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The BOYS' FRIEND 1d.

OUR MOTTO IS: "PLAY THE GAME!"

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ONE PENNY.

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FOUND AT LAST! A Dramatic Scene in Our School Tale!

THE RASCAL OF ROOKWOOD!

A Magnificent New Long Complete Story, dealing with the Adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co. at Rookwood School.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter.

Jimmy Silver's Eleven.

Jimmy Silver stopped before the notice-board at Rookwood and pinned up the paper he carried in his hand in a prominent position.

It was an important paper. For it contained the list of the junior cricket eleven, who, on the morrow, were to visit Bagshot School, and inflict dire defeat and confusion upon the ancient rivals of Rookwood.

There was a rush of the juniors to read the list.

Most of the names contained in it could be guessed in advance; but there was a chance that any fellow might find his name there.

"Jolly good team!" remarked Tommy Dodd, of the Modern side, finding written there his own name, and the names of his two special chums, Cook and Doyle. "A few more Moderns would improve it. But it's jolly good."

"Wants a few more Classical names," remarked Dick Oswald. "But it's jolly good, all the same. My name's there."

"And ming, intirely," remarked

Flynn. "Jimmy Silver's the best captain we've iver had in the Fourth. Smythe used to lave me out."

"Glad you're all satisfied," remarked Jimmy Silver.

"I'm not satisfied," said Dickinson minor. "What have you left me out for, Jimmy Silver?"

"Sorry, old chap; but we want to beat Bagshot," said Jimmy affably.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's a jolly good list," remarked Lovell. "I think we shall give Bagshot the kybosh this time. I suppose Bootles isn't likely to chip in again,

and ask us to play that slacker Mornington."

Jimmy shook his head. "No fear. That's all over, for one thing. I've spoken to Bulkeley about that, and he's chipped in."

"Good old Bulkeley!"

"Mornington expects to play," remarked Newcome.

Jimmy Silver shrugged his shoulders.

"Let him expect! He won't play."

"He's been telling chaps that he's in the Bagshot match."

"No law against that," said

Jimmy. "He can tell chaps that he's going to be Head of Rookwood, if he likes."

"Here he comes!" said Lovell, with a grin.

Lord Mornington of the Fourth came up to the notice-board. Townsend and Topham and Peele were with him. The nuts of the Fourth glanced at the cricket list, and Mornington frowned darkly and turned to Jimmy Silver.

"You've left my name out," he said sharply.

Jimmy nodded. "Why is that?" demanded Mornington.

"Because you're left out yourself, my dear man."

"I've told you that I expect to be played."

"Go hon!"

"The best thing you can do is to put my name in at once," said Mornington. "I decline to be left out, and it will save you trouble in the long run."

Jimmy Silver looked grimly at the dandy of Rookwood.

Nobody but Mornington would have dreamed of taking such a tone with the captain of the Fourth.

But Mornington was not quite like the other fellows.

His title and his wealth loomed largely in his own eyes, and in the eyes of fellows like Townsend & Co. His uncle and guardian, Sir Rupert Stacpoole, was chairman of the governing board of Rookwood. Mornington was ambitious to shine among the cricketers, but his ambition did not cause him to stick to practice, or exert himself in any way; and Jimmy Silver was the last fellow in the world to play a slacker if he could help it.

On one occasion he had not been able to help it. Mornington's complaints to his guardian had caused that gentleman to approach the Head on the subject. And Dr. Chisholm, who knew little of junior cricket matters, had interfered.

Mr. Bootles, the master of the Fourth, had conveyed the Head's request to Jimmy Silver to play Mornington in the St. Jim's match.

Jimmy, sorely against the grain, had concurred.

But for the fact that a couple of juniors locked Mornington in a study, and kept him out of the match, the result would have been disastrous for the junior eleven.

Jimmy Silver did not mean to run that risk a second time.

He explained the matter to Bulkeley of the Sixth, the captain of the school, and Bulkeley had "taken a hand" promptly enough.

Bulkeley had interviewed the Head and the subject, and there was no danger of a repetition of the Head's request to Jimmy Silver.

Lord Mornington was evidently unaware of the new state of affairs.

Evidently he considered that he had only to state his wishes in order to have them assented to.

"You hear me?" he said. "You'll put my name down in that list at once, Jimmy Silver."

"Cheeky ass!" growled Lovell. "Shall I mop up the passage with him, Jimmy?"

"Bump him intirely!" said Flynn. "Do you hear me, Silver?" snapped his lordship.

Jimmy nodded.

"Yes, dear boy."

"Well, what do you say?"

"Rats!"

"Wha-at!"

"R-A-T-S-rats!" said Jimmy.

"Isn't that plain enough?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

His lordship set his teeth.

(Continued on the next page.)



THE RASCAL OF

ROOKWOOD!

(Continued from the previous page.)

The 6th Chapter.

Sergeant Kettle Makes a Discovery.

The police have promised to do all they can. "I shall remain up," said Mr. Bootles. "If you do not mind—" "Certainly not. I am very anxious." Mr. Bootles remained up, in his study. He was anxious and flurried. By midnight, however, he was fast asleep in his armchair, and he did not waken till the rising-bell was pealing out over Rookwood. Mr. Bootles started up, and rubbed his eyes. "Bless my soul!" he murmured. "I—I think I must have fallen asleep. Yes, undoubtedly I must have fallen asleep. It is—bless my soul!—morning. Dear me!" He rubbed his eyes again, and yawned, and left his study. Three anxious-looking juniors came downstairs—Lovell and Raby and Newcome. They had been awake before rising-bell. "Has Silver come back, sir?" asked Lovell. "I—I fear not!" said Mr. Bootles, suppressing a heavy yawn. "I have waited up for him, but he has not come back, apparently. It is extraordinary!" "There's been an accident," said Raby. "Jimmy must have gone out." "I shall inquire of the police," said Mr. Bootles. The Form-master telephoned to the police-station. But there was no news of Jimmy Silver. At breakfast, there was only one thought in the minds of the Rookwood fellows. The whole school, Classical and Modern, was buzzing with the news. What had become of Jimmy Silver? The Head was seen to be looking very anxious. Angry as he was at Jimmy Silver's supposed absence without leave, his anger was not so great as his anxiety. The only possible supposition was that an accident had happened to the junior outside the walls of Rookwood, and prevented his return. The Rookwood fellows went into the Form-rooms as usual that morning; but there was much more thought given to the missing junior than to the lessons. During the morning, the police-inspector from Coombe called upon the Head. He had no news, but he took a description of Jimmy Silver, and promised that every effort should be made to find the missing lad. After morning lessons, the juniors came eagerly out of the Form-rooms, hoping to hear news of Jimmy. But there was no news. The captain of the Fourth was still missing. Lovell and Raby and Newcome were looking lugubrious. At dinner they ate hardly anything. Their anxiety for their missing chum was intense. After dinner, Tommy Dodd came up, as the three were discussing the matter dimly in the quadrangle. Tommy was looking concerned. In spite of his many rows and rags with Jimmy, he had a real liking for the captain of the Fourth. "Not heard anything of Jimmy?" he asked. Lovell shook his head. "What about the Bagshot match?" Lovell snorted. "Blow the Bagshot match! I'm not thinking of cricket." "Well, they're expecting us," said Tommy Dodd awkwardly. "We're going out to look for Jimmy this afternoon," said Raby. "You'd better take a team over, Tommy." "Well, I'll do it, if you like. We're bound to play the match, or else send an excuse, and it's rather late for that," said Tommy Dodd. And so it was settled. Lovell & Co., keen cricketers as they were, had no mind for cricket that afternoon. They had resolved to spend the afternoon in a search for their missing chum. Little did they dream how near at hand he was.

"You'll want some players, I suppose?" Tommy Dodd glared at Mornington as the dandy of the Fourth asked that question. "Not your sort," he said, with a sniff. "There's a lot of fellows standing out—Rawson and Oswald, as well as Lovell and Raby and Newcome," said Mornington. "They're goin' out huntin' for Silver." "I know that." "Well, I'm willin' to play, if you like." "But I'm not willing," said Tommy Dodd tersely. "Go and eat coke!" And he turned his back on his lordship. The team that departed for Bagshot School was mostly composed of Modern fellows. Quite a crowd of the Classical juniors had resolved to spend the afternoon searching for Jimmy Silver. Lord Mornington strolled away idly after speaking to Tommy Dodd, and sauntered round the tuckshop to the door of the staircase of the old tower. He inserted the key and unlocked the door, and disappeared within. Townsend had observed him from a distance, and he turned a somewhat scared look on his chums. "Mornny's got him shut up right enough," he whispered. "The silly ass!" said Peele. "He'll be flogged for this. Mind, we don't know anythin' about it—not a word." "Not a syllable," said Topham. "It's a rotten trick, too; the poor beggar must be hungry by this time." Townsend shivered a little as he thought of the night the imprisoned junior had passed in the lonely room at the summit of the tower. "It's rotten!" he muttered. "But we can't say anythin'. It's rather thick, even for Mornny. He's a regular hooligan. Serve him right if he's sacked. I wonder who helped him? He couldn't have handled Silver alone." "Leggett, of course," said Peele. "Leggett would play any mean trick for half-a-quad. It was Leggett." "Sorry for him, then, when Silver gets out," said Topham. Lord Mornington mounted the spiral staircase, unfastened the door at the top, and entered the little room. Jimmy Silver lay on the sacking on the floor. His face was deadly pale. He had slept little in the night. His limbs were cramped by his bonds, and he was faint with hunger and want of sleep. His eyes burned as they turned on the rascal of Rookwood. Mornington regarded him with a mocking smile. "It's time to start for the match," he remarked. "They're sending over a team with Tommy Dodd as skipper." A faint mumble came from Jimmy Silver. He had gnawed away part of the gag, but still he could not speak.

"Would you like to be let loose?" smiled Mornington. "There's still time, you know!" Jimmy nodded. "Will you play me if I let you loose?" Jimmy shook his head. "Still obstinate!" grinned Mornington. "You are a sticker, and no mistake. But I'm rather a sticker, too." Jimmy mumbled. "For the last time, you know, I'm willin' to let you loose, and go over with the team to Bagshot." Jimmy did not trouble to shake his head. But his look was enough. Mornington shrugged his shoulders, and left the little room, carefully fastening the door after him. He descended the staircase, and left the tower, turning the key in the lock. Then he strolled away and joined Townsend & Co. "Comin' out for the afternoon?" he said lazily. "Not with you," said Townsend tersely. Mornington raised his eyebrows. "Why not?" "Look here, we'd rather not be seen speakin' to you at present," said Townsend. "We don't want to get into a row when it all comes out." "Gettin' funky?" grinned his lordship. "We've had nothin' to do with it, mind," said Topham. Mornington laughed. "I'm not goin' to drag you into it," he said contemptuously. "If it comes out, I can face the music on my own." "The chap who helped you—" "Silver didn't see him—that's all right." "And you won't mention his name?" "I've promised not to." "Look here, when are you goin' to let the poor beggar out?" demanded Townsend abruptly. "We can't let this go on." "Not till it's too late for him to play in the Bagshot match." "Well, that won't be long!" said Peele. "The team's startin' now. And if you don't mind, Mornny, we'd rather not have your company this afternoon." "Just as you like," said his lordship indifferently. He sauntered away. Townsend & Co. joined the crowd of fellows who were going to hunt for Jimmy Silver. That seemed to Townsend the best way of keeping up appearances. In spite of Mornington's assurances, the nuts could not help feeling uneasy. It was not till five o'clock was striking from the clock-tower on the Modern side that Lord Mornington entered the old tower again. He nodded coolly to Jimmy Silver as he entered the room at the top of the staircase. "Time's up!" he remarked, as he took the gnawed gag from the junior's mouth. "You can get out now." Jimmy could not speak, his lips were numb. Mornington cut through the cords that bound him. Jimmy made an effort to rise, but sank back on the sacking, with a cry of pain. His limbs were cramped and icy cold. "By gad, you look bad!" said Mornington, with a touch of remorse. "Of course, I didn't intend to hurt you, Silver. By gad, you look as if you're goin' to be ill. Let me help you down." "Let he alone, you rotter!" gasped Jimmy Silver. "Don't you want my help?" "No." Mornington shrugged his shoulders and left him. Jimmy made another effort to rise, but sank back helplessly. He realised that he was going to be ill. His limbs felt like lead, and his head was burning. Mornington had

not reflected on the probable results of his dastardly action. The results were to be more serious than he had dreamed. Jimmy lay helplessly on the sacking, unable to rise now that he was free. Mornington was gone, but even had he been there Jimmy would have refused his help. "My hat!" murmured Jimmy. "I feel awfully queer! I suppose this means the sanatorium for me. The silly ass!" Again and again he strove to rise, but he could not. He felt as weak as a baby. But he could use his voice now, and he called for help. His voice was faint at first, and did not reach beyond the walls of the little room. But it became stronger. It seemed an age to Jimmy Silver before he heard steps on the staircase, and the bronzed old face of Sergeant Kettle looked in. "Now, then, wot's this 'ere little game?" said the sergeant gruffly. Then, as he caught sight of Jimmy Silver, he uttered an exclamation of horror. "Master Silver! You here!" "Help me out!" said Jimmy faintly. The sergeant did not ask any more questions. He picked up the junior in his strong arms, and carried him downstairs. There was a shout from the fellows in the quadrangle, as the burly sergeant was seen crossing to the School House, with the missing junior in his arms. Mr. Bootles met them at the doorway, blinking with astonishment. "Silver!" he exclaimed. The Head came hastily out of his study. He had seen the sergeant with his burden from the study window. "Silver! Where did you find the boy, sergeant?" "At the top of the old tower, sir," said Sergeant Kettle. "Good heavens! Silver, what were you doing there?" "I—I couldn't help it, sir!" faltered Jimmy faintly. "He'd been tied up, sir," said the sergeant. "There was the cords lyin' around him, and he's been tied up, and cut loose again. Isn't that so, Master Silver?" "Yes!" faltered Jimmy. The Head's brow was like a thundercloud. "Have you been all night, and all the morning, in that place, Silver?" he exclaimed. "Yes, sir!" "A prisoner—bound?" "Yes, sir." "This is monstrous! Who did this?" Jimmy was silent. Much as he had suffered at Mornington's hands, he was not inclined to betray the rascal of Rookwood. "You hear me, Silver? Tell me at once who was guilty of this outrage?" exclaimed Dr. Chisholm. "I—I'd rather not, sir!" faltered Jimmy. "What!" "One word, sir," interposed Mr. Bootles. "Whoever placed Silver there must have obtained the key from the porter." "Ah! Kindly call Mack here, Mr. Bootles. Sergeant, take Silver up to the dormitory. Go to bed at once, Silver, and I will telephone for the doctor." The sergeant carried Jimmy upstairs. In a few minutes he was in bed, with blankets piled on him, and a hot-water bottle at his feet. And in a few minutes more he was fast asleep.

The 7th Chapter. Flogged!

Rookwood was in an uproar. The news of the sergeant's discovery spread like wildfire.

"Who did it?" exclaimed Lovell, with blazing eyes, as the chums of the Fourth went downstairs again. "The Moderns, what!" "Impossible!" said Rawson. "They wouldn't play such a dirty trick!" "But it was somebody—" "It's bound to come out. Mack will know who had the key of the tower." Mack, the porter, was at that moment in the Head's study, being questioned by Dr. Chisholm. He had little to say, but that little was very much to the point. Lord Mornington had asked for the key of the tower, and had not returned it. Mack had supposed that, as a new boy, he wished to explore the place. The Head dismissed him and sent for Lord Mornington. Mornington entered the study calmly enough. The storm had burst, and he had expected it. He was ready to face the music now, with plenty of nerve. He faced the Head calmly. "You sent for me, sir?" he asked. "I sent for you, Mornington. You have been guilty of an astounding outrage!" "Indeed, sir!" "Do you deny that you placed Silver of the Fourth, bound hand and foot, in the old tower, and left him there, without food, for a whole night?" thundered the Head. "No, sir!" "You—you admit it?" ejaculated the Head. "Yes, sir!" "Mornington!" "You asked me, sir," said Mornington calmly. "I—I hardly know how to speak to you!" gasped the Head. "Are you in your right senses, boy?" "I think so, sir." "Why did you do this wicked and brutal thing, Mornington?" "I did not mean to hurt Silver, sir. I am sorry if he is ill. I only meant to keep him out of the Bagshot match, as he refused to play me." "Good heavens! For so trifling a motive you have been guilty of this dastardly outrage?" "That was my motive, sir." "You understand, of course, that your punishment will be severe!" "I hope not, sir." "What!" "My uncle—" Dr. Chisholm raised his hand. "Silence! Do you dream for one moment that even a governor of Rookwood could stand between you and the just punishment for your dastardly outrage? Only in consideration of your training, or want of training, I refrain from expelling you in disgrace from the school. You will be flogged!" thundered the Head. "Tomorrow morning, in the presence of the whole school, I shall administer the severest flogging that has ever been administered at Rookwood. Now go!" Mornington gritted his teeth. "I will not be flogged! I—" "Go!" thundered the Head. And Mornington went.

The next morning, after prayers, all Rookwood was assembled to witness the punishment of the culprit. Grim faces looked at Mornington as he entered the hall, with Bulkeley's hand on his shoulder. Jimmy Silver was with the rest of the Fourth. He was still pale and weak, but a good night's rest had done wonders for him, and he had luckily escaped a spell in the sanatorium. The thrashing that Mornington received was, without doubt, the severest the Head had ever dealt out to a junior at Rookwood. When at length his lordship was set down he staggered from Big Hall without a word. The Rookwood fellows crowded out. They looked grimly at Mornington, who was gasping on the settee in the passage and groaning with pain. He gave them a fierce look. "This isn't the end of it!" he panted. "I've been flogged—" "You asked for it, and you've got it," said Lovell, "and if you hadn't had enough, you cad, I'd smash you now!" "This isn't the end! I'll have him sacked! I'll have him turned out of Rookwood! There'll be a new Head here soon!" hissed Mornington. "Silly ass!" said Jimmy Silver. And the juniors, grinning at Mornington's wild threat, passed on. But they were destined to be reminded later of that threat. THE END. (Next Monday's grand long complete tale of Jimmy Silver & Co. is entitled "The Tyrant of the School!" Don't miss it.)

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GOD SAVE THE KING!

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