

# SAVED BY HIS CHUM!

A Splendid Long Complete Story, dealing with the Adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co., the Chums of Rookwood.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

## THE FIRST CHAPTER. Morny's Chum!

**E**RROLL of the Fourth joined Jimmy Silver as the juniors came out after morning lessons.

Jimmy gave him a cheery nod.

It was a sunny summer's day, and Jimmy Silver's face, always cheerful, was beaming with contentment.

"Ripping weather!" he remarked. "I hope it will be like this when the Greyfriars team comes over on Saturday."

"I hope so," assented Erroll. He hesitated a moment or two. "Do you mind if—I speak to you about—" He broke off.

"Go ahead!" said Jimmy Silver. "You're playing on Saturday, of course. We couldn't leave you out."

"You've made up the team?"  
"Well, it's pretty well settled," said Jimmy Silver. "Raby's crooked his wrist, and he may have to stand out."

"Of course, I'm not going to give you advice about making up the team—"

"You can if you like," said the captain of the Fourth, laughing. "I get no end of advice about it, and a little more won't hurt."

"I was thinking of Mornington."  
"Oh, Mornington!" said Jimmy Silver, frowning a little.

"He's a good bowler, Jimmy. The eleven isn't too strong in bowlers."

"I know that," assented Jimmy Silver, wrinkling his brows a little. "But Morny is out of the question. He never will toe the line on a playing field. There can't be two skippers to a team, you know."

"Well, I won't say any more," said Erroll. "You're skipper, Jimmy."

Jimmy wrinkled his brows.

"Of course, I want to be fair to Morny," he said. "I dare say he can't help being a blackguard in some ways. If he did his best, he would be very useful in the cricket. Look here, I'll tell him to come down to practice, and see how he turns out, if you like."

"Good!" said Erroll.

Jimmy's chums, Lovell and Raby and Newcome, came out of the School House with bats under their arms.

"Come on, Jimmy!" called out Lovell. "Wait a minute. I'm going to speak to Mornington."

"Oh, bother Mornington! Come along!"

"Yes, come on," said Raby. "I've got your bat, Jimmy. Blow Morny!"

"I'll follow you," said Jimmy.

"Oh, rats!" said the Co. together, and they walked away to the cricket-ground.

Jimmy Silver smiled, and crossed over to Mornington, who was chatting under the beeches with Peele and Gower and Townsend, and Lattrey, the new junior in the Classical Fourth.

"Coming along to the cricket, Morny?" asked Jimmy Silver.

The nuts looked at him.

"Cricket!" yawned Townsend. "What a fog—in this weather, too!"

"Horrid bore!" remarked Peele.

"Rotten waste of time!" sneered Lattrey. "You're not going, Morny?"

Mornington shrugged his shoulders.

"Why not?" he said. "I was thinkin' of goin' down to the nets, in any case. What's the good of slackin' about?"

"Hear, hear!" said Jimmy. "Come on!"

Mornington gave his companions a cool nod, and joined Jimmy Silver and Erroll, and walked away with them.

The nuts looked rather blank.

"That's just like Morny!" said Townsend viciously. "No dependin' on the chap."

Lattrey closed his lips.

"It's Erroll," he said. "I haven't been here long, but I've noticed that Erroll's got a lot of influence over Morny. He's always trying to keep the peace between him and Jimmy Silver."

"Can't be helped!"

"It might be helped," remarked Lattrey thoughtfully.

And he walked away, his hands in his pockets, and a wrinkle of thought on his brow.

It was a little problem for the cad of the Fourth to think out.

Morny's intimacy with Erroll was exasperating to all the nuts, but Townsend & Co. contented themselves with sneering and shrugging their shoulders.

But Lattrey was considering whether he could not put a spoke in the wheel. Morny, under good influence, was not the Morny he wanted to know.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### Tubby Muffin Knows Too Much!

**J**IMMY SILVER kept his eyes on Mornington on Little Side.

The dandy of the Fourth was throwing himself into the cricket practice with great keenness and zest.

There was no doubt that Morny, when he liked, was a first-rate cricketer, and on his best days he was a bowler very nearly equal to Jimmy himself.

The Rookwood Junior Eleven was weakest in bowlers, and Jimmy Silver would have thought of Morny before as a possible recruit if only his form had to be considered. But Morny was a little too intractable.

He had a passionate and unreasonable temper, and he regarded the game as being centred round himself. And if he cut up rusty during a match—as he was quite likely to do—there was no telling what his actions might be. He was as likely to play into the hands of the enemy as not.

But the captain of the Fourth admitted to himself that there had been something of a change in Mornington of late, and he wondered whether he might not, after all, give him a chance.

As the Fistical Four left the ground after practice, Jimmy discussed that point with his chums.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome were dubious.

"He's had a chance before, and he wanted to run the team," said Lovell. "It would only be the same story over again. But do as you think best, Jimmy. The giddy leopard may have changed his spots."

"I'll see how he sticks to practice during the week, and decide later," said Jimmy. "If he means business, he ought to have a show, and we may as well let bygones be bygones."

The Fistical Four were entering the School House as Jimmy made that remark, and they passed Lattrey in the doorway. The cad of the Fourth looked after them with a sarcastic smile.

"Morny in the Eleven!" he murmured. "I fancy that won't quite suit me, my estimable Jimmy! I fancy it won't come to pass if I can help it!"

Lattrey joined Mornington as he came in, with his bat under his arm, looking unusually ruddy and good-humoured. Erroll was with him, also looking extremely cheery.

"Enjoyed yourself?" asked Lattrey, with a suppressed sneer.

"Oh, rippin'!" said Mornington.

"I noticed your bowling—it was topping," said Lattrey. "I didn't know you were so keen on cricket."

"I don't know that I am!" yawned Mornington. "It's one way of killin' time, that's all."

"I suppose you'll be playing on Saturday?"

"I don't know."

"Silver can hardly leave you out of the eleven, I suppose. I hear that the Greyfriars match will be a pretty tough tussle."

"Silver will please himself," said Mornington, with a satirical curl to his lip. "Silver is a little tin god, and all we common mortals have to do is to bow down and adore."

Lattrey laughed.

"I can't quite fancy you in that role, Morny," he said. "Coming up to the study? Peele and Gower are waiting."

"Right-ho!"

Mornington nodded to Erroll, and followed Lattrey up the big staircase. Tea was ready in Study No. 4. Morny pitched his bat into a corner.

"By gad, I'm hungry!" he remarked. "Same old workhouse fare!"

As a matter of fact, Morny's study was much better provided than most of the junior studies. In all articles of diet the dandy of the Fourth expended his money freely. And Peele and Gower did very well in that line out of their wealthy study-mate.

"Now, about Saturday," said Lattrey, as they sat down to tea. "We're getting up a little party for Saturday afternoon, Morny."

"Hope you'll enjoy it," said Mornington. "Pass the sugar."

"You don't want to come on Saturday?" asked Lattrey.

"What's on?"

"We're going to the Ship," said Gower. "Rather a merry afternoon, I think. But it will be spoiled if you don't come, Morny."

"Thanks."

"Oh, we shall have a good time," said Lattrey. "There's going to be some sporting fellows there, and there'll be a little game—and a decent feed—and champagne. We're all standing our whack. But if you'd rather play cricket, of course—"

"I don't know that I would," said Mornington. "If Jimmy Silver asks me to play for Rookwood, of course—"

"He's not likely to," said Gower.

"I don't know."

"Dash it all, you can't leave Saturday open, in case his lordship chooses to ask you to play," said Lattrey warmly. "Let him ask you now if he wants you."

"Well, yes. But—"

"I'll tell you what. We shall have to make the arrangements in advance for the affair on Saturday. If you're booked, we'll leave it to the following Saturday. Only let us know."

"Yes, you can do that, Morny!" chimed in Peele.

Mornington nodded.

"All serene! I'll speak to Jimmy Silver about it. Erroll thinks he may want me, but I don't see why he can't make up his mind. Dash it all, I'm not hangin' up on a nail for Jimmy Silver to take me down when he pleases."

"I should jolly well say not!"

"It will be rippin' at the Ship," went on Lattrey. "A real gay time—we haven't seen much gay times lately. I think—"

He broke off, and rose quickly to his feet, his teeth snapping together.

"What's the row?" asked Mornington in surprise.

Lattrey did not answer. He stepped quickly and quietly to the door, and threw it suddenly open.

There was a gasp, and Tubby Muffin of the Fourth almost fell into the room.

Lattrey grasped him by the collar.

"Yow!" roared Tubby. "Leggo! I—I was only coming to see if you were coming in to tea, Lattrey!"

"You fat, spying cad—"

Lattrey looked round, and caught up Mornington's cricket-bat. Tubby Muffin roared with apprehension. There was a cruel gleam in Lattrey's eyes.

"Yaroooh! Stop it!" yelled Tubby.

"I haven't heard a word—I mean, if you touch me I'll go straight to Bulkeley and tell him you're going to the Ship on Saturday!"

"Let him alone, Lattrey!" muttered Peele hastily.

Lattrey held his hand.

Tubby's scared voice had rung along the passage, and several juniors, who were coming in to tea, had heard him.

"Faith, is it going to the Ship you are?" exclaimed Flynn of the Fourth.

"Sure, it'll serve yez right if a prefect drops on yez there!"

Lattrey gritted his teeth.

"Nothing of the sort!" said he hurriedly. "It's only Muffin's silly rot!"

"Lucky for you, Bulkeley or Neville didn't hear his silly rot!" said Dick Van Ryn drily.

"They're going," said Tubby Muffin.

"I heard them—"

"Come on, Tubby!" called out Gower. "We've been expecting you to tea, old chap."

Tubby Muffin smiled at once.

"Yes, I was just coming," he said affably. "Thanks! I say, what have you got for tea?"

The fat Classical rolled into the study.

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Lattrey closed the door, his face dark and savage.

Tubby dropped into his chair at the table.

"Jolly decent of you fellows to ask me to tea!" he remarked. "Of course, I'm not going to say a word—among pals, you know!"

Mornington glared at him. He had no intention of being claimed as a pal by the fat Classical. But Morny's companions laboured to be civil to Tubby. They did not want their intended expedition to be rattled up and down the school. The Ship Inn was a place with a most unenviable reputation, and Rookwood fellows going there would have been in great danger of the "sack," short and sharp.

Lattrey controlled his temper, and was quite civil to Tubby. Morny rose from the table, his lip curling scornfully.

"Not goin', Morny?" said Peele.

"I'm not goin' to sit down to tea with that fat cad!" sneered Mornington. "If you want him, I'll clear off."

"Look here, Morny," began Tubby hotly, with his mouth full. "Don't you be a cheeky rotter! I'm visiting your study-mates, and you can shut up! See?"

Mornington left the study without replying, and slammed the door. Tubby Muffin did not leave so long as there was anything eatable left on the table. The fat Classical was in clover for once.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### Morny Makes Up His Mind!

"JUST a word, Silver!"

It was the following day, and Mornington had dutifully turned up for cricket practice after lessons.

He joined Jimmy Silver when the latter left the field.

Lattrey gave him a cheery nod.

"Go ahead!" he said.

"What do you think of my form?"

"First rate!"

"Oh, you think so?" said Mornington, somewhat taken back by this unstinted commendation from the captain of the Fourth.

"Yes. I should not say so if I didn't."

"Well, what about the match on Saturday?" asked Mornington. "I'd like to play for Rookwood against Greyfriars. Are you going to play me?"

Jimmy Silver looked thoughtful.

"That depends, Mornington," he said. "You are—excuse me—a bit unreliable. You're sticking to practice now, but it may be only a flash in the pan. I'd rather leave deciding a bit later."

But Mornington was not in a reasonable mood. He seldom was when his lordly will and pleasure were crossed.

"You mean I'm to keep hangin' on in case you want me?" he sneered. "Well, that's not good enough."

"Then go and eat coke!"

And with that Jimmy Silver walked on, leaving the dandy of the Fourth alone. Mornington clenched his hands. For some minutes he stood in angry thought, and then he went in search of his friends. He found Lattrey & Co. in the quadrangle.

The nuts of the Fourth exchanged glances as he came up, with knitted brows, and his eyes gleaming under them.

"Fixed it up with Jimmy Silver about the match?" asked Lattrey carelessly.

"I'm not playin' on Saturday. I'm comin' with you fellows," said Mornington. "You can make your arrangements, and count me in."

"Good egg!" said the nuts heartily.

"Now you're talkin'!" said Townsend.

"We're goin' to have a high old time,

Morny—a bit more lively than knockin' a silly ball about."

"Oh, rats!" said Mornington unexpectedly.

Townsend coughed.

"I'd rather play in the Greyfriars match," said Mornington deliberately.

"I'd rather, no end!"

"Play in it, and be blowed, then!" said Townsend sulkily.

"Only I'm not hangin' up on a nail for Jimmy Silver, that's all. If he wants me he can say so—an' he won't! Well, I'm comin'. How are we goin' to get to the Ship? It's miles from here."

"Bike it," said Topham.

"Might get a trap in Coombe," said Mornington. "I'm not goin' to bike it! Hang bikin'! What about a trap?"

"Good! I'll see about it, if you like," said Lattrey. "I'll arrange for it to pick us up on the road on Saturday. Better not come here—fellows might get askin' questions."

Mornington walked away to Erroll's study. Jones minor and Higgs were there with Erroll. Both of them were fellows whom the lofty Morny regarded with disdain. But Morny constrained himself to be civil, though he did not often take that trouble.

After tea Higgs and Jones minor left, and Morny stayed chatting with his new chum. Erroll was looking thoughtful, and he noticed it.

"Thinkin' about the Greyfriars match?" he asked, with a laugh.

"Yes. I think there's a good chance of your getting into the eleven, Morny. And if you do, you may keep in for the rest of the season. That will be worth while, won't it?"

"That's all off."

Erroll's face fell.

"Off!" he repeated.

"Yes. Jimmy Silver wanted me to hang about till Friday for his answer, and I told him I wouldn't."

Erroll's face was very grave.

"Besides, I'm goin' out on Saturday now," said Mornington. "I've fixed it up with some fellows. You're playing, of course? You wouldn't care to come with me, anyway."

"Not if it's to the Ship, certainly!"

"You've heard about that, then?" growled Mornington.

"I think a dozen fellows heard Muffin howling it out in the passage yesterday," said Erroll. "There's been some talk about it in the Common-room, too. It's rather serious going to a place like that, Morny!"

"You're not goin' to begin preachin' to me, are you?" asked Morny, laughing.

"You know our agreement when we became pals—live an' let live."

"I know. And you need not fear I shall interfere with you. All the same, I wish you'd look at things a bit differently," said Erroll quietly. "It's a mug's game, really, Morny."

"Mugs are born, not made," said Mornington. "I must have some excitement!"

### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

#### A Precious Pair!

MORNINGTON of the Fourth was not seen at cricket practice again for some days.

Having had his answer from Jimmy Silver, as he regarded it, Morny decided that cricket was a waste of time, and Erroll could not induce him to go to the nets.

Jimmy Silver shrugged his shoulders when he noted it, but made no remark.

Had Morny played up at his best, Jimmy would have been glad to put him in the Rookwood Junior Eleven; but there were plenty to choose from.

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## Saved by His Chum!

(Continued from page 8.)

On Friday the eleven was finally made up, and the list was posted on the notice-board, and Mornington's name was not included in it.

The list ran: Silver, Erroll, Lovell, Conroy, Van Ryn, Oswald, Rawson, Tommy Dodd, and Towle.

Mornington read the list down with a sneer upon his face.

"I wish you were going to play," said Erroll.

"The emperor of the end study has decided not!" grinned Mornington.

Erroll drew his friend's arm through his own, and they walked away.

"Look here! It mayn't be too late, Morny," said Erroll. "Come down to the cricket now; there's plenty of light. Silver's a bit doubtful about Rawson, and Rawson's not keen on playing. I mean, he'd just as soon have an afternoon with his books. You know he's working for a prize!"

"I don't know anythin' about the prize-huntin' cad!"

Erroll bit his lip.

"Rawson's not a cad, Morny."

"Oh, he's an angel, if you like!" grinned Mornington. "Look here, Erroll, I'm booked for to-morrow, anyway!"

"Oh, come down to the cricket! You've been chucking it for days!"

Mornington hesitated, but Erroll had his way, and they went down to Little Side, where Jimmy Silver & Co. were at practice. It was the last practice before the Greyfriars match, and Jimmy was putting his men through their paces, so to speak.

"Come and give us a ball, Erroll!" called out Jimmy cheerily.

Erroll, next to Jimmy Silver, was the best bowler in the eleven. A great deal depended on him in the morrow's match.

Erroll went on to bowl, Mornington watching carelessly, with his hands in his pockets. But after an over Erroll called to him:

"Try Silver's wicket, Morny!"

"Oh, all right!" yawned Morny.

He went on, and Jimmy Silver faced his bowling. It was seen at once that the dandy of the Fourth was in great form, in spite of his recent neglect of practice.

Two balls were stopped by the captain of the Fourth, but the third whipped his leg stump out of the ground.

"Good man!" said Jimmy Silver, with perfect good-humour.

"Let him try me," said Tommy Dodd.

Jimmy handed the bat to the Modern junior. Tommy Dodd was a mighty man with the willow, and there were few junior bowlers at Rookwood who were dangerous to his wicket. But Morny was on the warpath now. With the first ball he sent Tommy Dodd's balls flying.

"My hat!" ejaculated Tommy, in astonishment.

Mornington grinned as he tossed the ball to Oswald, and came off the ground.

He sauntered away, leaving Erroll with the cricketers. Jimmy cast rather a curious look after him.

"It's a pity!" he remarked.

"You might do worse than play Morny to-morrow," said Erroll.

Jimmy shook his head.

"The eleven's made up now."

"Rawson isn't specially keen, and we want bowlers."

"Rawson's the man, though. It'll do him good to get away from his books for an afternoon, whether he wants to or

not," said Jimmy, laughing. "I think, if Morny had been reasonable, I'd have decided on him instead of old Oswald; but I'm jolly well not going to drop Oswald at the last minute for Morny!"

"Well, you couldn't very well do that. I suppose it can't be helped," said Erroll; and the subject dropped.

As Erroll came back to the School House in the growing dusk he passed Lattrey of the Fourth in talk with Leggett under the beeches. Leggett, of the Modern Fourth, was a fellow after Lattrey's own heart.

Arthur Edward Lovell had remarked humorously that Leggett ought to be glad that Lattrey had come to Rookwood, as now Leggett wasn't the biggest blackguard in the school. The two juniors ceased speaking suddenly as Erroll came by.

Erroll's lips curled as he walked on. He had no doubt that the two dingy young rascals were discussing "geegees" or billiards.

He was mistaken on that point for once, however. Lattrey's eyes gleamed after him in the dusk.

"You'll do it, Leggett?" he muttered, when Erroll was out of hearing.

"It's risky!" muttered Leggett.

"Where's the risk?" said Lattrey impatiently. "You couldn't be bowled out; it will be an accident. I'd handle him myself, but it would be a bit too palpable, considering the terms we're on, and I don't want a row with Morny. You can work it easily enough; only see that he loses his precious cricket-match! Hang it, and hang him!" Lattrey ground his teeth.

"He's so keen on playing in the Greyfriars match, I don't think anything could cut him up more than that!"

Leggett grinned.

"I'm willing to make it worth your while," went on Lattrey. "You don't get a half-quad for nothing every day, Leggett!"

"Well, I'll try," said Leggett.

And the two juniors separated. Jimmy Silver & Co. were discussing the morrow's match in the Common-room that evening, when Lattrey came in.

The cad of the Fourth listened to the discussion, with a mocking curl of his lip.

"We're strong enough in batting," Jimmy remarked; "but the bowling will be chiefly between you and me, Erroll, and we've got to go out for hat-tricks!"

"We'll try, anyway!" said Erroll, laughing.

Lattrey strolled away, smiling, with a mocking light in his eyes. Jimmy Silver & Co. would not have been anticipating the match so cheerily if they had known the thoughts that were in the mind of the cad of the Fourth.

### THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

#### Tubby Does Not Go!

**T**UBBY MUFFIN, of the Fourth, rolled out of the School House the next day after dinner with a determined expression upon his fat face. He posted himself on the steps and waited.

He was waiting for Mornington.

Lattrey came out, and sauntered away towards the gates, and Tubby grinned after him. A few minutes after Peele appeared, and took the same direction, and Tubby gave another grin.

In the leafy lane, at some distance from Rookwood, the trap was waiting which was to take the nutty party on their excursion that afternoon. But the nuts of the Fourth were very careful.

Had any of the prefects got wind of the intended expedition there would

have been serious trouble—a flogging all round, at least.

And the nuts had arranged to leave the school one by one, and meet where the trap was waiting—at a distance. Each fellow looked as if he were going on an innocent stroll that sunny half-holiday.

Gower was the next, about ten minutes later, and he also disappeared through the gates. There remained only Mornington. Townsend and Topham had declined to join the party after all, having had "words" with the lordly Morny.

Towny and Topy were not on the list of the "spongers," and there was a limit to the amount of insolence they would stand from the dandy of the Fourth.

Mornington having passed the limit, Townsend and Topham had bestowed the honour of their company for the afternoon upon Smythe of the Shell—a matter of the utmost indifference to Morny, as a matter of fact.

Mornington came out at last, as elegant as usual. Erroll was with him, but the latter was in flannels. He walked down to the gates with Mornington, and Tubby Muffin rolled after them.

At the gates the two chums parted, Erroll going towards the cricket-ground, and Mornington starting down the road at a good pace. Tubby Muffin broke into a run after him.

"Hold on, Morny!" he gasped.

Mornington looked round.

His face darkened at the sight of the panting fat Classical.

"What do you want?" he snapped.

"I'm coming, old chap!" gasped Tubby, joining him.

Mornington stared at him.

"You're what?" he ejaculated.

"I'm coming," smiled Tubby. "You don't think I'd desert my old pals on a half-holiday, do you? Are you walking to the Ship, Morny?"

"You silly, fatheaded chump!" shouted Mornington. "Clear off!"

"I—I say, Morny—"

Mornington turned his back on Tubby, and strode on. Tubby dashed after him.

The fat junior had quite made up his mind that he was going to be one of the merry nutty party that afternoon.

It was true that money was required for such a treat, and Tubby hadn't any money. But Morny had plenty, and Tubby was prepared to borrow some.

Considering that he knew all about the excursion, and that a word from him to a prefect would have meant discovery and punishment, Tubby felt that he held the whip-hand.

The nuts ought to have felt ever so much obliged to him for holding his tongue, Tubby considered. He had extracted several small loans from Peele & Co. on the strength of what he knew, and the danger that lay in his tattling tongue. Now he was going to be a "nut" for the afternoon, at Morny's expense.

And Tubby meant business. He kept pace with Mornington, as the angry junior strode on fast.

"Don't walk so fast, old chap!" gasped Tubby. "You're making me run, you know. I say, have you got a car somewhere?"

Mornington stopped, and turned back, gritting his teeth.

"Will you clear off?" he hissed.

"Don't you want me to come with you, old chap?" asked Tubby, in an injured tone.

"No, I don't!"

Tubby Muffin snorted; he was beginning to get angry, too.

"If you put it like that, Morny, I shall have to consider whether I can

allow this kind of thing to go on," he said loftily. "You're going to disgrace the school and— Yaroooooh!"

Tubby Muffin broke off suddenly, with a wild yell, as Mornington seized him by the collar.

The light cane the Fourth Form dandy carried whisked round Tubby's fat legs.

Whack, whack, whack!

"Yow-ow-ow! Help! Yoop! Yaroooooh!" roared Tubby. "Leggo, you beast! Stop it! I don't want to come! Yaroooooh! Help!"

Whack, whack, whack!

"Yow-ow-ow-wooop!"

"There!" panted Mornington. "Now, clear off, you tubby little scoundrel!"

And Mornington strode on, leaving Tubby Muffin sitting in the grass by the roadside, gasping and groaning.

Tubby Muffin deserved his licking, doubtless; his attempt to "plant" himself upon Morny for an expensive excursion was very much in the nature of blackmail. But Tubby did not realise that himself, and he was feeling very injured and ill-used. He sat in the grass and groaned.

"Yow-ow-ow! Yow-wow-wow! Wow!"

"Hallo! What's the matter with you?"

Tubby blinked up at Bulkeley of the Sixth. The captain of Rookwood had paused, in passing, at the sight of the anguished Tubby.

"Been run over?" asked the big Sixth-Former, with a smile.

"Yow-ow-ow! That beast Morny!" howled Tubby. "Yow-ow! He's been whacking me—yaroooh!—just because I told him he was disgracing the—yow-ow!—school."

"Eh?"

"I wouldn't go with him if he asked me, the rotter! Yow-ow-ow! I wouldn't be found dead at the Ship! Yaroooooh! I told him so plainly. Groooh!"

Bulkeley, his face becoming suddenly grim, caught Tubby Muffin by the shoulder and jerked him to his feet.

"Now, then, what's that?" rapped out the captain of Rookwood. "Has Mornington of the Fourth gone to the Ship?"

"I—I say, I—I'm not going to sneak, you know!" gasped Tubby, realising that he was speaking to a prefect, whose duty it was to see that sportive youths like Morny & Co. did not follow all their sportive predilections.

Bulkeley shook him.

"Who's gone to the Ship?" he exclaimed. "Now, then, sharp!"

"Groooh! You're chook-chook-chooking me! Yarooooogggggg!"

"Answer me!"

"Yow-ow! Morny and Peele and Gower and Lattrey—yoooooggggh!"

Bulkeley scanned the fat junior's face, and then released him. He had been walking towards Coombe when he came upon Tubby. He changed his direction now, and strode away by a path that led to the moor. Tubby gasped, and blinked after him. He knew that Bulkeley was heading for the Ship Inn—a long walk across the moor.

"Oh, crumbs!" murmured Tubby. "If they've gone in a car or a trap they'll get there first—an hour first—and—Bulkeley will spot 'em! Oh dear! They'll think I've sneaked, the rotters! Well, it's all Morny's fault! Blow 'em!"

#### THE SIXTH CHAPTER. A Chance for Mornington!

THE Greyfriars chaps will be here pretty soon," Jimmy Silver remarked as he stood outside the pavilion, with a very cheery face. It was a brilliant summer's afternoon, and the well-rolled pitch was green

as an emerald and smooth as a billiard-table. "What a topping day! This is something like!"

"Ripping!" said Lovell.

Erroll nodded. He was cheerful enough, and keen on the match, but he could not help thinking of his chum a little. Morny had gone on his shady excursion—even now the nuts of the Fourth were driving for the Ship Inn, bowling along in a trap from Coombe—to spend a sunny afternoon in smoking, gambling, and playing billiards.

What attraction they could find in it was a puzzle to Kit Erroll. But for Lattrey, and his cunning working on Morny's unreasonable temper, the dandy of the Fourth might have been on the cricket-ground, playing with his chum for Rookwood.

Leggett of the Fourth came along to the pavilion. He had a cricket-ball in his hand, which he was carelessly throwing up and catching. There was a furtive gleam in the eyes of the Modern junior.

"Hallo! Are we going to have the honour of playing under your eyes, Leggy?" asked Jimmy Silver; and there was a laugh. Leggett seldom troubled the cricket-ground with his presence.

"Oh, I'm going to see you begin!" said Leggett. "But I'm going to do some bowling for Carthew of the Sixth over yonder, when he comes down."

"Fagging at bowling?" said Van Ryn. "That's a new departure for you. Don't knock Carthew's brains out!"

"I could bowl your head off!" "I dare say you could. You couldn't bowl a wicket down, though."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Oh, rats!" said Leggett. "Here, Erroll, you're the giddy champion in the field. I'll give you a catch you can't hold."

"Done!" said Erroll, with a smile.

Leggett stopped a dozen paces from Erroll to toss him the ball. Instead of tossing it, however, he hurled it with a sudden deadly aim, and Erroll staggered back with a cry. He raised his right arm, and then dropped it to his side again.

"Ha, ha!" roared Leggett. "You didn't hold that!"

The cricketers looked on in blank amazement for a moment. Then Jimmy Silver caught Leggett by the collar. Erroll's face was pale with pain. The ball had struck his right arm with terrific force, numbing it.

"You howling cad!" shouted Jimmy Silver, shaking Leggett like a rat.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Ow! Let go!" spluttered Leggett. "Only a—a joke!" I said he couldn't hold the catch."

"Are you hurt, Erroll?" Erroll tried to smile.

"Yes. My arm's hurt. Don't touch the silly fool, Jimmy. I suppose it was meant as a joke."

"Crocking a chap with a cricket-ball a joke!" exclaimed Lovell wrathfully. "I call it a hooligan trick!"

"It—it was a joke!" gasped Leggett. "I haven't really hurt you, have I, Erroll? I'm sorry—awfully sorry!"

"You've hurt me, you idiot! You've crocked my arm!"

"I don't believe it was a joke!" growled Van Ryn. "Leggett fairly pitched the ball at Erroll."

"I—I meant it to give him a tap," Jimmy Silver ran to Erroll anxiously. Lovell & Co. surrounded Leggett, and helped him away with their bats, amid loud roars from the Modern junior.

Whether it was a foolish joke or an ill-natured trick, Leggett was punished for it.

Jimmy knitted his brows. It was hard lines, on the very eve of one of the

biggest matches of the season, to lose his best bowler. He could have spared a couple of batsmen more easily.

"And that silly fool Morny's gone out blagging!" muttered Jimmy, with savage anger and contempt.

Erroll's face brightened through its pain.

"Jimmy, if you want Morny—"

"Well, he could take your place, if you can't play. He can bowl. But he's gone, goodness knows where!"

"I know where he's gone, Jimmy. Shall I go after him?" asked Erroll eagerly.

"You can't; you're crocked."

"I can bike all right with one hand. I could run down their trap in a jolly short time," said Erroll. "Morny would come. I'm sure of that. Give me the chance, Jimmy. Raby, old chap, get my bike out, there's a good fellow!"

Raby looked at Jimmy Silver, who nodded, and then he cut off to the bike-shed. Erroll was smiling now, in spite of the bitter pain in his bruised arm that drove the colour from his cheeks.

"Morny mayn't come!" growled Jimmy Silver. "He's rotter enough to cut up rusty, being asked at the last minute! You mayn't find him, either."

"If he's not here in time you can play another chap. Let me try."

"Well, no harm in trying!" conceded Jimmy. "I'll play Morny if he comes in time. If we bat first it will be all right, anyway."

"And if you don't, you can put a substitute in the field till Morny comes."

Jimmy laughed.

"Oh, all right!"

Kit Erroll hurried down to the gates whither Raby was wheeling his machine. Raby held it for him to mount—he could not use his right arm. With his left hand gripping the centre of the handlebars, Erroll pedalled away, going down Coombe Lane at great speed.

His arm hurt him severely, but he hardly noticed it. He was keen to run, down the trap, and fetch Morny back to the cricket-ground, to play in the match, instead of playing the blackguard with Lattrey & Co.

He knew the road the trap must take, and he knew that he was cycling at more than double the rate of the horse, and Morny had not had a very long start.

He left the lane behind, and rode hard on the high-road where it bordered the heath.

He passed vehicle after vehicle with a pause. The perspiration ran down his face in streams, and the dust rose round him, but he did not heed. Without a pause he drove on at the pedals, which whizzed round at lightning speed.

And at last he sighted a trap ahead with four juniors seated in it, one of whom was driving. And one of the juniors, looking back, spotted the dusty cyclist, and ejaculated:

"Erroll, by gad! Hold on, Peele! Hold on, I tell you! Stop!"

#### THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

"Well Done, Morny!"

ERROLL jumped off his bicycle by the halted trap. Mornington jumped down, and Peele, Gower, and Lattrey eyed him from the trap, the latter with eyes that seemed to burn.

"What on earth are you doin' here, Erroll?" exclaimed Mornington, in amazement. "What's the matter with your arm?"

"Crocked!" said Erroll briefly.

"By gad!"

"Missing the match—what?" drawled Lattrey. "How did it happen?"

"Leggett fooling about with a cricket-ball," said Erroll.



"What rotten luck!" smiled Lattrey. Erroll gave him a glance of sudden suspicion. He remembered the whispered talk of the precious pair under the beeches the previous day.

The mocking light in Lattrey's eyes seemed to enlighten him, and it flashed into his mind that it had been no foolish joke of Leggett's. It had been a cunning scheme devised by the cad of the Fourth to "crock" him for the Greyfriars match.

He made a step towards the trap, but he paused. There was no time to call Lattrey to account, and he had no proof. He turned again to Mornington.

"You're comin' with us, Erroll?" asked Peele, from the trap. "You're welcome! We're goin' to have a high old time!"

Erroll did not heed him.

"Morny! Get on my bike, and scoot back to Rookwood," he said. "You're wanted in the team."

"Oh, gad!" said Mornington.

"You're going to play in my place," explained Erroll hurriedly. "Buck up, and you may get back to Rookwood before the Greyfriars fellows arrive. You'll do it, Morny? I've raced after you for that. You'll do it?"

Mornington laughed.

"What-ho!" he said at once. "I'll do it like a bird! It's jolly good of you to come an' tell me, Erroll! It can't have been easy riding for you."

"It wasn't. But it's all right, if you get back," said Erroll, smiling. "Take my bike. I can walk it."

"Good man!"

"Look here, Morny!" shouted Lattrey. "You're not deserting us?"

"Morny!" chorused Peele and Gower. "Sorry!" smiled Mornington. "Call of duty, you know!"

"Oh, don't be a fool!" hissed Lattrey, utterly dismayed and enraged by this unexpected outcome of his plotting. "You can't go, Morny! The fellows are expecting us at the Ship!"

"Tell 'em I'm sorry I can't come. I'll look in another day. Sure you can get back all right hoofin' it, Erroll?"

"Yes, yes. Off you go!"

"Morny!" Lattrey's voice was husky with rage. "You've got to come, Morny! Why, we've made all arrangements! You can't back out!"

"I'm paying my whack, in any case," said Mornington coolly. "You can rely on me for that. If it's my sweet company you want, you can do without it for once. I'm not missin' the biggest match of the season, if I know it."

He had put his leg over Erroll's machine, and, as he spoke, he slid into the saddle, and the pedals whizzed round.

Erroll drew a breath of relief as the slim figure of the dandy of the Fourth, bending low in the saddle, vanished down the road in a cloud of dust towards distant Rookwood.

He had won that round, at all events! He had beaten, for once, the rascal who was contesting with him for Mornington's honour. And he started on the long tramp home to Rookwood, heedless of the biting pain in his arm and of the fatigue and the hot sun.

In the halted trap Lattrey & Co. looked at one another with feelings too deep for words. Lattrey was pale with rage. Peele, shrugging his shoulders at last, drove on again.

"By gad!" muttered Lattrey, through his clenched teeth. "By gad! I'll make them suffer for this, somehow—both of them!"

"Oh, we can get on all right without Morny!" said Gower. "After all, he's paid his whack—and a bit more, if you come to that. Morny's not mean."

"I'm not thinking of that. Hang him!"

"Rotten unlucky that Erroll should have got crocked, wasn't it?" remarked Peele.

Lattrey gave him a black look, and did not reply. It was due to his scheming that Erroll was "crocked" for the cricket-match, but he had never dreamed that the outcome of his treacherous scheming would be—this!

His face was dark and savage as the trap drove on, and he was still scowling when the three roysterers arrived at the Ship and joined their sporting friends.

And he would probably have been still less satisfied if he had known that at that moment Bulkeley of the Sixth was tramping along the footpath over the moor, heading for the same destination.

fully. "Started five minutes after you left. Jimmy won the toss, and we batted first. Morny arrived in time to be sixth man in. Sixty for us first innings. Morny took ten of them. His bike-ride didn't seem to have tired him much. The darkey bowled him."

"That inky chap's a good bowler," remarked Raby.

"Yes; his name's Jampot, or something," said Raby. "Well, Greyfriars took fifty-nine for their innings, leaving us one run ahead. Now we're thirty up for five wickets, and there you are."

"Good!" said Erroll.

He moved on to the pavilion, and sat down on one of the seats. He was tired out, and he had a heavy, dull ache in his arm, but he meant to see the match through. Jimmy Silver, whose



Leggett stopped a few paces from Erroll to toss him the ball. Instead of tossing it, however, he hurled it with a sudden deadly aim and Erroll staggered back with a cry. He raised his arm and dropped it to his side. (See chapter 6.)

Neither did Kit Erroll suspect that as he tramped homeward in the sun-blaze. He had done well for Mornington that afternoon, but he did not know yet from what he had saved his scapegrace chum.

It was a long tramp back to Rookwood, and Kit Erroll was almost dead-beat by the time he reached the school. He knew that the Greyfriars' match must have been long under way. He went directly to Little Side when he arrived.

"Hallo! Been dust-collecting?" grinned Newcome, as he arrived on the ground.

"Morny here?"

"Can't you see him batting, fathead?"

"Oh, good!"

Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars, were in the field. A dusky junior, of Indian complexion, was bowling against Mornington's wicket. The dandy of the Fourth had evidently arrived in time to play.

"How's it going?" asked Erroll.

"Good, so far," said Newcome cheer-

wicket was down, joined him, with a smile.

"I'm glad you sent Morny back, Erroll," he said. "He's in great form. He's taken three Greyfriars' wickets in their innings, and his batting is pretty good, too."

"I'm glad," said Erroll.

"How's your arm?"

"Rotten!"

"Leggett's feeling pretty rotten, too, I think," said Jimmy. "He's had a frog's-march, and his head ducked in the fountain!"

Erroll laughed.

"Serve him right!" he said. "Hallo, there goes Lovell's wicket!"

Lovell, clean bowled by Frank Nugent of Greyfriars, carried out his bat. Van Ryn joined Morny at the wickets.

Jimmy Silver looked on cheerily, but his ruddy face became grave as Hurrell Jamset Ram Singh, of Greyfriars, went on to bowl again. For Morny's wicket fell to the first ball from the dusky junior, and Tommy Dodd's followed

when he took Morny's place; and Towle, who followed him in, was dismissed with a duck's egg.

There was a cheer from the Greyfriars cricketers.

"The hat-trick! Hurrah!"

"Good old Inky!"

"Last man in!" said Jimmy Silver.

Last man in was Dick Oswald, and he and Van Ryn piled up 10 runs between them before a catch from Harry Wharton at point downed the South African's wicket.

"All down for forty!" said Lovell.

"You never know your luck!" said Jimmy Silver philosophically. "Keep smiling!"

"How are you feelin', old scout?" asked Mornington, joining his chum.

"Oh, not all roses!" said Erroll.

"Never mind that. You'll have to pile in with the bowling, Morny, if you're going to beat them."

"I think we can do it!" said Mornington cheerfully. And Erroll smiled. Morny looked now nothing but a keen cricketer, very unlike what he would have looked had he carried out his own intentions that afternoon.

Mornington nodded to his chum when the call came to go into the field, and followed Jimmy Silver & Co. Greyfriars opened the innings with Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry, mighty batsmen both.

The Greyfriars fellows seemed to be in a confident mood. They were one behind on the first innings, but they had no doubt of topping the Rookwood total for the second.

And the batsmen started well. Bob Cherry had knocked off 15 when he was caught out by Tommy Dodd, and Wharton had added 12 to the score when he fell. Jimmy Silver tossed the ball to Mornington.

"Go it, Morny!" he said.

And Morny smiled cheerily, and went it.

Erroll's eyes were on his chum; and all eyes, indeed, were soon on Mornington. The dandy of the Fourth was at the top of his form. And his luck, as well as his form, was phenomenal.

Nugent, Field, and Hazeldene, of Greyfriars, fell one after another to his bowling, and the Rookwood crowd roared. It was the hat-trick for Rookwood, and they needed it.

But that was not the end.

Johnny Bull followed at the wicket, and to his surprise he was caught out first ball from Morny's masterly bowling. And Hurree Singh, who was next man in, saw with dismay his leg stump levelled with the ground. And even that was not the finish, for Peter Todd, a mighty bat, was dismissed with a duck's egg to wind up that wonderful over.

Rookwood simply roared.

The "double hat-trick" was, naturally, uncommon enough on the Rookwood ground. And it was Mornington, the dandy and slacker, the recruit brought by chance into the team, who had performed it.

Jimmy Silver clapped Mornington on the back as the field crossed over.

"Good man! Bravo! Good man!" roared Jimmy, in exuberant delight.

"Rather good—what?" grinned Mornington.

"Topping! Bravo!"

Eight down for 27 was the record! Harry Wharton & Co. eyed Mornington curiously. They did not often come across bowling like this. And Jimmy Silver, who bowled the next over, seemed to have caught Morny's wonderful luck.

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He took a wicket with the second ball, and from the third a catch was given to Conroy in the field.

The innings, which had opened in a way that bade fair to last out till dusk, had come to a sudden termination, with what the Greyfriars fellows regarded as a run of phenomenal bad luck, but which was, naturally, regarded in quite a different light by the Rookwooders.

"Hurrah!" roared the Rookwood crowd.

"Well, cricket's an uncertain game," remarked Bob Cherry to his comrades. "But this beats records! It beats me hollow!"

And Hurree Singh remarked that the hollowfulness was terrific, a remark that made the Rookwooders chuckle.

Jimmy Silver & Co. saw the Greyfriars fellows off at the station. As they came back to Rookwood a peculiar sight met their gaze. Bulkeley of the Sixth was striding in at the gates, and after him, with sullen and apprehensive faces, slunk three juniors—Peele, Gower, and Lattrey.

"My only hat!" said Jimmy Silver. "That looks like a catch!"

It was a "catch." An hour later the school was assembled in Hall to witness a public flogging. Lattrey & Co. were the victims. And as all Rookwood knew that the prefect had caught them at the Ship, chumming with a gang of "boozy" blackguards, there was little sympathy for them. Mornington's face was very grave as he came away from the Hall, and he pressed Erroll's arm.

"Rather lucky you came after me, old chap—what?" he murmured.

Erroll drew a deep breath.

"Thank goodness I came, and that you came back!" he said. "You wouldn't have liked to figure in that scene, Morny! Look here, Morny! I'm not going to sermonise you, but you know it's not good enough! Why don't you stick to the cricket, and let those shady rotters slide?"

"Blessed if I don't think it over!" said Mornington.

And Erroll could only hope that Morny's thinking it over would have a good result

THE END.

GAMES FOR THE ODD HALF-HOUR.

FOR the best enjoyment of some of our most popular British sports such as cricket, a fairly large area of ground and ample time is needed. It is my intention in this article to bring to your notice two little outdoor games that can be played by any number of boys anywhere, even if they only have a short time at their disposal. These games are not new ones, but they are not so widely known as they should be. If you have never tried them get your chums to join in with you when next you have a few minutes for recreation in the field or playground. Besides being very amusing, both the games can give excellent bodily exercise if conducted properly.

"The Drill Sergeant!"

Any number of players can join in this game, and one fellow should be selected for the role of the "drill sergeant." The sergeant having been selected, all the other players line up like a squad of recruits in a row. The drill sergeant then gives the rest of the players the order "Do as I do!" cautioning them that on no account are they to laugh. He then proceeds to indulge in a series of physical feats without, however, moving away from the place he has taken up on the playground. He can raise his legs, turn his toes inwards, and perform all kinds of contortions in as ludicrous a manner as he pleases. Needless to say, when you get a dozen fellows all doing the same actions together, the effect at times is screamingly funny. Although the actions may be irregular and amusing, they can also be of great benefit to the various muscles in the body. If any of the recruits chortles or bursts into a yell of laughter during the performance of the exercises, he is ordered out of the squad. When half the players have been sent out for laughing, the remainder of the recruits leap on to the backs of the offenders for a ride at their expense. The drill sergeant takes a knotted handkerchief from his pocket and belabours on the most convenient portion of the back, any "horse" that shows any unwillingness in his task.

"Baiting the Bear!"

For this game a player has to be selected by lot to act as "bear," and the chosen one has the right of picking his own "keeper." The preliminary arrangement having been made, the keeper ties a rope about five feet long round the waist of his charge and draws a circle about four feet in diameter on the ground with a piece of chalk. The bear then gets on his hands and knees inside the circle, his keeper standing also within the ring, holding the end of the rope. The rest of the players can then begin their sport of bear-baiting, which they do by hitting him over the back with knotted handkerchiefs. To do so they must, of course, run close in, and it is up to the bear and his keeper to try and catch one of the baiters. The bear must not get up to do this, nor must he nor his keeper leave the chalked circle. When a player is caught he becomes the bear and a fresh keeper is chosen by him. Great nimbleness of movement is required for this little outdoor game which can also be played by any number of fellows, and plenty of good exercise can be derived from it.

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