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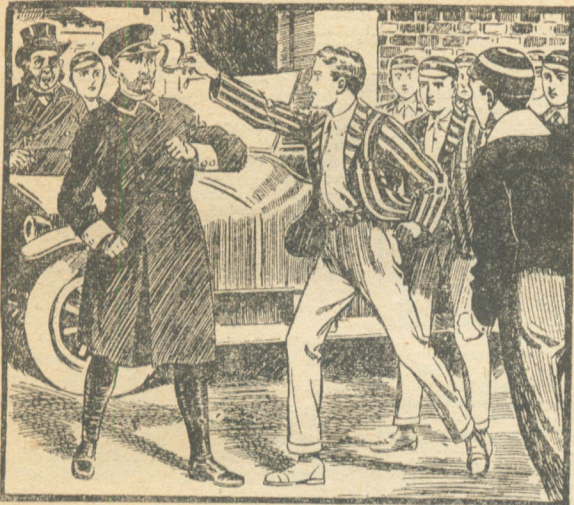
Popular

Three Complete Stories of—
HARRY WHARTON & CO.—JIMMY SILVER & CO.—TOM MERRY & CO.



TAKING BILLY BUNTER UP TO BED!

(An Exciting Scene in the Magnificent Long, Complete School Tale of the Chums of Greyfriars.)



UNMASKED! Bulkeley dragged the motor-goggles from the chauffeur's face with his own hand. "Joey Hook!" yelled Neville. (See page 9.)

THE FIRST CHAPTER. That Valuable Letter.

JIMMY SILVER & CO. were adorning the steps of the School House at Rookwood when Bulkeley and Neville came out after dinner.

Bulkeley was looking very cheerful and satisfied. It was one of Bulkeley's biggest troubles that he failed to pull with Knowles, the captain of the Modern side.

Bulkeley was keenly desirous of seeing the Rookwood First do well at cricket that season, but without co-operation between the two sides it was not likely to come to pass.

There were three men on the Modern side who could not be left out—Knowles, Catesby, and Frampton—if the team was to be the best that Rookwood could produce. And that was one reason why Bulkeley never listened to some hot-headed fellows who suggested playing a wholly Classical team as the School Eleven. It would have been a lesson to Knowles, certainly; but it would have been bad business for Rookwood's cricket record.

But now the trouble seemed to have passed over.

Knowles had "grouned" at having only three Moderns considered good enough for the School team, and all the Moderns backed him up hotly.

Bulkeley did not expect the trial match that afternoon to reveal any hitherto unsuspected geniuses in the rank of the Moderns. But he had met Knowles half-way, and he had stated that if the Moderns beat the Classical in the trial match, Knowles should be considered to have proved his claim, and six Moderns should go into the First Eleven. If Knowles' team won by fair play, certainly they would have proved their right.

As to their winning by foul play, Bulkeley never even thought of that. If anybody had warned him that a Rookwood fellow would be guilty of "nobbling" an opposing player to win a match by foul means, he would certainly have kicked his kind informant out of his study.

Yet that was exactly what Knowles had planned, as Jimmy Silver & Co. could have testified, if they had cared to face the drastic consequences of making an accusation against Knowles.

By chance, the previous day, the Fistical Four had "spotted" Knowles' little game, and they had taken their measure to defeat it with such deadly secrecy that nobody outside their own select circle suspected a word of it.

The Fistical Four could keep a secret when they liked; and they kept that one as carefully as if it had been a secret of hidden treasure.

They smiled genially as they saw Bulkeley's contented face as he came out chatting with Neville of the Sixth. They knew that he would not have felt so contented if he had known that the Modern captain was plotting, and that four juniors of his own side were plotting, too—or, rather, counterplotting.

"I say, Neville!" chirped Jimmy Silver, as

"Hallo!" said Neville. "What is it? Are you going to offer your services for the trial match, Silver?"

The four juniors grinned dutifully at the great man's little joke.

"Blessed if I don't think he'd have nerve enough, really!" said Bulkeley, laughing.

"Well, Bulkeley might do worse than take a player or two from the Fourth," said Jimmy Silver modestly. "But that isn't what I was going to say. It's about that letter, Neville."

"Eh? What letter?"

Jimmy Silver looked indignant.

"You don't mean to say you've forgotten!" he exclaimed. "You a prefect, too!"

"Blessed if I haven't!" said Neville, puzzled. "What letter are you talking about?"

"Didn't I give you a letter to mind for me last night?" said Jimmy Silver. "An awfully valuable letter, you remember?"

"Oh, yes, I remember!" said Neville, feeling in his pocket. "It's here."

Jimmy waved his hand. "I don't want it yet, thanks," he said. "I was only mentioning it. You see, it's awfully valuable—awfully!"

"Far above rubies!" said Lovell solemnly.

"What the dickens—" said Bulkeley.

Neville laughed. The keenness of the fags about that precious letter amused him.

"I'm minding a letter for Silver," he explained. "Silver gave it to me last night to mind—"

"Just before we went to the dorm," said Jimmy.

"Yes. And it's crammed with banknotes. I suppose," said Neville.

"No, it isn't money," said Jimmy Silver. "It's more valuable than money!"

"You bet!" said Raby. "Bulkeley will know when it's opened!"

"Oh, all serene!" said Neville.

The two prefects walked out into the quad. "Something awfully mysterious—what?" said Bulkeley.

"Seems so," said Neville, "that young ass brought it to me in my study last night, sealed up with sealing-wax, and asked me to take charge of it. I concluded there was money in it, and he was afraid of losing it; but it appears not. What a ripping afternoon for the trial match. Do you think the Moderns have an earthy, Bulkeley?"

Bulkeley smiled. "Knowles seems to think so, and I like to see him keen," he replied. "But, of course, they won't have a look in."

"If they should beat us, Knowles will claim six places in the School Eleven for his side, as agreed."

"If they beat us, they'll be entitled to them," said Bulkeley.

"Well, yes, I suppose so."

"Knowles thinks I underrate the Modern players. Well, if they beat us, it will show that he's right and I'm wrong, and if that's so, I'll be glad to find out my mistake before we begin playing the School matches. But I fancy it won't turn out as Knowles thinks."

Bulkeley's opinion was shared by all the Classical side. But it was certain that the

FOILED!

A Grand, Long
Complete Story, dealing with the
Early Adventures of JIMMY
SILVER & Co. at Rookwood.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

the great men of the Sixth were passing on the steps.

The two prefects good-naturedly halted. They liked Jimmy Silver—nobody could quite help liking that somewhat cheery, but always frank and cheery junior.

Modern seniors were very keen about the match, and would play up their hardest.

Jimmy Silver & Co. smiled at one another beautifully as the great swells of the Sixth walked away chatting. That valuable letter, which had been delivered so mysteriously into Neville's charge, cast their counter-stroke to Knowles' plot. They felt elated that it had fallen to them to back up old Bulkeley and save the Classical side from defeat.

"Mind you kids are at the gate at half-past one!" murmured Jimmy Silver. "I want to see Knowles' face when his little game goes bang!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"And Knowles doesn't know we know!" chuckled Lovell blissfully. "Hasn't the faintest suspicion that we were in the barn when he jawed it over with Joey Hook. His face will be worth a guinea a box when he finds out!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Jimmy Silver Chips In.

TIME! said Jimmy Silver. It wanted a few minutes to half-past one. The Fistical Four came out of the tuckshop, where they had been refreshing themselves with ginger-beer, and sauntered down to the school gates. They had smiling faces. The denouncement was at hand.

Jimmy Silver leaned on one of the old stone pillars, and surveyed the road. Never had Jimmy Silver felt quite so satisfied with himself.

"Sister Anne! Sister Anne, do you see a motor-car coming?" chirruped Raby.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a hoot of a motor-horn down the road a few minutes later, and a small grey car came in sight. It dashed up to the gates of Rookwood and stopped. A very respectable chauffeur stepped down. His face was almost hidden by his motor-goggles. He glanced at the juniors in the gateway, but passed them without speaking, and went up to the porter's lodge. Jimmy Silver & Co. exchanged ecstatic glances. If they had not known of the plot, they would never have dreamed of recognising Joey Hook, the sporting tout, in that extremely respectable get-up. He looked like a very sedate old family servant.

Old Mack, the porter, looked out of his lodge.

"Is Master Bulkeley about?" asked the chauffeur.

"Yes," said old Mack. "Wot is it?"

"I have a message for him from his uncle. Will you call him at once, please? Tell him his uncle, Mr. Bulkeley, at the Elms, has had a sudden attack, and is sinking fast, and I have been sent over to fetch him. There is not a moment to lose."

"Bless my 'eart!" said old Mack.

The old porter hurried away for Bulkeley. The chauffeur stepped out into the road again, and busied himself with his car, turning it for the return journey. Jimmy Silver & Co. waited patiently.

Bulkeley of the Sixth, his face very pale, came striding down to the gates, with old Mack following him. Bulkeley was in his flannels—he had already changed for the match—and he was bareheaded. He had come out with a rush immediately he received the porter's message.

"What's this?" he exclaimed, as the chauffeur touched his cap. "Mack tells me you've been sent from my uncle's to fetch me?"

"Yes, sir."
 "It's serious?"
 "I gave the porter my message, sir. Mr. Bulkeley is sinking fast, and if any time is lost, you may not see him alive."
 "Good heavens!" muttered Bulkeley, his lips trembling. "Poor old Uncle George! I hadn't the faintest idea he was like that! I'm coming, of course."

"What on earth's the matter, Bulkeley?" exclaimed Neville. The Classical cricketers, in a state of great dismay, had followed Bulkeley down to the gates. They had heard old Mack's message.

"I say, I'm sorry," said Bulkeley, his lips twitching. "You'll have to play without me this afternoon, Neville. Do the best you can."

"But—" began Raikes of the Sixth.
 "My uncle's dying," said Bulkeley, with a catch in his voice. "I'm sorry to leave you fellows in the lurch like this, but it can't be helped. Lend me a cap, one of you—I've forgotten mine. I sha'n't stay to change."

"It's rotten," said Neville, concerned for his friend, and concerned, too, for the Classical prospects in the trial match. "Of course, you can't think of cricket now. I hope you'll find it's not so bad, old chap. Here's a cap."

"I'm sorry, too," said Knowles. "Keep your pecker up, Bulkeley." The look on Bulkeley's face sent, for a moment, a pang of remorse to the heart of the cad of the Sixth. Knowles would have heard of the illness of any of his uncles with great equanimity; but Bulkeley seemed to be made of different stuff. "Don't be downhearted; you may find him better, old fellow."

"Thank you," said Bulkeley. "I hope so. Do the best you can, Neville. Good-bye!"
 "Hold on!"

It was Jimmy Silver's voice as he sprang into Bulkeley's way. The captain of Rookwood, who was springing for the car, almost fell over him.

"Get out of the way, you young idiot!"
 "Hold on, I say! Bulkeley, listen to me! Your uncle's not ill—"

"What?"
 "It's a rotten jape!"
 "You young fool, get aside!" roared Bulkeley.

"I tell you it is!" shrieked Jimmy Silver. "I'll prove it! That man isn't a chauffeur; he's Joey Hook, the tout."

"What?" yelled all the Classical seniors together.

Knowles' face was a study.
 "Make him take off his goggles, and you'll see!" panted Jimmy Silver. "I tell you he is Joey Hook, and he's fooling you, and I can prove it!"

Bulkeley almost staggered. He could not believe that anyone would play so heartless a trick, but Jimmy Silver's earnest face impressed him in spite of himself. He swung towards the chauffeur.

"Let me see your face—quick! If this is one of your jokes, Silver, I'll flay you!"
 "If that man isn't Joey Hook, flay me and welcome," said Jimmy Silver.

Without waiting for the man to answer or move, Bulkeley dragged the motor-goggles away with his own hand.

"Joey Hook!" yelled Neville.
 Bulkeley stared furiously at the pretended chauffeur.

"What does this mean, Hook, you rascal?"

Joey Hook pulled himself together. Knowles had already warned him what to do in the improbable event of being recognised; Knowles left nothing to chance. The improbable event had happened.

"What does that mean?" said Hook, in his turn. "I come over to fetch you, sir, and if you don't choose to come, that's your look out. Mr. Bulkeley's doctor sent me, because there ain't time for you to get to Shoremouth by train. And I warn you that there ain't a minute to lose, from what the medical gentleman said."

Bulkeley hesitated a moment. It was plausible enough. It was one of Joey Hook's many lines of business to hire out motor-cars, which he often drove himself. It seemed absurd to suppose that he would waste time, trouble, and money in taking the captain of Rookwood on a run of thirty miles for nothing. That Joey Hook knew, or cared, anything about the trial match that afternoon never even entered Bulkeley's head.

"I must go," he said. "I can't chance it. It must be all right."

"You sha'n't go!" yelled Jimmy Silver. "It's a trick to get you away from the match, so that the Moderns will win."

"You young rascal!" roared Bulkeley.

"How dare you say such a thing!"

"Oh, I say— Oh—ow!" gasped Jimmy Silver, as the angry captain of Rookwood grasped his collar and shook him furiously.

"It's true! We've got proof—proof! Bulkeley, don't be a beast! We can prove it if you listen just a single minute."

Bulkeley gritted his teeth.

"Well, then, you young rascals, I'll give you a single minute," he exclaimed, "and if you don't prove it, I'll report you to the Head and ask him to flog you!"

"Right-ho!" panted Jimmy Silver, as the Rookwood captain released him. "A minute's enough. Neville, you've got the proof! Give me my letter!"

"Your letter! What—"
 "Give it me! No, open it and show it to Bulkeley! It's all written down in that letter."

"What is?" shouted Bulkeley.
 "It's written down there that Joey Hook was coming for you to-day in a car, with a lie about your uncle being ill," stammered Jimmy Silver. "Now, if what he says is true, how could I have known it last night?"

"You— couldn't, you young imbecile! You—"
 "It's in the letter."

"Nonsense! You—"
 "Open the letter, Neville, and show him!" shrieked Jimmy in desperation.

Neville, amazed, drew the letter from his pocket.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Proof Positive.

HALF Rookwood seemed to be gathered round the gates now.

The strange scene had drawn the fellows from all quarters.

Knowles was pale as death. His scheme was crumbling about his ears; but it was not only the failure of his scheme that he dreaded. He dreaded exposure more than that. Yet, how could it be proved? His word was as good as anybody's—better than that of a fag in the Fourth—a fag who was known to be on the best of terms with him. Knowles did not want for nerve. He pulled himself together. But Catesby had already hurried away. He could not face it out.

Neville broke the seal of the letter.
 In the midst of a deadly silence, he drew the letter out of the envelope. He unfolded it, and handed it to Bulkeley.

The captain of Rookwood read it, with his eyes almost starting from his head. The letter bore the previous day's date, and it ran, in Jimmy Silver's sprawling hand:

"Dear Bulkeley,—Joey Hook will call for you to-morrow in a car, with a whopping cram about your uncle being seedy, to take you away from the match. It's all spoof, your uncle is all right. Don't you be taken in. We heard him jawing it over with another villain. It's a jape.
 Yours affectionately,
 "A FRIEND."

Bulkeley read the letter aloud, and every word was heard by everybody present.

Jimmy Silver smoothed his rumpled hair and collar, while Bulkeley read. He did not bear any malice for that rough shaking. It was just like old Bulkeley to refuse to believe harm of anybody, though he might have been a bit more gentle about it, perhaps.

"My only aunt!" exclaimed Neville, when Bulkeley had finished.

"What on earth does it mean?" exclaimed Raikes. "When was that letter given to you, Neville?"

"Last night," said Neville.

"Last night!" muttered Bulkeley.

"And you've had it in your pocket ever since, haven't you, Neville?" said Jimmy Silver.

"Ever since," agreed Neville.
 "But—but—" stammered Bulkeley.

"If what that rotter says is true about your uncle having a sudden attack, and the doctor sending him over for you, how could I have known it last night?" demanded Jimmy Silver triumphantly.

"You—you couldn't—"
 "But I did, you see, because we wrote it down in that letter, and gave it to Neville to mind!"

"It was a trick to get Bulkeley away from the match," said Raby, taking up the tale. "We heard them talking it over in the old barn!"

Knowles' teeth came together with a click. He understood now.

"Hook was paid to do this," chimed in

Newcome. "He had a pound down for the car, and he was going to have another quid afterwards."

"I—I—I suppose the yarn can't be true, if these young beggars knew this last night," stammered Bulkeley at last. "Hook's message is that my uncle had a sudden attack, and the doctor sent him here. If it's true, he couldn't have known it himself last night, let alone these kids. It's a trick!"

"Collar the cad, and make him explain—" began somebody.

"Stop him!" yelled Jimmy Silver, as the car buzzed. "He's mizzling!"

There was a rush towards the car, but it was too late.

Joey Hook was in the driving-seat, and he had started the engine the instant Bulkeley had read out that letter. Hook understood that the game was up, and he did not intend to remain to be handled by Bulkeley. The car whipped away down the road, leaving nothing but a cloud of dust and a smell of petrol for the enraged and disappointed Rookwood fellows.

Two or three of them broke into a run in pursuit, but it was in vain. The car vanished round a bend in the lane, and Joey Hook was gone. Knowles was left to get out of the scrape the best way he could.

If the astonished Bulkeley had needed any further proof, the flight of Joey Hook would have furnished it.

The captain of Rookwood stood dumb-founded.

It was evidently a heartless trick that had been played upon him. No message had come from his uncle; his uncle was not ill. That was clear enough now. It was equally clear that only Jimmy Silver had saved him from being taken away on a fool's errand, and leaving his team to be beaten in his absence. "It's plain enough," said Raikes. "We'll jolly well go into this."

"Yes, rather!" said Neville. "Silver says it was a Modern chap fixed it up with Hook. Who was it, Silver?"

"It's a lie!" exclaimed Knowles furiously. "And I tell you plainly, Bulkeley, if that young cad dares to accuse anybody on my side, I'll take the matter to the Head!"

"Hold on, Silver!" said Bulkeley quickly. "You can come into my study and tell me, and I'll see whether there's anything in it!"

"But, I say—" began Neville.
 "Leave it to me," said Bulkeley. "Come, Silver—and you other fags, too!"

The Fistical Four followed Bulkeley to the School House. They were not feeling very pleased. They had backed up old Bulkeley, and dished Knowles, and the Classics were going to win the trial match. That was all to the good. But the triumphant exposure of Knowles' villainy did not look so assured.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

The Reward!

BULKELEY marched the Fistical Four into his study, and closed the door.

Bulkeley's rugged face was very grim in its expression, and Jimmy Silver & Co. felt uneasy. Bulkeley had cut up rusty before they proved their statements, and they had forgiven him for that. They really liked him all the better for his faith in others, which made him so slow to believe evil; but surely he wasn't going to cut up rusty now? That would be a little too thick.

"Now, tell me about it," said Bulkeley. "You, Silver! Don't all jaw at once. You say a Modern fellow put Hook up to playing this trick on me?"

"Yes. It was—"

"Don't tell me his name."

"Oh, all right!"

"If it's true, I don't want to know his name!"

Jimmy Silver trembled with indignation. "If it's true!" he gasped. "You—you don't believe me! You—you think I'm telling crams! I won't say a word, then! You can lick me if you like! I think—"

"I hope you've made a mistake, Silver," said Bulkeley quietly. "I can't doubt your word after the proof you've given me. I admit that if you'd come with this story to me before Hook got here with the car, I shouldn't have believed a word of it—couldn't! It's too utterly rotten to believe it of any fellow! Where did you hear this man Hook getting his instructions?"

"In the old barn yesterday."

"What were you doing there, out of bounds?"

"It's because it was out of bounds. We

spotted—ahem!—if I'm not to mention his name, I won't—we spotted a certain party coming—a party who had no right to report us out of bounds because he's only a rotten Modern prefect; but he would have done it, all the same, so we took cover in the loft. Then they—there were two of them—came in, and then Hook. We couldn't help seeing them, and hearing what they said. We didn't dare show ourselves. And what they said was what I put in that letter I gave to Neville."

"You saw them, as well as heard them?"
"Yes."
"You're sure you couldn't have been mistaken?"
"How could I, when I saw them—we all saw them?"

Bulkeley looked deeply worried.
"I'm going to ask you to keep this dark," he said.

"Oughtn't they to be shown up?" demanded Lovell hotly.

"Perhaps they ought," said Bulkeley. "But it's a frightful disgrace for Rookwood. If it came out they would be expelled, and—think of the disgrace to the school! We don't want the good name of Rookwood dragged in the mud!"

"Well, no; but—"
"And the bitterness it would cause between the two sides," added Bulkeley; "it might take years to heal."

"But will the Moderns let it drop?" said Lovell. "They're awfully wild about it."

"They may demand inquiry," grinned Raby. "If they do they'll get it."
"They will follow Knowles' lead in that matter," said Bulkeley.

"Oh, Knowles won't demand an inquiry!" chuckled Jimmy Silver. "Knowles will be glad to let it drop. That—that certain party whose name I mustn't mention is a very close friend of Knowles—very close."

"That's enough," said Bulkeley, as the four juniors chuckled. "You're talking too much, Silver. If Knowles is satisfied, the Moderns will let the matter drop, and the sooner the better. You fellows say nothing."

"All right, Bulkeley," said Lovell.
"All right, if you don't believe us," said Jimmy Silver. "But if you don't say plainly that you believe every word we've said, Bulkeley, we're going to have the thing right out. We're not going to have our word doubted."

"Hear, hear!" said the Co.
"I do believe you, every word," said Bulkeley. "I wish I didn't! Now, least said's soonest mended. We don't want recriminations and accusations that can't be proved, and a Rookwood prefect lying himself black in the face to get out of the scrape, and all that."

"Mum's the word!" agreed the juniors.
Bulkeley opened the study door.
"I rely on that," he said. "You can clear."
The Fistical Four cleared. They were only half satisfied.

"Bulkeley don't seem so jolly grateful!" grumbled Lovell. "Of course, he's a bit cut up to find a Rookwood fellow such a cad. But it's only a Modern, and they're cads anyway."

"Never mind; we'll give him his head," said Jimmy Silver generously. "After all, it would make Tommy Dodd rather sick, and he's a decent chap for a Modern, you know."

The Classical Four had agreed that mum was the word. But there were difficulties. The moment they came out into the quadrangle they were surrounded by an army of Classicals, all demanding information.

"Who was it, Silver?"
"What Modern cad was trying to nobble old Bulkeley?"

"Tell us all about it!"
"Why don't you speak, you ass?"
Jimmy Silver looked helplessly at his chums. It wasn't easy to refuse information to the Classicals; but their promise was given to Bulkeley now.

"Why don't you tell us?" bawled Smythe of the Shell.

"It's in Bulkeley's hands now," said Jimmy Silver at last. "He's rather waxy about my saying so much already. We've left it entirely in his hands."

"But you can tell us!" shouted Jones minor.
"Bulkeley's told us not to jaw."

"My sainted aunt!" said Townsend. "He's going to screen the Modern cad who did it! That's just like Bulkeley! He's an ass! But we won't have it! You'll just tell us about it, Jimmy Silver, or we'll scrag you!"

"Get it off your chest, you cheeky young villain!"

"Now then, out with it!"
"Look here—" said Silver.
"Bump him! Scrag the cheeky rotter if he won't tell!"

"Hands off, you duffers! Oh, my hat! Oh, crickey! Yow!"

The exasperated Classicals, their thirst for information unslaked, swarmed over the Fistical Four, and bumped them down in the quad. They left them in a breathless condition. Even then they would probably not have left them, but somebody shouted that the places were filling for the match, and the Modern cads were bagging all the front places.

The Classical crowd rushed off to the cricket-field, and the Fistical Four sat up, and blinked at one another and gasped.

"Oh, my word!" groaned Silver. "Oh, crumbs! This is what we get for backing our old Bulkeley, and saving the match for our side, and frustrating Knowles' knavish tricks. Blessed if I'll bother about his knavish tricks any more. Oh, my hat!"

And the Co. groaned assent.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER. Well Won!

JIMMY SILVER & CO. were rather late on Big Side for the match. They found the Rookwood fellows swarming round the field of play, and there was no room for them anywhere near the pavilion. The match had already started, and Bulkeley and Neville had opened for the Classics, and the Moderns were in the field, Knowles bowling the first over.

Knowles was not looking quite so fit as usual.

His scheme had been shattered like a house of cards—the certain win he had been counting on was gone from his gaze like a beautiful dream, and he felt that Bulkeley knew, or, at least, suspected his treachery. Bulkeley had spoken a few words to him before the match. The Rookwood captain said simply that he had told the four juniors to hold their tongues, and that the matter had better be allowed to drop for everybody's sake.

Knowles, only too glad to let it drop, had assented at once—greatly relieved in his mind, but feeling that his ready assent was as good as an admission that he was concerned in the plot with Joey Hook.

But he did not feel quite himself. Bulkeley, saved from that fool's errand to Shoremouth, was playing in the Classical team. On its merits, the Modern team could not win. The great object Knowles had had before him was slipping from his grasp. He was down-hearted, dismayed, irritable, uneasy—in anything but a mood to put up a good game.

That was soon evident from his bowling. He was the best bowler at Rookwood; but now that he needed all his skill he was bowling like a lag. The wretched schemer was completely off his form.

Loud cheers from the Classic crowd greeted Bulkeley's mighty hitting. The captain of Rookwood was piling up runs. The score was at fifty before a single Classic wicket fell.

The Moderns, with the exception of Knowles and Catesby, played hard. There were some good catches in the field, and Frampton did some good bowling. But Catesby was like a limp rag, and Knowles was off colour. The Classic first innings was a tremendous success.

The Modern innings made their supporters groan; they were all down for forty. The Moderns followed their innings, and the Classical crowd chortled. It looked as if the Classic team would win with an innings to spare.

Wicket after wicket went down, and it soon became clear to the most obstinate and enthusiastic Modern that the second innings would not pull the team level with their opponents. Last man in was greeted with a chuckle of derision from the Classic juniors.

He did not stay in long. The last batsmen did their best to force the Classics to bat again at least, but they could not do it. Fifty-five was the score for the second innings when the last wicket fell to Neville's bowling.

"Total for two innings, ninety-five!" gurgled Jimmy Silver. "Gentlemen, chaps, and fellows, the Modern mugs are licked by an innings and fifteen runs! Where will Knowles get those six places from—what?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
And the field rang with Classical cheering.

Knowles strode away from the field of his defeat, his brow black, his teeth set, his eyes glinting green. The way of the transgressor is hard, and Knowles was finding it so.

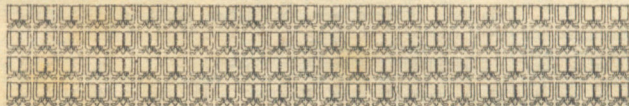
In the end study, after the match, the Fistical Four went carefully through all their pockets in search for forgotten sixpences and coppers, and pooled the result, and paid a visit to the tuckshop. They felt that that great occasion had to be celebrated. It did not often fall to fellows in the Fourth Form to save a First Eleven match—especially a trial match upon which so much depended.

"Only to think," said Jimmy Silver, "that if we hadn't spotted the little game the Classics would have been licked, and the First Eleven would have been fairly in the hands of those Modern cads! Only think of it! Gentlemen and chaps, we've saved old Rookwood from going to the giddy bow-wows! Here's to us, and may our shadow never grow less! We are it—absolutely it!"

And the Co. agreed heartily that, beyond the shadow of a doubt, they were IT!

THE END.

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