me as if it can! Anyhow, we're leaving it!"

"You silly owls! You dashed slackers! You—you—you—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Arthur Edward Lovell was left alone with his great bargain. He stared after his comrades, then he stared at the big trunk. Then he sat on it and wiped his brow.

THE END.

(On no account must you miss "The Secret of the Trunk!"—next Monday's amazing story of Jimmy Silver & Co. of Rookwood School. Order your copy of the BOYS' FRIEND in advance and thus make certain of obtaining it!)

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.

IN TWO WEEKS' TIME!

Only a fortnight to wait, and then comes the Great Bumper Number of the BOYS' FRIEND. This is the special bit of special news I have had the pleasure of bringing to your notice for some considerable time.

FREE GIFTS FOR EVERYBODY!

Look out for this great surprise! Make a note of it, and pass the information on. There is an attractive novelty coming in the old "Green 'Un" which outdistances and puts in the shade any bright feature yet handed out to readers of the BOYS' FRIEND, the weekly which always gets there first. I am not giving more away at the moment, but be on the qui vive!

ON THE SPOT!

Sleepless vigilance is good! There has to be any amount of it these days in the case of a paper like the BOYS' FRIEND. Its job is to be always level with all the requirements of its readers, and well ahead when it comes to lots of anticipations. Anticipations are topping things when foresight turns them at a touch of a wand into satisfactory realities. You will see that's just where the "B. F." scores in two weeks' date.

ANOTHER CHEERY ITEM!

This concerns the arrival of the Bombay Castle with the popular ship's company, not forgetting Dick Dorrington & Co. It all comes right in the wash, whatever the late King John said in his hectic haste. The remark holds true. I have been told that Dick Dorrington & Co. seemed to have gone for good. They had not. That was a lugubrious way of taking their temporary absence from the festive scene. In two weeks in our identical Bumper Number the Bombay Castle will sail in merrily. All's well that ends well.

OUR COMPETITION.

Don't forget about our mammoth competition! It is hardly likely! There is a charm about that "Fiver" and those Six Footballs the BOYS' FRIEND gives away each week calculated to rouse from dewy slumber the sleepest sleeper who ever slept. Fail not, either, to keep your eye on our Companion Paper, the "Magnet." It is presenting a wonderful photogravure plate of a fighting ship with each issue, and BOYS' FRIEND competitors, on the scent after first-rate prizes, will get many a wrinkle from the "Magnet" pictures.

ST. KIT'S FOR EVER!

All the old favourites will appear in the new serial of St. Kit's. Look out for a treat in "Captain of the Fourth!" Coming soon!

"THE DOWN-WITH-FOOTBALL

CRANKS!"

By Victor Nelson.

This great complete appears in our next issue. The measly spoil-sports are a graceless lot, being all in to bring disaster on a famous match. There is a criminal intent in this yarn, but Don Darrel and "Bulldog"

Holdfast are a match for most mischief-makers, football apart.

"THE SECRET OF THE TRUNK!"

By Owen Conquest.

This Rookwood story is calculated to make you extra eager for next Monday. Lovell is in the cart again. He "buys it," so to speak. Well, of course, he went to an auction, and found a cheap "line" in trunks. There was a mystery as well. See the "B. F." It will give you that glad feeling one likes to have about.

"THE TEMPLE OF ALL THE STARS!"

By Eric Wood.

Eric Wood—an old favourite—dips his pen into enchanted ink next week. This entrancing tale of wonders which hover beyond the ken of most folks is the winning result. It is a corker!

FURTHER POINTS.

All sharp and keen ones these! Our next issue does not forget the needs of all the myriad football enthusiasts. "Goalie" is on their track, as usual, with nutty tips and loads of expert information.

LOGICAL LONGHURST!

Our Health and Sport seer is the friend of a legion, and his admirers are increasing every week. Mr. Longhurst contributes a capital article in our next on what to do if you wish to figure with the fit. And who does not?

THE "HOLIDAY ANNUAL."

When Christmas comes you always hear people say the cheery season has taken them unawares. Why? There are plenty of calendars. Anyway, it is up to anyone with half an eye for the future to buy a copy of the "Holiday Annual" for a friend. The latter will take the attention—and the "Annual"—most kindly. It is the best book out.

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR ALL.

Boys, the makers of Kliptiko are giving you the chance to win £10 and many other cash prizes in their latest competition.

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