

# 3 GRAND LONG SCHOOL STORIES!

# The Penny <sup>1 1/2</sup> Popular

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New Series.

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



**THE PIRATES OF GREYFRIARS!**  
(A Screamingly Funny Scene in the Magnificent Long Complete Tale of the Chums of Greyfriars.)

# Just Like Jimmy!

A Long Complete Story of JIMMY SILVER & Co., the Chums of Rookwood.  
By OWEN CONQUEST.



Lovell made a sudden dive at Smythe's prominent nose, and seized it with a thumb and forefinger. "Yowwww!" wailed Adolphus. "Ow, by dose—by dose!" Tracy and Howard stood by grinning. (See page 13.)

## THE FIRST CHAPTER. Trouble Ahead.

**J**IMMY SILVER was worried. He was morose. It was so extraordinary for Jimmy Silver, the most sunny-tempered junior at Rookwood, to be either worried or morose that his chums were astounded, and, indeed, almost alarmed.

Hitherto the end study in the junior passage had sheltered a happy family, who did not seem to have a care in the world. The Fistical Four had always seemed satisfied with themselves and things generally. Lovell and Raby and Newcome were cheery youths, and Jimmy Silver especially always gave the impression that he found life exceedingly well worth living.

But now, apparently, a change had come o'er the spirit of his dream, to put it poetically.

He was worried and morose.

Lines did not worry Jimmy Silver. Lickings only worried him temporarily. Even detention only dashed his high spirits as long as it lasted. But now his

worry was plain, and his moroseness was evident.

When he sat at tea in the study with a thoughtful wrinkle on his brow, and without speaking a word, the first time it happened his chums naturally thought that he was planning some deep scheme up against the Moderns, Jimmy Silver & Co. being the great champions of the Classical side at Rookwood.

But when Jimmy Silver left the study after tea without speaking a word, they were surprised. And when Lovell asked him later whether he had a "wheeze" for making the Modern bounders sit up, Jimmy Silver only replied:

"Blow the Moderns!"

"But it's time we gave 'em a fall," said Lovell warmly. "There's Tommy Dodd, frinstance—"

"Blow Tommy Dodd!"

"He's getting his ears up, we've let them alone so long," said Lovell indignantly.

"Blow his ears!"

And Jimmy Silver shoved his hands deep in his pockets, and tramped away, leaving his best chum in a state of astonishment.

"He's seedy, I suppose," Lovell told

Raby and Newcome. "Perhaps it was those kippers. I thought they were—well, rather 'off,' you know!"

But the next day it was clear that it couldn't have been the kippers, for Jimmy Silver was still worried and morose, and the effect of the kippers, if it had been the kippers that caused the trouble, should have worn off by that time.

Besides, Lovell and Raby and Newcome weren't feeling any ill-effects from the kippers. It was clear that it wasn't the kippers at all. It was something deeper and more serious.

To questions concerning what was on his little brain, Jimmy Silver only replied "Rats!" or "Bow-wow!"—replies from which no information could be gleaned.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome consulted anxiously on the subject. For Jimmy Silver to be "in the blues" for two whole days was such a phenomenon that it was evident that something was very much out of gear.

"He can't have been getting into one of Smythe's little sweeps, and losing his tin," said Lovell. "He's not ass enough for that!"

On the third day of Jimmy Silver's

amazing moroseness his chums could stand it no longer. They intended to have it out, and they arranged to corner Jimmy in the study, and make him explain. In case of obstinacy on Jimmy's part, it was agreed that Raby and Newcome should hold him, while Lovell wielded a cricket-stump. By that means they expected to get at the facts.

About teatime they watched for Jimmy Silver from the study doorway. The stump was on the table all ready.

"Here he comes!" murmured Lovell. "Let him get in, but mind he doesn't get out again. He's jolly well not going to worry his pals like this!"

They watched. Jimmy Silver came along the passage, his hands deep in his pockets, and that unaccustomed wrinkle in his brow. A junior came out of the next study—the new boy in the Fourth, Dick Oswald. He was passing Jimmy Silver with averted face, when Jimmy woke up out of a reverie, and stopped him.

"Hold on, Oswald!"

Oswald held on.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome looked at one another. Oswald had been sent to Coventry—for excellent reasons, as they considered—and it was just like Jimmy Silver to set himself up against the verdict of the Form in this way. What was he speaking to the fellow for?

"How are you getting on?" asked Jimmy Silver, apparently unconscious of the fact that his chums were frowning at him from the end study.

Oswald flushed.

"All right," he replied, "thanks!"

"How are Hooker and Jones treating you in your study?"

Oswald's flush deepened.

"They don't speak to me," he said.

"Isn't it rather rotten?"

"Yes," said Oswald. "I know you mean kindly, Silver, but you'd better not speak to me, or you'll get into trouble with the rest. The whole Form's down on me, and I don't want to drag you into my troubles."

"Blow the Form!" said Jimmy Silver.

Oswald smiled.

"You've been keeping out of my way," said Jimmy.

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because—because I've heard some of the fellows saying that if you keep on speaking to me, you'll be sent to Coventry, too," said Oswald. "You'd better let me alone, like the rest."

"Do you mean that you don't want me to speak to you?"

"No, I don't mean that. If you'd ever been sent to Coventry, you'd know how glad I am to see that you're not the same as the rest," said Oswald. "But—but it isn't fair to you."

"I can look after myself, I think," said Jimmy Silver. "Well, I'm going to speak to you. If you dodge me any more I'm going to look for you specially, and punch your head—see?"

"You'll be cut by the rest!"

"Let 'em out and be blowed!"

"But—"

"Blow your 'buts'! Just remember what I've told you, that's all!" said Jimmy Silver. "I'm not a duffer! I know it looks pretty bad about you, but I believe I know a decent chap when I see one, and I know you're one!"

"Thank you!" said Oswald, in a moved voice. "And—and you're quite right, only—only I can't explain, you see. It's true that I was sacked from my last school, and on a serious charge, just as Smythe got it in that letter from his brother at Minhurst. I can't deny it!"

"You mean to say that you didn't do what they accused you of—pub-haunting, and that sort of thing?"

"I never did! But—but I can't go into it; there's circumstances I can't explain. The Head did quite right, as he believed, and—and I hadn't anything to say!"

"But why hadn't you, if you were innocent?"

Oswald was silent.

"You're a queer animal," said Jimmy Silver, after a pause. "But I believe in you all the same. If you've taken me in, I'm not such an awfully clever chap as I think I am!"

And with a nod to the new boy, Jimmy Silver walked on to his own study. There he was immediately seized by three pairs of indignant hands, and whirled into the study, and three separate and distinct glares were fixed upon him.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome were indignant, and they meant to make their study-leader understand that without the possibility of a mistake.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### A Study Licking.

"JIMMY SILVER, you ass!"

"Jimmy, you fathead!"

"You duffer!"

Jimmy Silver jerked himself away from his indignant study-mates, and regarded them morosely.

"Well, what's the excitement about?" he demanded.

"Look here, Jimmy Silver—"

"I'm looking, fathead!"

"We've got a bone to pick with you," said Lovell. "In the first place, you've got to explain why you've been going about like a bear with a sore head. Two or three days of it now, and we're fed up!"

"And what have you been jawing to that new cad for?" demanded Newcome.

"You know he's sent to Coventry," added Raby.

"You know what he did," said Lovell.

Jimmy Silver yawned.

"Did you ever see such an exasperating ass?" ejaculated Lovell. "Collar him, and I'll try the stump!"

"Hold on!" said Jimmy Silver. "No larks! I'm worried!"

"Well, what are you worried about?" demanded Lovell. "That's what we want to know, and that's what we're jolly well going to know, as well as about you jawing to that worm Oswald!"

"I've been thinking about him," said Silver.

His chums stared at him wrathfully.

"Do you mean to say that that's what's been the matter with you?" exclaimed Lovell hotly. "You've been bothering about that new kid?"

"Yes."

"And that's the trouble?" howled Raby.

"That's the trouble!" assented Jimmy Silver. "You see—"

"No, I don't see," said Lovell. "I don't see at all. I thought there must be something the matter, from your idiotic manners and customs the last couple of days. You ass!"

"There is something the matter," said Jimmy Silver. "I can't make it out, but I think it's up to us."

"What's up to us?"

"To stand by that kid Oswald."

"Oh, you fathead!"

"He's cut by the whole Form—all the Lower School, in fact," said Jimmy Silver seriously. "I suppose you know it ain't nice to be sent to Coventry?"

"Serve him right!"

"What did he expect?"

"The question is, does it serve him right?" said Jimmy Silver slowly.

"Of course it does! Wasn't he sacked from his last school for disgracing it, and hasn't he wedged himself into Rookwood to disgrace us, too?" exclaimed Lovell

angrily. "I think you're a silly idiot, Jimmy Silver."

"Thanks! Look here, let's talk this over seriously. That kid seemed decent enough when he came here. We all liked him. Smythe of the Shell was down on him, but that's in his favour rather than otherwise. Well, Smythe got it from his brother at Minhurst that Oswald had been sacked from there for pub-haunting and playing the giddy ox generally. Now, Oswald's been here about a fortnight, and he hasn't shown any sign of playing the giddy ox."

"He's had his lesson, I suppose," snorted Lovell. "Afraid of getting the sack from here, too."

"He'll break out, you know, sooner or later," said Raby.

"We took him for a really decent sort —"

"He took us in."

"That's a reflection on this study, Raby," said Jimmy Silver sternly. "This study is never taken in. If we admit that this study has been taken in by a new kid, what becomes of our giddy prestige? I decline to admit the possibility of this study being taken in!"

"Well, that's all very well," said Lovell, after a pause. "But the fellow was sacked from his school—he admits it—and fellows ain't sacked for nothing. If he was decent he'd be at Minhurst now!"

"Then," resumed Jimmy Silver, "Smythe says the Head must have been bamboozled, to let him in at Rookwood after he'd been sacked from Minhurst. Well, I don't believe it! The Head must have known!"

"Rats! He wouldn't have let him come here, I suppose Rookwood ain't here simply to take the refuse of other schools, is it?"

"He must have known!" persisted Jimmy Silver. "That shows there must have been some point in the chap's favour—a doubt of some sort—and Dr. Chisholm has given him the benefit of the doubt. Well, why can't we do the same?"

"Look here!" roared Lovell. "That fellow Oswald is in Coventry! If we take him up, the fellows will send us to Coventry, too, and serve us right! He ought to get out of the school. He's a disgrace! We're not going to take him up. And you're not going to take him up, Jimmy Silver. You're going to give us your word, honest Injun, not to speak to him any more!"

"Rats!"

"Or else you'll get a study licking!"

Raby and Newcome nodded assent, and Jimmy Silver frowned at his chums. The concord in the end study seemed on the point of being seriously broken, and all on account of a new fellow who was really nothing to them. But there was a strong regard for justice in Jimmy Silver's breast, a keenness to help those who were down; and, believing in the outcast of the Fourth as he did, he felt that he could not desert him. It was possible that he was making a mistake—he acknowledge that—but he did not think so, and he felt that he had to act according to his convictions.

There was a silence in the study, but the Co. watched in vain for any sign of yielding on Jimmy Silver's face. He was as firm as a rock, as he would have said—or as obstinate as a mule, as his chums would have expressed it.

"Well?" said Lovell at last.

"I'm sticking to that chap!" said Jimmy. "I believe he's all right, and I'm not going to turn my back on him."

"You'd rather turn on us?" exclaimed Lovell.

"I want you to back me up."

"Bosh!"

"Then we'll agree to differ," said Jimmy. "No need to row about it."

"You're going to chuck up speaking to him," said Lovell. "The whole Form will be down on us."

"Blow the whole Form!"

"They'll say we're all tarred with the same brush, and it's a case of birds of a feather if we speak to him."

"Let 'em!"

"I see talking's no good," said Lovell.

"Collar the silly idiot, you chaps, and we'll give him a study licking!"

"Here, hold on—"

Bump!

Lovell and Raby and Newcome were fed up. Their strong regard for Jimmy Silver, more than anything else, made them determined that he should not get himself into a sea of troubles by championing the unpopular new boy. A study licking seemed to them the best way of dealing with the situation, and they proceeded to administer it.

Jimmy Silver, however, was not the kind of person to be licked with impunity.

There was a terrific struggle in the end study.

The chairs were flying, and the table was knocked into the fender, and the tea-things were deposited in the grate with grievous damage.

Crash! Bump! Thud! Yell!

Bump!

The din from the end study brought a crowd of the Fourth along the passage to see what was up. Hooker and Jones minor and Flynn and Townsend and Topham and a crowd more gathered outside the open door, and looked in with keen interest.

The sight of the Fistical Four using their fistical prowess on one another seemed to afford entertainment to the Classical Fourth.

"Go it, Lovell!"

"Go for him, Silver!"

"Pile in Raby!"

"Back up, Newcome!"

"Arrah! Pile in, be jabbers!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jimmy Silver was down at last, and Newcome held him by the arms and legs, while Lovell administered correction with the cricket-stump.

Whack, whack, whack, whack, whack!

Jimmy Silver roared and struggled, and the crowd in the passage roared, too, with laughter. Nobody thought of interfering. The domestic concerns of the Fistical Four were their own business—the end study was a law unto itself.

"There!" panted Lovell. "Now, you silly idiot, are you going to do the sensible thing and be pally?"

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"Do you want some more?"

"Yaroo!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Sure, ye'll bust the stump, Lovell!" yelled Flynn.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Jimmy Silver, you ass, are you going to chuck up that new rotter?"

"No!" roared Jimmy Silver.

Whack! Whack! Whack!

"Yoooooop!"

"Cave!" yelled Hooker from the passage. "Here comes Bulkeley!"

The crowd melted away into the studies in a twinkling.

Bulkeley of the Sixth came striding up to the end study. He found the Fistical Four looking very red and flustered. The stump had disappeared from sight, and Jimmy Silver was manfully suppressing his groans. The prefect stared wrathfully into the study.

"What's all this thundering row about?" he demanded.

"Row?" said Jimmy Silver vaguely.

"Somebody was yelling—"

"Was—was he?"

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"It was you, Silver!"

"I—I might have been speaking rather loudly," admitted Jimmy Silver cautiously.

Bulkeley looked at the four juniors in a puzzled way. He could see that there had been war in the study.

"You've been fighting?" he demanded.

"A—a—a little argument," said Jimmy Silver. "Quite a family affair; no need for you to worry, Bulkeley."

"Well, you must make less row with your little arguments," said Bulkeley. "You'll take two hundred lines for yelling, Silver; and the other young sweeps will take a hundred each. And if there's any more noise from this study I'll come back with a cane."

And the great man walked away.

Jimmy Silver went in his wake. He didn't desire to remain alone with his devoted chums any longer.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### The Outcast of the Fourth.

OSWALD of the Fourth gave Jimmy Silver an anxious glance that evening in the dormitory when the Classical juniors went up to their beds.

He had heard of the trouble in the end study, and he knew that it was upon his account, and it evidently troubled him.

All four of the Classical chums were showing signs of damage, for Jimmy Silver had hit hard before his devoted followers had succeeded in administering the study licking.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome looked very cross. In the innocence of their hearts they had expected Jimmy Silver to do the sensible thing after that forcible demonstration of the point of view of his study-mates. But Jimmy Silver was as far as ever from doing the sensible thing.

He was determined to understudy the celebrated Don Quixote apparently. He was going to stand up for the unpopular Oswald, just as if nothing had happened. The study licking was a sheer waste.

In the dormitory he caught Oswald's eye turned anxiously upon him, and he gave the new junior a cheery nod.

"All serene!" he said.

"I'm sorry you've been rowing," said Oswald, in a low voice.

"Bless your little heart, we live on rows—thrive on 'em!" said Jimmy Silver.

"By gad!" said Townsend, the dandy of the Fourth. "There's Silver talking to that chap again! You know what's been agreed, Silver?"

"Bow-wow!"

"You'll have the whole Form down on you if you don't chuck it!" said Topham. "We're not goin' to stand it, I can tell you!"

Oswald winced, and turned away from Silver.

"Oswald!" said Jimmy.

"Yes?" said the new junior, turning back.

"Nothing particular—just talking, that's all," said Jimmy Silver cheerily. "Nice weather we've been having, haven't we?"

"Yes," said Oswald, laughing, in spite of himself.

"Very fine to-day, Oswald."

"Ye-es."

"If this weather keeps on," pursued Jimmy Silver, "it will be ripping for the football."

The Fourth-Formers glared at Jimmy Silver. He was discussing the weather, of course, simply to talk to Oswald. Lovell and Raby and Newcome exchanged glances, and frowned darkly. They were seriously angry with their chum. They were accustomed to following Jimmy Silver's lead, but for Jimmy to set himself against his study in this way was a little too thick.

Neville of the Sixth came in to see lights out; but when the prefect had gone there was a buzz of voices in the dormitory.

Remarks were addressed to Jimmy Silver from all sides, and they were not complimentary remarks.

Jimmy Silver did not trouble to reply.

He had marked out his line for himself, and he meant to follow it, and he appeared indifferent to public opinion in the Classical Fourth.

The next morning, when the juniors turned out at the clang of the rising-bell, Jimmy Silver chatted to Oswald while he was dressing.

Oswald answered him in a constrained manner.

To the junior who was in Coventry, who was not spoken to even in his own study, it was a boon and a blessing to find somebody to speak to him. But he was worried about the consequences for his champion.

Generally Jimmy Silver's lead was followed by the Classical side, but this time there was not much prospect of that. If Jimmy had calculated on his influence to that extent he was destined to be disappointed.

In other matters he could carry the whole Form with him. In this matter the Fourth Form was not to be either led or driven.

Even in his own study Jimmy had no backing now.

When he strolled out into the quad with Oswald before brekker the Co. looked after him morosely.

Jimmy Silver beckoned to them to join him, and they stood unmoved, frowning. They were not going to walk with Oswald.

"So we're thrown over!" said Lovell bitterly. "We're given the order of the boot for the sake of that cad!"

"The silly ass," said Raby. "It's only his dashed obstinacy."

"Let him stick to the cad if he likes!" said Newcome tartly. "If he does he can't stick to us, too."

"It's too thick!" growled Lovell. "He ought to come into line with the rest of us. You see, that chap is really a rotten outsider, and we can't look over what he's done. Sacked from his own school, and sticking himself in here. It's too thick!"

The Co. agreed that it was. It looked as if there would be a break in the Co. at last.

Oswald was silent as he walked with Jimmy Silver; but Jimmy kept up a cheery chat. They came back towards the House when the breakfast-bell rang, and then Oswald spoke hurriedly.

"You'd better chuck it up, Silver. You'll get yourself into trouble with everybody!"

"Bow-wow!" said Jimmy.

"Your own pals are down on you!"

"They'll come round."

"But the other fellows—"

"Let 'em rip!"

"I don't want to get you into trouble," said Oswald miserably. "I—I'd leave the school if I could. But my pater would be disappointed—he'd take me away if I asked him; but—but I can't ask him, and tell him what a muck I've made of things. I've got to stick it out somehow. But you—"

"I'll help you," said Jimmy.

"It's jolly kind of you, but it means a lot of trouble."

"Let it!"

They went in to breakfast.

At morning lessons it was plain that there was something on in the Fourth. Mr. Bootles, the Form-master, found an unusual amount of whispering going on. Many glances were directed towards Jimmy Silver.



Lovell & Co. discovered Silver under the beeches in the quad chatting with Oswald. "I want to speak to you, Jimmy," said Lovell. "Me!" ejaculated Silver. "But I'm in Coventry!" (See page 13.)

After lessons Townsend tapped Jimmy on the shoulder when the Fourth came out.

"Meeting in the Common-room," he said. "Everybody's wanted."

"Oh, I'll come!" said Jimmy Silver.

Ten minutes later the Classical Fourth and a crowd of Shell fellows were gathered in the junior Common-room. Jimmy Silver came in last. Oswald was the only member of the Classical Fourth who was absent.

"Here he is!" called out Topham, as Jimmy Silver came in.

Silver smiled grimly. He understood that the junior meeting was called on his account. Lovell and Raby and Newcome were looking downcast but determined. They had made up their minds. Townsend rapped on the table.

"We're all here!" he said. "Shut the door, young Hooker. Now we'll get to business, Jimmy Silver."

"Oh, do!" said Jimmy Silver cheerfully.

And the Classical juniors got to business.

#### THE FOURTH CHAPTER. Sent to Coventry.

**S**MYTHE of the Shell put his eyeglass in his eye, and fixed a very stern look on Jimmy Silver. Adolphus Smythe was taking the lead in the proceedings.

"You're called up here, Silver, to

answer for your conduct," said Smythe loftily.

"Go hon!" said Jimmy, with undiminished cheerfulness.

"It's been agreed by all the Classical side to send that new cad, Oswald, to Coventry!" resumed Smythe. "Fourth and Shell are in it together. The fellow ain't fit to speak to, and he oughtn't to be here, anyway."

"Hear, hear!" said the meeting.

"I was down on him from the first," went on Smythe.

"Yes; you wanted to bullyrag him, and he licked you," assented Jimmy.

There was a chuckle from the meeting, and the lordly Adolphus frowned.

"Gentlemen," he said, "this meeting has been called to deal with Jimmy Silver, who persists in disregarding the verdict of the whole school. Is Rookwood goin' to be dictated to by Jimmy Silver?"

"Why not?" asked Jimmy.

"Never!" howled Townsend.

"Rather not!"

"The new cad, bein' in Coventry, nobody is allowed to speak to him," said Smythe. "In the long run, we hope he'll get fed up and get out of the school."

"Hear, hear!"

"It's been agreed that any fellow who speaks to him shall be sent to Coventry, too. Silver's floutin' the whole school. We've given him a chance. He's had

plenty of time to mend his ways, and he laughs at us."

"That's your fault for being such a funny merchant, Smythey," said Jimmy Silver.

"I'm not goin' to argue with you," said Adolphus. "You're here to listen to the verdict of Rookwood. Now, are you goin' to cut that cad Oswald, like the rest of us?"

"I don't think he's a cad."

"That ain't the point. Are you goin' to cut him?"

"No."

"You know what we've all decided?"

"Oh, yes!"

"And you're goin' to set yourself against the lot of us?"

Jimmy Silver nodded.

There was a deep and angry murmur in the crowded room. For once, feeling was all on the side of Adolphus Smythe and against Jimmy Silver. Adolphus smiled. He was exceedingly pleased to have his old enemy "down" in this manner. Never before had an opportunity come his way of putting Jimmy Silver in his place. But it had come at last.

"Gentlemen," said Smythe, "you hear what he says. He's goin' to set himself against the verdict of the whole school. I rather think that we're goin' to show him that he can't dictate to us."

"Yes, rather!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Send him to Coventry, too!"

"Kick him out!"

"You hear the verdict, Silver," said Smythe. "You speak another word to Oswald, and you're in Coventry, too."

"Bow-wow!"

"We're all in this," said Smythe. "Your own pals think the same as the rest of us."

Jimmy Silver glanced at Lovell and Raby and Newcome. Most eyes, in fact, were turned upon the three. The Fistical Four had been inseparable. Lovell reddened.

"Look here, Jimmy, why not do the sensible thing?" he urged. "You can't set yourself against all the Form."

Jimmy Silver shook his head.

"Think it over, old chap," said Lovell.

"I've thought it over, and I think I'm doing the right thing," said Jimmy Silver. "If I'm wrong, I can't help it. But I believe Oswald is all right, and I'm not going to be down on him."

"Then you can go to Coventry along with him," said Smythe. "That's the verdict. Gentlemen, Jimmy Silver is sent to Coventry, and from this moment he's goin' to be cut by the whole school."

"Hear, hear!"

"That's settled," said Townsend.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome were silent. Jimmy Silver gave them a glance, and then walked out of the Common-room, with his hands in his pockets, whistling. Apparently the sentence of Coventry had not worried him very deeply. His three old chums looked more worried than Jimmy.

Oswald met Silver in the passage.

"Well?" he said.

"I'm in Coventry, too," said Jimmy Silver cheerily. "We'll keep each other company there, old chap, till they come round."

"They won't come round," said Oswald, with a shake of the head.

"Then they can rip," said Jimmy Silver. "I'm not giving in."

"I'm sorry for this, Silver."

"Nothing to be sorry for. Come and have a ginger-pop."

And Jimmy linked his arm in Oswald's and marched him off to Sergeant Kettle's little tuckshop. The sight of Jimmy Silver and Oswald crossing the quad with linked arms was the finishing touch, so to speak. The Classical juniors simply boiled with wrath. From that moment the sentence was put into execution, and Jimmy Silver was in the cold shades of "Coventry."

#### THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

##### Parted Chums.

JIMMY SILVER came into the end study at tea-time with a cheerful brow.

The worry and moroseness that had lain so heavily upon him of late seemed to have disappeared.

Perhaps it was because he found relief in having made up his mind. His path was marked out and decided now, at all events, unpleasant as it might be.

He felt that he was doing right, and that was enough to uphold him. If he was making a mistake, it couldn't be helped. To err is human. If the fellows chose to take his action badly, that couldn't be helped, either.

Perhaps, under the exterior of smiling cheerfulness, Jimmy Silver felt his position more keenly than he showed.

Several times that day it had been "rubbed in."

Forgetting that he was in Coventry, he had spoken to several fellows, only to be met by a blank stare.

On such occasions he had restrained

the desire to plant his knuckles in the face that stared at him so blankly. It was not of much use to begin a series of "scraps" with the whole of the Fourth and the Shell.

He shrugged his shoulders and took it quietly.

If he felt it deeply, he did not show it. His outward manner was more cheerful than it had been for some time past.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome were in the study when he came in to tea. They turned very red as he came in, but did not speak.

"Tea ready?" asked Jimmy, in quite his old way.

The Co. looked at one another, almost guiltily, and did not answer. Jimmy Silver surveyed them in turn.

"Deaf?" he asked.

No reply.

"Dumb?"

Silence.

"Well, this is the first time I've had tea in a deaf and dumb asylum," Jimmy Silver remarked. "It will be an experience, anyway."

Lovell and Raby and Newcome shifted uneasily, but they did not speak. Jimmy Silver proceeded with his tea.

He took out a book, and began to read over his tea.

His chums stole glances at him from time to time, but he did not look at them. Having given them the chance to speak, which they had not taken, he ignored their existence.

He ate and drank and read with perfect calmness, apparently quite unconscious of their presence in the study.

After tea, Jimmy Silver strolled out of the study, whistling.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome looked at one another.

"I—I say, this can't go on, you know," remarked Raby uneasily.

Lovell snorted.

"Why don't the silly ass give in, then?" he growled.

"He's such an obstinate beast," remarked Newcome.

"Well, we'll be obstinate beasts, too, and we'll see who holds out longest," said Lovell. "The silly ass has no right to stick out against the whole Form."

Raby rubbed his nose thoughtfully.

"I—I say, suppose Jimmy should be right after all?" he said slowly. "That chap Oswald does seem a decent sort, from what we've seen of him. A good bit better than Adolphus in every way."

"Wasn't he sacked from his school?"

"Well, yes!"

"Well, then, what right had he to wedge in here, as if Rookwood is a home for fellows who can't be stood anywhere else?" said Lovell wrathfully.

"It's up against us to have him here," said Newcome. "No good jawing, Raby—he's got to be in Coventry, and if Jimmy sticks to him, Jimmy will have to stick it out with him. Jimmy will soon get tired of it."

"This is a pretty rotten change in this study, though."

"All Silver's fault," said Lovell.

"Yes, that's so. But I don't believe he'll give in."

"He'll get tired of it first," said Lovell confidently.

Lovell did not feel quite so confident as he appeared. The three chums, having sent Jimmy Silver to Coventry along with the rest, ought logically to have ceased to bother their heads about him at all. But they didn't. They worried about him a good deal more now that they were not on speaking terms.

When they came across him, they eyed him anxiously, looking for a sign of Jimmy's "coming round."

But Jimmy Silver gave no sign. He seemed to be quite contented with

That added fuel to the fire, so to the new state of affairs. If he was not really contented, he kept the secret of his discontent locked up in his own breast.

In the Common-room he played chess with Oswald that evening, with lowering looks from the other Classics of the Fourth Form.

Oswald's face was much brighter since Jimmy Silver had chummed up with him in this open manner. True, Jimmy had never cut him like the rest. But now they were always together. Oswald had felt his loneliness keenly, and now it was gone—one pleasant chum was quite enough to make all the difference.

All that troubled him now was the thought of what Jimmy Silver was giving up for his sake.

But upon that point it was useless to argue with Jimmy. Whether it was the firmness of a rock, or the obstinacy of a mule, Jimmy was not to be moved from the path he had marked out for himself.

The next day was a half-holiday, and there was a football-match in the afternoon. Classical juniors were playing Modern juniors. Tommy Dodd, the junior captain, captained the Modern side; and under ordinary circumstances Jimmy Silver would have captained the Classical side.

But it was evidently impossible for a footer team to work with a captain with whom they were not on speaking terms.

Jimmy Silver, however, was prepared to do his duty. Before the game commenced, there was a meeting of the junior committee, and Jimmy Silver dropped in.

"Do you want me to skipper the side?" asked Jimmy calmly.

There was a general shaking of heads. Nobody spoke. Jimmy Silver shrugged his shoulders and sauntered out.

"There goes our best man," said Raby. "The Moderns will walk over us this afternoon; another feather in their cap."

"Oh, we'll put up a fight!" said Jones minor. "Anyway, we can't be skippered by a chap in Coventry."

"Of course we can't!" said Lovell, but rather half-heartedly.

"Let's make the Moderns a present of the match," said Raby satirically. "They used to walk over us before old Jimmy came here, and now they can begin again. It will be quite like old times."

"Look here, do you want to let that fellow out of Coventry?" demanded Topham.

"Well, I'm getting rather fed up with this."

"Sure, and I was thinkin' the same," remarked Flynn.

"We're really following Smythe's lead in this," said Raby. "Smythe was the cause of all the trouble. Why couldn't he shut up about his fatheaded brother at Minhurst, and his tales about a chap? We found Oswald all right till we heard that yarn about him."

"Oh, rot!"

"Rats!"

But it was with misgivings that the Classical junior eleven went down to the field to encounter the Modern heroes. There was no doubt that their best man was left out, and that made a tremendous difference in dealing with Tommy Dodd & Co. The Moderns were very keen, and as hard as nails.

Jimmy Silver strolled down with Oswald to witness the match. They looked on at the defeat of the Classics, for it was a defeat, and a bad one.

The Moderns had two goals to spare at the finish, and the Classics were beaten to the wide.

That added fuel to the fire, so to

speak. All the fellows felt that the match would have ended differently if Jimmy Silver had been in his old place. And he had left them in the lurch for the sake of that new beast who had been expelled from his own school. That was how they put it. Never had Jimmy Silver's popularity been at such a low ebb.

Jimmy looked very thoughtful as he walked away from the field. He took the defeat to heart quite as much as any other Classical. But he had done his best—he had offered his services, and they had been refused.

And the more he came to know Oswald, the more assured he was that he was in the right. There was not a trace of anything "shady" about the new junior. In every way, in word and deed, he was a thoroughly decent fellow. His expulsion from his old school was simply a mystery—undoubtedly some terrible mistake, Jimmy Silver considered. And, come what might, Jimmy Silver was determined that he would never be down on a fellow who did not deserve it. He would do what he felt was right, and chance the consequences. It was just like Jimmy.

### THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

#### Mahomet Goes to the Mountain.

"WHY don't the silly beast chuck it?"

Lovell asked that question, in aggrieved tones, in the end study three or four days later.

During all that time not a word had been exchanged between Jimmy Silver and his old chums.

Jimmy had ceased to visit the end study.

He had his tea in Hall, with Oswald; he did his preparation in the Form-room with Oswald. Excepting during lessons, his old pals hardly saw him. When they came on him they gave him anxious glances; in fact, almost beseeching glances. But Silver did not appear to see them.

He was quite ready to make it up, when they were. But he was not going to abandon Oswald to please anybody.

"Why don't he chuck it?" repeated Lovell. "Here we've been like this for a week, and the silly brute is as obstinate as ever. What's to be done?"

"He won't give in," said Raby.

"Looks like it, the ass!"

"Well, suppose we give in?"

Lovell grinned angrily.

"And swallow that fellow Oswald?" he demanded.

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Can't be did!"

"Look here, we don't want to break with Jimmy for good," said Raby. "Dash it all, Lovell, you remember how he lugged you out of that old quarry—perhaps saved your life?"

"No perhaps about it. He did save my life!" growled Lovell.

"Well, then, he's an obstinate ass! But he was a good pal," said Raby, "and—and I can't help thinking the silly idiot may be in the right, you know."

"Do you think Oswald was sacked for nothing, fathead?"

"Well, there might have been a mistake or something. Perhaps Oswald got hauled up for another fellow—Smythe's brother, perhaps," said Raby brilliantly. "If Smythe's brother is anything like Smythe, it's likely enough. Jimmy's awfully keen, you know, and he believes in the kid. You can't say that Oswald's done anything since he's been here."

"Not that we know of, you mean?" growled Lovell.

"Well, we should know of it. We

know about Smythe smoking and betting on gee-gees," said Raby. "Smythe would be sacked just like Oswald if the Head knew about him. The only difference is that he hasn't been found out."

"Tain't only that. It's the nerve of the fellow, coming into Rookwood, after being sacked from another school—as if Rookwood's a place any blackguard can come to."

"Well, what with Smythe and his pals, and Knowles on the Modern side, we've got some pretty blackguards here!" said Raby. "One more don't make much difference."

"So you're willing to swallow the cad whole, are you?"

"Well, we needn't quite do that, only we can't go on like this with Jimmy."

"We shall be sent to Coventry along with him," said Newcome. "Not that I care for that, for one."

"They couldn't keep that up long," said Lovell. "If we come round, the whole Form will come round in time. That's what that fathead Silver thinks, I suppose, and he's just holding out till we come round."

"If Mahomet can't get to the mountain, the giddy mountain must come to Mahomet," said Raby.

"Fathead! You've got it wrong! If the mountain can't get to Mahomet, you mean—"

"Oh, blow Mahomet, and the mountain, too! The question is, what are we going to do about Jimmy Silver?"

There was a grim silence. Lovell broke it at last.

"Come on!" he said.

Raby and Newcome followed him without asking questions. It was evident that Lovell had come to a decision. As the mountain would not come to Mahomet, Mahomet was going to the mountain!

The three chums looked for Jimmy Silver. He was discovered under the beeches in the quad chatting with Oswald. The trio bore down on them, looking very grim. Smythe and Howard and Tracy of the Shell paused to look on, and they looked grim, too.

"I want to speak to you, Jimmy," began Lovell.

Jimmy Silver looked surprised.

"Me!" he ejaculated.

"Yes, you fathead!"

"But I'm in Coventry."

"Oh, don't be a silly ass!"

"Look here, Lovell," bawled Smythe, "you're speaking to that fellow! You know what you'll get!"

Lovell turned on the great Adolphus with a blaze in his eyes. His temper had suffered of late, and Adolphus' interference came just in time. Lovell was longing to punch somebody's head.

"What have you got to say, you tailor's dummy?" he demanded.

"By gad!" said Adolphus.

"You say I'm not to speak to Jimmy Silver—what?"

"Yaas."

"Well, that's what I think of you," said Lovell. And he made a sudden dive at Adolphus' prominent nose, and seized it with a thumb and forefinger.

"There!"

"Yowwww!" wailed Adolphus.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Jimmy Silver.

"Groo-hoo!" Leggo!" shrieked Smythe. "Ow, by dose—by dose! Yooow! Draggimoff, Tracy, you grinnin' idiot! Ow!"

Tracy and Howard were certainly grinning. But they came on to the rescue, and Raby and Newcome came on to stop them; and then Jimmy Silver came on, and so did Oswald. In a minute or less the three Shell fellows were fleeing for their lives, Smythe holding his nose as he fled.

"Now, Jimmy Silver," panted Lovell, "I've got a bone to pick with you!"

"Pick away!" said Jimmy Silver cheerfully.

"I'm sick of this."

"Same here, old chap."

"Are you going to chuck up that chap Oswald?"

"No!"

"You'd rather keep on bad terms with us and all the fellows?" exclaimed Lovell hotly.

"Must play the game," said Jimmy.

"Hold on!" broke in Oswald.

"Jimmy, I can't allow this. I've told you before that you're doing more than any fellow can be expected to do. It isn't fair for you to have my troubles on your shoulders."

"There! The fellow's talking sense," said Lovell. "Take his tip, Jimmy, and do the sensible thing."

"And I've told you, Oswald, that you're an ass!" said Jimmy Silver.

Oswald's lips quivered.

"It's a rotten shame for the fellows to treat you like this because you're decent to me!" he said.

"Oh, cheese it!" said Lovell.

"Haven't you been sacked from your school? Why can't you go home or go to Jericho, and save all the bother?"

"He can't go home," said Jimmy Silver. "He's got his people to consider. Besides, I wouldn't advise him to go home. It's up to a chap to stick it out and take it smiling when he's done nothing wrong."

"Are you going to chuck him, Jimmy Silver?"

Jimmy shook his head.

"That's final, you fathead?"

"Yes."

"You won't give in?"

"No; I can't!"

"You mean you won't!" roared Lovell.

"Well, if you like it better that way, I won't, then!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Then there's only one thing to be done," he said. "You're sure you won't give in?"

"Quite sure."

"Then we will."

"Eh?" ejaculated Jimmy Silver, in astonishment.

"Don't you understand English?" hooted Lovell. "If you won't give in, we will. Isn't that good enough?"

Jimmy Silver grinned.

"Quite good enough," he said. "I don't mind admitting that I hoped you'd come round."

"But you wouldn't come round!" hooted Lovell.

"Well, I couldn't. I'm in the right, you see."

"Why, you cheeky ass—"

"Shush!" said Raby. "It's all over now. And you're coming to the study to tea, you fathead, Jimmy! We've got a good tea going."

"Jolly glad, too," said Jimmy. "I always have tea with my friend Oswald, though. Is my friend Oswald welcome?"

"I won't come," said Oswald quickly.

"Yes, you will," said Jimmy Silver coolly. "I sha'n't go without you."

"Of—of course he's welcome!" stammered Lovell. "In—in fact, we want him to come. We're going to speak to Oswald, of course."

"Nice afternoon, Oswald!" grinned Raby.

"Lovely weather we're having, Oswald!" remarked Newcome.

"How do you do, Oswald?" snorted Lovell. "How does it feel to be sacked?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Now then, no larks!" said Jimmy Silver. "Oswald's going to be one of us."

He comes into the Co. on my recommendation, and you chaps know that I have nearly all the brains of the study."

"We know you've got nearly all the cheek," said Lovell. "But it's a go. We'll take your blessed friend Oswald to our chests and weep over him if you like."

"I—I—" began Oswald.

"Oh, you dry up!" said Lovell. "Don't you make any more bother. You've made enough. Do as Jimmy Silver tells you. The obstinate mule always gets his way in the long run."

Oswald smiled, and Jimmy Silver chuckled.

The five juniors walked off to the School House together, apparently on the best of terms. Angry and indignant glances from the other juniors followed them.

So far as the Fistical Four were concerned, Oswald was out of Coventry. The question was whether the rest of the Fourth would follow the lead of their old leaders. But that would not happen if Adolphus Smythe could help it.

#### THE SEVENTH CHAPTER. A Roland for an Oliver.

**F**IVE juniors were gathered round the festive board in the end study.

The table was well spread. Lovell and Raby and Newcome had killed the fatted calf, so to speak, for the returning prodigal. It was not a repentant prodigal who came back to the end study; it was Lovell & Co. who had to do the repenting. But that was only a detail.

Certainly it was a merry little party.

All the chums were glad that the estrangement was over, and Oswald was very glad indeed to see his champion on the old terms with his friends.

There was a buzz of merry voices in the end study, and that little feed was probably the most cheerful that had ever taken place in that famous apartment.

The Co. had, in fact, for the moment forgotten all about the rest of the Form and the sentence of Coventry.

But it was not forgotten outside the study. Tea was nearly over when there came a tramp of feet in the passage. There was a bang on the door, and it was hurled open.

The five juniors looked round.

The passage was crowded with fellows of the Fourth and the Shell. The great Smythe was in the lead, his eyeglass gleaming in his eye, and his nose very red from the recent application of Lovell's finger and thumb.

"By gad, here they are!" said Smythe.

"What have you fellows brought that here for?" asked Jimmy Silver. "This

isn't the monkey-house, nor yet the museum. Take it away and bury it."

"Don't answer him!" said Smythe loftily. "He's in Coventry. Lovell, we want to know what this means. The whole school wants to know."

"Yaas, by gad!" said Townsend. "We're not standin' it, you know, Lovell. If you talk to those cads you'll be sent to Coventry, too, don't you know."

"And we're going to wreck the study as a lesson to you to begin with," said Tracy.

Lovell rose to his feet and picked up a bat. Jimmy Silver took hold of the inkpot, and Raby annexed the teapot.

"Come in and begin the giddy wreck," said Lovell. "There'll be a good many wrecks here by the time you've finished."

"Walk up, gentlemen!" invited Jimmy Silver. "You first, Smythe."

"We're givin' you a chance, Lovell," said Howard. "You know you can't stand up against the verdict of the school."

"We're going to try," said Lovell. "The fact is, we're fed up. We think Oswald's all right, and you fellows are silly asses not to think so too."

"You're goin' to kick that cad out," said Smythe, "or else you're goin' to have a study raggin', and then Coventry. Take your choice!"

"Bow-wow!"

"Take your face away, Smythe," urged Raby. "You know it's a worry."

"Well, you're goin' to have a lesson," said Smythe. "Pile in, you fellows."

"Line up!" rapped out Jimmy Silver.

The Fistical Four and Oswald lined up at once. There was a rush, but the rush stopped. A bat and a stump and a poker, an inkpot and a teapot looked rather dangerous at close quarters. The intended ragers paused and blinked at one another. Fellows in the passage behind urged on those in front, but those in front seemed to have their doubts about the matter.

"Come on!" said Jimmy Silver invitingly. "Forward, Adolphus! I can see the fighting blood of the Smythes is boiling in your veins! Forward!"

"Get on, Smythe!" yelled Hooker from the passage. "Collar him!"

Smythe hesitated.

"Well, you can have the ink, anyway," said Jimmy Silver, as Smythe, pushed from behind, advanced reluctantly into the study.

"Swish! Splash!"

There was a wild yell from Adolphus as the contents of the inkpot swamped over his face, his elegantly-parted hair, and his well-cut waistcoat and trousers. The dandy of the Shell staggered.

"Oh, dear! By gad, you ruffian! Oh! Ah! Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Charge!" shouted Jimmy Silver.

The five juniors charged at the crowded doorway. There was a wild scramble of the ragers to escape. Jimmy Silver seized the inky Adolphus, and whirled him off his feet. Smythe struggled furiously, but Raby gripped his ankles, and he was swept off the floor.

"Chuck him out!" yelled Jimmy.

"One, two, three—go!"

Smythe of the Shell went flying. He bumped on the crowd in the passage, and his elbows crashed on Tracy's nose and his arm was flung round Hooker's neck.

Jimmy Silver slammed the study door. "Not much of a ragging," he remarked.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Angry and excited voices were heard from the passage, but the door was not opened again. The ragging was evidently "off."

Smythe of the Shell had retired to a bath-room, and the rest of the ragers gave it up. The Fistical Four and their guest finished their tea in peace and in a cheery mood.

The ragging was certainly off, but the Classical juniors had not done with the end study yet. When the five chums came out after tea they found a sheet of cardboard stuck on the door, with an inscription daubed on it in large letters. It ran:

"THIS STUDY IS IN COVENTRY!  
ANYBODY SPEAKING TO THESE  
CADS WILL GET A FORM LICK-  
ING!"

Whereat the Fistical Four snorted contemptuously.

The card was promptly reduced to ashes, but ten minutes later a new notice was pinned up in the junior Common-room in the well-known handwriting of Jimmy Silver. The Classical juniors gathered to read it with breathless indignation. It simply took their breath away, for it ran in this wise:

"NOTICE!

"The Shell and the Fourth have been sent to Coventry!"

"(Signed) JIMMY SILVER,

"EDWARD LOVELL,

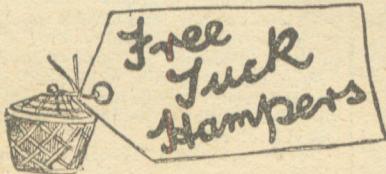
"GEORGE RABY,

"ARTHUR NEWCOME,

"DICK OSWALD."

The Shell and the Fourth read that notice with feelings almost too deep for words. The cheek of it amazed them. Certainly there was only one fellow at Rookwood who would ever have conceived the idea of sending the two junior Forms to Coventry "on his own." But it was just like Jimmy!

THE END.



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