

THIS GRAND NEW . . .  
SPORTING SCHOOL . . .  
STORY STARTS TO-DAY!

# THE SPORTS OF ST. CLIVE'S!

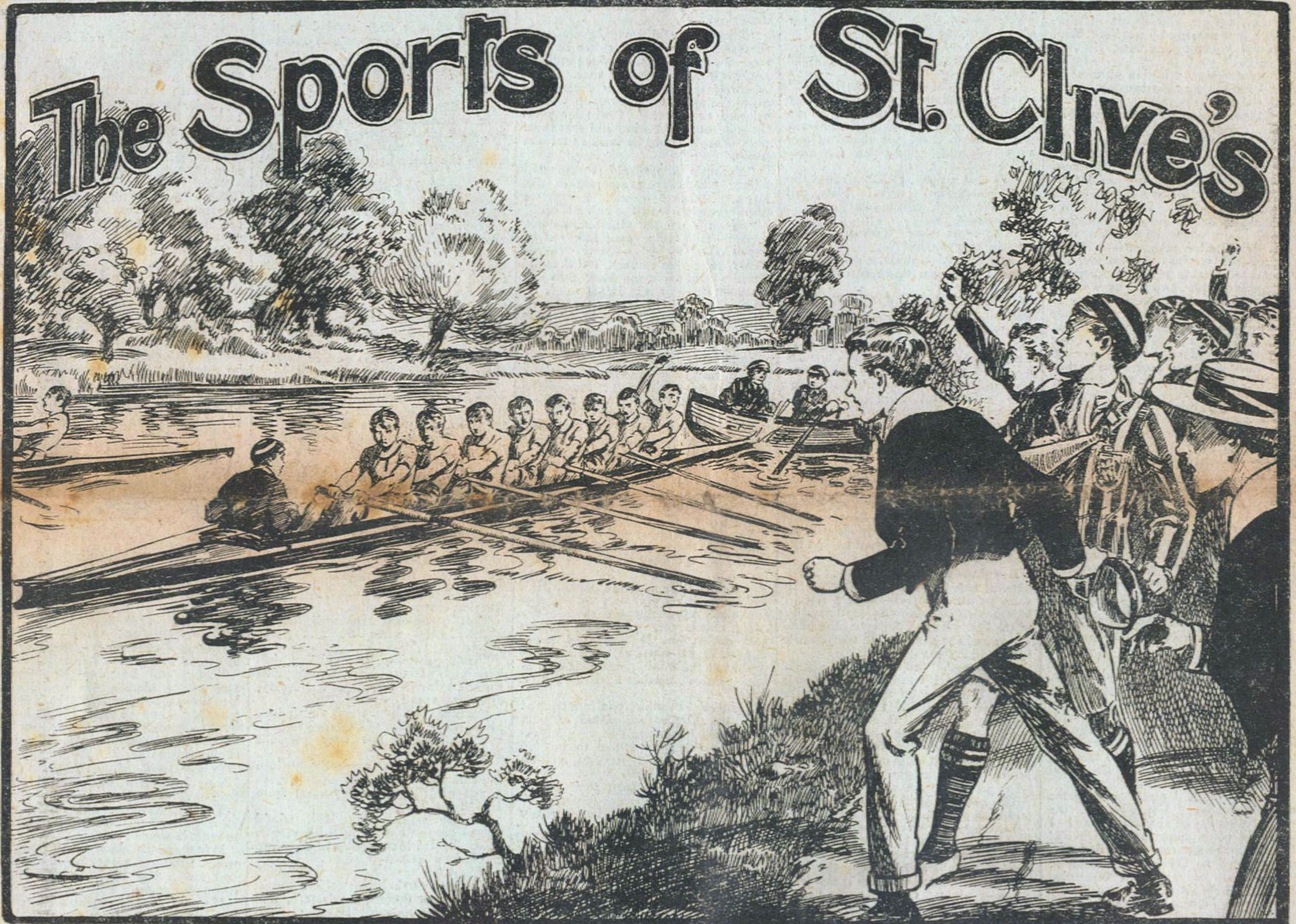
By Arthur S. Hardy.

# The BOYS' FRIEND 1<sup>1d</sup>/<sub>2</sub>

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THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending July 12th, 1919.]



## FOUL PLAY!

Crash! The school eight splintered into the clumsy dinghy, which met her almost broadside on. There was a sudden tumult, a confusion of shouts, and the next moment Raynham and his crew were struggling in the water.

### The 1st Chapter.

#### The Trial Eights.

"Hallo, here comes Raynham!" It was Sydney Gray, a Fourth-Former and fag, who came dashing into the Hall, his face crimson with excitement, his eyes dancing with joy.

His arrival was greeted with a rousing cheer by the boys who were gathered in groups about the notice-board, where a vacant space had been prepared for the eventful announcement they were so eagerly expecting.

As John Raynham, captain of the school, came striding towards them with the notice fluttering from his fingers, the boys made way for him.

"Good old Raynham! Now we shall know who's been chosen for the trial eights."

"Bet you Leake's in—"

"And Cawood."

"What price David Hume, and Marr, and Park?"

"I say, look at Parker over there. He's in the sulks. Says he doesn't want to be selected, but he's aching to be all the time. Looks upon it as his right," observed another Fourth-Former, Jerry Hill. "But I'll bet they don't select him. He can't pull his weight. Besides, he's a cad."

"Hear hear! Hallo, the notice is up! Bully for Raynham! Stand aside, you duffers!" And a boy pushed his way forcibly towards the board. "Don't take up all the room!"

Raynham had pinned the notice firmly to the baize, and now, with a smile on his face, shouldered his way out of the press, and vanished, leaving the boys to argue over the selection of the crews to their hearts' content, and thoroughly satisfied that the best possible selections had been made in deliberate and careful counsel.

Here is the notice which excited so much comment among the boys of St. Clive's:

#### TRIAL EIGHTS.

"The following crews have been selected for the trial eights, the winning crew to row against Salthouse in the annual race:

"The School:—Raynham, stroke; Leake, 7; Cawood, 6; Wright, 5; Hume, 4; Park, 3; Heard, 2; Mollison, 1; Tate, coxn.

"The Rest:—Marr, stroke; Jelly, 7; Priestly, 6; Mordant, 5; Dale, 4; Mason, 3; Andrews, 2; Tumby, 1; Cayley, coxn.

"The trial will be rowed over the long course on Wednesday next at three o'clock."

Frank Sharp, a Fourth Form boy, having by some means or other got to the front and mounted a stool, read the names aloud, his voice ringing above the general clamour.

"I say," he yelled, "that's topping! Old Raynham ain't stuck to the Sixth Form for his crew! He's got three Fifth-Formers—Harry Heard, Fred

Park, and Ginger Mollison—and good old Bobby Tate's cox! Hurrah for Bobby! He'll win!"

"Shut up, you duffer!" protested Jerry Hill, of the Fourth. "We can read for ourselves! We don't want to hear your jaw!"

"Chair, chair!" roared Sharp, purple in the face striving to prevent himself from being hauled ignominiously from the stool. "And look here, Marr of the Fifth's stroking the Rest. What price that for an honour? Good old Fifth! And there are Dale, Mason, and Andrews and Tumby, also of the Fifth, in the boat. Makes the Sixth look cheap, don't it? And what price Peter Cayley for cox? Don't hide your blushes, Cayley. I dare say you'll run your boat into the bank, but you needn't curl up just yet—Ow!"

His oration was cut short by his being forcibly hauled from the stool and sat on by a dozen indignant boys.

Wriggling out of the press somewhat disconcerted, and certainly silenced, he put his disarranged clothing to rights and hovered on the verge of the crowd.

Meanwhile Lionel Parker, a burly Sixth Form boy, who'd forced his way none too gently towards the notice-board, stood scowling at the names he saw tabulated there. Disappointment, chagrin, and wounded vanity struggled for the mastery within him.

At his shoulder stood a yet bigger boy, also of the Sixth, a broad-shouldered, deep-chested, dull-looking fellow whose eagerness had equalled Parker's, and whose disappointment was probably as keen.

A small boy standing in front of them turned and glanced mischievously into their faces.

"That makes you sit up, don't it, Parker?" he observed. "Heard you'd been gassing about your form, and saying that Raynham would have to

(Continued on next page.)



## THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR!

A Splendid Long, Complete  
Story about the Adventures of  
FRANK RICHARDS & Co.,  
of the School in the Backwoods.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

### The 1st Chapter.

#### Mr. Bowers Makes a Morning Call.

"Morning, gents!"  
Mr. William Bowers, of Thompson, greeted Frank Richards & Co. very affably, as they rode up to the school gates in the sunny summer morning. The three chums drew rein, regarding the dusty "pilgrim" rather curiously.

Mr. Bowers was leaning against the gatepost when they came in sight. He detached himself from the post and touched his rag of a hat in salute, and then backed to the post again. Mr. Bowers generally was leaning up against something. As a rule, it was the post outside the Red Dog saloon in Thompson town. For reasons best known to himself, the dusty tramp was honouring Cedar Creek School with his presence that sunny morning.

He was chewing tobacco, occasionally ejecting a brown stream of juice, which had marked the ground round him in a circle. Mr. Bowers was not exactly a pleasant object to behold. In the bright sunshine he looked even more frowsy and untidy than usual.

"Nice morning, gents!" beamed Mr. Bowers.

"The morning's nice enough," answered Bob Lawless curtly.

"This hyer reminds me of my young days," confided Mr. Bowers, with a nod towards the lumber schoolhouse, and the boys and girls in the playground. "Happy—happy times!"

"What are you doing here?" asked Vere Beauclerc.

"Waiting for Mister Todgers!" said Dry Billy cheerfully. "He ain't come along to school yet."

"And what do you want with Chunky Todgers?" asked Bob.

"He'll be glad to see me," explained Mr. Bowers. "Didn't that brave young gent—brave as a lion—jump into the creek to reskoo me from drowning? Didn't he risk his life—his precious life—to save me from going over the rapids? I tell you, gents, words can't express how much I admire and respect that brave young feller."

"Does that mean that you're here to get some more money out of him?"

Mr. Bowers looked pained.

"Oh, sir!" he murmured.

"Chunky pulled you out of the creek yesterday," said Frank Richards. "He surprised us all by doing it. You seem to have been sticking him for money on the strength of it. Is that what you call cricket, Billy Bowers?"

"That young gent," replied Mr. Bowers, "is generosity itself. My clothes, such as they are, was spiled by going in the water. Mister Todgers stood me two dollars for it. Wasn't that generous of him?"

"I should think so. Fat-headed, too, in my opinion!" answered Frank.

"You must have been tipsey to tumble into the creek at all."

Billy Bowers grinned.

"Pr'aps and pr'aps not," he answered. "If I want to speak a word or two to the brave young gent what saved my life, where's the harm? I ain't fully expressed my gratitude yet. I'm a grateful man."

"You're not a very clean one," said Bob Lawless, with Western frankness. "And you're not improving this place with your blessed tobacco-juice. Billy Bowers. This isn't the Red Dog saloon, you know."

"Here comes Chunky!" murmured Vere Beauclerc.

There was a trotting on the trail, and Chunky Todgers came in sight on his fat little pony, from the direction of Thompson. Molly and Tom Lawrence were riding with the fat Chunky.

Chunky Todgers' fat face did not wear its usual cheery expression. He seemed in a doleful mood, and his

usually active tongue was still. He had hardly spoken a word during the ride to school, much to the surprise of Molly and her brother. Molly was unusually gracious to Chunky on account of his gallant deed the previous day; and graciousness from Molly ought to have translated the fat youth to the seventh heaven of delight. But now he was so preoccupied that he seemed scarcely to notice it.

At sight of the dusty loafer leaning against the gatepost, Chunky Todgers became first red, and then quite pale.

A hunted look came over his chubby face, and he drew rein, and glanced to right and left, almost as if he were seeking an avenue of escape. Which was curious, to say the least, considering that he had saved Mr. Bowers' life the previous day, and that the dusty "hobo" was apparently bursting with affectionate gratitude.

But if Chunky was thinking of eluding the interview with the grateful Mr. Bowers, the latter certainly was not. He jerked himself away from the gatepost, and ran to meet his fat rescuer, with a beaming face. He took Chunky's bridle and held his horse with one hand, and swept off his ragged hat with the other.

"Morning, young sir—morning!" he beamed. "It's a sight for sore eyes to see you ag'in, Mister Todgers. How are you feeling, sir, arter what you went through yesterday—jumping into the raging flood, sir, like a real hero in a story-book, to reskoo the helpless and drowning?"

"Oh!" gasped Chunky. He slid from his fat pony into the trail, his face dismayed and troubled. Mr. Bowers regarded him affectionately.

"Feeling all right this morning, sir?" he asked.

"Ow! Oh, yes!"

"Not caught any cold, sir, arter what you did, arter that brave action, sir?"

"Nunno!"

"I guess I'm glad to hear that," said Dry Billy solemnly. "I guess it does me good, sir, to hear that you ain't suffered for that very brave action, sir."

"Are you coming in, Chunky?" called out Frank Richards.

"Eh? Oh, yes!"

"Well, come on; the bell goes in a few minutes."

"I—I—I'm coming!"

Molly Lawrence and her brother went in at the gates, but Frank Richards & Co. lingered. They were puzzled by the dismay Chunky showed so plainly at the meeting with the loafer of Thompson, and they were interested, too. Chunky certainly looked, at that moment, as if he were in need of friends to stand by him, perplexing as that was.

"Well, come!" said Bob Lawless.

"Leggo my pony, Bowers!" gasped Chunky, making an ineffectual attempt to get his bridle away from Dry Billy.

"Ain't you got a word to speak to the galoot what you saved the precious life of?" asked Mr. Bowers.

"Yes—no—oh!" stammered Chunky Todgers. "I—I haven't got any more money."

"Money!" said Mr. Bowers, with a sidelong glance at Frank Richards & Co., who were looking rather grim. "Who's talking about money?"

"I guess, sir, that I ain't here to stick you for money."

"Oh!" gasped Chunky, in relief.

"I—I thought—"

Bob Lawless came up, with a grim frown on his brow, his reins lopped over his arm.

"What's this game?" he demanded abruptly. "What does this mean, Chunky?"

"Eh? Oh, nothing!"

"You pulled this galoot out of the creek, and he seems to think it gives him a right to stick you for money,"

said the rancher's son. "You've been soft enough to give him three dollars already. That's more than enough. You're not going to give him another red cent, Chunky!"

"I—I guess—"

"Don't be an ass, Chunky!" exclaimed Frank Richards. "All the money he gets goes the same way—fire-water at the Red Dog!"

"I—I know. I—"

"Well, come into school, then, and let the man alone!"

"I—I—" stammered Chunky.

He cast an almost beseeching look at Dry Billy Bowers. That dusty gentleman looked decidedly "ugly" for a moment or two; but the look passed, and he assumed an expression more of sorrow than of anger.

"Young gents, you break my heart!" he said pathetically. "Money! As if I'd stick Mister Todgers for money—arter he saved my life, too! I'd scorn the action, young gents, I would really. I jest want a few words in private with Mister Todgers—jest that, and nothing else!"

"I—I've got to go in to school, Bowers," faltered Todgers.

Mr. Bowers gave him a look.

"If you can't spare me a minute or two—" he began. There was a peculiar ring in the loafer's voice that sounded like a threat.

Chunky seemed to shiver.

"I—I guess I—I can!" he stammered. "It—it's all right, you chaps. You go in. I'll come in a minute. It—it's simply a private affair. It's all right. You fellows go in."

Frank Richards & Co. looked at Chunky, and at Dry Billy Bowers, and then at one another. They were perplexed; and they were uneasy and suspicious. If anything in the wide world was plain and clear, it was that Chunky Todgers was afraid of the dusty loafer; though why he should be afraid of the man whose life he had saved was a deep mystery.

"Look here, Chunky," began Bob.

"You go in," gasped Chunky.

"Lemme alone! It's all right, I tell you! Can't you give a galoot a rest?"

"Oh, all right!"

There was nothing more to be said after that. Frank Richards & Co. led their horses in at the school gates, leaving Chunky Todgers alone with the loafer of Thompson.

### The 2nd Chapter.

#### Under His Thumb.

Chunky Todgers blinked helplessly at Dry Billy Bowers, as the chums disappeared in at the school gates. The fat and dismayed Chunky seemed a great deal like a hapless bird fascinated by the glittering eye of a serpent.

Billy Bowers grinned quite agreeably.

"Now we'll have our little tork!" he remarked.

"Oh!" groaned Chunky. "I—I say, there—there's nothing to talk about, you know. N-n-nothing at all."

"Ain't there?" said Mr. Bowers significantly. "I guess there is. Some! Just a few! I calculate!"

"We—we settled up yesterday, you know," said Chunky feebly. "I—I gave you the dollar agreed on—"

"Wot's a dollar?"

"And—and I gave you two more—"

"Wot's two dollars?"

"Oh, dear!" said Chunky dispiritedly.

"Two dollars—three dollars!" said Mr. Bowers scornfully. "Lot, I guess, for a galoot to tumble into the water for, and get hisself drenched. Three dollars! Why, a job like that is worth fifty dollars, if it's worth a Continental red cent."

"You—you agreed—"

"I may have said, good-natured-like, that I'd do the job for a dollar," said Mr. Bowers. "Well, I

did the job. I never said nothing about holding my tongue arterwards, did I?"

"No-no-nunno."

"Well, then," said Dry Billy, in an aggrieved tone. "do you want me to hold my tongue, or don't you?"

"Yes," gasped Chunky.

"If you want me to hold my tongue, are you going to pay for it, or do you expect to get it for nothing?" demanded Mr. Bowers indignantly.

Chunky Todgers only groaned by way of reply. He seemed incapable of speech.

Mr. Bowers regarded him with sorrowful indignation.

"I call this hyer ungrateful," he said. "I do, really. Plump I goes into the creek, with me clothes on, to give you a chance of pretending to reskoo me, and showin' off to your school fellers. You dips into the water to make your duds wet, lookin' as if you'd been in the creek arter me. I hollers for help. Up they comes, and finds us drenched and drippin', and me spinnin' a yarn that you've reskooed me at the risk of your precious life. Did I pile it on thick, or didn't I? I asks you the question."

Another groan from Chunky Todgers!

"I played up, I did, like a real white man," pursued Dry Billy, with increasing indignation. "I piled it on, and your mates carried you off shoulder high, makin' no end of a fuss of you. You've showed off to them, and made them believe you've got heaps of pluck. And you offers me a dollar."

"You—you agreed—"

"The question is," said Mr. Bowers, "whether I'm to keep up this hyer yarn. I'm pore, and I'm down on my luck; I've been lookin' for work for years, and never found any. But I've got a conscience, Mister Todgers. And it's heavy on my conscience tellin' them lies to the galoots—makin' out that you reskooed me at the risk of your life, when it was all a stunt from start to finish. I feel bound to tell them the truth."

"Oh, dear!"

"I's pose they'd think a bit different of their pesky hero if I did?" sneered Mr. Bowers.

Chunky Todgers groaned deeply.

If ever an unhappy spoofer sincerely repented of his spoof, Chunky Todgers did at that moment.

It had seemed such an easy, simple "stunt" at the start. He had completely convinced Cedar Creek School that he, Chunky Todgers, was really a hero of the first water, though a very plump one. He had basked in the sunshine of general admiration and praise.

He had enjoyed it—till his next meeting with Mr. Bowers. Now he was not enjoying it at all.

The utter ridicule that would fall upon him, and overwhelm him, if the facts about that rescue came out, made Chunky shudder to think of it.

Dry Billy grinned genially as he watched the varying expressions in the fat schoolboy's face. He congratulated himself on having "struck" the softest thing in his unscrupulous career.

"Well?" he rapped out suddenly.

"Groan!"

"Don't you worrit, Mister Todgers," said Dry Billy kindly. "I ain't giving you away. I'm a good chum, I am—I ain't never gone back on a galoot. But there's my conscience—I got a conscience. It goes ag'in the grain to be keeping up this yarn. I guess there's only one thing to drown a man's conscience when it's troublin' him, and that's tanglefoot. That's why I'm hanging round here to see you this morning, Mister Todgers."

There was the clang of the school-bell.

Chunky started.

"I—I've got to go in," he stammered.

"Let's get our little business over afore you go in," said Mr. Bowers. "I'm only asking you for a loan of five dollars, Mister Todgers."

"Five dollars!" stammered Chunky.

"That's all!"

"I—I haven't got five cents."

"I guess," said Mr. Bowers, "that you'd better get it from somewhere."

"I—I can't!"

Mr. Bowers shrugged his shoulders. "Then I reckon I don't stifle my conscience any longer," he said. "Have your own way, Mr. Todgers."

Dry Billy swung round towards the school gates.

Chunky stared after him, in blank dismay, for a moment, and then ran after him, and clutched him by the sleeve.

"Where are you going?" he panted.

"Into the school, o' course," answered Mr. Bowers darkly.

"Wha-at for?"

"To get them lies off my con-

science, by makin' a full confession about that little stunt, I guess."

"You—you villain!" gasped Chunky.

"What!" roared Mr. Bowers. "Calling me names now, because a galoot has got a conscience, and wants to own up to the truth. That finishes it. Not another chirp, Mister Todgers—I'm going in. I'm disgusted at you, that's wot I am, and I'm done with you."

And Mr. Bowers, breathless with indignation, started for the gates, with long strides.

The alarmed Chunky kept pace with him, hanging on to his arm, and hopping to keep up.

"D-d-don't!" he gasped. "I—I say, I—I didn't mean to call you names, Mr. Bowers. I—I take it back."

"That's enough!"

"You—you're not going to give me away?" groaned Chunky.

"Don't you talk to me, Mister Todgers. I ain't got nothing more to say to you. You're unscrupulous; that's wot you are."

"I—I say—"

"That'll do!"

"I—I'll get you five dollars!" panted Chunky, in terrible alarm, as he hopped through the gateway, hanging on to the loafer's arm. "I—I say, I'll find it somehow. I—I will really."

"It's too late!" said Mr. Bowers surlily. "I'm going to tell the truth, and ease my conscience. That's wot I'm going to do."

"Stop!"

"Nary a stop. You let go my arm!"

"I'll find the money," moaned Chunky. "Do stop, Mr. Bowers. I'll bring it out to you after lessons, I will really."

Mr. Bowers condescended to pause at last. They were in the playground now; but as all the Cedar Creek crowd had gone into the lumber schoolhouse, there were no witnesses of the peculiar scene. As a matter of fact, Dry Billy Bowers had not the remotest intention of carrying out his threat, and thus killing the goose that he desired to lay golden eggs for him. He only wanted to scare Chunky—and in that he had succeeded perfectly.

"How long am I to wait?" he demanded, as he yielded to Chunky Todgers' entreaties, and stopped at last.

"After morning lessons!" gasped Chunky.

"That means hanging about the whole morning!" grunted Billy Bowers. "And I guess I'm looking for work this morning, too! How-sun-dever, to oblige you, Mister Todgers, I don't mind doin' it; I always was an obliging galoot—it's my weakness. I'll be hyer ag'in at half-past twelve, hey?"

"Yes," moaned Chunky.

"That's a cinch, then?" said Mr. Bowers.

He turned back to the gates, and Chunky watched him disappear, with a relief too deep for words.

The dreadful exposure was staved off, at all events.

But it was only staved off, as Chunky realised; for where on earth was he to raise five dollars after morning lessons, to satisfy the extortionate rascal?

Five hundred dollars, or five thousand, would have been almost as easy for the impecunious Chunky to raise, so far as he could see.

And if the promise of payment was not kept, it was certain that Dry Billy—drier than ever by that time—would be simply furious.

Chunky Todgers almost tottered into the schoolhouse.

He was five minutes late for class, and Miss Meadows spoke to him very sharply. But Chunky hardly heard the admonishing voice of the schoolmistress. He would not have cared much, just then, if he had been caned. He was thinking of much more serious matters—of the disastrous—indeed, catastrophic—result of his hapless attempt to pose as a hero in the eyes of Cedar Creek School.

### The 3rd Chapter.

#### Poor Old Chunky!

"Todgers!"

The fat boy did not answer Miss Meadows; he did not even hear her, when she addressed him a little later.

"Todgers, I was speaking to you, and you have not answered me!" exclaimed the Canadian schoolmistress severely.

"Oh! Yes! No!" gasped Chunky.

"Were you really, Miss Meadows?"

"What is the matter with you this morning, Todgers?"

"Mum-mum-matter?"

Miss Meadows glanced at him in surprise.

She could see that there was something wrong with him, though she had no idea what it was; and she

was very lenient with him, and he had little to do, which was a relief.

But there was no real relief for Chunky, unless he could have received the news that Mr. William Bowers had been suddenly carried off by the Red Indians—that, certainly, would have restored the fat contentment to Chunky's face. But that was not likely to happen.

As a rule Chunky welcomed the close of lessons—he had never been able to see any good in lessons excepting the fact that, sooner or later, they came to an end. But on the present occasion, with Mr. Bowers waiting for him outside Cedar Creek, he would have been glad for class to continue indefinitely. His fat face was a picture of worry and woe as he marched out with the rest of the fellows.

Frank and Bob and Vere Beauclerc looked at him, going into the playground.

He rolled up to the trio, who met him with curious looks. His fat face was very red.

"I—I say, you galoots!" he began. "C-c-can you—c-can you lend me five dollars?"

"A pound!" exclaimed Frank Richards, in amazement.

"Yep! C-c-can you?"

"What the thump do you want a pound for?"

"I—I—I want it, you know!"

"Look!" murmured Beauclerc, with a nod towards the gates.

In the gateway appeared a dusty form, surmounted by a rag of a hat. The coppery face of Dry Billy Bowers looked into the playground.

"Is it for Dry Billy that you want five dollars?" demanded Bob Lawless. "The—the fact is—the—the fact—fact, you know—"

"Well, what is the fact?" inquired Frank Richards.

"The—the fact is—" gasped Chunky.

"Go ahead! That boozey loafer is squeezing money out of you, and you want to squeeze it out of us. Is that it?" asked Bob Lawless.

"Nunno! Oh, no!"

"Then, what's the game?" demanded Bob.

"You—you see—" Chunky cudgelled his brains for a reason to give—anything but the real reason. "I—I—I think—I mean—that is—I—I—" His voice trailed off helplessly.

"Keep it up," said Bob encouragingly. "This is quite entertaining. You don't know how funny you are, Chunky!"

"I—I want to—to help him, you know!" gasped Chunky. "He—he's looking for work, you know, and—and I want to help him. I—I've promised to hand him five dollars. If you'll lend me—"

"Well, we won't!" said Bob, very decidedly. "You must be off your roof, I should say, to think you can clear us out of all our money, to give that boozey loafer to spend at the Red Dog. Tell him you can't give him any!"

"I—I can't—"

"Then I'll tell him for you!" growled the rancher's son, and he made a stride towards the gates.

Chunky caught him by the arm in terror.

"D-d-don't!" he gasped.

"Rot! I'm going to give him some plain Canadian, and clear him off!"

"Stop!" shrieked Chunky. "Stop, I tell you! Mind your own business, can't you, Bob Lawless?"

Bob stopped at that.

"I guess I can," he answered, "and I will! Go and chop chips, you fat clam! Come on, you fellows!"

Bob walked away with his chums, leaving Chunky perspiring. Dry Billy was coming in at the gates, and Todgers ran to meet him. The dusty loafer was attracting a great deal of attention, and at any moment Miss Meadows might have come out to warn him off the premises.

"Got the rocks?" asked Dry Billy rather unpleasantly.

"Nunno!"

"Wot!"

"I'll make it six dollars, if you'll wait!" said Chunky, in a hollow voice.

He would have promised six hundred to keep the rascal's tongue quiet. Dry Billy paused.

"Well, how long has a galoot got to wait?" he asked discontentedly.

"After lessons—"

"I'll be hyer at five o'clock," said Mr. Bowers, "and that's the last chance, Mister Todgers. Six dollars, down on the nail, or you know what will happen!"

"Wait for me on—the trail—in the timber, and—and I'll be there!" moaned Chunky.

"It's a cinch!"

Chunky stared after the dusty gentleman as he went, with hopeless dismay in his face. He groaned as he turned away. Six dollars were required now, as the price of Mr.

Bowers' silence, and Chunky had not the remotest idea where they were to come from. He was realising, too, that if the demand were met, it would be followed by another as soon as the six dollars had flowed away in fire-water at the Red Dog. And another demand—and another—in fact, there would be no end to it so long as Chunky could raise money by hook or by crook. And when he could raise no more—

That afternoon was a long-drawn-out horror to Chunky Todgers. He was still basking in the glory of the gallant deed which had proved to all Cedar Creek what a hero he was. But it afforded him no satisfaction now. The price was a little too high!

The 4th Chapter. Light at Last.

Frank Richards wore a thoughtful expression as he crossed towards the corral after lessons that day, with his chums, to take out the horses for the ride home. He paused in the playground.

"You chaps in a hurry to get home?" he asked.

"Not specially," answered Beauclerc, and Bob shook his head. "Anything on?"

"I was thinking of Todgers."

"The fat duffer!" growled Bob.

"He's in trouble," said Frank. "I can't understand what's the matter with him, but he's looking jolly queer. That loafer, Bowers, is threatening him somehow, and bullying him for money."

"Dry Billy—eh?" "Oh dear!" groaned Chunky. "I—I say, be a good chap, Bob, and lend me six dollars!"

"Six!" repeated Bob. "Has the price gone up?"

"Yep! I—I mean no! I—I mean that—"

"What do you want to give Bowers six dollars for?" asked Frank Richards quietly. "Tell us the facts, Chunky, and if you're in real need we'll do our best to see you through."

Chunky Todgers blinked at them hopefully. He certainly couldn't tell them the facts. The six dollars were required to keep them from learning the facts. Chunky cudgelled his fat brains. Fortunately—or perhaps unfortunately—Chunky's imagination was a lively one, and was fed fat on the novels in the Thompson circulating library.

"I—I—I guess I'll tell you the secret," he stammered at last.

"Oh, it's a secret, is it?"

"A dread secret!" said Chunky impressively.

"A which?" howled Frank Richards.

"A dread secret, you know!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Bowers," continued Chunky, in a thrilling tone, "knows the secret of my birth!"

Frank Richards & Co. gazed at him. They could do nothing else. Chunky had deprived them, for the moment, of the power of speech.

"He knows the dread secret!" whispered Chunky. "Unless I hand him

other it was clear that Frank Richards & Co. did not believe his remarkable statement.

"I don't see what you fellows are yowling about!" Chunky exclaimed at last peevishly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look hyer, you howling jays—" Bob Lawless wiped his eyes.

"Don't, Chunky," he gasped—"don't! You're giving me a pain in the ribs, you know."

"I'm telling you the facts—" "The facts! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Todgers," roared Dick Dawson, from the gates, "here's your friend coming to see you!"

"Ow!" gasped Chunky.

Mr. Bowers was evidently tired of waiting on the trail.

His dusty and frowzy figure loomed up in the gateway, and he looked round for his gallant rescuer.

Mr. Bowers was not looking good-tempered. It was his second tramp along from Thompson, and he had his doubts about the six dollars. He felt indignantly that Chunky Todgers was fooling him, and he intended to come down very heavy if the dollars were not forthcoming.

"Oh, hyer you are!" he exclaimed, striding towards the unhappy Chunky.

"Here I am!" faltered Todgers.

"I've been waiting for you on the trail."

"I—I—I was just coming out!"

"Well, I calculate I've just come in," said Dry Billy grimly. "Now,

"Nary a save!" grinned the loafer. "It was Mr. Todgers' stunt, to show off; that's wot it was, and I helped him out like a good-natured galoot. And now he won't even square a man for the damage to his clothes. Tam't a joke falling into the creek with your clothes on, I can tell you, jest to help a young jay show off!"

"Oh, Chunky!" gasped Molly.

"My only hat!" said Frank Richards, comprehending at last. "It was only one more of Chunky's stunts, then?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Chunky the hero!" yelled Bob Lawless. "Chunky the gallant rescuer! And he paid a dollar for the gallant rescue!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Chunky, you fraud—"

Chunky Todgers gave a deep groan. His brief glory was gone now with a crash! Shorn of his glory, Chunky cast a haggard glance round at his schoolfellows. They were yelling with laughter, and poor Chunky groaned again as he saw that Molly Lawrence was laughing, too.

He rushed away towards the corral, followed by a roar of laughter from all Cedar Creek, and a deep chuckle from Mr. William Bowers. He dragged out his fat pony and scrambled on it and galloped off, only anxious to get out of sight. He was relieved of Mr. Bowers and his demands now, and doubtless that would be a comfort later. But for the present the unfortunate Chunky was only conscious of the utter, overwhelming ridicule he had brought upon himself.

He disappeared at a gallop up the trail, with the laughter ringing in his ears as he went.

"So that's how the matter stood!" gasped Frank Richards. "Oh, the awful spoof!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Bowers, "I've eased my conscience by telling the truth. I'm a badly-used man, gents. Twice I've tramped here from Thompson, and that unscrupulous young feller ain't handed out the rocks. Gents, is there any young gent present who will stand a galoot a dollar to help him home, and see him through till he can find work?"

Bob Lawless looked at him.

"So you helped Chunky to fool us, and since then you've been sticking him for money to keep it secret," he said. "I see now. Chunky is a silly ass, and you're a thundering rogue, Mr. Bowers. You've been in the creek once, and you're going in again! Collar him!"

"Hyer, hands off!" exclaimed Mr. Bowers, in alarm, as the schoolboys closed round him. "I—I say—help! Hands up! Don't you chuck me in the creek—I never could stand water—oh, Jerusalem! Yooooop!"

Espostulating frantically, Mr. Bowers was rushed down to the creek, and there was a terrific splash as he went into it head-foremost. A yelling crowd watched him struggle out on the other side, drenched and dripping. Mr. Bowers took his homeward way to Thompson, a sadder, if not a wiser, loafer.

Chunky Todgers had to face a fire of chaff and chipping the next day at Cedar Creek. It lasted for several days. Indeed, it seemed to the unhappy Chunky that his schoolfellows would never, never forget that story of the heroic rescue of Mr. William Bowers. And Chunky Todgers disconsolately realised that the way of the transgressor is hard.

THE END.

NOTICE!

THERE IS A GRAND NEW COMPLETE TALE OF JIMMY SILVER & CO. AT ROOKWOOD! IN THE PENNY POPULAR THIS WEEK.

Every Friday. Price 1 1/2d.



MR. BOWERS IS GRATEFUL! Dry Billy Bowers ran to meet his fat rescuer, with a beaming face. "Morning, young sir—morning!" he beamed. "How are you feeling, sir, arter what you went through yesterday?" "Oh!" gasped Chunky.

Bob Lawless nodded. "A lot of the fellows think so," he answered. "It's clear enough for a blind Chinaman to see."

"It's a mystery how the man can have any hold over him, especially as Chunky saved his life," said Frank. "But there it is! And I think Chunky wants helping out. He's looking quite ill. Look at him now!"

Chunky Todgers was in the playground, and undoubtedly his face was pale and sickly. He dared not go out of gates, because he knew that Dry Billy was waiting on the trail; and he dared not remain where he was, lest the loafer should enter the school grounds in search of him. His state of mind, therefore, was unenviable. Look which way he would, Chunky could see no way out of the terrible scrape he had landed himself in for the sake of vainglory. The hopeless wretchedness in his usually sunny face touched the hearts of the chums of Cedar Creek.

"Poor old Chunky!" murmured Vere Beauclerc. "He does look in a bad way, and no mistake. We ought to do something for him, if we can."

"Let's speak to him, anyway," said Frank.

"Right-ho!"

The three chums approached Chunky Todgers, who did not even see them coming, as he watched the gates with dismayed, expectant eyes. Bob Lawless clapped him on the shoulder, and Chunky started.

"Oh, you villain!"

"What?"

"Oh, it's you, Bob!" gasped Chunky. "I—I thought it was—was some—"

six dollars this evening at the haunted tower—I—I mean, on the trail—he will reveal the truth!"

"The secret of your birth!" babbled Bob Lawless, finding his voice at last.

"That's it!"

"But there isn't any secret!" howled Bob. "Everybody in the Thompson Valley knows that you're Joe Todgers, the son of John Todgers, one of a family of six, all as fat as pumpkins!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"That is the story that was given forth—"

"Which was whatted?"

"Given forth to hide the dread secret!" murmured Chunky. "In me you see—you see the—the missing son—"

"The what?"

"The missing son of a powerful nobleman," said Chunky Todgers. "If the secret were revealed—"

Chunky was interrupted by a yell of laughter. His explanation of the "facts" was rather too much for Frank Richards & Co.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look hyer, you galoots—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The three schoolboys roared and howled and yelled. They could not help it. Chunky Todgers as the missing son of a nobleman, with a dread secret attached to his birth, was too much. They shrieked.

Chunky regarded them indignantly. He could not see why there was anything comic in his explanation. Missing sons of noblemen were as common as blackberries in the novels that came up to Thompson from the railway town south. But for some reason or

if you'll hand over the six dollars agreed on, Mister Todgers—"

"I—I—I—"

"Are you going to pony up?" demanded Dry Billy, in a voice that could be heard all over the Cedar Creek playground.

"I—I—I—"

"What's the row?" asked Tom Lawrence, coming up with five or six other fellows.

Dry Billy, of the Red Dog, was rather a remarkable figure at Cedar Creek, and was quite certain to attract attention there.

"Blessed if I know," said Frank Richards. "Bowers seems to want Chunky to pay him for having his life saved, so far as I can see."

"How dare you bother Chunky like this, after he saved your life?" exclaimed Molly Lawrence warmly. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

Mr. Bowers snorted.

"Saved my life be blowed!" he exclaimed. "Does it look as if that fat clam could save my life?"

"But he did!" exclaimed Molly. "You said so yourself!"

"He give me a dollar to say so!" was Mr. Bowers' unexpected answer.

"What?"

"Chunky!" roared Bob Lawless.

All eyes were turned on Chunky. That unhappy hero was crimson as a beetroot, and his eyes were on the ground. He was overwhelmed. He had realised that it must come—and it had come!

"He—he—he gave you a dollar to say so?" babbled Frank Richards. "Correct!"

"He didn't save your life?" howled Bob.

# Jimmy Silver's Day Out!



A Grand, Complete Story of the Chums of Rookwood School.  
By OWEN CONQUEST.

## The 1st Chapter.

### The Tribulations of a Cricket Captain.

Valentine Mornington of the Classical Fourth looked into the end study with a grin on his face. "You're in for it, Silver!" he announced.

Jimmy Silver glanced up from the cricket-list he was conning over. Jimmy had been pondering over that list for some time. It was rather an important matter; for it was the list of the Rookwood junior team for the match with Greyfriars School.

Jimmy had compiled that list with great care—not wholly to the satisfaction of the end study. Arthur Edward Lovell figured it in, and was satisfied that, upon the whole, Jimmy had made the selections fairly well. But Raby and Newcome were not so sure of it. Their names did not appear. Jimmy had explained to them that cricket came before friendship, and Raby and Newcome agreed that it did, and ought; but still, they could not quite agree that Jimmy had exercised his usual judgment.

"In for it, Morny?" repeated Jimmy Silver. "I know that, old scout! I've been jawed in this study till my hair's turning grey. Just as if it wasn't bad enough for me to have to leave out my own pals, anyway!"

"Well, you must admit, Jimmy, that you're showing up as a bit of an ass this time," remarked Raby.

"More than a bit," said Newcome. "Too many Moderns in the eleven, in my opinion!"

"Tommy Dodd thinks there's too few!" said Jimmy.

"Tommy Dodd's an ass!"

"And Jimmy's another!" said Raby.

"Go it!" said the junior captain of Rookwood resignedly. "Rub it in! I'm going to have it from a lot of others. Tubby Muffin will come along soon, wanting to know why he's not in the eleven. And here's Morny—"

"Have you left me out?" ejaculated Mornington.

"I'm happy to say no—"

"Oh, good! I was going to say—ahem!"

"Oh, I know what you were going to say if you were left out," answered Jimmy. "As you're in, I dare say you think I'm a fairly good judge of a fellow's form at cricket?"

Mornington laughed.

"Exactly!" he replied. "I suppose Erroll's in?"

"Yes, Erroll's in."

"Good man! I don't see anything to grumble at—"

"Same here," said Lovell. "Give a man a chance. A cricket captain is bound to use his judgment—"

"If he's got any!" agreed Raby.

"I've looked in to give you the tip," said Mornington. "There's some more of the merry outsiders who want your scalp, Jimmy. How have you dealt with the Shell?"

"Selwyn's in."

"What about Smythe?"

"We're going to play cricket at Greyfriars," said Jimmy Silver, "not marbles. When we meet them at marbles, I shall put Smythe into the team."

"My dear man, there is wrath in the Shell," said Mornington. "It seems that before your time Smythe was junior captain—"

"And a precious mess he made of affairs!" grunted Lovell.

"No doubt—but he's waxing wroth," said Mornington. "Smythe and his pals are coming here to see you, Jimmy."

"Let 'em all come!"

"And here they are!" added Morny, with a glance along the passage. "Do you mind if I witness the merry interview? It ought to be interesting."

"You can have a front seat—no charge."

Morny sat on the corner of the table. The Fistical Four all turned their glances on the doorway, as the elegant figure of Adolphus Smythe, the nut of the Shell, dawned there.

Adolphus Smythe walked into the study, followed by Tracy and Howard. The three Shell fellows looked very lofty and very serious.

"Hallo, old bean!" said Jimmy Silver. "I'll give you a couple of minutes, Smythe! Ring on!"

Adolphus placed his eyeglass very carefully in his eye, and surveyed the grinning Fourth-Formers.

"I'm goin' to have it out with you, Silver!" he announced.

"Go it!"

"How many of the Shell are you putting into the eleven for Greyfriars?"

"One."

"Little me, I suppose?"

"No; Selwyn. He can play cricket."

"Can't I play cricket?" demanded Adolphus, his aristocratic calm giving way for a moment to some signs of excitement.

"Blessed if I know," answered Jimmy Silver. "You may be able to. If so, you've kept it dark. You've never shown any signs of it on the cricket-ground."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I might have expected this dashed impudence from a dashed fag!" said Smythe.

"You might!" agreed Jimmy.

"And if you're not a little less cheeky, Smythe, you can expect a booting, too!"

"I haven't come here for a row. I simply want to know how I stand!"

"Like a tailor's dummy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"How I stand in the cricket!" roared Smythe. "I'm left out, with my friends—and, without braggin', I mean to say that we're the cricketers of the Lower School. It was a silly mistake electin' a Fourth-Former junior captain. Bulkeley, as captain of the school, an' head of the games, ought to have interfered. Still, even you ought to see, Silver, that the Shell will have to get a show in the cricket!"

"A good show!" said Tracy.

"Oh, yaas!" assented Howard.

"Then, I'll tell you what," said Jimmy Silver. "Learn the game. Begin with some practice. Take a little instruction, and profit by it. Some of the fags in the Second Form would give you some tips. In about ten years' time you may know the difference between a wicket and a wicket-keeper. I don't say you will; but you may."

The eye of Adolphus Smythe gleamed through his eyeglass at the captain of the Fourth. There was wrath in the brow of the great Adolphus.

"So it comes to this," he said. "We're left out!"

"You've got it!"

"Then I'll speak out straight!" said Smythe. "We demand a show in the junior eleven, and we mean to get it!"

"Go ahead! I've given you my advice. Young Erbert of the Second will teach you the beginnings of the game—"

"You silly ass!" roared Smythe. "Don't give me any more of your cheek! If my friends and I are not given a show in the cricket this season, there will be trouble!"

"Lots of trouble!" said Tracy.

"Oh, yaas!" concurred Howard.

"The fact is, we're not willin' to leave cricket in your hands, Jimmy Silver. I've little doubt that Wharton and his lot at Greyfriars will walk all over you. We've got the school record to think of, and we're not goin' to stand it!"

Jimmy Silver looked attentively at the great Adolphus.

"It's your lower jaw that moves—isn't it?" he asked, as if he had just made a discovery.

"Eh?"

"But you move it too much," said Jimmy.

"Wha-a-at?"

"Give it a rest, old trump!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

That was too much for Adolphus Smythe. He made a stride towards Jimmy Silver, with his fists clenched.

Before he reached the captain of the Fourth, however, wisdom prevailed, and he halted.

"You're not worth lickin'!" he said scornfully.

"How lucky—for you, old bean!"

"There'll be trouble!" said Smythe.

"Look out! That's all!"

"Enough, too!"

"Come on, you fellows!" said Adolphus.

And the nuts of the Shell, in great wrath and indignation, shook the dust of the end study from their feet.

Mornington slipped off the table.

"Quite an entertainment!" he remarked. "Smythe is no end of a funny man, though he doesn't know it. Ta-ta!"

Mornington strolled out of the end study. Jimmy Silver returned to his cricket-list, and dismissed Adolphus Smythe from his mind. Adolphus' threats of "trouble" did not worry the captain of the Fourth. Adolphus was rather too much given to "gas" for that.

But on this occasion, if Jimmy Silver had only known it, the great Adolphus was in deadly earnest, and there was trouble to come.

## The 2nd Chapter.

### Adolphus Comes Out Strong.

"Amble in, old beans!"

It was, of course, Smythe of the Shell who gave that invitation. Smythe was never content to talk in common or garden English.

Adolphus rose gracefully from his armchair, as a number of visitors appeared in the doorway after tea that evening. Tracy and Howard, his study-mates, were with him.

The visitors all belonged to Adolphus' exclusive and elegant "set." They were the "knuts" of the Lower School of Rookwood. They were all Classics. Nuttiness did not flourish on the Modern side.

There was quite a little crowd of them—Chesney, Seaton, Gilbey, and Waugh, of the Shell; Townsend, Topham, Peele, and Gower, of the Fourth. And all of them were of the nuts nutty, so to speak.

They "ambled" in at Adolphus' genial invitation.

"Shut the door, old chappies!" said Smythe. "We don't want fags to hear anythin' that's said. It's rather a secret."

Gower closed the door.

"By gad, what a meetin'!" said Townsend. "Eleven of us altogether. Are you makin' up a team, Smythe?"

"Yaas!"

"What?" ejaculated half a dozen of the nuts in chorus.

Towny's question had been asked in jest. The reply in the affirmative astonished the nuts of Rookwood.

"Makin' up a team?" repeated Topham.

"Exactly!"

"Oh, gad!" yawned Chesney of the Shell.

"I thought it was bridge!" said Peele, in rather an aggrieved tone.

"We'll have bridge afterwards if you like. Never mind that now. This is a council of war!" said Smythe impressively.

"Oh, go it!" said Townsend.

"Sit down, dear boys, an' I'll go it."

The "dear boys" sat down.

Adolphus Smythe's study was commodious, and elegantly furnished; but there was rather a shortage of chairs for so numerous a gathering. Townsend and Topham sat in the window-seat, and Chesney and Gilbey accommodated themselves on the table. Gower captured Adolphus' armchair, as the great man rose to address the meeting.

There was some curiosity among the nuts of Rookwood as to what the meeting was about. They gave Adolphus their attention.

"Gentlemen," said Smythe, surveying his comrades through his eyeglass. "I've called this meetin' for a rather important purpose. You fellows know that the junior captaincy is in the hands of a Fourth-Former—"

a dashed cheeky fag whom no fellow can pull with."

"Yaas."

"We know that."

"You know how we've been left out of the footer," said Smythe.

"Durin' the winter not a fellow now in this study was given a chance in any of the junior school matches."

"Shame!"

"If Silver ever condescended to play a Shell fellow, it was never one of our crowd."

"Never!"

"Nor one of our pals in the Fourth!" added Smythe, with a condescending glance at Towny & Co.

"Only his own crowd—a pretty low crowd; in fact, a gang of young ruffians!"

"Hear, hear!"

"The question arises, are we goin' to stand the same kind of thing durin' the summer?" said Adolphus.

"Hitherto we haven't figured in any cricket matches. There's a big match due on Wednesday—a whole holiday—an' some of us would be willin' to go over to Greyfriars."

"Oh, yaas!" said Howard.

"I've spoken to Silver, and he's answered me with low cheek—just what I might have expected, and, in fact, did expect. But I've thought it out, and we're not goin' to stand it."

The meeting looked surprised.

"Silver's junior cricket captain," remarked Townsend. "We can't shove into the eleven without his permission."

"I'm not regardin' Silver in the matter at all."

"Oh!"

"The fact is," said Adolphus impressively, "I'm comin' down heavy."

"Go it!" said Chesney.

Several cigarettes were lighted by this time. Adolphus caught a whiff of smoke, and coughed. He cleared his throat, and went on:

"I'm passin' Silver's gang by as if they didn't exist. I was junior captain till that cheeky young rotter bagged it. I'm goin' to be cricket captain on this occasion."

"Oh, gad!"

"How the thump—" began Topham.

"That's what I'm comin' to. My idea is to make up a team, and take it over to Greyfriars, and play the match there."

"Eh?"

"Rather surprises you—what?" grinned Adolphus.

"I should say so!" gasped Townsend. "Rather a surprise for Wharton if two Rookwood teams arrive there at the same time."

"Two won't! Jimmy Silver and his lot won't arrive, of course. When we get there we shall be taken for the Rookwood team, as a matter of course."

"But—"

"How—"

"The question is, disposin' of Jimmy Silver's crowd for the day," said Smythe. "Once get that lot out of the way, all will be plain sailin', won't it?"

"Oh, my hat!"

The nuts of Rookwood simply blinked at Adolphus.

That great man was not famous for original ideas, but certainly this idea was distinctly original; in fact, unheard of.

Smythe seemed pleased by the impression he had made. He beamed round on the astonished assembly.

"There'd be a fearful row!" said Gilbey at last.

"Who cares?" answered Adolphus negligently. "After we've won the Greyfriars match we can snap our fingers at 'em. Nothin' succeeds like success, you know."

"But—but suppose we don't win it?"

"My dear man, I take a win as a foregone conclusion. But let that be as it may—anyhow, we bag the match."

"What a facer for Jimmy Silver!" grinned Tracy.

"Oh, yaas!"

"But how are you goin' to work it?" howled Townsend. "Jimmy Silver won't sit at home in his study if you ask him to."

"I've thought that out," answered Adolphus placidly. "I've been puttin' in quite a lot of thinkin' on this subject. I've got a wheeze for strandin' the whole gang a hundred miles from Greyfriars."

"Oh!"

"Blessed if I see how you'll manage it!" said Topham. "They're goin' over by train in the mornin'. You can't stop them."

"I think I can, an' I'm goin' to. We're goin' by train, an' they're goin' wanderin'. Leave it to me. What I want to ask you fellows is this: Will you play in the Greyfriars match?"

"Great Scott!"

"I guarantee that Jimmy Silver & Co. don't come within a hundred miles of Greyfriars!" said Adolphus.

"Never mind how. I've thought out the stunt. We represent Rookwood on this occasion, as we ought on all occasions. Are you fellows goin' to back me up?"

"Oh, yaas!"

"Hear, hear!"

"If you're sure—" began Gilbey.

"Oh, quite!"

"Then we're backin' you up!"

"Yes, rather!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Mum's the word!" said Adolphus, when the applause died away.

"Not a word outside this study—not even to Selwyn. He's playin' for Silver, an' he might give us away. Not a merry whisper!"

"You bet!"

"Bravo, Smythe!"

Adolphus Smythe bowed to the applause as it burst out again. At that moment, Adolphus was truly a great man, and he realised it. He lighted a cigarette, and beamed on the enthusiastic assembly through puffs of smoke.

"We score this time," he said. "Jimmy Silver won't be even an 'also ran'—he will be simply nowhere."

"Bravo, Smythe!"

"An' now, dear boys, we'll have some bridge," yawned Adolphus.

And the "dear boys" had some bridge.

## The 3rd Chapter.

### A Very Kind Offer.

Jimmy Silver did not give another thought to Adolphus, after the interview in the end study, though Adolphus was giving a good deal of thought to him. Jimmy had far more important matters to think about.

The Greyfriars match was close at hand now, and Jimmy, having decided upon his team, was busy keeping his selected men up to the mark. The junior eleven of Rookwood was a really good team, and though everybody was not satisfied, everybody admitted that it was a good team—excepting the honourable company of nuts.

Most of Jimmy Silver & Co.'s spare time was put in on Little Side, keeping up their form for the coming match. Bulkeley, the captain of Rookwood, kindly kept a fatherly eye upon them, and gave the junior champions some coaching.

To Jimmy's surprise, he noted that Smythe & Co. were taking up cricket practice in a rather more serious way than was their wont. But cricket, as played by the great Adolphus, was not a very serious matter. What Smythe of the Shell did not know about the game would have filled volumes.

Still, the nuts did turn up to practice, as if they had some object in view—as, indeed, they had.

Even the egregious Adolphus had some doubts, perhaps, as to whether he could defeat Harry Wharton & Co. of Greyfriars, without any practice at all.

And it was fixed in Adolphus' mind that he was going to play the Greyfriars match with a nutty eleven—in the place of Jimmy Silver and his team.

If Jimmy had suspected the existence of that little scheme, he would have been astonished, and probably amused. But such a scheme was not likely to be suspected—it was too unheard-of for that.

When the juniors went down to practice after lessons on Tuesday, Smythe joined the captain of the Fourth with an agreeable smile.

"Like to give us some bowlin', Silver?" he asked.

"Well, I'm going to do some bowlin'," answered Jimmy. "But—"

Smythe was smiling so agreeably, that Jimmy hesitated to be quite candid. What he was thinking was that he did not want to waste valuable time bowling to so hopeless a batsman as Adolphus.

"Well, give me a few, old bean," said Smythe. "I've got rather an idea that I can play your bowlin'."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Let's see."

"Oh, all right!" answered Jimmy resignedly.

He decided to waste a few minutes in demonstrating to Adolphus that he couldn't play that bowling at all.

"Hallo, what are you up to, Jimmy?" called out Lovell.

"Bowling to Smythe!"

"What rot!"

Lovell was candid, at least.

Adolphus Smythe took up his stand at the wicket, with a lofty look and an exaggerated straddle. Jimmy Silver smiled and sent down an easy ball.

Smythe stopped it dead.

"Try again!" he grinned.

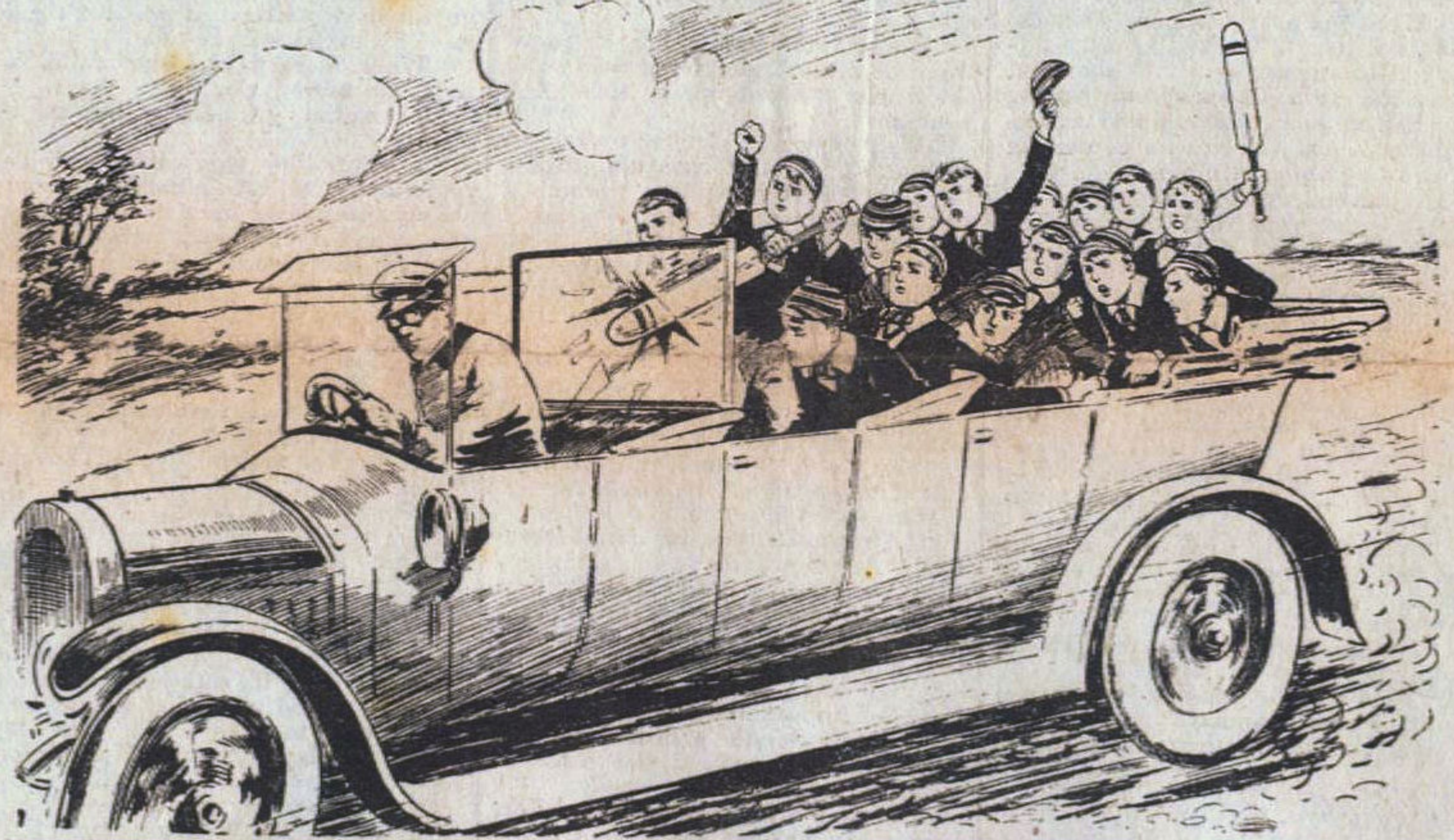
Tracy tossed back the ball, and

Jimmy tried again. This time he sent down a scorcher.  
Clack!  
What Adolphus was trying to hit with his bat was a deep mystery to the onlookers. If his objective was the round red ball, he was certainly very wide of the mark. Smythe's expensive bat described three parts of a circle in the air, what time the ball was knocking out his middle stump.  
"How's that?" smiled Jimmy Silver.  
"Oh, gad!" murmured Adolphus. "What a fluke!"  
"Fluke be blowed!" snorted Arthur Edward Lovell. "You can't bat for toffee! Give us a rest, Smythe!"  
"Try again, Silver, will you?"  
"Oh, all right!"  
Jimmy tried again, playfully hooking out the off stump. He had had his choice of the stumps, for all the defence that Smythe could put up with the willow.  
"How's that?"  
"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"Oh, by gad! Try again!"  
"Is this a circus?" demanded Arthur Edward Lovell. "I thought we came down here for cricket practice."  
"Oh, give Smythe a chance!" grinned Mornington. "Smythe is no end entertainin'."  
Morny returned the ball to Jimmy Silver, who caught it, smiling.  
"Leg stump this time, Smythe!" he called out, and there was a roar of laughter.  
"Cheeky fag!" grunted Adolphus. Smythe was very much on his guard that time, but it was the leg stump all the same.  
"Hat tricks are cheap to-day!" chuckled Tommy Dodd, the Modern.  
"Ha, ha, ha!"  
Adolphus Smythe carried away his bat in disgust.  
He was fed up with Jimmy Silver's bowling.  
"Flukes, you know," he told his nutty friends. "I'm not quite up to form. That fellow Silver doesn't know how to bowl, either. Not my style."  
"Not at all, apparently," murmured Tracy.  
"Eh? What did you say, Tracy?"  
"Nothin' old top. We shall walk all over Wharton and his gang at Greyfriars, if you bat like that."  
"I think we shall beat Wharton's lot," said Smythe, with dignity. "But if we don't, what does it matter? I don't believe in workin' at a game."  
"No fear!"  
On that point, the nuts of Rookwood were all in cordial agreement with Adolphus. They did not believe in working at cricket—or at anything else, for that matter.  
Smythe lounged elegantly on Little Side while the cricketers were at practice. When the Fistical Four came off, and headed for the School House, the dandy of the Shell joined them.  
"You kids seem in great form," he remarked agreeably.  
"Not so much of your kids!" grunted Lovell.  
"Ahem! You look like beatin' Greyfriars all round the town," said Adolphus, determined to be agreeable.  
"We hope to beat them, Smythe," answered Jimmy Silver cheerily.  
He could not quite understand Smythe's friendliness; but he was a good-natured fellow, and always ready to accept the olive-branch.  
"Startin' pretty early to-morrow, I suppose?" pursued Smythe.  
"Yes; as it's a whole holiday, we can catch an early train," said Jimmy.  
"We have a rather long way to go, you know."  
"Yaas, that's so. Rather a rotten train service. I believe—several changes, and all that."  
"Can't be helped."  
"Of course, we might ask them to build us a new railway," remarked Arthur Edward Lovell, apparently in a sarcastic vein.  
Adolphus did not seem to hear that remark.  
"I was going to make an offer, Silver," he observed.  
"My dear man, the eleven's full up."  
"I don't mean that. I've already offered you my services as a cricketer, an' you've refused," said Adolphus, with dignity. "That's ended. I'm not offerin' to play in your team, Silver."  
"Oh! What is it, then?"  
"I was goin' to offer you a car for the run to Greyfriars."  
"Wha-a-at?"  
The Fistical Four stopped, and stared at Adolphus. His remark had quite taken their breath away.  
"A car!" repeated Raby.  
"Yaas."

"Are you joking?" exclaimed Jimmy Silver.  
"Not at all."  
"But—but—"  
"You see, this is how the matter stands," said Adolphus, smiling agreeably at the astonished chums of the Fourth. "My uncle's offered me his car for to-morrow—thumpin' big car, capable of holdin' fifteen or sixteen chaps—a regular 'bus, you know. He was usin' it for hospital work in the war, but it's left on his hands now. As it's a whole holiday to-morrow he kindly offered it to me to take my friends for a run in the country."  
"What a ripping old gent!" exclaimed Newcome.  
"Yaas, he's rather a good sort. Big car, with chauffeur complete, you know—just the thing. As it happens, I've decided to go off for the day with Tracy, instead of takin' a party out, as I'd intended. I don't want to throw the car back at nunky, as it were. I sha'n't want it; but the present arrangement is that it arrives at Rookwood at ten in the morning."  
"Oh!" said Jimmy.  
"That's how it is. If you'd care to use it, it's at your service," said Adolphus. "The car will take the lot of you, and it will land you at Greyfriars in half the time it takes by train. It will wait there, and bring you back. You might give the chauffeur a tip. That won't hurt you—you'll save a good bit on railway-fares, of course."  
"My only hat!" said Lovell.  
The Fistical Four simply blinked at Smythe.  
The offer was a good-natured one—wonderfully good-natured! The idea of making a rapid run across country in a big car, instead of a longer journey crammed into a crowded train, was, of course, very attractive. The Fistical Four felt that they had misjudged Adolphus Smythe.  
"Well, I must say that's jolly good-natured of you, Smythe!" said Jimmy Silver.  
"Not at all, dear boy."  
"But don't you want the car yourself?"  
"No, as it happens. I'm goin' off with Tracy by train—a little stunt we've got for the holiday. But after uncle's sendin' me the car, I'd rather not send it back unused. It would look rather ungrateful. So long as my friends use it it's all right. I'm regardin' you fellows as my friends for this occasion," smiled Smythe.  
"Well, if you mean it, Smythe, we'll accept the offer, and we're very much obliged," said Jimmy.  
"Yes, rather!"  
Adolphus waved his hand.  
"Don't mench!" he said. "The car's yours. Tip the chauffeur half-a-quid, if you don't mind. That's all."  
"Willingly!" said Jimmy, with a laugh. "We shall save the junior club some quids on railway-fares."  
"Yaas, that's all to the good, isn't it?"  
"Not so much as will be spent on petrol for the car, though, I should think," remarked Raby.  
Smythe laughed.  
"That's all right. Nunky provides the petrol with the car," he said. "I'm glad you're acceptin' my offer, Silver. I look on it as friendly."  
Jimmy besitated. He half expected this munificent offer from Adolphus to be followed by a request to be

played in the match. If Smythe had attached any such condition to the offer, the offer would have been refused on the spot.  
But Smythe didn't.  
"It's settled, then?" he asked.  
"Yes, old scout, certainly, and many thanks!"  
"I hope you'll have a good time," said Smythe genially; and he nodded to the Fistical Four, and walked away to join his friends.  
**The 4th Chapter.**  
**"Timeo Danaos!"**  
"Well, my hat!" murmured Arthur Edward Lovell, as the chums of the Fourth went into the School House.  
"Smythe is an awful ass, but he's not a bad sort," remarked Raby.  
Jimmy Silver nodded.  
"I'm blessed if I quite understand him," he said. "The other day he was fairly on the war-path because he wasn't in the eleven. Now he's all smiles. I don't think we've quite done Smythe justice, you chaps. A fellow can be a silly ass, and a good chap all the same."  
"It will be ripping to run across in a car!" said Newcome. "If there's room for sixteen, as Smythe says, Raby and I can come with the team."  
"Yes, rather! And another fellow or two," said Jimmy.  
"Better than stuffy trains, and dashed changing at junctions, and things!" said Lovell. "I must say that Smythe has turned up trumps, and no mistake!"  
The Fistical Four were feeling extremely cordial towards Smythe of the Shell. True, he was offering them the car because he did not want it himself; but it was very good-natured, all the same. There were plenty of fellows at Rookwood who would have jumped at such an offer.  
"I've accepted it."  
"What conditions has Smythe made?"  
"None!"  
"He hasn't asked to be played in the match?"  
"No. He's going off for the day with Tracy, and he doesn't want the car himself. It's jolly decent of him to offer it to us, all the same. There's some of the Sixth would be jolly glad to have it."  
"Queer that he doesn't offer it to them, then, if he doesn't want it himself! He likes keepin' in with the Sixth."  
"Well, he's offered it to us."  
"Blessed if I catch on!"  
"Well, it's rather surprising," admitted Jimmy Silver. "But it's a jolly good thing. We shall save time on the journey; and it will be an enjoyable run across country, instead of a painful infliction—and that's what a long railway journey is in these days. Dash it all, Morny, you ought to feel as pleased as we do!"  
Morny shook his head.  
"Do you know what I'd do in your place, Silver?" he asked.  
"Well, what?" demanded Jimmy rather restively.  
"I'd refuse."  
"And why?"  
"You remember what that old johnny said—we've had it in class," said Mornington. "Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes!"  
"Construe!" grinned Lovell.  
"I fear the Greeks and the gifts they bring!" said Mornington. "That johnny knew somethin'. It's awfully good-natured of Smythe—terribly; but I fear the Greeks when they bring gifts in their hands, old bean."  
Jimmy Silver frowned.  
"I suppose you mean by that that

Smythe's offer was generally known there was great satisfaction among the junior cricketers; and all of them agreed that Adolphus had acted very well indeed, considering that he was left out of the team. Even Morny's own chum, Kit Erroll, shook his head over Morny's distrust. Indeed, the fellows who heard that Morny was suspicious of the subject put it down to the fact that Morny was of a suspicious nature, and one or two rather pointed remarks were made to that effect.  
Mornington let the matter drop, though he kept to his opinion. But even to himself he could not adduce much reason for his distrust; and perhaps he wondered a little whether he was over-suspicious. Whether that was the case was to be seen on the morrow.  
**The 5th Chapter.**  
**Smythe's Game.**  
"Stunning!"  
That was the general comment at ten the following morning.  
Outside the School House at Rookwood a gigantic car was halted on the drive, with Smythe's uncle's chauffeur in attendance.  
Adolphus Smythe had had a conversation with the chauffeur, unheard by the other fellows. Rookwooders came from near and far to look at the Smythe motor-car. It really was stunning.  
"It was a giant car—almost a 'bus," as Smythe had remarked. There was plenty of accommodation for from fourteen to sixteen school-boys, and it was decided that the car should take as many as it would hold. The members of the team were feeling greatly satisfied. The weather was fine and sunny, and they looked forward to the run across country with delight. And five fellows, who were going with the eleven, were equally joyful.  
The Rookwood junior eleven consisted of Jimmy Silver, Lovell, Conroy, Van Ryn, Erroll, Mornington, Selwyn, Classics; and Tommy Dodd, Doyle, Cook, and Towle, Moderns. Raby, Newcome, Grace, Oswald, and Pons were accompanying them to Greyfriars. Tubby Muffin's offer to go was declined with thanks; Lovell explaining that the car would hardly stand his weight.  
The cricketers came up with their bags, and crowded into the car in great spirits. Most of them took the trouble to tell Adolphus Smythe that it was really ripping of him.  
"Don't mench!" was Smythe's reply to such remarks.  
The great Adolphus was beaming with smiles. The chauffeur was smiling, too, for some reason best known to himself.  
"All in?" asked Jimmy Silver, looking over the crowded car.  
"All but me!" squeaked Tubby Muffin.  
"No room for walruses, old chap," said Jimmy Silver. "Once more, Smythe, I must say that this is really ripping of you."  
"Don't mench, old bean!" said Adolphus negligently. "It's a real pleasure to me, Silver, to lend you the car—quite!"  
Sixteen cheery faces smiled at Adolphus from the car, and Adolphus smiled back.  
"I'll give the man his directions, if you're ready, old trumps," said Smythe.  
"Go it!"  
Adolphus spoke to the chauffeur, and that gentleman took his place, and "tooled" the huge car down the drive to the gates.  
It turned out of the gateway and disappeared.  
Jimmy Silver & Co. were en route.  
"They're off!" smiled Adolphus to his friends.  
"I hope they'll enjoy their journey," grinned Tracy.  
"Ha, ha, ha!"  
Adolphus smiled.  
"About time we were off, too," he rawned. "Silver was goin' to catch the ten-twenty-five, if he'd gone by train. I rather think we'd better catch the ten-twenty-five, dear boys."  
"Oh, yaas!" grinned Howard.  
A few minutes later Adolphus & Co. might have been seen, as a novelist would say, walking down to the gates with their cricket-bags. Bulkeley of the Sixth met them near the gates, and stopped to speak, in some surprise.  
"You kids going out for cricket?" he asked.  
Adolphus nodded.  
"Yaas, Bulkeley. We've fixed up a match for to-day."  
"I'm glad to hear it," said the captain of Rookwood, rather puzzled. "Best of luck."  
"Thanks, awfully!"



**THE LAST RESOURCE!** Crash! Jimmy Silver, in desperation, plunged his bat through the wind-screen separating him from the chauffeur. "Stop!" he shouted. The man started for a moment, but did not turn his head. The car swept on.

train, was, of course, very attractive. The Fistical Four felt that they had misjudged Adolphus Smythe.  
"Well, I must say that's jolly good-natured of you, Smythe!" said Jimmy Silver.  
"Not at all, dear boy."  
"But don't you want the car yourself?"  
"No, as it happens. I'm goin' off with Tracy by train—a little stunt we've got for the holiday. But after uncle's sendin' me the car, I'd rather not send it back unused. It would look rather ungrateful. So long as my friends use it it's all right. I'm regardin' you fellows as my friends for this occasion," smiled Smythe.  
"Well, if you mean it, Smythe, we'll accept the offer, and we're very much obliged," said Jimmy.  
"Yes, rather!"  
Adolphus waved his hand.  
"Don't mench!" he said. "The car's yours. Tip the chauffeur half-a-quid, if you don't mind. That's all."  
"Willingly!" said Jimmy, with a laugh. "We shall save the junior club some quids on railway-fares."  
"Yaas, that's all to the good, isn't it?"  
"Not so much as will be spent on petrol for the car, though, I should think," remarked Raby.  
Smythe laughed.  
"That's all right. Nunky provides the petrol with the car," he said. "I'm glad you're acceptin' my offer, Silver. I look on it as friendly."  
Jimmy besitated. He half expected this munificent offer from Adolphus to be followed by a request to be

A big car and a chauffeur for a whole day's holiday was not an offer that grew on every bush, as Lovell sapidly remarked.  
Mornington was in the Fourth Form passage as the Co. came along from the staircase, and he noted their smiling faces.  
"Come into a fortune apiece?" he asked.  
Jimmy Silver laughed.  
"Not quite," he answered. "But we've had some luck. What do you think of making the run to Greyfriars to-morrow in a big car, instead of crawling round in stuffy trains?"  
Morny's face brightened. In his palmy days big cars had been quite in his line, and he missed the expensive luxuries he had once been accustomed to.  
"Rippin'!" he exclaimed heartily. "That's what we think!"  
"But will the funds run to a big car for a whole day out?" asked Morny. "It will cost no end of money for petrol alone."  
"It's offered to us."  
"Oh, gad! Not the Head—"  
"Ha, ha! No! The Head's car wouldn't hold our crowd, either. It's Smythe's uncle's car."  
"Eh?"  
Jimmy Silver explained the handsome offer made by Smythe of the Shell.  
Valentine Mornington's face was very peculiar in expression as he listened.  
"You're acceptin' the offer?" he inquired, when Jimmy Silver had finished.

Smythe has something up his sleeve?" he said.  
"Exactly!"  
"Well, what?"  
"I don't know; but I fear the Greeks—"  
"Oh, bless you and your silly old Virgil tags!" grunted Jimmy Silver crossly. "It's jolly decent of Smythe, and I'm feeling no end obliged to him, and I'm dashed if I like to see a fellow suspicious of another simply because he's done something good-natured!"  
Mornington shrugged his shoulders. "I don't trust Smythe!" he said. "Especially after the trick he played you over the St. Jim's match."  
"I don't know that I do specially; but I shouldn't like to suspect a fellow of having some rotten motive for making a jolly good-natured offer!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver warmly. "What object could he have? He's offered the car to the whole team."  
"I don't know. But—"  
"But what?" exclaimed the captain of the Fourth testily.  
"Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes!" answered Mornington.  
"Oh, rats!"  
With that emphatic reply, Jimmy Silver walked on to the end study.  
Mornington gave another shrug. He had his own opinion; but it was not his business to decide the matter: Jimmy Silver was junior captain, and he had accepted Smythe's offer, and that settled it.  
Morny remained alone in his distrustful view, too. At soon as

## JIMMY SILVER'S DAY OUT!

(Continued from previous page.)

Adolphus & Co. walked on, and ambled, as Adolphus expressed it, cheerily down the lane to the station. The big car was glimpsed for a moment, climbing a hill in the distance. "There they go!" grinned Townsend.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Where are they goin'?" asked Chesney.

"I've fixed that with the chauffeur," said Smythe. "They don't know yet; but they'll know later. They think they're goin' east. My belief is that they're goin' west."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"They'll land somewhere in Devon or Somerset presently—"

The nuts yelled.

"While we're playin' cricket in Kent!" Adolphus smiled. "They're really such unpleasant fellahs, that I'd rather not be in the same county with them. I really hope they'll enjoy the trip. How lucky my uncle offered me the car for to-day—what?"

"Yes, rather!"

"I'd have liked to run across to Greyfriars in the car myself," said Smythe regretfully. "But we had to part with the car to get rid of that gang. After all, we can put up with the train. We bag the match, anyway."

"What-ho!"

Adolphus & Co. put up with the train quite cheerfully.

It was quite an enjoyable journey to them, under the circumstances, and they arrived at Courtfield in great spirits.

By that time, Adolphus opined, Jimmy Silver & Co. were probably finding their outing far from enjoyable.

But that was not Adolphus' business.

The merry nuts streamed out of the station at Courtfield, and found a brake standing outside; and Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry, of the Greyfriars Remove, came to meet them.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" was Bob Cherry's greeting. "From Rookwood?"

"Oh, yaas!"

"But—"

It was evident enough that the cricketers were from Rookwood; but Harry Wharton was perplexed. He had expected to see his old acquaintance, Jimmy Silver & Co. He knew Smythe and most of his comrades, but he had not expected to see them turn up as the eleven from Rookwood.

"Oh, perhaps you were expectin' to see Silver?" remarked Adolphus.

"Yes. We understood—"

"There's been some changes in cricket matters at Rookwood," Smythe explained. "General dissatisfaction with Silver and his crowd, you know. Their cricket was—well, rather feeble, you know—not quite the thing we require at Rookwood."

So they've been dropped out of the junior eleven."

"Oh!" said Wharton blankly.

"You'll find us rather a harder mouthful to chew, dear boys!" said Adolphus. "You'll have to pull up your socks, you know."

"We'll do our best," said Wharton, with a smile.

He was rather disappointed at not seeing Jimmy Silver; but it was, of course, no business of his what team Rookwood chose to put into the field. He was perplexed, but there was nothing more to be said. Smythe & Co. disposed themselves elegantly in the brake, and they rolled away to Greyfriars.

Other fellows there, as well as Wharton and Bob Cherry, were surprised to see Adolphus & Co. arrive as the champions of Rookwood. They were still more surprised when the Rookwood nuts appeared in the field, and the match started. And as the game progressed their surprise intensified. Why any institution that was not a home for idiots should send out such cricketers, was a mystery to Harry Wharton & Co.

But Adolphus & Co. seemed quite satisfied and pleased, and a really remarkable score of duck's eggs did not seem to have the effect of dashing their self-satisfaction in any way.

### The 6th Chapter. A Day Out.

Jimmy Silver & Co. settled down in the big car for an enjoyable run in great spirits. Not a suspicion crossed their minds of the facts of the case, so far. Even Mornington, under the influence of the fresh air and sunshine, forgot his distrust.

The big car raced on, eating up the miles at a great rate, while the crowd of Rookwood juniors chatted, and enjoyed the air and the scenery.

"What about 'Timeo Danaos' now, old trump?" asked Lovell, clapping Mornington on the shoulder, when the car had been speeding along for half an hour. Mornny was regarding the landscape with an expression of growing thoughtfulness.

He glanced up.

"Enjoyin' your run?" he asked.

"Yes, rather."

"You, too, Silver?"

Jimmy glanced round.

"Certainly," he answered. "Aren't you, Mornny?"

"Oh, yes; but I'd rather play cricket."

"Well, you're going to play cricket, when we get to Greyfriars," said Jimmy Silver, rather puzzled by the remark. "What do you mean, Mornny?"

"When we get to Greyfriars?" repeated Mornington, with a curious grin. "And when shall we get to Greyfriars, at this rate?"

"Half an hour or so more, I should say, if we keep this up."

"That will be exceedin' the speed limit no end, considerin' that we have nearly twenty-five thousand miles to go."

"Eh?"

"What?"

"Somethin' under twenty-five thousand miles," conceded Mornny calmly. "But the difference is hardly worth mentionin'. What boat do we take?"

"Boat!" repeated Jimmy, wondering whether the dandy of the Fourth was wandering in his mind.

"Yaas; we shall want a boat."

"What for?"

"To cross the Atlantic, of course."

"The Atlantic!" yelled Lovell.

"My dear man, you can't go round the world without crossin' the Atlantic. If we light at New York, I suppose we can take the American railways—"

"The—American railways—"

"Yes; as far as San Francisco," said Mornington, while the cricketers stared at him in blank silence.

"From Frisco, we shall want another steamer."

"Are you joking, Mornny?" asked Erroll.

"Not at all."

"Then what do you mean?" demanded Jimmy Silver testily.

"I mean that if we keep on with our backs to Greyfriars, we shall have to go right round the world to get there."

"Our backs to Greyfriars!"

"Yaas!"

Jimmy Silver gave Mornington a startled look. He rose in the car, and looked round him. The big car was keeping on fast, well up to the speed limit, and, in fact, beyond it. The chauffeur was staring directly ahead over his wheel.

"I don't know this part of the country, of course," said Jimmy; "but I suppose we're in Kent by this time."

"Look at the sun," said Mornington caustically.

Jimmy looked at the sun and at his watch. Then he jumped. Now that his attention was drawn to the matter, he did not need telling that the car was speeding almost due east of Rookwood.

Jimmy Silver dropped back into his seat, astounded.

"Taking a short cut, perhaps!" said Lovell.

"Going round something, or something or other," suggested Selwyn of the Shell. "Road up, or somethin', you know."

"We've been goin' west ever since we started," said Mornington quietly.

"I didn't spot it at first, though I was rather surprised that we didn't go through Latham. I've been usin' my eyes. We've had our backs to Greyfriars all the time, and we're somewhere in Dorsetshire now, I believe."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Great Scott!"

"Is the chauffeur mad?" exclaimed Erroll, aghast.

"Smythe gave him his directions," said Jimmy Silver helplessly.

Mornington grinned.

"Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes," he remarked.

Jimmy Silver started. For the first time, it came into his mind that Mornny's suspicions were not groundless, and that he had been tricked.

"You—you think—that Smythe has—"

"I think Smythe's dishin' us, because he's left out of the eleven," answered Mornington coolly. "I shouldn't have accepted his offer. You did! And we sha'n't see Greyfriars to-day."

"Oh!" gasped Lovell.

Jimmy Silver's eyes glittered.

There was little doubt that Mornington was right. At every whirl of the wheels, the great car was taking the Rookwood cricketers farther and farther away from Greyfriars School.

Jimmy tapped on the glass between the passengers and the chauffeur. The man certainly heard the tap, but he gave no sign.

Tap, tap, tap!

The speed of the car increased a little, but that was all.

"Pretty plain now!" yawned Mornington.

It was plain enough.

Jimmy Silver was pale with anger. He could hardly blame himself for having been tricked in such a way; how could he, or anybody else, possibly have suspected such a device? Mornny had been suspicious, but even he had not fathomed Smythe's duplicity.

The cricketers looked at one another in silent dismay. All the enjoyment of the motor drive was gone now.

The car rushed on. Lovell rapped savagely on the glass, but the chauffeur gave no heed. It was clear that he was in the scheme—that Smythe of the Shell had arranged with him to carry the cricketers off in this astounding way—doubtless standing him a handsome tip for his trouble. Probably the chauffeur knew nothing about the cricket match, and looked on the affair simply as a schoolboy practical joke.

"We've got to stop him!" exclaimed Raby, at last.

Mornington shrugged his shoulders. "Can't!" he answered.

"We must!"

"He won't stop! He's got his instructions from Smythe."

"Oh, the rotter!" Jimmy Silver gritted his teeth. "The awful rotter! Wharton will be waiting for us, and—"

"The Greyfriars chaps will be hung up all day, waiting, if we don't get there!" exclaimed Lovell.

"What on earth will they think of us?" murmured Conroy.

Mornington grinned, rather maliciously.

"Perhaps they won't miss us," he remarked. "I fancy Smythe hasn't simply planned to keep us away from the match. Haven't you fellows noticed that Smythe and his gang have been turnin' up at cricket practice lately?"

"What about it?" growled Lovell.

"I wondered what they were doin' it for. Now, I know. Adolphus has got a cricket match on to-day, unless I'm mistaken."

"A cricket match!" yelled Lovell.

"Where?"

"Greyfriars, I fancy."

"Oh!"

"Our match!" shrieked Tommy Dodd.

"Of course, I may be wrong. But I don't think Smythe would take all this trouble simply to keep us from playin'. He's dished us out of the match, and my belief is that he's gone over to Greyfriars with his crowd to play it," said Mornington coolly.

"But Wharton wouldn't—"

"How would Wharton know?"

"I—I suppose he wouldn't know—he would think there had been changes in the team!" gasped Jimmy

Silver. "I—I suppose you're right, Mornny—"

"Oh, you ass, Jimmy!" exclaimed Lovell.

"What?"

"You've landed us!"

"I have?" yelled Jimmy Silver.

"You wanted to go in the car as much as I did."

"I'm not captain," remarked Lovell casually.

"Oh, rats!"

Jimmy Silver took his bat and crashed it through the glass that separated him from the chauffeur. The man started for a moment but did not turn his head. The car swept on.

"Stop!"

"He won't!" said Mornington.

"Oh, shut up! Stop! Do you hear me? Stop!"

"Stop!" chorused the hapless cricketers.

The chauffeur did not heed. The giant car rushed on. Jimmy drew back his bat, half-inclined to crack the chauffeur on the head with it. Erroll caught his arm. If one thing was more certain than another, it was that any attack upon the chauffeur, while the car was rushing on, would lead to a terrible catastrophe.

"Don't play the goat!" muttered Raby. "Don't touch him. Do you want to pile up the car?"

"Stop! Stop! Stop!"

The car rushed on.

Late that afternoon, sixteen tired and dusty juniors were tramping up to the gates of Rookwood School. The sun was setting over Rookwood; a glorious summer's day was drawing to its close. But the sixteen dusty youths did not look as if they had enjoyed that summer's day. Their expressions, in fact, indicated quite the reverse of that.

The car had stopped at last—a hundred miles from Rookwood—in the wrong direction. When it stopped, Jimmy Silver & Co. had collared the chauffeur, and, heedless of his expostulations, had given him such a thrashing as the circumstances seemed to call for. That was some satisfaction—to the Rookwooders, not to the chauffeur—but it did not mend matters. By cross-country trains, with many changes and long waits, the hapless cricketers got back to Coombe, whence they walked to Rookwood. It was useless, of course, to head for Greyfriars; it was dusk by the time Rookwood was reached.

Dusty and tired and savage, the hapless sixteen tramped up the road to the school in the sunset. Their feelings were too deep for words. The question that worried Jimmy Silver most was, what had happened at Greyfriars? But even that worrying question fell into the background now, and the Rookwooders were thinking chiefly of their fatigue, as they dragged their tired limbs along to the gates of the school. There was only one consolation in prospect—the hour of reckoning for Smythe & Co.! It was an unhappy ending to Jimmy Silver's Day Out.

THE END.

(An extra-long story of Jimmy Silver & Co. at Rookwood next Monday, entitled "Jimmy Silver's Resignation!" by Owen Conquest. Order in advance.)

## IN YOUR EDITOR'S DEN.

### MANY THANKS!

I have to thank a very large number of readers and friends for their nice letters of appreciation of the enlarged BOYS' FRIEND. I get a very large number of letters every week, and I endeavour to reply to each one, where the address of the sender is given. But in the last week or two my postbag has run into thousands, so it is almost impossible to reply, as I should like to, to each of my chums individually. I have done so to many, but to all the rest I beg to reply here, with the brief but heartfelt words, "Many Thanks!"

### THE RIGHT STUFF!

Our programme for next week is again a full one. A grand, complete Rookwood story, entitled

"JIMMY SILVER'S RESIGNATION!"

By Owen Conquest.

A splendid instalment of Arthur S. Hardy's great new serial

"THE SPORTS OF ST. OLIVE'S!"

An amusing, complete tale of the

chums of the famous school in the backwoods, entitled

"WARNED OFF!"

By Martin Clifford.

Another grand instalment of Duncan Storm's wonderful adventure serial

"SKULL ISLAND!"

No. 5 of our new pictorial feature

"ROOKWOOD PERSONALITIES!" dealing with Val Mornington, of the Fourth Form; and another of our popular series of cricket articles, entitled

"WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A 'PRO,'"

By a Famous Professional.

I think my chums will agree that this is a pretty "full bill." And I can assure them that they will find next week's issue of the BOYS' FRIEND the right stuff!

AN ECHO FROM FLANDERS.

An amusing letter reached me the other day, a letter written in a

French hand, and which bore the Ostend postmark. It came from two "Brussels Sprouts"—otherwise, two light-hearted Belgian girl-readers who were spending a well-earned holiday in the watering-place which suffered so cruelly from the Hun.

The note was delightful, and specially so because it suggested that poor little Belgium was beginning to pick up and take notice again. My two girl chums told me that at last they were receiving the Companion Papers regularly again, after having been cut off from them for so long.

### TOO MUCH TALK!

There was a complaint the other day from somebody who grumbled about a friend never speaking! Well, of course, if this kind of thing is brought to such a pitch that it amounts to the sufferer from another's silence being sent to Coventry, there is room for complaint. But, after all is said and done, what a lot of useless talking there is! Just so much exercise for the chin muscles, and nobody a penn'orth the better! I felt sorry for the individual who could not get his chum to talk to him; but perhaps, when the taciturn personage did condescend to open his mouth, he said something worth hearing.

It makes one think of the "fly-by-night" in the old rhyme:

"A wise old owl lived in an oak,  
The more he heard, the less he spoke;  
The less he spoke, the more he heard.  
I wish some folk were like that bird!"

The Yorkshireman says: "Hear all, and say nowt!" But the maxim can be interpreted top literally.

### WHAT IS EDUCATION?

A valued correspondent who lives in the Channel Islands is exercised about his knowledge, or, as he is modest enough to think, his lack of same. He is tremendously afraid of being ignorant. I know one thing. He will never be that. Whether he knows the lines or not, he has the sense in his heart of what Longfellow wrote:

"Life is real, life is earnest;  
Life is not an empty dream."

He has only to go on as he is doing, and he will know enough for his contemporaries to appraise him as an educated man. But that is secondary—what others say. It is the wish to know. Therein lies conquest. Knowledge is power—the only power worth having.

I rather envy my hard-working young friend down in the south. He has had a fair education, remember.

He is able to put into practice Matthew Arnold's counsel—read, and then read more. After all, what is learned at school is only the beginning. The fellow with an alert mentality goes on learning all the time. He puts two and two together, and thinks things out for himself. It is such a man who really knows what it becomes a man to know of the world and the duties of life.

### DID BACON WRITE SHAKESPEARE?

Talking about Shakespeare, a correspondent wrote to me the other day, and asked this question. Such a jolly simple little question it was, too! Did he? The query has taxed the brains of myriads of people up to now, and yards more will be written about the subject. To my thinking, Sir Francis must have asked Shakespeare to dinner now and then, and chatted over the stage with the Bard of Avon. "Here's a good notion, William," he may have said. "You had better work it up in your next play." And so the thing was done!

Your Editor