

Your Editor's Scoop — "POSH AT THE WHEEL!" by David Goodwin. Starts Next Monday!

# The BOYS' FRIEND 2d

EVERY MONDAY.

SIXTEEN BIG PAGES!

No. 1,238. Vol. XXV.—New Series.]

THE BEST BOYS' PAPER IN THE WORLD!

[Week Ending February 28th, 1925.]



Dick Dorrington & Co. discover Dr. Crabhunter and Horace, the Goat, in dire peril!

(A breathless incident from the great long story of the boys of the school-ship, Bombay Castle, in this issue.)

A MAGNIFICENT FOOTBALL STORY, FEATURING JIMMY SILVER & CO. OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL!

# The St. Kit's Match!

By Owen Conquest.

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

Peter Cuthbert Gunner does not after all play a conspicuous part in the St. Kit's Match!



### The 1st Chapter. Perplexing!

Jimmy Silver smiled. Arthur Edward Lovell grinned. Raby and Newcome fairly chuckled. The Fistical Four were not the only members of the Rookwood Fourth who gave signs of great joy. Mornington glanced at Erroll brightly, and Erroll smiled and nodded to Morny. Tommy Dodd winked at Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle—the three Tommies of the Modern side seemed quite hilarious. In fact, nearly every member of the Fourth Form at Rookwood seemed greatly bucked.

Mr. Dalton, master of the Fourth, was puzzled—naturally! He thought that he understood his Form; he was, indeed, assured that he knew them quite well. But he could not account for this.

Really, it was surprising. The cause of that sudden and universal brightening in the Rookwood Fourth was the fact that the "chopper" had come down on Peter Cuthbert Gunner.

Gunner of the Fourth was in trouble. P. C. Gunner never was a gratifying pupil. Richard Dalton often found him a severe strain in the Form-room.

It was not only that Gunner was obtuse. He had a peculiar self-satisfaction which rendered his obtuseness quite irritating. Having made a "howler" of which a fag in the Second Form would have been ashamed, Peter Cuthbert would receive correction with a look of superior knowledge and wisdom, scarcely concealing the fact that he regarded his master as an ass.

It was not easy for his Form-master to struggle against Gunner's obtuseness; but that was his duty, and he did it manfully. To struggle against his self-satisfaction as well was asking too much.

So Gunner sometimes came up against the sharpest edge of Mr. Dalton's tongue, and sometimes up against the pointer, and sometimes up against the cane. All of which he bore with the same air of misunderstood superiority.

On this particular morning in the Fourth Form-room, Gunner had been unusually and particularly exasperating.

He was as obtuse as ever, as self-satisfied as ever, and, in addition, he was careless, forgetful, evidently thinking of anything but the Form work. He obviously regarded lessons as a worry and a bore, and found it difficult to keep patient with Mr. Dalton, who was worrying and boring him. More important matters occupied the powerful brain of P. C. Gunner.

But if Gunner found it difficult to keep patient with Mr. Dalton, Richard Dalton, on his side, found it impossible to keep patient with Gunner. So Gunner was "for it" that morning. First he was what he called "jawed"; then he was rapped with the pointer, and then he was caned. And then Mr. Dalton, on fresh offence given, came down very heavy.

It was Wednesday, a half-holiday, and the day of the St. Kit's match. Third lesson was drawing near its close, after which the Fourth Form would be their own masters for the

rest of the day. And then, worn out by Gunner, Mr. Dalton rapped out a severe sentence: "Gunner!"

"Oh! Yes, sir!" said Gunner, in a tired voice. He was fed-up, and made no secret of the fact.

"You will be detained this afternoon!"

"Eh?"

"You will be detained for the half-holiday, Gunner!"

"Wha-a-at?"

"I shall set you a detention task at two o'clock, and you will remain in the Form-room till five," said Mr. Dalton.

Peter Cuthbert Gunner stared aghast.

But the rest of the Form, Classical and Modern, smiled and grinned and nodded to one another, and displayed every sign of the liveliest satisfaction.

Mr. Dalton could not help noticing it.

It perplexed him. Gunner was every kind of an ass, no doubt, but he was a good-hearted fellow, not at all unpopular in the Form. The fellows laughed at him, perhaps, but they rather liked him. Even Dickinson minor, his study-mate, rather liked him, in a way.

Yet the whole Form was obviously pleased—in fact, delighted—to hear that Gunner was detained for the half-holiday.

They were so pleased that they couldn't conceal it. They looked as if Mr. Dalton had just brightened school-life for them in the most wonderful way.

Had the Head come into the Form-room and announced an extra whole holiday they could not have looked more delighted.

So Richard Dalton, who had supposed that he understood his Form quite thoroughly, had to admit to himself that there was still something in the Rookwood Fourth that he did not quite catch on to.

Smiles, grins, congratulatory nods and winks, passed up and down the Form; there was quite a buzz of approval, pleasure, and relief.

"Silence!" rapped Mr. Dalton.

Rejoicing in the misfortunes of a Form-fellow was quite unlike the Rookwood Fourth. Generally they had plenty of sympathy for a fellow who was detained—even an unpopular fellow like Peele or Gower. Yet now the rejoicing was open and manifest.

"Silence!"

There was silence in the Form. Gunner broke it: "Sir! Mr. Dalton—"

"You may sit down, Gunner!"

Mr. Dalton paused. He had sentenced Gunner, deservedly. But the gladness of the Form displeased him, and he began to consider whether he might not, after all, let Gunner off more lightly.

It was just like Gunner to go ahead at that unpropitious moment and make his master implacable.

"Excuse me, sir, I must speak!" exclaimed Gunner.

"What?"

"I can't possibly be detained this afternoon."

"Eh?"

"Impossible, sir! Any other afternoon you like. Not to-day!"

"Not to-day?" repeated Mr. Dalton, quite dazedly.

"No, sir! I'm playing football this afternoon—I've got an important engagement—"

Mr. Dalton picked up his cane and walked over to Gunner.

"Gunner! Bend over that form!"

"Oh!"

Whack! Whack! Whack!

"Oh! Wow! Wow!"

"Now be silent, you unruly and stupid boy!" said Mr. Dalton.

"I—I say, sir—"



NOT WANTED! Before Gunner could realise what was happening, or that anything was happening at all, Mornington signed to Tommy Dodd; and the two juniors grasped him. Gunner went out of the carriage like a pip from an orange, and sprawled on the platform with a roar.

"Another word, and I will send you to the headmaster!" Gunner collapsed.

Third lesson proceeded to its finale, with a severe frown on Richard Dalton's face, blank dismay in Gunner's, and a smile on every other face in the Fourth Form. And when the Fourth were dismissed, Jimmy Silver & Co. went down the corridor in a joyous cake-walk, and other fellows smacked one another on the shoulder and chortled gleefully.

"Gunner's detained!"

"Landed for the afternoon!"

"He can't come over to St. Kit's!"

"Hurrah!"

"What larks!"

"Hip, hip, hurrah!"

And Richard Dalton, walking away from the Form-room, heard those joyous ejaculations, and was more perplexed than ever.

### The 2nd Chapter. Plus Gunner!

Jimmy Silver came in to dinner with a cheery face that Wednesday. Trouble had lain heavily on Jimmy's shoulders for several days, and now it was lifted by the detention of Gunner.

For Gunner personally Jimmy was sorry, as he would have been sorry for any fellow under detention. But satisfaction on other accounts quite swamped the sorrow.

Dicky Dalton had saved the captain of the Fourth. He had cut the Gordian knot, as it were. For Gunner had been down to play St.

Kit's that afternoon, and, detained at Rookwood, he could not play.

Certainly, Mr. Dalton was not likely to know that Gunner was down to play in a school junior match. Mr. Dalton sometimes supervised games practice, and he was not unacquainted with Gunner's style in Soccer; so he would have been astounded to hear that Gunner was playing for Rookwood.

Had he known it, indeed, it was improbable that he would have detained Gunner, being a very considerate Form master, and very unwilling to interfere in the sporting fixtures of his Form.

But Gunner was detained, and Jimmy Silver was automatically released from the rash promise he had made to the worst footballer at Rookwood, or outside Rookwood for that matter.

The promise had been, of course, made under a misapprehension. Last term Rookwood had played St. Kit's, and found them a team of what Lovell called "foozling fumlbers."

Any old thing was good enough to play St. Kit's, therefore, and Gunner was given his chance and Jimmy's promise, "honest Injun" that he should play.

And then had come the discovery of a great change at St. Kit's—indeed, a kind of a revolution in the junior football club there.

So it was no wonder that Jimmy Silver smiled at dinner, and met answering smiles on the faces of the other footballers.

Only Gunner was frowning. Gunner could not be expected to feel pleased. But, fortunately, it did not matter whether Gunner was pleased or not.

After dinner Gunner came out with his chum, Dickinson minor, his rugged brows deeply corrugated.

"It's a bit rotten, you know," Gunner remarked.

"Isn't it?" assented Dickinson, winking into space with the eye farthest from Gunner.

"Mind, I'm not thinking of myself," said Gunner morosely, "I'm thinking of the school. What sort of a match will those fozzlers put up at St. Kit's without me to give the team a backbone?"

"Oh, my hat!" "It means a licking for Rookwood, of course," said Gunner gloomily.

"They sometimes win matches, you know," remarked Dickinson minor, with a sarcasm that was lost on Gunner.

"I know. It beats me how they do it, fozzlers like that crowd! There's a lot of luck in Soccer. They've fluked several wins this season. But we can't depend on fluking through all the time, can we?"

"Oh! H'm! No," murmured Dickinson minor.

"Something will have to be done," said Gunner, knitting his brows more gloomily than before. And he walked away with his hands driven deep into his pockets, apparently thinking it out.

Dickinson minor chuckled. His impression was that Gunner was going to be "done," and he considered it a jolly good thing.

Meanwhile, Jimmy Silver & Co. were making their preparations for the journey over to St. Kit's.

With Gunner in the team they had viewed that match rather pessimistically, but now all was calm and bright.

"We're going to beat them now," Arthur Edward Lovell told Jimmy Silver. "I don't care what form they're in, and what sort of a captain they've got in that man Wilmot. We're going to beat them all right now that idiot Gunner is dropped."

"What terrific luck!" grinned Raby.

"Amazin'!" said Mornington. "I always liked Dicky Dalton, but never so much as to-day."

"Ha, ha, ha!" Jimmy Silver chuckled.

"You'll be wanted, after all, Conroy," he said.

"What-ho!" said Conroy.

"And let this be a warning to you, Jimmy," said Arthur Edward Lovell, feeling that it was up to him not to let pass this opportunity of delivering a little lecture. "You can't be too careful, you know!"

"Fathead!" said Jimmy politely.

"You shouldn't have promised Gunner a place in the team, and you jolly well know it!" said Lovell warmly.

"Ass!" "Oh, draw it mild!" said Erroll.

"We all thought that St. Kit's were the same fumlbers we played last term, and Gunner wouldn't have done any harm in playing Carton's lot."

"Any old thing would have done for that crowd," said Tommy Dodd. "But as it happens we've had a lucky escape."

"Jimmy was an ass to promise. You have to be careful in football matters," said Lovell. "In fact, he was an ass to put in Gunner at all."

"Why, you suggested Gunner!" exclaimed Newcome.

"I wish you wouldn't keep on arguing, Newcome."

"Well, it's all serene now," said Jimmy Silver cheerily. "I did promise Gunner, and I was bound to keep to it or resign, and you fellows didn't want me to do that. Now Dicky Dalton's solved the difficulty, and it's all serene. Let's get off."

"The brake's here," called out Tommy Cook.

Jimmy Silver & Co. went out to the brake cheerily with their bags. They were in high spirits. The footballers, and a good many other fellows who were going over to St. Kit's with them, mounted into the brake, and it started.

"Hallo, there's old Gunner!" exclaimed Lovell, as the brake was rolling away from the school gates. "He wants to say good-bye," grinned Newcome. "What has he got that bag for, though?"

The crowd in the brake stared back at Gunner.

(Continued overleaf.)

Yet another surprise! "His Four-Footed Chum!" great new story of Don Darrel, the boy millionaire, appearing in our next issue!





# THE ST. KIT'S MATCH!

(Continued from page 551.)

"I'll smash you!"  
"Go hon!"

For the next hour or so Gunner's remarks were almost incessant and wholly emphatic. His captors heard him, but they heeded not. Like the flower that is born to blush unseen, Gunner wasted his sweetness on the desert air. In despair he realised that he would kick no goals that day for Rookwood. That need not really have worried him, for that was the precise number of goals that he would have kicked anyway. But it did worry him, very much; and his emphatic objurgations continued, to an accompaniment of chuckles and chortles from Oswald & Co. There was no help for Peter Cuthbert Gunner; fool's luck had failed him at last.

### The 6th Chapter. Minus Gunner!

Jimmy Silver frowned. "Where's Gunner?" Morny stared round. "Anybody seen Gunner?" "Of all the silly chumps!" exclaimed Arthur Edward Lovell, in exasperation. "After butting into the team, to wander away and leave us waiting! Look here, Jimmy, you're jolly well not going to wait for him." "He must be off his silly chump!" growled Jimmy Silver. "I saw him running off somewhere ten minutes ago. Hasn't he come back?" "Looks as if he hasn't," said Tommy Dodd. "You're not going to keep St. Kit's waiting, for an ass like Gunner." Conroy caught Jimmy's eye. If Gunner was not available, the Australian junior was wanted. "Blessed if I understand it!" growled Jimmy. "He was frightfully keen to play, you all know that. But even a chump like Gunner can't expect us to keep St. Kit's hanging about waiting for him. Get into your things, Conroy, anyhow, in case you're wanted." "Right-ho!" Conroy lost no time. "You're not going to wait, Silver!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd and several other fellows. Jimmy hesitated. He had declared emphatically that he would not wait a second if Gunner was not ready. But Jimmy was a generous fellow, and a promise was a promise. He felt that it would not be the game to jump at a chance of escaping his rash promise; the superfluous member of the team was entitled to as much grace as Jimmy would have allowed any other fellow in the eleven. "I'll speak to Wilmot," he said.

"Oh, rats!" "Don't!" "Get on with it." However, Jimmy Silver spoke to Wilmot. "One of my men has gone off the ground—will you give us a few minutes?" "As many as you like," answered Harry Wilmot. "Say five!" said Jimmy Silver uneasily. "If he's not here in five minutes I play another man. He's ready." "Right you are!" Five minutes ticked away slowly. Conroy was ready—all the team were ready. They were five minutes of real anguish to all the team, excepting Valentine Mornington. The unexpected—the unhoped for—had happened. Gunner, the dead-weight passenger in the team—the player whose presence spelled defeat, and who could not be eliminated—had chosen to walk off, and give his captain a chance of dropping him. If only he did not come back in time— It was amazing that the obtrusive Peter Cuthbert was not there on time. It was a stroke of good luck that was almost incredible—to all but Morny. It was, as Tommy Dodd remarked, really wicked not to take prompt advantage of it. But Jimmy Silver had promised Gunner, "honest Injun," that he should play, and he was bound to give the man a chance. But Jimmy, as well as his comrades, counted the seconds as they crawled by, with an anxiety that amounted to anguish. If only Gunner didn't come back in time— And he didn't! As a matter of fact, with half a dozen fellows sitting on him a quarter of a mile away, he couldn't. "Time!" exclaimed Lovell eagerly. Jimmy Silver drew a deep, deep breath. "You play, Conroy!" "Oh, good!" "Ready!" called out Jimmy Silver. And the footballers went into the field—minus Gunner. It was a great game. From the kick-off it was hard and fast, and Jimmy Silver & Co. found that there was indeed a wonderful new quality in St. Kit's side. Wilmot especially made them open their eyes, after their former experience of St. Kit's football. But Rookwood were in a winning mood. Their fortunate escape from Gunner had bucked them immensely. In the first half it was nil all; but in the second, Mornington found the St. Kit's net. After that, the

game was ding-dong to the finish; time and again St. Kit's nearly got through, but Rawson in goal was a tower of strength. There were narrow escapes, many of them—but a miss was as good as a mile; and St. Kit's did not quite "get there." They played hard and well, but Rookwood had to go all out to hold them; and it was absolutely certain that with a weak spot in the defence, St. Kit's would have come through with flying colours. But there was no weak spot—Gunner was not there. The final blast on the whistle was welcomed. It rang out with Rookwood still one goal to nil. Rookwood had won. "Good old Gunner!" said Mornington, as they came off the field. "He's won the game for us." "Gunner has?" ejaculated Lovell. "Yes; by standing out." "Ha, ha, ha!" "But where the thump can Gunner

be all this time?" said Jimmy Silver, remembering Peter Cuthbert's existence. "He hasn't turned up even yet." "I wonder!" murmured Mornington. And the Rookwooders changed in great spirits, bade a cheery farewell to Wilmot & Co., and rolled away in their brake—still minus Gunner. Jimmy Silver & Co., so happily minus Gunner during the St. Kit's match, found themselves plus Gunner, when they took the train at Wick. There Oswald & Co. rejoined the party; with them Gunner, arguing. "You lost, of course?" howled Gunner. "No; we won!" said Jimmy Silver, with a smile. "Why didn't you turn up?" "Ask that rotter—that villain—that—that—" "You see, we were sitting on him,"

explained Oswald. "We thought that a player of Gunner's quality was safer at a good distance, with somebody sitting on him. So we sat." "Ha, ha, ha!" "Oh, my hat!" said Jimmy Silver blankly. On the way home to Rookwood, Gunner was eloquent and inexhaustible. Roars of laughter punctuated his indignant eloquence. And when Gunner told his tale of woe at Rookwood, there were more roars of laughter. Gunner had not, after all, played football, for Rookwood; but undoubtedly he had added considerably to the gaiety of existence at the old school. THE END. ("Rough on Rawson!" is the splendid long story of Jimmy Silver & Co. of Rookwood School for Monday next. Be sure you read it! Order your copy of the BOYS' FRIEND in advance and thus make certain of obtaining it!)

## "SPORTING FAVOURITES" JUDGING FORM

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

By filling in the blank form given here, and thus collecting on one sheet all the solutions to the various picture-sets, competitors will greatly facilitate the task of the adjudicators and thus allow the Editor to hasten the publication of the result of the contest. THE USE OF THIS SPECIAL COUPON IS NOT COMPULSORY, but we invite readers to make use of it. Where it is used the solutions on the accompanying picture-sets will be disregarded entirely, so that competitors should make sure the "Judging Form" represents their exact solutions. FULL SETS MUST BE SENT IN ALONG WITH THE SPECIAL

FORM, but so long as the judging form contains the competitor's complete solutions and is duly filled in with the signature, etc., no solutions or signature are necessary on the accompanying picture-sets. Competitors will at once realise the advantage of this innovation in simplifying the task of the judges and saving time in the announcement of results. But it must be clearly understood that the use of the special form is optional, and competitors who send in only the ordinary coupons will, of course, receive equal consideration.

(Final Puzzle Set and other particulars on page 555.)

### "SPORTING FAVOURITES" SPECIAL JUDGING FORM.

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I enter "Sporting Favourites" Competition and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and binding.

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B.F. Closing Date, March 5th, 1925.

### Result of BOYS' FRIEND "Booklets" Competition No. 8.

In this competition two competitors sent in correct solutions. THE FIRST PRIZE OF £5 has therefore been divided between them.

- Alfred Myers, 55, Greenham Road, Newbury.
- Teddy Niblett, 38, Clarkeville, Pontynewydd.

THE TEN POCKET MICRO-SCOPES have been awarded to the following competitors whose solutions each contained one error:

- J. Craddock, 27, Pemberton's Bk., Easington Lane, Co. Durham;
- Muriel Ellen Hawley, "Rosemary," Clarence Gardens, Finchley, N.3;
- Harry Martin, 40, Morris Crescent, Blantyre, Scotland; Edward Mitchell, 5, North Shore Street, Campeltown, N.B.; David Mockett, 70, Howards

- Grove, Shirley, Southampton; J. Rayner, Park Villas, Preesall, nr. Fleetwood, Lancs.; John Robinson, 9, Mainsforth Front Row, Ferryhill Stn; Leslie Wallis, 14, Egerton Road, Bishopston, Bristol; John Walsh, 34, George's Street, Drogheda, Co. Louth, Ireland; James Wight, 11, Inchaffray Street, Perth, N.B.

The correct solution is as follows: The detective book which is free next week will be the last one of the present series. It will interest you greatly. Space does not allow of mentioning all the fine contents, but there will be articles on fingerprints, shadowing, disguise, ciphers, etc. Look out next Monday for an amazing fresh offer.

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THE FINEST 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.)

Carsdale of the Sixth has a rough time of it at the hands of the Fourth Formers!

The 1st Chapter.

When Harry Wilmot gains the captaincy of the Fourth Form at St. Kit's by reason of the vote cast in his favour by Bob Rake, a new junior hailing from Australia, he invites the Cornstalk to dig in the top study which he—Wilmot—shares with his cousin Algernon Aubrey St. Leger and Bunny Bootles, the fat boy of the Form. Rake jumps at the chance offered him and soon becomes greatly attached to his study-mates.

One day Dr. Chenies, the headmaster of St. Kit's, is brutally attacked by a footpad in Lynn Wood, and as a consequence of his injuries he is ordered away by his doctor. A Mr. Carker, who has a reputation for being a tyrant, is appointed to take Dr. Chenies' place while the latter is away from the school, and no sooner does the new headmaster arrive at St. Kit's

than he makes his presence felt. He rules with a rod of iron, and has no compunction at all in caning the boys on the slightest pretext.

Harry Wilmot, who quickly falls foul of Mr. Carker, is placed in the "Rat-trap"—the detention-room at St. Kit's, by order of the new Head. At night, however, Harry escapes by climbing down the ivy which grows thickly upon the walls of St. Kit's, and it is whilst he is making his way to a box-room window, through which he intends gaining admittance to the school, that he sees in conversation with Mr. Carker at the French windows of the Head's study, the man who is wanted for the brutal attack upon Dr. Chenies. Fearing that he may be seen by Mr. Carker, the junior captain of the Fourth hides in the shadow of an oak tree, determined to stay there until the coast is clear.

The 2nd Chapter.

The Secret.

Mr. Carker stared from the window at the low, grinning face. His expression showed plainly enough that the midnight visitor was not welcome. Slaney, as he had called the man, evidently knew it—and was not at all disturbed by it. He grinned up at the angry face.

"Ain't you lettin' me in?" he asked. "You fool! If you were seen—" muttered the man at the window. "More likely to be seen outside than inside, guv'nor! And it's cold standin' 'ere."

Mr. Carker drew back from the window and the narrow-eyed man stepped lightly in.

The casement snapped shut and the curtain fell across the glass.

Harry Wilmot stirred at last. His mind was in a whirl with what he had seen—and heard!

The man who had attacked the Head—he was sure of it! The recognition was certain—Slaney

was the man the police wanted for that brutal attack in Lynn Wood.

That man—visiting the new Head of St. Kit's close on midnight when all the school was sleeping! He was shut up in the Head's study now with Randolph Carker! No doubt he would leave as he had come—secretly—hidden in the darkness, and only Randolph Carker would know that the visit had taken place—excepting Harry Wilmot of the Fourth! The tyrant's tyranny had over-reached itself—it was by Mr. Carker's own act that he had caused a witness to be present at the secret meeting.

Wilmot stole silently from under the oaks and made his way round the school buildings.

He reached the outhouse under the box-room window and climbed to the leads.

He was sure that he would find the box-room window open—he knew that Bob Rake would not fail him. He stood on the leads and tried the window—the sash pushed up at his touch. A minute more and he was in the box-room—the window closed and fastened.

He entered the Fourth Form dormitory without a sound. But as the door closed behind him there came a whispering voice:

"That you, dear boy?" "You awake, Algy?" "Yaas, old bean."

"Same here," said Bob Rake. "How the thump did you get out of the 'Rat-trap'?"

"By the ivy." "You ass! You might have broken your neck."

"All serene," said Harry. "Hallo! Who's that?" yawned the voice of Stubbs. "My hat! Is that Wilmot?"

"Yes. Quiet, old man." "Oh crumbs! Wilmot!" "Wilmot's come back!"

Half a dozen of the Fourth were awake now and sitting up in bed, peering in the darkness of the dormitory.

"I've shoved some pyjamas on your bed, Wilmot," chuckled

Algernon Aubrey. "Turn in, old bean, Feelin' all right, what?"

"Right as rain," said Harry. "But—"

"But what?" "I've got something to tell you fellows—"

"Go ahead."

Harry Wilmot paused. He was eager to tell his chums what he had seen in the quad—to consult with them as to what he should do—if he should do anything. It was his duty—anyone's duty—to send information to the police, which would help them to capture the man they wanted.

But that was not practicable now. The man Slaney was not likely to stay long with Mr. Carker—he might even be gone already. Certainly he would be long gone before Wilmot could possibly have brought the police on the scene—if he had decided on such a measure.

The meeting between the two men could mean only one thing—it was almost too terrible to be believed, yet it was certain that Randolph Carker had been a party to the attack on Dr. Chenies in Lynn Wood. The ruffian's motive had been a mystery—it had puzzled the police and the school—but it was clear to Wilmot now. The man was a hired ruffian—and he had been carrying out the orders of the unscrupulous man who hoped to step into the Head's shoes at St. Kit's!

But who would believe such an accusation?

To tell his chums, with a dozen pairs of ears eagerly listening, was impossible. It was a matter for thinking out—and for the present the captain of the Fourth simply did not know what he should do.

His silence puzzled his chums.

"Go ahead, old bean," repeated Algy. "What's the trouble on your little mind?"

"You didn't run into the Carker-bird coming here, did you?" chuckled Bob.

(Continued on the next page.)

FOOTBALL GOSSIP! By "Goalie"

No Substitute.

As a general rule the big football clubs have such a staff of players that they can usually lay their hands on a real substitute for any position on the field in an emergency. But not so long ago Hull City were caught in a bit of a quandary. They had allowed Mercer, the goalkeeper, who started the season between the posts for the first team, to go to Huddersfield, and relied on Maddison, once with the Spurs, to guard the fort. Maddison is a good man, too, but in the first match of the first round of the Cup—against Wolverhampton, at Hull—Maddison was so badly hurt that he was unable to take his place for the replay. This put the management in a quandary, for they had no real goalkeeper to fall back upon.

A Full-Back in Goal.

In the ordinary way, of course, they would have done a quick hunt round for a goalkeeper, but a last-minute hustle for players for Cup-ties is useless, owing to the fact that before a man can play for any side in the knock-out competition he must have been signed on for at least a fortnight. However, the Hull management got out of the difficulty in a most satisfactory way, for it happened that full-back Bell had put in quite a lot of practice between the posts. So he was given the goalkeeper's job for the replay, and performed his task so well that not a single shot beat him, and Hull were able to win the match.

Desperate Remedies.

It has always been rather surprising to me that most clubs should not try to make sure that they have in the team some man who can take

the goalkeeper's position with credit to himself in an emergency. Goal-



H. BOWN (Hull City).

keepers may not get hurt so frequently as men who play in other positions, but they do get injured sometimes, and if there is another member of the side who can be depended upon to put up a decent game in goal he may save the side from a heavy defeat.

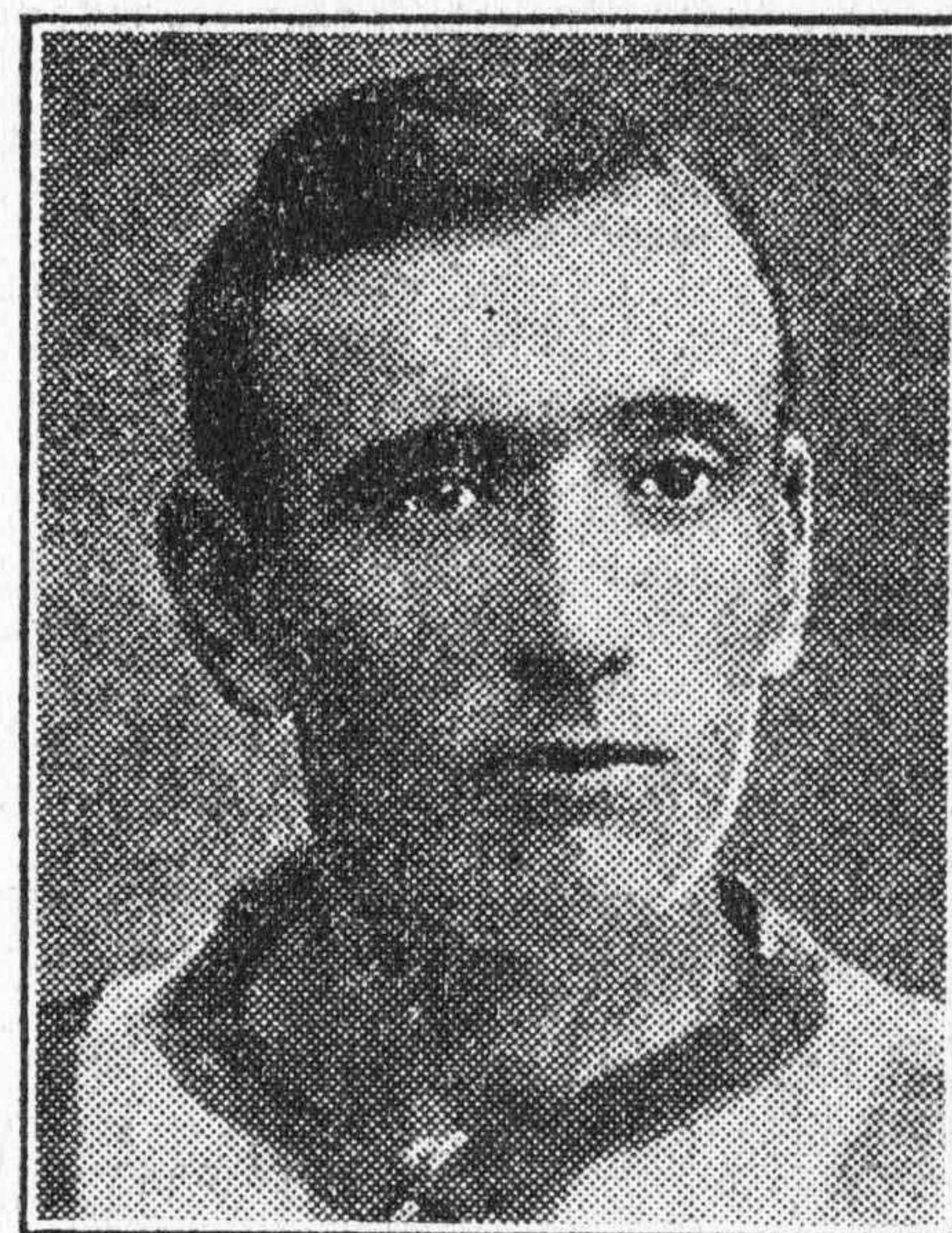
I remember some little time ago the Spurs team were on a trip to Bury, where they had a match. Just before the game was due to start the goalkeeper was taken ill and could not play. It was then too late to get another keeper from London, so Tom Clay had to fill the vacancy.

Are Goalkeepers Mad?

Thinking about goalkeeping in general, it is rather a strange thing that there is such a wide impression, especially among juniors, that the goalkeeper's job is an easy one. I remember many an occasion when I was connected with youthful football teams when we found ourselves a player or two short. We used to scout round for somebody who was willing to be pressed into service, and quite frequently we gave the untried youngster the goalkeeper's place, though I can see quite clearly now that this was far from being a sound policy. Goalkeepers don't win matches, but they do prevent matches being lost.

Coming from junior to senior football, and still talking of the "Aunt Sally's" job, I suppose you know that it is a sort of byword

that there is a touch of madness in all goalkeepers. It isn't true, of course, but the goalkeeper is usually twitted with the saying whenever he ventures an opinion on anything. I



J. BELLAS (Coventry City).

remember a dressing-room scene which threatened to have a serious ending, but was saved from this with a laughing retort. The goalkeeper of the team overheard one of the other players say that all goalkeepers were mad, and he was very cross about it. He went up to the man who had made the statement.

"Did I hear you say I am mad?" he asked in rather an angry tone.

The player who had made the remark just looked straight at the goalkeeper and replied:

"No, I didn't say you were mad. I said all good goalkeepers are mad."

A Penalty Stopper.

Reverting to Hull City's experience, the management very quickly decided that they could not run the risk of playing a full-back in goal in their League matches, so they signed on Herbert Bown, a player of considerable experience with Leicester City, and, later, with Halifax Town. He is a London man, and a safe one, who at one time had a reputation as the best penalty kick stopper in the country. There was one spell when he had the remarkable record of having saved ten out of eleven penalty kicks given against his teams.

Real Appreciation.

Coventry City are not one of the fashionable clubs, and at the moment it seems as though they are in for a very big struggle to avoid a very lowly place in the League table at the end of the season. But the management does not mean to go under without a struggle, and the defence has been strengthened considerably since they acquired the services of John Bellas, from Mansfield. This player has had previous experience of Second Division football, for he put in three seasons with the Wednesday of Sheffield. He came from Shildon after the War, played in a couple of games for the Wednesday Reserves, and was forthwith placed in the first team. Indeed, in those early days the Wednesday officials were so pleased with the promise he showed that they sent a cheque to the Shildon club over and above the amount which they had agreed to pay for his transfer.

"Goalie"

(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, February 28th. The likely winning side is printed in capitals. Where a draw is anticipated, both clubs are printed in smaller letters.

First Division.

Birmingham v. Huddersfield Town. BOLTON WANDERERS v. Manchester C. Burnley v. West Ham United. CARDIFF CITY v. Newcastle United. EVERTON v. Notts Forest. LEEDS UNITED v. Blackburn Rovers. Notts County v. Bury. PRESTON N.E. v. Sheffield United. SUNDERLAND v. Liverpool. TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR v. Arsenal. WEST BROMWICH A. v. Aston Villa.

Second Division.

CHELSEA v. Portsmouth. Clapton Orient v. Derby County. COVENTRY CITY v. Port Vale. CRYSTAL PALACE v. Blackpool. LEICESTER CITY v. Barnsley. MANCHESTER U. v. Wolverhampton W. OLDHAM ATHLETIC v. Bradford City. THE WEDNESDAY v. South Shields. Southampton v. Hull City. Stockport County v. FULHAM. STOKE v. Middlesbrough.

First Division. Scottish League.

ABERDEEN v. Raith Rovers. Ayr United v. HIBERNIANS. CELTIC v. Dundee. HEARTS v. Hamilton Acads. KILMARNOCK v. Falkirk. MORTON v. Queen's Park. Motherwell v. Partick Thistle. RANGERS v. Cowdenbeath. St. Johnstone v. St. Mirren. THIRD LANARK v. Airdrieonians.

Have a shot at the Limerick Cross Word Puzzle in the "Magnet" Library. Out To-day!

"N—no."  
 "Well then—"  
 "I'll tell you about it in the morning," said Harry, at last. "I'll turn in now."  
 "Right you are, old bean," said Algernon Aubrey, sleepily. "By gad! I shall be dashed sorry to hear the risin'-bell in the mornin'. Still, there's goin' to be some fun to-morrow! Fancy the Carker man's face when he finds that you're here!"  
 "There'll be an awful row!" said Stubbs.  
 "Yaas, probably."  
 And Algy turned over to go to sleep, evidently not much disturbed by the prospect of an awful row on the morrow!  
 Harry Wilmot turned in.  
 But it was long before he slept. He could not help thinking of the mysterious meeting he had witnessed in the quad—and of the morrow—! He would be missed from the punishment-room—he would be found among his Form-fellows—and then—  
 It was open war now!  
 He slept at last, and slept soundly, till the rising-bell clanged out over St. Kit's—in the dawn of the most eventful day in the history of the old school.

**Trouble to Come.**

Clang! Clang!  
 Bob Rake sat up in bed in the Fourth Form dormitory at St. Kit's and yawned.  
 Bob was usually the first out of bed in the Fourth, up and active before the rising-bell ceased to clang. On this especial Saturday morning, however, he sat and rubbed his eyes and yawned portentously.  
 Clang! Clang!  
 Harry Wilmot, the captain of the Fourth, sat up and he, too, yawned. And Algernon Aubrey St. Leger, the dandy of St. Kit's, yawned more deeply than either of his chums.  
 "Yaw-aw-aw-aw!" came from Algernon Aubrey. "Oh, gad! I'm dashed sleepy! Bother the risin'-bell!"  
 "Blow it!" said Bob Rake. "This is what comes of keeping late hours, my infants."  
 He jumped out of bed, and Harry Wilmot followed his example. Several other juniors turned out; but Algernon Aubrey St. Leger gathered the bedclothes about him again, and settled his noble head comfortably on the pillow.  
 "Turn out, slacker!" said Bob. "I'm thinkin'—"  
 "Do you want me to help you out?" inquired Bob.  
 "No, you fathead! Keep off! Look here, I'm thinkin'," said Algernon Aubrey. "Just listen to a chap. We're landed for trouble with our merry new headmaster to-day—"  
 "We are," assented Bob.  
 "There's goin' to be a row," continued Algy.  
 "There is, old top!"  
 "We're goin' to make this Carker-man comprehend that we're not standin' his rot!"  
 "That's so."  
 "Well, then, suppose we begin by refusin' to get up at risin'-bell?" suggested Algernon Aubrey with great sagacity.  
 Bob Rake chuckled.  
 Algy's bright idea was evidently caused by his dislike of getting out of bed early on a cold morning, after being awake till midnight the night before.  
 "Topping idea!" said Bob. "Oh, ripping! You feel that you'd better stay in bed, just to prove to the Carker-bird that the Fourth Form is free and independent?"  
 "Yaas."  
 "You think you'd better go to sleep again?"  
 "Yaas."  
 "Well, go ahead," said Bob. "Take a pleasant little doze while I dip the sponge into this jug."  
 Algernon Aubrey started up.  
 "What are you dippin' the sponge in that jug for, you crass ass?" he exclaimed.  
 "To squeeze down the back of your neck, old scout."

"Look here—"  
 "Ready?" said Bob.  
 The dripping sponge was withdrawn from the jug, and Bob Rake started towards the bed occupied by the Honourable Algernon Aubrey St. Leger.  
 With a bound Algernon Aubrey cleared out on the other side of the bed. He was quite wide awake all of a sudden.  
 "Keep off, you dangerous maniac!" he yelled.  
 "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob. "Feel quite woke up now?"  
 "Yaas, you burblin' jabber-wock!"  
 "You can have the sponge if you like—"  
 "Keep off, you frumptions chump!"  
 "Buck up, old infant," said Bob, chuckling. "We've got a busy day before us, you know; and slacking in bed won't do any good. This is going to be the liveliest day at St. Kit's since Dr. Chenies left."  
 "Br-r-r-r!" said Algy.  
 The Fourth-Formers were all turning out now—with the exception of Bunny Bootles. Cuthbert Archibald Bootles was always the last to turn out. By reducing his morning ablutions to the lowest possible minimum, Bunny was able to get some precious minutes extra in bed. His morning ablutions consisted of what the juniors

Snore!  
 "Why, you fat owl!" exclaimed Bob. "You're awake, you blithering porpoise—you were talking a second ago—"  
 "I—I was talkin' in my sleep!" gasped Bunny.  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "Well, if you're still fast asleep I'll give you something to cure all that," chuckled Bob.

**Yet Another Surprise!**  
**"HIS FOUR-FOOTED CHUM!"**  
 by Victor Nelson.  
**Great New Story of Don Darrel, the boy millionaire, appearing in our next number.**  
**Be sure you read it!**

He laid hold of Bunny's bedclothes, and they came off in a heap to the floor. Bunny Bootles started up with a shiver and a yell.  
 "Yah! Rotter! Groooogh!"  
 "Now, where will you have it?" asked Bob, poisoning the wet sponge in the air.  
 Bunny yelled in alarm.  
 "Yah! Chuck it, you silly ass!"

"And we stayed up to greet the prodigal son when he came hiking home," said Bob Rake. "That's why we're so jolly sleepy this morning."  
 "I say, there'll be a row when old Carker finds that you've hooked it out of the punishment-room, Wilmot," said Bunny.  
 "Most likely."  
 "Never mind," said Bunny Bootles, consolingly. "I'll stand by you, Wilmot. You rely on me."  
 Harry Wilmot laughed. Bunny's assistance was not likely to be of much use when he had to face Mr. Randolph Carker, the new Head of St. Kit's. It was quite certain that there was going to be trouble in the Fourth Form of St. Kit's that Saturday morning.  
 Harry was taking it calmly enough.  
 Most of the Fourth were enthusiastic in supporting him—and they were prepared for trouble with the tyrant of St. Kit's. Already there had been whispers of a "barring-out" in the Fourth.  
 So far as Mr. Carker knew, Harry was still a prisoner in the "Rat-trap." It was certain that there would be considerable surprise when he came down from the dormitory with the rest of the Fourth.  
 The three members of the "Top Study" were taking the peculiar

Carker's only in his place while he's away ill. And I'm jolly sure that Dr. Chenies wouldn't approve of the way Carker is running things at St. Kit's."  
 "Very likely—but he's Head, all the same, for the present," said Tracy. "The Governors appointed him."  
 "Blow the Governors!" said Bob.  
 "Draw it mild, old bean," said Algernon Aubrey. "My pater's chairman of the giddy Governors, and Wilmot's pater is a Governor."  
 "Well, blow them all, excepting your pater and Wilmot's pater!" said Bob, laughing. "Now, are you ready, my infants? Where's my mouth-organ?"  
 "What the thump do you want a mouth-organ for?"  
 "To play the 'Conquering Hero' when we take Wilmot along!" chuckled Bob. "Sort of triumphal march, to announce to the Carker merchant that we don't care a German mark for him."  
 "Fathead!"  
 Bob Rake found his mouth-organ and blew a fearful blast on it to begin with. Then he hurled open the dormitory door and marched out, with heavy footsteps. Wilmot and St. Leger followed him, and after them came Stubbs and Scott and Myers and Wheatford and Jones minor and Durance and a crowd of the Fourth.  
 "For goodness' sake old bean, stop that awful row!" murmured Algernon Aubrey plaintively as Bob Rake headed the juniors with the mouth-organ going strong.  
 Bob ceased for a moment and glanced round.  
 "What awful row?" he demanded. "Haven't you any ear for music, you ass?"  
 "Music? Oh, gad!"  
 Bob blew again.  
 "Well, what the thump do you want to play the 'Dead March' in 'Saul' for, anyhow?" demanded Algy.  
 "You silly owl! I'm playing the 'Conquering Hero.'"  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"  
 The Fourth Form "processed" down the big staircase, to the accompaniment of fearsome blasts on the mouth-organ. Oliphant, of the Sixth, the captain of St. Kit's, looked up from the lower passage.  
 "Stop that thundering row!" he shouted.  
 "Oh, ah! Yes, Oliphant," said Bob, meekly, and the mouth-organ disappeared into his pocket.  
 Oliphant gave a jump the next moment as he sighted Harry Wilmot among the Fourth.  
 "Wilmot!" he exclaimed.  
 "Yes, Oliphant!" said Harry cheerfully.  
 The captain of St. Kit's fairly blinked at him. The evening before he had left Harry locked in the punishment-room, and the keys were still in Mr. Carker's keeping. The sight of the ghost of Banquo did not startle Macbeth more than the sight of Harry Wilmot startled the St. Kit's captain just then.  
 "Did Mr. Carker release you, after all?" ejaculated Oliphant, at last.  
 "Oh, no."  
 "Then how did you get out?"  
 "By the window."  
 "But the window's barred!" exclaimed the prefect.  
 "The bars were rusted through, and I snapped them off."  
 "The merry dickens you did!" exclaimed Oliphant. "So you've been to bed in the dormitory, after all."  
 "Yes," said Harry.  
 Carsdale of the Sixth was lounging in the lower passage, and he came up, staring at Harry. Oliphant seemed puzzled to know what to do; but the Sixth Form bully had no doubts.  
 "So you cleared out, did you, you cheeky young rascal?" exclaimed Carsdale. "Well, you're going back pretty sharp. Come on!"  
 Harry stopped on the lowest step of the staircase. His chums stopped with him, breathing hard. The trouble was beginning!  
 (Continued overleaf.)



**WHAT WILMOT SAW!** Harry Wilmot saw Mr. Carker draw back from the window and the narrow-eyed man step lightly in. Then the casement snapped shut and the curtain fell across the glass.

described as a "cat-lick"—and it was often a very hurried and inefficient cat-lick. Long ago Bunny had brought it to the irreducible minimum, with a keenness of calculation which gave promise of future distinction in the higher mathematics.  
 But that was before Bob Rake came to St. Kit's. Bob was a strenuous youth, bursting with energy; and he always had a little energy to spare for others who were less strenuous. He was always willing to help any slacker who found it difficult to turn out on a cold morning.  
 "Bunny!" he bawled.  
 Snore!  
 "Wake up, Bunny!"  
 Snore!  
 Bunny had certainly heard the rising-bell; and he still more certainly heard Bob Rake, whose powerful voice put the rising-bell to the blush. But he considered it judicious to snore.  
 "Turn out, Bunny, you fat slacker!" exclaimed Algernon Aubrey. "What the thump are you slacking in bed for?"  
 "Yah!" came from Bunny.  
 "You were slacking a minute ago."  
 Bunny forgot for the moment that he was asleep.  
 "Out with you, Bootles!" roared Bob Rake.  
 Snore!  
 "Do you hear, Bunny?"

"Certainly!"  
 Whiz!  
 Bob Rake "chucked" it, not in the sense that Cuthbert Archibald Bootles intended.  
 The sponge caught Bunny under his fat chin and squelched there. The howl that Bunny Bootles gave rang far beyond the Fourth Form dormitory.  
 "Yooooooop!"  
 Bunny Bootles rolled out of bed. That morning, at last, he had ample time for more than the customary "cat-lick."  
 "No Surrender!"  
 "Wilmot! You here!"  
 Bunny Bootles uttered that ejaculation as he caught sight of the captain of the Fourth.  
 Harry glanced at him and smiled.  
 "Looks like it," he answered.  
 "But—but weren't you locked up in the punishment-room for the night?" ejaculated Bunny.  
 "I was," assented Harry.  
 "How did you get out?"  
 "Climbed down the ivy from the window."

situation in their own peculiar ways. Harry Wilmot was quiet and grave, Algernon Aubrey nonchalant, as usual, while Bob Rake seemed to be looking forward with keen zest to trouble with Mr. Carker.  
 "We'd better stick together when we go down," said Bob. "By gum! I want to see Carker's face when he catches sight of you, Wilmot! It will be worth a guinea a box!"  
 "Yaas, that's so," chuckled Algernon Aubrey. "But what are you goin' to do if he orders you back to the 'Rat-trap,' old bean?"  
 "I shall refuse to go," said Harry quietly.  
 "And we'll back you up!" said Bob Rake. "And if Carker cuts up rusty, we'll scrag him!"  
 "Scrag Carker!" ejaculated Stubbs, of the Fourth.  
 "Oh, I say!" murmured Bunny. "I believe I could handle him," said Bob. "He's twice as long as I am, but no wider—"  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "One good 'cosh' on his watch-chain would double him up like a pocket-knife," said Bob, confidently.  
 "You silly ass!" exclaimed Tracy. "Are you thinkin' of punching your headmaster?"  
 "He's not really our headmaster," retorted Bob. "Dr. Chenies is our headmaster, and

**ANSWERS**  
 EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2:



## The CAPTAIN OF THE FOURTH!

By FRANK RICHARDS

(Continued from previous page.)

"Where do you want me to come, Carsdale?" asked the captain of the Fourth quietly.

"Back to the punishment-room, of course."

"I'm not going."

"What?"

"Deaf?" asked Bob Rake. "He's not going! Carker can go and eat coke! Is that plain enough?"

"Here, this won't do!" said Oliphant, uneasily. "You mustn't speak of Mr. Carker like that, Rake."

Bob opened his lips to retort; but he closed them again. He did not want any trouble with the popular captain of St. Kit's if it could be helped. Carsdale broke in.

"I shall report your words to Mr. Carker, Rake!"

"Report, and be hanged!" said Bob disdainfully.

"I'll deal with you when I'm through with Wilmot," said the bully of the Sixth, with a black scowl. "Come with me, Wilmot!"

"I shall do nothing of the kind."

Carsdale laughed grimly and dropped his heavy hand on the junior's shoulder. He was far from expecting resistance from a Fourth-Former. The persons of the Sixth Form prefects were sacred; "punching a prefect" was a delightful dream to many juniors, but it had never been put into practice. But the Fourth Form were in an unusual mood that morning. The tyrant of St. Kit's had ruled with too heavy a hand; and the fellows who were prepared to "back up against Carker" were not likely to be overawed by Carsdale.

As Carsdale's grip closed on his shoulder, Harry Wilmot's lips set. He clenched his hand and struck upwards.

Crack!

Carsdale's wrist caught the blow, and it was a hefty blow. The prefect gave a howl of pain as his hand flew from Wilmot's shoulder.

"Good man!" murmured Algernon Aubrey.

Carsdale clasped his right wrist with his left hand, and stood fairly gasping with rage and astonishment.

"You—you—you've struck a prefect!" he stuttered.

"I shall strike again if you touch me again!" said Harry coolly.

"Bravo!" chirruped Stubbs.

Carsdale's reply was not in words. He made a savage spring at the captain of the Fourth.

Had Harry Wilmot been left alone to deal with the powerful Sixth Former, he would certainly have fared badly. But his chums sprang to his aid as if moved by the same spring.

Three pairs of hands closed on Carsdale, and he was hurled back from the stairs and went sprawling along the hall.

Crash!

"Oh!" roared Carsdale. "Ow! Oh! Oooooop!"

He sat up dazedly.

"Come on and have some more!" bawled Bob Rake.

Oliphant stood looking on in a sort of stupefaction. It was the first time he had seen a St. Kit's prefect handled by juniors.

"Good gad!" ejaculated Oliphant.

Gerald Carsdale staggered to his feet. He was almost foaming with wrath. A score of fellows

had gathered at the sight of the amazing altercation at the foot of the staircase. Gunter of the Fifth remarked to Price that things were coming to something! Price agreed that they were. But they did not dream of interfering.

"You—you young scoundrels!" roared Carsdale.

"Rats!"

"Boo!"

"Go home, Carsdale!"

"Go and eat coke!"

It was a roar of defiance from the crowded staircase. The example set by Harry Wilmot & Co. had fired the blood of the Fourth. At that moment the St. Kit's rebels were prepared to tackle all St. Kit's—headmasters, staff, and prefects, with the Sixth Form thrown in.

"Oliphant! Help me deal with these young villains!" howled Carsdale.

Oliphant shook his head.

"Leave them to Mr. Carker," he said. "You can report that Wilmot is out of the punishment-room. It's Mr. Carker's business; not ours."

And Oliphant walked away, very much perplexed and distressed by this new state of affairs at St. Kit's. If he blamed the juniors, he did not blame them so much as he blamed Mr. Randolph Carker, whose iron-handed tyranny had brought about the revolt. Mr. Carker had roused the trouble, and Mr. Carker could deal with it—that was Oliphant's idea.

Carsdale stood stuttering with rage, glaring at the juniors on the staircase. He was greatly inclined to "run amok" among them, hitting out right and left. But that, obviously, was a game that two sides could play at, and Carsdale realised that it was "not good enough." He shook a savage fist at the Fourth and turned away.

But at the sight of a Sixth Form prefect retreating, after being bowled over by the fags, the Fourth broke through all restraint. They felt the intoxication of victory.

"After him!" roared Stubbs.

"Scrag him!" yelled Bunny Bootles, valiant in the rear. "Scrag him, you fellows! Down with the prefects!"

"Collar him!"

"Bump him!"

"Hurrah!"

There was a rush of excited fags after Carsdale. The prefect stared round, gaped and gasped, and fairly bolted into his study. Had not Gerald Carsdale turned the key in his door very quickly St. Kit's would have been treated to the amazing and unheard-of sight of a Sixth Form prefect being "bumped" by a crowd of juniors.

Fortunately for Carsdale, the key turned in time. But a prefect locking himself in his study to escape from juniors was the last touch—all that the Fourth required to encourage them to reckless revolt. A dozen boots kicked and crashed on Carsdale's door—a dozen ferocious voices yelled to Carsdale to "Come out!"

"By gad!" yawned Algernon Aubrey St. Leger, as he strolled out into the quad with his chums, "things are beginning to look lively. Do you know, dear old beans, I really think that I sha'n't be bored to-day."

"I don't think you will!" chuckled Bob Rake.

"This reminds me of somethin' in the history lesson," said Algernon Aubrey thoughtfully. "Chap named Lidley, or Ratimer, or somethin', who said—what was it

he said? 'This day we have lighted a bonfire at St. Kit's which the Carker-bird will never be able to put out.' Somethin' to that effect! What!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hallo, there's the Carker-bird in the Head's study!" exclaimed Bob. "He's looking out of the window. March past."

And the Top Study, arm-in-arm, marched past Mr. Carker's window, to give him a full view of the junior whom he still supposed to be a prisoner in the punishment-room.

### A Surprise for Mr. Carker.

Mr. Randolph Carker, temporary Head of St. Kit's, had not risen in a good temper that eventful morning.

Mr. Carker was, indeed, very seldom in a very good temper.

He was one of those unhappy

ruffian, and rather severely hurt. The old gentleman would have been still more severely hurt but for the fact that Wilmot & Co. had come to the rescue. As it was, he had been compelled to throw up his duties at St. Kit's and retire from the old school for a time. And then Randolph Carker had been appointed headmaster pro tem.

In a few days Mr. Carker had had succeeded in making all St. Kit's loathe him.

He had interfered with every master in turn, and put up the backs of the staff in a most effective manner.

In the masters' room there had been suppressed talk of resignations—of the whole staff handing in their resignations in a body!

Indeed, only the hope that Mr. Carker's rule was strictly temporary restrained the staff from some decided step.

presence to cause faces to grow long.

He was breakfasting in his study that morning, and he had snapped at Tuckle, who brought his breakfast in. Tuckle, with deep feeling, had retired to the kitchen, where he confided to the cook that he would give a week's wages to "land" the "old josser" a "oner."

Mr. Carker was thinking of Wilmot of the Fourth as he breakfasted. He probably had other troubles on his bitter mind; but Wilmot of the Fourth was prominent.

Wilmot of the Fourth had resisted his authority—Wilmot of the Fourth had had the audacity to defend himself with a ruler when attacked with a cane! There was no end to the offences of Wilmot of the Fourth!

Mr. Carker set his thin lips as he thought of it.

The young rascal was locked in the punishment-room; and that morning Mr. Carker intended to take the birch to the "Rat-trap" and administer such a terrific flogging as would be a lesson to Harry Wilmot for the remainder of his youthful days.

There was satisfaction in the thought; Mr. Carker almost smiled. The picture of Wilmot of the Fourth wriggling under the birch gave a flavour to his breakfast egg, and added aroma to his morning coffee. It was the kind of mental picture that gratified Mr. Carker's peculiar nature.

He rose from the breakfast-table and stepped to the window, and looked out into the quadrangle.

Then he jumped.

The picture of Wilmot, half-frozen after a night in the cold, unheated "Rat-trap," squirming under the birch, vanished from his mind—and was replaced by another picture, not imaginary but real, which was the picture of Harry Wilmot strolling past the window, with his arms linked in those of Bob Rake and Algernon Aubrey St. Leger.

Mr. Carker's pale eyes, almost leaden in colour, seemed to bulge out under his brows.

He stared at the three cheery juniors—he blinked at them—and his lean jaw dropped in his astonishment.

It really was Wilmot—there was no mistake about it! Mr. Carker realised that his prisoner was no longer a prisoner—and, to judge by his looks, the imprisonment had had little effect on his spirits.

Mr. Carker muttered a word between his teeth—a word which would have convinced the Governing Board of St. Kit's, if they could have heard it, that Randolph Carker was not a suitable person to take Dr. Chenies' place as headmaster.

He leaned from the window and waved a long, lean hand at the juniors.

"Wilmot!" he shouted.

The captain of the Fourth halted. The three juniors swung round in line to face Mr. Carker's study window.

They faced it—and him—with equanimity.

"Yes, sir!" said Harry.

"Why are you not in the punishment-room?" thundered Mr. Carker. "Has anyone released you without my authority?"

"No, sir."

"Then how do you come here?"

"Walked, sir."

"What?"

"Walked."

Mr. Carker spluttered.

"Is that reply intended for insolence, Wilmot?" he howled.

"Not at all, sir; I'm just stating the fact in answer to your question," said the captain of the Fourth.

"I asked you how you came here when you were left locked in the punishment-room last night?"

"Walked!" repeated Wilmot.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Rake, greatly tickled by the extraordinary expression upon Mr. Carker's face. Algernon Aubrey St. Leger indulged in a faint grin,

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gentlemen who are always sharp and bitter, and frequently angry; and perhaps, like the prophet of old, he considered that he "did well to be angry."

Matters had not gone to Mr. Carker's satisfaction since his coming to St. Kit's in the place of Dr. Chenies.

With the Board of Governors Mr. Carker had had great success. There was a party on that august Board that desired Dr. Chenies to retire from the headmastership, and Randolph Carker to take his place. A bare majority had prevented that—it was only the casting vote of Lord Westcourt, Algy's noble pater, that had turned the scale.

Mr. Carker, probably, had counted upon complete success. Tyrant as he was to those in his power, he could be soft and sycophantic to those from whom he had benefits to expect, and he had ingratiated himself with several of the governors.

He had been disappointed; but his chance had come when the Head of St. Kit's was attacked in Lynn Wood by an unknown

The prefects were no better satisfied. Mr. Carker "nagged" his prefects, and worried them and rated them in the presence of juniors; in fact, he did everything that he ought not to have done, besides leaving undone many things that he ought to have done.

He had taken every Form in turn, with the intention of "speeding up" work—and every Form hated Mr. Carker with a ferocious hatred.

Added to that, he had a cruel strain in his nature that made it a pleasure to him to use the cane! There had been more caning since Mr. Carker's arrival than in the whole term previously. And Mr. Carker caned with a severity that kind old Dr. Chenies would never have thought of.

Masters and prefects, Middle School and fags, objected to Mr. Carker and Mr. Carker's methods.

That made no difference to Randolph Carker. His idea was to crush opposition—opposition only made him the more determined. Sullen and discontented faces round about him did not trouble him—indeed, he seemed to like his



and put up his celebrated eyeglass the better to survey the enraged headmaster.

"This—this—is rebellious insolence!" gasped Mr. Carker. "Wilmot, return to the punishment-room at once!"

Harry shook his head. "I've had enough of that, Mr. Carker," he answered.

"Do you dare to disobey me?" "Yes."

Mr. Carker spluttered again. That unexpected answer seemed to take the wind out of his sails, so to speak.

"Straight from the shoulder, old bean," murmured Algernon Aubrey. "By gad! I hope the Carker-man isn't subject to apoplexy! If he is, he's booked for a fit."

Mr. Carker really seemed on the verge of an apoplectic seizure as he stood at the study window, spluttering with rage and staring at Wilmot.

"Wilmot!" he spluttered out. "You—you young scoundrel!"

"Better language, please!" said Harry. "Wha—a—at?"

"Yaas, begad!" said Algy. "That isn't the way for a headmaster to talk, you know. Yellin' at a fellow gets on his nerves. Besides, consider your choice of expressions, sir—not at all gentlemanly."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob. "I shall flog you both for insolence!" raved Mr. Carker. "And you, Wilmot, you—you—"

He almost foamed. "Come into my study immediately!"

He turned back into the study and grasped at his cane. He seemed to have no doubt that Wilmot would obey his command, and appear in the study in a couple of minutes.

As a matter of fact, nothing was further from Harry's thoughts. He walked on with his chums—and Mr. Carker, waiting for him in the study, waited in vain. Tuckle, who came in to remove the breakfast-things, was quite startled by the expression on Mr. Carker's face. He was glad to get out of the study, and in his haste and agitation he dropped a teacup to the floor, and it smashed. And Mr. Carker addressed him with a flow of vigorous language as he fairly fled with the tray. Tuckle even had doubts about whether he was quite safe from the cane if he remained within reach of Mr. Carker. He quite gasped with relief when he escaped into the shelter of the kitchen.

"Looked as if he'd lay the blooming cane round me!" said Tuckle to the cook. "Me, you know! I'd show him! I ain't one of his blessed boys that he can wallop as much as he likes—no fear! I can give notice if I choose—which is more than they can do! I'd jolly soon show him that he can't treat me as if I was a St. Kit's bloke!" said Tuckle disdainfully.

From which it appeared that Master Tuckle compared his position at St. Kit's very favourably with that of Harry Wilmot & Co.

#### What Harry Wilmot Knew.

"Come into the Cloisters!" said Harry.

"Yaas."

"Brekker soon!" remarked Bob. Bob Rake had brought a very healthy appetite with him from Australia.

"I've got something to tell you fellows before brekker," said Harry. "It—it's rather serious."

"Oh, all right!"

The three chums strolled into the Cloisters, a spot where they were not likely to be interrupted at that early hour of the morning.

Harry Wilmot's handsome face was very grave. His chums regarded him curiously.

"I fancy somethin' happened when you bunked out of the 'Rat-trap' last night, old bean," said Algy. "Is that it?"

"Yes."

"Blessed if I can see what," said Bob. "You got to the dormitory

all right. What happened, Harry?"

"I'm going to tell you fellows—I don't know whether I ought to let the school know yet," said Harry. "It's rather serious. You fellows remember how the Head was attacked in Lynn Wood by a rotten ruffian?"

"Not likely to forget it, as we chipped in to help the merry old sport," said Bob.

"You'd know that hooligan again if you saw him?"

"Yes, rather—a rather burly brute with narrow eyes like a—like a dashed fox," said Bob.

"That's it!" said Harry, with a nod.

"Not likely to see him again, though," said Bob. "The police have been looking for him ever since, and they can't trail him out. I'll bet you he's miles out of Sussex long ago."

"It was rather mysterious why a hooligan should pitch into the Head like that," said Harry. "It wasn't robbery he meant—he just went for Dr. Chenies with a stick. He hurt him, and would have hurt him more if we hadn't come up when we did."

"Yaas!" said Algy. "I never thought then of a connection between the affair and Mr.

"Dear old bean!" he murmured in gentle remonstrance.

Bob Rake was shaking his head vigorously. Low as his opinion of Randolph Carker was, he could not imagine that a man in Mr. Carker's position could, or would, mix himself up in a crime.

"There's no doubt about it," said Harry Wilmot quietly. "Listen to me, you chaps. After getting down from the 'Rat-trap' window I came round by the quad and found, between eleven and twelve at night, Carker's study window open. Carker was standing at it looking out—and, of course, I lay doggo till he should clear. And then a man came out of the dark and joined him and entered his study by the window. They met as friends—in a way, at least; Mr. Carker certainly did not seem pleased to see him. And the man was the ruffian who attacked Dr. Chenies in Lynn Wood!"

"Good heavens!" muttered Bob. "Oh, great gad!"

Harry Wilmot's chums stared at him. He was speaking with quiet, grave seriousness; but they could scarcely believe that what he stated was correct. Brute Mr. Carker certainly was—cruel, ruthless, tyrannical. Unscrupulous, he certainly was. But this—

silent. They knew that their chum would not speak lightly on so terribly serious a matter; but they simply could not credit that Mr. Carker had leagued with a ruffian to clear the way for him to the headmastership of St. Kit's.

"I want to know what to do," said Harry after a pause. "That man, Slaney, as Mr. Carker called him, is wanted by the police. I can give them his name, at least—it may help to trace him. He could have been caught last night in the school—"

Algernon Aubrey shuddered. "What a disgrace for St. Kit's if he had been!" he muttered.

"I thought of that," said Harry. "But, anyhow, I could have done nothing—it was fairly certain that the man would not stop long, and you know how long it would have taken to fetch P.-c. Bandy from Wick. Of course, Mr. Carker would have denied that he had ever been there, if I had brought a policeman along after the man was gone."

"Of course he would! But—but the policeman wouldn't have come on such a yarn," said Algy. "He wouldn't have believed it."

Harry smiled faintly. "You fellows don't quite believe it," he said.

the captain of the Fourth furnished a very plausible motive.

"Then you advise me to say nothing at present?" asked Harry at last.

"For goodness' sake don't tell anybody else what you've told us," said Bob, hastily. "It can't be right—there's a mistake somewhere. Thank goodness you didn't bring it out before all the dormitory last night. You can't make a fearful accusation like that without proof."

"I suppose not," admitted Harry slowly.

"Yaas, keep it dark, at least unless we can get to know somethin' more," said St. Leger uneasily. "If you're right, Harry, the brute ought to be pickin' oakum in chokey. But you've got no proof—only a glimpse of a man's face at a window on a dark night. And depend on it Carker would deny that there ever was a man—"

"I'm sure of that."

"Then how would you stand?" said Algy.

The captain of the Fourth nodded.

"I can see that I'd better say nothing at present," he said. "That's all right. But—I know in my heart that Mr. Carker is no better than a criminal. And I'll stand up against that brute all the way and all the time." A blaze came into Wilmot's eyes. "He got his headmastership here by a crime. He's using it like a bully and a tyrant. We—"

"Oh, I say! Here you are." Bunny Bootles came rolling along the Cloisters. "I've been looking for you chaps. Don't you know the brekker bell's gone?"

"We're coming," said Harry. There was nothing more to be said, and the Top Study started for the School House, Bunny trotting along with them.

"Carker's after you, Wilmot," the fat junior announced.

"Hang Carker!"

"I heard him tell Mr. Rawlings that he ordered you to come to his study, and you didn't come," chuckled Bunny. "He says you're to be looked for and sent to him at once."

Harry shrugged his shoulders. The chums of the Fourth entered the School House together, and went into the dining-room, where St. Kit's were already at breakfast. Mr. Rawlings, the master of the Fourth, was at the head of his table, and he cast a very curious glance at Harry. Like all the rest of the school, he had been astonished to find that Wilmot was at liberty that morning.

Harry went to his place and sat down.

Mr. Rawlings coughed slightly. "Ahem! Wilmot!"

"Yes, sir," said Harry. "Mr. Carker requires your immediate attendance in his study."

Harry drew a deep breath. "I know what Mr. Carker wants, sir," he answered. "He wants to act like a brute and a bully—"

"Wilmot!"

"I do not intend to submit, sir." Mr. Rawlings paused. In Dr. Chenies' time, if the Head had sent for a junior and the junior had made such an answer, Mr. Rawlings would have acted promptly and drastically. But matters were changed now. Mr. Rawlings had been "nagged" in his own Form-room before his class—he had been troubled and interfered with by the tyrant of St. Kit's—and he was, in his heart of hearts, fully in sympathy with Wilmot.

He reflected for a few moments and then let the matter drop, saying nothing further.

The Fourth Form breakfasted in a state of tension. At any moment they expected to see Mr. Carker stride in at the door, cane in hand. But he did not appear, and breakfast finished without an interruption.

(On no account must you miss next Monday's long instalment of this ripping school story! Order your BOYS' FRIEND to-day, and thus make certain you obtain it!)



**ROUSING THE SLACKER!** "Now, where will you have it, Bunny?" asked Bob Rake, poised on the wet sponge in the air. Bunny yelled in alarm. "Yah! Chuck it, you silly ass!" "Certainly!" Whiz! Bob Rake "chucked" it, not in the sense that Cuthbert Archibald Bootles intended. The sponge caught Bunny under his fat chin and squelched there. The howl that Bunny Bootles gave rang far beyond the Fourth Form dormitory. "Yoooooop!"

Carker," said Harry, "but I believe that detectives say that when a crime is committed you have to look for the man who benefits. Mr. Carker has benefited by that attack on the Head."

"He's bagged the Head's place here, certainly," said Bob, with a stare. "From the talk that's been going round the school it looks as if he was after the Head's job, anyhow, but—"

"That's true," said Algernon Aubrey, quietly. "I've heard about that from home. My pater and Wilmot's pater stood up for the Head at the meeting of the governors—the Head was coming back from that meeting when the johnny pitched into him in the wood, I believe. Some of the duffy old fossils wanted the Head to resign and give up the job to Carker. The cunnin' rotter wormed round them somehow—they can't know the kind of man he really is."

"But—" said Bob. He drew a deep breath. "Wilmot, old man, you can't suspect that Carker had a hand in that attack on the Head?"

"I never suspected it till last night," said Harry. "Now I know it."

"You know it!" ejaculated Bob. "For certain!" said Harry. Algernon Aubrey's eyeglass dropped from his eye.

"It's not possible," muttered Bob. "You—you must be mistaken, old man. It was dark last night—"

"I saw his face in the light of the study window—the window where we've just been speaking to Mr. Carker."

"But—but—" stammered Bob. "You're sure, old bean?" muttered Algy.

"Perfectly certain."

"If—if you're right, Carker is no better than a dashed criminal!" said St. Leger. "But—but—"

"There's no doubt that I'm right—in my mind, at least," said the captain of the Fourth. "I saw the man plainly enough. I want to know what I ought to do."

Algernon Aubrey whistled. "If—if you made a mistake—"

"Why should any man visit the Head secretly, by his window, at close on midnight?" asked Harry. "If it was not that man, it was some man. What could such a secret meeting mean? Mr. Carker was seeing someone who dared not show his face here till all at school were in bed."

"That's so," assented Bob. "It looks suspicious," said Algy. "But—but it's too awfully thick! Even Carker—"

"I heard him speak to the man by name," said Harry. "He addressed him as Slaney."

Algernon Aubrey and Bob were