

Flay.

WHO WANTS A FIVER?

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[Week Ending November 14th, 1925.]

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**TOMMY DODD MAKES THINGS HOT FOR THE NEW BOY AT
ROOKWOOD!**



The Sneak!

By
Owen
Conquest.



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

**Marcus Manders soon shows his
real self!**

**The 1st Chapter.
By Order!**

DODD!" "Oh dear!" murmured Tommy Dodd under his breath. The sharp voice of Mr. Manders was never pleasant to hear. It was particularly unwelcome just at that moment. Mr. Manders was looking out of his study window in Manders' House at Rookwood. Tommy Dodd was standing near the window, in the quadrangle, with his chums, Cook and Doyle. The three Modern juniors were chatting for a few minutes before going down to Little Side, where a House match was nearly due.

Tommy Dodd looked round to the study window.

"Yes, sir," he said respectfully. Dodd of the Modern Fourth tried to look as if butter would not have melted in his mouth. He did not want any trouble with Mr. Manders just then. Mr. Manders was the only master at Rookwood who had no regard for games, and, indeed, looked upon them as a species of frivolity that did not deserve encouragement. But a House match was a House match, and Tommy Dodd was captain of the Modern junior team. Whether Mr. Manders understood it or not, a football match was a matter of importance.

"Kindly step into my study, Dodd," said Mr. Manders.

The Modern master disappeared from the window.

Tommy Dodd looked at Cook and Doyle, and Cook and Doyle looked at Tommy Dodd.

"We're jolly nearly due on Little Side!" murmured Cook. "Don't let him keep you long, Tommy!"

"Bother the man!" muttered Doyle. "I dare say he doesn't even know there's a match to-day! Tell him, if he keeps you long!"

"After all, he looked almost good-tempered," said Tommy Dodd hopefully. "It mayn't be trouble."

Tommy Dodd went into the House, feeling as hopeful as he could.

Tommy was not a perfect youth, and there were a certain number of sins on his conscience, any one of which might have come to the knowledge of Mr. Manders and evoked his wrath. He had punched Leggett's nose only that morning. Leggett, as usual, had asked for it, but it would be quite like Mr. Manders to detain him if he had noticed the blossoming state of Leggett's nose. No other Rookwood master would have detained a fellow when a House match was on. But Roger Manders was quite capable of it.

So it was almost in fear and trembling that Dodd entered Mr. Manders' study.

To his great relief, Mr. Manders did not look cross. He seemed, indeed, to be quite good-humoured for once.

"Ah, come in, Dodd!" he said, blinking at the Modern junior over his horn-rimmed glasses. "I trust you have no special engagement for this afternoon, Dodd?"

Tommy Dodd's heart sank. As it was a half-holiday, he was, in theory, free as air. But if Mr. Manders wanted him, Mr. Manders' word was law.

"The fact is, sir—" he began. But he had no time to tell Mr. Manders that he was engaged for a football match. The Modern master went on ruthlessly:

"You are not detained by your Form master, Dodd?"

"No, sir. The fact is, I—" "In that case, Dodd, I wish you to do something for me."

"Certainly, sir. But—" "Please do not interrupt me, Dodd. My nephew is coming to the school to-day—my nephew, Marcus Manders."

look for my nephew. Doubtless you will know him easily enough."

"But, sir—" "You will give instructions for his box to be sent on to the school, and walk to Rookwood with Marcus," said Mr. Manders. "There is no need to take any conveyance here from Coombe."

"If you please, sir—" "Kindly take care that you do not miss my nephew at the station, Dodd, and be kind enough to show him every attention."

"Yes, sir. But—" "There is no need to say more," said Mr. Manders. "Bring my nephew directly to the school. You may go, Dodd."

"But, sir—" gasped Tommy Dodd.

"That will do." "We're playing football this afternoon, sir," blurted out Tommy Dodd desperately. "The fellows are waiting to kick off now, sir. Would you mind sending some other fellow to meet your nephew, sir?"

It was a desperate appeal, and Tommy Dodd knew it. Mr. Manders was not in the least given to considering others—least of all, junior schoolboys. And he disliked football.

"Am I to understand, Dodd, that you are unwilling to oblige your Housemaster in this small matter?" he exclaimed.

"Oh, no, sir! I—I should be glad! Only, you see, sir, I'm skipper of the Modern team, and I can't very well leave the fellows in the lurch."

"I selected you, Dodd, for this errand because you are head of the Modern Fourth Form, and therefore I am entitled to place reliance upon you."

"Yes, sir. You're very kind, sir. Only—" "In short," interrupted Mr. Manders, "you desire to disoblige me, Dodd, for the sake of playing some game?"

"Oh, no, sir! But—but—" stammered Dodd.

"In a word, do you consent to go to the station or do you not?" exclaimed Mr. Manders.

It was like putting one's head into the lion's mouth to refuse, but the case was desperate. Tommy Dodd thought of his men putting up a losing fight against the Classics, deprived of their leader—their captain gone, and a new man shoved into the team at the last moment. Mr. Manders gave him his choice, so he took it.

"No, sir!" he gasped.

"You decline to go?"

"Yes, sir," gasped Tommy Dodd, in desperation.

"Very well!" said Mr. Manders, in a grinding voice. "You refuse to oblige me by acceding to my request, Dodd. You have every right to refuse a request. But you have neither the right nor the power to disobey a command."

"Eh?"

"I now command you to do what I previously requested you to do," said Mr. Manders grimly. "You will proceed to the station, Dodd, and carry out my instructions with regard to my nephew. This is an order which you will disregard at your peril."

"Oh, sir!"

"Leave my study!"

Tommy Dodd limped to the door. He was fairly caught; in offering him the choice of assent or refusal, Mr. Manders had been trapping him, as it were; and it was just like Mr. Manders. At the door the hapless junior turned.

"Mr. Manders—" "You may go."

"If you'd let me off, sir."

"I shall cane you before you go, if you utter one more word, Dodd," said Mr. Manders icily.



TOMMY DODD DECLINES! "Take this bag!" Tommy Dodd stared at Marcus Manders. Tommy would have had no objection in the world to giving the new fellow a lift with his bag, if asked civilly. But Master Manders was not asking him civilly; he was giving directions, as if to a porter. "Carry the dashed thing yourself!" said Tommy Dodd curtly.

Tommy Dodd did not utter the one word more. He limped out of the study, leaving Mr. Manders frowning in great displeasure.

The 2nd Chapter.

Just Like Jimmy!

FIVE minutes late!" growled Arthur Edward Lovell.

"Keep smiling!" said Jimmy Silver cheerily. "Five minutes won't hurt us."

"There's such a thing as punctuality," said Lovell.

"Punctuality is the thief of time!" said Valentine Mornington, laughing. "Give Doddy a few more minutes."

Snort from Arthur Edward.

"Keeping a fellow kicking his heels!" he grunted.

Jimmy Silver and the Classical footballers were all ready. The Modern footballers were on the ground, with the exception of their captain. Hansom of the Fifth, who was going to referee the junior match, was there. Only Tommy Dodd had failed to arrive.

Some of the juniors were punting a footer about to keep themselves warm. It was a fine but very keen November day, with a sharp wind stripping the last leaves from the old Rookwood beeches.

Fellows who had come along to see the House match wanted to know why it was not beginning. Gunner of the Classical Fourth inquired loudly, incessantly and sarcastically why they did not begin. But the match could not begin without Tommy Dodd.

"I say, you Modern duffers!" bawled Lovell.

"Has your skipper gone to the dorm for an afternoon nap?"

"Patience, old man!" said Raby.

"Rats!"

"You've kept fellows waiting before now, you know," remarked Newcome.

Another snort from Arthur Edward Lovell. The fact that he had kept fellows waiting in his time was no reason why he should be kept waiting in a keen November wind. To keep waiting, and to be kept waiting, were two quite different and distinct things.

Cook and Doyle came over to the Classics.

"Can't be helped, you fellows," said Tommy Cook. "Mr. Manders called Doddy in at the last minute, and he's keeping him jawing, I suppose."

"That's where Moderns come out strong—jawing!" remarked Arthur Edward Lovell. "All jaw, in fact."

"You silly owl!" said Doyle. "I suppose Tommy couldn't tell Manders to go and eat coke, could he?"

"If we had a master like Manders on the Classical side, we'd jolly well lynch him," growled Lovell.

"If you had Manders on your side, you'd jolly well put up with him, the same as we do!" snapped Cook. "Don't gas!"

"You cheeky Modern cad—"

"You burbling Classical ass—"

"Look here—"

"Well, you look here—"

"Here he comes!" called out Towle.

Tommy Dodd appeared in the offing, scudging towards the football-field. His appearance stopped an argument which looked like developing into active warfare.

"Here we are again, Doddy," said Jimmy Silver cheerily. "Waiting for you, old man."

"Sorry—"

"It's all right, now you're here. Let's get going."

"Can't!" said Tommy Dodd glumly. "I'm out of it! I've got to put a new man in and clear."

"Oh, rotten!"

"You're not detained!" shouted Tommy Doyle. "Even Manders wouldn't—"

"No; but it comes to the same thing," growled Tommy Dodd. "I've got to hike down to Coombe. Here, Lacy!" He called to a Modern junior in the crowd. "You'll be wanted—get into your things."

"Right-ho!"

Lacy hurried away to change.

"You'll have to wait a minute or two, you chaps," said Tommy Dodd. "Sorry, and all that, but it can't be helped. I'm out of it."

"I say, that's hard cheese," said Lovell. "Your crew wouldn't have had much chance, anyhow; but without their skipper—"

"Oh, can it!" snapped Tommy Dodd. "We were going to wipe up the ground with you. But with me out of it, you may have a dog's chance."

"You cheeky ass—"

"Shut up, Lovell, old man!" said Jimmy Silver. "Look here, Doddy, this is rather rotten. Can't anything be done? What's the giddy trouble?"

Tommy Dodd grunted.

"Old Manders has a sneaking nephew coming to Rookwood, and he's thumping ass enough to butt in on this special afternoon; and the old donkey wants the young donkey to be met at the rotten station, so I've got to hike off and pick him out of the train—it seems that the born idiot can't walk to Rookwood by himself—so I've got to cut the footer! I'll jolly well kick him, anyhow!"

"Never knew old Manders had a nephew," said Doyle.

"Or cared!" added Cook. "I know we don't want any more Manders."

"Well, he has, and the little beast was bound

(Continued overleaf.)

You'll enjoy "Sent to Coventry!" Next Monday's grand story of the chums of Rookwood School!

to butt in to-day—he wouldn't be a Manders if he didn't make himself a nuisance."

Jimmy Silver laughed. "Well, it's not the kid's fault," he said. "Look here, Dobby, this rather lets your side down."

"I know it does!" growled Tommy Dodd. "We should have licked them anyway!" remarked Lovell.

"It would have taken you a century or two!" snapped Tommy Dodd.

"Look here—" "Peace, my infants!" said Jimmy Silver. "Let your Uncle James speak. Manders is a tick, but you can't argue. But a House match is a House match. We want to beat you fair and square, or else take a beating fair and square. If you have to stand out, Dobby—"

"I've got to." "Then I'll follow your example," said Jimmy Silver. "I'll trot along with you to Coombe, if you like, and help you bear the society of young Manders. You'll need sustaining a little, if he's anything like old Manders."

"Oh!" said Tommy Dodd. He looked dubiously at the Classical junior captain; but there was no doubt that he was pleased and relieved. Really, it was hard lines for the Moderns to lose their best man at the last minute; and Jimmy Silver's generous offer equalised matters again. Jimmy was the best man on the Classical side—with one exception, in Lovell's opinion. But it was only in Lovell's opinion that the exception existed.

"That's fair play!" said Jimmy Silver cheerily. "But you don't want to miss the game," said Tommy Dodd.

"No more than you do, old bean; but it's a go. Morny, old man, you're going to captain the side. Pick out another man."

"Pleased!" said Mornington. "You're rather an ass, Jimmy," said Lovell. "Still, fair's fair, and we can beat the Moderns without taking any advantage. Morny, old man, if you want a tip from me about a new man—"

"Thanks; I don't!" said Mornington.

"Well, you cheeky ass—"

"Come on, Dobby," said Jimmy Silver, with a smile. And the two skippers walked off, leaving the footballers to it.

With Morny captaining the Classical side, and Tommy Cook the Moderns, the House match was soon in progress. Jimmy Silver and Tommy Dodd went in to change into Etons, and then walked down to the gates together.

Both of them cast regretful glances in the direction of the football field as they went. Both were keen on football, and specially keen on the House match.

"You're a decent chap, Silver," said Tommy Dodd gratefully. "I don't mind admitting that my lot wouldn't have stood much chance without me, and with you captaining the Classics."

"Thanks!" said Jimmy, with a smile. "It's rotten to make you miss the game."

"No more rotten for me than for you, old chap."

"Well, that's so! We'll jolly well kick that young scrubby cad Manders at the station."

Jimmy Silver laughed. "He may be quite a decent chap," he said. "Go easy with him! He's rather unfortunate in his choice of uncles, anyhow."

"If he's anything like his uncle—" "Perhaps he mayn't be! Hope for the best, anyway."

"My hat! If he's much like Manders he won't have a good time in the Modern Fourth!" said Tommy Dodd. "We have to stand being Mandered by a master—but we sha'n't stand any Mandering in the Form!"

"Perhaps he's quite a nice chap—not a bit like his uncle," suggested Jimmy Silver cheerily.

"I hope so, for his own sake!" said Tommy Dodd, with a grim look.

And the two juniors walked down to Coombe in the keen November wind.

The 3rd Chapter.

A Chip of the Old Block!

"IT" referred to Mr. Manders' nephew.

Jimmy Silver and Tommy Dodd had arrived at Coombe Station in plenty of time for the train. They waited on the platform till the three o'clock local from Latcham Junction came in.

Among the passengers that alighted they looked for a fellow who was likely to be the new junior for Rookwood.

There was not much room for a mistake, for among the half-dozen passengers who stepped from the train there was only one boy of school age. If Mr. Manders' nephew had come by the train, evidently that was he.

The two Rookwooders looked at him.

He stepped from the train and looked up and down the platform as if expecting to be met there. He had a bag in his hand and a rug over his arm. He was rather tall and rather weedy in figure; he had a long face and a long nose that was quite like Mr. Manders'. The Rookwooders, on the second glance, could have picked him out by his resemblance to his uncle.

He was not a handsome youth—the fact that he resembled his uncle prevented that.

He had rather small eyes, extremely sharp in their glance, and he gave sharp looks about him in a bird-like sort of way. He was anything but prepossessing to look at. But Jimmy Silver was a good-natured fellow and Tommy Dodd had recovered from his annoyance by that time, so both of them were prepared to be civil and kind to Marcus Manders and to make the best of him.

"Better speak to him, I suppose," said Tommy Dodd.

"He's coming this way," Master Manders had evidently spotted the two Rookwooders with his sharp, little eyes. He came across to them.

"You belong to Rookwood School?" he asked.

"Yes," said Tommy Dodd. "We—"

"I suppose you know Mr. Manders, a Modern master?" asked the newcomer.

"He's my House-master."

"Oh!" The stranger stared at Tommy Dodd. "I see! Then you know him! Do you know if he's about the station here, anywhere?"

"No; I—"

"I'm his nephew, Marcus Manders. I expected to be met at the station. Isn't he here?"

"Mr. Manders sent me here to meet you," said Tommy Dodd. "I'm to take you to the school if you're young Manders."

"I thought my uncle was coming," said Marcus in an aggrieved tone. "My uncle's very fond of me."

"Is he?" said Tommy Dodd politely.

"Oh, yes; he thinks a lot of me," said Marcus.

"Matter of taste, I suppose," said Tommy Dodd. "This chap is Jimmy Silver, of the Classical side. Junior captain of Rookwood," added Tommy Dodd.

Jimmy Silver held out his hand to the new boy in a friendly way. It was one of Jimmy's ways to be kind to new "kids," who generally found themselves rather lost and strayed in

a big school. Marcus Manders took his hand with a hand that felt, to Jimmy, like a cold fish. He just touched it and dropped it. Obviously, he was not in the least conscious of the fact that so important a person as the junior captain of Rookwood was being kind to him. It was, indeed, clear that Marcus Manders regarded himself as a person of considerable importance, perhaps basing that belief on the fact that he was a near relation of a Rookwood Housemaster.

Jimmy Silver surreptitiously wiped his hand on his jacket when Marcus Manders relinquished it. Young Manders had a clammy touch that was not at all pleasant. Jimmy was rather pleased that Master Manders was to be on the Modern side of Rookwood. He felt that the less he saw of him the better he would like it.

"Let's get out!" said Tommy Dodd restively. Marcus Manders had made no better impression on him than on Jimmy Silver.

"I've got to look after my box," said Manders.

"I'll speak to the porter about that."

The three juniors left the station together. As they came out into the street Marcus looked about him with his keen, penetrating eyes.

"Is there a cab?" he asked.

"Mr. Manders said we were to walk."

"Is it far?"

"Under the mile."

"I don't want to walk a mile," said Marcus sulkily. "I think my uncle might have sent a car, or at least a trap."

"Well, he hasn't," said Tommy Dodd.

"We've got to hoof it. Come on."

"Take this bag, will you?"

"Eh?"

"Take this bag."

Tommy Dodd stared at him.

Tommy would have had no objection in the world to giving the new fellow a lift with his bag, if asked civilly. But Master Manders was not asking him civilly—he was giving directions, as if to a porter.

"Carry the dashed thing yourself," said Tommy Dodd curtly.

"Didn't you say my uncle sent you to meet me?"

"Yes; but he didn't tell me to carry your luggage," said Tommy Dodd indignantly.

"and I jolly well shouldn't, even if he had told me—see?"

"Wouldn't you?" said Marcus Manders unpleasantly. "I'll ask my uncle about that when I see him."

Tommy Dodd breathed hard.

"Here, I'll lend you a hand with the bag, if you like," said Jimmy Silver. "Hand it over, young Manders!"

Jimmy took the bag, and young Manders held out his rug to Tommy Dodd. Tommy put his hands in his pockets and walked on regardless; and the new junior cast an extremely unpleasant glance after him.

"This way to Rookwood," said Jimmy Silver, with determined cheerfulness.

Master Manders had a most unpleasant effect on him, but he was determined to remain civil and polite during the short time that the company of Master Manders had to be endured.

"Look here, there's a cab at the station," said Marcus Manders. "I suppose we can take it."

"Certainly, if you like to pay the fare."

"How much is it?"

"Four shillings."

"That's an imposition," said Marcus Manders at once. "Two shillings would be quite enough."

"Better tell the driver so."

Marcus Manders nodded and walked over to the old hack which stood outside the station, with the driver half-dozing on the box, meditatively chewing a straw.

"Here, you!" said Manders.

The old gentleman on the box looked down at him.

"How much will you drive me to Rookwood School for?"

"Four shillings, sir."

"I'll give you two."

The driver eyed him.

"You won't!" he answered.

"Oh, come on!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd impatiently. "Can't you walk a mile, young Manders?"

"I could if I liked, but I'm not going to," said Marcus Manders. "Look here, you two fellows come in with me and stand me a bob each. That's fair."

"We don't want to stick in a stuffy old hack," growled Tommy Dodd. "What's the matter with walking?"

"Healthy exercise, you know, young Manders," murmured Jimmy Silver.

"I'm not going to walk."

"Then you can go in the old hack by yourself, and be blown to you!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd, out of patience.

"Hold on, old man," whispered Jimmy Silver in his ear. "This merchant looks like a chip of the old block, and no mistake. And



UNDER-PAID! The driver of the hack was looking at Mack stood looking on, with quite a cool all you'll get from me!" young Manders

you were told to take him to Rookwood. You don't want trouble with your Housemaster."

Tommy Dodd nodded in assent to that sage counsel. He seemed to swallow something with difficulty and turned to Marcus Manders again. That young gentleman was eyeing him rather viciously.

"We'll go in the back if you like," said Tommy Dodd with an effort. "Chuck that bag in, Jimmy! Chuck yourself in, young Manders!"

"A bob each, mind!" said Marcus Manders.

He seemed very particular upon that point.

"We won't rob you," said Tommy Dodd, sarcastically. "We'll stand our bob each, eh, Silver?"

"Oh, certainly!" said Jimmy.

"You can cut if you like, old man," added Tommy Dodd. "You're not bound to stand this tick, as I am."

Jimmy Silver laughed.

"I'll stick to you, old man!"

And the three got into the hack together, and the driver toiled the ancient vehicle down the High Street into Coombe Lane, heading for Rookwood School.

The 4th Chapter.

A Regular Rascal!

MARCUS MANDERS settled himself comfortably in the hack as it rolled out of Coombe behind the ancient horse. Jimmy Silver and Tommy Dodd sat silent, not in the least pleased or satisfied with their company. They had not really expected much of young Manders, considering it probable that he would resemble his uncle, more or less. But they had not anticipated meeting such an absolute "tick" as this. Both of them were anxious to land him at Rookwood and have done with him. And that reconciled them to the journey in the stuffy old hack, which was a little quicker than walking. All the same, it was unpleasant enough to be stuffed into the dingy old vehicle, especially with Marcus Manders' thin and meagre features opposite.

Marcus Manders ran his bony hands through his pockets and produced a couple of pennies. He twirled them in his thin fingers, and looked at the two juniors opposite with his penetrating, inquisitive look.

"You chaps ever played pitch and toss?" he inquired.

"What?" ejaculated Jimmy Silver.

"Pitch and toss?" repeated Tommy Dodd blankly.

"Yes. Ever played it?"

"Do you mean to say that you play pitch and toss for money?" asked Jimmy Silver, staring at the hopeful nephew of Roger Manders.

Marcus Manders grinned.

"Lots of times."

"You'd better chuck it, then, at Rookwood," said Jimmy. "It would mean a Head's flogging if you were found out."

"I shouldn't be found out."

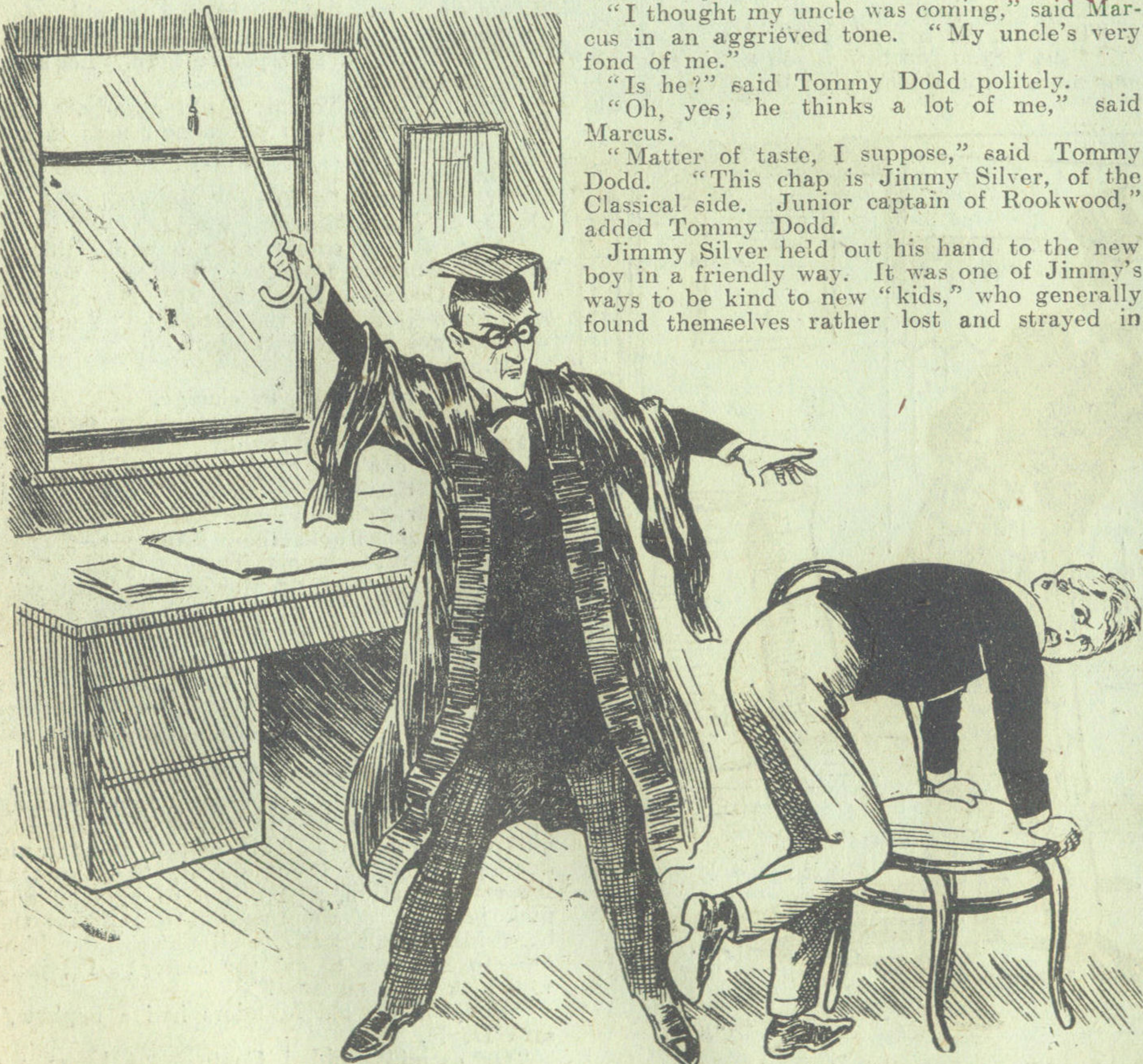
"Don't you know it's against the law?" asked Jimmy Silver. "A bobby could drop on you for it."

Young Manders shrugged his thin shoulders.

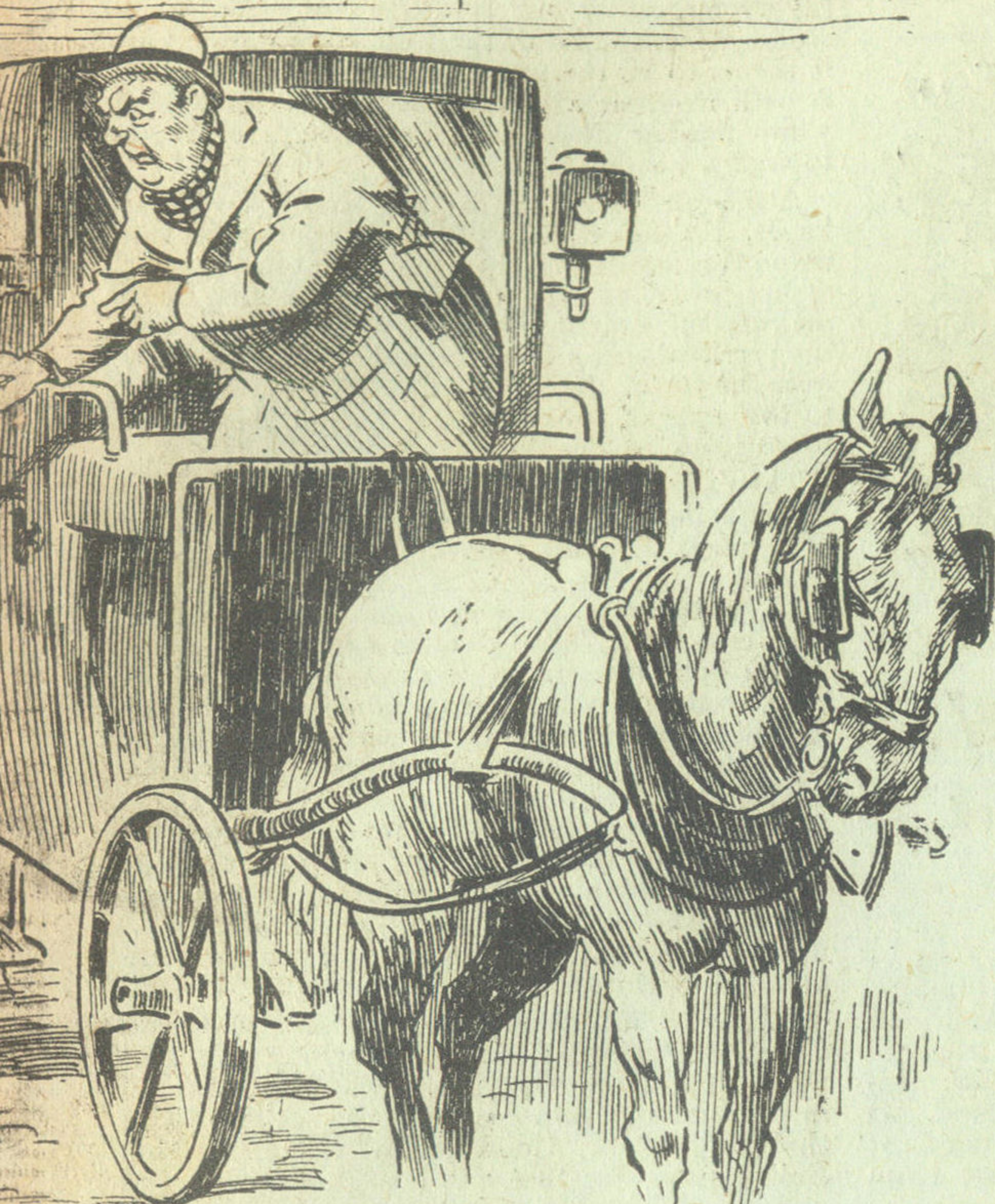
"That makes it all the more interesting," he said.

"Does it? I shouldn't care for that sort of interest myself," said the captain of the Rookwood Fourth, dryly.

"Nor I," said Tommy Dodd. "You seem to be a pretty precious sort of a young black-guard, young Manders."



DODD BENDS OVER! Whack! whack! whack! The cane rose and fell, and dust rose from Tommy Dodd's trousers. He ground his teeth to keep back a yell of pain. Mr. Manders was not sparing the rod.



Old man surly and glaring down at young Manders from his box. Old man's expression on his face. "I've given you two shillings, and that's all I've got to say," as Jimmy Silver and Tommy Dodd came up.

"Head!" muttered Tommy Dodd, staring down at the coin.
 "You owe me half-a-crown, then."
 Tommy Dodd breathed hard and dived into his pocket. Half-a-crown was not a trifle to a Fourth-Form junior, but he had to shell out.
 "Hold on a minute!" said Jimmy Silver quietly.
 "Oh, don't you butt in," growled Tommy Dodd. "I've lost, and I'm going to pay."
 "Hold on, I tell you! Is that the same penny you used at first, young Manders?" asked Jimmy, in a quiet tone.
 His eyes had been very intently on the young rascal all the time.
 "Of course it is!"
 "I'm not so sure of that. Look at it, Doddy."
 "What the thump does it matter?" snapped Tommy Dodd. "All pennies are the same, aren't they?"
 "Not always, when you're dealing with a tricky merchant like this," said Jimmy Silver. "Look at the penny."
 "Oh, rot!"
 "Then I'll look."
 Jimmy Silver stooped to pick up the coin, that lay on the dusty floor of the hack. Marcus Manders clutched at it and grabbed it up before the Classical junior could reach it.
 "That's my penny!" he snapped.
 "Show it me."
 "Rats!"
 Jimmy Silver grasped the clammy wrist. He had been suspicious, and he was certain now.
 "Open your hand, and let's see that penny," he said grimly.
 "Let go my wrist!" shouted

Marcus Manders.
 "Open your hand."
 "I won't!"
 "Then I will!" said the captain of the Fourth coolly. And without any difficulty he twisted open the skinny fingers that were clutched over the coin.
 "I thought so," he added, as he picked up the penny with his free hand. "I've heard of such tricks before."
 He showed the penny to Tommy Dodd, first one side and then the other. There was a head on each side. It was a double-headed penny: that peculiar coin manufactured by rogues for the cheating of particularly green greenhorns. Tommy Dodd stared at it blankly.
 "My only hat! You awful rascal!"
 "Give me my penny!" shouted Marcus Manders furiously.
 Jimmy Silver spun the double-headed penny out of the open window of the hack, and it dropped into the mud of the ditch by the roadside.
 Young Manders gave him a venomous look. Probably it was not easy for him to replace that valuable article.
 "You—you—you toad!" gasped Tommy Dodd.
 He rose from his seat.
 He had been tricked into gambling with young Manders, and that was bad enough. But to discover that he had been cheated—and cheated in a way that implied that he was looked upon as a fool—was too much for him. He forgot that the young rascal was Mr. Manders' nephew, and that the consequences of handling the House-master's nephew might be serious. He forgot everything but the urgent necessity of punishing this young rascal. And he grasped Marcus Manders in a hefty grasp, and the next moment the old hack rang with yells and howls as the head of Marcus Manders was banged, and banged again and again, on the seat of the vehicle.

The 5th Chapter. Handling Manders!

"YOOOOOP!"
 Bang!
 "Yarooooooh! Help!"
 Bump, bump!
 "Ow! Leggo! I'll tell my uncle! Yarooooop!" yelled Marcus Manders, as Tommy Dodd banged away, and the dust rose in clouds from the old worn leather of the seat.
 Jimmy Silver chuckled.
 "Don't knock his head off, Doddy," he said. "Old Manders will expect to see it on his shoulders when he arrives."
 "Whooooop! Help! Yooop!"
 "I'll smash him!" roared Tommy Dodd.
 "Yaroooh! Help!"
 The hack driver blinked round in surprise. Jimmy Silver caught Tommy Dodd by the arm and fairly dragged him away from young Manders.
 "Chuck it, old man!" he said. "Enough's as good as a giddy feast."
 "The sneaking toad!"
 "Ow, ow, ow!" Marcus Manders collapsed on the seat, gasping and spluttering for breath.
 "Ow! Oh, dear! You rotter! I'll get my uncle to thrash you for this. Ow! Ow! Wow!"
 "Shut up!" roared Tommy Dodd. "I'll give you some more if you don't shut up!"
 "Ow, ow, ow!"
 "Sit down, old bean," murmured Jimmy Silver soothingly. "The miserable object will break if you handle it any more."
 "Ow, ow! Oh, dear! Wow!"

Tommy Dodd sat down, his brows knitted savagely. But he got up again.
 "I can't stand that toad," he said. "Manders' nephew or not, I can't stand him, and I won't. I'm walking to Rookwood."
 He shouted to the driver to stop.
 The hack halted, half-way to the school. Tommy Dodd jumped out, and Jimmy Silver followed his example.
 Marcus Manders gave them an evil, bitter look. He was still breathless and gasping; but he had not forgotten one important matter.
 "If you rotters are walking—"
 "We are!" said Jimmy Silver. "Sorry, but a fellow can't breathe the same atmosphere with you, young Manders. I advise you to change your manners and customs a little when you're at Rookwood."
 "I'll ask for your advice when I want it," said Marcus Manders. "Keep it till then. About the fare—"
 "The what?"
 "You're paying a bob each towards the fare."
 "Oh, I forgot that."
 "I didn't," sneered young Manders; "and you jolly well didn't, either, if you come to that."
 Tommy Dodd made a movement to re-enter the hack, evidently for the purpose of banging young Manders' head again. The captain of the Fourth jerked him back.
 "Chuck it, old man, and shell out!" he said.
 "Let's get away from him," granted Tommy Dodd. "He makes me sick."
 Two shillings were tossed into the hack, for Marcus Manders to pick up, and then Jimmy Silver and Tommy Dodd turned their backs on him and walked off towards Rookwood School.

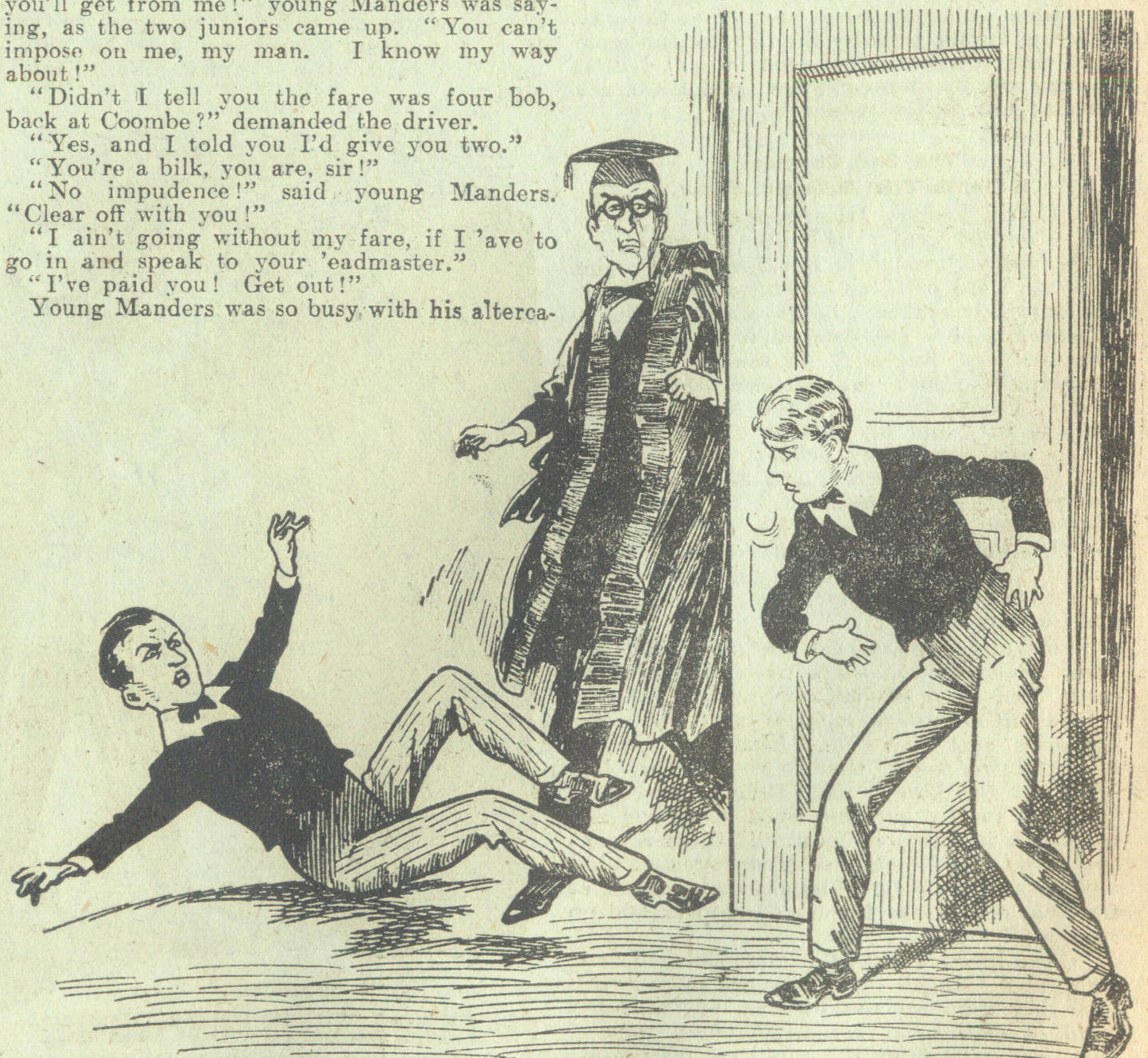
Tommy Dodd was breathing hard.
 "Jevver see such a horrid tick?" he asked.
 "Never!" said Jimmy.
 "Even Leggett's a gentleman beside him."
 "He is!" agreed Jimmy Silver. "I've always thought that Leggett was the limit. But this chap is the outside edge."
 "I suppose this means trouble with old Manders!" said Tommy Dodd, after a pause.
 "The fellow's a sneak as well as a rascal and a cheat. He will complain to old Manders."
 "I'm afraid so," said Jimmy.
 "Well, I'm glad I banged his head, anyhow."
 The hack came rolling up the lane, and it passed the two juniors. Marcus Manders gave them a venomous glare from the window as he passed. His look showed plainly enough that there was trouble in store for Tommy Dodd, if the hopeful youth had any influence with his uncle.
 He shook a bony fist as he glared.
 The hack rolled on ahead. But the speed of the ancient horse was not great, and the two juniors, stepping out briskly, kept it in sight all the way to the school.
 They saw it halt at the school gates, and old Mack came out to take the bag from Marcus Manders. The hack was still there, and young Manders engaged in talk with the driver, when Jimmy and Tommy Dodd reached the spot. The driver was looking extremely surly, and glaring down at young Manders from his box. Old Mack stood looking on, with quite a curious expression on his face.

"I've given you two shillings, and that's all you'll get from me!" young Manders was saying, as the two juniors came up. "You can't impose on me, my man. I know my way about!"
 "Didn't I tell you the fare was four bob, back at Coombe?" demanded the driver.
 "Yes, and I told you I'd give you two."
 "You're a bilk, you are, sir!"
 "No impudence!" said young Manders. "Clear off with you!"
 "I ain't going without my fare, if I've ave to go in and speak to your headmaster."
 "I've paid you! Get out!"
 Young Manders was so busy with his alterca-

tion with the driver that he did not notice the arrival of Jimmy Silver and Tommy Dodd. He was apprised of their arrival by a grip on the back of his neck, and he spun round with a gasp, to find himself staring at Tommy Dodd's furious face.
 "Let go!" he yelled.
 "You unspeakable toad!" shouted Tommy Dodd. "Pay the man his fare! Why, you sneaking worm, we gave you two bob towards it! You've only given the man our two bobs, and nothing of your own. Pay him, I tell you!"
 "Leggo!"
 Bang!
 Marcus Manders' head came into rough contact with the side of the hack, and he gave a fearful yell.
 "Oh, my eye!" murmured old Mack. The driver grinned.
 "Now will you pay him?" roared Tommy Dodd.
 "Yow-ow! No!"
 Bang!
 "Ow! Wow! I'll pay him!" shrieked young Manders. "Ow! Leggo! I'll pay him if you like! Ow! Wow!"
 "Buck up, then, you bilking cad!"
 Young Manders extracted two shillings from his pocket and handed them to the driver, who pocketed them, with a grin, and drove away. Marcus Manders stood rubbing his head, which probably had an ache in it. Tommy Dodd's methods had not been gentle.
 Taking no further notice of the hopeful nephew of Mr. Manders, Jimmy Silver and Tommy Dodd walked in, and headed for the football-ground to see the finish of the House match.

The 6th Chapter. Mr. Manders is Wrathful!

"GOAL!"
 "Classicals win!"
 "Hurrah!"
 Hansom of the Fifth blew the whistle.
 The House match finished as the two juniors arrived on the ground. The Classical crowd were shouting and cheering the winning goal, which had come from Valentine Mornington.
 "Our win, Doddy!" said Jimmy Silver, with a smile.
 "All Manders' fault!" growled Tommy Dodd. "If I'd played— Well, never mind! I'm glad I banged that tick's head!"
 The footballers streamed off the field. Arthur Edward Lovell gave Jimmy a cheery nod.
 "We beat them all right," he said. "One to nil—right at the finish. But they had a lot of narrow escapes. I very nearly put the ball in from centre-half. Morny put me into your place, Jimmy. If you like I'll keep it. I rather fancy myself at centre-half."
 Jimmy Silver grinned.
 "I don't happen to share the fancy, old bean!"
 "Now, look here, Jimmy—" began Arthur Edward in his most argumentative tone.
 "Blow Manders!" said Tommy Cook. "It was touch and go, Doddy! We'd have beaten them hollow if you'd been with us!"
 (Continued on page 320.)



TOMMY DODD LOSES HIS RAG! Tommy Dodd grasped the young rascal by the collar, shook him as a terrier shakes a rat, and then flung him away. Marcus Manders spun helplessly away from that hefty swing and crashed against the door of Mr. Manders' study. The door flew open and Marcus Manders went reeling and staggering into the room, to collapse in a breathless heap fairly at his astonished uncle's feet.



(Continued from page 313.)

"Sure, we nearly walked all over them as it was!" said Tommy Doyle. "It was just a miss!"

"A miss is as good as a mile!" chuckled Raby.

"And a little better!" said Valentine Mornington. "It's been a good game, you chaps, and we missed you, Jimmy. Did you land your fish all right at Coombe?"

"Yes—and a jolly fishy fish it was!" said Jimmy Silver. "Of all the toads I ever saw, Manders' nephew takes the bun! They're welcome to him in Manders' House!"

"Rotten shame, putting him in our House!" growled Tommy Dodd. "Head's House is good enough for him!"

"Why, you cheeky ass," exclaimed Arthur Edward Lovell, "we wouldn't have a Manders found dead in our House! Or, rather, if we had one, he would be found lynched! It don't make much difference to your House! You're all ticks, more or less, in Manders'!"

"Shush!" said Jimmy Silver. "No rags, now!" And the captain of the Fourth jerked Lovell away and walked him off to the changing-room.

Tommy Dodd walked away rather gloomily with Cook and Doyle. He was not in a cheery mood. He cherished a belief that the House match might have been won by the Moderns had he been able to play. And he was still more convinced that there was trouble to follow his handling of young Manders on the way to Rookwood as soon as old Manders heard of it. And it was probable that old Manders had heard of it already, for if ever there was a fellow who looked a sneak and tell-tale to the very life, it was Manders' junior.

He explained the matter to his chums while they changed, and as they left the changing-room together, Cook and Doyle deeply sympathetic, Knowles of the Modern Sixth came up.

"Dodd, you're wanted in Mr. Manders' study."

Tommy Dodd gave his comrades a glum look. "Just what I expected!" he said.

"Cut off," said Knowles, with a sharp look at Tommy Dodd. "I hear you fetched Mr. Manders' nephew from the station, and punched him on the way here."

"Not exactly punched him," said Tommy Dodd cautiously. "I banged his head on a seat."

Knowles laughed. "More duffer you! You ought to have too much sense to handle your Housemaster's nephew—though I must say he looks an unpleasant little beast!"

Tommy Dodd, not in merry spirits, wandered away in the direction of Mr. Manders' study. He was not anxious to arrive there, and his steps were slow. But he knew that he had to go, and he went. In the corridor he found Marcus Manders, who grinned at the sight of him.

"I've told my uncle!" he said.

Tommy Dodd regarded him steadily.

"You've told him—what?"

"About you pitching into me, you cad!" said Marcus maliciously. "He sent you to the station to bring me to Rookwood, not to hammer my head on the seat of the hack! I've told him all about it, and you're booked! You'll find it best to keep a civil tongue in your head, my fine fellow, and to keep your paws to yourself, I can warn you!"

Tommy Dodd eyed him.

"Have you ever been to school before?" he said. "Have you ever mixed with any decent fellows? Haven't you ever spoken to a white man? Don't you know that sneaking and

carrying tales to masters is barred, and that a fellow's life won't be worth living here if he takes up that kind of thing?"

Young Manders smirked complacently. "That's all very well for a chap who isn't the Housemaster's nephew," he answered coolly. "But I happen to be Mr. Manders' relation and his favourite. I can tell you that I can twist him round my finger if I like. As for my life not being worth living here, let me see any fellow who will dare to lay a finger on me after my uncle's finished with you! I fancy you're going to be a warning to all the rest!"

Tommy Dodd clenched his hands, but he unclenched them again. His disgust was too deep for words, but it was not a time for action. He turned his back on the young rascal and went on to Mr. Manders' study, leaving young Manders chuckling in a gnomish sort of way. And as the captain of the Modern Fourth passed into Mr. Manders' study Marcus leaned against the wall near the door, grinning, apparently to enjoy the sounds of woe from Tommy Dodd when Mr. Manders got busy with the cane.

"Dodd"—Mr. Manders rose from his chair, eyeing the junior across the table as he came in, and a cane lay ready to his hand, as Tommy Dodd noted at once—"I have seen my nephew."

"Yes, sir," murmured Tommy Dodd.

"You were unwilling to oblige me this afternoon by meeting my nephew at the station, Dodd—"

"Not unwilling, sir. I—"

"Do not interrupt me. You appear to have indemnified yourself, Dodd, for having obeyed my commands by treating my nephew in a brutal and ruffianly way as he came to the school."

"Not at all, sir," said the junior. "We had a row, sir, but it was nothing much."

"Do you deny that you seized him in the hack and struck his head with great violence upon the seat of the vehicle?" demanded Mr. Manders angrily.

"I—I banged his head a little, sir," confessed Tommy Dodd. "But the provocation was on his side, sir."

"I place no faith whatever in that statement, Dodd. I am prepared, however, to listen to any complaint you have to make regarding my nephew's conduct," said Mr. Manders, with a glare. "Proceed!"

Tommy Dodd's lip curled involuntarily. He had no complaint to make. He was not built in the same way as Marcus Manders.

"Further," said Mr. Manders, as the Fourth-Former did not speak, "my nephew informs me that you assaulted him a second time—at the gates of the school—and forced him to pay an overcharge to the driver of the cab."

"It's not true, sir!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd indignantly. "He was bilking the driver—"

"What?" roared Mr. Manders in a formidable voice.

"I—I mean—"

"You dare to accuse my nephew of dishonesty?"

"Well, he wasn't paying the full fare, sir, and—as I was with him when the hack was engaged, sir, I felt that it was up to me to see that the man had his money, and—"

"Marcus tells me that the man impudently overcharged him, and I have not the slightest doubt that his statement is correct."

"In that case, sir, it's no use my saying any more," said Tommy Dodd. "But Silver of the Fourth was with us, and he knows—"

"I have a very low opinion of Silver of the Fourth, Dodd, and I should absolutely decline to take his word against my nephew's. It comes to this—that you assaulted my nephew in the cab and assaulted him again at the gates, taking part against him in a dispute with a cab-driver. You cannot expect me to pass over this lawless and ruffianly conduct, Dodd. Bend over that chair!"

Tommy Dodd gritted his teeth and bent over the chair indicated by Mr. Manders' cane. It was useless to argue, and he knew it. Mr. Manders had to be given his head.

Whack, whack, whack!

The cane rose and fell, and dust rose from Tommy Dodd's trousers. He ground his teeth to keep back a yell of pain. Mr. Manders was not sparing the rod.

Whack, whack, whack!

It was six—and as severe a six as Tommy Dodd had ever experienced. He was quite pale when he rose after the infliction.

THE REDSKINS OF THE BOMBAY CASTLE!

(Continued from previous page.)

"Better an' better still," said Mr. Pugsley. "If ten per cent of their ammo is dud, it'll be enough to put them off. And now we'll close gently on the island. There's fifteen miles to go and the old launch goes near silent at five mile an hour. But, first of all, we gotta camouflage."

The Glory Hole Gang set to work with a will. Great masses of reed and wild iris were torn from the reed beds and lashed round the grey hull, blinding it till at a few yards distance in the twilight, it would have been difficult even for an experienced hunter of the Everglades to distinguish the craft from one of the skids or floating islands of the great swamps.

It was nearly midnight when this bunch of reeds came slowly drifting across the great mere that surrounded Hog Eye Island. The gunmen were making merry, whooping and yelling, maddened by the juice that they were drinking.

Tied back to back, two smallish boys—one of whom wore horn-rimmed glasses, surveyed the scene and their ugly captors, still undaunted.

Luis, the Seminole hunter, sat by them, his hands handcuffed behind him. He had been allowed to rise half an hour ago to throw fresh fuel of grease, wood and willow on the three fires.

Flash Charley, the Chicago gunman, was supposed to be on picket duty. He had seen the reed mass slowly drifting shadowy across the lagoon, but he had seen so many of these that the sight gave him no sense of danger. This mass seemed to move faster than the rest. That was all. But Flash Charley was so mixed with the liquor he had been drinking that he did not trust his eyes.

He sat with his automatic in his pocket at the edge of the still expanse, and wished he was back in Chicago, where a man could do an easy get-away.

Flash Charley told himself that these vast solitudes gave him the pipski. He was a real Chicago corner boy, and as there are four lighted corners to every street in Chicago, he missed them.

Behind him the gang were tearing it up. They were making a Saturday night of it.

Darkey the Dude had just ordered Luis and the boys to be tied up to the big tree in the middle of the three fires. He was going to show them a little fancy shooting by fire-light, for once he had appeared at the Vaudeville Theatre as a fancy shot, and had not forgotten it. So he had volunteered to shoot the outline of the two boys and of Luis into the tree.

Kid Donovan, the second in command, did not approve of this. He was pointing out to Darkey the Dude that a mistake in the shooting might cost the gang a million pounds. And as he listened to the argument that followed, Flash Charley suddenly turned cold and helpless. His jaw dropped, and his spine turned to an icicle, for, out of the

"You may go, Dodd! Bear in mind that my nephew is to be treated with proper consideration and respect!" said Mr. Manders harshly. "I shall keep an eye on you—a very sharp eye! Any further maltreatment of my nephew will be visited with the severest punishment! Go!"

Tommy Dodd, with feelings too deep for words, limped out of the study. He was fairly wriggling with anguish. As he was closing the door he saw Marcus Manders' grinning face only a foot away from him.

Young Manders grinned at him with malicious triumph.

"You've had a lesson—what?" he murmured.

Tommy Dodd was at the end of his tether so far as controlling his temper went. A gust of wrath fairly overpowered him as young Manders grinned offensively and maliciously into his face. He did not stop to think. He acted on simple instinct as he reached out

smooth water at his feet crawled a huge gater—such a gater as he had never seen before in his life. It had a huge blue shovel nose decorated in gold. It was coloured in black and white stripes, and its claws and stubby legs were of bright vermilion and gold.

It did not bite him. Frozen with horror, he could not move or shout as the great body slid over him, pressing him to the ground. And Gus, fresh from his cricket-bag, peered through the bushes with unwinking eyes at the strange sight of the bound boys and the two miscreants quarrelling in the foreground.

"I don't care if it snows devils!" cried Darkey the Dude. "I'm the king shot of all Amurrica. I'm the show how at this game! I don't care if—"

He broke off short, for, peering at him from the great funeral masses of Spanish moss, was a grim and hideous head, crowned by a battered top-hat and wearing an Eton collar.

"Hoo!" he yelled. "Look!"

There was no time to look. The phantom leaped, and Darkey the Dude was struggling in the embrace of a creature, half-human and half-ape, which held his throat in a terrible grip of one huge paw and flourished a huge club in the other.

"Say, Wilbur," whispered Homer. "This is great. It's the movies. What is it?"

A wild Redskin war whoop broke the silence of the thickets about the camp. Then a voice shouted from the darkness:

"Put up your hands, messieurs! Make no movements! It is I, Binge de Prunelli, the old companion of the Chemin des Dames, who speak. Binge of Verdun! Put up your hands or piff-paff—zizz-boum—crac—comme ça—you are dead mens!"

Slowly the hands went up. Only Kid Donovan hesitated. His hand went to his pocket. But before he had time to draw a huge, horn shape hurtled through the sparks of the fires and landed like a pile-driver in his soar plexus and, with a sick cough, Kid Donovan rolled over, gasping and speechless.

Then from out of the thickets ran a crowd that made the boy millionaires blink. There were Redskins, Hindus and cheering lads in blazers which were not American.

They cast loose the bonds of the captive horn-rims, and Conkey, with his eye on the six thousand reward, took charge of the ceremonies.

"Mr. Wilbur Shonts," said he. "Mr. Homer Shonts! Meet Dick Dorrington, Pongo Walker, Jim Handyman, Skeleton, Cecil, Horace, Gus, Puggo, Lal Tata, Siting Bull, Binge de Prunelli, Angus MacPherson, Wolf-Who-Never-Smiles, the Maharajah of Bula, and the rest, including myself, Conkey Ikastein, the boys of the Bombay Castle."

"There's a big mohey reward!" stammered Homer.

"Right, old horn-rims!" said Conkey cheerfully. "We want a couple millionaires in the Glory Hole Gang. So you can come and help us to spend it!"

THE END.

(It's a corker—"The Case of the Rebel Sheik!" Next Monday's amazing story featuring the Hon. John Scarlett, the millionaire detective, and his boy assistant, Jimmy West. Be sure you read it, chums! Order your copy of the BOYS' FRIEND from your news-agent to-day and thus make certain of obtaining it!)

and grasped the young rascal by the collar, shook him as a terrier shakes a rat, and then flung him away.

Marcus Manders spun helplessly away from that hefty swing and crashed against the door of Mr. Manders' study. The door flew open, and Marcus Manders went reeling and staggering into the room, to collapse in a breathless heap fairly at his astonished uncle's feet.

Tommy Dodd gave one horrified stare into the study, realising what he had done.

"Oh, my hat!" he gasped.

And he fled.

"Dodd!" roared Mr. Manders.

But Tommy Dodd was gone.

THE END.

(Marcus Manders finds himself up against it in "Sent to Coventry!"—the grand long story of the chums of Rookwood School appearing in our next issue. Don't miss it, boys!)

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