

Floy.

Special Football Number—Great New One-Week Competition Inside!

The BOYS' FRIEND 2d

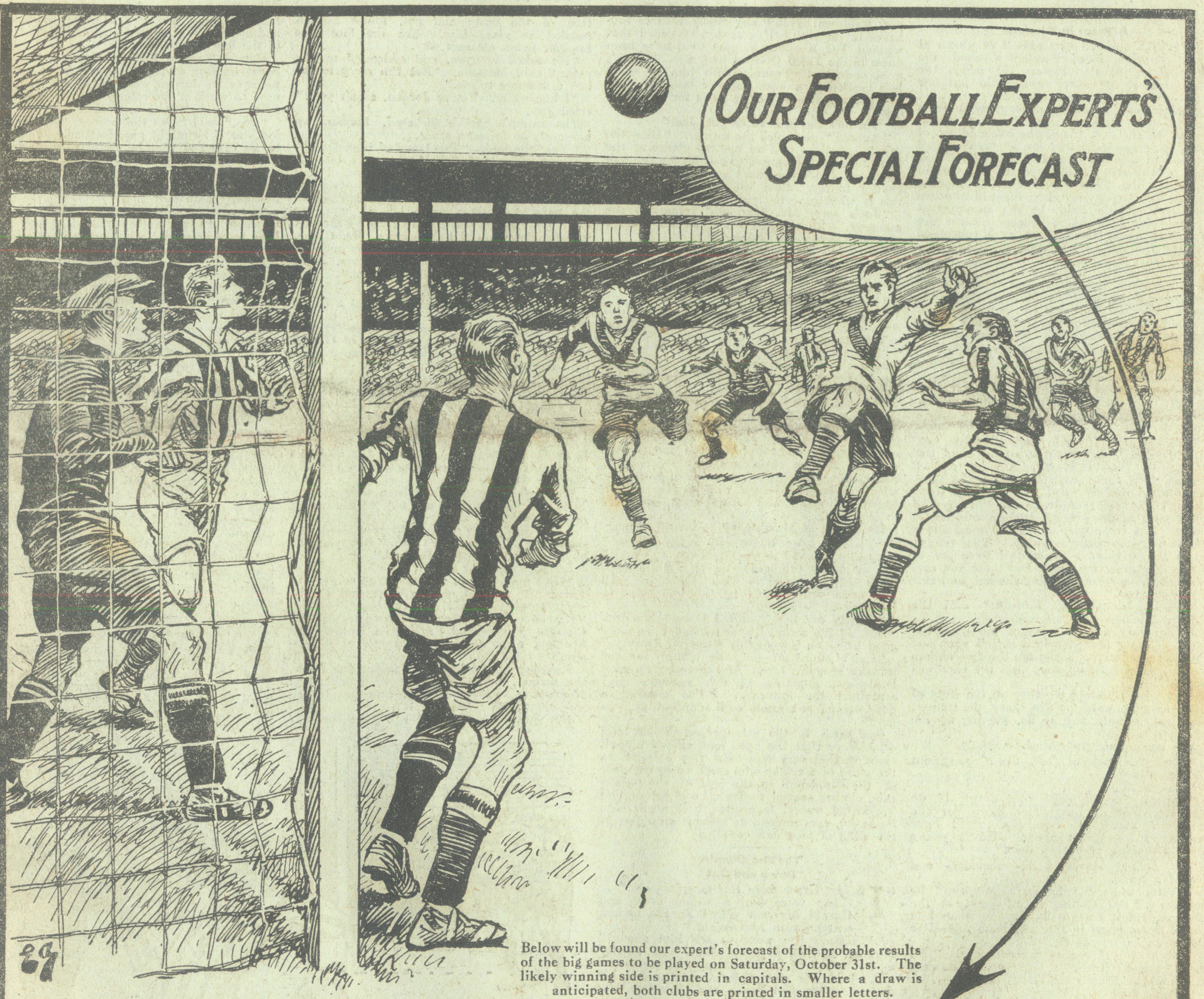
EVERY MONDAY.

SIXTEEN BIG PAGES!

No. 1,273. Vol. XXVI.—New Series.]

THE BEST BOYS' PAPER IN THE WORLD!

[Week Ending October 31st, 1925.



Below will be found our expert's forecast of the probable results of the big games to be played on Saturday, October 31st. The likely winning side is printed in capitals. Where a draw is anticipated, both clubs are printed in smaller letters.

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|---|---|---|--|---|
| <p>DIVISION I.
 ARSENAL v. Everton.
 ASTON VILLA v. Cardiff City.
 BOLTON W. v. West Bromwich A.
 Burnley v. Blackburn Rovers.
 LEEDS UNITED v. Bury.
 Leicester City v. Tottenham Hotspur.
 Liverpool v. Sunderland.
 Manchester U. v. HUDDERSFIELD T.
 NEWCASTLE U. v. Birmingham.
 NOTTS COUNTY v. Sheffield United.
 WEST HAM U. v. Manchester City.</p> | <p>DIVISION II.
 FULHAM v. Darlington.
 MIDDLESBROUGH v. Notts Forest.
 Oldham Athletic v. CHELSEA.
 PORTSMOUTH v. Derby County.
 PRESTON N.E. v. Southampton.
 THE WEDNESDAY v. Barnsley.
 SOUTH SHIELDS v. Blackpool.
 Stockport County v. HULL CITY.
 Stoke v. Clapton Orient.
 SWANSEA TOWN v. Port Vale.
 WOLVERH'TON W. v. Bradford C.</p> | <p>DIVISION III. (Southern Section).
 Bristol Rovers v. PLYMOUTH A.
 Charlton Ath. v. Aberdare Ath.
 EXETER CITY v. Norwich City.
 Gillingham v. Brighton & Hove A.
 LUTON TOWN v. Crystal Palace.
 MERTHYR TOWN v. Watford.
 NEWPORT COUNTY v. Brentford.
 NORTHAMPTON v. Bournemouth.
 QUEEN'S PARK R. v. Bristol City.
 Reading v. Millwall.
 SWINDON TOWN v. Southend U.</p> | <p>DIVISION III. (Northern Section).
 ACCRINGTON S. v. Ashington.
 BRADFORD v. Wrexham.
 CHESTERFIELD v. Doncaster Rov.
 Durham City v. Wigan Borough.
 GRIMSBY TOWN v. Coventry City.
 HALIFAX TOWN v. Barrow.
 HARTLEPOOLS U. v. New Brighton.
 ROCHEDALE v. Crewe Alexandra.
 Rotherham United v. Nelson.
 TRANMERE ROV. v. Lincoln City.
 Walsall v. Southport.</p> | <p>DIVISION I. Scottish League.
 ABERDEEN v. Kilmarnock.
 CELTIC v. Dundee.
 Clydebank v. Cowdenbeath.
 DUNDEE UNITED v. Morton.
 HAMILTON ACADS. v. Queen's Park.
 HIBERNIANS v. Falkirk.
 Partick Thistle v. AIRDRIEONANS.
 Raith Rovers v. Rangers.
 St. Johnstone v. Motherwell
 ST. MIRREN v. Hearts.</p> |
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Study this forecast carefully. It may help you with our great new one-week Football Competition on page 283.

“Winning His Place!” A ripping complete footer story by A. S. Hardy in this issue!

THE AMAZING CUFFY IS AGAIN IN THE LIMELIGHT IN THIS
RIPPING STORY OF THE CHUMS OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL!



A Duffer's Luck!

By OWEN CONQUEST.

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

Some people have all the luck—
What about Clarence Cuffy!

The 1st Chapter.

Cuffy is Very, Very Pleased!

"CUFFY looks joyful!" grinned Arthur Edward Lovell.

"He do—he does!" agreed Jimmy Silver. "No end bucked! Has Mr. Manders patted him on the napper and told him he's a good boy?"

"Or has he won the championship at noughts and crosses?" suggested Raby.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was no doubt that Clarence Cuffy, of the Modern Fourth, looked quite bucked.

As he sat on a bench under one of the old Rookwood beeches, his kind and gentle face was beaming with satisfaction.

Jimmy Silver & Co., sauntering under the beeches, spotted him, and paused to observe him.

Something, evidently, had happened to cause great pleasure to the duffer of Rookwood, and they wondered what it was.

He looked as pleased as a fellow who had just been picked out to play for School; but that, as it happened, would not have pleased Cuffy at all. Football was much too strenuous for him. As a game, he preferred noughts and crosses. He considered it more intellectual, and undoubtedly it called for less exertion, and was not so rough a game.

Had he reached the top of his class he might have looked pleased, but he was never likely to attain it.

So Jimmy Silver & Co. wondered why his kind face was irradiated with satisfaction, and they paused to inquire.

"Give it a name, old chap," said Lovell. Cuffy gazed with mild inquiry at the Fistical Four.

"I do not quite follow your remark, my dear Arthur," he said. "To what are you referring?"

The Classical juniors chuckled.

That was Clarence Cuffy all over. He had never been known to ask a fellow what he was driving at. He would ask him to what he was referring. Every Rookwood fellow knew that you shouldn't wind up a sentence with a preposition, and Clarence Cuffy was the only Rookwooder who never did.

"You're looking bucked, old man," said Jimmy Silver. "Have you been beating somebody at noughts and crosses, after a terrific struggle?"

"Or has somebody told you you're a good boy, and do credit to your Aunt Georgina's training?" asked Newcome.

Cuffy shook his head. He took those questions quite seriously. Cuffy took everything with great seriousness.

"Neither, my dear friends," he answered. "But it is an indubitable fact that at the present moment I am considerably pleased—I think I may, without exaggeration, say very, very pleased."

"How very, very—nice!" murmured Jimmy Silver.

"Is it not, my dear James?" said Cuffy, beaming. "You are perhaps aware that for some days I have been on bad terms with my dear schoolfellow, Albert Leggett. We have now made friends. Is not that very, very gratifying?"

"Oh, ripping!" gasped Jimmy.

"Spiffing, in fact!" said Lovell.

"Dear Albert was very, very cross with me," said Cuffy. "You are aware that he played a foolish and inconsiderate trick in Mr. Dalton's study with some fireworks, and I was very nearly punished by mistake."

"You silly owl!" said Lovell. "Leggett tried to land it on you, and if he's made friends again he's going to play you some dirty trick. I know he's not got over the flogging the Head gave him, and he's as spiteful as a cat."

Cuffy looked pained. "My dear Arthur, Leggett has assured me that he is very, very sorry—"

"Gammon!"

"He has confessed that his action was very, very thoughtless—"

"Pulling your leg, old bean."

"I should be very, very unwilling to suspect Albert of such duplicity, my dear Arthur," said Cuffy. "In fact, if I may say so without wounding your feelings, I am shocked at the suggestion."

"Fathead!"

"I'd trust Leggett of the Modern Fourth about as far as I could see him," remarked Raby. "Of course he's pulling your silly leg. But what the thump is he taking the trouble to pull your silly leg for?"

"My dear George—"

"Leggett got an awful licking the other day for his silly trick with the fireworks," said Jimmy Silver. "I'm pretty certain that he wants to take it out of Cuffy. Mind your eye, old bean."

"I should be very, very sorry to distrust dear Albert," said Cuffy mildly. "But, as a matter of fact, my dear friends, Albert has given proof of his good intentions. He is standing me a spread this afternoon. Although dear Albert is not in your House, doubtless you are aware that he very, very seldom stands anybody anything."

"I know he's as mean as a chap can be," said Lovell. "So he's standing you a spread to make up for getting you into a row with Mr. Dalton?"

"Just so, my dear Arthur!"

"Well, the proverb says that leopards can't change their spots," said Lovell. "But, if this is straight, Leggett has changed his giddy spots with a vengeance. Not that I believe it. He's spoofing you."

"Let's go and kick him," suggested Raby. "We haven't kicked him for days."

"Good egg!"

"Hallo! Here he comes!" exclaimed Newcome, as the weedy figure of Albert Leggett, of the Modern Fourth, appeared on the path under the beeches.

Cuffy jumped up in alarm.

"My dear friends, I trust you will not be rough with dear Albert," he exclaimed. "I should be very, very shocked and grieved."

Jimmy Silver chuckled.

"Come on," he said. "We mustn't shock and grieve dear Clarence. Besides, he was born to have his leg pulled. We'll kick Leggett another time."

And the Classical chums walked away as Leggett came up. The cad of the Fourth cast a suspicious glance after them, and joined Cuffy.

"Quick march!" said Jimmy Silver. "There's Tubby Muffin, and he's tried three times to borrow a half-crown to-day. He may get hold of it at the fourth time of asking."

"I say, Jimmy—" shouted Reginald Muffin.

The Fistical Four walked very quickly.

"Jimmy!" roared Muffin.

It was nearly tea-time, and at such a time it was really not safe to meet Reginald Muffin. Jimmy Silver & Co. turned a deaf ear. Like Felix, they kept on walking. But Muffin was not to be denied. The fat Classical rolled in pursuit, and broke into a run.

"Trot!" said Jimmy.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Reginald Muffin was so plump, and had so intense a dislike of exertion, that it seemed rather a good wheeze to give him a run. The chums of the end study broke into a trot, and passed under the arch into Little Quad. Reginald Muffin, puffing and blowing, trotted after them. The Fistical Four passed under the library windows, and right round Little Quad, with the fat Classical puffing on their trail.

"Oh dear!" gasped Muffin.

He stopped at last, to get his second wind.

Then the Fistical Four halted and looked round.

"Hallo! Did you call, Muffin?" inquired Jimmy Silver.

"Ow! I say, Jimmy—groogh!—I'm out of breath!" gasped Tubby Muffin. "I say, can you lend me a—grooogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Half-crown!" spluttered Tubby. "You see, I'm rather short—"

"And fat!" remarked Jimmy.

"I mean, short of money, owing—"

"Owing money right and left, what?"

"Owing to not getting a remittance I was expecting from my uncle, Captain Muffin. I've got nothing for tea," said Tubby lugubriously.

"Try tea in Hall!" suggested Raby.

Muffin sniffed impatiently.

"I've had tea in Hall! That doesn't make much difference to me."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Try Leggett!" said Jimmy Silver, laughing.

"Leggett of Manders' House. He's standing a feed to-day."

Another sniff from Muffin.

"Meanest cad at Rookwood," he said. "He never stands anything. Lend me half-a-crown—"

"He's standing Cuffy a spread, and Cuffy may let you in. You know he's very, very kind and very, very obliging," chuckled Arthur Edward Lovell.

"I'd rather you lent me half-a-crown. You see—"

"Good-bye, Muffin!"

"I say—hold on—stop! Yah!" roared Muffin. The Fistical Four trotted again, and vanished through the old stone arch into Big Quad.

Reginald Muffin hadn't a trot left in him. He rolled on after them at a more leisurely pace, and by the time he entered Big Quad they had vanished. And Tubby Muffin, with a discontented grunt, proceeded to look for Cuffy and Leggett. There was a very, very slim chance of capturing anything in that direction, but it was a case of any port in a storm. Muffin had had only one tea, so he was hungry, and when Muffin was hungry matters were serious. So he looked under the beeches for Clarence Cuffy, with a faint hope in his podgy breast.

The 2nd Chapter.

The Wrong Man!

"MY dear Albert—"

Cuffy beamed on Leggett of the Modern Fourth.

Leggett grinned back.

The mild and gentle Cuffy would have been very, very shocked to suspect Leggett of duplicity. No other Rookwooder would ever have suspected him of anything else.

Leggett was not a nice character.

He had laid his little scheme a few days before to startle Mr. Dalton with a firework explosion in his study grate, the blame and the punishment to fall upon the unsuspecting Cuffy.

But the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft a-gley, and Leggett's scheme had not worked out successfully. Cuffy had been lucky in escaping. It proved, as Mornington had remarked, that there was such a thing as "fool's luck."

Leggett had been flogged, as he had deserved, but he did not like getting his deserts. He blamed Cuffy for his disaster, and Leggett was a fellow who never forgot a grudge. He could forget a benefit with wonderful facility, but a grudge lingered long in his memory.

He had always despised the mild and kind-hearted duffer of the Fourth. Now he disliked

him intensely, and was determined to make him "sit up" in retaliation for his flogging.

Anyone lacking Cuffy's touching faith in human nature might have suspected Leggett of trickery when he spoke of standing a spread. Leggett was never known to give anything away. His dearest pal—if he had had one—would never have dreamed of asking him for anything. Orpheus, with his late, drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek; but a dozen of him, with a whole orchestra, would not have drawn sixpence from Albert Leggett. But to the kind and simple mind of Clarence Cuffy this unusual and amazing generosity on the part of Albert Leggett was only a signal proof of his repentance of his scheming trickery.

"My dear Albert, I am so pleased that we are friends again," said Cuffy. "I was very, very disturbed by the rancorous feelings you displayed, my dear Albert, after you received that very, very well merited flogging from the Head. I am so glad, Albert, that you can see now how very, very badly you acted, and how you deserved the contempt which all the fellows feel for you."

"Eh?"

"It is possible, my dear Albert, that if you keep in this greatly improved frame of mind the fellows will begin to regard you as quite a decent chap," said Cuffy, beaming. "They may cease to consider you a rank outsider and an unspeakable cad, as they do at present. Will not that be very, very gratifying, my dear Albert?"

Leggett seemed to experience some difficulty in breathing.

"How very, very pleasant it would be for you, Albert, to be trusted and liked instead of being distrusted and despised," said Cuffy. "I have often, often reflected how very disagreeable it must be to you, Albert, to be regarded with general dislike and contempt."

Leggett gasped.

"Oh! Yes! Ah! I say, Cuffy, I came to tell you that I've fixed it up about the spread."

"It is very, very kind of you, Albert," said Cuffy. "I should have had a very nice tea to-day, as I received a large plum cake from my dear aunt Georgina, but Towle asked me for the cake, and I thought it would be selfish to refuse. I think perhaps Towle was jesting, as he seemed quite, quite surprised when I gave him the cake. However, he took it, and I should have to take my tea in Hall but for your thoughtful kindness, my dear Albert."

"Well, of all the idiots—"

"What?"

"I—I mean, I—I see," said Leggett. "Quite so. Look here, you know how fussy Mr. Manders is about fellows having feeds in their studies. So I've arranged this spread in the wood-shed."

"I trust that there will be nothing of a surreptitious nature, my dear Albert," said Cuffy anxiously.

Leggett breathed hard.

"Oh, no! There's no law against a feed in the wood-shed, old chap. That's all right. I've taken the stuff there—it's all ready. Just cut along and unpack it, will you, while I go and—"

and post a letter for Mr. Manders. I'll join you in the wood-shed."

"Certainly, my dear Albert."

"Don't wait for me, you know," said

(Continued overleaf.)



A FUTILE CHASE! Reginald Muffin, puffing and blowing, trotted after Jimmy Silver & Co. The Fistical Four passed under the library windows and right round Little Quad, with the fat Classical puffing on their trail. "Oh dear!" gasped Muffin. He stopped at last, to get his second wind.

"The Fifth at Rookwood!" Next Monday's special story of Jimmy Silver & Co. Don't miss it!



THE BOOBY TRAP! The door of the wood-shed was a few inches ajar, and Muffin hurriedly pushed it open and rolled in. Crash! Squash! "Yarooooooh!" Something from above fell and squashed and splashed on Reginald Muffin—something that had been lodged on top of the door as it stood ajar. "Grooogh! Hooch! Gug-gug-gug!" spluttered the hapless Tubby. And he staggered and tottered, and spluttered and gurgled and gasped, in a sea of tar.

Leggett. "Just begin! Everything I've put in the wood-shed is for you, Cuffy."

"That is certainly very kind of you, Albert. I will proceed to the wood-shed immediately, as I am somewhat hungry," said Cuffy. "Pray join me as soon as you can."

"Right-ho! Cut off now!" Clarence Cuffy walked away under the beeches, and Leggett gazed after him with a sarcastic grin. Certainly he had prepared something for Cuffy in the wood-shed, but only Cuffy would have believed that it was a spread. But the happy Cuffy had no doubts.

Leggett walked back to Manders' House feeling satisfied. Clarence Cuffy was about to pay for the flogging Leggett had writhed under a few days ago. Without a glimmering of suspicion in his mind Clarence Cuffy trotted off cheerfully. As he passed the stone arch a fat figure rolled out of Little Quad and hailed him.

"Cuffy! I say, Cuffy!" Cuffy looked round. Even Cuffy, kind as he was, felt disposed to clear when he sighted Tubby Muffin. But he would not give way to a selfish impulse, so he halted.

Tubby Muffin rolled up to him. "In a hurry?" he asked, with a fat, ingratiating grin.

"I am somewhat pressed for time, my dear Reginald," said Cuffy. "The fact is, I am a little hungry, and I am going to partake of a spread."

Muffin's round eyes glistened. "You're going away from the House," he said.

"The spread is in the wood-shed, my dear Reginald. Mr. Manders is rather fussy about fellows in our House standing feeds in the studies."

"Oh!" gasped Muffin. "And—and is the stuff really in the wood-shed now?"

"Certainly, my dear Reginald."

"I—I say, Cuffy, Jimmy Silver wants to speak to you. He wants you to go to his study—very important!"

"Oh dear!" said Cuffy. "I am somewhat hungry, and the spread is actually waiting for me. Are you quite, quite sure that it is important, Muffin?"

"Oh, quite! You—you see, his father's been run over by a motor-lorry," said Tubby recklessly. "He's—he's fearfully cut up!"

Cuffy jumped. "Oh, my goodness! What a dreadful, dreadful blow for poor dear James! How very, very sad! Are you quite sure, Reginald?"

"Oh, quite! He got right under the traction-engine—"

"The what?"

"I mean the motor-lorry—and—and expired without a word," said Muffin. "It was—was frightful! Awful, in fact! Jimmy's blubbing in his study, and if you'd only go and speak a word to him—comfort him, you know—"

"Certainly, my dear Reginald! I am very, very grieved and pained. I will go to poor dear James at once! It would be very, very selfish of me to think of my tea at such a time."

And Clarence Cuffy started for the School House at a rapid run.

"Oh, my only hat!" gasped Muffin. It really seemed too good to be true, to Reginald Muffin. Cuffy was disposed of, for ten minutes at least; and he had said that the spread was all ready in the wood-shed. In ten minutes Reginald Muffin could dispose of the most extensive spread ever heard of in the

annals of Rookwood School. Cuffy was a fellow who, as it were, opened his mouth to be stuffed; but Reginald Muffin had scarcely dared to hope to stuff him so easily. While Cuffy cut off to the House, Muffin sprinted for the wood-shed. He forgot that he was tired; the enticing prospect of bagging Cuffy's spread gave him new life. And that spread was at his mercy; and on such occasions Reginald Muffin was merciless! Really, it seemed too good to be true!

As a matter of fact, it was. Tubby Muffin reached the wood-shed. The door was a few inches ajar, and Muffin hurriedly pushed it open and rolled in.

Crash! Squash!

"Yarooooooh!" Something from above fell and squashed and splashed on Reginald Muffin; something that had been lodged on top of the door as it stood ajar.

"Grooogh! Hooch! Gug-gug-gug!" spluttered the hapless Tubby. And he staggered and tottered, and spluttered and gurgled and gasped in a sea of tar—wrapped in black, oozy, sticky tar as in a garment.

The 3rd Chapter. Fool's Luck!

"MY poor, dear James!"

"What?"

"My poor, bereaved James—"

"Eh?"

"I am very, very sorry—" gasped Cuffy. Jimmy Silver & Co., sitting down to tea in the end study on the Classical side, stared at Clarence Cuffy.

Cuffy had rushed breathlessly into the study, and his kind face was full of emotion. Evidently he was feeling the deepest sympathy for Jimmy Silver; but for what reason was a mystery to Jimmy and his friends.

"Wandering in your mind, old bean?" asked the captain of the Fourth pleasantly.

"My poor dear James, I have only just heard the dreadful, dreadful news!" gasped Cuffy. "Were you very, very fond of your father, dear James?"

Jimmy Silver jumped.

"What?"

"Your poor dear father—"

Jimmy Silver felt a horrid chill run through him. He strode at Clarence Cuffy and grasped him by the shoulder. His face was set and almost white.

"What do you mean? Talk like a human being for once, you idiot! What's happened to my father?"

"My dear James—"

"What's happened?" shrieked Jimmy.

"Have you not heard the news, my dear James? Surely it is a mistaken kindness to keep it from you! Your poor father—"

"Tell me, you dummy! What news do you mean? What's happened to my father?" shouted Jimmy furiously.

"Did you not know that he had been run over by a motor-lorry—" gasped Cuffy.

"Good heavens!" Jimmy Silver released Cuffy's shoulder and staggered back, with a feeling of strange weakness in his inside that he had never experienced before. For a moment the whole study swam round him.

"Buck up, old man," said Arthur Edward Lovell. "Keep cool! It can't be true; you'd get the news before Cuffy. Where did you hear this, Cuffy?"

"Muffin told me a few minutes ago—"

"How did Muffin know?"

"He did not acquaint me with the details, my dear Arthur. He simply stated that dear James wished to see me in his study, because of the dreadful news—"

"You fool!" roared Lovell.

"What?"

"You—you crass idiot! Muffin was pulling your silly leg! It's all right, Jimmy; we saw Muffin only ten minutes ago in Little Quad, and he'd have said it then if there was anything in it. It's some sort of an idiotic joke on this fool Cuffy."

Jimmy Silver pulled himself together.

"I suppose that's it," he said. "Of course, the news would have come to the Head, and he would have sent for me at once. But my hat! I'll make that fat villain wriggle for making jokes on such a subject! You've not heard it from anybody but Muffin, Cuffy?"

"No, my dear James! I came here directly to offer you my deepest, deepest sympathy—"

"Fathead!" said Jimmy Silver ungratefully. "Lot of good your cackle would do if it had really happened. But why on earth should Muffin want to send you here with such a yarn? I'll skin him! I'll burst him! Where is he now?"

"I really do not know, my dear James."

"Ass! Where were you when he told you?"

"I was in the quad, my dear James, on the way to the wood-shed."

"What the thump did you want in the wood-shed?" snapped Lovell. "Going to add your head to the stock?"

"No, my dear Arthur! I was going there for a spread. Dear Albert had placed the spread in the wood-shed, and as he was detained posting a letter for Mr. Manders, I was going there first."

A light broke on Jimmy Silver.

"Did you tell Muffin there was grub in the wood-shed?"

"I certainly referred to the circumstance, my dear James, but I do not see how that effects the matter in any way."

"You born ass, Muffin wanted to clear you off, and he spun you a yarn to get shut of you!" snorted Lovell.

"Oh, my goodness!"

"We shall find Muffin at the wood-shed if there's any grub there," said Newcome.

Jimmy Silver picked up a fives bat.

"I'm going to see if he's there," he said.

"My dear James, you surely do not suspect that Reginald would make an untruthful statement, with the deplorable design of raiding my tuck in the wood-shed!" exclaimed Cuffy.

"I must really say—Yooooop!"

Clarence Cuffy did not mean to say "Yoop!"—he said it quite involuntarily, as Jimmy Silver cleared him out of the way with a shove of the fives bat. Cuffy sat on the floor of the end study and gasped; and Jimmy Silver sprinted down the Fourth Form passage, followed by his chums. Tea in the end study, in the circumstances, was a secondary consideration.

It was clear that Muffin had told the duffer of the Fourth the first yarn that had come into his untruthful head, to sheer him off the scene while he dealt with the spread in the wood-shed. Jimmy Silver had no hope of teaching Reginald Muffin to tell the truth; but he intended to instruct him that he had better be a little more careful in the selection of his untruths. The fives bat was taken for the purpose of instruction.

The Fistical Four hurried out of the House, and sprinted round to the wood-shed. Startling sounds greeted them as they arrived on the spot.

"Grooogh! Gug-gug-gug-gug! Ooooooh!"

"What the thump—" exclaimed Lovell.

"What—what on earth's that?"

"That" was a blackened figure that staggered in the doorway of the wood-shed, gouging wildly at its blackened face, and uttering weird and wild and woeful sounds.

Only by his extensive circumference was Reginald Muffin, of the Classical Fourth, to be recognised.

"Is—is—is that Muffin?" gasped Jimmy Silver. The fives bat dropped to his side. Really, Reginald Muffin looked as if he had captured sufficient punishment to go on with.

"Grooogh! Ooooooh! Ow! Oh! I'm smothered! I'm chook-chook-chooked!" spluttered Muffin. "That villain Cuffy—booby-trap—told me there was a spread—Ow, ow! Ooooooh! Grooogh! Gug-gug!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Lovell.

"Ow! Look at me!" shrieked Muffin. "Tar—tar! all over! Bucket of tar right on my napper! Ooooooh!"

"You fat villain! Did you tell Cuffy that my father had been run over by a motor-lorry?" demanded Jimmy Silver.

"Ow! Wow! I dare say I did! Grooogh! I had to clear the silly idiot off! I thought it was all straight, and there was a spread here! Ooooh! And he was pulling my leg all the time! Grooogh! Making out there was a spread here—owch!—and all the while it was a

booby-trap! Frooh! Look at me!" spluttered Muffin.

The Fistical Four looked, and they roared. Reginald Muffin was a remarkable and striking sight.

Tar streamed all over him—over his fat face, and his hair, and his neck, and his collar, and his clothes. The cleaning of Reginald Muffin looked like being a hefty task—a hefty one and a lengthy one. To the beholder there was something comical in Reginald Muffin's remarkable aspect. To Reginald Muffin himself there was nothing but tragedy in this awful catastrophe.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Lovell. "Fancy Cuffy! Cuffy coming out as a practical joker! Cuffy the japer! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, my goodness!" Clarence Cuffy had followed the Fistical Four to the wood-shed, and he gazed at the blackened visage of Reginald Muffin in horror. "What—what—what has happened to dear Reginald?"

"You ought to know, if you fixed up the booby-trap for him!" chuckled Raby.

Cuffy jumped.

"I, my dear George! I trust I should never be guilty of so thoughtless and inconsiderate an action. My goodness!"

Jimmy Silver burst into a chuckle.

"Oh, that was Leggett's game!" he exclaimed. "I see it now! That was why he yarned to Cuffy about a feed in the wood-shed. He had this fixed up for Cuffy!"

"Oh, my goodness!"

"And Muffin butted in and got it!" shrieked Lovell. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow, ow! Ooooooh!" spluttered Muffin.

"The way of the giddy transgressor!" chortled Newcome. "You asked for that, Muffin, and I hope you like it now you've got it!"

"Groooooogh!"

"Is—is—is it possible that Albert really laid such a snare for me, my dear friends?" ejaculated Clarence Cuffy. "In that case, I am compelled to suspect him of untruthfulness and duplicity. Is it not very, very dreadful?"

"Oh, very!" chortled Lovell.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look at me!" shrieked Tubby Muffin. "Look! Smothered with tar—smothered! Look at my clothes! Oh, dear! Ooooooh."

"It is very, very horrid, my dear Reginald; but how fortunate you ought to consider it from an unselfish point of view," said Cuffy.

"But for you, my dear Reginald, I should now be in that horrid, tarry state. I am very, very much obliged to you, my dear Reginald."

"Ha, ha, ha!"



AFTER REVENGE! "You silly owl!" gasped Muffin, with the intention of transferring some of the tar to him.

"You silly owl!" gasped Muffin. "I—I—I—" He made a rush at Clarence Cuffy, with the intention of transferring some of the tar to him.

Clarence promptly backed away and retreated. He had had a very fortunate escape, and he did not want any of the tar. Jimmy Silver & Co. walked away chuckling. "Fool's luck" had befriended Clarence Cuffy once more; and Tubby Muffin had been justly punished for his sins. Reginald Muffin was left gouging at the tar; Jimmy Silver & Co. returned to tea in the end study, and left him to it.

In Mr. Manders' House, Leggett of the Fourth had quite a shock, when he saw Clarence Cuffy walk in, without a trace of tar

on him. Cuffy came up to him with a shocked and grieved face.

"I am very, very shocked, my dear Albert!" he said.

"I—I say, didn't you go to the wood-shed?" asked Leggett. "Haven't you started on the spread?"

"I have now discovered your mendacity and duplicity," explained Cuffy. "I am very, very shocked! I fear that you are a very bad boy, Leggett!"

And, with that crushing statement, Cuffy walked on, leaving Leggett staring after him and gritting his teeth.

**The 4th Chapter.
Too Good!**

"HOW very, very kind!" Cuffy of the Fourth uttered that observation in his study after classes the following day.

Quite a surprise awaited Cuffy in his study. On his table lay a large cardboard box, open at the top. Inside the box, nicely wrapped in shiny paper, was a large cake.

It was a very large cake, with marzipan on the top and stacked with plums. It was a cake that might have made any fellow's mouth water simply to look at it.

Cuffy gazed at it with great pleasure. He was surprised to find it in his study, as he had certainly not been expecting a handsome present like this from anyone.

But there it was—evidently intended for Cuffy, as it was on his study table. Some kind friend, apparently, had planned this little surprise for him, and Cuffy felt that it was very, very kind.

He wondered who the unknown donor could possibly be. Possibly it was Towle of the Fourth, who was thus repaying a similar act of kindness. Possibly it was Albert Leggett, if he had repented of his misdeeds and desired to make atonement; but Cuffy could not help thinking that that was unlikely. He had given up hope of seeing Albert Leggett reform.

Possibly the cake came from Tommy Dodd, his relation in the Modern Fourth. Anyhow, from whosoever it came, there it was, and it was a beautiful cake—an expensive one, and a luscious one. It was delightful to the eye, and probably still more delightful to the taste. Cuffy was an extraordinary youth in some respects; but he had a normal schoolboy's appreciation of a good cake. He liked the look of that handsome cake; but, still more than the cake, he liked the thoughtful kindness of the unknown donor who had presented it to him in this delicate, anonymous way.

But from that point his thoughts worked on. His kind face beamed with the consciousness of goodness.

Instead of asking Leggett to share that cake, he would give the cake to Leggett!

That would be an act of goodness, generosity and self-denial, which he was sure would earn the whole-hearted approval of his Aunt Georgina.

His face glowed at the thought. "What a surprise for dear Albert!" murmured Cuffy.

He picked up the box containing the cake and walked along the passage to Leggett's study.

That study was empty; Albert Leggett was not in his quarters. Cuffy laid the box on the table.

Then he smiled sweetly. Instead of presenting the cake to Leggett, as he had first intended, he would leave it in the study for him, just as some kind and thoughtful friend had left it in Cuffy's study for Cuffy.

What a surprise that would be for Leggett; and what an ameliorating effect it ought to have on his hard and selfish heart. Surely even that bad boy would be touched, and brought to think of better things by the present of that beautiful cake from an unknown hand. It would make him realise that someone was thinking kindly of him; that he was not so generally disliked and contemned as he had only too much reason to suppose was the case.

With a beaming face Clarence Cuffy left the study, closing the door carefully after him; leaving that fragrant cake on Leggett's table to surprise the cad of the Fourth when he came in.

Cuffy went down to tea in Hall.

It would be idle to deny that he felt a slight pang. That cake was really so very nice, so very fragrant, so very rich and attractive; and tea in Hall seemed very poor and spare in comparison. But the consciousness of goodness and self-denial sufficed for Cuffy. He resolutely shut out of his mind the thought of that tempting cake, and headed for Hall and weak tea and bread-and-butter.

He found Albert Leggett among the Modern fellows who had turned up for tea in Hall.

Leggett stared at Cuffy, as if surprised to see him there. Cuffy gave him a kind and forgiving smile. Badly as Leggett had treated him, Cuffy's kindness and forgiveness were unlimited.

"Aren't you teeing in your study, Cuffy?" Leggett asked, as the duffer of Rookwood sat down.

"No, my dear Albert."

"Haven't you been to your study since class?"

"Yes, my dear Albert."

"Well, then—" Leggett seemed puzzled somehow. "You're looking jolly pleased about something," he said.

"I have done a good deed," explained Cuffy.

"Oh, my hat! You silly owl!"

"My dear Albert—"

"Shut it!" said dear Albert rudely.

"Leggett," came Mr. Manders' rusty voice from the head of the table, "you are chattering. I have said, more than once, that I will not have chattering among the juniors at the table. You will take fifty lines, Leggett!"

"Oh, yes, sir!" gasped Leggett. He looked daggers at Cuffy.

"I am so very, very sorry, my dear Albert," whispered Cuffy.

"You silly chump! I've a jolly good mind to hack your shins!"

"Leggett, you are talking again!" said Mr. Manders. "You will take a hundred lines, and if you speak again I shall cane you."

Leggett did not speak again.

**The 5th Chapter.
The Track of the Raider!**

KNOWLES of the Sixth came into his study in Mr. Manders' House with his friends Frampton and Catesby. The three Modern seniors had been at football practice, and they had come in rather late for tea, and very hungry.

"All ready, I think," said Knowles. "I told my fag to have tea ready. I've got something rather decent—a cake from home, and it's rather a corker, to wind up with."

"Good!" said Frampton.

The tea-table was laid in Knowles' study. Knowles' fag was not likely to neglect his duties. Knowles had rather too heavy a hand for that. The fag, Tomkins of the Third, was in the study, persuading the kettle to boil.

"Make the tea, Tomkins," said Knowles.

Tomkins made the tea.

"You've made the toast?"

"Yes, Knowles."

"And cut the ham, I see. Eggs ready?"

Yes. Knowles had no excuse for using the ashplant. "Very well. Get the cake out of the cupboard, and you can cut, Tomkins."

"The cake?" repeated Tomkins.

"Yes, Don't jaw."

"I didn't see a cake—"

"Look, then, you young ass!"

The three seniors sat down, and Tomkins



KNOWLES LAYS IT ON! Knowles gripped the cad of the Fourth by the collar and laid on the cane recklessly, with terrific swipes. Whack, whack, whack! Leggett struggled and roared and yelled. "Ow! Stop it! Leggo! Oh, my hat! Ow!"

went to the cupboard. He stared into it, and stared again, and then turned round and stared rather apprehensively at Knowles.

"I say, Knowles, there isn't any cake here!"

"Don't be a little idiot!" said Knowles.

"There's a big cake in a cardboard box. Unpack it and put it on the table."

"It isn't here, Knowles!"

"By gad! Are you asking me to lick you, Tomkins?"

"But it isn't," said Tomkins, almost tearfully. "There isn't any box, and there isn't any cake, Knowles. There isn't, you know."

"Phew! Somebody raided your cake, Knowles?" asked Catesby with a grin.

"I don't think anybody would dare to raid my study," said the Modern prefect grimly.

"He would be sorry for himself afterwards, if he did. Get out that cake, Tomkins!"

"It isn't here!" gasped Tomkins.

Knowles rose from the table and picked up his cane. But as he stared into the study cupboard a change came over his face.

Undoubtedly, no cake was there. There was no sign of a cake, or of the box that should have contained it.

Knowles was astounded. The cake was gone, obviously gone! It was really incredible that any fellow in Manders' House should have dared to raid the study of Cecil Knowles, head prefect of the Modern side, and captain of the House. But the cake was gone!

Knowles turned a grim eye on the terrified Tomkins.

"What have you done with it, you young sweep?" he demanded, swishing the cane.

"I—I—I haven't seen it!" gasped Tomkins.

"I haven't, really, Knowles. There wasn't any cake here when I came in."

Knowles eyed him.

It was fairly clear that the fag was telling the truth. Moreover, it was simply unthinkable that the Third-Former would have ventured to raid the cake belonging to Knowles of the Sixth. Some much bolder spirit than Tomkins of the Third must have done the deed.

"You didn't see anybody about the study when I sent you in?" asked Knowles, his face growing grimmer and grimmer.

"No; and I've been here half an hour, waiting for you to come in," said the fag. "If there was a cake here, somebody took it before you sent me in, Knowles. I never saw it."

"What a neck!" said Frampton. "The fags raid one another's studies, I believe, but it's rather a new thing to raid the Sixth."

"Quite new," said Catesby. "They're beginning on you, Knowles."

Knowles' jaw set hard.

"It's the first time," he said, "and it will be the last. I can't quite believe that any fellow in this House would have the nerve to do it. Might be some Classical kid—that cheeky young cad Silver, perhaps."

"Silver and his gang were at the footer," said Catesby. "I noticed them there."

"Anyhow, the cake's gone," said Frampton. "I don't see how a Classical kid could know anything about it, if you come to that. Some young sweep saw it brought in here, I suppose."

Knowles nodded. He realised that it was extremely unlikely that this was a raid from the Classical side.

"Well, I'm going to look into it," he said. "You fellows get on with your tea. I'm going after that cake. I may be able to get it back. Anyhow, I sha'n't let the matter rest till I've fairly skinned the young scoundrel who collared it."

"Go ahead!" grinned Frampton.

Knowles left the study, cane in hand, while

his friends started tea. He proceeded at once to the Fourth Form passage, and kicked open the door of Tommy Dodd's study.

Dodd and Cook and Doyle were at tea there, and there was a fishy atmosphere in the room. Herrings bulked largely on the tea-table of the three Tommies of the Modern Fourth. There was no sign of a cake.

"Hallo, Knowles! Anything up?" asked Tommy Dodd, rather uneasily, as the prefect glared into the study.

"Somebody's raided a cake from my study," growled Knowles. "You cheeky young scoundrels know anything about it?"

"Not guilty!" said Tommy Dodd at once. "We wouldn't, you know."

"I don't think you'd dare, if that's what you mean," snapped Knowles. "But some young cad has done it, and you're the cheekiest young rotter in the House. If you've done it, look out!"

And Knowles went along the passage to investigate further.

The three Tommies exchanged a grin.

"Fancy raiding Knowles!" murmured Tommy Cook. "I say, the chap must have had a nerve. Knowles will raise Cain about it."

"Shouldn't like to be in the fellow's shoes when Knowles gets hold of him," remarked Tommy Doyle.

Tommy Dodd whistled.

"I noticed Leggett hanging about his study, just after classes," he said. "Leggett wouldn't have the nerve, surely?"

"No fear! About the last fellow in the House to do it, I should think."

"Well, I should have thought so," said Tommy Dodd. "But I saw him as I was coming down the staircase. He was dodging out of Knowles' study, and he had something under his arm. He didn't see me—he cut off very quickly. Knowles was at the footer then."

"Well, if Leggett had it he's put it out of sight, and he will tell lies by the bushel if Knowles asks him!" said Cook. "Anyhow, it's no bizney of ours—we're not going to tip Knowles the wink."

"No fear!"

And the three Tommies went on with their tea, quite indifferent to Knowles' loss.

Knowles was not popular among the juniors of his House.

Cecil Knowles proceeded along the passage, looking into study after study. In some of the rooms he found the Modern juniors at tea; others were vacant, their owners being at tea in Hall or in other fellows' studies. He looked into Clarence Cuffy's study, but it was empty; and next he looked into Leggett's.

Then he jumped.

Albert Leggett was not there. But the cake was there! Knowles stared at it quite blankly.

There it was, on Leggett's study table, still in the box it had arrived in, only the lid having been removed.

"Great gad!" ejaculated Knowles.

He had had his eye, as a prefect, on Leggett more than once. He knew that Leggett was a shady sort of fellow, with little regard to the rights of property. Leggett, he was well aware, would have had no scruples whatever about bagging a cake belonging to anybody else, friend or foe. But he would never have guessed that Leggett had the nerve to raid a prefect's study.

But there was the cake—on Leggett's table. More than once Leggett had been punished for forcibly annexing apples or tarts from smaller boys. Now he had had the unexampled impudence to annex a cake from a prefect of the Sixth Form. It was his first venture of

(Continued on page 288.)



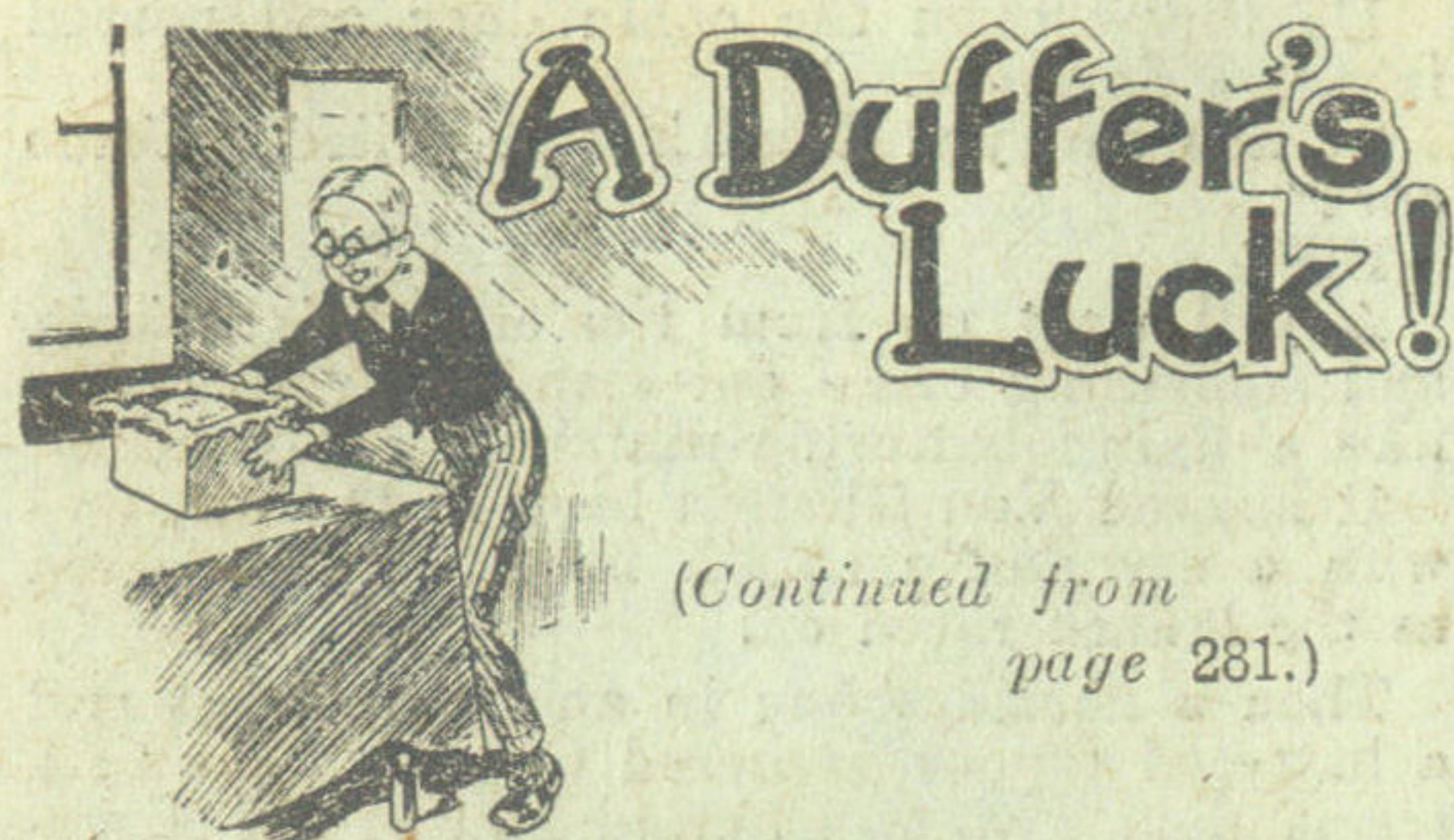
"I—I—I—" He made a rush at Clarence Cuffy, with the tar to him. Clarence promptly backed away and retreated.

Evidently the giver of the cake did not want to be thanked for his handsome present.

Cuffy beamed at the cake.

It was just what he wanted for his tea; he was going to enjoy himself. But it occurred to him at once that it would be selfish to enjoy that cake all to himself. He would ask some other fellow to share it—and it was just like Cuffy to think of Leggett.

Leggett had injured him, and had tried to injure him still more. So it would be an act of kindness and forgiveness to ask Leggett to the feast. It might have an improving effect on Leggett's malicious nature and hard heart; and Cuffy was extremely keen on improving people. He decided at once to ask Albert Leggett to share that lovely cake.



(Continued from page 281.)

that kind. And Knowles was grimly determined that it should be his last. Taking a tight grip on his ashplant, Knowles left the study and proceeded to look for Albert Leggett of the Modern Fourth.

The 6th Chapter. No Luck for Leggett!

"TRY Cuffy!" grinned Arthur Edward Lovell.

Jimmy Silver & Co. had come away from the footer ground rather late for tea and feeling keenly in need of tea of a substantial kind. But—as will sometimes happen in the best-regulated studies—funds were short in the end study.

The Fistical Four were late for tea in Hall; that, as Raby remarked, was a goner. And as they went through their pockets in search of cash to expend at the school shop, they found themselves in possession of a total sum of sevenpence.

Sevenpence was not a large sum to provide tea for four hungry schoolboys. So the question arose: Was tea to be missed—which was really impossible, considering the keen edge which footer gave to a fellow's appetite—or were the Fistical Four to invite themselves to tea in some other study? Or was a loan to be raised somewhere in the Fourth? The chums of the end study decided upon raising a loan, and they asked Putty of the Fourth first of all. And Putty answered at once that he would lend them his last farthing if they liked.

But it turned out, on investigation, that that farthing was all that Putty of the Fourth possessed in the way of cash.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were looking for a loan, not for one of Putty's playful jokes. So they banged his head on the trunk of a beech and left him roaring, and looked for somebody else to provide the necessary funds. Then they sighted Clarence Cuffy, ambling along with a beatific expression on his face, and Lovell suggested trying him.

"Can't borrow off a Modern cad," said Raby, shaking his head.

"Oh, we can stretch a point at times!" said Lovell. "Cuffy looks bucked—he may have had a remittance. No need to carry on these House rows all the time, you know."

"Especially at tea-time!" grinned Newcome. "Cuffy, old man—" said Jimmy Silver cheerily.

Cuffy gave the Fistical Four a pleasant smile. "You're looking bucked," said Jimmy. "Have you had a whacking remittance by any chance?"

"No, my dear James! If you are hard-up, I should be very happy to make you a loan."

"Good!" "It would be a real pleasure to me," said Cuffy. "Nothing is more truly gratifying than to help a friend in need. Do you not think that it is very, very gratifying, my dear James?"

"Right on the wicket!" said Jimmy Silver heartily. "There are times, old bean, when you talk so sensibly that a chap would think you were almost sane. Hand it out."

"I should be very, very pleased—" "Cut the cackle and come to the hosses!" said Newcome. "We can do with five bob."

"It would be a very, very great pleasure," said Cuffy. "But it unfortunately happens that at the present moment, my dear friends, I have no money!"

"You frantic ass!" roared Arthur Edward Lovell. "Couldn't you say so at first?"

"My dear Arthur—" "Oh, bump him! He's a Modern cad, anyhow, and these Moderns have to be taught manners!" growled Lovell.

"But I can make a suggestion, my dear friends," said Cuffy hastily. "Leggett has a large—a very, very large—cake for tea. Perhaps he would be willing to share it with you."

"Too much perhaps about that, fathead!" grunted Raby.

"Catch Leggett parting with a crumb that he's paid for!" snorted Lovell.

"But Leggett has not paid for that cake," said Cuffy, beaming. "I have made him a present of it. Some kind friend placed it in my study and I found it there, and I took it to Leggett's study as a joyful surprise for him!"

"Well, my only hat!" said Jimmy Silver, in astonishment. "Mean to say that you found a cake in your study and don't know who put it there?"

"Exactly, my dear James! Some kind-hearted and thoughtful fellow made me that handsome present. It is a very expensive cake, and could not have cost less than fifteen shillings. Was it not a very, very kind act?"

"So jolly kind that I'm blessed if I catch on to it!" said Jimmy. "There's a catch in it somewhere. They don't do these kind acts on the Classical side, anyhow!"

"And you gave it to Leggett, you frabjous ass?" asked Newcome.

"Not a word to dear Albert!" said Cuffy. "I placed it in his study as a happy surprise for him, just as some kind friend had placed it in mine. Far be it from me to boast of a good action, my dear friends, but I cannot help feeling that this was an act of self-abnegation which will delight my Aunt Georgina when I tell her about it next holidays."

"Of all the frabjous idiots, I think Cuffy takes the bun!" said Arthur Edward Lovell, apparently not taking the view of the transaction which Cuffy expected his Aunt Georgina to take.

"My dear Arthur—" "Here's Leggett," said Newcome, with a

The Modern prefect came striding over towards the Classical juniors. He signed to them to stop.

"I'm looking for Leggett, of my House!" he snapped. "Have you seen him? He seems to have gone out of the House after tea."

Jimmy Silver & Co. did not answer. A big beech screened Leggett from Knowles' view, and they did not feel disposed to put the bully of the Modern Sixth on his track.

"Have you seen him?" shouted Knowles angrily.

"Hem!"

The Modern prefect's angry voice reached Leggett's ears. He stepped from behind the beech with a grin on his face. Having heard Knowles shout "Have you seen him?" Leggett had no doubt that the prefect had discovered the raided cake in Cuffy's study and was looking for Cuffy. He had no scruples about putting a prefect on the track of a delinquent. He grabbed Cuffy by the arm and pulled him out into view.

"I think Knowles wants you, Cuffy!" he chuckled.

"Oh, my goodness!" ejaculated Cuffy in alarm as the prefect, catching sight of the two juniors, strode towards them gripping his cane. "Knowles looks very, very cross—"

"He does!" chuckled Leggett.

"I—I think I—I shall not wait for Knowles!" gasped Cuffy. "He looks so very, very angry."

And Clarence Cuffy, with unusual presence of mind, seudded away among the beeches and vanished.

To Leggett's surprise, Knowles did not heed the flight of the duffer of Rookwood. He did not even look at Cuffy.

Lovell gurgled. "And Cuffy's put it in Leggett's, out of sheer fatheaded goodness! Oh, my only hat! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Fool's luck!" chortled Raby.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Newcome. "Leggett doesn't seem to have any luck."

The Fistical Four roared. Leggett was roaring, too, but in quite a different way. Knowles laid on the ashplant as if he were beating carpet. Leggett roared and howled and protested and begged pardon in vain. How the prefect knew that he was the raider of the cake was a mystery to Leggett—a mystery he had no leisure just then to solve. Evidently Knowles knew, and did not need Leggett's howling confession. He laid on the ashplant till his arm was tired.

Jimmy Silver & Co. walked away chuckling. Once more Leggett's peculiar schemes had gone awry. In Morny's study—where they found hospitality—the Fistical Four told the story, amid roars of laughter. The hapless Leggett, after Knowles had done with him, leaned feebly on a beech, gasping and groaning. And when Clarence Cuffy came gently up and told him that he was very, very sorry for him and felt the deepest, deepest sympathy, Leggett was too far gone even to punch Cuffy.

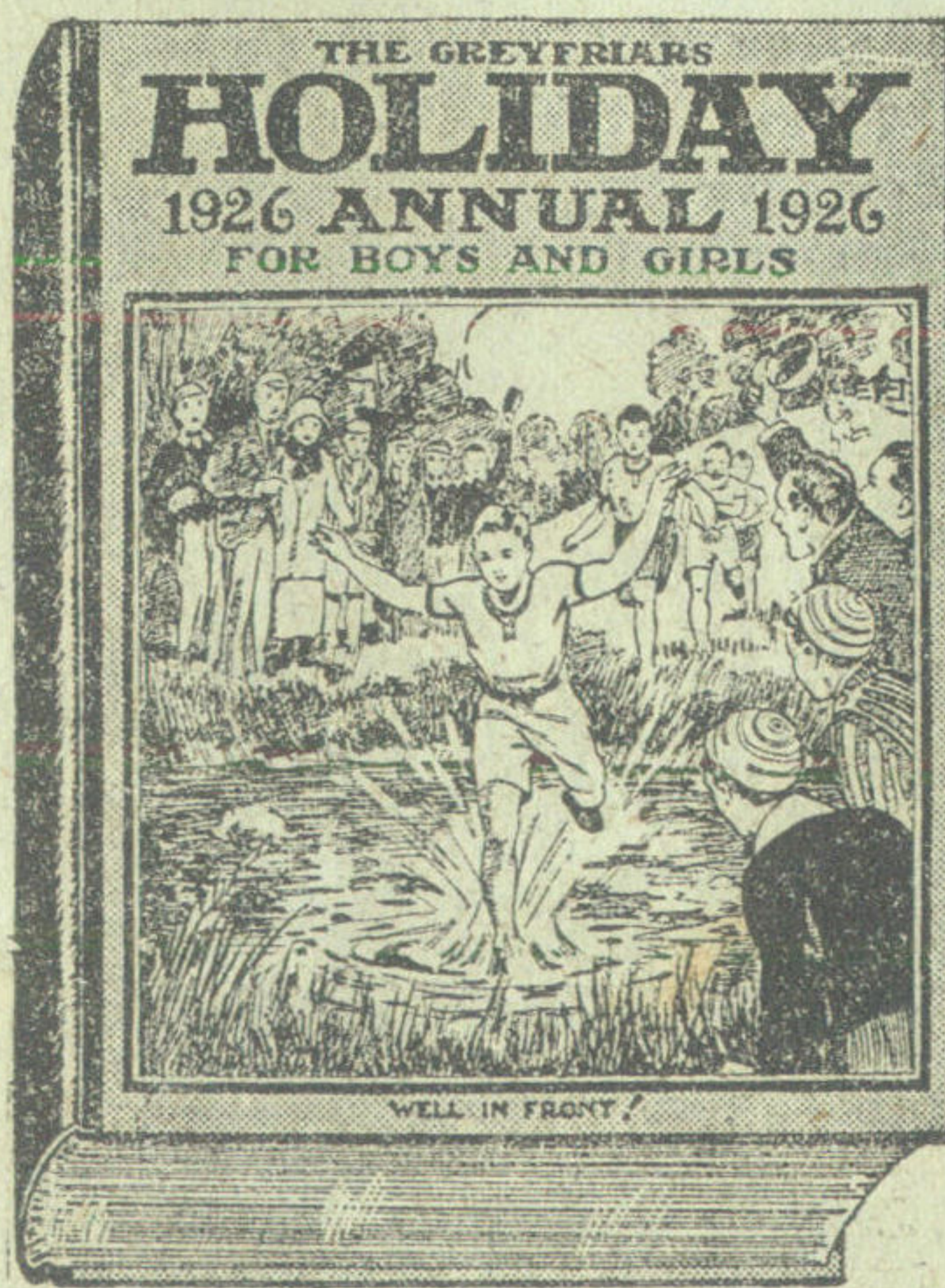
After that painful episode Leggett of the Fourth quite gave up his schemes for catching Cuffy. He found the trail of vengeance altogether too exciting.

THE END.

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grin. "Shall we be nice to Leggett and see whether he hands out any of the cake?"

"I'd rather punch his head!" growled Lovell. Leggett came up to Cuffy. Evidently he was looking for that mild and beneficent youth.

Leggett was in a puzzled frame of mind. Having raided Knowles' magnificent cake and planted it on Cuffy, as it were, he had expected Cuffy to "tea" in his study—and to be found in possession of the remnants of the cake by the enraged Knowles.

Somehow it had not happened. Cuffy had been to his study—he had said so—and must have found the cake there, yet he had "tea'd" in Hall. Leggett had an uneasy feeling that something had gone wrong with his latest scheme for catching Cuffy, and he wanted to know! He was keeping clear of the Modern Fourth studies till the affair was over. He did not want to be on the scene when Knowles started looking for his cake. In such matters a fellow could not be too careful.

"I say, Cuffy—" began Leggett.

"Yes, my dear Albert."

Jimmy Silver & Co. moved off. There was no loan to be raised from Clarence Cuffy, and they barred Leggett. In the distance they saw Cecil Knowles of the Modern Sixth come out of Mr. Manders' House with an ashplant in his hand and stare about him with knitted brows. Knowles was looking for somebody, and, to judge by his look, that somebody was booked for an exciting time when Knowles found him.

He strode straight up to Leggett and grasped him by the shoulder.

"You young rascal!"

"What?" ejaculated Leggett.

"So you think you can raid a prefect's study, do you?" roared Knowles.

Leggett jumped.

"I—I—"

"Don't tell me any of your lies, Leggett! I've found the cake, and I know that you took it from my study!" howled Knowles.

"Oh, my hat!" stuttered Jimmy Silver. "Leggett's luck is out again!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Lovell.

"I—I say, Knowles—" gasped Leggett. "I—I—yaroooh! I never— Oh, my hat! Leggo! Leave off! I'm sorry! I— Yaroop!"

Whack! Whack! Whack! Knowles was in such a hurry to administer punishment that he did not even wait to tell Leggett to bend over. He gripped the cad of the Fourth by the collar and laid on the cane recklessly, with terrific swipes.

Leggett struggled and roared and yelled.

"Ow! Stop it! Leggo! Oh, my hat! Ow!"

"I'll teach you to raid a prefect's study!" roared Knowles. "It's the first time, and I think it will be the last, Leggett! Take that—and that!"

"Yoooooop!"

"Oh dear!" gasped Jimmy Silver. "This is too rich! Leggett was the kind friend who put that cake in Cuffy's study!"

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