

Result of Uncle Paul's Prize Competition Inside!—See page 569.

The BOYS' FRIEND 2d

EVERY MONDAY.

SIXTEEN BIG PAGES!

No. 1,187. Vol. XXIV.—New Series.]

THE BEST BOYS' PAPER IN THE WORLD!

[Week Ending March 8th, 1924.

The WINNING STREAK! BY WALTER EDWARDS.



The British Champion in a Bare Knuckle Fight Down East!

(A sensational incident from the magnificent boxing yarn in this issue.)

MORE THRILLS IN THIS STUNNING STORY OF THE ROOKWOOD REBELS!

The Retreat From Rookwood!

By OWEN CONQUEST.

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

The rebellious Fourth-Formers decide on a new plan of campaign!

The 1st Chapter.
Under Sentence!"Sacked!"
"Jimmy Silver?"
"Phew!"

"Bunked, you know," said Smythe of the Shell. "Bunked from Rookwood. Fact is, I'm not surprised. Cheeky young rotter, you know."

"Jimmy Silver—sacked!"

The news spread like wildfire through Rookwood School. Adolphus Smythe of the Shell stated that he was not surprised; but, as a matter of fact, the whole school was surprised, and a little incredulous.

Jimmy Silver, captain of the Fourth—junior captain of the school—sacked!

The Fourth and the Third and the Shell buzzed with the news. Even the great men of the Fifth and Sixth discussed it.

It was almost the one topic at Rookwood.

"The Head's going it!" remarked Hansom, of the Fifth. "First he bunks Mr. Dalton, the master of the Fourth; now he bunks Jimmy Silver! What next, I wonder?"

"What's Silver done?" inquired Talboys of the Fifth.

"Some row with Carker, his new Form master! The Fourth have been kickin' up a dust ever since Mr. Dalton was bunked. The fact is," said Hansom seriously, "the Head is a bit of a Tartar. Dicky Dalton was a good man, and Carker is a bit of a rotter. I'd have kicked if I'd been in the Fourth."

"Still, these dashed fags have to be kept in order!" said Talboys, shaking his head.

"Oh, yes!" said Hansom at once. "No doubt about that!"

That was a point upon which all the Fifth could agree.

While Rookwood School buzzed with the startling news, Jimmy Silver & Co. sat in the end study in the Fourth with grave faces. Jimmy was grave, but quite cool; Lovell and Raby and Newcome were dismayed. The Fisticular Four were waiting; they expected that Jimmy would be sent for. In times of emergency, "Uncle James" of Rookwood was always cool; but his chums marvelled at his coolness now.

"We're up against it, and no mistake!" Arthur Edward Lovell remarked, for about the tenth time.

"It was bound to come," said Jimmy Silver quietly. "We've agreed on a Form strike till Mr. Dalton comes back. This is only a move in the game."

"But—" said Raby.

"The Head won't give in!" said Newcome.

"And we won't," said Jimmy. "Mr. Dalton stood up for our rights, and was sacked. The Head's too high-handed. We're bound to stand by Dicky Dalton, as he stood by us."

"But the sack—" murmured Raby.

"Of course, Jimmy's not going," said Lovell. "The whole Form will stand by him. I'll jolly well wallop any fellow who doesn't!"

"But—" said Raby again.

To juniors, as a rule, the Head appeared as a dread personage clothed with irresistible authority. That resistance to that authority might be followed by expulsion from the school, was a fact known to all the rebels of Rookwood, and they had risked it. But when the blow came, it seemed to most of the fellows an overwhelming one.

The 1st Chapter.
Under Sentence!The 1st Chapter.
Under Sentence!"Sacked!"
"Jimmy Silver?"
"Phew!"

"Bunked, you know," said Smythe of the Shell. "Bunked from Rookwood. Fact is, I'm not surprised. Cheeky young rotter, you know."

"Jimmy Silver—sacked!"

The news spread like wildfire through Rookwood School. Adolphus Smythe of the Shell stated that he was not surprised; but, as a matter of fact, the whole school was surprised, and a little incredulous.

Jimmy Silver, captain of the Fourth—junior captain of the school—sacked!

The Fourth and the Third and the Shell buzzed with the news. Even the great men of the Fifth and Sixth discussed it.

It was almost the one topic at Rookwood.

"The Head's going it!" remarked Hansom, of the Fifth. "First he bunks Mr. Dalton, the master of the Fourth; now he bunks Jimmy Silver! What next, I wonder?"

"What's Silver done?" inquired Talboys of the Fifth.

"Some row with Carker, his new Form master! The Fourth have been kickin' up a dust ever since Mr. Dalton was bunked. The fact is," said Hansom seriously, "the Head is a bit of a Tartar. Dicky Dalton was a good man, and Carker is a bit of a rotter. I'd have kicked if I'd been in the Fourth."

"Still, these dashed fags have to be kept in order!" said Talboys, shaking his head.

"Oh, yes!" said Hansom at once. "No doubt about that!"

That was a point upon which all the Fifth could agree.

While Rookwood School buzzed with the startling news, Jimmy Silver & Co. sat in the end study in the Fourth with grave faces. Jimmy was grave, but quite cool; Lovell and Raby and Newcome were dismayed. The Fisticular Four were waiting; they expected that Jimmy would be sent for. In times of emergency, "Uncle James" of Rookwood was always cool; but his chums marvelled at his coolness now.

"We're up against it, and no mistake!" Arthur Edward Lovell remarked, for about the tenth time.

"It was bound to come," said Jimmy Silver quietly. "We've agreed on a Form strike till Mr. Dalton comes back. This is only a move in the game."

"But—" said Raby.

"The Head won't give in!" said Newcome.

"And we won't," said Jimmy. "Mr. Dalton stood up for our rights, and was sacked. The Head's too high-handed. We're bound to stand by Dicky Dalton, as he stood by us."

"But the sack—" murmured Raby.

"Of course, Jimmy's not going," said Lovell. "The whole Form will stand by him. I'll jolly well wallop any fellow who doesn't!"

"But—" said Raby again.

To juniors, as a rule, the Head appeared as a dread personage clothed with irresistible authority. That resistance to that authority might be followed by expulsion from the school, was a fact known to all the rebels of Rookwood, and they had risked it. But when the blow came, it seemed to most of the fellows an overwhelming one.



THE PREFECTS GET BUSY

"Come on, you fellows!" cried Bulkeley; and the prefects, with their ashplants in their hands, came in a body down the stairs.

Whack, whack, whack! The ashplants whacked on all sides, and there were wild yells from the Fourth Form rebels.

"No!" said Jimmy.

"We're all backin' you up, of course."

"Of course!" agreed Jimmy.

"The Head will send a prefect for you, I suppose," said Mornington. "Shall we collar him and roll him down the stairs?"

Jimmy Silver laughed.

"No; it will be Bulkeley, most likely; and we don't want a row with Bulkeley. If the Head wants to see me, I'll go."

"And tell him who's who, and what's what," said Lovell. "Leave it to Jimmy."

"Well, we're ready, if you want us," said Mornington, and he strolled down the passage, whistling.

Tubby Muffin looked into the end study a few minutes later. Muffin gave the Fisticular Four an agreeable grin.

"Sorry for you, Jimmy," he said.

"Thanks!"

"I hear you're going to-night," said Tubby.

"I dare say you've heard that," assented Jimmy.

"It's a bit rough," said Reginald Muffin. "I'm really sorry, and all that. Still, you might have expected it."

"I might."

"There you are, anyhow," said

"Not yet."

"Better get your things together, old man," advised Muffin. "The fact is, I'd like to move my things in here as soon as possible, before somebody else bags the study. I shall get on all right here with Lovell and Raby and Newcome. In fact, some fellows might think they'd made a change for the better."

"Oh, my hat!"

"I've asked Mr. Carker," said Tubby. "He says I can change into this study when you're gone, Jimmy."

"You've asked Carker!" roared Lovell.

"Yes. Of course, I don't like Carker any more than you do. But after all, he's master of the Fourth, isn't he?" said Tubby. "Now, I don't want to hurry you, Jimmy—"

"Thanks!"

"Not at all, old fellow. But really, I wish you'd get a move on. As you're sacked, you won't want the study any more, so I may as well move my things in at once. Will you come and help me, Lovell?"

Arthur Edward Lovell rose to his feet. The expression on his face might have warned a less fatuous youth than Reginald Muffin that trouble was coming. But Tubby never saw trouble till it came.

"That's right," said Tubby. "Come

on, old man. I've asked Putty to help me bring my things along, and he only told me to go and eat coke. Now, you— Oh, my hat! Whatter you up to! Yaroooooh!"

Lovell grasped the fat Classical by the collar and swung him round. Then he planted his right boot on Tubby's tight trousers, with a terrible concussion. The yell that Tubby Muffin gave might have been heard on the other side of the Rookwood quad.

"Whooooooop!"

Tubby Muffin flew through the doorway. He landed on his hands and knees in the passage, and rolled over and roared.

"Yooh-hoo-hooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come back and have another!" roared Lovell.

"Oh! Ow! Wow!"

Instead of going back and having another, Reginald Muffin scrambled up and fled along the Fourth Form passage. One, apparently, was enough for Reginald.

The 2nd Chapter.

To Go or Not to Go?

"Here's Bulkeley!"

Bulkeley of the Sixth came into the end study with a very grave face. The Fisticular Four eyed him.

"The Head's sent me for you, Silver," said the captain of Rookwood.

"I'm ready."

"I'm sorry for this, kid," said Bulkeley kindly. "But you must have known that it would come, after

they chose. But Jimmy Silver's pacifying voice was heard.

"Chuck it, you fellows! It's all right."

"You're not going to be sacked!" exclaimed Rawson.

"No, it's all right!"

And Jimmy Silver walked on with the prefect, through the buzzing crowd, to the stairs. They passed down the stairs and entered the Head's corridor. There Bulkeley paused for a moment, and fixed his eyes on Jimmy Silver.

"What's all this nonsense, Silver? You're bound to go now you're expelled."

"I'm not going, all the same."

"It's hard cheese," said Bulkeley, "but it's no good kicking. You should have thought of all that earlier. The Head's written to your father already to expect you home in the morning."

Jimmy shrugged his shoulders.

"If the other fellows make trouble I'm afraid your expulsion may be followed by others," said Bulkeley uneasily. "The Head's got his back up over this business. If you've got any influence over the Fourth, Silver, and you wish them well, you'd better try to persuade them to take it quietly."

"We're all standing together in this, Bulkeley," answered Jimmy Silver. "It's agreed that if one goes, we all go!"

"That's rot!" said Bulkeley sharply.

"We don't think so."

"Well, come on!" said Bulkeley sharply, and he led Jimmy Silver on to the Head's study. He tapped at the door of that august apartment and opened it.

"Silver, sir!" he said.

"You may enter, Silver!" came Dr. Chisholm's deep voice.

Jimmy Silver entered, and Bulkeley drew the door shut and walked away, with a deeply troubled brow. Bulkeley of the Sixth, like a good many others at Rookwood, felt that the Head was acting in an extremely high-handed manner, which was not for the good of the school. But the Head was the Head, and his word was law at Rookwood, and George Bulkeley did not see what was to be done.

Jimmy Silver's heart beat a little faster as he stood in the Head's study, under the stern eyes of the headmaster. But he was still quiet and self-possessed.

Mr. Carker, the new master of the Fourth, was also in the study. His face was pale, and his hair was still sticky with tar from his late handling by the rebels. He gave Jimmy Silver a venomous look. Jimmy did not heed him; he looked at the Head.

Dr. Chisholm's face was hard and stern. Whether the Head had any regrets for his harsh treatment of Mr. Richard Dalton nobody knew but himself. But assuredly there was no doubt that he intended to crush the rebellion in the Fourth, which had followed the dismissal of the popular Form master.

"Silver"—his deep voice was like the roll of distant thunder—"I have already told you that you are expelled from this school."

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy.

"You have ventured to lay hands upon your Form master—Mr. Carker—even to the extent of entrapping him in a box-room and coating him with tar and feathers!"

"Yes, sir."

"Every other participant in that outrage, Silver, will be flogged after prayers to-morrow morning! Of you, as the ringleader, I shall make an example. You leave Rookwood in the morning!"

Jimmy did not reply to that.

"Come along, Silver!" he said. "Hadn't we better come with you, Jimmy?" asked Lovell anxiously.

"No, old chap; it's all right."

"Mind, you're not going out of Rookwood!" said Lovell.

"No fear!"

Bulkeley glanced curiously at the Co., but he said no more, and Jimmy Silver followed him from the end study. In the passage most of the Classical Fourth were gathered, in a state of great excitement. A dozen voices shouted to Jimmy Silver.

"Buck up, Jimmy!"

"We're standing by you, old chap!"

"We'll roll Bulkeley downstairs if you like, Jimmy!" shouted Putty of the Fourth.

"Collar him!" roared Conroy.

"Kick him out of our passage!"

There was a crowding round of the rebels of the Fourth. Bulkeley's face set grimly. Big and hefty Sixth-Former as he was, he had no chance against the crowd of juniors, and the rebels could have handled him as

"That's all, Silver," said Dr. Chisholm. "I may add, however, that I should be glad to hear you express some regret to Mr. Carker for your rebellious and disrespectful treatment of him."

"Indeed, sir!"

"I have already written to your father, informing him of the circumstances. He will expect you at home to-morrow."

"No reply."

"That is all, Silver," said Dr. Chisholm. "I may add, however, that I should be glad to hear you express some regret to Mr. Carker for your rebellious and disrespectful treatment of him."

"Indeed, sir!"

"But I don't regret it, sir!" he answered.



(Continued from previous page.)

The Fourth marched on. Mr. Carker was hustled aside and left leaning in a breathless state against the wall. Then Moray & Co. went victoriously upon their way.

The punishment-room at Rookwood—a room little used—was in a rather remote part of the old building, away from the Form-rooms and the studies. It was approached by a little staircase from one of the passages on the second floor. The Classical juniors arrived in a mob at that staircase. And then there was a sudden halt as Bulkeley's voice was heard.

"Stop, there!"

Bulkeley of the Sixth was standing on the stairs. Behind him appeared Neville, Lonsdale, Jones major, and several more of the Sixth. It dawned upon the juniors that a guard was being kept over the punishment-room.

"Get out of it, Bulkeley!" shouted Mornington.

Bulkeley raised his hand.

"The Head thought there might be some rot of this kind," he said.

"No, sir."

"I gave you instructions to pack it, Silver. Why have you not done so?"

"Because I'm not leaving Rookwood, sir."

Dr. Chisholm compressed his lips.

"Take him away, Mr. Carker!" he said, almost gasping. "Take him away at once!"

And with Mr. Carker's hand gripping his shoulder, Jimmy Silver was led away from the Head's study.

The 3rd Chapter.

No Rescue!

Lovell & Co. waited for the return of Jimmy Silver in the end study. They waited in vain. It was time now for prep in the Fourth, but no member of the Classical Fourth Form was thinking of prep. Much more important matters were on the tapis. Lovell and Raby and Newcome came out of the study and joined the excited crowd of juniors in the passage. Valentine Mornington came up the stairs.

"Silver's in the punishment-room!" he announced.

"He shouldn't have gone there!" growled Lovell. "If he'd let us go with him—"

"Sure of that, Morn?" asked Eroll.

"I've been watchin' the jolly old Head's study. Carker brought him out and walked him off to the punishment-room and locked him in," said Mornington.

"That does for Jimmy Silver," remarked Peele. "Of course, they're going to keep him locked up till he's taken away from the school."

"They're jolly well not!" roared Lovell.

"We're goin' to have him out of it, of course," said Mornington. "Carker's taken the key to the Head—"

"Are you goin' to get it away from the Head?" jeered Peele.

"No need—the lock can be busted," said Mornington. "Who's comin' along with me?"

"Little me," said Lovell at once.

There was a shout from fifteen or sixteen fellows at once. The Classical Fourth were in the mood for trouble.

"Come on!" shouted Conroy.

"Back up!"

"Let's have him out!"

In an excited mob the Classical Fourth streamed away to the stairs. Tubby Muffin and Peele and Gower and one or two other fellows dodged into their studies and stayed behind, but almost the whole of the Classical Fourth followed Mornington's lead.

At the foot of the staircase they came on Mr. Carker. Mr. Carker stared at them and raised his hand authoritatively.

"Stop! Where are you going?"

"Find out!" shouted Putty of the Fourth.

"Come on!" said Mornington. "Never mind Carker! Who the Dickens is Carker?"

BOYS' FRIEND FAVOURITES!



One of the most popular boys at Rookwood School is Jimmy Silver, captain of the Fourth Form and of the Lower School. Jimmy, with Lovell and Raby and Newcome, occupies the end study in the Fourth Form passage at Rookwood, and the four inseparable chums are known to all as the Fustal Four.

But Jimmy Silver also has a nickname of his own. To all his Form-fellows he is "Uncle James" of Rookwood, and this because, being captain, he is naturally looked to for the lead in everything which concerns his Form.

Be it football, cricket, or, as is now happening in the Fourth at Rookwood, a rebellion, Jimmy Silver is expected to lead the Form, and this he does most successfully. Uncle James is a fellow to be relied upon, and, this being so, he can almost be termed "a born leader of men."

"He has asked me to see that nobody goes near the punishment-room to speak to Silver. We're here to do it. See?"

"Yah!"

"Go and eat coke!"

"I warn you to go back quietly to your studies," said Bulkeley. "It's time for prep, too."

"Blow prep!"

"We're comin' up!" roared Mornington.

"Keep back, I tell you!"

Morn turned to his followers.

"Come on!" he shouted. And then he rushed recklessly up the narrow stairs, with the mob of juniors at his heels. For the first time the rebels of Rookwood were in open conflict with the Sixth Form prefects, the representatives of authority in the school.

"Shove the young asses down!" said Bulkeley to his companions.

He grasped Morn as the latter came within reach. Morn struggled desperately.

"Back up!" he panted.

"Go for them!" roared Lovell.

The juniors came on gallantly. But there were six hefty seniors blocking the narrow staircase, and

they had all the advantage on their side.

In the punishment-room above Jimmy Silver could hear the din of the struggle and the excited yells of the combatants. But a locked door kept him from joining in the fray.

The struggle was sharp, but it was short. One by one the juniors were shoved and hurled down the staircase. As fast as they rushed up they were flung back by the prefects.

The rush stopped at last, and the juniors, crowded at the foot of the stairs, hurled yells and catcalls at the enemy above. But they realised that rushing tactics were no good.

"Now clear off, you young duffers!" gasped Bulkeley. "Clear off at once, and I won't report this to the Head."

"Report and be blowed!" shouted Lovell.

"Are you going?" snapped the captain of Rookwood.

"No, we're not!"

"Come on, you follows!" said the Rookwood captain. And the prefects, with their official ashplants in their hands, came in a body down the stairs.

Whack, whack, whack, whack!

The ashplants whacked on all sides, and there were wild yells from the rebels. They backed away down the passage, and the prefects followed them up, still whacking.

"Nothin' doin', you chaps," said Mornington. "We may as well cut."

And the rebels cut, scattering in

the Fourth Form passage, the Head would have realised that the matter was far from closed.

The 4th Chapter. A Loyal Chum!

Jimmy Silver sat on the edge of the little iron bed in the punishment-room and yawned. At half-past nine, bed-time for the juniors, a prefect had stepped into the room and extinguished the gas. Jimmy Silver had turned in obediently; but as soon as the prefect was gone he had turned out again and dressed himself. He had no intention of sleeping that night in the punishment-room.

Under sentence of expulsion from the school, locked in a room far from his comrades, Jimmy Silver was still confident. He knew that he could rely upon his chums; the attempt to rescue him was proof of that, if he needed proof. Even without aid from outside, Jimmy had little doubt of being able to get out of his present quarters, and he was sure that aid would come.

As he sat on the edge of the bed he heard a muttering of voices on the landing, and recognised Bulkeley's voice, and then Neville's. He did not catch all the words, but he knew that the seniors were agreeing that it was unnecessary to watch the punishment-room any longer. Indeed, they could scarcely have been expected to keep it up through the night.

"The fags are all asleep by this

the Modern House, a very tough handful. But Jimmy and Tommy Dodd, although deadly rivals when it is a case of "House first," are always to be found shoulder to shoulder when it is up to them both to uphold the glorious traditions of the school. It is then that they are the staunchest of pals.

As in sports, so in class-work does Jimmy prove that he is a very bright youngster, and he is easily counted amongst the six best in the Fourth. And Jimmy loves Rookwood and his life there. That much he showed only recently. It was on the occasion of his long holiday with his chums in Canada. Although liking the life as lived by the cowpunchers of his cousin's ranch in Alberta, Uncle James after a while began to turn his thoughts to the old school and the fellows he had left behind. He almost yearned to be in the Form-room again, at lessons, and, although when the time came to wend his way back to England he was sorry to be leaving the boundless prairie, he was quite excited at the thought of being within the precincts of Rookwood once more.

At present the affairs at Rookwood are serious. Expelled by the Head of the school for being the ringleader of the Fourth Form rebels, Jimmy Silver has refused to take his departure. This may appear to be an act of defiance on the part of Uncle James, but be it said that he is quite justified in his stand. He and the Fourth are on strike until Mr. Dalton, their wrongfully dismissed Form master, is reinstated at Rookwood. Jimmy stands for justice always, and on that point alone he is to be highly commended.

(There will be another Boys' FRIEND favourite next week!)

time," Jimmy heard Lonsdale remark, "and I'm fed-up with this."

"It's all right," said Bulkeley. "I'll give them a look in at the dormitory. Anyhow, if a silly fag sneaked up here and whispered through the keyhole, I can't see that it would hurt."

"Lot's clear," mumbled Jones major.

And Jimmy heard footsteps receding.

Ten o'clock had rung out from the clock-tower of Rookwood. Jimmy did not think of sleep.

He waited for some sign from his friends; he was sure that it would come.

As it happened, he had not long to wait. It was not yet half-past ten when there was a faint tap at the door, and a whisper:

"Jimmy!"

It was Lovell's voice. Jimmy Silver jumped up, and crossed hurriedly to the door, and whispered back through the keyhole:

"Hello, Lovell!"

"Oh! You're not asleep?"

"No fear!" chuckled Jimmy.

"There's nobody watching now," Lovell went on, "I've sneaked up

from the dorm to see. We're going to have you out, Jimmy. We tried this afternoon—"

"I heard you, old chap."

"They were too hefty for us," said Lovell. "We couldn't get up the stairs against them. But it's all clear now. I'll go back and call the fellows, and bring something to bust in this lock, Jimmy. We'll have you out jolly soon."

"Hold on!" breathed Jimmy.

"What—"

"Better manage it quietly, old man," said Jimmy through the keyhole. "If there's a shindy, the masters will come up, and the prefects, and there will be trouble."

"I don't care!" growled Lovell.

"But we want to get through this time, old chap. A shindy outside won't do me any good."

"Oh, we'd lick the lot!" said Lovell confidently.

Jimmy Silver smiled in the darkness. Arthur Edward Lovell's confidence was evidently undiminished by defeat.

"But it would spoil the whole game, Lovell, if there was a row," said Jimmy. "There's a lot to do after I get out, you know. Look here, the window of this room is over the window of the top box-room."

"Yes?"

"If I let down a string, you can tie a rope on it, and I can pull it up, and come down to the box-room window."

"My hat! It's sixty feet from the ground, Jimmy."

"That's all right."

"In the dark, too!"

"That's all right. That's the weeeze," said Jimmy Silver. "I'll wait for you to jerk the string, as a signal, and then I'll pull it up. Catch on?"

"Right-ho! But—"

There was a creak and a footstep, and a light flashed on Lovell as he bent outside the punishment-room door. Mr. Carker's harsh voice broke on the ears of the juniors.

"You young rascal!"

"Oh, my hat! Carker!" exclaimed Lovell, springing up.

"What are you doing here? How dare you leave your dormitory?" exclaimed Mr. Carker angrily. "You were speaking through the keyhole to Silver, Lovell. Don't attempt to deny it!"

Lovell gave an angry snort.

"I'm not going to deny it," he answered.

"Come with me. I shall take you to the Head!"

Mr. Carker's hand dropped on Lovell's shoulder. For a moment Arthur Edward was tempted to kick the master's shins and resist, but he thought better of it. His comrades were far away in the dormitory and alone, Lovell had no chance in the hands of the Fourth Form tyrant.

"Good-night, Jimmy!" he called out.

"Good-night, old chap!"

"Silence! Come!" snapped Mr. Carker.

Arthur Edward Lovell was led away. Mr. Carker led him direct to the headmaster's study. Dr. Chisholm blinked in surprise at the junior, who was clad in pyjamas and trousers and felt slippers.

"Bless my soul!" said the Head.

"What does this mean, Mr. Carker?"

"I considered it judicious, sir, to keep an eye on the punishment-room," said Mr. Carker. "I found this boy speaking to Silver through the keyhole."

Dr. Chisholm knitted his brows. His hand strayed to his cane, and Lovell breathed hard. He felt that he was "for it," and he knew by experience how the Head could lay it on when he liked. But Dr. Chisholm did not pick up the cane. His glance, as it rested on Lovell, was not unkindly.

"You left your dormitory to speak to Silver?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said Lovell quietly.

"I have no doubt that you are concerned about a boy who has been your friend, and who is to leave the school in the morning," said the Head. "Silver is separated from the rest of the school for good reasons, Lovell. You are very well aware that you should not have acted as you have done. But I can make allowance. I shall excuse you."

"Oh, sir!" ejaculated Lovell, quite taken aback.

Mr. Carker set his lips hard. He by no means shared the merciful view of the Head. But it was not for him to speak.

"I shall excuse you, Lovell. But do not leave your dormitory again to-night, or I shall be compelled to punish you severely," said Dr



(Continued from previous page.)

O'Rooney had not much left in him, but he was an old ringsman, and while a younger man might have thought it was a feint or a trick, O'Rooney saw his chance and took it, for in another second the stoker might have recovered.

It was not a very stinging blow to the chin, but it was the best the weary yachtsman could do, and it was quite enough. The stoker's head went back with a jerk, and, sagging at the knees, he rocked forward slowly and fell face downwards. Then, with a spasmodic heave of his body, he twisted over and lay still, while O'Rooney, bending over him, rocked groggily on his legs.

There was a breathless silence, except for the clear, unruffled voice that counted out the fatal seconds.

"One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—Out!"

And then pandemonium and caps in the air, yells and whistles and handclaps and stamping.

Barry helped his opponent to his feet, and then sat down himself with a flop, almost as beaten as his opponent. It had been a good, clean fight if not a great one. When their gloves had been removed, the boxers shook hands.

"The cup will be presented to the winner after supper," cried the lieutenant. "In ten minutes exactly the motor-coaches will return to Port-hamilton."

Ching Lung could not get away at once. He had Mr. Joseph Sharkham to deal with, and Joe was a better man of business than he had ever been a boxer.

"You've done it on me lovely," said Joe to the prince. "You've done it on me lovely, so where do I come in? I've booked O'Rooney for a fortnight at a good screw, and now you've gone and bursted him! How about my show, and him the star turn and shining light, so to speak? Why, he won't be fit to spar with a wax-doll not for the next ten days! And I'd fixed up that fight with Tinker Soggs, him as gave my last man the k.o., and cost me a fiver! That's for Sat'day, at treble prices, and every ticket sold! Why, they'll be so savage, they'll tear the tent down and tar and feather me!"

"I wish you'd thought of all that before you'd let me hire the tent and taken my money, Sharkham," said Ching Lung.

"I'd never have touched your money if I knew it was going to be such a slogging match," growled the showman. "O'Rooney is bursted and I'm in the cart, and it ain't fair to the public! I shall 'ave to cash up them Sat'day tickets or they'll lynch me. I'm in about ten carts, five waggonettes, and a charabanc—that's me!"

The prince found it a much more expensive matter to pay out Mr. Sharkham than to keep Gan Waga in

oysters, though that was expensive enough.

He paid up good-temperedly, however, and late that night Barry O'Rooney sat in the booby-hutch in an easy-chair, with a cushion at his back. He was sore but not sad, and not at all beautiful to look at, and it hurt him to smile. But to Prout, Maddock, and Joe, for the first time in his life, Barry O'Rooney seemed quite handsome as the silver cup filled with champagne went round and they toasted him.

"And now, by honey, Barry," said Prout gently, "you've come home, so where's that liver to show us. If you can't show it we go to the prince and draw our winnings!"

It was at that moment that Hal Honour, the engineer, walked in. Without looking at Prout & Co., he held out a crisp piece of paper to Barry O'Rooney.

"I saw the fight—my treat—take this. You've earned it!" he said in his gruff, blunt way. "Night!"

The next second he was gone.

The faces of Prout & Co. were a picture. Just at the moment of their triumph it was snatched from them.

"Bejabbers, it's a gint lie is!" said Barry, with a huge chuckle of delight. "Oi've earned it! You heard him say so, you muzzle-headed freaks! Ut's a tenner, too, so I reckon you ought to pay double, as Oi've earned double!"

"Domo, by honey!" gasped Prout. Barry winked solemnly at the note.

"Oid like to frame ye, me son, but Oi think you'll be better svit!" he said. "Who says another bottle av the fizz?"

That was the only consolation Prout & Co. received—but none would say that Barry hadn't deserved to win.

THE END.

(For next Monday: "The Zoo Ship!" by Sidney Drew—another fine story featuring Prince Ching Lung, Gan Waga & Co. Be sure you read it! Order your Boys' FRIEND in advance and avoid disappointment!)

A Big List of Handsome Prizes!

ARE YOU A WINNER?

The Result of our recent great "Footballers' Names" Competition will appear in next Monday's BOYS' FRIEND.

Look Out For It!

26 Weekly
is all you pay for our No. 400A Mead—
the finest cycle ever offered on such exceptionally easy terms. Brilliantly plated; richly enamelled, lined in two colours. Sent packed free, carriage paid, on 15 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Fully warranted. Prompt delivery. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Old machines exchanged. Big bargains in slightly factory soiled mounts. Tyres and accessories 33½% below shop prices. Buy direct from the Factory and save pounds. Write TODAY for testimonials and illustrated art catalogue.

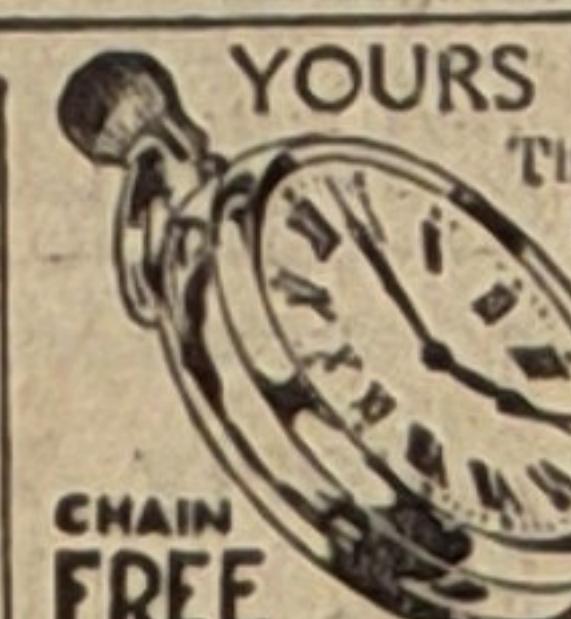
MEAD
Mead Cycle Co. (Inc.) (Dep. B.150) Birmingham.

BLUSHING SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS, SHYNESS, TIMIDITY. Simple 7-day Permanent Home Cure for either sex. No Auto-suggestion, drill, etc. Write at once, mention "B.F." and get full particulars quite FREE privately. U.J.D., 12, All Saints Road, St. Annes-on-Sea.

104 STAMPS, 5d.—Includes Siam, German Pictorial (cat. 1/-), Mauritius, Zanzibar, Nigeria, etc. 40 U.S.A., 9d. 100 Colonials, 1/3. O. BROOKS, 43, Edmund Street, London, S.E. 5.

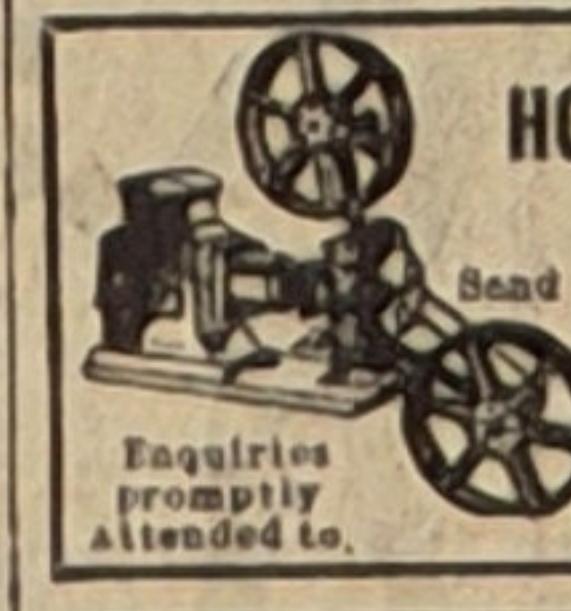
**The sweets
of life!**
**SHARP'S
SUPER-KREEM
TOFFEE**

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS
PLEASE MENTION THIS PAGE.



YOURS FOR 6d ONLY

This handsome full-sized Gentleman's Watch sent upon receipt of 6d. After approval send 1/- more, the balance is then payable by 6 monthly instalments of 2/- each. Simpson's Ltd., (Dept. 122), 84, Queen's Road, Brighton, Sussex.



BARGAIN PRICES! HOME CINEMATOGRAPHS AND FILMS.

Send for our Illustrated List of Bargains Before Buying. Machines from 1/3 per 100 feet, Post Free.

FORD'S (Dept. A.P.), 13, Red Lion Sq., London, W.C. 1. (Entrance, Dene St.)



DON'T BE BULLIED

Special offer. TWO ILLUS. SAMPLE LESSONS from my Complete Course on JUJITSU for four penny stamps, or a Large Illus. Portion of Course for 1/- each. Jujitsu is the best and simplest science of self-defence and attack ever invented. Learn to take care of yourself under ALL circumstances. SEND NOW. "YAWARA" Dept. A.P., 10, Queensway, Hanworth, Feltham, Middlesex.

FREE! 5/- worth Photographic Goods with every Mancot Camera. Achromatic lens, two view-finders, T. and L. shutter, and six 4 x 2½ sheets. 12/- post free.

HARROWVEN'S, 224, KING ST., NORWICH.

ARE YOU HAPPY

Bright, and cheerful! It is impossible to be so if you suffer from Nervous Pains, Awkwardness in Company, Nervous Depression, Blushing, Timidity, Sleeplessness, Lack of Will-Power, or Mind Concentration. You can absolutely overcome all nervous troubles if you use the Mental-Nerve Strengthening Treatment. GUARANTEED CURE OR MONEY REFUNDED. Send 3 penny stamp immediately for particulars—GODFREY ELLIOTT-SMITH, Ltd., 543, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C. 4.

CHOOSE 75 STAMPS FREE from packet sent with Blue Label

Approvals (from 1d.) Ask for Gift 5d and send postage.

B. L. COLYN, 10, Wave Great, Whitstable, Kent.

HEIGHT COUNTS

in winning success. Let the Girvan System increase your height. Send P.C. for particulars and our £100 guarantee to Enquiry Dept. A.M.P., 17, Stroud Green Rd., London, N.1.

STOP STAMMERING! Cure yourself. Particulars free. FRANK B. HUGHES, 7, Southampton Row, London, W.C. 1.

MY GREAT OFFER

I supply the finest Coventry built cycles from £5-5-0 cash; or 2/- weekly. Any cycle sent ON 10 DAYS' APPROVAL. PACKED FREE AND CARRIAGE PAID on receipt of small deposit. Write for FREE BARGAIN LIST NOW. Satisfaction or Money Refunded.

O'BRIEN, Dept. 23, COVENTRY

DN

THE RETREAT FROM ROOKWOOD!

(Continued from page 567.)

Classical Fourth are coming with me."

"Phew!"

"But where?" persisted Lovell. "This isn't the time of year for camping out in the jolly old fields, you know."

"No fear!" said Tubby Muffin.

"I've thought all that out," said Jimmy Silver quietly. "I thought out the plans while I was waiting in the punishment-room. We're going to bar out the Head, not in Rookwood, but on the island in the river."

"The—the island?"

"That's it! It will mean roughing it, of course. But I suppose we're all ready to rough it sooner than give in?"

"Yes, rather!"

"There's the old hut on the island—the old Army hut, you know—that will be our headquarters. We can get in a supply of grub before anybody can get at us there. We can take our camping stuff along with us. That won't take long to pack. To-morrow morning there won't be any Classical Fourth Form at Rookwood."

"Poor old Rookwood!" murmured Putty.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But—but—" stuttered Lovell.

"The Head will be bound to come to terms in the long run," said Jimmy Silver. "Before the barring-out has gone on a week it will be the talk of the county. The school governors will hear of it. There'll be no end of a shindy! All we've got to do is to hold out till the enemy come to terms."

"Bravo!"

Mr. Carker heard, though he could not speak. His eyes grew wide with amazement.

"I—I say," stammered Tubby Muffin, "I—I think I'll stay here, Jimmy. It's co-co-cold on the island, you know."

"I'm jolly well not goin'!" exclaimed Peels hotly. "We shall all get the sack!"

"Awful rot!" said Gower.

Jimmy Silver glanced round quietly.

"The whole Form are standing in," he said. "We're bound to stand together. Two or three or half a dozen could be expelled, but they can't sack a whole Form. We must stand together, Peels."

"There's another point," drawled Mornington. "Any fellow who stays behind will have the pleasure of seein' Carker every day. Carker will take it out of the fellows he can get at, I fancy. You'd really be better off on the island, Peels, with the rest."

Cyril Peels seemed to realise the force of that remark, for he said no more.

"And we're goin' to-night, Jimmy?" asked Mornington, his eyes gleaming with the anticipation of excitement.

"Yes," said Jimmy Silver, "and we're losing no time. Carker can tell the Head all about it in the morning."

THE END.

(Look out for "Holding the Fort," next Monday's stirring story of the Fourth Form Rebels. Don't miss it!)