

THE SCHOOL ON BOARD SHIP! (SEE INSIDE!)

The BOYS' FRIEND Id.

See inside for "Frank Richards' Schooldays!" By Martin Clifford.

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ONE PENNY.

[Week Ending October 6th, 1917.]



and disappeared into the House, without a glance at the surprised juniors.

A minute or two later, Bulkeley, and Neville, and the other prefects were shepherding the Rookwood fellows into Big Hall.

Jimmy Silver & Co. marched in with the rest, in a state of very great surprise.

It was only too clear that something was up, and it appeared to be in connection with the sergeant and the school shop. But what it was, was a mystery.

It was evidently an affair that concerned the whole school, for the Modern prefects were marching the Modern fellows in, as well as the Classicals.

Tommy Dodd & Co. of the Modern Fourth, came into the Hall, and Tommy paused to speak to Jimmy Silver.

"Know what's on?" he asked. "Haven't the faintest idea," said Jimmy. "Haven't you?"

"Not a bit!" "Somebody going to be flogged, perhaps," remarked Tommy Cook. "What have you Classical bounders been up to?"

"More likely a Modern going to be sacked!" retorted Jimmy Silver.

"Rats!"

"Fathoad!"

"You Classical chump—"

"You Modern ass—"

"Order there!" called out Bulkeley of the Sixth, with a frown.

"Shut up, you fags. Do you hear!"

The fags promptly "shut up."

The Head was entering the Hall by the upper door.

The whole school stood to attention.

Every face expressed surprise, and some expressed uneasiness.

Lattrey, the black sheep of the Fourth, was even a little pale.

Lattrey had many sins on his conscience, and as the poet said of old,

"the thief doth fear each bush an officer." The assembling of the school was possibly for the punishment of some delinquent, and Lattrey knew who was the worst delinquent at Rookwood.

Townsend and Topham, Peele and Gower, and Smythe & Co. of the Shell, were also in a state of uneasiness. They were "goey" youths, whose "goeyness" would have brought down the vials of wrath upon their heads, if the headmaster had known how "goey" they were.

The silence could almost be felt, as the Head rustled in.

All eyes were upon Dr. Chisholm.

His knitted brows showed that he was angry.

"Rod in pickle for somebody," Mornington murmured to Erroll.

"Who's been found out, I wonder?"

"Silence!"

The Head glanced over the assembled school.

"Boys!" His voice was very deep.

"A most unprecedented thing has occurred. During the night, the school shop has been broken into, and a quantity of Sergeant Kettle's stock abstracted!"

"Oh!"

"Some person or persons," resumed the Head, his eyes glinting—"some person or persons, at present unknown, have committed this unprecedented act of dishonesty and outrage. An entrance was forced into the building, a shutter being broken, and goods to the value of several pounds taken. It is not merely the theft, but the fact that the thief evidently intended to elude the food regulations by this theft, calls for the utmost contempt and scorn. I am ashamed to think that such a boy is sheltered under the roof of Rookwood."

"Oh, crumbs!" murmured Jimmy Silver.

"Silence!"

(Continued on the next page.)

THE ROOKWOOD REFUGEE!

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

By OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter.

Under Cover of Night!

"Looks like something up!" remarked Jimmy Silver.

"It does—it do!" agreed Lovell.

It was, in fact, pretty plain that something was "up" at Rookwood School that morning.

The Fistical Four, the heroes of the Classical Fourth, were chatting in the quadrangle, while they waited for the bell for first lesson.

Old Sergeant Kettle, who kept the school shop, had been seen to stride

into the School House, with a frowning and troubled brow.

As the old sergeant generally looked good-humoured, the Fistical Four had observed him with surprise.

Mr. Kettle was in a disturbed and wrathful frame of mind, that was clear.

In a few minutes he had emerged from the School House again, accompanied by the Head himself.

The juniors respectfully "capped" the Head, as he passed, but Dr. Chisholm, evidently very much disturbed, had not even observed the salute.

They hurried across the quad, and disappeared through the beeches.

"My word!" said Newcome, with a whistle. "What's the matter with the Head?"

"And the merry sergeant?" remarked Raby.

The Fistical Four wondered.

Tubby Muffin, the fattest junior on the Classical side at Rookwood, came from the direction of the tuckshop, and joined them. There was a discontented expression on his podgy face.

"Closed!" he announced indignantly. "The tuckshop ain't open this morning, you fellows. I wanted some toffee. Awful cheek of the

sergeant, I think, not opening before lessons—what?"

"Something's up!" said Jimmy Silver.

"The Head's there," growled Tubby. "He's gone in with old Kettle, and the shop ain't open. Rotten!"

"You fellows know what's up?" asked Erroll of the Fourth, joining the juniors. "We've got to go into Hall instead of the Form-rooms!"

"My hat!"

"Mr. Bootles says—had it from the Head, I suppose. Hallo, here comes the Head!"

Dr. Chisholm came rustling back,

