

DAVID GOODWIN'S GREAT SEA STORY AND FOUR OTHER
SPLENDID YARNS IN THIS ISSUE!

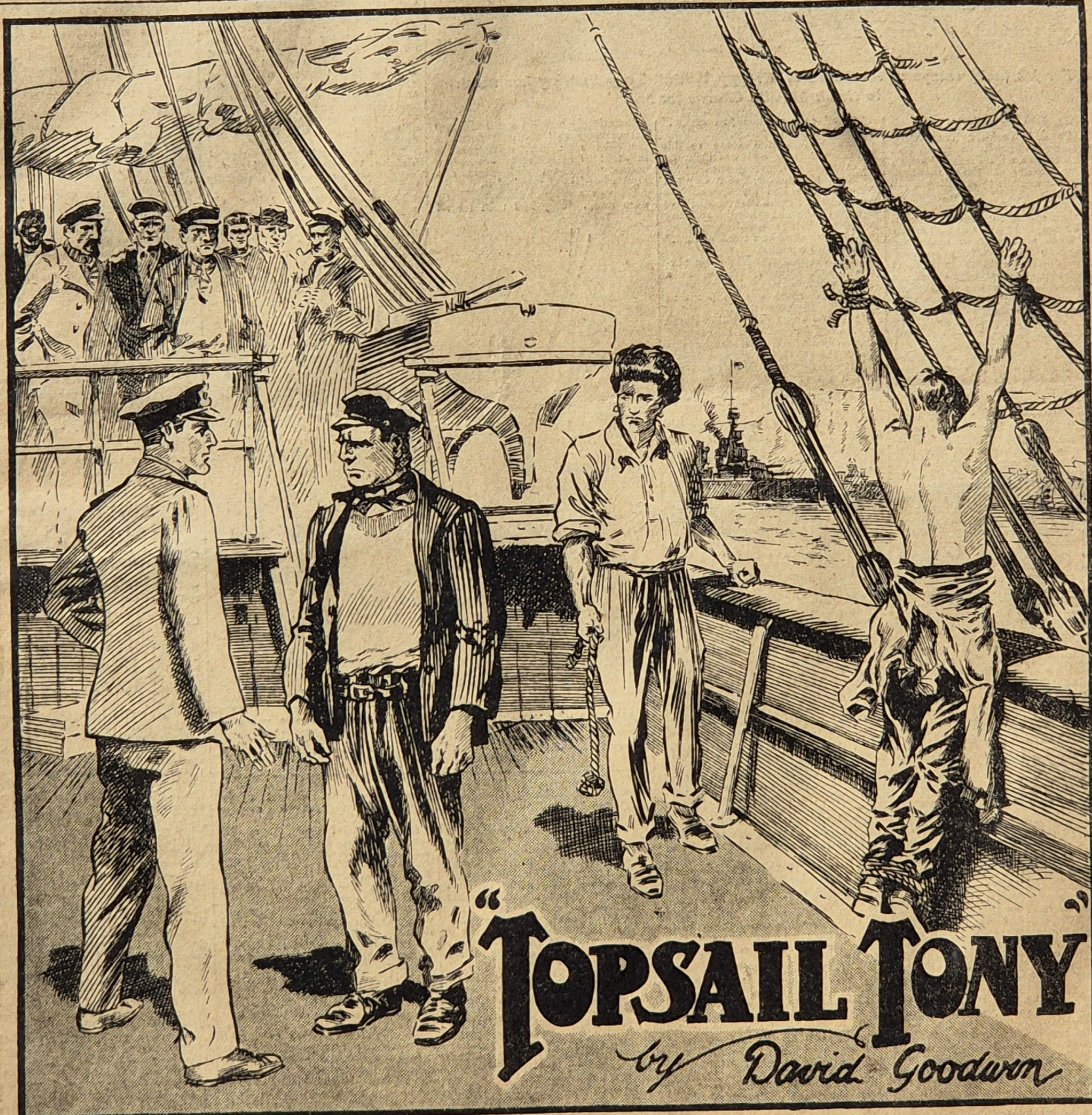
The BOYS' FRIEND 2d

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THE BEST BOYS' PAPER IN THE WORLD!

[Week Ending February 9th, 1924.]



“TOPSAIL TONY”

by David Goodwin

The British Navy Makes Some Inquiries, while Tony's Fate Hangs in the Balance!
(A thrilling incident from our great sea adventure story in this issue.)

ANOTHER FINE STORY OF THE CHUMS OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL!



Mr. Dalton's Dilemma!

By Owen Conquest.

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

Mr. Dalton fails to punish his Form when ordered to do so by the Head!

The 1st Chapter. Trouble to Come!

"Carthew!" said Jimmy Silver. "Oh, rotten!"

Arthur Edward Lovell pronounced that it was "rotten," and all the Classical Fourth Form of Rookwood agreed with him.

"We're going to have a beastly afternoon!" growled Raby.

"Bless Carthew!" grunted Newcome.

"We'll jolly well rag him!" said Putty Grace of the Fourth.

"Hear, hear!"

Putty's suggestion seemed to catch on. There was a perceptible brightening of faces among the juniors, who were discussing matters in the Fourth Form passage.

Jimmy Silver looked grave. "Uncle James" of Rookwood was, perhaps, a little more thoughtful than other fellows in his Form.

"Good!" said Arthur Edward Lovell heartily. "We'll jolly well make Carthew sorry he's butted into the Fourth!"

"Yes, rather!"

"Rag him baldheaded!" said Mornington. "As soon as he begins we'll all buzz inkpots at him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jimmy Silver shook his head. He was no more pleased than the rest of the Fourth to hear that Carthew, a prefect of the Sixth, was to take the Form that afternoon, in the place of Mr. Dalton.

Mr. Dalton, master of the Fourth, was taking the Head's place in the Sixth Form room, the Head being otherwise occupied that day. Naturally, Mr. Dalton had to be replaced. The Head had assigned the task to Carthew of the Sixth.

Carthew should certainly have been equal to the task. He had little more to do than to keep order in the Form-room for a couple of hours, to give out some papers, and to collect them afterwards. But all the Fourth felt that there would be trouble if Carthew took charge of them. Carthew was a bully, and he was not likely to let slip an opportunity of making himself unpleasant, especially towards Jimmy Silver & Co., his old foes.

So, as there was bound to be trouble anyhow, the idea of beginning by ragging Carthew of the Sixth was quite popular. Only "Uncle James" shook his reflective head.

"Look here, Jimmy," bawled Lovell hotly, "you needn't shake your fat head, because we're going to rag Carthew. See?"

"Not good enough, old bean," said Jimmy Silver decidedly. "If there's trouble, it can't be helped; but we're not going to ask for it."

"Who's afraid of Carthew?" hooted Townsend.

"Nobody, I hope," said Jimmy. "But the Head's behind Carthew, and if we rag Carthew, we can't rag the Head, I suppose. We don't want floggings handed out."

"Who's afraid of a flogging?" sneered Peele.

"Well, you are, for one," said Jimmy cheerfully. "Last time you were flogged for breaking bounds, Peele, you made all Rookwood ring. You could have been heard nearly as far as Coombe."

"Hn, ha, ha!"

"All very well to jest about

floggings before they happen," went on Jimmy Silver. "But when they happen along it's quite another matter. We're going to be good this afternoon."

"Good?" snorted Lovell.

"Jolly good!" said Jimmy Silver firmly. "Carthew will be looking for a chance to catch us out, and we're not going to be asses enough to play into his hands."

"Something in that," said Erroll. "Lots in it!" said Jimmy. "If there's trouble, we don't want to be in the wrong. We can't back up against the Head and we don't want to. But we can disappoint Carthew by refusing to give him a chance at us."

"I'd rather rag him!" growled Lovell.

"That's because you're an ass, old chap!" Jimmy Silver explained kindly.

"Look here, Jimmy—"

"Silver's right!" said Valentine Mornington. "We don't want to ask for trouble. All the same, I'm pretty certain that there will be trouble; Carthew simply can't help bullying."

"Well, if he asks for it, we'll let him have it," said the captain of the Fourth. "But we want to get through without a row if we can. The Head's seeing some distinguished visitors at Rookwood this afternoon, and we don't want a shindy in the Form-room while they're here."

"Oh, blow the visitors!" said Lovell. "What do they want to come butting in for?"

"Jimmy's right!" said Erroll. "Let's keep the peace if we can. After all, perhaps Carthew won't ask for trouble."

"Doesn't he always ask for trouble?" growled Lovell.

"Well, he does often enough, but if—"

"Why couldn't the Head send us Bulkeley or Neville?" demanded Lovell. "They'd be all right. The fact is, Carthew sugars him and pulls his old leg."

"Look out! Here he comes!" whispered Raby.

Lovell snorted again. He was not disposed to "look out" simply because Mark Carthew of the Sixth Form was coming. However, he ceased his tirade, which was just as well.

Carthew came up the staircase to the Fourth Form passage and looked over the group of juniors with a rather unpleasant glance. It was not yet quite time for class; apparently the bully of the Sixth was taking on his brief authority a little early.

"What are you fags hanging about here for?" he asked gruffly.

"Talkin' about you, old bean," said Mornington cheerily.

Carthew scowled.

"And what were you saying?"

"Discussin' what a nice chap you are, and how they must love you at home, and what a pity it is that they've not got you there now," answered Morny.

There was a chuckle among the juniors. Jimmy Silver frowned. This really was not the way to talk to a Sixth Form prefect; but Morny always was reckless. Certainly Jimmy liked Carthew even less than Morny did; nevertheless, there was a fitness of things that should have been observed.

Carthew fixed his eyes on Mornington.

"You will take two hundred lines, Mornington," he said.

"Thanks!"

"Three hundred!" snapped Carthew.

"Thanks again!"

"Five hundred!" roared Carthew.

"Aren't you a bit too generous?" asked Mornington. "Blessed if I ever saw such an open-handed chap! Thanks once more!"

Fortunately, the bell for classes rang just then.

"Come on!" exclaimed Erroll, and he caught Morny's arm and rushed him away towards the staircase. The juniors scampered after them, leaving Carthew of the Sixth standing with a scowl upon his face.



AN INTERRUPTION! There came a rush of footsteps outside the Head's study, and the door burst suddenly open. Carthew of the Sixth, rumped and breathless, bolted in. Dr. Chisholm's grim glance turned on him. "Carthew! How dare you! Explain this intrusion immediately, sir?"

"Hold on! I haven't finished talking to Carthew yet, Erroll!" exclaimed Mornington.

"Yes, you have!" answered Erroll, and he did not let go. Valentine Mornington went perforce down the stairs, and Erroll did not release his arm till they were in the Fourth Form room.

The 2nd Chapter.

Distinguished Visitors at Rookwood.

Mr. Richard Dalton, the master of the Fourth, was in the Form-room when the juniors arrived there. As they had not expected their Form master to be present the juniors came in with a scampering rush. But at the sight of Mr. Dalton they calmed down at once and went quietly to their places.

The young Form master was by no means severe, and he seldom inflicted punishments; but he had his Form very well in hand. He was very popular in the Fourth. Jimmy Silver & Co. admired him greatly, and even slackers like Tubby Muffin, and outsiders like Peele and Gower, rather liked him. The fact that he was a boxer and a footballer added to his popularity. Many and many a time

the Fourth had rolled up on Big Side to cheer "Dicky" Dalton when he was playing football with the mighty men of the Sixth.

"Dicky's here after all," murmured Lovell. "Perhaps—"

"Shurrup! He's speaking."

"My boys," said Mr. Dalton, in his quiet voice, "Carthew of the Sixth Form will be in charge here this afternoon. I rely upon you to show him the same respect and obedience that you are accustomed to show me."

There was a murmur in the Classical Fourth. It died away under Mr. Dalton's rather stern glance.

"I rely upon you especially, Silver, as head boy of the Form, to see that there is no disorder here," said the young master.

"Certainly, sir," said Jimmy.

Carthew came in, in time to hear what was said. He looked at Mr. Dalton with a veiled impertinence in his expression.

"No need for that, sir," he said coolly.

"What?"

"I'm quite capable of keeping the juniors in order, sir," said Carthew. "I don't require any assistance from Silver."

Mr. Dalton compressed his lips. It was not by his request that Mark Carthew had been assigned to take charge of his Form. The Head had issued his directions without consulting the Form master who certainly would have chosen Bulkeley, or Neville, or Lonsdale. It was a trifling matter, doubtless. It was in such trifling matters that the Head sometimes showed a slight lack of consideration for the members of his

Bulkeley to take charge of my Form during my absence?"

Dr. Chisholm raised his brows.

"Is not Carthew in charge of your Form?"

"Yes; but—"

"Carthew has not, I suppose, expressed any unwillingness?" exclaimed the Head, bending his brows. "He seemed to me to be very anxious to make himself useful."

"Not at all, sir; but—"

Dr. Chisholm glanced at his watch. "I am afraid we are wasting time, Mr. Dalton. In fact, I think I hear a car on the drive at this moment."

And with the slightest inclination of his head, Dr. Chisholm rustled on, leaving Mr. Dalton to proceed to the Sixth Form room with flushed cheeks. Dr. Chisholm was soon busy in greeting half a dozen distinguished visitors, and in that occupation he forgot the existence of Mr. Dalton, and of his Form.

It was quite an important band of visitors. There were a famous general and an admiral among them; and still more important, the famous general's wife and the admiral's wife. There was the famous general's son, chiefly distinguished by an eyeglass and flaxen hair nicely parted in the middle; and there was the admiral's daughter, a fashionable young lady who brought an atmosphere of Bond Street and the Rue de la Paix under the dusky old roof of Rookwood.

The Head wore the fixed, propitiatory smile he always wore on such occasions, not by the movement of a muscle indicating that he was mentally counting the minutes till his distinguished visitors should take their distinguished departure.

The distinguished party had to be greeted, each member with the required degree of cordial courtesy, and something had to be done with the lot of them till the moment arrived for them to take tea with Mrs. Chisholm in the Head's house.

Naturally they made a round of the school, and looked into the Form-rooms, the fashionable young lady especially declaring that she should dearly love to see the dear boys at their lessons. They looked in on the Sixth and the Fifth, who rose to their feet and grinned sheepishly while they were looked at; they looked in on the Shell, much to the confusion of the Shell fellows, the young lady's bright glance making Adolphus Smythe of the Shell feel that he could kick himself for not having put on his latest waistcoat, and making Jobson, the sloven of the Form, try to squeeze out of sight behind Tracy. And then the Head, with the same fixed smile frozen on his severe face, led his flock towards the Fourth Form room.

And as they approached that apartment, and had nearly reached the door, there came an unexpected sound from the room.

"Yaroooooh!"

The Head stopped—his flock stopped.

Crash!

Bump!

"Yooooooooooooooop!"

Apparently something was "up" in the Fourth Form room—something that was not calculated to make a desirable impression upon distinguished visitors to Rookwood!

The 3rd Chapter.

Carthew Asks For It.

It was Carthew's fault. All the Classical Fourth could have sworn to that.

Jimmy Silver was determined to keep order if he could; and the Classical Fourth were, in point of fact, very good. They would have preferred to rag Carthew; but Jimmy's influence was strong. And to back up Jimmy's influence, there was the desire of the Form to avoid giving trouble to Dicky Dalton. Trouble in the Fourth probably meant that Dicky Dalton would be called over the coals afterwards by the Head, and his loyal Form did not want that. So the Classical Fourth nobly repressed their keen desire to rag Carthew, and determined to be very good.

But it was a case of the wolf and the lamb over again. Even Mornington was pacific. But it was useless for one party to be pacific when the other party was bent on trouble.

Carthew, dressed in a little brief authority, was determined to make the Fourth realise that they were under his thumb. More than once his propensity to bullying had been checked by Mr. Dalton. But now the bully of the Sixth had matters in his own hands, and he meant to make the most of his opportunity.

(Continued overleaf.)

Simply great—"Fourth Form Rebels!" next Monday's long story of Jimmy Silver & Co. of Rookwood School. Don't miss it!



Mr. Dalton's Dilemma!

By Owen Conquest

(Continued from previous page.)

A dozen juniors were on their feet now as well as Lovell.

"Hold out your hand, Lovell!"

"Rats!"

"By gad!" breathed Carthew.

He made a jump at Arthur Edward Lovell, and caught him by the collar with his left hand. The cane swished in his right and came down across Lovell's shoulders with a mighty swipe.

Lovell yelled—the wild yell that greeted the Head and his distinguished visitors in the corridor. The next moment he had "buzzed" the inkpot at Carthew, and there was a howl from the bully of the Sixth.

"Back up!" panted Mornington.

"I—I say—" stammered Jimmy Silver in deep dismay.

"What's the good—you can see Carthew is bent on it!" exclaimed Putty. "Pile in, you fellows!"

"Rescue!" gasped Lovell.

Carthew, his face smothered with ink and his nose considerably hurt by the inkpot, was laying on the cane with savage recklessness. It was too

had followed as he struggled wildly in the clutches of the excited juniors. Then, in the grasp of eight or nine fellows, who grasped him wherever there was room to grasp, he was swept to the door. Putty of the Fourth threw the Form-room door open wide.

"Kick him out!"

"Hurrah!"

"Boot out the cad!"

"G-r-r-r-r-r!" came in strangled accents from Carthew of the Sixth.

"Outside!"

"Boot him!"

Right through the doorway went Carthew, flying. He crashed in the corridor and rolled over, followed by a roar of wrath and derision from the Fourth. Over rolled Carthew, and he sat up, spluttering—sat up, at the feet of the Head and his distinguished visitors! They stared at Carthew, and Carthew blinked at them, and spluttered. And for a moment or two the Head and his flock stood motionless, dumb, staring—just as if they were playing at "living pictures."

The 4th Chapter.

Horrid for the Head.

Dr. Chisholm found his voice.

"Carthew! Is—is—is that Carthew?"

"Grooooooh!"

"Answer me!"

"Gug-gug!"

"What—"

"Oooooooooooooch!"

"Go alter the cad!" came a yell from the Form-room. "Boot him back to the Sixth!"

"Hurrah!"

had become elaborately unconscious of anything that was going on. The Head read nothing in their faces; but he could guess a great deal. It required a herculean effort to recall the mechanical smile to his lips.

"I regret this very much." The Head's voice was calm. "A slight disorder in a junior Form—unprecedented, I am happy to say, in the annals of Rookwood. The oak carving in this corridor is extremely ancient, and is considered almost unique."

And the disconcerted visitors turned with relief to the ancient oak carving in the corridor. In a few seconds the unhappy occurrence was apparently forgotten, as if it had never been. But the Head had not forgotten, and he knew that his visitors had not forgotten. He knew how the general and the admiral would discuss it at their club—he could guess what the general's wife and the admiral's wife would say—he had a faint perception of what the admiral's daughter was thinking, and he believed that he could detect a faint grin on the face of the general's son already. Distinguished visitors at Rookwood were always, of course, a bore and a worry to the Head; but this especial visit had become a real torture. The Head would have given a year's salary to see them go, and they, probably, would have given as much to depart; but social manners and customs had to be observed, and Dr. Chisholm had to smile mechanically through tea in the Head's house. Yet how much he felt like smiling his visitors may have surmised.

Meanwhile, the "row" in the

Sixth. He looked across at Bulkeley at last.

"Bulkeley, there has been some trouble in my Form-room, and it appears that Carthew is no longer in charge there. May I request you to take the Fourth until I am at liberty?"

"Certainly, sir," answered Bulkeley at once.

And the captain of Rookwood quitted the Sixth, possibly not sorry to take the Fourth instead of continuing to penetrate into the mysteries of classic Greek.

Bulkeley arrived at the Fourth Form room and found it as quiet as the tomb. He entered. There were fresh inkstains on the floor—all the ink that had been poured on Carthew had not landed on him. Otherwise, there was no sign of disturbance.

Jimmy Silver and his comrades were in their places, their papers on their desks before them, writing industriously.

Bulkeley looked at them in some surprise.

Mr. Dalton had told him that there had been trouble; but he could see nothing amiss.

As a matter of fact, the sight of the Head's deeply incensed face in the corridor had scared the juniors, and Jimmy Silver's influence was hardly needed to restore order. All the Fourth knew that there would be trouble—serious trouble—to follow the booting-out of the prefect who had been placed over them. That knowledge controlled any inclination to further rioting.

At any moment, indeed, the Fourth expected to see the Head enter to inquire into the matter, and they realised that it would be only judicious to let the Head find them quiet and dutiful.

So Bulkeley found a model Form hard at work.

He watched them for a few minutes, puzzled, and called to the captain of the Fourth at last.

"Silver, where is Carthew?"

"I don't know, Bulkeley," answered Jimmy.

"Wasn't he in charge here?"

"He was."

"Has there been a row?"

"I—I think so."

"I thought I heard something in the Sixth Form room," said Bulkeley, "but I suppose the Head will inquire into it. All right!"

Bulkeley sat down at the Form master's desk, and the juniors went on with their papers. The papers were finished and collected, and Bulkeley proceeded to go over them. He was thus engaged when the buzz of a big car was heard on the drive outside the School House. The distinguished visitors were departing at last.

Jimmy Silver & Co. exchanged glances. They realised that the visiting party had detained the Head all this time, which was why he had not looked in on them. Now it was time for the thunderbolt.

"Now for the jolly old fireworks!" murmured Mornington.

"We're not to blame," said Lovell.

"Carthew drove us to it, didn't he?"

Morny shrugged his shoulders.

"We shall explain to the Head," said Jimmy Silver quietly. "He's bound to give us a hearing."

"Yes, rather!" said Putty.

There was a step in the corridor. The Form-room door opened. Dr. Chisholm stepped in, followed by Mr. Dalton. And a thrill ran through all the members of the Classical Fourth.

The 5th Chapter.

Head's Orders.

Dr. Chisholm stood facing the Fourth, his brows bent and grim, his eyes glittering under them.

Carthew did not appear. Whether he had already given his version of the occurrence to the Head, the juniors did not know.

There was nearly a minute of silence, while the boldest of the Fourth quailed under the Head's glittering glance. Then Dr. Chisholm's deep voice rumbled like thunder.

"There has been a disgraceful scene in this Form-room this afternoon. The whole Form seems to have been engaged in it."

Silence.

"A prefect, placed in charge by me, has been violently assaulted and hurled out of the Form-room."

The juniors kept their eyes on the floor. Dr. Chisholm turned to Mr. Richard Dalton.

"Mr. Dalton!"

"Sir!"

"You will be kind enough to inflict the most exemplary punishment

BOYS' FRIEND FAVOURITES!



TONY BUNTING of The Tallantyre.

He had a great passion for the sea, and therefore the stout little fellow wended his way to the Tynemouth Docks, where he hoped to be able to earn a living and perhaps secure a berth on one of the great ocean-going vessels.

But success is not gained in a day, and as the years went on Tony, the dock-rat, found it anything but an easy matter to gain his ambition. Many and varied were the different jobs which he was compelled to perform in his struggle for existence, and the remuneration which he received only just about provided him with sufficient food to keep going. As for shelter, the youngster had to be content with such places as store-sheds in which to snatch a few hours of sleep. But for all his rough but honest living, Tony, who is now sixteen, is a strong and healthy youngster. Through manfully sticking to his guns, the day for which he sighed

Many youngsters finding themselves alone in the world as Tony Bunting did when he was but twelve years of age would have fretted away until some kind friend or an orphanage took them in hand and kept them until they were old enough to fend for themselves. But Tony was not built that way. Courage was his strong point, and he determined to go out in the world there and then and earn his daily bread.

much for Jimmy Silver & Co.—too much for the rest of the Fourth. Mornington led a scrambling rush at Carthew, but Jimmy was a good second.

"Collar him!"

"Boot the cad!"

A dozen hands grasped Carthew. His cane was torn away, and in the grasp of the juniors he went whirling out of the forms. He crashed against the Form master's desk, and then went to the floor with a heavy bump.

"Rag him!" yelled Putty.

"Kick him out!"

"Hurrah!"

Carthew sat up dazedly. Nearly all the Classical Fourth swarmed out of their seats, and they closed in on the dizzy prefect like the waves of the sea on a wreck. Jimmy Silver was the first to grasp him. Keeping order in the Fourth was impossible now; Carthew had made it impossible.

And as disorder was the order of the day, so to speak, Jimmy Silver was as keen as anyone else to make Carthew pay for the trouble he had caused. If there was to be a "row" with the Head, it was only common-sense to "take it out" of Carthew in advance.

And it was "taken out" of Carthew with great energy. He was bumped on the floor of the Form-room, struggling and yelling wildly. Half a dozen inkpots were emptied over him, till he looked like a very dishevelled nigger minstrel. His collar and tie were gone, most of his buttons

Five or six juniors appeared from the doorway, and came face to face with the Head and his party. They halted, transfixed. There was a gasp of horror.

"The Head!"

Back into the Form-room they went, helter-skelter. Somebody shut the door.

Dr. Chisholm controlled himself with an effort. Never in his career as a schoolmaster, probably, had the Head of Rookwood been in so deep and intense a rage. It was not only the rebellion and the disorder—bad enough as they were—but in the presence of his distinguished visitors.

What were they thinking of it? What were they thinking of Rookwood? What would they think of the Head—and say?

But the Head controlled himself. There was deep silence in the Fourth Form room now. Nobody there even ventured to whisper, with the Head just outside. Dr. Chisholm gave Carthew one word:

"Go!"

The hapless prefect scrambled up and vanished round the nearest corner. He was glad to go.

Dr. Chisholm turned to his visitors. He found that all six of them were gazing from the corridor window into the quadrangle, deeply, intensely interested in a view of the clock-tower. What they thought—and undoubtedly their thoughts must have been busy—they did not show in their faces. After the first moment or two of shocked amazement they

has come at last to reward him, and by proving exceptionally smart in the rigging he has earned himself the nickname "Topsail Tony."

So did Tony go to sea, and quickly he discovered that a life on the ocean wave is not all honey. But the knowledge of this has not discouraged him one bit; he is determined to take the rough with the smooth.

Always a thorough good sportsman, Tony knows the meaning of the words play the game. No one could wish for a better friend than Tony. He has the right spirit—the spirit of the bulldog breed, and no matter how desperate a situation in which he may find himself, he never gives up hope. And he can use his fists to great purpose. That much he demonstrated when he had occasion to show Crab Wilson, the rascally son of the mate, the error of his ways when he found him appropriating some of the Tallantyre's cargo.

Tony has enemies in plenty, but for no reason of his own. In the main he is the essence of friendliness, and ever ready to make pals. With Bender Fowkes he is now a blood brother of Malaita Charlie, the half-breed, who is his staunch friend. The three are pledged to share each other's troubles and joys, and they are determined to stick to this strange fellowship through thick and thin.

Fourth was a whispered topic all through Rookwood.

The din and uproar had been heard in the Third and the Shell, and Third Form fags and Shell fellows whispered over it, in wonder and keen interest. The Fifth had heard it, and they wondered and whispered. Even to the quiet, scholastic precincts of the Sixth Form room some echo had reached; but Mr. Dalton, with the Sixth, had not guessed what was taking place, and he penetrated deep into Greek roots with the seniors, in blissful ignorance of the state of his own Form, till Mr. Bohun looked in. Mr. Bohun, a beholder of the scene, had in the Form-room passage from the door of his own room. He felt bound to apprise Mr. Dalton of what had happened.

The Sixth were rather interested to see Mr. Bohun enter their quarters and engage in a murmured colloquy with Mr. Dalton. They observed that Richard Dalton started and frowned and looked deeply troubled. Mr. Bohun took his departure—he could not venture to leave the Third long to their own devices—and Mr. Dalton stood for a few moments in anxious thought. Carthew had been kicked out of the Fourth room, and the Fourth were left alone, uncontrolled, and apparently it was with the Fourth as it was of old when there was no king of Israel, and every man did what was right in his own eyes.

That was not a state in which the Fourth could be left, and yet Mr. Dalton could not very well desert the

on every member of the Fourth Form.

Mr. Dalton flushed. "I will make an immediate inquiry into the circumstances, sir," he began.

Dr. Chisholm raised his hand, interrupting him.

"That is quite superfluous, Mr. Dalton. I was a witness to what occurred, and there is no occasion for inquiry."

"But, sir, the boys may have some explanation—"

"No explanation is possible, sir, of a disgraceful scene which has shamed and humiliated me in the presence of a number of visitors to the school."

Mr. Dalton bit his lip and was silent. All eyes in the Fourth turned on Jimmy Silver. It was for the captain of the Fourth to voice the protest of his Form. Jimmy drew a deep breath and stepped forward. Certainly he did not like making the venture, but Jimmy was not a fellow to shrink from his duty.

"Dr. Chisholm—" he faltered. The Head fixed a basilisk look on him.

"You need not speak, Silver."

"I can explain, sir—"

"You can explain nothing. Do you deny that Carthew of the Sixth Form was attacked in this Form-room?"

"No, sir; but—"

"That he was hurled out in the presence of myself and a number of distinguished visitors to the school?" thundered the Head.

"No, sir! But—"

"Enough!"

"I—I can explain, sir!"

"You cannot explain away what I saw with my own eyes, Silver."

"Carthew forced us—"

"Silence!" said the Head in a formidable voice.

Jimmy Silver ceased. The Head, taking no further notice of him, addressed Richard Dalton.

"Mr. Dalton, I leave this matter in your hands, only directing that the punishment of these unruly juniors be exemplary. You will cane every boy in the Classical Fourth Form, administering not less than six cuts to each boy. That is all."

And without waiting for any rejoinder from Mr. Dalton the Head swept from the Form-room.

He left a dead silence behind him. The magnitude of the punishment rather took away the breath of the juniors. Caneing a whole Form was not a light task, with an allowance of six cuts to each fellow, even for an athlete like Dicky Dalton. It was, as Putty of the Fourth murmured, a "shipping order."

And it was unjust.

No doubt the occasion called for severity. But the Fourth had been condemned without inquiry, without being allowed to say a word in their own defence.

The Head was satisfied with what he had seen. Unfortunately, he had seen only a part of the affair. Had he seen also Carthew's petty persecution and bullying, his decision certainly would have been different. But he had not seen that, and he did not choose to be told about it.

This was, in fact, another example of the Head's autocratic methods, which caused so much heart-burning in masters' Common-room.

There was a long, long silence in the Form-room. The rustle of the Head's gown had died away. Bulkeley of the Sixth had gone out quietly. Mr. Dalton was left alone, facing his Form.

He did not turn towards his desk for the cane. He stood silent and troubled, his handsome face a little pale.

Lovell nudged Jimmy Silver.

"Put it to Dicky!" he whispered.

"Look here, we're going through a thumping licking for nothing."

"Head's orders," whispered Jimmy.

"We can stand it. What's the good of making trouble for Dicky?"

"Dicky's our Form master, and he's bound to get us justice."

"H'm! But—"

"He can put it to the Head," said Lovell in a fierce whisper. "I'm not going to be licked. I—"

"Silence, please!" It was Mr. Dalton's quiet voice, and Lovell's fierce whisper was silenced at once.

"Silver!"

"Yes, sir."

"Kindly give me a full account of what took place here in my absence."

"Certainly, sir!"

"Go it, Jimmy!" came several encouraging whispers.

Jimmy Silver went it. He gave Mr. Dalton a description of the trouble in the Fourth Form, and he tried to give it in the principle of Othello, "nothing extenuating, nor setting down aught in malice."

A dozen fellows chimed in to help him out, but Mr. Dalton motioned to them to be silent.

He heard Jimmy Silver to the end without interruption. Then he questioned a number of the juniors.

Possibly there were some excited exaggerations in the accounts he received. But Mr. Dalton was easily able to sift the exaggerations. His own knowledge of Carthew's character helped him to come to a right judgment.

That the Fourth had acted in an unruly way was clear, from the point of view of a Form master. That they had been driven into resistance by a bully, taking an unfair advantage of a temporary position of authority, was equally clear to Mr. Dalton.

His position was a very painful one. He had the direct command of the headmaster to punish the whole Form with severity. And his own sense of justice rebelled against the command. Whatever punishment might be handed out to the Fourth, certainly a more severe punishment should have been handed out to Carthew of the Sixth. And evidently Carthew was not to be punished at all, or even to have his conduct inquired into.

The Fourth eyed Mr. Dalton breathlessly.

us all round because that cad Carthew bullied us."

"Hear, hear!"

"Good old Dicky!"

"But the Head's orders!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Blow the Head!"

"Bless his orders!"

"Dicky will explain to him, and bring him round," said Raby.

"Dicky's bound to see justice done. Dash it all, the Head's no right to treat him as if he were an executioner."

"No fear!"

"I say!" Tubby Muffin put a fat and excited face into the doorway.

"Dicky's gone to the Head's study."

"Gone to talk to the Head," said Lovell, with a nod. "I hope he'll put it plain to the old boy."

"Gone to ask for the sack, more likely," sneered Peele.

"The what?" ejaculated Lovell.

"Order of the boot," grinned Peele.

"The Head isn't a man to be argued with. It's the boot for Dalton."

"Rot!"

"Rats!"

"The Head wouldn't!" exclaimed half a dozen fellows breathlessly.

"He jolly well would!" said Peele.

"Dalton's got to obey orders or go. You can get ready for that licking."

believe decently for once? Let's go and rag Carthew."

"Ass! That would only make things worse for Dicky."

"Here comes the cad!" growled Rawson.

Carthew of the Sixth looked into the junior Common-room. His face was pale and bitter. He was still feeling the effects of his rough handling by the Fourth. There were bumps and bruises all over him. He had cleaned off the ink, but the more serious marks were likely to take a long time to go.

Silence fell on the juniors, and they stared at Mark Carthew with deep animosity. It was not a judicious moment for the bully of the Sixth to venture among them; but Carthew was under the impression that they had been "through it," and he expected to find them in a very subdued state. Instead of which, the juniors were in a state of great exasperation, and not inclined to take any more nonsense from the unpopular prefect.

"Silver! Mornington!" rapped out Carthew.

"Adsum!" said Morny.

Jimmy did not answer.

"You will bring your lines to my study immediately after tea."

from unruly lads, and the sight of it encouraged the Fourth. They burst into pursuit at once.

"After him!"

"Funk!"

"Rag him!"

"Stop!" shouted Jimmy Silver.

It was not for Carthew that he was concerned, but for his comrades and for Mr. Dalton. But in the tumult no heed was paid to Jimmy.

A wild mob raged at the heels of Mark Carthew, and the ashpant, in Lovell's grip, thrashed upon his shoulders as he ran.

"Give him jip!" roared Newcome.

"Collar him!"

"Lick him!"

Whack, whack, whack!

Carthew, in a state of terror now at the storm he had raised, bolted for his life. He turned the corner into Head's corridor, and rushed on towards Dr. Chisholm's study.

There the most reckless of the juniors paused. Even Arthur Edward Lovell, wildly excited as he was, did not venture to pursue the bully of the Sixth to the Head's door.

"Hold on!" gasped Lovell.

"By gad, we've done it this time!" murmured Mornington.

And the juniors surged back to their own quarters, feeling that they had indeed "done it."

The 7th Chapter.

The Casting of the Die.

Mr. Dalton was in the Head's study.

He was feeling extremely uncomfortable, and perhaps a little apprehensive, but he had his duty to do, and he was going to do it.

It was no light matter to face the Head of Rookwood, and argue with him, instead of carrying out his commands. The Head was, in the main, a just man, but he was impatient of contradiction. The mere hint of opposition brought into his eyes a steady, steely look which was hard to meet. And at the present moment he was very angry. Mr. Dalton would have preferred to give the stubborn old gentleman time to calm down; but evidently matters would have become worse had the Head learned in the interval that his orders had not been carried out. So there was nothing for it but to beard the lion in his den.

"Mr. Dalton"—the Head's glance rested grimly on the young man as he entered—"there has been, I trust, no further insubordination in your Form?"

"None, sir."

"I am glad to hear it. The punishment you have administered will doubtless be a warning to these unruly Lower boys."

Mr. Dalton shifted uncomfortably.

"That is what I wish to speak to you about, sir. The—the punishment is not yet administered."

Dr. Chisholm raised his brows.

"Did I not make my meaning clear, Mr. Dalton?"

"Quite clear, sir. But I felt it my duty, as master of the Form, to inquire into the matter before administering punishment."

"Indeed!"

"The juniors have explained the matter to me. Certainly they acted in a riotous manner; but it is clear to my mind that they were provoked into resistance—"

"Mr. Dalton!"

"I am sorry to say, sir, that Carthew did not carry out his duties as you would have wished. He seems to have taken the opportunity to wreak old grudges upon boys he dislikes in my Form."

"The juniors have told you so?"

"They have not exactly told me so; but I have made a careful inquiry, and—"

"And you have not carried out my directions?"

"So far, no, sir. I trust you will allow me—"

"I will allow you, Mr. Dalton, to remember that you are a subordinate member of my staff, and that I am headmaster of Rookwood!" said Dr. Chisholm, in freezing tones. "I am not accustomed to having my judgments set aside by subordinates, especially by the youngest subordinate on my staff."

"I—I think, sir—"

"You are not required to think, Mr. Dalton."

"Indeed, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Dalton, nettled.

"Yes, indeed, sir!" said the Head grimly. "I am so self-opinionated, Mr. Dalton, as really to believe that my judgment is superior to that of my youngest subordinate. I decline to enter, for one moment, into a discussion of the matter which I have already decided. My directions to

(Continued on page 512.)



THE HEAD'S UNTIMELY ARRIVAL! The excited juniors hurled Carthew through the doorway of the Form room and he crashed in the corridor. The Sixth-Former sat up spluttering—sat up at the feet of the Head and his distinguished visitors! Dr. Chisholm found his voice at last. "Carthew!" he said sternly. "Is—is that Carthew?"

He was their Form master—a master they admired and respected. They looked to him instinctively for justice. But they vaguely understood the difficulty of his position, and they wondered what was going to happen.

There was a long silence.

Had Mr. Dalton, with a view to his own interests and a quiet life, intended to carry out the Head's orders without question, it would have been judicious to do so without making any inquiry at all. Now he had made the inquiry.

He spoke at last.

"For the present, the Form is dismissed," he said.

The punishment had not been administered. In silence the Fourth filed out of their Form-room.

The 6th Chapter.

What Next?

"Good old Dicky!"

"Isn't he a jolly old brick?"

"Good man!"

Most of the Fourth had gathered in the junior Common-room, where there was breathless discussion of the afternoon's happenings.

"Dicky" Dalton's popularity in his Form had always been great, now it was greater than ever.

The Fourth were jubilant.

"Dicky's the man!" said Arthur Edward Lovell with great satisfaction.

"Dicky's going to see us through! I knew he jolly well wouldn't lick

Dalton won't give up a good job to save our bacon. Jobs ain't so easy to get in these days. Schoolmasters are a drug on the market."

"Oh, shut up, Peele!"

"What do you think, Jimmy?" asked Lovell anxiously. His exuberant satisfaction was very considerably diminished at the bare idea of Dicky Dalton getting the "boot" from Rookwood.

Jimmy Silver looked deeply worried.

"I'm afraid it's trouble for Dicky," he answered. "And I know I'd rather take the licking, or a dozen lickings, rather than see old Dicky leave Rookwood."

"Yes, rather!"

"But he can't leave! He shan't leave!" roared Lovell indignantly.

"Why, we'll jolly well rag the Head if he does!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bother it!" said Putty. "I—I wish Dicky had just laded it out and said nothing. We can stand a licking."

"He wouldn't when he knew it wasn't just," said Jimmy Silver moodily. "Old Dicky's too good a man for that—he's a sportsman. But the Head isn't a man to listen to reason."

"It's that cad Carthew's fault," said Lovell savagely. "Why couldn't he

"Go and eat coke," said Mornington politely.

"Get out, Carthew!" shouted Lovell.

"Kick the cad out!" yelled Flynn.

From somewhere at the back of the room a cushion whizzed. It caught Carthew fairly in the face, and he staggered and sat down in the doorway. There was a roar.

"Bump him!"

"Boot him!"

"Rag the cad!"

"Let him alone, you duffers!" shouted Jimmy Silver.

But in the excitement and exasperation of the moment the voice of "Uncle James" was unheeded.

A mob of excited fellows rushed at Carthew as he staggered up. He had brought his ashpant with him, and he lashed out with it as the Fourth-Formers rushed on him.

There were wild howls as the cane landed. But it was only for a moment or two that Carthew wielded the cane.

Then he was rushed over, and the ashpant was torn away from his grasp. He went down with a crash.

"Let me get at him!" roared Arthur Edward Lovell, brandishing the captured ashpant.

"Go it!"

"Hurrah!"

Whack, whack, whack!

Carthew yelled as the lashes landed. He leaped up, glared at the mob of juniors for a moment, and then bolted down the passage. Certainly Carthew was the only prefect at Rookwood who would have run

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Shadow-Boxing.

The professional boxer knows well enough the value of shadow-boxing; the amateur, particularly the young boxer, more often than not neglects it. This is a pity, because it is a useful exercise of which it is hardly possible to have too much.

Shadow-boxing is nothing more nor less than fighting an imaginary opponent—which, I quite realise, is one reason why the youthful boxer does so little of it—he prefers to hammer away at something more solid than the air. But it is an excellent exercise for the wind, particularly if the pupil will go at it with vigour and "fight" in three-minute rounds, advancing, leading off, and guarding, ducking, feinting, side-stepping, retreating, just as though there were a flesh-and-blood opponent facing him.

Judgment of distance it doesn't teach, but frequent practice will wonderfully improve one's footwork and quickness of hitting. Also it enables a learner to put into actual practice the correct manner of using his feet and his hands—delivering his blows, etc.—in the fashion the book tells him is correct, but which fashion, in the hurry and excitement of an actual sparring bout, the novice is very much apt to forget. To know how a certain punch should be delivered, or a guard or a duck made, is one thing; to do it properly when a glove with plenty of weight behind it is in danger of making sharp connection with one's face is quite another matter. But shadow-boxing will make one familiar with the proper method without the risk of something happening to upset all one's good intentions.

There is a further advantage to be gained. The hitting muscles not only get useful exercise, but they get the kind of exercise which produces endurance. Plenty of shadow-boxing does away with that awful tiredness of muscle which is liable to come upon one towards the end of the second round, when arms feel as heavy as lead and gloves weigh almost a ton and it is difficult to move them swiftly enough either to get in a good blow or to stop a hurtful one. Only too well can I recall the misery of that feeling, and the feeling of utter relief when comes the call of "Time!"

Floor Exercises for Boxers.

No class of athlete has recognised the value of "ground work"—the floor exercises that I have more than once recommended to my readers—so thoroughly as boxers. I allude to professional boxers, the men to whom physical fitness means their ability to earn a living. Yet the amateur, especially the young fellow, seldom worries his head or gives any time to these movements. He quite over-

looks their value. Now, I know I have amongst my readers a goodly number who are fond of boxing, and who go in for competitions; I want to get them interested in a form of exercise, the benefits of which they will feel when they're in the ring—after the first few minutes, say, the last part of the second round, when the first freshness has worn off, and the boxer is beginning to discover that his opponent isn't to be disposed of by a lucky punch, and there's a third round coming very shortly.

I've had personal experience of that third round—lots of it—and I know that it isn't always looked forward to with pleasure if you don't happen to be thoroughly fit. More than once I've wished that third round was over, and I don't doubt I have readers who have felt the same.

But given a fair amount of slow trotting—a couple of miles one or two evenings a week to give the lungs and heart staying power—and regular exercise at the ground movements, that last round, when weariness is creeping over the body, when your opponent seems fit as ever, and you're not sure that the balance of points is in your favour, needn't be such a worry to you.

The secret of endurance, of "sticking it" to the last moment, isn't in the arms so much as in the body—the middle body. These ground exercises will give it to you.

Exercise 1.

Sit up straight on the floor, not "all in a heap," body well lifted from the hips, feet well apart; extend arms sideways, height of shoulder. Now begin to turn your body at waist from left to right and back again, moving regularly, not very quickly—certainly not in jerks. Don't let arms lower—your deltoids are benefiting all the time; put a bit of a swing into your arms as the body turns. Keep it up until you have made at least ten turns each way. Practise this regularly, gradually increasing the turns until you can do twenty without any discomfort.

When you've finished, lower flat on back, arms by sides, and breathe in and out, slowly and deeply, half a dozen times. Then give the lower body a turn.

Exercise 2.

Sit up as before, but with hands resting on the floor, well away from body, to preserve balance. Bring legs together, raise from floor, and carry them round to the left—as far as you can; reverse movement, taking the swing around to the right. Go on, say, half a dozen times each side—more if you like; but a dozen each way will be sufficient. Take in the deep breaths as before, then go on to—

Exercise 3.

Lie flat on back, arms by sides, but away from body; carry legs over body, bend knees, and then work the legs and feet very much as you would as in pedalling at your push-bike. Don't forget to bring knees well down to body now and again. Continue this exercise until you feel the muscles affected beginning to ache a bit.

Breathing.

Once more I want to warn my readers against prolonged holding of the breath when engaged in vigorous physical exertion. A short stoppage of breathing while making a big muscular effort can't be prevented; in fact, the big muscular effort can't be made with respiration going on at the same time. But to prolong the combination of exertion and breath-holding is wrong, and may be dangerous. The heart becomes gorged with blood, and something may be weakened and give way.

Holding the breath without physical exertion is not dangerous—unless carried to excess. In some breathing exercises it is well to hold the breath, but only for a few seconds, but that even should not be attempted until the lungs and heart have been put through a sort of training. When at school, I recollect that some chaps would go in for a kind of breath-holding competition—a most silly and risky performance. To show the effect of prolonged breath-holding, let me remind you that I know South Pacific natives, divers for pearl-shell, who dive down two hundred or more feet to gather the shell, and will stay at that depth for as much as a couple of minutes—even longer sometimes. And the result is that they come up half-dead, choked, gasping; blood pouring from mouth, nose, and ears. The life of a pearl-diver is not a long one, for these fellows, of course, go down without helmets or any diving-dress.

Nearly as risky is the practice of some sprint hundred yards runners. They take in as big a gulp of air as they can when on the mark, completing the act of inhaling when the pistol is fired, and they try to run as far as they possibly can before exhaling—holding their breath. There was one man who could do this for ninety yards, letting out his breath in a terrible gasp over the last ten yards. Of course, he was on the verge of collapse when the tape was reached.

This was altogether wrong. Certainly it is correct to try to cover the hundred yards "in one breath," if you can do it; it's anything but easy, and needs an awful lot of practice. But the breath ought not to be "held"—be bottled up—for the fifty, sixty, seventy yards, or whatever distance it is the runner can get over before he is compelled to exhale. Exhalation should begin long before that, the breath being let out gradually, or in a series of little jerks. Then a short intake of breath should enable him to finish the sprint. Sprinters will find it useful to practise this breathing exercise. After a while they will command a control of their breathing that will surprise them. But I cannot give too strong a warning against holding the breath—"bottled up"—while severe muscular exertion is kept up for many seconds.

Percy Longhurst

(Look out for another helpful article.)



Mr. Dalton's Dilemma!

By Owen Conquest.

(Continued from page 503.)

"I am convinced, sir, that Carthew has provoked this outbreak, as he provoked the other," said Mr. Dalton firmly. "There was no trouble in my Form while Bulkeley was in control."

"Is it possible, Mr. Dalton, that you desire this fresh outbreak to be passed over?"

"I will inquire—"

Dr. Chisholm waved his hand.

"It is not a question of inquiry. I am satisfied on the subject, and this fresh occurrence confirms my opinion. The Fourth Form is in an unruly and insubordinate state. The events of this afternoon call for severe measures of discipline. You will be kind enough to say no more on the subject, but to carry out my orders."

"I am sorry, sir, but—"

The Head's look was like ice.

"You understand, Mr. Dalton, that if you refuse to do your duty in this school what consequences will follow?"

"I am trying to do my duty, sir, and I am only sorry that it seems to place me in opposition to your wishes," said the young man.

"That is enough, Mr. Dalton." The Head glanced at his watch. "It is now five o'clock. By half-past five I shall expect you to report to me that you have carried out my instructions, and that the Fourth Form have been severely punished. If I have not received that report from you by half-past five, Mr. Dalton, you are dismissed!"

The Fourth Form master breathed hard.

"Very well, sir," he said quietly.

With that he left the study.

Jimmy Silver & Co., in the junior Common-room, were discussing the situation with bated breath, wondering what would happen. Mr. Dalton, in his study, was pacing to and fro, thinking, with deep and gloomy trouble in his face. He liked Rookwood; he liked his work there; he liked the boys, and they liked him. Rookwood had been a happy home to Dicky Dalton. To leave it all behind him was hard. And there were other considerations. It was not easy to secure a new appointment in an overstocked labour market; or, rather, it was impossible with the slur of dismissal for insubordination upon him. It was the ruin of his career that the young man was facing in those dark moments.

Jimmy Silver & Co., in their quarters, heard the half-hour chime from the clock tower without guessing what it portended.

The die was cast!

THE END.

(Next Monday's stunning story of the chums of Rookwood School is entitled "Fourth Form Rebels!" Whatever you do don't miss it! Order your BOYS' FRIEND in advance and avoid disappointment!

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