

FIVE GREAT STORIES AND A NOVEL ONE-WEEK
FOOTBALL COMPETITION INSIDE!

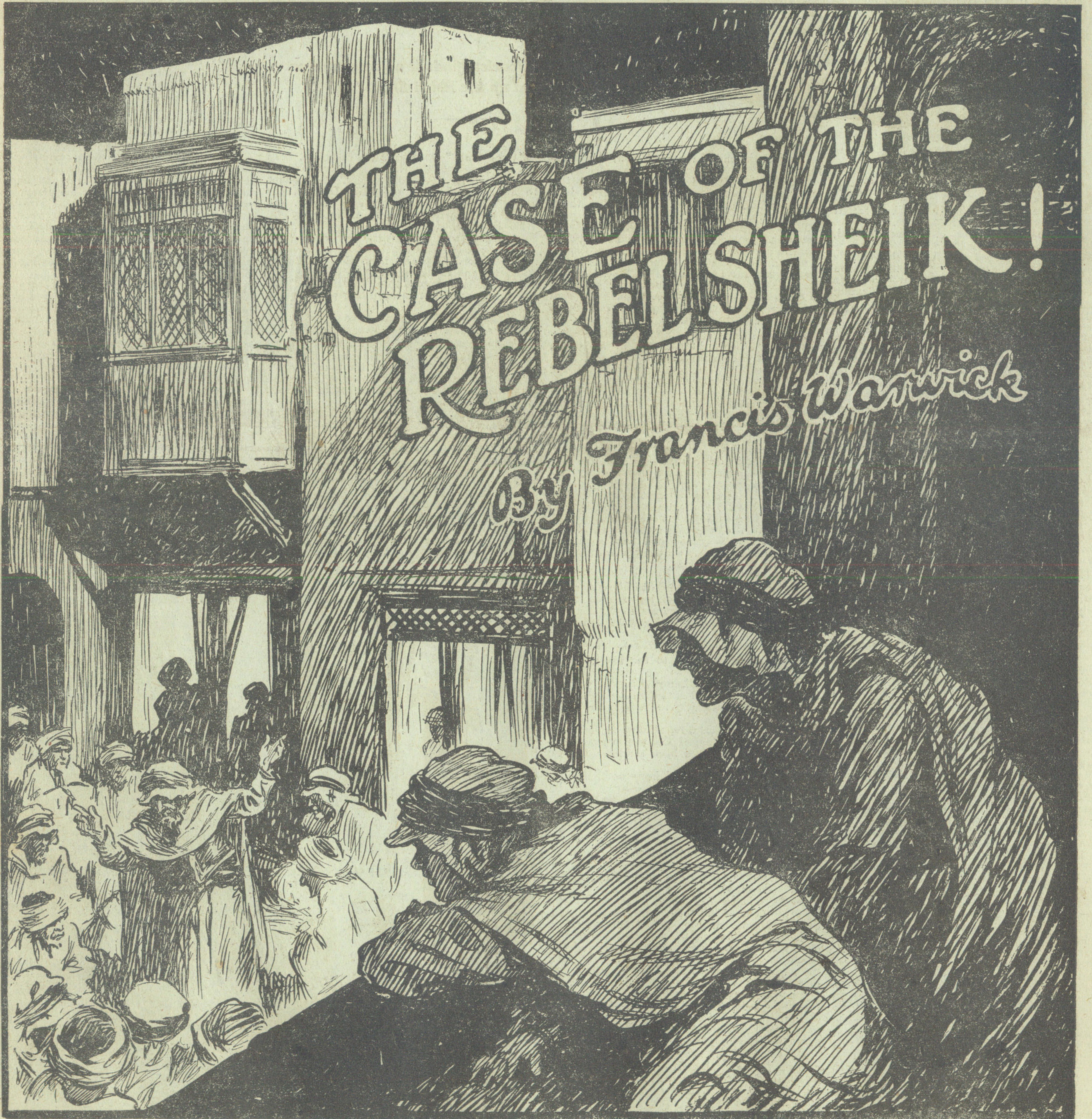
The BOYS' FRIEND 2d

EVERY MONDAY. SIXTEEN BIG PAGES!

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THE BEST BOYS' PAPER IN THE WORLD!

[Week Ending November 21st, 1925.]



The disguised Detective and his Boy Assistant overhear the Plotting of the Rebel Sheik!

(An incident from the powerful detective story complete in this issue.)

CLASSICALS AND MODERNS GIVE THE NEW BOY THE COLD SHOULDER!



The 1st Chapter.
The Refugee!

TOMMY DODD!

Four Classical juniors uttered that name in tones of surprise. Jimmy Silver & Co. of the Classical Fourth at Rookwood had arrived at the end study rather late for evening prep. They expected to find their study dark and untenanted, and, to their surprise, the light was on and a junior was sitting in the study armchair. And that junior was Tommy Dodd of the Modern Fourth.

Modern side fellows had no business on the Classical side; and at that hour the Houses were closed, and all juniors were supposed to be within House bounds. So the Fistical Four were naturally astonished to see a Modern sitting in their study.

"What's this Modern bouncer doing here?" exclaimed Arthur Edward Lovell suspiciously. "What are you up to in our study, Tommy Dodd?"

"Let's bump him, anyhow!" suggested Raby. "And roll him along the passage," said Newcome.

Tommy Dodd did not move. He heard those cheery suggestions, but they seemed to have no effect on him. His face was darkly clouded, and he looked as if all the troubles at Rookwood School had suddenly descended on his youthful shoulders in a bunch.

"Hold on, you chaps," said Jimmy Silver. "Anything up, Doddy?"

Tommy Dodd nodded without speaking. "Oh, rot!" said Lovell. "It's a Modern jape on us, and he's been up to something. Bump him!"

Jimmy Silver caught Lovell by the arm and jerked him back.

"Hold on!" he repeated. "Look here, Jimmy—"

"Chuck it, fathead! Give a chap a chance to speak," said Jimmy. "Now then, Doddy, what's the row? House rags are off, if there's trouble—and you look as if there was a lot."

"I'll get over if you like," said Tommy Dodd. "I came over to this side to lie low a bit. I'm dodging Manders."

"Dodging your Housemaster?" exclaimed Jimmy.

"That's it."

"Oh, my hat! But you can't dodge your giddy Housemaster," said the captain of the Fourth. "You'll have to turn up in Manders' House for dorm."

"I—I suppose so. I'm putting it off," sighed Tommy Dodd. "Manders may cool down if I give him time. You see, I'm for it, and the longer it's put off the better. Oh dear!"

Evidently Tommy Dodd of the Modern Fourth was up against severe trouble. That was not an uncommon thing in Mr. Manders' House at Rookwood; Roger Manders was well known to be a Tartar. But apparently the present trouble was more severe than usual. Tommy Dodd's face was generally merry and bright; usually he looked like a fellow who found every minute of his life well worth living. Now he looked as if he found it a dismal burden.

Jimmy Silver was quite concerned. Although constant warfare reigned between Classics and Moderns at Rookwood, the rival juniors liked one another well enough, and Jimmy Silver pulled very well with Tommy Dodd, in spite of occasional lapses into ragging and nose-punching. And he did not like in the least to see Tommy looking like this.

"Old Manders is a corker, and no mistake," said Lovell. "I hear he's got a nephew come to Rookwood, who's a chip of the old block. You fellows over there must be getting too much Manders."

"That's the trouble!" groaned Tommy Dodd. "Manders' nephew—that new kid in the Modern Fourth?" asked Raby.

"That worm!" assented Tommy Dodd.

Sent To Coventry!

By Owen Conquest.

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

Jimmy Silver & Co. side with the Moderns against Marcus Manders, the sneak of Rookwood!

The four Classics sat down to their prep, and Tommy Dodd remained in the armchair, blinking at the fire, with deep and gloomy reflections in his mind, and a deep cloud on his face. While Jimmy Silver & Co. worried over Virgil, Tommy Dodd was thinking of what awaited him when he returned to his House—and the anticipation was not pleasant. The cloud on his brow grew darker and darker as he thought of it.

The 2nd Chapter.
Dodd is Wanted

MR. MANDERS looked up with a frown, as Knowles of the Modern Sixth entered his study, on the Modern side of Rookwood.

His glance passed Knowles, as if he expected to see someone else following the prefect into the study. But Knowles came in alone.

"Where is Dodd?" exclaimed Mr. Manders. "Why have you not brought him to me, Knowles, as I instructed you?"

"He's not to be found, sir."

"What? The House is closed at this hour. Dodd must be within House bounds," snapped Mr. Manders.

"He doesn't seem to be, sir," said Knowles. "I've looked for him everywhere, and asked his study-mates, and they don't know anything about him. He must be out of the House."

"Nonsense!" Knowles coloured.

It was not all honey, so to speak, to be head-prefect in Mr. Manders' House. It brought a fellow into pretty constant contact with the Housemaster; and Mr. Manders was not a pleasant gentleman when his temper was irritated, as it very often was.

Knowles was a Sixth Form man, a prefect, and captain of his House, and so he did not like to hear his remarks characterised as nonsense. But when Mr. Manders was annoyed even so great a man as Knowles was liable to be given the rough edge of his tongue.

"Nonsense!" repeated Mr. Manders. "The boy must be in the House!"

"Well, I can't find him, sir," said Knowles sullenly.

"Nonsense! The boy must be found. I do not believe for a moment that, especially in the circumstances, he would venture to break House bounds. The matter is serious, Knowles."

"Is it, sir?" murmured Knowles.

His glance dwelt for a moment upon a junior who was sitting by Mr. Manders' fire. It was Marcus Manders, the new fellow in the Modern Fourth. The fact that he was sitting in the evening by the Housemaster's fire was a testimony that Marcus Manders was not considered a fellow to be treated like other fellows in his Form. There was a cheeky expression on his meagre face as he returned Knowles' glance, an expression that would have earned any other junior a cuff from the prefect. Marcus Manders was fully aware of his advantage in being the relation and favourite of the Housemaster. He was not afraid of Knowles, Sixth Form man and prefect as the latter was.

"My nephew, a new boy here, was savagely attacked by Dodd," said Mr. Manders. "I had already caned Dodd for ill-using him, and he had the unparalleled effrontery to attack him again, in the very doorway of my study."

"Indeed, sir!" murmured Knowles, mentally deciding that he would let Tommy Dodd off some lines he had given him that day.

"Yes, indeed, Knowles! I shall deal with him with unsparing severity," said Mr. Manders. "My nephew is seriously hurt."

"Look at my nose!" growled Marcus.

Knowles did not look at his nose, or give any sign of hearing the remark. If Mr. Manders liked to let a junior butt into the conversation like this, Knowles did not intend to follow his example. He ignored Marcus Manders utterly.

"Dodd must be found, and he must be found at once!" rapped out Roger Manders. "If you cannot find him, Knowles, I must take the matter in hand myself. But this is not what I expect from my prefects, Knowles. I am not satisfied with you, Knowles!"

"Sorry, sir!" said Knowles. "But—"

"You may go, Knowles."

"Very well, sir!"

Knowles left the study with deep, suppressed feelings. He had been rated by his Housemaster in the presence of a junior, and such a very unpleasant, sneering fellow as Marcus Manders. Knowles would have given a great deal to tell Mr. Manders what he thought of him, and he debated in his mind, as he went, whether he would risk losing his prefectship if he gave Marcus Manders a terrific thrashing at the first opportunity.

"You may remain here, Marcus," said Mr. Manders, rising from his table. "Make yourself comfortable. I am sorry that your first day at Rookwood has been so very unpleasant, but rest assured that Dodd will be given such a lesson that he will never dare to raise his hand to you again."

Marcus grinned at the anticipation. "The boy attacked you so savagely, I am assured, because you informed me of his conduct," said Mr. Manders.

"That was it, uncle," assented Marcus. "You will have nothing to fear in the future, and you must not let this unpleasant episode make any difference, Marcus. You will be careful to keep me informed of any occurrences in the House that may be of interest or use to me."

"Yes, uncle," grinned Marcus. Mr. Manders left the study, leaving his hopeful nephew rubbing his damaged nose. The task of spying and sneaking did not seem an uncongenial one to the worthy Marcus.

A few minutes later the door of Tommy Dodd's study in the Modern Fourth passage was opened by Mr. Manders.

Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle jumped to their feet at once.

Mr. Manders glanced sharply round the room.

The three Tommies of the Modern Fourth were generally together, especially after the House was shut for the night. But only two Tommies were in the study. Tommy Dodd was not to be seen.

"Where is Dodd?" asked Mr. Manders harshly.

"We don't know, sir," said Cook. "Knowles has asked us already, sir, but we haven't seen him."

"He belongs to this study. Has he not been here?"

"No, sir."

"You must know whether he is in the House!" snapped Mr. Manders.

"We don't sir," said Cook. "He left us at the changing-room, to come to your study, and we haven't seen him since."

"I suppose you know that he made a brutal attack upon my nephew?"

"Hem! We—we heard there was some trouble, sir," stammered Cook.

"The severest punishment awaits Dodd when he is found," said Mr. Manders. "Is it possible that he has gone into hiding?"

The two juniors did not answer. They thought it very probable, but they had nothing to tell Mr. Manders.

The Modern master set his lips. "You two juniors are close friends of Dodd's, I believe?" he said.

"Yes, sir," said Cook and Doyle together. "I am convinced that you know where he is. I command you to tell me at once, so that he may be found."

"We don't know, sir."

"I do not believe you, Cook."

Tommy Cook was silent; he had no rejoinder.



TWEAKING HIS NOSE! Marcus Manders and thumb closed vice. "Mooooooooooh!" spluttered Marcus. Lovell juniors grinned.

You and ALL your pals must enter "Top Scorers" Competition on page 330. A £5 Note and Six Footballs are on offer this week!

