



JIMMY'S TERRIBLE COUSIN!

A Magnificent Long
Complete Story of JIMMY
SILVER & CO., the Chums
of Rookwood.

BY
OWEN CONQUEST.

THE FIRST CHAPTER. A Slight Misunderstanding.

"PUT on your best bibs and tuckers!"

Jimmy Silver of the Fourth gave the order.

The Fistical Four of Rookwood came out of the dining-room, and Jimmy Silver had stopped to take a letter from the rack and read it. Lovell and Raby and Newcome waited while he read it, interested to know whether it contained a remittance or not.

Jimmy Silver's face brightened up as he read it. There was evidently good news in the letter, though no remittance was visible.

"What the dickens—" began Lovell. "Best bibs and tuckers!" repeated Jimmy firmly.

"Look here, we're going to rag the Moderns this afternoon," said Raby warmly. "We've arranged that already."

"Blow the Moderns this afternoon," replied Jimmy Silver. "We can rag Modern worms any time."

"But we're going to give Tommy Dodd the kybosh!" exclaimed Newcome. "We've got it all cut and dried."

"Bother Tommy Dodd!" "Look here, what's on?" demanded Lovell.

Jimmy Silver's reply was impressive. "My cousin's coming."

Jimmy's manner as he spoke indicated that he expected that answer to put an end to all argument. Strange to say, Lovell and Raby and Newcome did not seem in the slightest degree impressed. Lovell snorted. Raby sniffed. Newcome echoed the sniff. And they replied in a kind of chorus:

"Blow your cousin!"

"Bless your cousin!"

"Bother your cousin!"

"Look here," said Jimmy Silver indignantly, "this letter is from my cousin. My cousin is coming to Rookwood to-day, as it's a half-holiday, to see the place, and to see me."

"Then your blessed cousin can see us ragging the Moderns," said Lovell obstinately. "Tommy Dodd's been getting his ears up too much. He asked me this

morning whether we'd gone out of business, and said the chaps on his side were getting tired of giving us the kybosh. We're going on the warpath this afternoon."

"We are!" said Raby.

"We is!" said Newcome. "Your cousin can help, if you like, Jimmy. I suppose your cousin can punch a Modern nose—what?"

"Certainly not, fathead!"

"Eh? Can't your cousin fight?" demanded Lovell.

"No, ass!"

"Then your blessed cousin can keep away from Rookwood. We don't want any funks or slackers here. Send him a wire not to come."

"Oh, you duffer! I tell you—"

"Look here," said Lovell hotly, "will your cousin help us wallop the Moderns, or won't your cousin help us wallop the Moderns?"

"No, no, no! Because—"

"Never mind the because; that's enough. Your cousin ain't coming."

"I tell you—" shrieked Jimmy Silver.

"Are you going to send that wire?" bawled Lovell.

"No! I—"

"Collar him!" said Lovell.

"Look here, hands off! Oh, you fatheads!" roared Jimmy Silver, as his three chums collared him and jammed him against the wall. "Leggo! I tell you—"

"We're only doing this out of kindness," explained Lovell. "Are you going to send that wire?"

"No!" yelled Jimmy.

"I'll knock your head against the wall till you say 'Yes.' One—"

Bang!

"Yaroooooh!"

Three juniors in Modern caps looked in at the big doorway, apparently very much interested in the little scene. They were Tommy Dodd, Tommy Cook, and Tommy Doyle—the three Tommies of the Modern side.

"Go it, ye cripples!" said Tommy Dodd encouragingly. "Mind the wall, though. You'll have somebody complaining that the wall has been damaged

by being knocked upon by a heavy wooden instrument!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Clear off, you Modern worms!" growled Lovell. "Now, Jimmy Silver, are you going to bottle up your precious cousin?"

"No! I—"

Bang!

"Yow-ow-ow! Leggo! I'll— Oh, my hat!"

"I'll keep this up as long as you like," panted Lovell. "Your funky cousin isn't coming here. Will you send him that wire?"

"Yarooooh! It isn't a— Yow-ow-ow!"

Bang!

"Yoop! I tell you it isn't a him!" shrieked Jimmy Silver, getting it out at last.

"Eh?"

"It's a her!" yelled Jimmy.

"Oh!"

Lovell & Co., in surprise, released their leader. They had not had the least suspicion that Jimmy Silver's cousin was a "her."

"A blessed girl cousin?" ejaculated Lovell.

"Yes, you fathead!" Jimmy Silver rubbed his head and glared. "And do you think I could ask my cousin Phyllis to lend a hand ragging the Moderns, you duffers? Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Tommy Dodd Makes a Kind Offer.

"HA, ha, ha!"

The mistake seemed funny to Lovell & Co. It did not seem so funny to Jimmy Silver, who rubbed his head, and looked at his merry chums as if he would eat them.

"You silly asses!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You frabjous, burbling gryphons

"Oh, draw it mild!" chuckled Lovell. "How were we to know your cousin was a her—I mean, a she?"

"I've a jolly good mind to mop up

the floor with the lot of you!" growled Jimmy Silver, still rubbing his head.

"Pax!" said Raby amicably. "If your cousin's a she, or a her, of course, we wouldn't ask she—I mean, her—to help us ragging the Moderns. You should have explained. We withdraw those bumps."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"That's all very well!" said Lovell. "But even if the blessed cousin is a her, what about our programme for this afternoon?"

"Blow the programme!" said Jimmy crossly. "I'm going to the station to meet my cousin, and you are coming with me."

"It means wasting an afternoon," said Lovell.

Lovell was not a ladies' man.

Jimmy Silver snorted.

"I tell you it's my cousin Phyllis—a stunning girl! I've told her about you fellows, and she wants to see you, too. Of course, she doesn't know what a set of rowdy hooligans you are."

"Well, we'll look after her if you make a point of it," said Lovell. "It's wasting an afternoon, but anything for the sake of a pal!"

Jimmy Silver snorted again.

Meeting cousin Phyllis was a great privilege. But as Lovell & Co. had never seen cousin Phyllis, they couldn't be expected to be very enthusiastic "on spec," as it were.

"Well, you'll have to change your collars and make yourselves look a bit respectable," growled Jimmy.

"Look here, my collar's all right."

"If you don't put on your best bibs and tuckers I won't take you."

"Oh, rats!"

"Hold on!" broke in Tommy Dodd, who had listened with great interest. "May I make a suggestion?"

The four Classics sniffed. They did not value suggestions from Moderns.

"Kick those Modern worms out!" said Lovell.

"But I've got a really good suggestion to make about entertaining Jimmy Silver's cousin," pleaded Tommy Dodd. Jimmy looked at him rather suspiciously.

"Well, you can go ahead," he said.

"Your cousin's coming down to Coombe, I suppose—"

"Yes. Changes at Lantham at three, so I suppose it will be the three-thirty local train at Coombe."

"And she's a nice girl—what!"

"Yes, you duffer!"

"Well, she ought to be met by some decent fellows who'll look after her properly," said Tommy Dodd. "I'll tell you what. You Classical chaps can go and play marbles—"

"Eh?"

"Or hop-scotch, or whatever your special game is—"

"You cheeky ass—"

"And we'll go and meet your cousin," said Tommy Dodd calmly. "We're the nicest chaps in Rookwood; and Doyle specially is a ladies' man, being Irish. We'll take care of Cousin Phyllis for you."

"Sure, it's a foine idea, intoirely!" said Tommy Doyle heartily. "Lave it to yer superiors, dear boys!"

"I don't mind," said Tommy Cook generously.

"Is it a go?" asked Tommy Dodd, as Jimmy Silver glared at him speechlessly. "You see, the young lady will get a much better impression of Rookwood by seeing us first, and you Classical ruffians can dawn on her gradually afterwards, and it won't be so much of a shock—"

Tommy Dodd had no time to finish.

With one accord the Fistical Four rushed upon him, and the three Tommies

went spinning out of the doorway, and rolled down the steps.

They landed in the quadrangle with loud roars.

"Yow!" gasped Tommy Dodd, scrambling up. "Go for 'em!"

"Boys!"

The deep voice of Mr. Bootles, the master of the Fourth, broke in.

Tommy Dodd & Co. suddenly changed their intentions. With looks of lambl-like innocence, they sauntered away across the quad.

Mr. Bootles looked very severely at the Fistical Four.

"I do not approve of this—er—horse-play, Silver!" he said severely. "You must not—er—make such scenes—er—in the doorway—what, what!"

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy Silver meekly—"I mean, no, sir!"

Mr. Bootles shook his head sternly, and toddled away.

"Might have been lines!" murmured Jimmy. "Never mind! Now come up to the dorm and get your best bib and tucker on."

"Tain't worth while changing my collar—" began Lovell.

"All serene! I'll take the Moderns instead."

"Oh, rats!"

The Co. made no further demur, and the Classical Four proceeded to the dormitory to don their best bibs and tuckers for that great occasion.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Hold by the Enemy.

ADOLPHUS SMYTHE of the Shell was adorning the steps of the School House with his elegant person when the chums of the Fourth came out in their best bibs and tuckers.

The elegant Adolphus extracted an eye-glass from his waistcoat and jammed it in his vacant eye, and blinked at the four.

"By gad," he remarked, "you're lookin' almost respectable!"

Lovell paused, but Jimmy Silver marched him on.

"Look here," said Lovell, "we've got lots of time to bump that cad! We haven't got to start for an hour yet!"

"Lots of time, but we're not looking for rags now," said Jimmy. "Have you forgotten your best bib and tucker? Adolphus can wait."

"Well, let me give him one dot in the eye—"

"Bow-wow!"

Jimmy marched his chums onward, and Adolphus Smythe remained unbumped. The Fistical Four were heading for the tuckshop, it being necessary to lay in some rather extra supplies for tea in the end study. Cousin Phyllis couldn't be offered merely a sardine and a chunk of cake. Tea in the study had to be something extra-special that afternoon.

Outside Sergeant Kettle's little tuckshop in the old clock-tower there were a crowd of Modern juniors. The three Tommies were there, and Towle and Lacy, and several more of the Modern Fourth. They were watching the School House across the quad, and as the Fistical Four came in sight Tommy Dodd chuckled.

"Walking fairly into the trap, by jingo! No need for us to go and fetch 'em, they're coming!"

And all the Moderns chuckled.

Jimmy Silver frowned as the Modern crowd formed up before the doorway of the tuckshop. Having changed into their best bibs and tuckers, the Classics were not, for once, looking for rags with the Moderns.

Their previous plan had been to spend that afternoon giving Tommy Dodd the kybosh. But circumstances alter cases.

"Buzz off!" said Jimmy Silver. "Let's get in, you Modern duffers!"

"We've been looking for you," said Tommy Dodd. "We hadn't decided whether to come to your dorm for you. Now you've saved us the trouble."

"Look here—"

"We want you to come for a walky-walky," explained Tommy Dodd. "Take their arms, dear boys, like affectionate and loving schoolmates!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Best bib and tucker or no best bib and tucker, the Fistical Four could not stand that. They stood shoulder to shoulder, and put their hands up as the Modern crowd surrounded them.

But the Moderns were in great force.

Tommy Dodd was a great general, and he had overwhelming odds on the spot. The Classical four were fairly rushed away, resisting manfully, through the stone archway into Little Quad.

"Will you chuck it?" shouted Jimmy Silver, struggling furiously with three pairs of hands on him. "What's the little game, you silly duffers?"

"You're the little game."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Held on both sides by the Moderns, but still resisting, the Fistical Four were marched across Little Quad and into the wood-shed. The Moderns, chuckling gleefully, crowded in with them.

"Look here, you rotters," said Lovell, "we've got our best togs on to go and meet a lady—"

The Moderns roared.

"That's all right!" said Tommy Dodd. "We won't damage your togs if you keep quiet. As for the lady, she's going to be well looked after. Get that rope, Towle!"

"What are you up to?" yelled Raby.

"Don't be impatient, dear boy; you'll see in a minute."

The Classics saw in less than a minute.

While each of them was held securely in the grasp of two or three Moderns, Towle ran the rope round them, and knotted it, securing their arms down to their sides, and fastening their legs together. There was plenty of rope, and Towle made plenty of knots.

The remarks the Classical chums made during this operation were sulphurous. But the Moderns only chortled.

"Now their hankies," said Tommy Dodd.

"Look here— Groooogh!"

Jimmy Silver's remarks were cut short by his own handkerchief being jammed into his mouth, and fastened there scientifically with twine wound round and round his head.

He could only glare at the grinning Moderns.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome "Groooogh" spasmodically, as they were gagged in their turn.

But there was no help for it.

The four Classics were then seated in a row on a bench. Tommy Dodd took the key out of the lock, and transferred it to the outside of the door.

"Good-bye!" he said affably. "Don't worry about your Cousin Phyllis, Jimmy Silver. I'm going to meet Cousin Phyllis."

Jimmy Silver glared speechlessly.

"I think you said the three-thirty," smiled Tommy Dodd. "All serene. I shall be there—so will Doyle and Cook. We'll explain that you couldn't come—that you were detained owing to circumstances over which you had no control—"

The Moderns yelled.

"We won't mention that we were the circumstances; you can explain that to Cousin Phyllis another time."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Any message to Cousin Phyllis before we go, bedad?" grinned Tommy Doyle.

"Groogh!" gurgled Jimmy, in a vain effort to speak.

"I can't repeat 'Groogh!' to Cousin Phyllis, ye gosssoon!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, so-long!" said Tommy Dodd. "If you get a little bored here this afternoon, you can spend the time meditating on what silly asses you are, and how nice it is to be dishd by us. Did I hear you mention, Lovell, that you were going to give the Moderns the kybosh this afternoon?"

"G-r-r-r!"

"Is this what you call the kybosh?"

"M-m-m-m!"

"Is that German or Esperanto?"

"Groogh!"

"Must be Eskimo," said Tommy Dodd. "I can't catch on, Lovell. Say it over again!"

Lovell glared, and was silent.

The Moderns, chortling, trooped out of the wood-shed, and Tommy Dodd locked the door on the outside, and they walked away. Their laughter was heard, dying away in the distance. Then there was silence.

Jimmy Silver & Co. looked at one another.

The afternoon's expedition was suddenly cut short. Tommy Dodd was going to meet Cousin Phyllis at the station—he was going to appropriate that young lady for the afternoon.

It was a case of unexampled "nerve"; but it was just like Tommy Dodd. And while the three Tommies were showing Cousin Phyllis the sights of Rookwood, Jimmy Silver & Co. were to sit in the wood-shed chewing their gags, and chewing the cud of exceedingly unpleasant reflections.

Even if they could have spoken, their feelings were too deep to be expressed in words.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER. Something Like a Wheeze!

"O H, by gad!"

About ten minutes had elapsed since the departure of the Moderns, and Jimmy Silver & Co. had been wrestling in vain in their bonds, and chewing the handkerchiefs stuffed in their mouths.

The eyeglass of Adolphus Smythe, of the Shell, gleamed in at the window of the wood-shed, and the Classical dandy grinned at the disconsolate row of Fourth-Formers.

Jimmy Silver brightened up a little. Smythe of the Shell was his old enemy; but, after all, he was a Classical, and, therefore, bound to lend a hand in defeating a Modern jape.

Jimmy made heroic efforts to speak; but the gag was well-tied, and he could only gurgle.

Smythe chuckled gleefully. He had never been able to "down" Jimmy Silver himself; but he was very glad to see him downed.

"By gad, you look a pretty set, 'pon my word!" said Adolphus, pushing the window a little wider open, and fairly floating over the unfortunate four. "You do, by gad! I rather thought there was somethin' oh, you know, and when those ruffians came back without you, you know, I thought I'd rather look in, you know. 'Are you fellows enjoyin' yourselves, what?'"

Gurgle, gurgle!

"Like me to let you loose?"

Four heads nodded as if by clockwork.

"Then, I'm sorry I can't do it,"

chuckled Adolphus—"jolly sorry, by

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gad! But what's the little game? What have they planted you here for, dear boys?"

Gurgle, gurgle!

"Roll this way, and I'll undo the gag," said Smythe, after some consideration. He was very curious to know what Tommy Dodd & Co. were planning, though with no intention whatever of helping the luckless Classics.

Jimmy Silver rose to his feet. He could not walk, but in a series of kangaroo-like jumps he approached the window. It was something to get ungagged.

Smythe reached in and untied the twine, and jerked the handkerchief out of his mouth. Jimmy gasped with relief.

"Now, what's the little game—eh?" smiled Adolphus.

"Let us loose, Smythey."

"Can't be did," said Adolphus loftily. "I never interfere in your tag rows, you know. Can't be mixed up in anythin' of the sort."

"You slacking idiot!"

"Oh! Good-bye!"

"Hold on, Smythe! Look here, old chap—"

"Not so much of your 'old chap.' I'm not 'old chap' to fags of the Fourth!" said Adolphus icily.

Jimmy Silver restrained the reply that rose to his lips. It was not judicious at that moment to tell the dandy of the Shell what he thought of him.

"Smythey, be a good chap, and let us loose. My Cousin Phyllis is coming to Coombe by the three-thirty—"

"By gad, is she?"

"And we want to go and meet her—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"There's nothing to cackle at, you ass! Come in and untie us—"

"So Cousin Phyllis is comin' at three, is she?" drawled Adolphus. "Nice gal, what?"

"Oh, ripping! Let us loose—"

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Adolphus. "You can't go, that's clear. I'll take Howard and Tracy, and go instead. Nothin' to do this afternoon, and we may find it amusin'. I'll tell her you've been dishd by the Modern fags, you know."

"Look here, you silly chump—"

"Good-bye!" said Adolphus. "Rely on me to look after Cousin Phyllis."

He slammed the window, and walked away, grinning. Jimmy gritted his teeth. Evidently there was no help to be had from Adolphus.

He thought of shouting for help. But the wood-shed was in an isolated spot, and window and door were shut. His shouts were not likely to be heard. Neither was Jimmy anxious to be discovered in so ridiculous a position.

"We'll get out of this, you chaps," he said. "I can use my teeth now, anyway."

He hopped back to the bench upon which his chums were sitting. They could not speak, but regarded him anxiously and hopefully.

Jimmy started with his teeth on Lovell's knots. His teeth were sound and strong, and he worked hard. In a few minutes the first knot was dragged loose, and Lovell had one arm free.

"There's a knife in my pocket," said Jimmy. "Get at it if you can."

Lovell, with his free hand, groped in Jimmy's pocket, and extracted the pocket-knife. He held it between his knees, and opened the blade.

The Fistical Four were all looking very bright now. Adolphus Smythe was far from dreaming of the amount of help he had given.

Lovell sawed through his own bonds

with the knife, and stood free. Then he sawed through the rope that was wound round Jimmy Silver. In a few minutes more Raby and Newcome were out loose. They tore the gags out of their mouths, and gasped with relief.

"Groo-hoo!" mumbled Raby. "My blessed jaw's quite stiff! Now we'll make those Modern cads sit up!"

"We'll simply slaughter 'em!" said Lovell sulphurously.

"We'll skin 'em!" growled Newcome. "Come on! We'll soon get out of this now we're loose!"

"Hold on!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Rats! Let's go and find those Modern worms! I don't suppose they've started for Coombe yet."

"We'll get a crowd of Classical chaps, and collar 'em, and mop up the quad with 'em!" hooted Lovell.

"Hold on, I tell you! Listen to your Uncle Jimmy!"

"Oh, rats, I tell you! Uncle Jimmy be blowed! Let's go and serag the Moderns!" roared Lovell.

He started for the window. Jimmy Silver put his back to the window.

"You bull-headed blatherskite!" he said witheringly. "Shut up, and listen! I've got a wheeze."

"Well, get it off your chest!" growled Lovell. "I want to get at the Moderns!"

"Those duffers are going to Coombe to meet Cousin Phyllis," said Jimmy. "Well, let 'em go!"

"What?"

"Cousin Phyllis changes at Lantham. There's plenty of time for a chap to get to Lantham on a bike and intercept her at the junction. The chap can bring her to Rookwood in a trap."

Lovell's face broke into a grin.

"Oh! And those Modern worms can wait at Coombe for her! Good!"

"Good egg!" said Raby.

"That isn't all," said Jimmy Silver. "I don't want to disappoint the Moderns. They are going to meet Cousin Phyllis at Coombe."

"Eh?"

"Another Cousin Phyllis," exclaimed Jimmy.

"Have you got two Cousin Phyllises, then?"

"No, fathead! But we've got the girl's clobber that we used for 'Alice in Wonderland' when we did our pantomime."

"Oh, my hat!"

"That's the wheeze," said Jimmy Silver, with a chuckle. "I thought it out while I was sitting there chewing my hanky—if we could only get loose in time. Well, owing to that idiot Smythe, we've got loose, though he didn't intend us to. We're going to sneak out of this quietly. One chap can scoot off to Lantham on a jigger, with a note from me to Cousin Phyllis, and bring her on in a trap. And I'm going to put on the 'Alice' clobber—"

"Oh, crumbs!"

"And meet Tommy Dodd & Co. at Coombe. I can get in the train at the next station from Coombe, and come on just as if I'd come from Lantham."

"But—but—"

"Tommy Dodd knows my cousin's like me, so if he notices a resemblance it won't matter."

"But you're too jolly plain for a girl," objected Raby.

Jimmy Silver only replied to that remark with a glare.

"They'll bowl you out!" said Newcome.

"How can they bowl me out, fathead, when they think I'm tied up in the wood-shed all the time?" demanded Jimmy.

"Besides, can't I make-up? Ain't I the



The three Tommies jumped back to escape the shower of crockery and eatables. Miss Silver caught up the dish of sardines, and with a twist of her hand scattered the fishes over the three astounded Tommies. Then she opened the door and departed. (See page 14.)

best actor in the Classical Players' Society?"

"Not by long chalks!" said Raby promptly.

"Oh, don't jaw! I'm going to plant myself on Tommy Dodd as Phyllis Silver, and give 'em a high old time when I have tea in their study."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

That prospect silenced all objections. Jimmy Silver had his way, as he usually did.

Jimmy opened the window, and the four juniors dropped out one after another, and the window was closed again. By a roundabout way, taking great care not to be observed, the Fistical Four reached the School House, and entered at the back, to carry out that stunning scheme which was to give the Moderns, after all, the promised kybosh.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

"Miss Silver."

JIMMY SILVER & Co. lost no time. Oswald of the Fourth was called in, and the great scheme was whispered to him, with many chuckles. Dick Oswald willingly undertook the ride to Lantham. Jimmy silver hastily wrote a note to be delivered to Miss Silver at Lantham Junction, informing her that his special chum, Oswald, was to bring her to Rookwood in a trap, instead of by the local train, and the Fistical Four went

through their pockets to provide the funds for the trap. Oswald was given a full description and a photograph of Cousin Phyllis, and he went off for his bike. In a few minutes Dick Oswald had wheeled his machine out of the school gates, and was riding away for Lantham at top speed.

Jimmy Silver opened the box which contained the properties of the Classical Players, and selected the clobber required for his purpose. It was packed in a bag. The disguise, of course, could scarcely be donned within the walls of Rookwood School.

"We'll get out at the back gate and cut across the fields," said Jimmy Silver. "Come on!"

The Fistical Four left the house by a back door, and scudded out of the side gate, and took to the fields at once. They did not wish to risk being spotted by the Moderns on the road. They followed a short cut across the meadows, and passed the village of Coombe without entering it, and kept on to Hurley, the first station on the Lantham line.

"We halt here," said Jimmy. He looked at his watch. "Just three. The train from Lantham to Coombe stops in Hurley at three-twenty. We've got twenty minutes."

"Get on with the washing!" said Lovell.

A shed in the field gave the juniors shelter from the public view. Jimmy

rolled up his trousers to the knees, and rapidly donned the attire worn by "Alice" in the Rookwood pantomime. In a three-quarter skirt, a blouse and a belt, and stockings and shoes, Jimmy Silver made a somewhat burly, but quite presentable young lady. Lovell held a glass for him while he attended to his face.

Jimmy had had great practice in the art of make-up. His face was smooth and well-coloured, and only a few touches were required.

A flaxen wig and a pretty little hat changed his looks enormously. Then his eyebrows were touched up artistically.

"My only hat!" said Lovell, in great admiration. "You- ain't bad-looking now, Jimmy!"

"Fathead!"

"A good deal like Jimmy Silver, though!" grinned Raby. "But, of course, that's only to be expected in Jimmy's cousin!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jimmy added a few final touches, and surveyed the result in the glass. He nodded with satisfaction at his reflection. "Good enough!" he said. "Too good for taking in a Modern duffer, in fact! Five minutes to catch the train! Ta-ta!"

"M-m-my hat! I—I shouldn't care to walk out like that, all the same!" said Lovell.

"Oh, rot!"

"I—I say," ejaculated Raby, a sudden thought occurring to him rather late, "I believe it isn't allowed to dress in girl's clothes!"

Jimmy Silver paused.

"Oh, crumbs! I—I hadn't thought of that!"

"Suppose a bobby—"

"Well, you're a blessed Job's comforter!" growled Jimmy Silver. "It's too late now! Ta-ta!"

And Jimmy marched off.

His chums watched him from the shed. He had a somewhat pronounced stride for a girl, but otherwise the get-up was complete and quite excellent. Lovell chuckled.

"The Modern worms won't spot him in a month of Sundays!" he said. "Let's get back to Rookwood. We've got to get tea ready for the genuine article."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Co. started for Rookwood, chuckling jocosely.

Jimmy Silver walked into the station and took his ticket. With all his nerve, he was a little uneasy at first, but he found that he passed without attracting glances. The train came in from Lantham, and Jimmy stepped into it.

He chuckled as he sat down, and the train rolled on to Coombe. Everything in the garden was lovely—from a Classical point of view.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Captured!

"HERE we are!" said Tommy Dodd.

The three Tommies had arrived at Coombe Station in good time for the train. They were looking very spick-and-span, and very cheery as they strolled on the platform. Never had they dished the Classics so thoroughly, and the thought of Jimmy Silver & Co. sitting in the wood-shed, while they were meeting cousin Phyllis, made them burst into spasmodic chuckles. "Hallo, Classical duffers!" said Tommy Cook. "What do they want here?"

Smythe of the Shell and his chum Tracy were on the platform, lounging about elegantly, and evidently waiting for the train to come in. They bestowed supercilious glances on the three Moderns.

"We've got time to mop them up, bedad!" remarked Tommy Doyle.

But Tommy Dodd shook his head.

"Never mind them now. Remember you're here to meet a lady!"

The train appeared in sight at last.

"Here she comes!" grinned Cook.

"Now for cousin Phyllis!" chuckled Tommy Dodd. "Keep your eyes open! I dare say she looks a bit like poor old Jimmy. He said she was like him."

The train stopped, and several passengers alighted.

"By gad, here she is, dear boy!" said Adolphus Smythe.

A young lady of about fifteen had alighted. She was a somewhat burly young lady, but her complexion was very fresh, and her long flaxen hair decidedly pretty. She looked up and down the platform, as if expecting to be met. Smythe and Tracy started forward, raising their shining silk toppers, and bowing with much grace. It was easy to see in the girl's face a resemblance to Jimmy Silver.

"Miss Silver?" said Adolphus.

The girl looked at him.

"Yes."

"Jimmy Silver's cousin—what?"

"Oh, yes!"

"We've come to meet you," explained

Adolphus. "We— Keep away, you Modern cads! Don't shove!"

Tommy Dodd & Co. had rushed up. For a moment they could not believe their eyes. But when they realised that the dandy of the Shell was going to appropriate Cousin Phyllis, they chipped in promptly and effectively.

Tommy Cook seized Smythe by the shoulders and swung him away. Tommy Doyle took Tracy by the ear, and jerked him back. Tommy Dodd stepped forward and raised his cap to the young lady.

"We've come to meet you, Miss Silver, and take you to Rookwood," he said. "Jimmy has been unavoidably detained."

Miss Silver looked surprised.

"There was cause for surprise. Smythe and Tracy had not taken their 'medicine' quietly. They were rolling on the platform with Doyle and Cook, engaged in desperate combat.

"Don't mind those kids, Miss Silver!" said Tommy Dodd reassuringly. "It's only high spirits, you know."

"They— Are they fighting?" stammered cousin Phyllis.

"Fighting? Oh, no! What we call a scrap at Rookwood!" said Tommy Dodd calmly. "Let me show you the way out, Miss Silver."

"Thank you so much!"

Tommy Dodd gallantly escorted Miss Silver out of the station. Outside, in the village street, he waited for his chums. In a few minutes Cook and Doyle rejoined him.

Both of them looked rather dusty and rumped, but they had evidently been victorious. As a matter of fact, they had left the dandies of the Shell sitting on the platform, making frantic endeavours to extract themselves from the silk hats that had been jammed over their ears.

"Excuse me, miss!" gasped Tommy Doyle. "Sure, those blaggards were after playin' a joke intirely!"

"Dear me!" said Miss Silver.

Her voice, as well as her face, was very like Jimmy Silver's, as the Modern juniors noted.

"But we've stopped them," said Tommy Cook. "May we have the pleasure of seeing you to Rookwood, miss?"

"But my cousin Jimmy—"

"He couldn't come," said Tommy Dodd. "He was awfully sorry—I don't think I ever saw a chap look so sorry for himself as Jimmy did when he found he couldn't come—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Doyle.

Tommy Dodd gave him a severe look.

"What are you cackling at, Tommy? There's nothing funny in Jimmy Silver's sad disappointment. He couldn't come, Miss Silver, owing to circumstances over which he had no control—no control whatever—and so we told him we would come."

"I am sure it is very kind of you! Are you a friend of Jimmy's?"

"Oh, we're great pals! I'm Tommy Dodd, you know. This chap with the face is Tommy Doyle, and the chap with the ears is Tommy Cook."

"Sure, you spalpeen—"

"You silly ass!"

"This is the way to Rookwood, miss!"

The three Tommies marched Miss Silver off in triumph. It was true that she was a somewhat muscular young lady, taking after her cousin Jimmy, perhaps, in that respect. But she was quite good-looking, and, upon the whole, the Moderns felt pleased with their capture. They walked off to Rookwood in great spirits.

A group of Moderns were lounging in the gateway of the school, and they all

smiled and raised their caps very respectfully to Miss Silver.

"Captured, by Jove!" murmured Towle. "What will Jimmy Silver say—eh?"

And the Moderns chuckled gleefully. The three Tommies escorted Miss Silver across the quadrangle in great state to Mr. Manders' house.

"But where is my cousin Jimmy?" she asked, pausing at the doorway.

"Detained!" said Tommy Dodd sorrowfully. "He hopes to get off before you catch your train, that's all. It's very sad, but we promised him—ahem—to see that you should want for nothing. We've got rather a nice tea ready in the study. You'll come, won't you? Jimmy—ahem!—would be disappointed if you didn't."

"Thank you so much!"

"Not at all, Miss Silver. This is an honour to us, all the more because we're so fond of your cousin Jimmy."

And Miss Silver was escorted to the study in triumph.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

A Very Merry Tea-party.

TOMMY DODD had laid in unusual supplies for that study tea.

The occasion was to be honoured in first-rate style.

It was not often that the three Tommies had a lady visitor to tea; and certainly they had never had one under such circumstances before.

They were prepared to enjoy the occasion—all the more from the anticipation of what Jimmy Silver & Co. would say afterwards.

Miss Silver seemed very pleased with her surroundings. She took the armchair. Several books happened to be reposing in the armchair, and the young lady tossed them into the grate and sat down.

The three Tommies looked a little startled. Tommy Dodd made a rush to rescue the books, which were already scorching.

"Ahem!" he stammered.

"Quite a nice little study!" said Miss Silver. "Do you little boys always have your tea here?"

The Modern juniors did not exactly like the "little boys," but they nodded and grinned politely.

"Sure, we do!" said Tommy Doyle. "But it's seldom intirely that we have such a charmin' visitor to tay, bedad!"

"You must let me make the tea," said Miss Silver.

"Certainly!" said Tommy Dodd.

He had rescued the books, and he jammed the kettle on the fire. Doyle and Cook produced the good things from the cupboard, and the table was laid. Miss Silver insisted upon lading out the jam from the jar into the nobby dish which had been specially borrowed from a Sixth Form study. Knowles of the Sixth did not know that his dish had been borrowed, but that was a mere detail. It was necessary to have things decent for a lady visitor, as Tommy Dodd declared, with the full concurrence of his chums.

Miss Silver ladled out the jam with a tablespoon, and when she had finished she dropped the jar. There was a terrific yell from Tommy Doyle.

"Arrah! Tare an' ouns! Yurrooh!"

"What is the matter?"

Doyle was dancing on one leg, and nursing his other foot with both hands. Miss Silver gazed at him in surprise.

"Is that a new kind of tango?" she asked.

"Ow, Moses! Sure ye dropped the jar on me fat!" groaned Doyle.

"Dear me! What a fuss to make about a trifle!"

"Faith, it isn't a trifle to have yer big toe squashed!"

"Poor little boy!"

"Oh, cheese it, Tommy!" said Cook. "Accidents will happen!"

"Pick up the jar," said Miss Silver.

Tommy Doyle stooped to pick up the jar. Miss Silver reached forward with the jam spoon, and pushed it down his back under the collar.

Doyle gave a curious kind of howl and leaped up. The cold, clammy, jammy spoon slipped right down his back, and he felt decidedly uncomfortable. He stared at Miss Silver with his eyes almost starting from his head.

"Ger-ger-great Scott!" he gasped.

The three Tommies were almost speechless. They had never encountered a young lady like this before. In practical joking Miss Silver could plainly give points to her merry Cousin Jimmy.

"I—I say!" ejaculated Tommy Dodd, in dismay.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Miss Silver's laugh was very like Jimmy's. Doyle's weird contortions as he strove to extract the spoon from down his back, seemed to afford her great amusement.

"Oh, you funny boy!" she exclaimed.

"I—I say, Miss Silver—" stammered Cook. "I—I say—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tommy Doyle bolted out of the study. He could not get that spoon out without a removal of attire which was impossible in the presence of Miss Silver. He was glad to get away from that lively young lady for a while, too.

"The—the kettle's boiling," said Tommy Dodd feebly. "You were g-g-going to make the tea, Miss Silver?"

"Yes, certainly."

Miss Silver took up the kettle.

"Where is the teapot?"

Tommy Dodd held out the teapot. The kettle jerked forward, and Tommy Dodd jerked back his hand just in time. Several hot drops splashed on his knees, and he jumped, and the teapot went to the floor with a crash.

"Dear me! How clumsy you are, Todd!" said Miss Silver.

"You—you splashed me!" mumbled Tommy. "And—and my name's Dodd, not Todd."

"Now you have smashed the teapot. You ought to be punished for that," said Miss Silver severely. "I shall box your ears!"

"Wha-a-at!"

Biff!

Tommy Dodd gave a wild yell, and dodged round the table. He stared wildly at Miss Silver across the table. His ear was burning, and as red as fire.

"Oh, my only aunt!" gasped Cook, in dismay.

"I—I say, draw it mild, you know!" stuttered Tommy Dodd, beginning to wish that he had not captured that lively young lady.

"Now find me another teapot!" said Miss Silver.

"I—I'll borrow one along the passage." Tommy Dodd rushed out, clasping his burning ear. Tommy Cook kept the table between him and Miss Silver, feeling rather alarmed at being left alone in the study with her.

"Goodness gracious!" said Miss Silver. "Look at these jam-tarts!"

"Wha-a-at's the matter with them?" faltered Cook.

"Look at them!"

Tommy Cook leaned over the table to look more closely at the dish of jam-tarts, wondering what was the matter with them. A hand was clapped immediately

on the back of his head, and his face was driven fairly into the tarts.

A terrific splutter came from the unfortunate Cook.

"Gurrrrrrrrrrrg!"

"Ha, ha, ha! You funny boy!"

"Groogh! Leggo! Yoop!"

It seemed like a grip of iron on the back of the unfortunate Tommy's head. His face squashed and squelched in the tarts. When he freed his head at last, and jumped back, his face was smothered with jam and pastry, and presented a most remarkable aspect. Miss Silver shrieked with laughter.

"Oh, you funny boy!"

"Groogh! What the thunder—I—I beg your pardon—I mean—I— Oh, crumbs!"

Tommy Cook dashed out of the study. What he needed most was a wash, and to get away from Miss Silver for a bit.

He met his chums in the passage returning. They stared at him blankly.

"What's the matter with your face?" yelled Tommy Dodd.

Cook gasped and spluttered.

"It's that awful girl! She jammed my chivvy into the tarts!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Howly mother av Moses!"

"I—I can't stand much more of her! Jimmy Silver's welcome to a cousin like that! If she was a boy, I'd mop up the study with her!" gasped Cook. "For goodness' sake get rid of her as quick as you can!"

"But—but we've asked her to tea!"

"Well, look at my face. She ain't a girl—she's a Suffragette or something! Look at my chivvy!" shrieked Cook.

He rushed away, spluttering. Tommy Dodd and Doyle exchanged looks of dismay. They really felt a little nervous about re-entering the study.

Crash—crash!

The sound of smashing crockery from the study decided them. Tommy Dodd opened the door, and entered hastily.

"Wha-a-at has happened?"

"Goodness gracious! The table went over when I pushed it!" exclaimed Miss Silver.

"Oh crikey!"

The table was on its side. The crockery was on the floor, mostly in fragments, and the good things had rolled far and wide.

"You must not say 'Oh crikey!' to me!" exclaimed Miss Silver severely. "Have you no manners, you bad boy? I shall box your ears again!"

"Here, you keep off!" yelled Tommy Dodd, dodging wildly round the study.

"Oh, Miss Silver!" gasped Doyle. "Sure and ye— Yaroooh!"

Biff!

Tommy Doyle staggered against the wall as he received that box on the ear. He leaned there, and blinked dazedly. He was quite overcome. What sort of a young lady was this that the Modern heroes had captured?

"Sure, it's draming I am intoirely!" murmured Doyle.

"Keep off!" roared Tommy Dodd, as Miss Silver pursued him round the overturned table. "D-d-don't! I—I give you best!"

"You bad boy!"

"I'm s-s-sorry—I really am!"

Tommy Dodd was sorry, there was no doubt about that—sorry that he had played that stunning wheeze on Jimmy Silver, and captured that terrible cousin.

The unfortunate Tommy was cornered. He backed into the corner, and put up his hands defensively. He would have given a term's pocket-money for Miss Silver to have been a boy, so that he could have mopped up the study with the terrible guest. But it was evidently

out of the question to mop up the study with a lady.

Miss Silver paused, and gathered up some of the tarts and muffins.

"Stand still!" she commanded.

"Ye-es, miss."

"Don't move your silly head!"

"Oh! Nunno, miss!"

Squash! A well-aimed tart clung to Tommy Dodd's nose.

"Oh crumbs! Wharrer you at?" he yelled.

It was a superfluous question. Miss Silver was pelting him with the tarts.

Tommy Dodd dodged wildly, but three or four of the tarts got wickets.

"There, you bad boy!" said Miss Silver. "Now, are you sorry, Dodd?"

"Ye-es!" moaned Tommy Dodd feebly.

"Now give me the teapot, and let us have tea," said Miss Silver.

Tommy Dodd wiped his face and his perspiring brow with his handkerchief.

He would have given untold wealth for that tea-party to be taking place in Jimmy Silver's study instead of his own. In Miss Silver the Modern heroes had bitten off, as it were, more than they could masticate.

Feeling quite weak and forlorn, Tommy Dodd and Doyle set up the table, and rescued what they could of the eatables.

Tommy Cook came back, with his face newly washed and very red, and looking very nervous. Dodd and Doyle gave him hopeless looks. Tommy Dodd raided the next study for more crockery, and tea commenced.

The three Tommies hoped that Miss Silver would calm down over tea, but that hilarious young lady was only beginning.

Tommy Dodd tried to laugh, as at a good joke, when she laddled jam on his sardines, but it was a hollow laugh. Tommy Doyle yelled when she poured tea over his knees instead of into his cup. Tommy Cook, in an unfortunate moment, asked her to pass the butter. She passed it, and he caught it with his chin.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here," roared Cook, "you may think this funny, Miss Silver—"

"I do! Ha, ha!"

"Well, I don't! I think it's rotten!" howled Cook, quite forgetting his politeness.

Butter under the chin was not conducive to politeness.

Miss Silver jumped up.

"You think what?" she demanded.

"I—I beg your pardon!" stammered Cook. "Oh, yaroooh!"

Biff!

"I shall always box your ears when you are rude!" said Miss Silver.

"Oh dear!"

"Sure, I wish I was in the wood-shed instead of those spalpeens!" groaned Doyle.

"S'huish!"

There was a sound of wheels outside, and Miss Silver jumped up again, and looked out of the window. A trap had driven in, with Dick Oswald and a pretty girl of fifteen seated in it.

The three Tommies followed her glance. The trap stopped outside the School House, and, to the stupefaction of the three Moderns, Lovell and Raby and Newcome came out to greet the visitor.

"The—the Classicals!" stuttered Tommy Dodd. "They—they've got away, then!"

Miss Silver turned round from the window.

"I must buzz off!" she said cheerily. "Thanks so much for your kind enter-

tainment. I hope you've enjoyed it as much as I have!"

"Oh! Ye-e-es," gasped Tommy Cook, "we—we have rather! Hallo! What the merry thunder are you at?"

Miss Silver had grasped the table by one side. Before the three Tommies could realise what was coming she tilted it over towards them.

They jumped back to escape the shower of crockery and eatables. Miss Silver caught up the dish of sardines, and, with a twist of her hand, scattered the fishes over the three astounded Tommies. Then she opened the door and departed.

Tommy Dodd & Co. gazed at one another speechlessly.

They were quite overcome.

"Faith, did ye ever see such a horrid baste?" gasped Doyle at last. "Sure, Jimmy Silver is welcome to her intirely!"

"I—I'm smothered! I'm fishy all over!" moaned Cook.

Tommy Dodd groaned.

"Oh, what an afternoon! I wish I'd let Smythe capture her. I wish I'd left her to Jimmy Silver, confound him! Oh dear! Oh crumbs! Oh crikey!"

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER. The Genuine Article.

OSWALD of the Fourth looked into the study about ten minutes later. The three Tommies were trying to set it to-rights.

"Pax!" said Oswald cheerily, as the Moderns glared at him. "I've brought you an invitation to tea—extra special spread in the end study. Jimmy Silver's cousin's there."

"Blow Jimmy Silver's cousin!" groaned Cook. "We're fed-up with Jimmy Silver's cousin. Tell Jimmy Silver to take her away and bury her!"

Oswald looked surprised.

"Why, you've never met her!" he said.

"We've had her here to tea!" mumbled Tommy Dodd. "Look at the state the study's in! If Jimmy Silver's relations are all like that, he must have a high old time in the holidays."

"Oh, draw it mild!" said Oswald. "She hasn't been here!"

"Sure, I tell ye the baste—ahem!—I mean, she has been here, and she's wrecked the blessed place!" roared Doyle. "She's got the manners of a Prussian, and you can tell Jimmy Silver so from me!"

"But I've only brought her in ten minutes ago, in the trap from Lantham."

"Trap from Lantham!" gasped Tommy Dodd.

"Yes," said Oswald innocently. "Jimmy Silver asked me to fetch his cousin from Lantham in the trap."

"D-d-didn't she come by the local

train to Coombe, after all?" stuttered Cook.

"No fear!"

"Then—then who did it?" yelled Tommy Dodd.

"Is that a conundrum?"

"Look here, some Miss Silver or other has been here—"

"Oh, you're dreaming!" said Oswald cheerily. "Miss Silver came in the trap with me, and she's in the end study now just going to have tea. And Jimmy Silver's sent you a special invitation."

"Then—then he isn't in the woodshed!" stuttered Cook.

"Eh? What woodshed?"

"Oh, dear!"

"Better come," urged Oswald. "Cousin Phyllis is really a stunning girl, and she's quite anxious to see you!"

The three Tommies looked at one another quite dazed.

"Sure, phwat does it mane intirely?" gasped Doyle.

"I—I suppose that was the girl we saw come in in the trap with Oswald," said Tommy Cook. "But—but who was

But the Modern juniors were not anxious at that moment to encounter the enraged knuts. They tore up the stairs at top speed, and marched on to the end study. There was a sound of merry voices from that celebrated apartment, and a girlish voice.

Tommy Dodd knocked at the door.

"Come in!" sang out Jimmy Silver's well-known voice.

The door was opened, and the three Moderns entered.

The Fistical Four were all there, smiling. Oswald was there, too, also smiling. And a charming young girl was there, laughing. Jimmy Silver had just been telling her an entertaining story of a tea-party in Tommy Dodd's study.

"Here you are!" said Jimmy Silver hospitably. "Trot in! Tommy Dodd and Dook and Coyle—I mean, Cook and Doyle—Miss Phyllis Silver!"

Tommy Dodd stammered out something, he hardly knew what. Cousin Phyllis gave the three Tommies a charming smile.

"I am so glad to see you!" she said softly. "It was so kind of you to come to the station for me, though I—I wasn't there!"

"I—I—" stammered Tommy Dodd.

"Oswald fetched my cousin from Lantham," explained Jimmy Silver. "I was detained on business—important business. By the way, I hear you've had a visitor, Duddy?"

Tommy Dodd gasped.

He caught sight of a flaxen wig hung up over the mantelpiece in a prominent position. Then he understood. Jimmy Silver was in his ordinary attire now; but the sight of that flaxen wig enlightened the three Tommies. They did not need telling now the real identity of the "Miss Silver" they had entertained at tea with such direful results.

"Oh, ye thafe of the worruld!" murmured Doyle.

"Oh, you spoofer!" gasped Cook.

Tommy Dodd forced a laugh. The great chief of the Modern juniors knew how to take a defeat.

"Awfully ripping of you to ask us to tea with your cousin, Jimmy!" he said. "Thanks so much! It's a great pleasure to see you at Rookwood, Miss Silver!"

"Good old Tommy!" murmured Jimmy Silver.

And the three Tommies sat down to tea, and, under the influence of cousin Phyllis' bright eyes, they quite recovered their spirits. And when Miss Phyllis had to catch her train, she was escorted to the station by seven juniors, all on the best of terms. But it was a long time before the three Tommies were allowed to forget the visit of "Jimmy's Terrible Cousin!"

THE END.

SPECIAL!

HOW TO CLOG-DANCE.

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OUT ON MONDAY!

it that came here, then? Has that thundering beast Silver got two cousins?"

"Let's go," said Tommy Dodd. "I—I can't catch on, somehow. It's a giddy mystery! Let's go and find out!"

In a perplexed and exasperated frame of mind, the three Tommies crossed the quadrangle to the Classical side. Smythe and Tracy of the Shell scowled at them as they came in.

They were very sore with Tommy Dodd & Co. for having stolen Miss Silver under their very eyes. Smythe always considered that he had a way with him that appealed to members of the opposite sex.

This was no doubt due to his vanity, for the dandy's ways were probably as objectionable to members of the fair sex as they were to the juniors at Rookwood.

Be that as it may, Smythe felt that he owed Tommy Dodd & Co. a grudge, and he felt just in the mood to repay that grudge.

"Modern bounders!" he exclaimed. "Let's give the fotters the hiding of their lives!"

"What-ho!" exclaimed Tracy.

And he followed in Smythe's wake in the direction of Tommy Dodd & Co.



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