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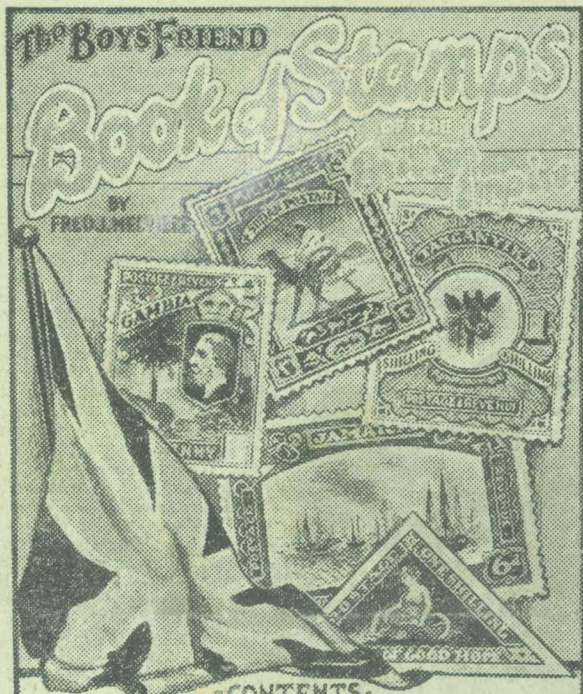
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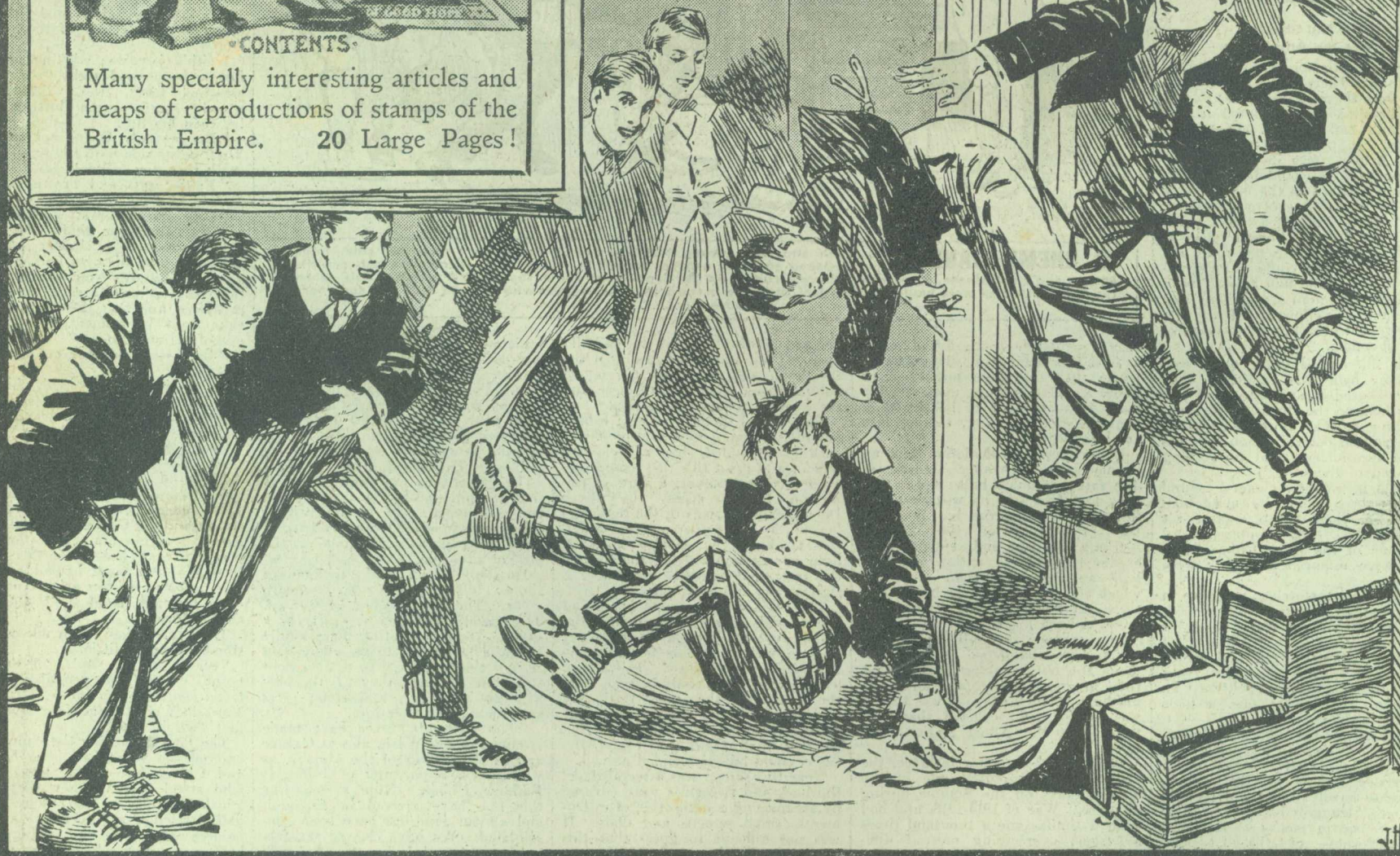
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The Captain of the Fourth!

By FRANK RICHARDS



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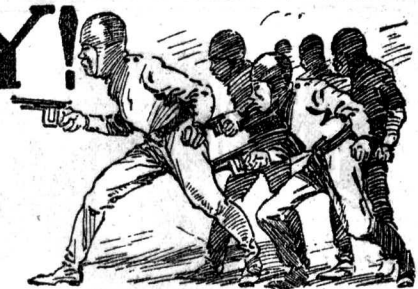
THERE'S A THRILL IN EVERY LINE OF THIS MOST AMAZING WAR STORY!



THE LION AT BAY!

BY ROGER FOWEY

The Allies fear an attack on London
by the Green Army!



The 1st Chapter.

In July of the year 1975 the Asiatic races combined in an endeavour to gain world domination. In Great Britain, the forces of the Green Army, under the leadership of Huen Lo, the Chinese dictator, landed at Baddow Holme and other places on the East Coast, coming in gargantuan vessels known as land-submarines. These vessels carry many thousands of men and weapons, including beetle machines, which are capable of moving at a great rate and which possess very deadly weapons.

No sooner did the invaders gain foot on British soil than the land-submarines threw out a wireless heat-belt, through which nothing human or otherwise could either pass in or out.

Keith Ashley, son of General Sir Dennis Ashley of the British Army, and his chum, Donald Wentworth, were in the village of Roding at the time the enemy landed, and from a hill they witnessed the Green Army's beetle machines destroy Roding and Baddow Holme, and the subsequent attempt of British pipe-planes to put the beetle machines out of action. In this encounter several of the beetle machines were destroyed, whilst all the pipe-planes were brought down by the heat-belt from the land-submarines. An advance was then made by the Green Army towards British headquarters at Martlesham, and the heat-belt was raised to allow the beetle machines to pass through. This afforded Don and Keith a chance to escape from the ring of fire, but their freedom was short-lived, for, after witnessing a battle at Bromeswell, they were captured and taken into one of the land-submarines.

The 2nd Chapter. Inside the Amphibian.

Neither Keith nor Don were in the least hurt. There was absolutely no effect from the rays which had pinned them helpless and paralysed to the road, and had brought about their capture. It was clear that if the Green Armies were in possession of wireless heat, it would not be much of a step forward in the mysteries of radio for them to evolve something which would paralyse the nerve centres of living things—just as directly applied electricity would do.

That the weapon could be an astonishingly useful one had already been evidenced—although it was likely that the armies of yellow and black and brown men would not want to make many prisoners.

Both the chums knew quite well why they had been captured. The enemy wanted information, and had taken them on the chance of learning something useful. Both had arrived at the mutual determination that the green-clad soldiery would get nothing at all out of them.

As the metal door clanged behind the two boys, and the amphibian moved on, their negro captors set them on their feet, and, at a word from one of the three Chinese, the ropes were removed and they were set free.

They found themselves standing in a very narrow corridor, with an iron-runged ladder at one end. It was lit by a long, thin tube which was let into the roofing above, and which sent out a whitish-blue light, very similar to daylight, and apparently an imitation. It was at first a little dazzling to the eyes.

The floor and the sides of the corridor were of metal, and the huge plates were bolted together in masterly fashion so that the lappings and joints hardly showed. Even in that bare, strangely-lit corridor there was evidence in plenty of the craft and cleverness of these Federal Nations who were making a bid for world supremacy.

"Walk forward, p'se!"

The words came from one of the yellow-faced, slim Chinese behind

them. One of the three moved in front; the big negroes urged the young fellows along after him, towards, and then up the narrow ladder.

By the tilt of the floor, the amphibian was moving down the slope towards Melton. The throbbing roar of its mighty engines was in the chums' ears as they walked. But, as they gained the top of the ladder, the sound ceased, and the gargantuan vessel came to a stop.

They found themselves now in a wide corridor. The left-hand wall of this suddenly dropped away, and they found themselves looking out across a low-roofed, open space. Immediately to their hand, clearly showing in the strange light, was one of the mighty engines which provided the locomotive power of the gigantic vessel.

Sight of it brought Don up with a jerk, but a negro urged him on. That engine was something the like of which Don had never seen. Dwarfed figures of men working on narrow steel ladders and gratings, showed against the polished steel of cylinders and the mighty bulks of metal casings.

Pistons and plungers, poised as the

him. Britain could build just such another vessel if she wished, although she might not be able to arm it in the same fashion.

Beyond the engine were some of the beetle machines, with green figures swarming all about them and repairing what damage had been inflicted during the battle of Bromeswell. This was all the chums had time to see, for they were hustled up another ladder, and thence by bare metal corridors towards the upper part of the huge land-submarine.

Huge pipes now began to mar the smoothness of the walls, and many cables showed—cables as thick as a man's thigh. Then the party stopped outside a narrow door, upon which were painted some nightmare Chinese characters. A panel in the door slid open, and two dark eyes showed. The leader of the three Chinese spoke a few words, and the door was opened to admit the chums.

The metal sides of the corridor in which they found themselves were painted a dull yellow, and the floor bore a thick matting which muffled their footsteps. They heard the guardian on the door speaking into some kind of telephone as they went

behind which his black eyes gleamed out on the two. His face was unwrinkled, his hair was cropped very short. He wore a green uniform with epaulettes and purple cuff-bands which apparently denoted his rank.

He smiled as he saw the chums standing just inside the door—they had, of course, been disarmed—then he said in English, which had no trace of accent:

"Good-morning gentlemen! I trust my men have treated you kindly. I hope that any slight inconvenience you may have suffered you will excuse, and place to the exigencies of the situation. This is war, you know!" And he smiled with the expression of a man who might have said: "This is football," or "This is only a friendly little game."

He rose from his seat and stepped up to them, smiling genially, and laid a yellow, soft-skinned hand on each of their shoulders.

"Two very fine young fellows! I am indeed pleased to make your acquaintance. Non-combatants I see by your lack of uniform."

"We'd have had uniforms if we'd had time to get 'em," exclaimed Don. "And a very proper spirit, too!"



IN ENEMY HANDS! As Keith and Don sprang towards Cheng Yee a door on either side of the room opened and four negroes leaped in. They flung themselves between the chums and the Chinese, there was a fierce struggle on the floor—a struggle that lasted seconds only—then the two Britishers were hauled to their feet, standing in the grip of the negroes who towered head and shoulders above them.

engine stopped, were lifted close against the metal roof. There was a whole sheaf of these mighty arms about a central staging, upon which a man, who appeared to be the chief engineer, was standing, talking into an instrument.

Power beyond calculation and an inconceivable ingenuity showed in that vast mechanical bulk; and in that very fact Don saw its weakness and discovered one of the big faults in the armaments of the Federal Nations. In size and strength that engine—one of six within the vast hull—was greater than anything which the Allies had ever built. But there was nothing about it which the Allies did not know!

The engine was built upon lines which were understood by the white men; the only striking thing about the mighty amphibian and the machinery which drove it was that it was greater, more colossal, than anything that the Allied Nations had built.

It was as though, for instance, the Germans had captured one of the British tanks on the Somme during the Great War of 1914-1918, and had built a similar one a thousand times as large, overcoming natural difficulties in regard to weight and size with a native ingenuity.

Discovering this for himself, Don was relieved of the fear which the amphibian had first impressed upon

on, and another door at the end slid open. They were pushed across the threshold, and the door was closed behind them, the three Chinese and the negroes remaining outside.

They found themselves in a broad, low-roofed room. One side of it was entirely occupied by a television screen, and upon this they could see, even at that moment, a view of the Melton Bridge across the River Deben, and the roofs of the buildings beyond, as well as part of the tunnel-like track of the Morelli line. A light breeze was wafting the tops of the trees, but nowhere was there a sign of any living thing.

The view was in simple black and white, and it was evident that the enemy had not yet mastered the art of transmitting colour—nor had the Allies, for that matter. The screen was showing what could be seen from the prow of the now stationary amphibian. There was another television screen in the room, and Don guessed that views all round the vessel could be commanded at will.

Near this screen was a metal desk; the back and two sides were covered by an amazing complication of instruments, small screens and dials. It was not difficult to guess that this room was the heart of the gargantuan vessel—and at the desk was seated the man who controlled it.

He was a Chinese, short of stature, and rather fat. He wore spectacles

exclaimed the Chinese. "Well said, my lad! Now let me introduce myself. I am Commander Cheng Yee. You may not have noticed it, but my men have removed all papers from your pockets, and I have been informed that I am speaking to Mr. Donald Wentworth and Mr. Keith Ashley." He indicated each of them as he spoke, then went on: "I regret that I cannot offer you chairs. And before I explain the reasons why I have—er—requested your presence, I want to explain something of the present situation."

He stepped back, and a momentary silence followed his suave, smooth voice. They knew what he wanted. This Cheng Yee was as crafty as a snake. He was treating them kindly because he wanted to get something out of them, wanted to disarm their suspicions. But they both saw through his wiles, and stood grim and silent, watching him.

"The Federal Forces have made landings in the Wash, also at Caister and in the Mouth of the Mersey, as well as at Sheppey, and, of course, at Baddow Holme. Nine vessels like this one have arrived in England, and all our landings have been consolidated. We have cleared satisfactory areas, and before the sun sets I expect to receive news that one hundred thousand men have been landed at each of these points, making an army to the total of half

a million. By midday to-morrow we shall have captured London!

"That is the situation in England. Things are going the same way on the Continent and in America. But that does not concern you. What I want you to understand is this. The Federal Nations will win this war, and hostilities will cease within a month. We shall be conquerors. It is no desire for power that makes us do this; it is simply for the betterment of the world. Now, you two would naturally wish to be on the winning side, and I make allowances for the fact that you have hitherto been brought up under the well-meant but misguided tuition of the nation to which you belong. I have had you brought here to give you an opportunity of joining forces with the Federal Nations, thus ensuring your own security and—"

"What do you want in return?" It was Keith who spoke. He was very white, but his voice was quite calm.

"Oh, nothing at all. It is simply kindness of the heart which prompts this," Cheng Yee answered. "Of course, you may be able to assist the Cause by interviewing prisoners, and possibly there are one or two items of information which you may be able to impart, although our own Intelligence Service is very well informed. I shall see that—"

He broke off then because a change had come over Keith's features.

Neither he nor Don wanted to die just yet, but each knew that it meant death to refuse the offer of this suave Chinese. If the choice lay between death and turning traitor, then Keith chose death, and he knew that Don would do the same. Keith was a soldier's son, and his grandfather had fought in the Great War that had raged over fifty years ago; so had Don's. It was better to die than to disgrace the memory of those brave men.

Keith's jaw was sticking out, his lips were pressed tightly across his clenched teeth, and vibrant, passionate words came hissing from between his lips.

"No, never! We're not traitors! We'll never side with the scum of the earth that you call soldiers!"

"Yellow rats and brown beasts!" exclaimed Don.

"My dear boys"—the commander's tone was gently reproving, but there was a sinister hardness behind it, and his eyes had taken on an ugly glint—"you don't realise that my orders are to take no prisoners, and that those whom I do take must be immediately—er—put out of action. So—"

"Then we'll put you out of action first!"

Keith jumped forward, his big muscles tensed, his fists ready to smash into that yellow, bland face—and Don jumped with him.

Cheng Yee was three yards from them, but they never touched him. A door on either side of the room opened, and four negroes leaped in. They flung themselves between the chums and the Chinese. There was a fierce struggle on the floor—a struggle that lasted seconds only; then the two were hauled to their feet, standing in the grip of negroes, who towered head and shoulders above them.

The Chinese had never moved. He stood, smiling a little.

"So be it," he said. "From this point we intend demolishing the troop concentration camp at Ipswich. You shall meet your fate when the first shell is fired!"

The door by which the chums had entered the room had been opened, and Cheng Yee spoke to someone who stood there. Then they were whirled round by the negroes and half carried along corridors and up ladders until they saw a big, open hatchway, down which there came a stream of fresh air. A moment afterwards they were standing on the great deck of the amphibian, awaiting their doom.

"Wisby, of Chengtu."

High above the land-submarine hovered the wireless heat emitter, and there was no tangible connection between it and the parent vessel. It remained there like some unassailable guardian, and it was by virtue of this that the amphibian was able to remain peacefully in the hollow by the Riven Deben.

The heat emitter was the master weapon. No aircraft could approach it, and it had already been discovered that shells burst in the intense heat ere they reached the emitter itself.

The chums were placed in front of one of the squat, blunt towers which jutted up from the rounded back of the leviathan. Precisely what their fate was to be they could not tell, but they could guess. Gun-barrels projected from the thick towers; there wasn't much doubt about the fact that they were to be placed in front of the muzzle of one of these weapons and—

The only consolation was that it would all happen quickly.

The four negroes kept a tight hold on them, but the chums were not bound in any way. They saw a shutter in the tower near them slide open, and a man stared at them from the darkness within. They did not know that Commander Cheng Yee was in that tower or that he was in swift conversation with the brown-skinned man who looked at them.

Both were laughing quietly, and Cheng Yee passed the other a thin roll which was covered in waterproof silk and sealed at each end with purple wax. A moment afterwards and the shutter closed; then a section of the tremendously heavy armour-plating clanged open, and the brown man—he was a Burmese Indian—stepped out on to the curving deck.

He wore that shiny green uniform, and there were purple bands at his cuffs—insignia of an officer. The little silk package was concealed up one sleeve. He strode forward with his chin held high, and as he came nearer he spoke imperiously to the negroes and the Chinese who were with them.

Immediately the chums felt the hands of the black men fall away. The Burmese spoke again. There was a moment of hesitation, and he snapped another command in his thin tones. At once the negroes and the Chinese turned on their heels and strode for the hatchway up which they had come. As they went the Burmese whipped a pistol from his belt and covered the two. He stepped closer, but stopped when he was a couple of paces away.

"Don't be afraid! This pistol is just for effect. Obey me implicitly and I'll get you out of this. Step forward, now, around the turret!"

Almost helpless from astonishment at the man's words and the smooth English which he spoke, the two obeyed him. They moved on, rounded the turret, and came to a stop alongside a number of metal bollards set at the base of the super-structure.

The Burmese had replaced his pistol now, and he stepped closer, whispering quickly:

"I'm a member of the British-India Intelligence Service. If I am caught at this my life will be forfeit. Here are papers which show the Federal plans for invasion of England. Get them to the military immediately. Quick, now!"

He jerked the packet from his sleeve and passed it to Keith; then he bent to a roll that lay behind one of the bollards. He heaved it out and sent it shooting down the rounded deck. As it moved the thing unrolled with a clatter, disclosing a pliable ladder with metal rungs. The end of it disappeared over the edge of the vessel.

"Down that ladder—it's long enough to touch the ground. Go round the back into the bushes; keep under cover. Then, somehow, get those papers into the hands of the authorities. Get away—and good luck!"

They needed no further bidding. Almost before the man had finished talking they were slipping and sliding together down the sloping deck. When it became too steep they grabbed for the ladder, then went climbing down it as fast as they could.

It was luck—stupendous luck! Such good fortune that Keith instinctively felt there must be a snag somewhere. The thought was in his mind even as he clambered down that swaying ladder after his chum. The man had spoken smoothly—too smoothly. He didn't look genuine, and the way he spoke didn't ring true. What could be the game?

The journey down that ladder seemed endless. The skin of their hands was grazed and chafed against the rough fabric which formed the sides of the ladder, their arms ached with the strain of holding on, and their knees and shoulders were bruised and battered as the ladder swung them again and again against the metal sides of the mighty hull.

Now that there was a fighting chance of winning clear they dreaded that discovery should come—that a shot would put an end to everything. Death hadn't seemed so very terrible when they were steeled to it up on the deck; but life became sweet now that there was hope of escape.

Don dropped the last fifteen feet to the ground, and Keith followed his example. They sprawled on the turf, then scrambled up and began to run towards the stern of the machine. Close in to the towering sides they kept—an endless wall of heavy metal—running with every ounce of strength in their limbs—running until their hearts were beating like sledgehammers.

Gorse bushes and rubble showed twenty yards from them when they reached the stern; just beyond was a wood, with the winding, narrow River Deben on the other side. It was as they all but reached the bushes that Keith turned his head to look back.

The amphibian towered above, huge and menacing. He saw a narrow opening some thirty feet up, with the green figure of one of the crew showing there. Even as Keith looked the man came leaping desperately out.



STARTLING INFORMATION! "I'm Wisby!" gasped the wounded man. "Wisby, of Chengtu—Whitehall know me! Those papers Aftab Basu gave you! They're a trap! False information! If we act on them—they'll wipe us up! All planned! I—I'm goin'. Tell—Wisby—of—Chengtu!" He collapsed, then roused as Keith got an arm about his shoulders. He made a tremendous effort to speak, then gasped: "Watch—watch—river. Watch—River—Thames!"

A thirty-foot drop it was, and he sprawled headlong to the ground just as the chums reached the bushes.

"They're after us!" Keith gasped; and he turned his head again, to see the man scrambling to his feet. He was staggering as he ran after them, and they could hear him gasping something. But they did not stop.

Smashing through the prickly fronds of the yellow flowered bushes, they went racing for the trees—now very near. Once more Keith turned to look. In the opening from which the man had leaped there were two more of the enemy; they had weapons in their hands, and at that moment they fired.

Keith ducked involuntarily, but the explosive bullets did not come anywhere near him. They fell near the man who was staggering behind them. The smoke and the dust they made half hid him, then his unharmed figure came racing on in the wake of the chums.

With one final burst the pair reached the comparative shelter of the trees. Ten yards inside the wood they checked a little and again looked back. There was a regular fusillade of shots coming from the amphibian now, and the green-uniformed man was running towards them through a haze of smoke. He was on the

fringe of the wood, when a bullet seemed to hit right at his heels, and he pitched forward.

As he fell there came clearly to their ears:

"Wait! Wait!" Almost despite themselves they checked. They saw the man get again to his feet, lurch forward, fall, rise, and come staggering on.

A bullet hit the trunk of a young tree, splitting it and bringing the top crashing down. It fell behind the man, pitching him to the ground five yards from them. Impulsively Keith jumped towards him.

He had fallen in a little dip in the ground, and lay on one side. His face was bronzed and wrinkled; he was a lean, thin, small man, as brown as the Burmese who had given Keith the papers. There was blood on the side of his head; his tunic was torn at the left breast and stained; one leg was hideously twisted.

He caught at Keith's hand as the young fellow bent to him.

"I'm Wisby," he gasped—"Wisby, of Chengtu. Whitehall know me. Those papers Aftab Basu gave you! They're a trap—false information! If we act on them they'll wipe us up! All planned! I—I'm goin'! Tell Wisby, of Chengtu—" He collapsed; then roused as Keith got an arm about his shoulders. He made a tremendous effort to speak, then gasped: "Watch—watch river! Watch River Thames!"

His whole body was trembling with the urgency of his message. At the last word he sagged in Keith's arms, dropped back, and lay still.

Keith bent over him and saw Wisby's eyes open once more. His lips moved a little, and the young fellow bent his head to hear:

"I'm done! They'll try to get you now I've given warning! 'Bye!" His eyes closed, and they knew that he had passed.

Shots from the amphibian were falling all about them, exploding against the trunks of the trees. Keith and Don realised that once the enemy had time to bring deadlier weapons than pistols to bear the whole wood would be devastated, and they would go up in the ruin.

The situation was full of deadly peril, and they hesitated no longer.

"Along the side of the wood!" exclaimed Keith. "They'll think we've gone right into it and miss us!"

He was off as he spoke, bent double and running, with the fumes of exploding bullets in his nostrils. A dozen times in twenty yards the pair were smothered with broken branches and slivers of wood as shot after shot got home on the trees about them. But in a matter of seconds they won clear of the danger zone and plunged down the shelving ground to the river.

A meadow lay between the wood

and the water, and they ran beneath the low shelter of a cropped hedge. But keen eyes were watching from the amphibian, and they were yet thirty yards from the river when there came a mighty burst of fire ahead of them.

They were trying to get them with wireless heat, and had hit the hedge only a few yards ahead.

"The ditch!" roared Don; and they pitched themselves into it. It was three feet wide, with straight sides, some six feet deep, and with a full four feet of water in it; it was more a tributary of the Deben than a ditch.

The hedge in front was blazing. More bushes were catching as the heat-ray moved on.

"Get to the river—under the banks!" exclaimed Keith. "We've got to chance it."

And as he spoke they heard the "Whooooo! Whooooo! Whooooo!" of a beetle machine coming in pursuit.

Grave News!

The journey to the river was a nightmare. The heat-ray kept sweeping backwards and forwards along the hedge, and when they saw a patch of boiling water approaching all they could do was to duck and hang on amidst the mud and slime at the bottom of the ditch until the ray had passed.

Soon steam was rising all over the water, and they could see nothing—could only fight blindly on through the hot water, with burning twigs and branches falling from the blazing hedge; ducking when they felt that the heat-ray was swooping down again.

To the men on the amphibian, it must have seemed that nothing could possibly live in the inferno that they created along that hedge and ditch—yet the chums won through!

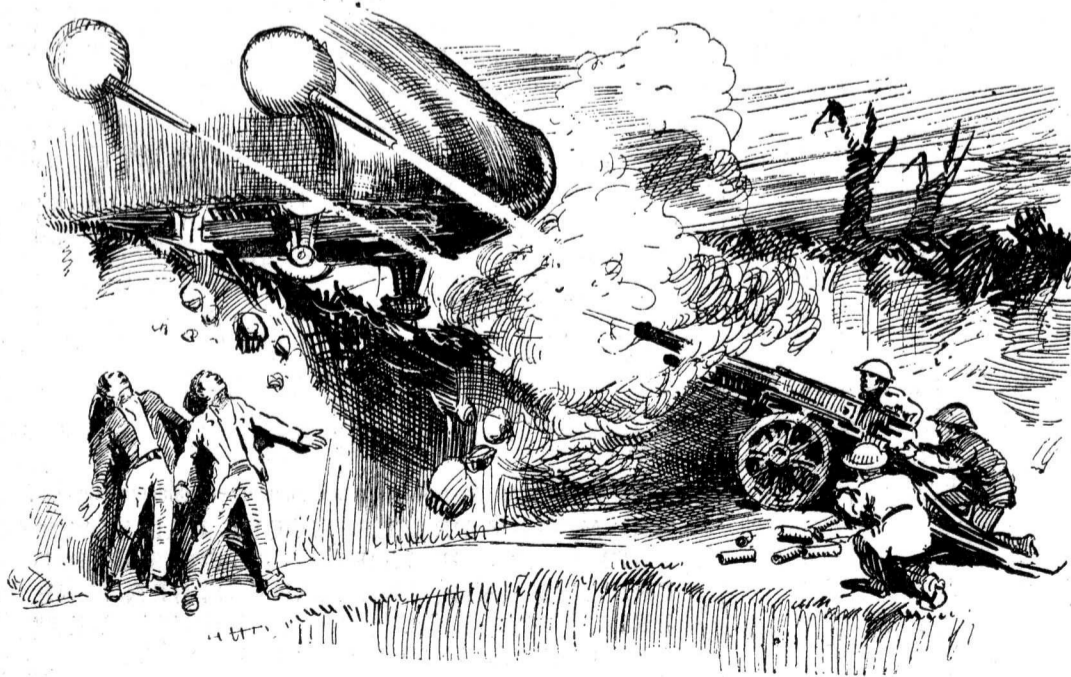
Soaked, blistered, dizzy, and almost helpless, they staggered out of the ditch and dashed for the shelter of a bank of the river. They dropped full length there, while time and again the heat-ray swept out to the waters of the Deben, making it steam and boil.

Racked muscles called for rest, their tired brains begged for sleep, their empty stomachs craved food—yet these insistent demands were smothered when they again heard the whining approach of one of the dread beetle machines.

Whooooo! Whooooo! Whooooo! It was entering the field they had just left. If it saw them they would be swept out of existence by one of its terrible guns. Despite the danger, it needed an effort for them to rouse themselves, and then they went stumbling along the river-bank towards the bridge.

They were under cover all the way,

(Continued overleaf.)



IN ACTION! As the beetle machine loomed above Keith and Don, the field gun fired and the shot carried away two of the legs of the enemy machine.

Don't forget to tell ALL your chums about "The Lion at Bay!" They're bound to want to read this powerful war story!

The LION AT BAY!

by Roger
Fowey



(Continued from previous page.)

and it was as the bridge loomed up before them that Don called:

"They'll see us if we try to cross the bridge. Wade the river; there's cover the other side!"

They took the chance. The river was fairly shallow, and they were in the shelter of the reeds on the other side when the beetle machine lurched out to the bank under which they had collapsed at the end of the ditch.

The nose of it was sticking out over the water, and it seemed to be looking for them with its single, dome-like eye. From the bulbous excrescences at the sides the thin muzzles of the actinic guns were poked—deadly and ready for action.

For a few moments it remained there, then it moved forward, dipped to drop down the bank, and went plunging across the river, its broad, flat black body well above the water.

"Missed us! Thank Heaven for that!"

Keith moved on as he spoke, and, clearing the reeds, they pushed through the brambles and gorse of the low bank. Everything was strangely silent, and both wondered what the troops were doing, and why no attack was being launched against the amphibian. They did not know that the heat-ray emitter had wiped out every living thing that it could see within miles. There were plenty of soldiers near, but all were under cover.

General Sir Dennis Ashley knew the futility of wasting men and materials in battling against the master weapon of the Federal armies; but in a little while he would have a weapon to match it! That was what he was waiting for.

While the beetle machine whined away on their right, the chums forced a passage through the tangle of bushes, making for a hedge that showed beyond.

Behind them the amphibian towered, vast and ugly and only a quarter of a mile away. They took precautions to keep under cover, so that they were not seen by watching men.

They pushed through the hedge and moved on up the slope beyond, keeping under cover of another row of bushes. As they moved they heard the beetle machine a little nearer, and guessed that the thing was sweeping round in a circle—casting for them.

They glanced at one another, and each saw that the other's face was set.

"We'll just have to hide when we spot it," said Keith.

There was another hedge at the top of the field they were crossing, and as they worried their way through it they saw the morning sun gleaming upon the yellow sides of a gravel-pit not fifty yards away.

And there, at one side, was a group of khaki-clad artillerymen, bending about the breech of a long-barrelled field-gun!

It was evident that they were ensconced in the pit, and were supposed to be watching the amphibian. But they had seen the beetle machine, and were bringing their gun to bear on it.

The chums rushed forward, and dropped down to the ledge upon which the gun had been placed. The ledge was actually a cart-track which went round the sides to the bottom of the pit.

An officer was in charge of the gun, and he whirled round as he heard the young fellows drop to the ledge. He stared at their soaking clothes in amazement.

"Get that beetle machine!" gasped Keith. "They're looking for us!"

"Three hundred yards, sir!" called a man who was bending at the sights. "She's heading this way."

"Wait for her!" answered the officer without turning, then he went on: "Looking for you, are they? And who the dickens are you?"

"I'm Keith Ashley—son of General Ashley, who—"

"Phew!" The officer's eyes opened in astonishment. "Hold on a bit—we'll get this blighter for you!"

He swung round just as one of the gunners called to him again. The chums, peering over the edge of the embankment, saw the beetle machine heading straight for the gun. A moment afterwards and the officer snapped an order.

The gun coughed dully and leaped back, its spade grip digging into the gravel. At the same moment the shell which it discharged burst beneath the nose of the beetle machine, seeming to tip it up into the air.

It settled down again, and through the haze of smoke in front of it came the stabbing blue flash from the muzzle of one of the actinic guns. The chums ducked as they heard the little, powerful shell go whining close above their heads. It burst on the other side of the pit, and they were showered with the loose gravel thrown by the explosion.

The field-gun fired again, and the shot carried away two of the flickering legs of the beetle machine. It was almost on top of them when the shell hit it, and the enormous thing came looming above them.

The chums saw the guns at one side depressed. A shell burst somewhere behind them, and another hit in front of the gun, hurling it and two of the men backwards into the pit.

And the haze of smoke and dust from this burst hid from the pilot of the machine the fact that he was on the edge of a pit!

When he saw it he was too late. Pressed flat against the back of the ledge, the chums saw the nose of the black machine loom above, a gleaming, thick, metal leg came stabbing down to the ledge, three others followed, with the broken remains of a fourth dangling uselessly.

The legs seemed to stiffen, as though they were trying to hold the machine back, and as it tottered there the pair saw the muzzle of one of the thin guns depressed to blow them into oblivion.

It must have been while the marksman's thumb was on the trigger-lever that the beetle machine lurched forward.

The gun exploded, and they felt the searing heat of it, but the shell tore past them to knock a great hole in the earth many yards beyond.

Just for the fraction of a second the machine hung there, then its nose dipped and it went plunging down, turning as it fell, the underpart flashing in the sun. Finally it crashed with tremendous force at the bottom of the pit, sending up showers of sand and gravel.

It lay there with its legs broken, half on one side, and from it there came no sign of movement.

From where he lay half smothered by the earth that had been displaced when the gun had been blown up, the artillery officer crawled out to the chums.

"Got the brute!" he exclaimed cheerfully. "That's one to us, anyhow. I'll just go and see—"

Keith broke in on his words.

"Will you tell us where we'll find someone to take us to headquarters at Martlesham, please?" he said. "We've got important information, and—"

"I'll send a man with you; you'll find tanks and cars at the back of Melton."

He called to a man who was peering over the pit-edge at the smashed beetle machine, and told him to guide the chums. The fellow was not too willing to go. He wanted to examine the machine. He obeyed, however, and took them back by way of a dry ditch until they were out of sight of the amphibian.

At Melton, they introduced themselves to an officer in charge of a number of scouting tanks, and he detailed one of the machines to take them to Martlesham.

The tank in which they rode was of the same type as those which they had seen in the battle of Bromeswell early that morning. It held a crew of six, and was directly evolved from machines which had been used at the latter end of the Great War.

There were, of course, many improvements, both in the way of weapons, design, and speed. On the smooth motor-road which led to Ipswich and passed Martlesham Heath the tank was capable of a full seventy miles an hour—and it kept that speed most of the way. There wasn't much room for passengers inside the tank, and the chums had to sit perched up on the cover of the big engine. They got some biscuits from the non-commissioned officer in charge of the machine, and during the journey it was a fight between wanting to eat and wanting to sleep—this despite the fact that both were soaked to the skin.

The tank took them straight to

"Looks as though the dad's got something planned for us when he sends us in suits like these," commented Keith.

"Hope he has," answered Don. It was over their half-emptied cups of coffee that the two fell asleep, one on either side of the cloth around which they had been sitting. They lay there four hours before they were roused by an orderly, who said that the general wanted to speak to them.

Amazed at themselves, the two returned to the general's orderly-room.

"Feel better?" he asked. "That's good! Now I've got time to hear all that's happened to you. I've been too busy to rouse you before. Afterwards, you can go back and get in some more sleep. Go ahead, Keith! Let's have all you've done from the start. You two are the only fellows who have been inside the heat circle that the Federals put out!"

Keith told him everything right from the beginning, but when he

"All right. Young Keith's just got back safely with his friend, Don Wentworth, and—"

"Glad to hear it. Wonder if they know how lucky they are!"

The voice was that of Lord Morton, who was known to both the chums. He was a member of the general headquarters staff. The radio instrument that General Ashley was using employed directional wireless, and he was talking over a very narrow radio beam, which communicated straight to Whitehall.

The general asked about Wisby, of Chongtu. He had to wait a minute or so for an answer to his query, then Morton said:

"Wisby was one of our best Intelligence men in the East. We last heard of him six months ago, when he was trying to get on the personal staff of Huen Lo. If he has shown up, you can rely absolutely upon him. Tell him I'd like him to get into touch with us at the earliest possible moment."

General Ashley told him that Wisby was dead, and promised to communicate details later on. He switched off then, and listened to the rest of the tale about the Intelligence man.

"So those documents are faked information just to try to catch us!" he exclaimed, as he examined the papers inside the package of waterproof silk. "Then we can rely upon it that what Cheng Yee told you was false, too. We are massing troops and weapons for a concerted attack upon all invaded points to start at midnight to-night. So I don't think there's much chance of them getting through to London—eh?" And he laughed a little. "We are getting aeronefs to deal with those wireless heat transmitters. Once we've got them down we shall be able to batter those amphibians to scrap."

"You've done some dashed good work, my lads! When Cheng Yee said that the war would be over within a month he was right—but we shall win it. We'll have every one of those green scum out of the country by this time to-morrow—take it from me. They've come as far inland as they are going to, I can assure you."

He paused, and Keith spoke: "There's one thing I forgot to mention. Just before he died, Wisby said, 'Watch the River Thames.' Just that and nothing else. I don't know what he meant."

"Heard something of their plans, I suppose. They've landed at Sheppey, but they haven't done much good. In any case, we've got a huge boom across the river between Tilbury and Gravesend. The river is practically blocked, in fact, and—"

He broke off as there came a buzzing sound from the radio set. He switched on and answered the call. Lord Morton's voice came swiftly:

"Headquarter's orders to be confirmed by landline. The boom at Tilbury has been smashed by enemy agency. The landings on the East Coast are a subterfuge to draw forces in that direction and away from the capital. We fear a direct attack upon London. Midland and Thames area drafts are to be returned immediately with every other available man. Hold enough forces to keep enemy in check. Confirm by landline."

The chums glanced at one another, then at the general. They saw that he had suddenly grown very grim.

So Wisby, of Chongtu, was right! He had said "Watch the Thames!"

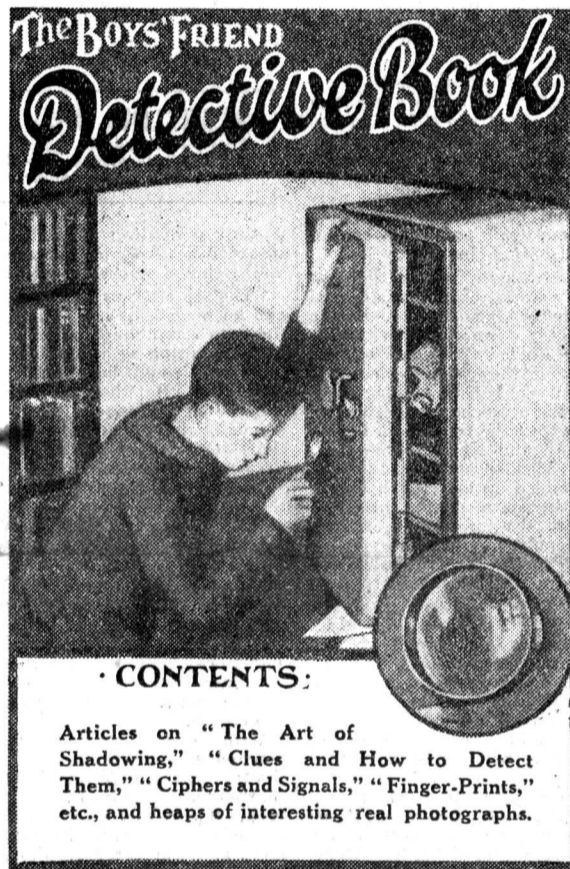
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headquarters. From above, headquarters looked like the rest of Martlesham Heath. In fact, an airman might have been forgiven for saying that the heath was deserted.

It was situated in a big dip in the ground, and across the top of this was supported netting and canvas camouflage. This put the camp in semi-darkness.

The tank drove right beneath this netting, and straight to General Ashley's quarters, where the door clanged open and the chums alighted. Keith gave his name to an orderly, and within a minute they were standing before the general and shaking hands with him.

General Sir Dennis Ashley was even taller than his son. He was broad of shoulder, and his strong features were bronzed and clean-shaven, while his hair was white. He ruled his command with an iron hand, and he was a magnificent soldier—calm, cool, and courageous.

The warmth of his greeting betrayed his feelings of relief to see the two safely before him. But he would not hear a word of what they had to say until they had stripped their wet clothing and had made a meal.

They replaced their ruined clothing with two airmen's leather-fabric suits—stuff which would wear like iron!

came to the part about Wisby, of Chongtu, General Ashley broke in:

"What was his name? Say it again!"

"Wisby, of Chongtu! That's what he said, dad," answered Keith. "He said that Whitehall would know him, and they'd—"

"Just a minute!"

The general moved over to a radio instrument that showed below a television-screen. They saw him switch on, and almost immediately he spoke into a wide-mouthed transmitting device.

"Hallo! Ashley calling."

"Morton here! How's things?"

came the voice from the big horn.

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HERE'S ANOTHER TOP-HOLE STORY OF THE CHUMS OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL!



Up Against The Fistical Four!

By OWEN CONQUEST.

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

Jimmy Silver & Co. fall foul of the new mathematics master of Rookwood!

The 1st Chapter.

The Elusive Half-crown.

It was Arthur Edward Lovell's idea. Lovell rather prided himself upon being a fellow with ideas.

Generally, Lovell's chums did not think much of his ideas. But Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome admitted that this particular idea was rather funny, and might afford entertainment.

There was a wait of twenty minutes at Latcham Junction for the local train to Coombe, the station for Rookwood. Rookwood fellows swarmed the platform at Latcham, gathering from all corners of the kingdom for the opening of the new term. Fellows of all Forms loafed about the platform, or consumed refreshments in the buffet, or exchanged greetings and cat-calls with friends and foes while they waited for the local train. And Arthur Edward Lovell weighed in with his little scheme for passing the time in an entertaining manner.

It was quite simple. Lovell was the happy possessor of a "lucky" half-crown; that is, a half-crown in which some individual, regardless of the laws upon the subject of defacing the King's coinage, had bored a hole.

By means of that bored hole Lovell had attached a thin strip of elastic to the half-crown.

The half-crown lay near Lovell's right boot, on the platform, glimmering in the wintry sunshine.

It looked like a coin that had been dropped and forgotten—a lost coin that anybody might have picked up.

But the string of black elastic, invisible against Lovell's dark trousers, held it captive, in spite of appearances.

The other end of the elastic was in Lovell's hand.

His hand, to all appearance, was shoved into his overcoat-pocket for warmth that cold day. In reality it was shoved through the slit in the lining, and held the end of the elastic attached to the coin, ready to jerk the half-crown away as soon as someone stooped to pick it up.

Now, properly speaking, Lovell's little joke ought to have been an absolute failure, because nobody to whom the half-crown did not belong ought to have thought of taking possession of it.

But Lovell was quite sure, nevertheless, that somebody would attempt to pick it up, a belief which really showed rather a want of faith in human integrity on Lovell's part.

Lovell and his chums stood in a row near a waiting-room door, apparently quite unconscious of the half-crown so near them on the platform. They were waiting for victims.

And a victim was not long in coming.

Leggett of the Modern Fourth came along the platform, and his sharp eyes fell at once on the dropped coin.

Leggett paused.

He was not on friendly terms with the Fistical Four, and had had, until that moment, no intention of greeting them. Now he edged towards them with a friendly grin.

Jimmy Silver & Co. grinned, too. They were quite aware of what Albert Leggett was after.

"Hallo! You fellows back?" said Leggett cordially.

"Yes, here we are again," said Jimmy Silver.

Leggett blew his nose, and dropped his handkerchief skilfully on top of the half-crown.

It was really done quite skilfully on Leggett's part, and had that half-

crow had been a lost coin, undoubtedly Leggett of the Modern Fourth would have captured it, and it is much to be feared that he would have kept it.

Leggett stooped—for his handkerchief.

His bony fingers slid under the handkerchief for the half-crown. His finger-tips just touched it.

Then it moved.

Leggett was so surprised as the coveted coin slipped away from his fingers that he gave quite a jump. A half-crown that was endowed with the power of motion, on its own, was a surprising sort of coin.

He grabbed the handkerchief. The half-crown was gone.

The elastic had jerked it up under Lovell's overcoat. But Leggett was not yet aware of that fact.

His expression, as he stood with the handkerchief in his hand, blinking at the blank spot where the half-crown had been, was bewildered—almost idiotic.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Fistical Four yelled. They had meant to keep up an air of detachment, but Leggett's expression was too much for them. They yelled.

"I—I say—" he stuttered.

Arthur Edward Lovell allowed the lucky half-crown to dangle down below his overcoat. Leggett saw it fluttering there, and then he understood.

"Oh!" he ejaculated.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Leggett, with a very red face, stalked away. Arthur Edward Lovell chuckled loud and long.

"That's the first giddy victim," he remarked. "There'll be another soon. Here comes Tubby Muffin."

Reginald Muffin of the Classical Fourth rolled up to greet the Fistical Four. His eyes fell at once on the half-crown, now lying on the platform in its former place.

Tubby did not think of adopting strategy as Leggett had done. He made a plunge for the coin at once, his fat hand extended to clutch it.

It seemed like black magic to Tubby when the half-crown whisked under Lovell's overcoat, a second before his fat fingers could reach it.

"Oh!" gasped Tubby.

"Try again," grinned Lovell.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yah!" said Reginald Muffin, and he rolled away in great annoyance, without wasting any greetings on Jimmy Silver & Co.

"There's Carthew!" murmured Raby, a few minutes later.

Carthew of the Sixth, the old enemy of the Fistical Four, bestowed a scowl on them in passing. In the act of scowling at them he caught sight of the half-crown near Lovell's boot. He was walking with Knowles of the Modern Sixth. He stopped suddenly.

"Hold on a minute, Knowles."

"What's up?" asked the Modern senior.

"I think I dropped something—a coin, I think," said Carthew.

"I didn't hear it."

"Well, I did. Hallo, there it is!" And Mark Carthew came across towards the Fistical Four, to pick up the half-crown.

Knowles stood and watched him. Certainly he had not heard the coin drop, and he was thinking that it must have rolled a good distance before settling down, if Carthew had dropped it. But there it was, and Carthew stooped to pick it up.

Whisk!

The half-crown disappeared under Lovell's overcoat.

Carthew stood, half-stooping, trans-

fixed for a moment. Cecil Knowles burst into a roar of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha! Sold again, Carthew!"

Carthew spluttered.

"I—I thought—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Knowles. "You dropped it, did you? Queer that it tied itself on the end of a string in that fag's paw, what? Ha, ha!"

Carthew gave the heroes of the Fourth a deadly glare, and moved

cheerfully. "Who'll be the giddy next, I wonder."

The half-crown, glimmering on the platform, remained unnoticed for a minute or two—or, at least, unregarded. Then a rather tall, thin gentleman came out of the waiting-room door near at hand. The Fistical Four noticed him casually. Without looking at him they were aware that he had paused, and that the glance of two rather close-set, greenish-grey eyes was fixed upon the "lost" coin.

They looked away across the line towards the opposite platform, with an elaborate air of unconsciousness.

The thin, green-eyed gentleman looked about forty; and certainly they had not expected to catch so old a bird with so simple a trick. Also, they were rather shocked at him. They felt, rather than saw, that he had designs on the half-crown; and really, at his age, he ought to have known better. As the half-crown lay so near Lovell's boot it looked as if Lovell had dropped it; and anyone who bothered about it at all ought to have drawn Lovell's attention to it, as presumably it was his.

But the thin, green-eyed gentleman did not do that. He moved along towards the Fistical Four, with a sliding movement.

He did not stoop for the half-crown. Before Lovell could guess his intention, he had placed his boot on it.

Lovell jerked the elastic—but he jerked in vain. The coin was pinned to the platform by the thin gentleman's boot.

"No fear!" agreed Jimmy. "Better get a move on!"

Arthur Edward Lovell gave another vain jerk at the elastic. The thin gentleman's boot pinned the half-crown to the platform; and evidently he had no intention of moving. Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome were growing more and more entertained, and Lovell was growing uneasy and restive. He did not want to lose his half-crown. He had had several little jokes with it, but he did not want to pay half-crown for the entertainment.

"Here comes the train!" said Jimmy. "We shall have to shift, Lovell!"

Lovell looked at the thin gentleman.

"Would you mind getting off my half-crown, sir?" he asked politely. The thin gentleman started.

"What? What?"

"You're standing on my half-crown, sir—your left foot," said Lovell coolly.

The thin gentleman's greenish eyes glared at him.

"Nothing of the kind! Don't be impertinent, my boy!"

"Look here, sir—"

"Nonsense!"

"Well, my hat!" ejaculated Lovell, in angry astonishment. "Look here, sir, that's my half-crown, and I want it, see! Take your boot off it."

The thin gentleman did not move. But the train was coming in now, and there was no more time to waste. Lovell gave the thin gentleman a slight shove, and the boot had to move. The half-crown was revealed.

"You young rogue!" exclaimed the thin gentleman sharply. "That coin is mine—I must have dropped it—"

"Rats! It's mine!"

"Stand back!" snapped the thin gentleman.

He stooped for the half-crown, and his long, thin fingers fairly clutched at it. Lovell jerked at the elastic at the same moment, and the coin was jerked up from the platform, and vanished under Lovell's overcoat.

For an instant the thin gentleman stood dumbfounded. Then he realised the trick, and his thin face flushed a deep crimson. And then—

Smack!

The thin gentleman's bony hand shot out, and boxed Arthur Edward Lovell's ear—with a terrific box! "Ow!" roared Lovell, staggering back against the waiting-room window. "Oh! Ow! Ooooh!"

The thin gentleman strode away, and was lost in the surging crowd on the platform.

The 2nd Chapter Trouble in the Train.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. roared. Lovell, knocked spinning by that terrific box on his ear, staggered and almost fell. He recovered his balance, however, and stood rubbing his ear, his face blazing with wrath.

This unexpected ending to his little joke struck Jimmy Silver & Co. as irresistibly funny—the funniest part of the whole episode, in their opinion. It did not impress Arthur Edward Lovell in the same way.

"Why the—the cheeky rotter!" howled Lovell. "I'll go after him, and—and—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you cackling at, you silly chumps!" hooted Lovell. "My head's singing—ow! Why, I'll hack his shins—I'll—" Lovell glared round for the thin gentleman.

Jimmy Silver caught him by the arm.

"Hold on, you ass!"

"I tell you I'll—"

"You jolly well won't," chuckled Jimmy Silver. "Come on and catch the train—we don't want to get left."

"I'll hack his shins! A beastly thief—that's what he is!" hooted Lovell. "Saying it was his half-crown—he knew jolly well it wasn't, though he didn't know it was on a string. A rotten pickpocket—"

"Come on—we're losing the train."

"Blow the train! I—I—"

But Lovell was rushed away by his comrades towards the train, which was filling rapidly. A good many of the fellows had to wait for the second train; and though the wait was not a long one, nobody wanted to wait. Something like a battle was going on between a crowd of Classical fellows and another crowd of Moderns, and Jimmy Silver & Co. were never "backward in coming forward" on such an occasion.

"Back up, Classicals!" shouted (Continued overleaf.)



RAGGING THE STRANGER! "Another word of insolence, you!" exclaimed the thin gentleman angrily. "Rats!" retorted Lovell. The thin gentleman started up in his place, grasping his walking-stick. He plunged towards Lovell. But two or three feet came in the thin gentleman's way and he pitched forward, and dropped on his hands and knees among innumerable feet. Someone jammed down the back of his head, and his nose ground into the dusty floor of the railway carriage. "Make it pax, sir!" suggested Mornington cheerfully.

away, crimson with confusion. Knowles was chuckling as they went up the platform, and Carthew was scowling like a Hun.

Arthur Edward Lovell gave his comrades a blissful grin.

"What price that?" he chuckled. "I never expected to catch a Sixth Form senior. I say, the Head ought to look after the Sixth a bit better, they're not honest, you know."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jimmy Silver looked at his watch. "Train's due in five minutes," he remarked.

"Oh, we'll catch two or three more in that time," said Lovell

Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome grinned—but Lovell did not grin.

The thin gentleman glanced at the juniors.

"Is this the right platform for Coombe?" he asked. No doubt the thin gentleman asked that question, as a sort of explanation for stopping so close to the juniors.

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy Silver.

"Thank you!"

Lovell hoped that the thin gentleman would move on. But he did not. He waited—and it dawned upon the juniors that he was hoping that they would move, and give him a chance of picking up the half-crown unnoticed. They were not likely to do so.

"The train's signalled!" said Raby.

"There'll be a rush," remarked Newcome. "Don't let those Modern cads bag all the carriages."

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Up Against The Fistical Four!

(Continued from previous page.)

"Oh, yes!" said Jimmy Silver. "You will hear again of this insolence. I shall lay a complaint before your headmaster."
 "Rats!" said Lovell.
 "Boy!"
 "More rats!" said Lovell. "Nobody here cares twopence for you, my man, and you can put that in your pipe and smoke it! You tried to bag my half-crown! You're not honest!"
 "Lovell!" urged Erroll.
 "I know what I'm talking about," said Lovell. "He wanted to make

elicited loud yells from some of the Rookwooders. Then the thin gentleman was on all fours again, and someone jammed down the back of his head, and his nose ground into the dusty floor of the carriage.
 "Make it pax, sir!" suggested Mornington.
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "Ow! Young rascals—scoundrels! Yaroo! Groogh!"
 "Hallo, here we are! Coombe!" called out Rawson.
 The train slowed down in the village station. Lovell hurled the carriage door wide open.
 "Ow! Oh! Release me! I—I—I—" The thin gentleman was spluttering on the dusty floor.
 Jimmy Silver & Co. streamed from the carriage on the platform at Coombe. Jimmy glanced back into the carriage and saw the thin gentleman struggling to a sitting posture, gasping for breath and covered with dust. Then he joined the stream of Rookwood fellows pouring out of the station.

the remark. It was an item of news on the first night of term.
 Jimmy Silver & Co. were at supper in the end study. There was no prep that night, and Rookwood School was still in a good deal of buzz. There had been supper in Hall and a speech from the Head—but there had been, as Putty of the Fourth described it, more speech than supper—and the Fistical Four were solacing themselves with welsh rabbit in their own quarters.
 "Trot in, Morny!" said Jimmy Silver cheerily. "Join the festive throng, old scout. What's that about the Bull?"
 "Mizzled!" said Morny, as he sat on a corner of the table and helped himself to welsh rabbit.
 Mr. Bull was mathematics master. Generally he was spoken of with the definite article before his name instead of the "Mister" to which he was entitled.
 "I say, that's rather good news," said Arthur Edward Lovell. "We may get off maths for a time."

Classicals for having to waste their time on such stuff.
 Tubby Muffin rolled along to the end study.
 He rolled in and blinked hungrily round. The welsh rabbit had been "whacked" out, but there was a bag of tarts on the table. Reginald Muffin helped himself to a tart.
 "You fellows heard?" he asked.
 "Heard which?"
 "There's a new maths beast instead of the old maths beast," said Tubby. "Beast named Skinforth. What a name, you know!"
 "Oh, they've got a new man already, have they?" grunted Lovell. "Might have given us a week's rest at least."
 "Catch them!" said Tubby. "I say, I don't like the man's looks. I saw him in masters' Common-room. Mr. Dalton was introducing him to old Greely. Looks a hard nut to crack."
 "Oh, he won't be worse than the Bull," said Morny. "The Bull made us work, and nobody can do worse."
 "What's he like to look at?" asked Newcome.
 "Long-legged sort of a merchant," said Muffin. "Looks a bit foxy, if you ask me—greeny sort of eyes, close together, you know. Sharp as a beastly razor."
 Lovell started a little. The description recalled the thin gentleman he had encountered that day at Latcham Junction.
 "He came along with us, if we'd only known it," went on Muffin. "I remember seeing him on the platform at Latcham, only I didn't know then that he was coming to Rookwood."
 "Oh!" said Lovell.
 "Phew!" murmured Mornington.
 Morny and the Fistical Four exchanged glances. It dawned upon them that the thin gentleman, whose nose had been rubbed on the dusty floor of the railway carriage, was a Rookwood master!

Valentine Mornington. "Pile in, you slackers!"
 "Mop up those Classical cads!" shouted Tommy Dodds of the Modern Fourth.
 "Now then, order there!" roared Bulkeley of the Sixth, towering over the mob of juniors.
 But in the excitement of the moment Bulkeley's voice was not heeded. Tommy Dodd & Co. were shoving back the Classicals—and the reinforcement, in the shape of the Fistical Four, came just in time. Even Lovell forgot the offensive thin gentleman, and the box on his burning ear, in joining up for the first scrap of the term with the Modern fellows.
 "Kick them out!" roared Lovell.
 "Back up, Classicals."
 "Go it, Moderns!"
 "Oh, my hat! Ow! Oooop!"
 Tommy Dodd & Co. were swept back from the open carriage door. Jimmy Silver and a crowd of Classicals poured into the carriage—the Fistical Four, and Mornington, and Erroll, and Rawson, and Gunner, and Dickinson minor, and Oswald, and two or three more fellows. There was no room in the carriage for so many, especially as there was already a grown up passenger inside—but the juniors found room somehow.
 "Order! Stop this scuffling!" shouted Bulkeley.
 And the captain of Rookwood headed off Tommy Dodd & Co., as they were rushing back to make a desperate attempt to carry the carriage by assault.
 "Crawl away, you Modern worms!" roared Lovell victoriously from the window.
 "Yah! Classical cad!"
 "Modern worm!"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 The carriage door was closed and held from inside against attacks. The enraged Moderns went along the train, consoling themselves by up-setting stray Classicals on their way.
 The whistle screamed, doors slammed, and the train began to move.
 "We've done those Modern cads in the eye!" grinned Lovell. "I say, let a fellow sit down."
 Lovell was standing at the window till the train moved, prepared to repel boarders. Now he made the cheerful discovery that all the seats were bagged. In the far corner sat a tall, thin gentleman, frowning at the noisy crowd of schoolboys; and there were five other seats, occupied now by eight or nine juniors.
 "Standing room only, old bean!" said Mornington.
 Lovell grunted.
 Then his eyes fell on the gentleman in the far corner, sitting bolt upright with a grim face, and he recognised the claimant to his half-crown, who had boxed his ears.
 "Hallo! That rotter!" exclaimed Lovell.
 "Eh, what?"
 "Look out for your pockets!" said Lovell.
 "What the thump do you mean?" exclaimed Mornington.
 "Cheese it, Lovell!" murmured Jimmy Silver. "We don't want a row here."
 Lovell snorted.
 "I didn't want my head thumped by a fellow who was trying to bag my half-crown!" he retorted.
 The thin gentleman glanced across at Lovell. His close-set, greenish eyes glittered at the Rookwood junior. His face was rather red, under the curious looks of the juniors. Lovell met his angry stare undauntedly.
 "You can scowl!" he said coolly. "You tried to bag my half-crown, and you know you did!"
 "You insolent young rascal!"
 "Oh, can it!" said Lovell.
 "Shut up, Lovell!" urged Newcome. "What's the good of a row?"
 "You boys belong to Rookwood School, I presume?" said the thin gentleman, eyeing the crowd crammed in the carriage.

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 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.
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I enter "BOOKLETS" Competition No. 8 and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and binding.

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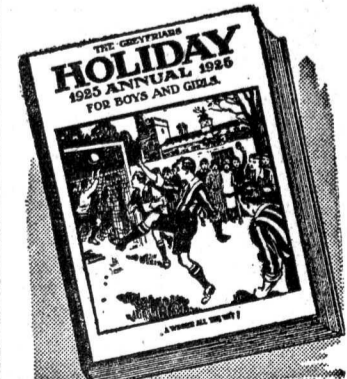
B.F. Closing date, January 22nd, 1925.

The Result of "Booklets" Competition No. 2 appears on page 460.

out that it was his half-crown. He didn't know I had it on a string. Look here!" Lovell displayed the "lucky" half-crown with the elastic attached. "Said it was his!"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "Well, the gentleman may have thought he had dropped it," said Erroll. "You shouldn't play kid tricks like that, Lovell."
 "You go and eat coke, Erroll!"
 The thin gentleman glared across at Lovell as though he would have liked to bite him—as perhaps he would.
 "You young rascal! Will you hold your tongue?" he exclaimed.
 "Another word of insolence and I will lay my stick about you!"
 "Rats!"
 The thin gentleman started up in his place, grasping his walking-stick. He plunged towards Lovell.
 But it was not easy to get along a carriage crowded by twice the regulation number of passengers. Two or three feet came in the thin gentleman's way—perhaps by accident. He pitched forward and dropped on his hands and knees among innumerable feet.
 "Oh! Ah! Oh!"
 "Try again!" grinned Lovell.
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 The thin gentleman struggled up, with a furious face. Two or three hefty "licks" from his walking-stick

The 3rd Chapter.
An Unpleasant Discovery.
 "The Bull's gone!"
 Mornington loafed along the Classical Fourth passage that evening, and looked into the end study to make

THE BOOK THAT LASTS A WHOLE YEAR!



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Raby shook his head.
 "No such luck!" he said. "The Head's sure to bag another maths master fast enough. There's lots of them."
 "Three a penny, almost," said Mornington. "Shouldn't wonder if a new man was already engaged to begin the term."
 "It's most likely, I think," said Jimmy Silver. "The Head's always particular about the time-table. Ten to one there's a new maths master all ready to jump on poor little us."
 "Rotten!" said Lovell. "What's the Bull gone for? Is he gone for good?"
 "Crocked, I hear," said Mornington. "Winter sports in Switzerland, and a tumble. Can't get back for the term, and mayn't show up again for weeks. They'll have to have a new man in his place. Let's hope he'll get into a railway accident comin' down."
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 Mathematics, though a valuable study, did not really appeal to the heroes of the Classical Fourth. All very well for Modern chaps, who went in for chemistry and German and suchlike "tosh." All the Classicals were agreed that the curriculum on the Modern side was tosh. The Moderns, on the other hand, professed to regard Latin and Greek as "piffle," and commiserated the

"Oh, he won't be worse than the Bull," said Morny. "The Bull made us work, and nobody can do worse."
 "What's he like to look at?" asked Newcome.
 "Long-legged sort of a merchant," said Muffin. "Looks a bit foxy, if you ask me—greeny sort of eyes, close together, you know. Sharp as a beastly razor."
 Lovell started a little. The description recalled the thin gentleman he had encountered that day at Latcham Junction.
 "He came along with us, if we'd only known it," went on Muffin. "I remember seeing him on the platform at Latcham, only I didn't know then that he was coming to Rookwood."
 "Oh!" said Lovell.
 "Phew!" murmured Mornington.
 Morny and the Fistical Four exchanged glances. It dawned upon them that the thin gentleman, whose nose had been rubbed on the dusty floor of the railway carriage, was a Rookwood master!
 Of course, a mathematics master was not so important as a Form-master—nevertheless, he was a member of Dr. Chisholm's staff, and much too important and dangerous a person to have his nose rubbed on a carriage floor.
 Tubby Muffin annexed another tart. He was annexing a third, when Lovell rapped his fat paw with a ruler, and Reginald Muffin took the hint and rolled out of the end study, seeking for other worlds to conquer.
 "Well, this beats it!" said Valentine Mornington. "We shall have a jolly time in the maths set this term. Who'd have thought that skinny merchant was a new master for Rookwood?"
 "I—I suppose it's the same chap," said Jimmy Silver thoughtfully.
 "Looks like it!"
 "I don't care!" grunted Lovell. "He did try to pinch my half-crown. You fellows know he did."
 "Forget it!" grinned Mornington. "Isn't it just like Lovell to land us all in a scrape like this?"
 "Oh, just!" said Raby.
 "Lovell all over," agreed Newcome. "We really ought to get a muzzle for Lovell and lead him about on a chain."
 "You silly owls!" began Arthur Edward wrathfully.
 "Keep smiling," said Jimmy Silver cheerily. "I dare say the man will let the matter drop. If he reports us to the Head, we can explain that we didn't know who he was—and anyhow he started with his giddy walking-stick, and he smacked Lovell's head at Latcham, too. He's in the wrong."
 "That doesn't make much difference when it's a master," said Mornington. "He said something about reporting us to the Head, too. I wonder whether he noticed that it was I who jammed his cheeky head down on the floor in the train."
 "Let's hope not," said Jimmy, laughing.
 "After all, it mayn't be the same chap," said Lovell hopefully. "Let's go down to Hall again and see. He's bound to be about somewhere."
 To which Lovell's chums assented, and the tarts being finished, the Fistical Four sauntered down the Fourth Form passage and went down to Hall.
 Hall was crowded, as was usual on the first night of term. Some of the masters were to be seen there, but not the new mathematics master. Jimmy Silver & Co. strolled along in the direction of masters' Common-room, where they found Mr. Greely, master of the Fifth, in sole possession, with an evening paper. Mr. Greely's lengthy and dictatorial comments on the news in the evening paper had cleared the other masters out of Common-room.

"The Rookwood Detective!" is the amazing new story of Jimmy Silver & Co. for next Monday. Be sure you read it!

"Where's the beast hiding himself?" grunted Lovell.

"Gone to bed, perhaps," said Jimmy Silver. "We'll see him tomorrow, anyhow."

"I want to see him to-night," growled Lovell. "I want to know whether there's going to be a row to begin the term, fathead. I was up before the beak just before we left for Christmas, and I don't want to be up before him again to begin the term, ass. Let's rout out the bounder."

"I suppose he'll have the Bull's old room," suggested Raby. "Maybe unpacking his things there. Any excuse for going up to his room?"

The Fistical Four pondered over that. They really were anxious to know whether Mr. Skinforth actually was the thin gentleman whom they had so unluckily handled in the train to Coombe.

"After all, we don't know officially that there's a new maths beast," said Lovell. "Let's go up as if we thought it was the Bull there, and say how-d'ye-do. We were friendly enough with the old Bull."

"That's all right," agreed Jimmy Silver.

And the Fistical Four proceeded upstairs again, and stopped at the room which had been occupied the previous term by Mr. Bull.

There was a light under the door which indicated that the occupant was at home.

Lovell tapped on the door.

The juniors heard the sound of a movement in the room. Footsteps crossed to the door, and it was unlocked. They heard the key turn back in the lock, softly but quite clearly, with some surprise. Mr. Bull's room was a double apartment, the bedroom opening out of the sitting-room; and there was no apparent reason why the sitting-room door should have been locked.

The door opened.

"What is it?"

It was a sharp voice. A tall, thin figure stood before the juniors, and two close-set, greenish-grey eyes were fixed on them in annoyed inquiry.

They had a glimpse of half-unpacked bags in the room; and the thin gentleman's look and tone showed that he did not like being interrupted in his unpacking.

They recognised him at once—it was the thin gentleman of Latcham. He recognised them almost at the same moment.

"Oh!" he ejaculated. "You!"

His brows knitted darkly.

"You?" he repeated. "Give me your names! I have not yet reported your ruffianly conduct to the headmaster. I will take down your names at once."

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Lovell, rather wishing that he had not "routed out the bounder," as he had expressed it.

"Your name?" snapped Mr. Skinforth, whipping out a pencil and notebook and fixing his eyes on Lovell.

"I don't see—" began Lovell.

"Your name—at once!"

"The fact is, sir," said Jimmy Silver, in his gentlest tone, "we—we're sorry there was any trouble at—"

"Oh, yes," said Raby, "we're sorry."

Mr. Skinforth smiled unpleasantly.

"No doubt," he said. "That does not alter the fact that you have acted with insolent disrespect, and that you will be punished. Give me your name at once, boy."

"You're going to complain of us to the Head?" asked Lovell.

"Certainly. Your name?"

Lovell closed one eye at his chums.

"Jones," he said. "Jones primus of the Shell."

Mr. Skinforth wrote it down.

"Your name?"

"Jones secundus," said Raby.

"Same Form."

"And yours?"

"Jones tertius," said Newcome, entering cheerily into the joke.

"Same Form."

"And yours?"

"Jones quartus," said Jimmy Silver. "Same Form."

Mr. Skinforth eyed them sharply.

Perhaps he was surprised at meeting so many Joneses all at once.

Still, Jones was not an uncommon name, and there were bound to be Joneses at Rookwood, as everywhere else.

"Very good!" he snapped. "You will hear more of this."

He shut the door in the faces of the Classical chums, and they heard the key turn again. Then there was a sound of Mr. Skinforth rummaging among his bags. Jimmy Silver & Co. walked away, wondering what would be the outcome when Mr.

Skinforth reported four non-existent Joneses of the Shell to the Head.

The 4th Chapter. Looking for Jones!

Dr. Chisholm frowned a little.

He had had a busy day and a busy evening. He had retired to his study for a quiet half-hour, and everybody who knew the manners and customs of Rookwood School knew that he did not want to be interrupted there. A new master, however, could not be supposed to be well acquainted, so far, with Rookwood manners and customs, and the special manners and customs of the headmaster. So Mr. Skinforth, the new mathematics master, tapped at the Head's door and came confidently in.

Mr. Skinforth had already, of course, made the Head's acquaintance, and had been duly inspected, so to speak, by that stately gentleman. The Head was not in the least desirous of another interview. He was desirous of devoting his whole and undivided attention to Euripides—what would have been a severe punishment to any Rookwood fellow was a mild and genial relaxation to the headmaster.

"What is it, Mr. Skinforth?"

"I trust I am not interrupting you, sir."

"As a matter of fact, Mr. Skinforth, you are interrupting me," said the Head, ruthlessly. "However, what is it?"

Mr. Skinforth coloured faintly.

"I have to place before you, sir, a matter of some seriousness. On my journey here to-day I was treated with great disrespect in the railway train by a number of Rookwood boys. I have now ascertained their names."

"Indeed! That certainly is a serious matter."

"I was sure you would think so, sir. The boys' names are—they are all named Jones—"

"Four boys, did you say?"

"Four, sir. There were others, but these four were ringleaders."

"I was not aware of four boys named Jones at Rookwood. To what Form do they belong?"

"The Shell."

"In any case, Mr. Skinforth, you need not have troubled me in the matter. Minor details of discipline are left to the Form-masters."

"Oh!"

"I refer you to Mr. Mooney, the master of the Shell."

"Oh! Very good, sir!"

Mr. Skinforth retired from the study, with slightly flushed cheeks. The Head returned at once to Euripides, and forgot the existence of Mr. Skinforth. The mathematics master, on his side, did not so soon forget the existence of the Head. A snub is one of those things which it is more blessed to give than to receive. When the study door had closed Mr. Skinforth stared at it for nearly a minute, with a very disagreeable expression on his face. He seemed to be thinking over the things he would have liked to say to Dr. Chisholm—had he dared!

Then he walked down the corridor, with a knitted brow. He could not say to the Head what he would have liked to say; but he could, no doubt, "take it out" of the offending Joneses. Meeting Bulkeley of the Sixth in the corridor, he inquired his way to Mr. Mooney's study, only to find that apartment untenanted. Mr. Mooney, the master of the Shell, was in Hall; and Mr. Skinforth sought him there. He found the Shell master in conversation with Mr. Dalton and Mr. Wiggins, comparing notes on the subject of the holidays, and the three masters welcomed him into their group very civilly and pleasantly. Mr. Skinforth, however, had not come there to be pleasant.

"The Head has referred me to you, Mr. Mooney—"

"Indeed, sir."

"In a matter of reporting four members of your Form for disrespectful conduct," said Mr. Skinforth.

"Indeed, sir," repeated Mr. Mooney, very dryly.

Mr. Dalton and Mr. Wiggins exchanged a glance and moved away a little.

"Ruffianly conduct, I may say," added Mr. Skinforth.

"I trust that no member of my Form is likely to be guilty of ruffianly conduct," said Mr. Mooney, drier than ever.

"Unfortunately, your trust is misplaced, in that case," said Mr. Skinforth tartly. "These four young rascals—"

"Kindly do not refer to boys in

my Form by such an epithet, Mr. Skinforth," said the master of the Shell. "I shall, of course, inquire into the matter, as you say that the Head has referred you to me. What are the names of the boys in question?"

"Jones, sir!" snapped Mr. Skinforth.

"Jones!" repeated Mr. Mooney.

"Jones!" said Mr. Skinforth, more snappishly than before.

"Not all of them, I suppose?"

"Yes, all of them."

Mr. Mooney smiled slightly.

"There is a mistake somewhere," he said.

"There is no mistake, sir," said Mr. Skinforth. "I demand the exemplary punishment of these juniors. I—"

"There is not a single boy in my Form of the name of Jones, sir," said Mr. Mooney calmly. "And certainly not four of the same name."

Mr. Skinforth started.

"What! What! Are you sure of that?"

"I am very well acquainted, sir, with the names of the members of my Form," said Mr. Mooney.

The new master set his teeth, his face flushing with anger. He realised that his leg had been pulled

Mr. Skinforth threw open the door without knocking, and strode in.

The four juniors stared at him.

"It's the new maths man!" murmured Tubby Muffin.

"Is Jones here?" snapped Mr. Skinforth.

"Yes, sir," said Jones minor.

"You are Jones?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Skinforth would gladly have boxed Jones minor's ears; he was feeling, by this time, almost feverishly anxious to box somebody's ears. But Jones minor was a complete stranger to him, and even in his extreme annoyance he could not very well box his ears.

He gave a grunt, and stepped back out of the study, and slammed the door.

"What a Hun!" grunted Higgs.

Mr. Skinforth stood in the Fourth Form passage, scowling. Sooner or later, no doubt, he would again see the four juniors who had given the name of Jones, and ascertain who they were; the trouble was that he wanted to see them sooner, not later.

And, as luck would have it, as he stood there, Arthur Edward Lovell came out of Study No. 4, where he had dropped in to speak to Morny. Lovell had been telling Morny and Erroll about Jones primus, secundus,

"Anything you like, sir!"

"For the last time, give me your name."

"Make it Wilkins," said Lovell.

"Does that suit, sir?"

"Very well!" said Mr. Skinforth, between his teeth. "You shall suffer for this insolence. If you will not give me your name—"

"I've given you several, sir," said Lovell cheerfully. "If you'd like some more—"

"I shall take you to your Form-master," said Mr. Skinforth. "Mr. Dalton shall know of this insolence. Come!"

He stepped towards Lovell, and grasped him by the collar. Arthur Edward eyed him coolly.

"I'm quite prepared to go to Mr. Dalton, he answered. "I'm ready to tell him all that happened, and that all the trouble was caused by your trying to pinch my half-crown!"

Mr. Skinforth started violently. Lovell had played his trump card, as it were; and he had played it with effect, as Mr. Skinforth's look showed. For the first time the new master seemed to realise that he had extremely little credit to gain from the affair; and that, indeed, the less that was said about it, the better it would be for him.

Lovell's heart beat rather fast.

He did not respect Mr. Skinforth—but, respected or not, a master was a master, and it was no light matter to "check" him.

But his shot told, even more effectively than he had expected. Mr. Skinforth's face grew crimson, and then pale.

"Are we going to Mr. Dalton, sir?" asked Lovell, victoriously aware now that that was not Mr. Skinforth's intention.

"No," said Mr. Skinforth, between his teeth. "I shall not trouble your Form-master on the first night of the term."

"Thank you, sir!" said Lovell, with mocking humility.

"I shall punish you myself," said Mr. Skinforth.

And the new master suited the action to the word. Arthur Edward Lovell staggered under a terrific box on the ear. It was against all the laws and traditions of Rookwood for a fellow's ears to be boxed. Perhaps Mr. Skinforth did not know that—and perhaps he did not care. Lovell staggered under the blow, and almost fell—and a heavy box on the other ear set him right again. He reeled and roared.

"Oh! Ow! Whooooop!"

"Oh gad!" ejaculated Mornington, looking out of his study. "I say, that won't do for Rookwood, sir! It's not done here!"

Mr. Skinforth gave him a glare and stalked away to the stairs. Arthur Edward Lovell staggered against the wall, with both hands to his head.

"Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow!"

In a few minutes a sympathetic crowd surrounded Lovell—some of them advising him to go to Mr. Dalton and make a complaint—others suggesting the Head. Lovell did not heed. His head was singing and aching; but he had no idea of making complaints to anyone. He moved away to the end study, leaving a crowd of the Classical Fourth in a buzz of comment on the incident—and all the juniors agreed, nem con, that Mr. Skinforth was a rank outsider, a no-class snob, and the last word in rotters. In which opinion the Classical Fourth possibly were not very far wrong.

"The 5th Chapter.
Mysterious!

"Rag him?"

"Yes."

"Lovell, old chap!" murmured Jimmy Silver.

Arthur Edward Lovell rubbed his burning ears and glared.

"Do you think I'm going to take this lying down?" he roared.

"Well, no; but—"

"Dicky Dalton would jolly soon call him to order," said Newcome.

"Maths masters ain't allowed to whack a fellow, anyhow; they have to report you. And slapping a fellow's head—that's the limit."

"It's more than the limit!" said Raby. "The fellow's a rank outsider. Dicky Dalton would call him to order fast enough."

"I'm not going to tell Dicky Dalton or anybody else. I'm going to make him sit up on my own," said Lovell savagely.

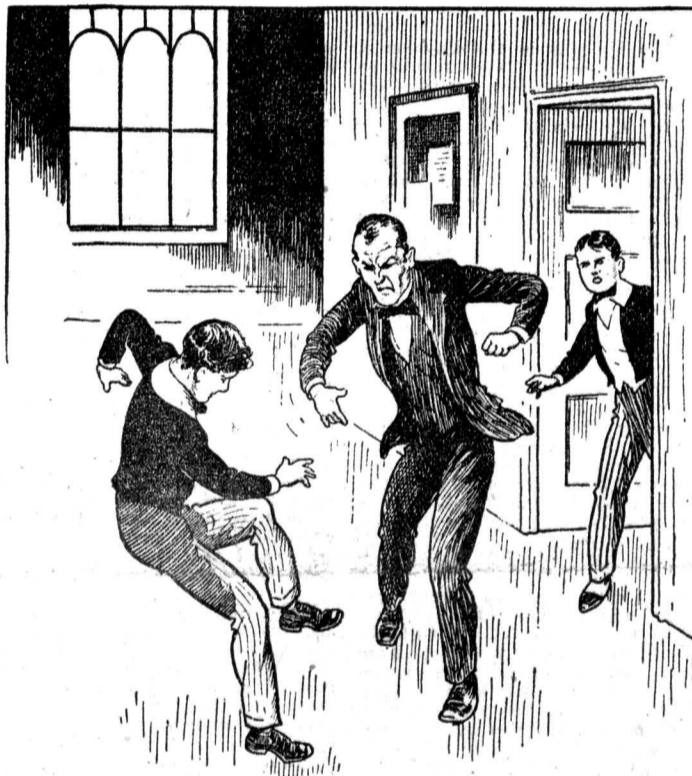
"But—"

"I've a jolly good mind to hack his shins, and chance it—"

"Pshaw!"

"But I won't do that!" said Lovell.

(Continued on page 464.)



THE NEW MASTER'S HEAVY HAND! "I shall not trouble to report your insolence to your Formmaster," said Mr. Skinforth to Arthur Edward Lovell. "I shall punish you myself." And the new master suited the action to the word. Lovell staggered under a terrific box on the ear. "Oh! Ow! Whooooop!" yelled Arthur Edward.

by the Fistical Four when they had given in their names.

"So I have been deceived!" he stammered.

"It would certainly appear so," said Mr. Mooney, smiling. "No doubt you will be able to point out the boys, if you care to step into my Form-room to-morrow."

"Yes, yes; no doubt—"

"But as they have—ahem!—mised you with regard to their names they may also have missed you with regard to their Forms," suggested the master of the Shell. "In that case I cannot help you."

Mr. Skinforth did not take the trouble to reply. He turned and stalked away, and left Hall with a glint in his green-grey eyes. He did not leave a very pleasant impression on the others masters.

For some time Mr. Skinforth was making angry inquiries. He learned that there were two Jones at Rookwood—not four—and that they were Jones major of the Sixth, and Jones minor of the Fourth. Only the latter afforded a possible clue; and, having ascertained the number of Jones minor's study in the Classical Fourth passage, Mr. Skinforth repaired thither, in the hope of discovering one at least of the delinquents.

There were four fellows in Study No. 2 in the Fourth when Mr. Skinforth arrived there—Jones minor, Putty, Tubby Muffin, and Higgs. They were devoting their attention to a large cake which Higgs had brought back to school with him.

tertius, and quartus, with many chuckles, and he was still smiling as he came out of the study. The smile died suddenly off his face as he met Mr. Skinforth's glinting eyes.

"Oh!" ejaculated the new master. "So I have found you!"

Lovell eyed him warily.

"Were you looking for me, sir?" he asked.

"You gave me a false name!" rapped out Mr. Skinforth. "You told me your name was Jones."

"Do you like Smith better?" asked Lovell.

"What?"

"I'll make it Smith, if you like, sir. Or Robinson."

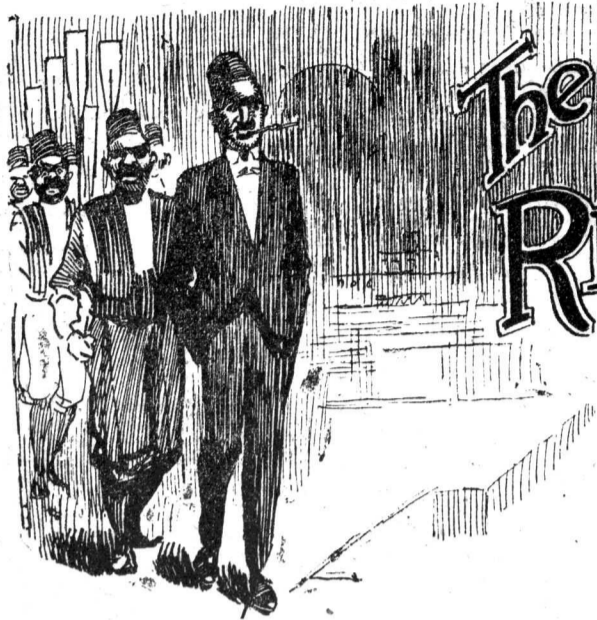
Mr. Skinforth trembled with anger. There was no doubt that Lovell was "cheeky." This really was not the way to answer a Rookwood master. But the fact was that Lovell had no respect for this particular master—the incident of the half-crown at Latcham prevented that. His opinion of Mr. Skinforth was that he was a rank outsider, and no class, and not worthy of respect. Moreover, Lovell was aware that Mr. Skinforth was going to make things as hot for him as he possibly could, and he had a feeling that he might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, so to speak.

"What is your name?" hissed Mr. Skinforth.

"Any old thing, sir," said Lovell coolly. "Doesn't Shakespeare say, 'What's in a name?' Make it Perkins."

"I presume that you belong to the Fourth Form, as I find you here?" gaped Mr. Skinforth.

IT'S GREAT—THIS THRILLING LONG STORY OF THE BOYS OF THE FAMOUS SCHOOL-SHIP, BOMBAY CASTLE!



The PASHA'S REVENGE!

BY DUNCAN STORM.

Hilmi Pasha reckons without Captain Handyman when he sets out to be revenged on the boys of the Bombay Castle!

The 1st Chapter.

The Glory Hole Gang Make Enemies

"What do you think of the Turks, Algy, deah boy?" asked Willie Waffles of his swell friend as he leaned on the rail of the Bombay Castle, gazing at the majestic outlines of the city of Constantinople all aswim in the sunset of the Golden Horn.

Algy Cuff pulled up his duck trousers and contemplated a new suspender he was trying to his lavender silk socks, before he replied.

"I don't think anything about 'em at all, deah boy!" he answered. "Don't see why a fellah should give himself bwain fevah thinkin' about such an awful lot of boundahs at all!"

"Turks is all right," said Mr. Pugsley, who was smoking a sunset pipe, having attended to the anchoring of the great ship in the strong tideway. "There's nothing the matter with the Turk. It's the people who gets 'old of the old chap. Leave a Turk alone an' 'e'll smoke 'is pipe till the cows come 'ome. 'E's a 'ard-workin' man. But the Turks made their mistake when they took this 'ere city o' Constantinople, an' got mixed up with its rag-tag and bobtail!"

"But aren't the inhabitants of Constantinople Turks, Mr. Pugsley?" asked Algy idly.

"Crumbs! To 'ear you talk!" said Mr. Pugsley, more in sorrow than in anger. "Where was you eddicated afore you came aboard, Master Cuff?"

Algy stared at Mr. Pugsley in wonderment.

"Why, at Eton, old fellah, of course," he answered. "Where can a chap be educated, except at Eton! Of course, Puggo, my deah old pip," added Algy, "there are othah schools. F'rinstance, there is Hawwow! There is also Chartahhouse! There is also Beaumont, for the Woman Catholics. But, of course, a fellah likes to go to Eton because—well, because every othah fellah goes to Eton, don'tcherknow!"

"What Standard was you in at Eton?" asked Mr. Pugsley severely.

"I was a prefect!" said Algy, looking rather troubled.

"And you don't know any more about Constantinople than that!" said Mr. Pugsley. "Why, Master Algy, I was a pore little bloke—just a poor little boy, whose pore father was drahdned in a barge collision on the London river. I was brought up in a work'ouse school and drafted onf to the Navy. But I could tell you that Constantinople is Byzantium of old—the big dud city where the Mixed Pickles get. Sailors, Master Algy, divides men into four worlds," continued Mr. Pugsley, warming to his subject—"white men, Dutchmen, dagoes, and niggers. But there's a fifth world, and that is the Byzantine. It's a mixture of the worst of the lot, and no nation has ever gone into Constantinople without discovering, in the blessed words of rare old Bill Shakespeare, that evil communications corrupt good manners."

"Why, that's what we used to think at Eton!" said Algy, greatly astonished that Mr. Pugsley should be so Etonian in his outlook.

"Well, that's wot 'appened to the Turks, anyway," said Mr. Pugsley,

waving his pipe in the direction of Constantinople. "They came in on the Ottoman invasion, they swept Europe up to the gates o' Vienna; but all the time the blister on their 'ecl was this 'ere city, wiv its population o' Levantines, dagoes, Byzants, niggers, an' riff-raff. They got mixed up wiv the Germans, and there you are! It's one o' the corners of Europe, an' the Turk is under the thumb o' the corner boys o' Europe."

"But what about the young Turks?" asked Jim Handyman. "Why, they're the same as the old Turks," replied Mr. Pugsley, "only worse. It was the young Turks that put Turkey into the War. The young Turks is all dagoes and Greeks and what not."

Conkey Ikestein came along the deck at this moment, dragging two portmanteaux of cheap braces and mirrors, which he had been unable to trade with the inhabitants of the South Seas, whence the Bombay Castle had come.

"Any chance of doin' business here, Mr. Pugsley?" asked Conkey.

"Not with them paper braces and penny mirrors, young Ikestein," replied Mr. Pugsley. "The Germans 'ave been 'ere before you, and ashore there, the lads of the village would pull your eye teeth at business. No, Master Ikestein, the only business you'll do ashore, if you aren't careful and keep with the gang, will be to get your front cut from car to ear."

"They aren't such awful blackguards as that, are they?" asked Conkey.

"Well, all I know about it," said Mr. Pugsley, "is that a friend of mine was on a Norwegian tramp, anchored just on this very spot, and the crew turned in, just leaving ole Jan Jansen as watchkeeper, and, pinch me, if, when they got up in the morning to ask Jan why 'e 'adn't brought them their early cup o' tea, they didn't find 'im sitting in the galley with 'is 'ead on 'is knees. And there was the ship plundered from end to end of paint and stores an' wire rope."

"Was Jan dead?" asked Jim.

"Course 'e was!" replied Mr. Pugsley. "'Ow could 'e be anything but dead with 'is 'ead cut clean off and put on 'is knees! Stands to reason now, don't it? That's Constantinople, and if the captain takes my advice, 'e'll keep a couple o' quartermasters on the gangway all to-night, and a picket going round the ship. Look, 'ere comes one of their posh water-rats!" added Mr. Pugsley.

A graceful crimson caïque came sweeping through the Golden Horn, manned by ten sturdy negroes dressed in snow-white cotton. In the deep body of the boat sat three ladies side by side on a throne of low silk cushions. Behind them, on the stern, was perched a beardless and hideous nigger, gorgeously arrayed in a dark tunic heavily laced with gold, a richly chased and adorned scimitar at his side, and a red fez jauntily perched on his misshapen head.

The ladies were shrouded in wide black silk garments, the Turkish ferigee, which makes all look alike. Upon their heads they wore fashionable toques, and their faces were veiled in yashmaks—white veils which cross the forehead above the eyes and

are brought back just below them, so as to cover the rest of the face.

In the bow of this brave craft of crimson and gold carving sat a Turk, a swarthy, fat-faced chap, who was staring up with a scowl of hatred at the flag which waved at the stern of the Bombay Castle. The big nigger was also scowling at the ship as though it had done him some personal wrong.

"My hat! They don't look a very amiable lot!" said Pongo Walker. "That banana-faced bird in the golden armchair is glaring at the ship as if he'd like to sink her. Who is he, Puggo?"

"Turkish Pasha," replied Mr. Pugsley, "out with 'is family for an airin' and come to spy on us! 'Arf a Greek with a dash of the Gippy in 'im. That's what they call a Turk nowadays!"

"Give the circus a cheer, boys!" suggested Dick Dorrington.

The fat nigger stared insolently when the boys gave the crimson caïque a hearty cheer. He laid his hand on the gold hilt of his scimitar with a threatening gesture.

The Pasha looked up and scowled angrily. The ladies seemed pleased. Indeed, one of them lifted a white-gloved hand, and fluttered a handkerchief at the boys, who crowded along the rail.

The nigger immediately caught her by the hand and twisted her arm. And the yellow-faced Pasha gave the black an order from the bow of the boat to give the lady's arm another twist, which he did heartily, making her cry out.

The boys stood horrified for a moment at this display of Turkish barbarity. They could hardly believe their eyes.

"Hi! Jack Johnson, leave the girl alone!" cried Dick.

The nigger glared up at him, and gave the lady's arm another twist to teach her that she must not wave handkerchiefs at young Unbelievers again. It was just like Donkin, the kid-killer, putting a kid through the third degree.

The sight maddened the boys.

"Sock him, boys!" roared Arty.

"Here's oranges, rich and fruity!" They were large Jaffa oranges that Arty handed round. The crimson caïque was just within nice range.

"Give the nigger and the Pasha theirs, boys. Be careful not to hit the ladies!" ordered Arty. "Now. One, two, three—fire!"

Five shillings' worth of oranges at Jaffa prices whistled through the air. The aim was beautiful, and the salvo simply wiped out the nigger's fat face, the oranges bursting with rich, fruity ponks, knocking him over from his perch backwards.

The Pasha started up in the boat, shaking his fist at the boys and yelling all sorts of savage words.

"Give him his, boys!" cried Arty Dove. "He told the nigger to twist the lady's arm!"

And the Pasha ducked as a volley of oranges burst about his head and shoulders, smothering him.

The three ladies giggled. It was plain that the Pasha was no favourite of theirs. The Turkish rowers did not move a muscle of their faces. To have smiled at the indignant Pasha would have spelled death. They sheered the crimson caïque away from the Bombay Castle.

"I vill repay!" cried the Turkish Pasha, shaking both his fists in mad rage. "I vill repay! I Hilmi Pasha!"

"It'd be about the first time he'd paid anyone!" said Mr. Pugsley. "But you did a foolish thing, young gents. Hilmi Pasha is one of the young Turks, and a great pal o' Komal's. We shall 'ear about this!"

And Captain Handyman, who came up on deck, attracted by the laughter and the noise, said much about the same thing.

"The nigger was twisting the lady's arm, sir," explained Dick, "so we socked him with the first thing to hand, which was oranges."

"And you pasted his master," said Captain Handyman, watching the caïque, which was rowing away fast down the Bosphorus.

"We gave him a few, sir," said Arty. "The ladies didn't mind; they laughed."

"I expect there will be a row about this," said Captain Handyman. "Of course, you boys should not have cheered. It's not the right thing to cheer ladies in this part of the world. They don't understand it."

"The ladies understood it all right, sir," said Pongo Walker.

"Yes; but their husbands don't," replied Captain Handyman. "I expect the lady who waved her hand was Ayesha Khanum, the wife of Hilmi Pasha; and the other two were his mother and his aunt. They do say that he doesn't get along well at home; for, though he's a young Turk by politics, he's the real old Turk for being master in his own house. And he won't thank you young rips for making a jest of him!"

"Where does he live, sir, when he's at home?" asked Conkey.

"There," pointed Captain Handyman, indicating a large palace with golden domes and pavilions that was perched in a grim-looking fortress overlooking the water. "See, the caïque is making for the steps yonder. I should not be at all surprised if there is not some trouble about this."

"We couldn't very well look on and see a lady's arm twisted, sir," said Dick.

"Of course you couldn't, boys,"

dig with a pin from behind made him rise from his sleep and his seat at once.

"Sit down, Arty," whispered Conkey. "It was just to save you from five hundred lines."

"Thanks, old chap!" said Arty gratefully, unconscious of the fact that Conkey had slipped under him a thin wafer of the very best marine glue.

Conkey was very clever about it. He kept shifting his seat for a better view, and every time he shifted his seat he left a thin wafer of adhesive marine glue behind him.

A slight jab with a pin, and a "Sorry, old chap!" was enough for most of the audience. Donkin, the kid-killer, was induced to chuck Conkey out of his seat and to take it himself, unconscious of the fact that Conkey then stuck him down to the form like a postage-stamp. Tiger Basham was easily induced to throw Gaston out of his seat, and Conkey glued him down.

And in the end, so that there should be no suspicions, Conkey stuck himself down to his own seat and awaited events.

Arty Dove had gone to sleep again, and only woke up when the end of the lecture was announced and Mr. Lal Tata stood up.

"Now, boys," he said, "we have all listened with intense gratifications to the most learned lecture of our beloved headmaster. It only remains to us to thank our illustrious preceptor for his most deep learned informations, and to sing the National Anthems."

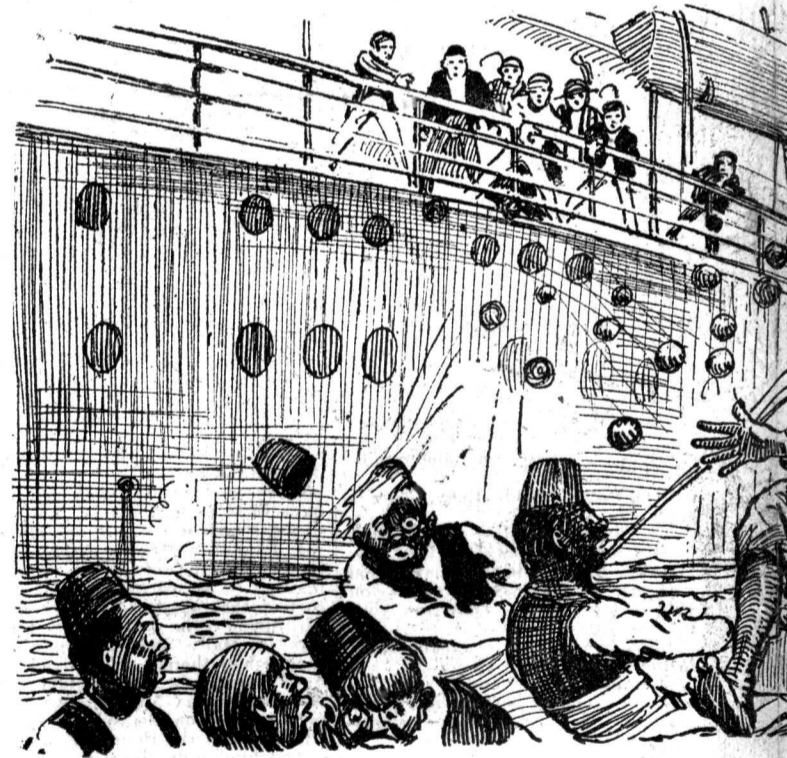
The boys applauded Dr. Crabhunter with wild relief.

"We will now sing the National Anthems," said Mr. Lal Tata, going to the piano and striking the opening chords. "Singing class will lead!"

There was a troubled movement amongst the boys; and, striking the first chords, Mr. Lal Tata waited.

Not a boy of any importance had risen. Only a few kids, who had not been thought worthy of attention by Conkey, stood up.

"What does this mean, boys?" demanded Mr. Lal Tata sternly. "Stand up at once!"



BOMBARDING THE PASHA'S BOAT! "Let the nigger and the P shillings' worth of oranges out the nigger's fat face, the oranges bursting with rich, fruity thuds, knocking shaking his fist at the boys and yelling all sorts of savage words. But the next m smother

replied Captain Handyman. "And I hope you never will see a woman or a child ill-treated. If there is a shine, I'll do the apologising. I've no doubt I can rig up some sort of a tale."

"The boys saw the golden sunset deepen to orange, then to red, against which the minarets of the vast mosque of Santa Sofia stood out blue and shadowy, like the towers of some fairy palace. Then lights twinkled out over the Golden Horn, and the boys went off to the Chemmy Lab to listen patiently to a lecture by Dr. Crabhunter.

The lecture was dull and the Chemmy Lab was hot. Arty Dove went to sleep and snored till a slight

All the boys gave a convulsive heave on their forms, which, naturally, being aboard ship, were secured to the deck by powerful bronze screws.

Mr. Lal Tata rolled his eyes behind his round spectacles. "This is either mutinies or profound impudences!" he said. "You fellows will not sit when you are confronted with righteous cane of Mr. Wilkinson. Now, number two row, stand up to sing the National Anthems!"

Number two row heaved convulsively on its forms. The marine glue had now got a good hold.

"Disgraceful!" said Mr. Lal Tata,

his eyes glittering dangerously. "You may well sit tight, gentlemen! But you will not sit so tight later on, when Mr. Wilkinson inculcates proper disciplines and loyalties with good stout canes. No!"

Then he turned to Cecil. "I shall call upon orang-outang to give you lesson in loyalty to your country and to your flag and to our splendid Empire, on which the sun never sets," said Mr. Lal Tata. "Cecil, rise for the National Anthems."

Cecil, who had been sitting up very good in his customary chair, bored stiff with the lecture, immediately rose.

There is a certain negro people in Africa who always walk about with stools strapped to them. When Cecil rose his chair rose with him at the same time, remaining suspended to the seat of his immaculate duck trousers.

At the same moment the front row of boys made a desperate effort to show their loyalty. There were twenty of them, and they made a simultaneous struggle of it. Arty, at his end of a form, drew the screw from the deck. Then there was a rending of cloth, and the form fell, carrying with it the legs of half a dozen trousers as the boys burst lustily into the National Anthem.

"What does this mean?" demanded Mr. Lal Tata.

Dick Dorrington grinned. "Well, you must admit that we didn't keep our seats, sir!" he answered cheerfully.

Dr. Crabhunter smiled at the boys with his absent, scientific smile. He was really greatly obliged to them for attending his lecture.

"It seems to me, Mr. Lal Tata," he said, "that I should have addressed the boys on limpets. But they have been very good boys, and I trust that you will not take too serious a view of this—ahem!—little jest. Boys will be boys, Mr. Lal Tata," said Dr. Crabhunter, warming to his subject far better than he had warmed to his lecture. "I hear that there may be representations made to the commander of this ship because some of our boys very rightly took up a manly attitude this evening

the Embassy, and on the following morning, when the countless towers and minarets of Constantinople glistened like those of a fairy city, the parties were made up for the shore in the usual fashion.

But Cecil was left aboard. "No," said Captain Handyman, "I don't want Cecil landed with all that gang of rag-tag and bobtail around. He might get you mobbed. Cecil draws too much public notice."

The 2nd Chapter.

In the Hands of Hilmi Pasha!

The boys landed by the Galata bridge and dispersed in their own fashion, some to wander through the streets of old Stamboul, others to seek the confectioners and restaurants of the more civilised Rue de Pera.

"I'd like a good old-fashioned Turkish lunch," said Skeleton, approaching a Turkish cookshop, and sniffing the fragrant and savoury perfumes of the kabobs and sausage meat.

"You don't want lunch, Skeleton," urged Dick Dorrington. "It's only twelve o'clock. Surely you can't be hungry again yet?"

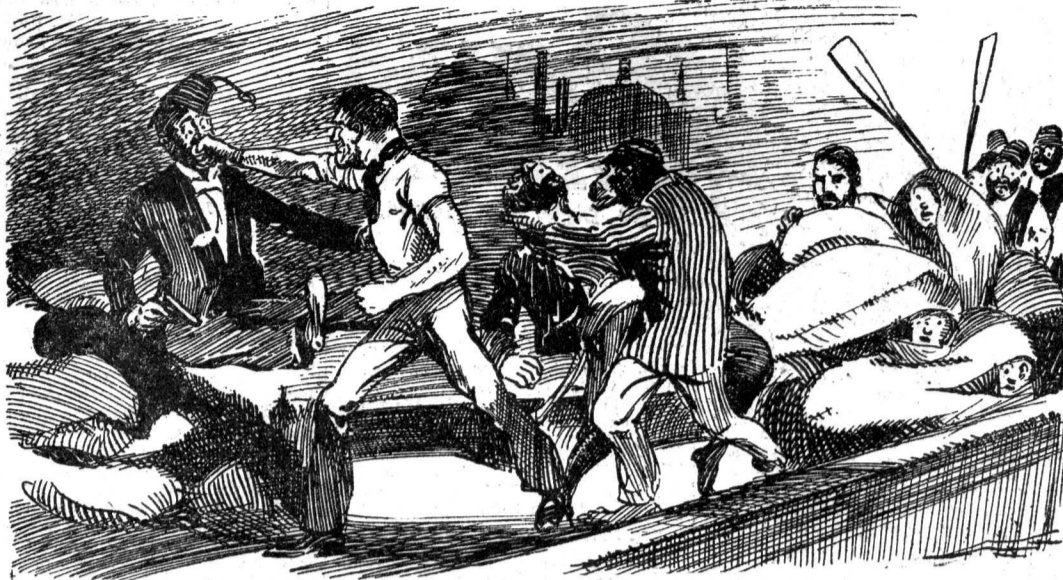
"I could eat one of those sheep," said Skeleton, looking at the sheep that the hamils, or porters, were carrying into the rambling old Turkish cookshop.

"I call it an awful place in which to eat," said Algy Cuff, wrinkling his nose. "Let us go to a proper restaurant."

"It's cheap," said Conkey, consulting his washing book, in which he kept the treasury accounts of the Glory Hole Gang. "We can get a good sausage and mashed in a place like that for a tanner each, and even old Skeleton can't put away more than one-and-six in kabobs and coffee at ha'penny a cup. And we are getting on for broke."

But Algy Cuff had his way. He said that they must go to a proper French restaurant. He didn't care if it was a shabby one, but he was not going to eat in a Turkish cookshop.

They bore Skeleton along to the more European quarter, and Algy quickly espied a quiet-looking little



THE PASHA GETS HIS DESERTS! Cecil grabbed a big nigger, who came leaping over the sacks, by the throat in a powerful grip. Hilmi Pasha drew a pistol, but like lightning Coughball Dempsey caught him a blow on the nose which sent him crashing on his back.

came from all over the world to dine at the Restaurant Prunelli in the Rue des Gourmets.

"It smells good," said Algy, as he swung open the door of the restaurant, little dreaming that the smell of the Restaurant Prunelli cost about a shilling a minute.

The boys did not notice that a seedy-looking man, one of the countless spies of Constantinople, was following them.

The spy saw them enter the restaurant, and ran through his pockets to see if he had the price of the cheapest meal which the Restaurant Prunelli afforded. He had about two pound ten English.

The spy knew his Constantinople, and he knew the prices at Prunelli. He decided that he could just about afford to sit near the young English milords and listen to what they had to say, though it did not leave much for a tip to the head waiter.

The boys seated themselves and gazed round the humble-looking little restaurant, where one or two old gentlemen were eating very seriously.

"It's not much of a place," said Algy, putting on the airs of a man of the world. "When I am in town I always dine at Lyons!"

The waiter first took the spy's order. The fellow ordered a sole with a long French name to it, and a Chateaubriand, which is the name of an expensive steak. Then he drew in his horns, for knowing Prunelli's, he guessed his two-pound-ten was about done in.

The waiter brought him his food, and he started his lunch, listening with wagging ears to discover whether the boys were bound. Then, having discovered, he would hurry off to his master, Hilmi Pasha, and let him know where to meet them in the lonely lane.

But the spy's hopes were to be dashed.

"You order the dinner, Conk," suggested Dick Dorrington. "Pick out something cheap for Skeleton."

Conkey got hold of the menu, and his jaw dropped. Conkey had a quick brain for figures. He looked round at his hungry chums, and at Skeleton, who counted for three, and he calculated that they could not get out of Prunelli's under about thirty-seven pounds fifteen shillings.

His washing book showed that they had two pounds ten shillings and elevenpence ha'penny in hand.

Conkey's mouth went dry as the serious-looking waiter approached to take the large order for the boys.

"Boys," whispered Conk, "we've made a mistake! We've got to get out of this plunder joint! It's the place where the gourmets come to get swell eats. But I will buff the waiter off on the swankerino."

And as the severe-looking waiter approached Conkey assumed a manner as severe as his own.

"I am surprised, monsieur," said Conkey, "to find that you have no fried octopus on your bill of fare, no plovers' eggs, no canary pie!"

The waiter took the bill of fare and studied it. It was the boast of Prunelli's that it could fill any order at short notice.

He bowed to Conkey. "I am desolated, m'sieu," he said, "to discover that by an oversight in the composition of the menu these items have been left out. I will see

Monsieur Alcide de Prunelli, who is already thinking out a few new compositions. And the messieurs will be served with all possible speed."

He slid off behind the screen at the end of the restaurant. The resources of cooking are endless. There are plenty of sparrows in Constantinople, and Alcide de Prunelli could soon rig up a fried octopus out of some calves' sweetbreads with a fish flavour, and as for plovers' eggs, the Restaurant de Prunelli could fake those from bantams' eggs in no time.

But as soon as the waiter had gone Conkey reached for his cap.

"This is where we do the quick get out, boys," he said. "This is where the bunkadoodleidoo is done. Radishes are a bob each here, and sardines are at five bob a fish!"

And one by one the boys stole out on tiptoe, so that when the astonished waiter returned he found only Hilmi Pasha's spy, who was looking a bit sour at being plugged with a two-ten lunch when he could have lunched equally as well on a bit of bread and cheese.

"Who are these English messieurs who are so particular that Prunelli's cannot satisfy them?" said the waiter to the spy.

The spy lowered his eyes. "I know not, monsieur," he said. "Please hurry that steak. I have important business!"

He ran the boys to earth all right at the old Turkish cookshop, where they were eating kabobs of mutton, which were both filling and cheap.

But though the spy shadowed the boys all the afternoon, they kept to frequented places, and there was no chance of rushing to his master, telling him that he had an opportunity to avenge himself. It was not till late in the afternoon, when the spy was sitting close by the boys in a teashop in Pera, that Algy Cuff and Willie Waffles gave him some information. Algy and Willie had smartened themselves up to the last pitch of smartness and had taken a cab off on a mysterious errand of their own, bidding their chums wait for them at the teashop.

"Where have you nuts been?" asked Pongo Walker, as Algy Cuff and Willie Waffles alighted from their cab on their return.

"Nowhere pawticulah," answered Algy in his clear, high-pitched voice, which could be heard half-way down the street. "We called on Lord Awchibald at the Bwitish Embassy. Left our cawds."

"Did you though?" said Pongo admiringly. "Did they tell you to go round to the back door for the tea-leaves?"

"'Pon my word!" put in Dick.

"You two are a couple of swankers!" "Well, Lord Awchibald was at Eton," said Algy, "and we were at Eton. And we Eton fellahs always hang together, don'tcherknow. And I've arranged with Lord Awchibald that he shall send the kavass of the Embassy to the Vinegar Sellers' Landing to-night, and he will take us to Santa Sofia."

The boys sat up at this news. To have the kavass of the British Embassy attendant on them was as good as a night's leave. They knew that they would never get ashore after sunset just at this end of the month of Ramazon. For of all nights in the year, those last nights of the

great Mohammedan fast are the most dangerous to foreigners in the streets of Constantinople.

The kavass attached to an Embassy is a very important personage in Constantinople. Formerly one of the famous Regiment of Janissaries, who enthroned and dethroned sultans, at their pleasure, he is now an old soldier of long service and honourable record, remarkable for his trustworthy character. He wears a magnificent Turkish military dress, richly adorned in golden embroidery, girt with a splendid sash, in which are thrust enough weapons to fill an arsenal—knives, dirks, pistols, and daggers. But the kavass, as a rule, does not depend on his weapons but on his prestige to defend his charges. And the greatest guarantee for his faithful charge of any foreigner put in his protection is that he is likely to lose his own head if anything happens to them.

"My word, Algy, that's a bit of luck!" said Dick. "They are safe to let us come ashore. But have you got any letter? Scorcher might think we were coddling!"

Algy calmly showed a letter from the British Embassy to Dr. Crabhunter, announcing that their kavass had been duly instructed to take Mr. Algy Cuff and party in charge at the Vinegar Sellers' Stairs at seven-thirty, to conduct them to the Mosque of Santa Sofia, and after refreshing them at the expense of the Embassy to deliver them safe aboard the Bombay Castle.

"All was in order and correct. "It is always a good thing to know the right people, boys!" sighed Algy, slipping the letter in his pocket again.

Hilmi Pasha's spy sneaked off. He had learned all that he wanted to know, and he was of opinion that he would touch Hilmi Pasha for good red gold for this bit of news that would square that expensive lunch at the Restaurant Prunelli.

Everything was in order. Even Captain Handyman was impressed by the fact that, instead of the Embassy reaching out an angry hand for the necks of his beloved Glory Hole Gang over that little matter of the crimson caïque, they were sending their own kavass to take them to church.

Mr. Lal Tata was sent in charge of the party. He made a most elaborate toilette for the occasion, and looked almost like a real Indian maharajah when the launch took the party ashore to the Vinegar Sellers' Landing.

And there the magnificent kavass was waiting for them with a whole string of carriages. In every carriage were seated two Turkish equerries.

The boys thought their reception was posh to the extreme degree. But Algy and Willie Waffles took to this state as naturally as possible. Probably they had been used to this sort of thing at Eton. Perhaps they had not.

The boys were driven through dark streets to a narrow lane, where the carriages stopped at a flight of broad steps which descended into blackness.

The kavass shepherded them quickly to a door, and the boys noticed that there were scowling faces in the gloom.

As they entered the great mosque

(Continued overleaf.)



"Pasha have 'em, boys," said Arty Dove. "Now. One, two, three, fire!" Five oranges whistled through the air. The aim was beautiful and the salvo simply wiped the Pasha over from his perch, backwards. The Pasha started up in the boat, moment he ducked as a volley of oranges burst about his head and shoulders, missing him.

towards a bullying Turk. I may say that I think my boys were perfectly right in their attitude, and that—"

Tremendous bursts of cheers, mostly led by the Glory Hole Gang, drowned the remainder of Dr. Crabhunter's remarks, and only ceased when the supper bugle rang through the ship, and there was a general rush to obtain fresh trousers.

"That's all right," said Dick that night. "If there's a row about pelting the Pasha old Crabby will stand by us and so will the captain. But did you notice, lads, how that big nigger marked us?"

But, strange to say, no complaints were made, either by the police or by

place with the title "Chez Binge de Prunelli" over the door.

"Why!" exclaimed Conkey, "here's a shop with old Binge's name to it. Let's patronise it. It looks reasonable."

Little did Conkey dream that this modest little restaurant was one of the most celebrated eating-places in the world. It was the property of the famous chef of the Bombay Castle, and conducted by his brother. But Binge's brother had not yet heard that the Bombay Castle had dropped anchor in the Golden Horn, and he was busy in the back kitchen of this modest little restaurant working out the most costly little dinner that could be invented, for rich men



(Continued from previous page.)

by this back entrance, Turks, mostly wearing white turbans and white tunics, looked at them sourly, and they were well aware that were they not under the protection of this kavass they would have speedily been set upon.

One of these men, who stood in the group about a heavy leathern curtain, came forward with a bunch of keys in hand, and after a whispering with the kavass unlocked the door of a winding staircase. Their equerries lit them with small lamps up the worn steps, and up they went till Porkis puffed for breath and wondered how long it would be before they came out on the great dome of Santa Sofia.

At last they found themselves in a great gallery, looking down from a tremendous height upon the scene below. It was a wonderful scene, for the month end of Ramazon had filled the mosque with true believers, who in their white robes were kneeling and swaying on the floor below in a vast crowd whilst the imam intoned a passage of the Koran.

The long lines of worshippers crossed the church at an angle, for Santa Sofia was originally a Christian church, and the apse is not built, so that the true believer faces towards their mirhab, or shrine, which is placed in the true direction of the sacred city. The stern faces of the vast congregation below were turned to a point a little to the right of the spot once occupied by the altar.

A flood of illumination was thrown on this wonderful scene by countless lights, and the Glory Hole Gang stood silent and awed till their kavass whispered that they must now descend, for a great entertainment awaited them.

This was all in the programme. They readily descended the long stairway, entered their carriages, and were whirled off to the feast, as they thought.

But the carriages drove on and on through winding, narrow streets, till the feet of the horses sounded hollow on a drawbridge. Through one dark doorway they passed, then through a great stone arch, then through another arch, where great gates closed after the carriages.

"I say," said Skeleton, peering from the window of the carriage in which he travelled, "this does not look like a jolly restaurant or supper or jazz bands!"

The carriage came to a sudden stop, and the two equerries, who had hitherto been stolid and rather grumpy, drew revolvers from their pockets and covered Skeleton, Arty, Dick, and Pongo, who were their carriage-load.

"Descend, gentlemen!" said one.

"Where are we?" asked Dick.

"You are in the palace of Hilmi Pasha," came the answer.

"That," said Skeleton, "puts the lid on. We shan't get any supper!"

They descended from the carriage with a pistol-muzzle digging their ribs. There was a little trouble going on in the courtyard, for Hamish MacCosh had kicked a Turk in the stomach.

"Keep yer durruty hands off my neck," said Hamish, "and I'll go quietly! But put a finger on me and I'll give ye a ding on yer neb that'll make ye see main stairs than a bright night!"

There were plenty of people to attend to them, six guards for each boy, and about as ugly a looking lot of ruffians as Constantinople could show, for Hilmi Pasha was well served in these matters.

And when a door clanged heavily behind them, the Glory Hole Gang found themselves in a dungeon which smelled of seaweed, and which was evidently in close connection with the Bosphorus.

One dim oil-lamp lighted its damp and streaming walls.

"Well, Algy," said Dick, "I

suppose it's all right. But, my dear chap, you and Willie must have gone to the wrong Embassy."

Algy was overwhelmed. He could say nothing. He looked at his watch. It was just half-past eight. It had all happened in an hour.

The 3rd Chapter.

The Raid on the Crimson Caique.

The famous grey launch came racing ashore from the Bombay Castle over the dark water flecked by the lights of Stamboul. She raced past the large ferry-boats making up to the wooden piers of Galata Bridge. A few minutes later the launch ran alongside the Vinegar Sellers' Landing on the Stamboul shore, and Captain Handyman, with Scorching Wilkinson, stepped ashore almost into the arms of a gorgeously arrayed kavass who bowed to them.

"The young gentlemen?" asked the kavass.

"What young gentlemen?" snapped Captain Handyman.

"We had a message at the Embassy, Kapudan Effendi," said the kavass, "that the young gentlemen would not come till half-past eight owing to the breakdown of the launch!"

"The launch is all right," said Captain Handyman; "and the young gentlemen landed with their master at seven-thirty."

"Let me see the message," added Mr. Wilkinson hastily.

The kavass looked anxious and worried as he produced the message which purported to be a wireless from the Bombay Castle, and was duly stamped with the time-stamp of receipt of the Embassy.

"But the kavass from the British Embassy met the boys, and they went off in carriage to the Mosque of Santa Sofia," said the captain.

"I am the kavass of the British Embassy, and I have not left the Embassy till now, Effendi," replied the kavass. "Have the boys any enemies in Constantinople?"

Captain Handyman thought a minute.

"What about a chap called Hilmi Pasha?" he asked.

The kavass made a gesture of despair. He pointed to a long line of waiting carriages. He spoke to an old kabob seller whose stall was by the Vinegar Sellers' Landing.

The kabob seller noticed most things. He had seen the kavass of the British Embassy drive off with the boys and many carriages and running footmen and attendants in the direction of Santa Sofia.

That was enough. The kavass came running back.

"It is a false message! It is treachery, Kapuden Effendi," he said breathlessly. "Quick—to the Mosque of Santa Sofia! Basmillah! Hilmi Pasha has got the young Effendi! This is bad business!"

"It will be bad business for Hilmi Pasha, if I know the young Effendi aright," said Captain Handyman grimly, as he got into the carriage with Scorching and the kavass.

Away they went to Santa Sofia to hear the same story. The young Effendi had been up to the gallery of the mosque at seven forty-five. After a short stay they had come down, accompanied by the kavass of the British Embassy, and had driven off with many carriages and attendants.

The kavass was greatly worried.

"We must go to the Embassy at once," said he. "This is a terrible business. It may mean great diplomatic troubles! It may even be war!"

"No Embassy for me," said Captain Handyman. "Back to the Vinegar Sellers' Landing, the launch is waiting there, and Cecil has come ashore in her. He's sitting in the forepeak, playing crib with Coughball and Pugsley. I'd back Cecil any time against the British Embassy!"

The carriage raced back to the landing, and, sure enough, there was Cecil sitting in the little forepeak of

the launch, his terrible face intent and earnest as he pipped Mr. Pugsley and Coughball Dempsey at a game of three-handed crib.

"Crumbs!" said Mr. Pugsley, as Captain Handyman stepped aboard. "What brings 'im back so quick? Yus, sir," he added, as he thrust his head up the hatch of the forepeak. "Cecil is 'ere, sir! Full speed down the Phosphorous. Yus, sir!"

In a few seconds the launch was off, tearing down the Bosphorus towards the grim walls of Hilmi Pasha's palace. The crimson caique was moored at the landing-place, and men were busily loading her with something that looked like mailsacks.

Captain Handyman's eyes were as good as the eyes of a cat in the darkness. He had long ago flicked out the lights of the launch at the switch.

"That's a funny business going on there, Pugsley," he said, as he slowed the launch and set her engines running astern silently to hold her against the tide.

"It is a funny business, sir," agreed Mr. Pugsley, whose eyes were as good as Captain Handyman's. "If I might be allowed to say so, sir, I don't like this combination of sacks and the Bosphorus. These Turks 'ave a way of tying up their ladies

the stern. Followed Cecil, dripping and silent as a shadow. Then followed Coughball Dempsey. A voice came from one of the sacks.

"I say, you fellahs, this is wather wotten, isn't it? I believe the bwute is going to drown us in the wivah! I am really, awfully sorry that I led you into this. I am suah I don't know how it was wangled, but it was wangled somehow. I made my awrangements with Lord Awchibald, and I can only considah that someone has played us a vewy dirty twick!"

"Never mind, Algy," said a voice from another sack, which sounded like Arty Dove's. "I coshed that big nigger pretty badly before he got me in the sack. He'll have a tomato-eye on him to-morrow morning!"

"Well, you chaps," piped a voice from another sack, "I suppose this is our last trip. If any of you escape, don't forget poor little Conkey Ikestein, who always looked after your bit of money for you and got you good bargains. I don't know what my poor father will say about this," added Conkey, rather sadly. "I wrote and told him that I was going to do a bit of good business in Constantinople and that we were going to have supper with the British Ambassador. But now it

I have finished smoking this cigarette."

"Perfect little gentleman, ain't he, Algy?" said a voice from Pongo's sack.

Hilmi Pasha smiled cynically, his cruel Greek lips curling as he listened to this rejoinder.

"You have five minutes to say all you like," he said. "In five minutes, this cigarette will burn down and I shall throw it into the water as a sign to my rowers to throw you after it."

Captain Handyman squinted over the sacks.

Hilmi Pasha had placed the lantern exactly where Captain Handyman would have liked him to place it, on the bottom boards of the boat at his feet. Its light shone into his eyes and he blinked into it as a cat blinks into the fire.

"Yes," said he, "that was a very neat idea of mine, getting one of my fellows to impersonate the kavass of the British Embassy. It worked well before. It will doubtless work well again. You British are very stupid people!"

"Quite wight, old chappie!" said the voice of Algy. "We are not exactly bwainy. But sometimes we get there, you know. Sometimes we are smitten by feahfully bwight ideahs, old flip!"

This annoyed Hilmi Pasha. He pulled hard at his cigarette as if he were anxious to get to business with these light-hearted victims. Then suddenly he pitched it into the water losing his temper.

"Now we will drown you English dogs," he said, and he snapped an order to his men to lay in their oars.

It was the big nigger who tumbled over the thwarts eager to get the first sack. He had not time to grab it before there came a shadowy shape leaping over the sacks, and taking him by the throat in such a grip as near took the life out of him.

He yelled and choked and fell back, and Hilmi Pasha turned white as his shirt-front, and drew a pistol with a trembling hand. But something hit him. It was Coughball Dempsey's fist, and it flattened out Hilmi Pasha's Greek nose.

The ten Turkish rowers had leaped to their feet, but when they saw Cecil grinning in the lamplight they sat down again and covered their faces with their hands.

"It is Eblees himself," said one. "What true believer can struggle against Kismet?"

And the sacks they had so securely tied slipped aside like shrouds and showed them the boys of the Bombay Castle behind the grinning figure of the orang-outang.

"Want a fight?" asked Coughball Dempsey, hungry to eat Turks.

"No, illustrious," came the answer.

"Then hand over your oars," came the answer, as the launch came sliding up out of the darkness.

"Got them, sir?" asked Mr. Pugsley.

"Got 'em all!" replied Captain Handyman.

"Going to kill 'em, sir?" asked Mr. Pugsley.

"No," replied Captain Handyman curtly. "Going to shove 'em adrift. Hilmi Pasha's nose will never be the same again. He's got Coughball's trademark on him. And that nigger is wanting a bit of thermogene round his tonsils. He won't forget Cecil in a hurry."

Mr. Pugsley regarded Hilmi Pasha's nose almost sympathetically.

"My word!" he said. "But Coughball has spoiled 'is looks for 'im! His boko is what you might call done in. 'E won't be able to join any beauty chorus arter this night! Now, young gents, step aboard carefully," added Mr. Pugsley. "Hand over their oars. That's right. Now shove 'em astern, and, if someone runs 'em down in the dark, it won't be no great loss to anyone!"

And with her full complement aboard, the launch raced up the strait whilst the crimson caique, oarless, and drifting, floated away into the darkness.

"That's the way to handle these little jobs," said Captain Handyman to the kavass, as they raced upstream. "It's no good pulling the Government into it if you can do the job yourself!"

"Stands to reason, don't it?" added Mr. Pugsley, as he steered towards the lights of the shipping. "Cecil, we'll finish that rubber o' crib when we get aboard!"

THE END.

"The Desert Adventurers!" is the thrilling long story of the boys of the Bombay Castle appearing in next week's BOYS' FRIEND. Don't miss it, nor the splendid 20-page Detective Book given away FREE with every copy!

Your Editor's Special Message.

I WANT all my chums who are about to start in life and those who are already launched in the world, and are fighting their way, to get Part I of "Harmsworth's Business Encyclopedia," which will be on sale everywhere on Thursday, January 15th. Knowledge is Power. That's a true word, and the right sort of knowledge helps a fellow up the ladder of fame, and commercial or industrial success like nothing else. That's just why I urge every reader of the old "Green 'Un" to make sure of this new Business Encyclopedia. If you get Part I you will be sure to secure the remaining numbers. It will be issued every fortnight, and the cost to you will be only a penny a day. Think of it! It is idle to talk of good moneysworth. The information given in this new work is priceless. It has been written by the great people who have fought their way to triumphs, and it tells you about commerce, and industry, in a way which grips the imagination. It imparts facts which you will be glad enough to have at your command. For you will not forget what you read in this grand work. I am disposed to call it the Open Sesame to Success. It is all that, and more, for it explains the inner purpose and meaning of things. By getting it, you will be getting on.

YOUR EDITOR.

and their maiden aunts when they get tired of 'em and pitching them into the strait hereabouts."

The kavass was also watching, and he shook like a leaf at the sight which was lit by a couple of oil-lanterns.

"It is the vengeance of Hilmi Pasha," he said. "There were sixteen young gentlemen with their master!"

"That's right," said Captain Handyman. "And there are seventeen sacks."

Luckily the night was very dark. For the closing days of the great Mohammedan fast of Ramazon are ended by the new moon. There was a slight mist on the water as well, which hid the grey launch as she hung above the quay where this queer loading was taking place. But the lights at the landing gave them a clear view of the loading of the sacks.

Captain Handyman was quick to act.

"Pugsley!" he said.

"Yus, sir," said Mr. Pugsley promptly.

"You will take command of the launch, shadow the caique, and act as circumstances demand," said Captain Handyman. "Mr. Wilkinson and the kavass will be your crew."

"Yus, sir," said Mr. Pugsley.

"Cecil and I and Coughball Dempsey are going to swim for it," said Captain Handyman. "I have my revolver. Dempsey has his fists which are better, and Cecil has his straighthold which is better still."

Five minutes later Captain Handyman slipped quietly over the side, followed by Cecil and Coughball Dempsey, fireman, and champion heavy-weight of Limehouse.

The swimmers went down towards the caique with a current that was like the stream of a millrace. They slid down past the walls of Hilmi Pasha's grim old palace till they came to the stern of the caique. There they hung in the shadow, listening.

The men who had loaded the caique had gone ashore through the gateway. Then Captain Handyman climbed the carved stern and slipped in under the shadow of the sacks in

seems that we are going to have supper with the fishes."

Captain Handyman's sharp knife slipped down the sack that was nearest to him. It was rather a fat sack, and from it sounded a fat voice.

"This is a very fearsome business, dear boys," said a voice from this sack. "I had presentiments that all was not right when you hurled oranges at that fearful ead Turk. He is getting big bits of his own back and I am a fearsome man. But I will endeavour to die making examples of true British pluck under devilish, depressing circumstances that shall shine as bright lights before future generations."

"Shut up, you ass!" whispered Captain Handyman. "I am slitting your sack from end to end. There's Cecil, and me, and Coughball aboard, and the launch standing by in the dark. Keep in your sack till the trouble commences!"

And swiftly and deftly Captain Handyman, crawling along the sides of the caique slit sack after sack, conveying the glad message with each rip of his knife.

He had slit every sack up the back when a procession bearing lamps came on to the quay. Captain Handyman was able to get a squint at them over the gunwale.

First came Hilmi Pasha in a dinner jacket and a white shirt-front, wearing a fez and smoking a cigarette, looking for all the world like the Bad Man of a movie film. Followed the ten rowers carrying their oars, and then came the big nigger with his eye in a sling.

They took their seats in the boat, and Hilmi Pasha seated himself on a thwart facing his load of sacks. He was evidently enjoying himself.

The crimson caique pushed off into the darkness of the strait, and Hilmi Pasha spoke in excellent English.

"Well, you English dogs," he said amiably, "I have always hated Englishmen and it will give me the greatest pleasure to drown seventeen of you pig-dogs like kittens. But my men will not pitch you overboard till

THE MOST FASCINATING SCHOOL STORY EVER WRITTEN!



The CAPTAIN OF THE FOURTH! By FRANK RICHARDS

(Author of the famous tales of Greyfriars School appearing in the "Magnet" Library.)

The new captain of the Fourth takes possession of the top study!

The 1st Chapter.

When it seems that Rex Tracy will become the new captain of the Fourth Form at St. Kit's without there being a contest, Algernon Aubrey St. Leger persuades his cousin and study-mate, Harry Wilmot, to oppose the leader of the nuts of the Fourth. As both Wilmot and Tracy secure ten votes on election-day, it is decided to take another count on the following Saturday, in case one of the Fourth-Formers decides to change his mind and vote for the other candidate. All the Fourth, however, remain firm to their parties, and, therefore, when it is learned that Bob Rake, a new junior hailing from Australia, is coming to St. Kit's on the Saturday and is to be placed in the Fourth, great is the rivalry of the two parties to secure his vote which will decide the issue. In spite of the fact that Rake is assigned to the top study, which is the apartment of the nuts of the Fourth, the Australian junior votes for Harry Wilmot in the election, and thus the captaincy is at last decided in Wilmot's favour. Tracy, who is very much annoyed with the way Rake voted determines to get even with the new boy at the first opportunity.

When Rake arrives in the top study that evening Tracy & Co. rag him unmercifully. Later, however, Durance, who is Tracy's closest pal, informs the leader of the nuts that it would be a good thing to be friendly with Rake on account of the fact that the Australian junior would prove a great asset to them in their endeavour to keep Harry Wilmot & Co. from ejecting them from the top study to which, as captain of the Fourth, Harry Wilmot has now the right. Tracy, who sees the wisdom of Durance's argument, immediately apologises to Rake for having ragged him, and thus, when Harry Wilmot & Co. arrive at the top study to eject the nuts the Australian junior decides to stand by his study-mates in their endeavour to keep the study for themselves.

The 2nd Chapter.

Mr. Rawlings Chips In!

Harry Wilmot and Bob Rake singled one another out, naturally. Each was conscious of being the best fighting-man on his side—obviously so. Algy and Durance closed in strife. Stubbs & Co. had easier tasks. Stubbs started on Tracy, and they fought furiously.

Myers and Wheatford and Jones minor were not called upon to show much prowess. For Verney minor, Melton, and Howard defended themselves very feebly. Scott had rather a harder task with Lumley, but he had the upper hand from the beginning.

In the Fourth Form passage outside, the rest of the Form were crowded—looking on breathlessly. Melton was the first "out." He went whirling out of the top

study, tripped over the step, and plunged headlong into the crowd in the passage, who greeted him with loud laughter.

Verney minor came next, like a stone from a catapult.

Howard was the third; he came staggering out, and a heavy boot planted behind him accelerated his departure with great suddenness.

The three nuts picked themselves up in the passage, amid loud laughter—and did not return to the top study.

Evidently they had had enough. They limped away, nursing their injuries, and gasping for breath, deserting their great chief in his hour of need.

In the top study three of the invaders stood idle; fair play restraining them from joining in the combat after each had disposed of his adversary. Myers and Wheatford and Jones minor sat on the study table, and cheered on their comrades.

Tracy was fighting hard, putting up a fight that rather excited the surprise of the Fourth. But for very shame's sake Tracy could not give in without doing his utmost. But it booted not, as a poet would say.

Stubbs was not nearly so elegant or fastidious as Rex Tracy, but he was a much sturdier fellow, and in much better condition.

He cornered Tracy by the fireplace, and hammered him till Tracy, at last, dropped his hands, breathless and spent.

Then Stubbs picked him up with a grasp round his waist, and fairly carried him to the door of the study, and deposited him in the passage, amid yells of laughter from the onlookers.

Tracy sat there and blinked.

Stubbs remained on guard in the doorway, quite ready for Tracy if he should venture back; but Tracy was too spent to make a further attack. He sat and gasped for several minutes, and then picked himself up and leaned on the wall, still gasping.

He was joined at length by Lumley.

Scott and Lumley came reeling out of the study together, in desperate combat, and it was Lumley who went sprawling to the floor. The Scottish junior stood over him breathlessly.

"Any more?" he panted.

"Ow!" gasped Lumley. "No! Ow, ow!"

Scott turned back and joined Stubbs in the doorway.

"Looks like our win," grinned Stubbs. "I say, St. Leger, do you want a hand with Durance?"

"Thanks, no, dear boy."

Durance looked like keeping Algernon Aubrey busy; but as he glanced round the study, and saw that only Bob Rake remained, Durance dropped his hands.

"Call it off, old top," he said.

"Certainly, dear boy," said St. Leger. "It is rather exhaustin' work, punchin' your silly head! But you've got to go."

Durance laughed breathlessly.

"Leave it to the giddy paladins," he said. "I'll go if Rake goes—you go if Wilmot goes."

Algy nodded.

"That's not a bad idea," he assented. "Saves trouble, begad! But anyhow we're not givin' up the study."

But that looked like a battle of the giants.

Both of them looked much the worse for wear; but neither showed the slightest inclination to yield.

"By gad!" murmured Durance.

"That Cornstalk can scrap!"

"So can Wilmot, dear boy."

"Yes—it's worth watchin'." Two to one on the Cornstalk, in quids, Algy.

St. Leger shook his head regretfully.

"Nothin' doin', dear boy. Under the benign influence of my pal Wilmot I've given up such naughty things."

"Fathead!" said Durance.

"Shall we begin again?" asked Algy politely.

"What's the good, ass? Let's watch."

"Oh, I don't mind!" yawned St. Leger.

"There'll be a prefect or a Form master along soon," remarked Stubbs. "Go it, you fellows!"

Wilmot and Rake were going it, there was no mistake about that. Outside the study Tracy and Lumley fumed with rage. But they did not venture to attempt to return. Melton and Howard and Verney minor had quite disappeared from view. Bob Rake, the new recruit, was the last of the champions of the top study—



THE INTERRUPTED FIGHT! There came a sudden warning cry from the Fourth Form passage. "Cave!" "Mr. Rawlings!" There was a scattering of the juniors. The master of the Fourth came rustling into the top study. Harry Wilmot and Bob Rake stopped fighting at once, and stood breathless and considerably bruised and battered—and Mr. Rawlings stared at them in something like horror. "Upon my word!" exclaimed the Form master angrily. "How dare you fight in this manner—without gloves, too? I am shocked—I am disgusted!"

"Take a rest, old top, and give your chin a rest," said Durance.

The two juniors were glad to sit down.

Only Harry Wilmot and Rake were still engaged in combat now.

Stupendous new competition in next Monday's "BOYS' FRIEND" £25; £5; and heaps of other wonderful prizes must be won! Don't miss this grand opportunity, boys!

and the most redoubtable. Had Wilmot's followers lent him their aid, Bob would indubitably have been ejected from the study with ignominy. But Harry did not want help.

How the fight would have ended no one present knew—but a warning cry came from the passage.

"Cave!"

"Mr. Rawlings!"

There was a scattering of the juniors. The master of the Fourth came rustling into the top study. Harry Wilmot and Bob stopped fighting at once, and stood breathless and considerably bruised and battered—and Mr. Rawlings stared at them in something like horror.

"Upon my word!" exclaimed the Form master.

"Now look out for the giddy fireworks!" murmured Algy to Durance. "Why the dickens couldn't Oliphant come instead of Rawlings? Can't argue the point with a merry Form master."

"Wilmot! Rake!"

"Yes, sir!" gasped the two heroes.

"How dare you fight in this

manner—without gloves, too? I am shocked—I am disgusted. What are you fighting about?"

No answer.

"Wilmot, you have just been elected captain of the Fourth," exclaimed Mr. Rawlings severely. "Is this how you take up the position?"

Harry bit his lip, but he did not answer.

"I am surprised at you, Wilmot!" said the Fourth Form master. "Very much surprised and shocked! What quarrel can you possibly have with Rake—a new boy in the school. This is scandalous!"

The captain of the Fourth crimsoned.

"I shall report this to the Head, Wilmot."

"Very well, sir!" said Harry quietly.

"I think it is probable that Dr. Chenies will deprive you of your position as captain of the Fourth, in view of this, as it appears to me an unjustifiable attack on a new junior—"

"Oh gad!" murmured Algy.

Tracy, in the passage, looked at Lumley, and his eyes gleamed.

But Bob Rake spoke out at once. "Wilmot wasn't to blame, sir."

"Indeed!"

"We're fighting for the study, sir," said Bob loyally. "Wilmot thinks he ought to have it, and we think we ought to keep it—and so—"

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Rawlings. "So that is the case, Wilmot?"

"Yes, sir."

"You should have told me so."

No answer.

"That alters the matter very much," said the Form master.

"Am I to understand, Rake, that you and the others refused to give up the study?"

"Just that, sir," said Bob, dabbing his nose.

"As a new boy, you are excusable, Rake—doubtless you do not know our customs yet. But you, Durance—you were perfectly well aware that this is the Form captain's study."

Durance did not speak.

"This study will be given up to the captain of the Fourth immediately," said Mr. Rawlings. "You should not have taken the matter into your own hands in this way, Wilmot. But undoubtedly the rule must be observed. Durance—Tracy—Rake—you hear my command? This study is to be given up immediately to the proper owners. It should have been given up on Saturday. I will send up the page to remove your belongings. And if any further fighting takes place I will report every participant in it to the Head for a flogging."

And with that Mr. Rawlings swept away.

In Possession.

"Our win!" yawned Algernon Aubrey St. Leger.

Durance shrugged his shoulders. "Can't back up against a Form master," he said. "You shouldn't have had the study otherwise. I'm not so sure you'll have it yet."

"I rather think so, dear boy."

Harry Wilmot and Bob Rake were eyeing one another grimly. Both were excited, and both had received hard knocks. Both were quite prepared to go on with the combat, but for the Form master's command.

"I suppose we've got to chuck it!" said Bob.

"I suppose so," said Harry.

"No reason why we shouldn't finish somewhere else."

"No reason at all."

"I'll see you later, then," said Bob grimly.

"You'll find me ready."

Bob Rake nodded, and left the study. Dick Durance followed him out, with a shrug of the shoulders.

Algernon Aubrey looked at his chum, with a grin.

"Our win!" he said.

"Looks like it," said Harry cheerfully. "I wish Rawlings hadn't chipped in, though. We

(Continued overleaf.)



The CAPTAIN OF THE FOURTH!

By FRANK RICHARDS

(Continued from previous page.)

"How odd—when the Head's out this afternoon!" said St. Leger thoughtfully.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Is—is he? I—I mean Oliphant kept me talking—couldn't bolt out of a Sixth Form study, could I, even to back you up, old chap."

"If Ananias hadn't died already, Bunny, he would die of grief at being beaten at his own game so easily."

"Oh, I say—"

"Wilmot, old bean, come and get a wash. You look as if you want one—and I know I do! Lucky I thought of changin' my clobber, wasn't it?"

And Algernon Aubrey quitted the disputed study with his chum. Bunny Bootles looked round him with great satisfaction.

Having been too late for the scrap, Bunny was at least in time to share the fruits of victory. He had a strong suspicion that Algy and the captain of the Fourth would have been pleased to leave him behind in Study No. 5 when they changed studies. But Bunny had no intention of being left. When Tuckle, the page, came up for the "moving job," Bunny gave him lofty directions. After the

could have settled the matter for ourselves."

"Yaas. These Form masters never will mind their own bizny!" said Algernon Aubrey. "I say, Rake's a decent sort."

"I dare say."

"You'd have been landed in trouble if he hadn't spoken up as he did."

"Yes; he's not a bad sort," said Harry. "I suppose it's not fair to judge him by the company he keeps, as he's new here."

"Well, we keep company with Bunny Bootles, and I shouldn't like to be judged by Bunny!"

Harry Wilmot laughed.

"Oh, I say!" said a fat voice at the door.

"Hallo, here's the one and only Bunny!" exclaimed St. Leger.

"Just a few minutes too late for the terrific combat. Hard cheese, Bunny!"

"The—the Head kept me talking," stammered Bunny.

belongings of Tracy & Co. had been taken out of the top study, Algy's expensive carpet was laid there, and then Bunny Bootles' possessions were transferred. Bunny saw to that first. When Wilmot and Algy returned from attending to their personal damages, he intended them to find him installed in the study as an inmate.

They came back, and found Bunny ensconced in Algy's luxurious arm-chair, directing Tuckle where to place his books.

Algy stared at Bunny.

"What are you doin' here?" he asked.

"Eh? My study!" said Bunny.

"But we're leavin' you in Study No. 5."

"You're jolly well not."

"Sort of keepsake for Tracy & Co."

"Rats!" said Bunny.

"Form captain chooses his own study-mates," said St. Leger inexorably. "By the way, Wilmot, I haven't asked you whether you'd like me to come."

Harry laughed.

"Ass!" was his polite reply.

"I take that as an answer in the affirmative," said Algy urbanely.

"But Bunny is what some giddy novelist calls the 'Thing-too-Much.' Bunny must blow out! Bunny, old bean, travel! Catchy on?"

Cuthbert Archibald Bootles sat tight.

Result of BOYS' FRIEND "Booklets" Competition No. 2.

In this competition THE FIRST PRIZE of £5 has been awarded to:

JOHN EVANS,
110, High Street,
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whose solution containing two errors came nearest to correct.

THE SIX MAGNIFICENT STAMP ALBUMS have been awarded to the following competitors, whose solutions each contained three errors:

Bernard D. Brettell, The Bank House, Bewdley, Worcs; Edward

Now try your hand at our Great New Competition on Page 454 of this issue.

A Five-Pound Note and Ten Splendid Pocket Microscopes offered as prizes!

Jones, 466, Higginshaw Lane, Oldham, Lancs; H. Kilminster, Westleigh, nr. Bristol; Leslie McKay, 2, Primrose Lane, Holme Slack, Preston; Herbert Nicholls, 46, Cotswold Road, Bedminster, Bristol; John Walker, 22, Alvecot Cottages, nr. Tamworth, Staffs.

The correct solution is as follows:

The second booklet that we are giving away will deal with postage stamps. There will be two plates of stamps of the new nations created by the war, an article on stamps that illustrate sports, and many other features, all of great interest to collectors. The demand for this booklet, which is given away, is certain to be huge.

"You dry up!" he said. "Depends on the Form captain. And dear old Wilmot wants me here, don't you, old fellow?"

"Not much."

"After the way I backed you up at the election, and practically got you elected! Have you ever heard of such a thing as gratitude, Wilmot?"

"Rats!"

"Oh, I say!"

"There's the door, my fat old bean."

"I'll tell you what, you fellows," said Bunny. "I'll let you have my musical-box for three-and-six, if you'll stop arguing."

"Go and eat coke!"

"It's a splendid article, and plays the Grand March from 'Tannhauser'—"

"Wilmot," grinned Algy, "do you think you can stand Bunny in the study, if I can?"

"Yes," said Harry, laughing. "I'll leave it to you."

"Then we'll let him stay on one condition—that he never tries to sell us any articles," said Algy.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Done!" said Bunny, at once. "But if at any time you're wanting a cheap penknife—"

"Chuck it!"

"Or a silver-plated fountain-pen—"

"Dry up!" roared Algy.

"Or a musical-box—"

"Another word, and out you go!" Bunny did not utter the other word.

The "moving job" was over at last, and Tuckle was satisfactorily tipped and dismissed.

(Continued on the next page.)



Talks to My Troop

by The Scoutmaster.

"The Scoutmaster" will be pleased to answer any queries addressed to him, c/o the BOYS' FRIEND, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. A stamped addressed envelope for a reply should accompany all communications.

No. 7.—HOW TO FORM A RED INDIAN LODGE.

Jackson was asking me the other day whether I had ever seen a real Red Indian chief. Yes, I have. The man I am thinking of was Brant Sero, a chief of the Iroquois tribe, who died in London about ten years ago.

None of you chaps were alive in 1900, of course, but at that time our country was engaged in a pretty tough struggle with the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, two Republics in South Africa, inhabited by Dutch farmers, who were commonly spoken of as Boers. There were not a great many of them, but they were clever and brave, and in the rough, barren parts of their country, called the veldt, it was extremely difficult for our fellows to get at them. So the Government appealed to the oversea dominions for backwoodsmen and roughriders—men, that is, who had learnt to shoot, and to manage horses and mules in the bush or on the prairie. Volunteers streamed in from all parts of the Empire. You may be sure that the Canadian North-West Mounted Police sent a strong contingent, and among the other recruits from Canada was Brant Sero, who offered his services as a muleteer.

When I first met him, somewhere about 1913, Brant Sero, which means "Burnt Flower," was a fine, broad-shouldered man, a little under six feet high, with the typical black hair and high cheek bones of the Red Indian. He claimed descent from an Iroquois chief, who was the contemporary of John Smith and the early settlers of New England, and his marvellous knowledge of Indian folk-lore, and a gift for lecturing, which he had developed since his return from South Africa, led me

to propose to him a series of "Talks" to Boy Scouts. He readily assented, and sketched out a syllabus which was to be illustrated with Indian songs and dances.

Unfortunately, he was destined to give only two lectures, and I well remember the second and last, at the Islington Public Library. There was a great crowd, and Brant Sero enchanted us with his recital. Rugged out in full war-paint, with feathers, moccasins, beads, and all, he intoned a weird air, and by and by he had us all on our feet and tripping after him in a sort of serpentine dance.

His example was irresistible, and those of us who might have considered ourselves too old, or too fat for an Indian war dance, were soon dashing after him and chanting the strange dirge, like any of you fellows might have done. Indeed, I'm sure that all of you would have enjoyed the fun. Poor Brant Sero told me that night that he was really suffering from a severe cold, and a fortnight later he died in a London hospital.

He told me several interesting things about the Redskins. You know they are always represented as having been very solemn and austere. They never laughed much, and were not given to making long speeches. In fact, it was pretty difficult to get anything out of them. This arose from the custom of leaving the children to be brought up by the old braves and squaws of the tribe, while the mothers and fathers went hunting. There was no written language, but the legends and wisdom of the Iroquois were, faithfully imparted to the young by

their aged guardians, whose sober, philosophical demeanour would naturally be impressed on the children.

Moreover, the Indians "talked" by means of signs, which were often more expressive than words, and one day we will have a chat about the carved hieroglyphics on the totem poles which were placed outside the chief's wigwam. A brave who excelled in any particular exercise was granted a special name to denote his prowess. Thus, "Deerfoot" was the fastest runner, "Hawk-eye" was the look-out man, and "Laughing-breeze" the singer.

When Jackson first broached the subject to me his idea was that we might be able to run the troop on Red Indian lines. Imagine Kallen and old "Jeppy" dressed up in feathers and blankets! I know that the 15th Kennington have had a cut at it, and, of course, writers like Ernest Thompson Seton and "White Fox" are awfully keen on what is called "tribal training."

I can give you a rough notion of how it would pan out, and if you would like to try it, we'll get a book and "swot" up the subject properly. First of all, the centre of the Red Indian Lodge is the council fire. For indoor use we can fake up one with coloured paper and a light underneath, but if we

were doing the job thoroughly and out-of-doors, we should naturally want the genuine article. Fire, to the Red Indian, represented the Great Spirit, the source of life, the flame of wisdom. The faggots were gathered with the utmost reverence, and, as I shall explain to you, one of the most honoured Chiefs of the Council was the Keeper of the Fire. The "troop" will be changed into the "tribe," and all you fellows will be "braves" until you become, in course of time, first "little chiefs," and then "big chiefs."

The half-circle in the diagram represents the braves assembled in Council. Facing them is the bench of the big chiefs, who guard the totem-pole of the tribe. In the very centre of all is the council fire, which is not lighted till all the preliminary ceremonies have been observed. The number and names of the "top-dogs" is a matter for the Lodge to decide; but the list usually includes a Head-man, or Chief, a Medicine Man, a Keeper of the Council Fire, a Keeper of the Roll, a Keeper of the Totem, a Beater of the Tom-tom, and a Herald or Messenger.

Now the braves sit around, with their blankets thrown over their shoulders, but the Big Chiefs wear ceremonial "togs" to indicate their various offices. I have no doubt we

could get the design out of a book and make them up ourselves.

The totem pole stands for the honour and glory of the tribe, just as the flag stands for the honour and glory of the regiment. To do the job in style we ought to carve the totem pole ourselves, and I don't see why that shouldn't fill up some pleasant winter evenings. As to the actual work of the Lodge, we should carry on much as we do now, but with solemn Indian ritual and in the conventional Indian language. For instance, I should expect "Jeppy," when he met me, to cry "How!" and if he agreed with something I had said he would exclaim "Good Medicine!"

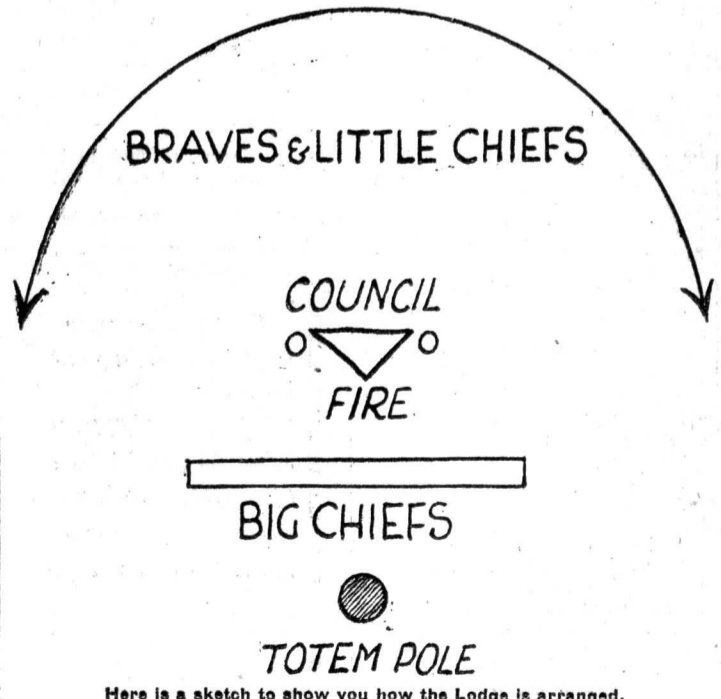
We should call the months "moons," and learn to speak by signs. The patrol leaders would become little chiefs, each with a patrol of braves under him, and there are means by which a brave who excels in one direction or another can "claim a name" indicative of his skill. The naming ceremony is very picturesque. The boy's original name is written on a piece of birch-bark and burnt; and "Henceforth," declares the Chief, "this brave shall be known as 'Black Beaver,' 'Red Eagle,'—or whatever the case may be.

In a similar way a brave who has expiated a fault by subsequent good conduct can be restored to honour by the burning of his sin—again written on a piece of birch bark—in the purifying flames of the council fire. The memory of his transgression disappears like the smoke and is never recalled. It would take a month of Sundays to explain how the Tom-tom Beater summons the Council to attention while the Keeper of the Fire applies the match, how the pipe of peace is solemnly handed from Chief to Chief, so that all may have a pull at it, how the Keeper of the Roll and the other office-bearers discharge their duties, and how the Council is closed with a devout appeal for "Peace and good hunting in the north, south, east, and west."

I have merely given you a rough outline of what I have seen as a visitor at various Red Indian Lodges. The ceremony is not always the same, and a lot depends on the spirit in which the idea is taken up. It can be very impressive, and it can be very foolish.

There are one or two good books on the subject, and if we do the thing at all we'll do it accurately, even to lighting the council fire with the fire-sticks instead of using ordinary matches.

("The Scoutmaster" will tell you how to run a Model Parliament in next Monday's BOYS' FRIEND!)



Here is a sketch to show you how the Lodge is arranged.

There's a magnificent photogravure plate of H.M.S. Erebus given away FREE in the "Magnet" Library out to-day!

Harry Wilmot & Co. settled down at once in their new quarters.

They started prep in the top study—though Harry found prep rather painful that evening. His scrap with Bob Rake had told on him. His nose was swollen, and one of his eyes persisted in winking. And he had a good many aches and pains in various parts of his person.

He was glad when prep was over.

After prep there was a supper in the top study—a sort of housewarming, presided over by Algernon Aubrey St. Leger.

Supplies were ample; and there were many guests.

Stubbs & Co., of course, came, and Lane and Leigh looked in, and stayed—and several other fellows. Only Tracy and his immediate pals stayed out. Tracy & Co. were nursing their injuries in Study No. 5, and vowing vengeance.

But their wrath was quite unheeded in the Fourth; it was only too evident that the star of the nuts was on the wane.

When Bob Rake came into his new study—No. 5—for prep he found Tracy & Co. there scowling and savage.

The Co. left to go to their own studies, and Tracy and Durance remained with the Cornstalk.

Tracy was in a savage temper, and only prudence restrained him from quarrelling with Rake. Durance was in his usual mood of cynical philosophy. Bob Rake was quite good-tempered. He was damaged quite as much as Harry Wilmot, but it did not seem to affect his high spirits. And he had something to say to his study-mates, straight from the shoulder.

"You fellows have been pulling my leg," he said.

"How's that?" yawned Durance, while Tracy scowled without replying.

"About the top study," said Bob quietly. "After what Mr. Rawlings said, I've been asking some questions round about. I've asked Oliphant. It seems that it's the regular rule for the Form captain to take that study—it's called 'captain's study,' in fact."

"You knew that!" sneered Tracy.

"Well, I'm new here," said Bob, "and I took you fellows' word for it that we had a case for keeping the study. But—" He broke off. "Well, Wilmot's got it now, and he's only got his rights."

"Then you're not thinkin' of pushin' the matter any further?" asked Durance.

"No!" said Bob curtly. Tracy broke into a sneering laugh.

"Are you afraid of Nameless, then?"

Bob's eyes glistened.

"If you mean Wilmot, I'm not afraid of him, nor of anybody," he said. "And if you don't want trouble on your hands, Tracy, you'd better keep a civil tongue in your head."

"They're standin' a spread in the top study," sneered Tracy. "You'd better go and ask to be allowed to come in. If it suits you to crawl to that nameless cad—"

"That's enough!"

"Cheese it, Rex!" murmured Durance.

But Tracy's temper was too sore and savage for him to heed his good adviser. He broke out passionately.

"Oh, let me alone, Durance! What good have you done with your dashed diplomacy? What good has that fellow been to us, after all?"

"Shut up!" said Durance, as Bob looked up quickly.

"Rot! We took him up, and made much of him, and he was goin' to help us keep that nameless cad out of the top study!" shouted Tracy. "And now he's licked, and we're licked, and we're turned out of the study all the same. What good has he been to us I'd like to know? Just like you, with your clever stunts, that come to nothin' in the long run."

Bob set his lips. "So you took me up, as you call it, simply to get me on your side in a scrap with Wilmot?" he said. Tracy curled his lip.

"What the thump do you think we took you up for?" he sneered. "Think you're the sort of chap we'd care to associate with?"

"I think you're a rotten cad," said Bob Rake; "and the same to you, Durance, and the rest of the crowd."

Durance reddened. "Tracy hasn't got it quite right, so far as I'm concerned," he said awkwardly. "But—"

Bob gave a grunt.

"I've dropped into a precious crowd," he said. "Pulling my leg, and buttering me simply to get me to help you chisel Wilmot out of his rights! I'm fed-up with the whole crowd of you. Do you call it playing the game with a new fellow who hasn't been here three days? I don't!"

"You're goin' to be cut in this study," said Tracy.

Bob eyed him contemptuously.

"Go and eat coke, the pair of you!" he said. "The less you have to say to me the better I shall like it!"

When Tracy, constrained by Durance, spoke to him civilly in the Form-room passage the following morning, Bob stared him in the face, and spoke briefly and to the point.

"You've fooled me once, Tracy!" he said. "Once is often enough! I

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don't want to have anything to do with you."

Tracy bit his lip.

For the chief of the select circle of nuts to be repulsed in this way, when he condescended to be civil, was exasperating and humiliating.

And Tracy stalked into the Form-room, determined that, Durance or no Durance, he would not waste another civil word on the junior from "down under."

Bob frowned as he went to his place.

He would have changed out of Study No. 5 gladly enough; but, naturally, he did not care to go up and down the Fourth asking for admission to another study. But on such terms with his study-mates and their friends his life in Study No. 5 was not likely to be a very happy one.

Durance sat beside him in class, and spoke once or twice, Bob answering with monosyllables or grunts.

After morning lessons Durance joined him in the passage.

"Come on, Dick!" called out Tracy, from a distance.

Durance did not heed.

"Comin' along for a stroll, Rake?" he asked genially.

"No," said Bob bluntly.

"Still on the high horse?" yawned Durance.

Bob coloured.

"Look here, after what's happened, I'd rather not talk to any

Bob burst into a laugh, in spite of himself.

"You've treated me badly," he said.

"I haven't, really," said Durance, with unusual seriousness. "It's true that my friends took you up to use you against Wilmot—Tracy's let that out. But, really, that wasn't my game—not wholly, anyhow. The fact is, I rather like you, old nut!"

"Oh!" said Bob dubiously.

He did not quite make Durance out; and, as a matter of fact, there were a good many fellows at St. Kit's who could not make Durance out. Durance had a rather complex character; and the average Fourth-Former was not disposed to worry over problems.

"Besides, I want you to back me up," said Durance.

"More rows?" asked Bob.

"No; a fight."

"With whom?"

"Wilmot."

Bob stared a little.

"Excuse me," he said. "I don't want to offend you, Durance—but you'd be well advised not to pick a row with Wilmot, man to man."

"You think he would lick me?"

"I know he would."

"I suppose he would have licked you yesterday if Mr. Rawlings hadn't butted in—what?"

"I don't know about that! But I had my hands full with him."

"Well, I'm takin' him on," drawled Durance. "You see, the way the affair of the study was settled isn't satisfactory to us or to Wilmot really. He didn't want the Form master to butt in any more than we did. He's a dashed unpleasant fellow from my point of view, but he's got plenty of pluck. I think he would be willin' to fight it out."

"I'm sure he would," said Bob.

"But I don't see—you're not thinking of raiding the study again, I suppose. Your crowd will never stand up against Wilmot and his crowd."

Durance laughed.

"Quite so," he assented. "Our crowd is a bit too soft for a rough-and-tumble like that. We scored a big defeat yesterday, and I fancy that if the merry paladins were called on for another battle there would be a whole swarm of conscientious objectors. I'm goin' to take on Wilmot personally, bein' the only member of the crowd with grit enough to do it. If I lick him he will have to clear out of the study after all. See?"

"You can't lick him."

"I'm goin' to try. Will you be my second?"

Bob hesitated.

"I'm not askin' you to do any more fightin'," said Durance satirically. "You'll only have to look on, an' throw up the sponge for me when I'm licked, as you seem to expect will happen."

"That's all rot," said Bob, flushing red. "If anybody's going to tackle Wilmot—" He paused. "My fight with him wasn't finished—"

"I remember you said you'd see him later," assented Durance. "But you seem to have thought better of it."

"It's not a case of funk, if that's what you mean—"

"Oh, I know it isn't! But you don't want to keep it up for reasons of your own," said Durance blandly. "Well, I admit you're the best fighting man in our crowd. If you back out, it comes to me—and I'm goin' to do my best."

"I'm not backing out," growled Bob.

"Well, don't let's argue. You'll be my second, I suppose, and watch me gettin' a record lickin', what?"

Bob looked as he felt—extremely uncomfortable.

He had left off the fight with Wilmot at his Form master's order, with every intention of finishing it at a more conventional time. If he did not do so he realised that it would look a good deal like "cold feet." That Durance could stand up to the captain of the Fourth Rake did not believe for a moment. And

(Continued overleaf.)



DURANCE'S REQUEST! Harry Wilmot was going down to Little Side, with a football under his arm, with several of the Fourth, when Durance and Bob Rake came up. "Got a minute to spare, Wilmot?" asked Durance. "Yes, if you like," said Harry. "About the study—" Harry held up his hand. "That's done with!" he said.

And Bob did not utter another word.

Diplomatic.

Harry Wilmot and Bob Rake eyed one another rather grimly for a moment when they met in the Fourth Form dormitory that night. But neither spoke.

Both were looking, and feeling, damaged; and both would have preferred the inconclusive fight in the top study to have gone on to an end. The two juniors, who seemed formed for friendship seemed to have been made into enemies by the peculiar circumstances. But for the intervention from outside, however, it is probable that the dispute would have died away.

But it was not allowed to die.

Several fellows in the Fourth were interested in the matter, from a scientific point of view. And others were interested from other motives. Bob Rake was evidently the only fellow who could be set up in opposition to Harry Wilmot, and so he still had his value for the nuts.

Tracy certainly had put his foot in it by his outburst of temper in Study No. 5. Bob was not likely to listen to him again. His inexperience had been taken advantage of; but Bob was no fool, and he was not to be used twice.

Tracy's eyes gleamed, and his hasty temper got the upper hand again.

"You can go and eat coke!" he said. "You're landed on me in my study, and I've got to stand you there, it seems. As for havin' anythin' to do with you, I couldn't! If you had any decency you'd change out of the study."

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of Tracy's pals!" he said bluntly. "I'm fed-up!"

"You hit straight from the shoulder, and no mistake," remarked Durance. "But you're not goin' to live like a sort of Robinson Crusoe in the study, I suppose. Won't you let me be Man Friday?"

POWERFUL NEW SCHOOL SERIES JUST STARTED IN THE NELSON LEE LIBRARY. This Week's Story, "THE SCHOOLBOY DRUDGES!" cannot fail to arouse the deepest interest in every lover of a good school yarn. In the same number is another thrilling Detective Story of EILEEN DARE, NELSON LEE, and NIPPER, entitled—"A MODERN MIRACLE!" Out on Wednesday - Price 2d.



The CAPTAIN OF THE FOURTH!

By FRANK RICHARDS

(Continued from previous page.)

be your second. Let's go and tell him."

"Oh, all right!" said Bob. And Durance picked up his double-headed shilling and slipped it into his pocket.

Man to Man.

Harry Wilmot was going down to Little Side, with a football under his arm, with several of the Fourth, when Durance and Bob Rake came up.

"Got a minute to spare, Wilmot?" asked Durance.

"Yes, if you like," said Harry.

"About the study—"

Harry held up his hand.

"That's done with!" he said.

"Not quite," said Durance. "Mr. Rawlings is no end of a big gun, but not quite a giddy Czar. We're not takin' his rulin' in the matter. If you want to keep the top study, you've got to prove that you're the best man."

Harry's lip curled.

"You're welcome to get the study away, if you can," he answered. "After the show your crowd put up yesterday, I fancy you'll find it a job rather above your weight."

"Oh, we're not goin' to rush the study," said Durance. "Too many meddlin' prefects and masters about for that. We're goin' to put up a man to fight you for it. You'll accept if you're not a funk!"

Stubbs of the Fourth burst into a chuckle.

"Have you got a man in your crowd?" he asked. "You were all

kicked out of top study pretty easily yesterday."

"Do you accept, Wilmot?" asked Durance, without heeding Stubbs, though his eyes gleamed.

"Yes," said Harry at once. "I'll meet any man you choose to put up."

"Here's our man, then,"—and Durance indicated Bob Rake. Harry looked at the Cornstalk.

"That will suit me."

"Settled, then!"

Harry Wilmot and his companions went on to the football ground. Durance walked away with Bob Rake.

Before dinner-time all the Fourth Form at St. Kit's knew that the fight was arranged between the new junior and the captain of the Fourth.



"BIG BILL" PINKERTON.

Here is a portrait of William Allen Pinkerton, the world's most famous private detective. He built up the famous Pinkerton detective agency, the emblem of which is a human eye. You can read all about "Big Bill" Pinkerton, shadowing, disguise, deduction, clues, character reading, ciphers and signals, fingerprints, and many other matters of absorbing detective interest in the magnificent

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"We didn't finish yesterday," he said. "Do you want to go on?"

Bob nodded.

"Very well. Any time and place you like," said the captain of the Fourth coolly. "If you can lick me, you can turn me out of my study. I'm willing to take the chance."

"Done!" said Bob. "Behind the chapel, at six," said Durance.

The news created considerable excitement.

Every fellow in the Fourth determined to be present; even Tinker Smith and Licke, the bug hunter, intended to see that "mill." As the news spread it reached the Third and the Shell. And a crowd of fags of the Third and Babbie & Co. of the Shell determined to be on the scene. Harry Wilmot was known as a redoubt-

able fighting man, and the new fellow looked very "hefty." It was going to be worth watching, Babbie told his friends in the Shell.

Algernon Aubrey St. Leger, of course, was the Form captain's second. Algy was not wholly pleased at the prospect, though he had no doubt of his chum's ability to pull off a victory.

"This has been wangled, old bean," Algy remarked sagely to his chum. "Tracy & Co. are pullin' that new chap's leg, you know."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Harry. "They're just making use of him—a giddy catspaw to pull their chestnuts out of the fire," said the dandy of St. Kit's. "Anyhow, you'll lick him."

"I hope so."

"You'll have to go all out, though," said Algernon Aubrey. "He's the toughest proposition in the Fourth."

"I'll go all out, then," said Harry, with a smile.

Harry Wilmot gave the matter little thought during the afternoon lessons. But the rest of the Fourth fairly simmered with excitement.

At tea in the top study Bunny Bootles showed much solicitude for his study-leader.

"You'll very likely get licked, Harry old chap," he said comfortingly. "If you do I'll take Rake on, and give him a jolly good hiding. I wish there was time for me to give you some tips in boxing. But I'll tell you what I will do. I've got a bottle of splendid embrocation. I was going to sell it for five shillings, but I'll let you have it for three. I got it among some articles, you know, to send. You'll need it after Rake has done with you. Hand me three bob—"

"I'll hand you a thick ear if you like," said Harry, laughing.

"Dash it all," said Bunny, "we're pals. You shall have it for half a crown."

(Continued on the next page.)



FOOTBALL GOSSIP!

By "Goalie"

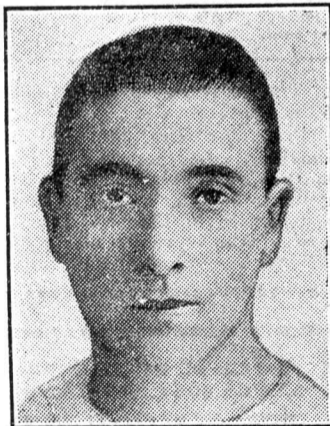
Financial Worries.

Although there is no getting away from the Cupatics at the moment, the League business is also of vital importance so far as some of the clubs are concerned. There has been much talk recently about the perilous position in which some of the clubs find themselves financially, and certainly the outlook is not particularly bright in some quarters. There are at least two First Division clubs with real financial worries—Preston North End and Leeds United, while some Second Division sides, and even more of the Northern and Southern Third Divisions are in low water. This does not necessarily mean that the interest in the game is falling off, but it takes a lot of money to run a big team in these days, and the support which is accorded certain clubs is not sufficiently large to enable the directors to make ends meet without a star player being parted with occasionally.

A Disturbing Thought.

In connection with the affairs of Leeds United, a famous forward of another club told me a good story the other day. I had just asked him how it was that he had been so completely off his shooting game when playing against Leeds United on the Leeds ground. "I have a completely satisfactory explanation of my failure," he said, "and I will give it to you. You know that the Leeds folk have been asked to take up shares in the club, and as one way of attracting money to the club, an appeal was made on the ground in the shape of huge letters on the boards behind the goal. 'What about that fiver?' the appeal is worded. Now, I ask you, how can anybody be expected to concentrate on the scoring of goals with a message like that staring

one in the face?" Of course, this player was not serious in giving this as an explanation of his failure to score goals at Leeds, but it does show



A. GRAHAM. (Brentford.)

that the player had noticed the appeal.

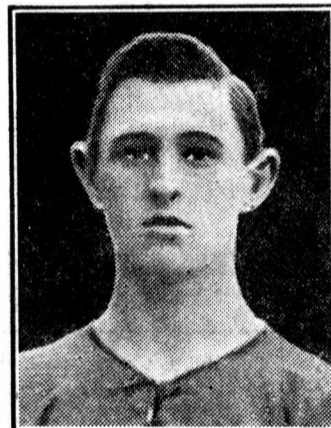
To Help the Strugglers.

Of the Southern Third Division clubs, perhaps Brentford are in as difficult a position as anybody. They have never been a popular club so far as the attraction to people in other parts of London is concerned, because their ground is not too accessible. It was a big blow to the "Bees," too, when they were knocked out in the fifth qualifying round of the Cup by the amateur side, St. Albans. But one must admire the wholehearted way in which the Brentford officials struggle on in spite of adversity, and they are ever trying to strengthen their team within the limits of their purse.

Just recently they persuaded the Arsenal directors to let them have centre-half Alec Graham, a thoughtful centre-half of the typically Scottish type, who has played for his country since the War. Incidentally, the departure of Graham from the Arsenal side breaks the last of the links, so far as players are concerned, with the old Woolwich days, for Graham appeared for the Reds when they had their home in the gun-making neighbourhood. Graham was born at Hurlford, a little Scottish village which has nevertheless produced quite its fair share of first-class players, and Graham has told me that one of his delights as a boy was to carry the football boots of Wattie White, who afterwards became a star forward of Bolton Wanderers.

New Home for Championship Flag?

The struggle for the championship of the First Division seems likely to



LEN DAVIES. (Cardiff.)

be as keen as ever, and there are so many possible candidates at the moment that it is extremely difficult to make up one's mind as to which ground the championship flag will fly over next season. Possibly it will appear at some place where they have never yet seen it, and, looking up the records the other day, I was rather surprised to note the number of really old clubs which have never yet finished the season in the top position of the premier League.

They played football at Nottingham as early as anywhere, but in spite of the fact that the city of lace has had two competitors for many years, neither the Forest nor the County have ever won the First Division championship. The honour has also eluded Bolton Wanderers and Birmingham persistently, and the Arsenal have never even been lucky enough to finish in the first three.

There are other clubs, of course, which have not figured on top at the finish—Cardiff City, by way of example, but they are merely "babies" in this section as compared with the other clubs previously mentioned. Cardiff came desperately near to gaining the honour last season, for if they had scored a goal in their last match of the campaign they would have finished in front of Huddersfield Town. The Welshmen may have to wait some time before they get so near again, because it is clear from the experiments made this season that a certain amount of rebuilding is necessary.

Doesn't Look the Part.

In one respect, however, Cardiff are more fortunate than many clubs—they have every reason to be satisfied with their centre-forward, Len Davies. His success is all the more gratifying when it is remembered that Davies is a Cardiff born man. He played occasionally for the club as an amateur in the later days of the War, but it is interesting to recall that when he first joined the side as a professional it was expected that he would make good as an outside-right. As a matter of fact, he is built on the lines which suggest that he might find it difficult to stand up to the hustle and bustle which is usually the lot of the centre-forward, but in spite of his frail appearance, he is a consistent goal-getter and a subtle schemer.



(Look out for another splendid footer article next week.)

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, January 17th. The likely winning side is printed in capitals. Where a draw is anticipated, both clubs are printed in smaller letters.

First Division.

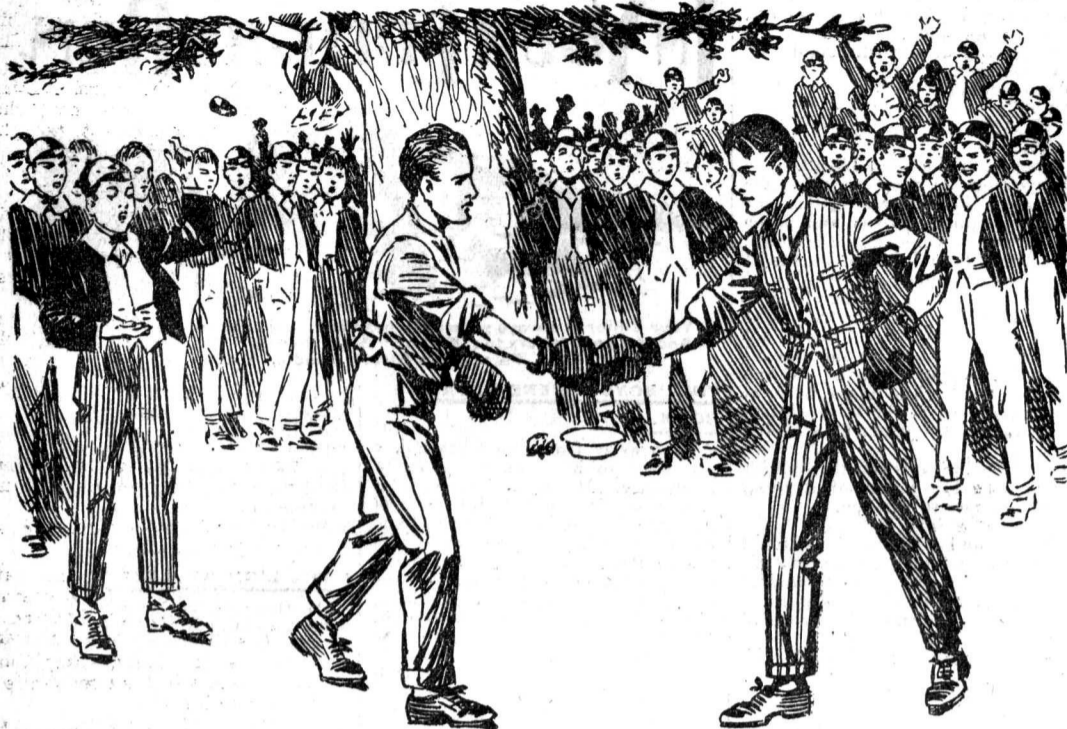
ARSENAL v. Newcastle United.
ASTON VILLA v. Sheffield United.
BLACKBURN ROVERS v. Burnley.
BURY v. Notts Forest.
CARDIFF CITY v. Birmingham.
Everton v. Tottenham Hotspur.
HUDDERSFIELD T. v. West Ham U.
Manchester City v. Liverpool.
Notts County v. Bolton Wanderers.
PRESTON N.E. v. Leeds United.
SUNDERLAND v. West Bromwich Alb.

Second Division.

BARNSELY v. Bradford City.
CLAPTON ORIENT v. Southampton.
Coventry City v. MANCHESTER U.
Fulham v. DERBY COUNTY.
HULL CITY v. Crystal Palace.
MIDDLESBROUGH v. Port Vale.
OLDHAM ATH. v. Stockport County.
Portsmouth v. Blackpool.
The Wednesday v. Chelsea.
Stoke v. LEICESTER CITY.
WOLVERHAMPTON W. v. South Shields.

First Division. Scottish League.

ABERDEEN v. Partick Thistle.
AIRDRIEONIAN v. Morton.
Ayr United v. Cowdenbeath.
DUNDEE v. Falkirk.
HIBERNIAN v. Hamilton Acad.
Motherwell v. Celtic.
RAITH ROVERS v. St. Johnstone.
RANGERS v. Queen's Park.
ST. MIRREN v. Hearts.
Third Lanark v. Kilmarnock.



THE BEGINNING OF THE FIGHT! "Now then," said Babbie of the Shell, in a business-like way "Ready? Seconds out of the ring." Algernon Aubrey St. Leger and Durance retired. Wilmot and Rake were left facing one another. "Shake hands," said Babbie. "Time!" "Go it, ye cripples!" murmured Algernon Aubrey. Babbie looked on, watch in hand. Fifty fellows at least stood in a crowded ring, gazing on breathlessly as the fight began.

"Shut up, Bunny!" roared Algernon Aubrey.

"Make it eighteenpence, Wilmot—"

"Fathead!"

"If you're going to grind me down to a bob, Wilmot, I think it's rather mean," said Bunny. "I—Yaroooh!"

Bunny ceased from troubling, as Algernon Aubrey took him by the collar and bumped him into the armchair.

At a few minutes before six Harry Wilmot and Algernon Aubrey St. Leger left the School House and strolled away towards the rendezvous. Bunny Bootles rolled after them.

Members of the Third, the Fourth, and the Shell were converging in the same direction, in twos and threes and fours.

Behind the chapel was a quiet spot, shaded by old oaks, out of view of any of the school buildings, and unlikely to be visited by masters or prefects. For which reasons it was often chosen as the scene of combats that were too serious to be settled in the gym.

Quite a crowd had gathered there before the principals arrived.

A row of Third Form fags, headed by Judson minimus, adorned the old rails of the chapel green. Fourth-Formers and Shell fellows stood around in groups.

There was a buzz as Wilmot appeared.

"Here he is!" sang out Stubbs.

"Yaas, here we are, dear boys," said Algernon Aubrey. "Did you bring the gloves, Stubby?"

"You bet," said Stubbs; "and a sponge; and a basin."

"Good man!"

"Here come the merry nuts!" said Wheatford.

Tracy & Co. arrived in a body, with Bob Rake. The nuts seemed to be in a happy humour.

Bob Rake looked cheerful enough but in a rather thoughtful mood.

He was not wholly satisfied with the position he found himself in, as the champion of a set of fellows he liked very little, and respected not at all.

But he was quite determined to go through with the affair and win a victory if he could now that he was booked for it.

The two champions removed their jackets and caps and neckties and collars. Then the gloves were donned.

Babbie of the Shell volunteered to act as referee, as a disinterested party. Babbie's offer was accepted, and he took out his watch.

"Now, then!" said Babbie, in

a business-like way. "Ready? Seconds out of the ring!"

Algernon Aubrey and Durance retired.

Wilmot and Rake were left facing one another.

"Shake hands!" said Babbie. "Time!"

"Go it, ye cripples!" murmured Algernon Aubrey.

Babbie of the Shell looked on, watch in hand. Fifty fellows at least stood in a crowded ring, gazing on breathlessly.

The first round was exciting enough.

It showed up both the combatants as splendid boxers, and as Babbie had sapiently predicted, it was worth watching.

Both the combatants were very wary at first, taking one another's measure. Bob Rake pressed a heavy attack towards the end of

the round, and Harry Wilmot retreated before it. Then came the call of time.

Durance gave Tracy a smile and a nod.

"What do you think?" he murmured.

"I fancy he'll win," said Tracy, with great satisfaction.

"Looks like it, I think, so far."

"Time!" rapped out Babbie.

And the rivals of the Fourth stepped up briskly for the second round.

(How will the great fight between Harry Wilmot and Bob Rake end? Don't miss next Monday's long instalment of this topping school story, nor the grand 20-page Detective Book given away FREE with every copy of the forthcoming issue of the BOYS' FRIEND!)

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. 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.



Winter Running.

The practice of athletic and harrier clubs of forming a junior section, open to young runners up to eighteen years of age, is growing, and as cross-country is one of the most useful forms of winter exercise I trust that any of my readers in whose neighbourhood such a junior section is made available will take advantage of the opportunity. For helping in the safe and thorough development of the important internal organs—heart, lungs, etc.—which brings with it the promotion of stamina, there's nothing better. But I also hope and trust that enthusiasm will not persuade either officials or runners into making the running outings too long, or of the nature of races. If these errors are made more harm than good will be done.

I heard of a case quite recently when a section of junior cross-country runners were allowed to indulge in a race, the distance being five and a half miles. Some of the runners were little more than fourteen or fifteen years of age. Now that's all wrong. For the average youth to take part in a race of five and a half miles is for him to run the risk of doing himself a serious and life-long injury. The idea of racing ought to be cut out altogether. And when these junior packs turn out for a Saturday afternoon run, they ought to be accompanied by an old and responsible club member, who will see to it that racing is cut out.

The spirit of competition is strong. Let one or two chaps start to race, or to put on the pace, and the others will surely attempt to follow. No chap is willing to admit himself "licked." He will go on, though tired to death, breathing painfully, and in his heart wishing the end would come. But he will "stick it." Fear of his fellows' contempt or derision will make him "stick it." When he does finish he is thoroughly fagged. The pleasant afternoon's

exercise has become a labour, a too great a tax on his undeveloped body. It has done him more harm than good.

Three miles across country should be the limit for any fellow not above sixteen, and the pace should never exceed six miles an hour. It's true some chaps could do that "on their head," and be none the worse for it. The trouble is that others can't, but they'll try, or be left hopelessly behind. With the likely result—for there's no fun in plodding dismally along by oneself—that the slow ones will "chuck it" for good. And cross-country running will get a bad name that it doesn't deserve.

Not for the Expert.

I am reminded that I promised to give a few further hints and suggestions for the benefit of those who find that learning to swim is not the easy matter it appears when watching the expert in the water.

For the average person swimming is easy, but lots of average persons actually find swimming mighty difficult. Without meaning to hurt their feelings I can tell them that they themselves make it difficult—because of the very natural human fear of drowning. Having this fear—and being fearful doesn't make a chap a coward; no, not by a long way—when in the water, without a thing to hold on to to keep their heads above water, they do the very things that prevent their keeping afloat.

Learning to float is the sure means of killing this fear, of breeding that self-confidence which is fifty per cent of learning to swim. Aware of the safeguard against drowning, the novice doesn't hinder himself in learning the right way of making the strokes.

The average novice handicaps himself by putting too much strength into his movements. On land, engaged in any physical exertion, he contracts and sets his muscles hard. In the water, that's the very thing he must remember not to do. It interferes with and hinders breathing, leads to prompt temporary exhaustion, tires the muscles, and encourages cramp. The more slack and elastic your muscles, the more you swing with arms and legs rather than strike, the easier does swimming become and the quicker your progress. Having confidence against drowning by reason of knowing how to float, you'll at once learn why violent efforts in the water are unnecessary.

Having learned how to float, the next thing is to learn how to make active progress, and nearly everyone will tell you that this means learning the breast stroke, the simplest of all strokes. Well, there is no reason why not, but I would suggest that in the intervals of learning this valuable stroke the novice tries his hand at one or two movements that depend wholly on floating and yet, at the same time, contain the element of "doing something." Such as swimming on the back and sculling.

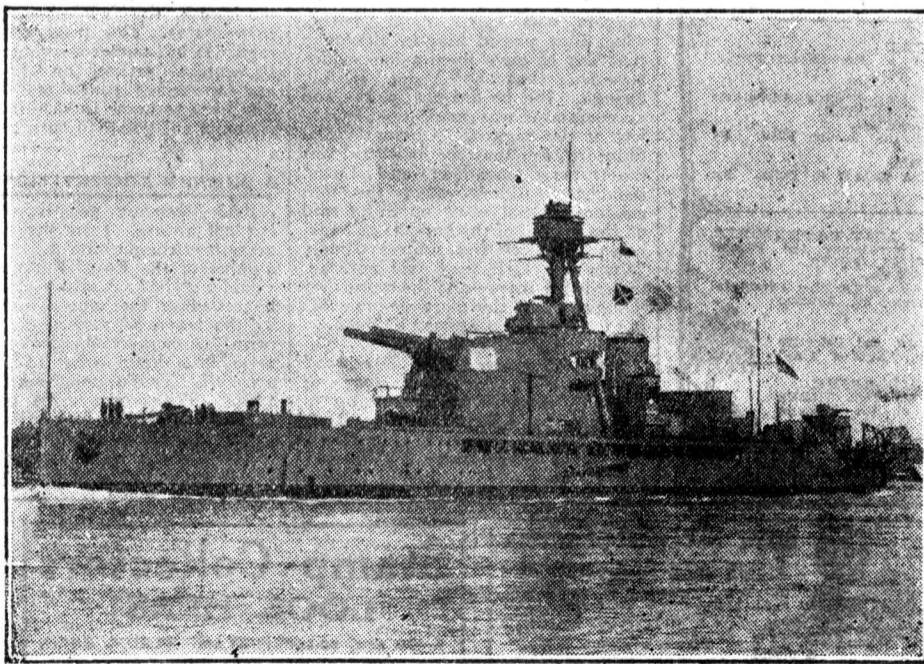
For the first you simply float with arms extended back of the head. And here is a tip. When getting into floating position, hold the breath for a few seconds until the body lies quite still. This will save you taking in unexpected mouthfuls of water. Without disturbing position of the body in any way, begin to work the hands—in the water—in a circular motion from the wrist. Palms under, fingers together, the hands are twisted away from the body and then back towards it; the elbows are moved a little to assist in this circular movement of the hands, which is practically the same as baling out water. It's an easy, lazy movement, but you'll find it carries the body along.

Percy Longhurst

(Look out for another grand article.)

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UP AGAINST THE FISTICAL FOUR!

By OWEN CONQUEST.

(Continued from page 455.)

"No, I—I shouldn't!" murmured Raby.

"I'm going to rag his quarters," said Lovell. "I'm going to rag his rooms right and left—see?"

"But he'll guess—"

"Let him! If he wants the whole thing to come out before the Head, let him!" hooted Lovell. "I'll tell my story fast enough if he tells his. I don't care! I'm going to rag him!"

Jimmy Silver nodded thoughtfully.

"If he catches you at it—"

"I sha'n't let him, fathead!"

Though I'd jolly well hack his shins if he touched me again, I can tell you, I'm going now. It's dorm in half an hour, and there's no time to waste!"

"I say, Lovell—"

"Rats!"

Arthur Edward's mind was made up. He was in a state of raging wrath that would not brook delay.

Boxing any fellow's ears was a serious matter enough—boxing Lovell's ears was a matter of unparalleled seriousness.

Lovell's chums sympathised; but they had doubts as to the wisdom of carrying on this feud with a man who was, after all, a Rookwood master—howsoever much the heroes of the Fourth disapproved of him.

But Lovell was in no mood for wisdom.

Lovell settled the matter by leaving the end study, and his comrades followed him rather dubiously.

They reached the door of the room that had been Mr. Bull's, and was now Mr. Skinforth's. The Co. rather hoped that Mr. Skinforth might be there—which would have prevented the proposed "rag," and left the matter over till Lovell was cooler.

But there was no light under the door.

Lovell turned the handle. The door did not open.

"What the thump does the man keep his door locked for?" he snorted.

"Well, it seems that he does," said Jimmy Silver, rather relieved.

"Must chuck it after all, old scout."

Another snort from Lovell.

"Chuck it be blowed!" The key of Dicky Dalton's room fits this lock—you remember the time Putty locked the Bull in for a lark, and Dicky Dalton had to let him out."

"But—"

"Blow your 'butts'!"

Lovell went along to Mr. Dalton's room and abstracted the key from the lock. Mr. Dalton was still in Hall. The junior came back, and quickly

unlocked the door of the Bull's room.

"You fellows keep watch and sing out if anybody comes up!"

"Oh, all right!"

Lovell stepped into the room and turned on the light.

The room was in some little confusion; Mr. Skinforth had done a good deal of unpacking, but had not yet stacked away all his things in drawers and wardrobes.

Lovell marched boldly into the adjoining bed-room and started by dragging off all the bedclothes and bundling them into the fender.

Then he hurled heaps of shirts, socks, and other articles into the middle of the floor, and overturned a coal-scuttle on them.

Then he came back into the outer room, feeling a little better. His chums watched him anxiously from the corridor, with one eye in the direction of the staircase.

Bump!

Lovell overturned a trunk.

"Old chap, chuck it!" whispered Raby. "You've done enough—too much, in fact."

"Rats!"

"For goodness' sake—" breathed Newcome uneasily.

"Bosh! You fellows can cut if you like!"

"Oh, don't be an ass! This may mean a flogging," said Jimmy Silver. "I don't care!"

Lovell, in his present mood, did not care—though later on, if it came to a flogging, it was probable that he would care very much indeed.

He bumped the trunk over again, and the locked lid burst open.

"Great Scott! You've busted the lock!" ejaculated Raby.

"I don't care!"

"Oh, go ahead!" said Jimmy Silver resignedly. "I suppose we shall all get a Head's licking for this. That's what you seem to want!"

"Rot!"

Bump!

The truck went over again, and its contents streamed out on the floor.

There were books and papers and other articles, and they streamed round Lovell, and he proceeded to kick them right and left. It was a record "ragging."

Suddenly Lovell gave a jump.

"Why—what—what—what—"

He fairly stuttered, as he stood still, as if rooted to the floor, his eyes upon a bundle of papers he had kicked.

"What is it?" asked Raby.

"Great Scott!" gasped Lovell.

He jumped after the bundle and picked it up, and held it up in the light, staring at it with round eyes of amazement.

"Banknotes!"

"Eh!"

"What?"

"Rot!"

"Look at it!" gasped Lovell.

Forgetting, in their surprise, the necessity of keeping one eye on the staircase, Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome came into the room. They stared blankly at the bundle of crisp slips of paper.

The top slip in the bundle was obviously a five-pound note. The others seemed to be the same; but if they also were fivers the sum of money represented there was an amazing one.

For there were at least a hundred of the crisp slips of paper, fastened together by a rubber band.

Lovell let the ends run through his fingers, like the leaves of a book. There was a crisp rustling.

"Fivers!" gasped Raby.

"Five-pound notes!" stuttered Jimmy Silver. "Why, there—there's five hundred pounds in that bundle! Is the man a millionaire in disguise?"

"Five hundred quids!" breathed Newcome. "Oh, my hat!"

"There's another bundle—"

"Phew!"

"And another—"

"Great pip!"

The Fistical Four looked at one another in amazement, in something like awe. Who—what was Mr. Skinforth, mathematics master of Rookwood at a moderate salary—and in possession of ready cash to the tune of at least fifteen hundred pounds? One thousand five hundred pounds—and perhaps more, if the juniors had cared to look!

"Well, this beats it!" said Lovell dazedly. "What—what—what can it mean? It can't be his own money! It can't!"

"Go easy, old chap—"

"Well, I think—blessed if I know what to think—"

"For goodness' sake let's get out!" breathed Jimmy Silver. "We've seen too jolly much already! Goodness knows what it means—but it's not our bizney, anyway. Get out!"

Even Lovell was willing to get out now. The light was turned off, and the juniors hurried out of the room, locking the door behind them with Mr. Dalton's key. That key was returned to the door to which it belonged, and then the Fistical Four scudded away—and a few minutes later they joined the Classical Fourth on the way to dorm.

What Mr. Skinforth thought when he found his rooms ragged and his bundles of banknotes lying on the floor the Fistical Four did not know, and could not guess. They wondered the next day whether they would hear. That the new master would guess the identity of the ragers was fairly clear—indeed, when they passed him in the quad that day he gave them a look which revealed that he knew, plainly enough. But he did not speak—and no complaint was made on the subject of the ragging. Obviously Mr. Skinforth felt that the least said was the soonest mended; and Lovell thought he knew why; the new master did not want anything said on the subject of the bundles of banknotes.

But on that subject Jimmy Silver & Co., if they said nothing, thought the more—and the more they thought of it, the more strange and mysterious did it appear to them.

THE END.

(Simply great—"The Rookwood Detective!" The long story of Jimmy Silver & Co. appearing in next Monday's BOYS' FRIEND. Don't miss it, nor the grand 20-page Detective Book given away FREE with every copy!)

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.

THE "BOYS' FRIEND" STAMP BOOK.

Keep away from this Chat unless you want to hear something really interesting. My news this week is important, for among the items of first-class intelligence I have to hand out is this little fact concerning the Stamp Book. It is a peep into the big subject of the Stamps of the British Empire. Few of us, perhaps, realise the immense value of stamps. In the dim old days far away in the misty limbo of the bygone you sent your letter by hand, or carried it yourself. More often than not it was lost in transit. We do much better now. A letter bearing a stamp in the corner makes its way all over the world. The stamp is its railway and liner and hotel ticket. So all's square and comfortable.

PLEASE MIND THIS.

Let all your chums know of the grand Stamp Book given away this week. If they are too late to get a copy of the BOYS' FRIEND at the news-agent's emporium, they can obtain the number from the publisher. This Stamp Book of the British Empire should not be missed by anyone. But the whole series of Free Books will be wanted on the bookshelf. The complete list up to the present is as follows: Stamps, Wireless, Football, Boxing, Christmas Fun, Railways. Back copies may be had from the publisher, Back Number Department, Bear Alley, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. The price is 2d. each. Send extra stamps for postage. You will always be glad to have at hand this admirable little library.

ARE YOU INTERESTED IN THIS?

I happen to know what the answer is. It is not a lemon, but a simple, well-assured affirmative. For every fellow likes to know something about detectives. Therefore the BOYS' FRIEND Detective Book, out next Monday, will be in huge demand. Order early. The Free Book next week tells you about the methods of the sleuth, the indefatigable crime-investigator. This book will be the rage. It has numerous photographs, and on secret codes and ciphers. One likes to know these things, even if one is not going to turn tec.

A BUMPER COMPETITION!

Pride, they say, goes before a fall, but not always. I am proud of our great new competition in the coming number of the BOYS' FRIEND. Who would not be? And my chums will be proud of the superb offer made by the favourite paper. As for the prize winners—well, look at the prize list. First prize £25, second prize £5. That's something to go on with. Then come three perfectly-equipped real Bassett-Lowke Model Railways. There is no finer model in the world than a Bassett-Lowke. Just win one in the new competition,

and you will be in a position to judge whether I am not right. But that is not all. There are also twelve "Hobbs" Cricket Bats to be won, and Twenty-Five Pocket Knives of the best, keen enough to cut through anything, bar friendship. See all about this next week.

"THE LION AT BAY!"

Another great instalment of this mighty serial. Look out for it. The author carries on with the amazing adventures of Don and Keith. War in 1975 has reached a devastating limit of grim horror. But we see again that pluck and human endurance can rise superior to all the machinery which ever clanked. There are chapters of life and death in the coming chapters of this powerful and gritty yarn. Not the sort of war one reads about when Achilles went off to his tent with the hump, and spectators sat round the parapets of Troy to see the fighting. Nothing of the "arma virumque cano" spirit here, but just arch plotting and the sweeping down of enemies armed with deadly weapons.

"THE ROOKWOOD DETECTIVE!"

Here we have Lovell again on the track of the mysterious maths master. You can lump the praise on Lovell, or blame him, as you think fit. But one fact stands out clear as a lighthouse, namely, that a man may have too many sides to his character.

"THE DESERT ADVENTURERS!"

Duncan Storm is great next week with his tale of a Pasha who was not above employing the desert as an ally. Some people think of the desert as just a somewhat dry place which you walk across until you come to a cafe or a cheery oasis. But things are not quite like that. The cheery comrades of the Bombay Castle find themselves up against it, and no error.

"THE CAPTAIN OF THE FOURTH!"

I have little to say about next week's instalment of St. Kit's, except to point out that Mr. Frank Richards scores again, just as he must, for it is in his blood. My chums will cheer like the jolly old Romans and the ranks of Tuscany when they meet the further doings of the St. Kitites.

"GOALIE" AND OTHERS.

This paragraph is a multum in parvo. "The Scoutmaster" has a "Talk" next Monday on "How to run a Model Parliament." We want action, but no reason why there should not be talk to the point. "Goalie" deals with the great game in record form. And don't overlook the fine art plate of a warship in the "Magnet," now on sale.

Your Editor.

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