

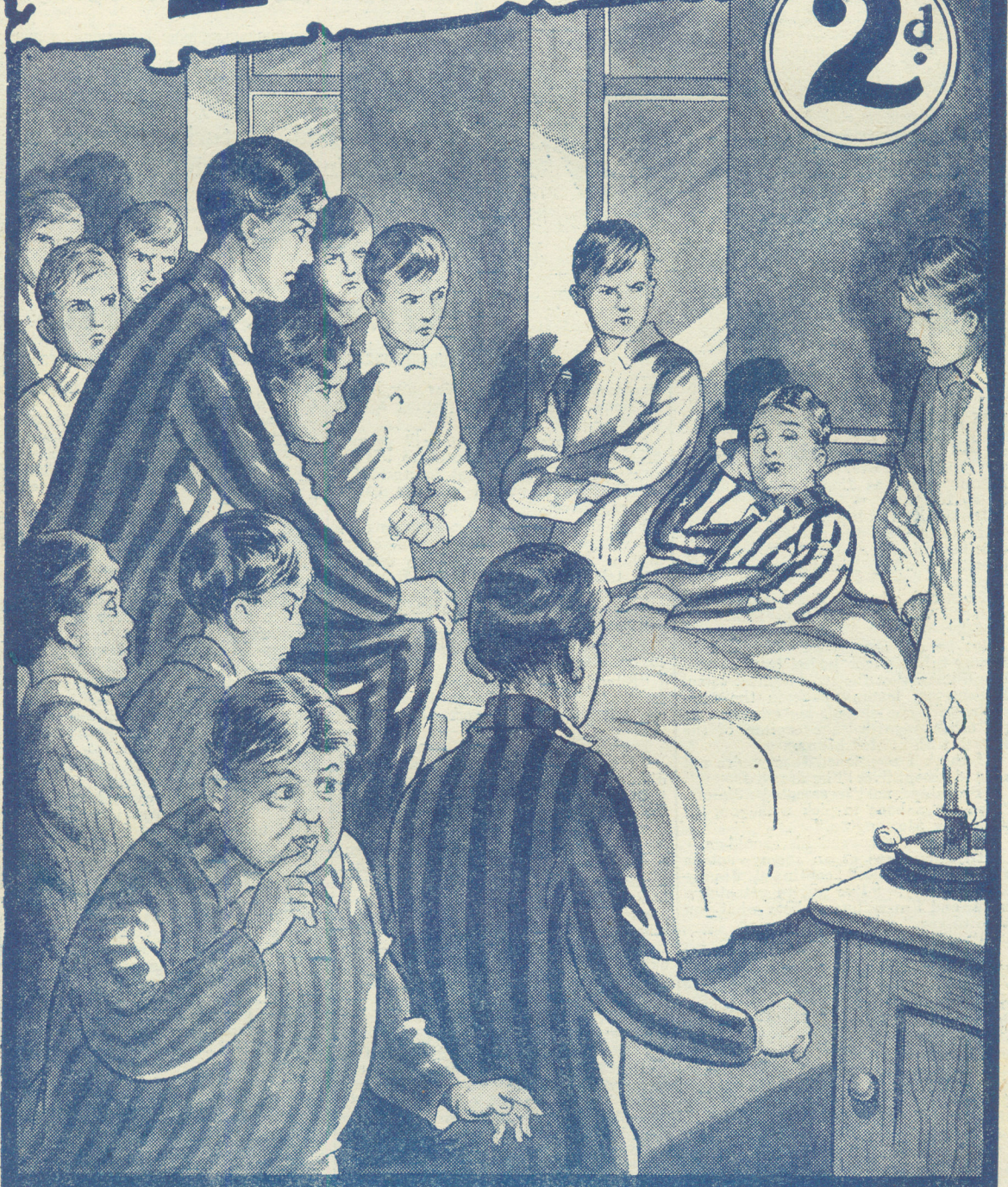
5 COMPLETE TALES—GRAND SCHOOL SERIAL—SPECIAL CRICKET PAGE  
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**THE DORMITORY TRIAL!** MORNINGTON PROVES A COOL CUSTOMER  
WHILST ON TRIAL BEFORE THE FOURTH FORM!  
*(A stirring episode from the splendid Bookwood story inside.)*

# PUNISHING MORNINGTON!

Silver, and is sentenced by the Form—to Coventry!

Valentine Mornington is called to account for his caddish trick on Jimmy



# The Judgment of the Fourth!

Another Dramatic Long Complete Story of Jimmy Silver & Co., of Rookwood, featuring Valentine Mornington of the Fourth.

By  
**Owen Conquest.**

## THE FIRST CHAPTER. The Last Straw!

**“YOU'RE** not wanted here, Jimmy Silver!”

Mornington of the Fourth spoke over his shoulder, hardly looking round, as Jimmy Silver entered Study No. 4.

Jimmy did not heed.

He came into the study, closed the door behind him, and crossed over to the hearthrug, where Mornington sat in the armchair.

Kit Erroll, who was at the study table with his books before him, looked up uneasily.

But he did not speak. The look in Jimmy Silver's face boded trouble, and Erroll knew that the trouble must come. Mornington, leaning back in the armchair, with one elegant leg crossed over the other, regarded the captain of the Fourth with knitted brows.

“I think I mentioned that you're not wanted here, Silver!” he drawled.

“Probably not!” assented Jimmy. “I've got a bone to pick with you, all the same, Mornington.”

Mornington shrugged his shoulders.

“I've not come as an enemy—not as yet, at any rate,” continued Jimmy Silver quietly. “I've got to get at the truth, and I'm willing to hear what you have to say.”

“I've nothing to say to you.”

“Rookwood were beaten at St. Jim's to-day,” said Jimmy Silver. “You know, Mornington, that I was called home by a telegram just before the team started for St. Jim's.”

“I'm not interested in your movements, my dear fellow!”

“But you know that fact,” said Jimmy Silver. “The telegram stated that my father was ill, and was signed with the name of my Cousin Phyllis.”

Mornington yawned.

“I hope the excellent old gentleman is better,” he said carelessly.

“My father was not ill at all. The telegram was a spoof. It was sent from

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Denewood Post Office, near my home, by some rotter who was playing a trick on me—”

“Quite a mysterious affair!” yawned Mornington. “But no need to tell me about it. I'm really not interested in practical jokes played in your native village, Silver!”

“It was not anybody belonging to the village that played the trick, Mornington. Nobody there had any motive. The telegram kept me away from the cricket match at St. Jim's. It was sent for that reason, and for no other reason.”

“Really!”

Kit Erroll started to his feet. He looked startled.

“Silver,” he exclaimed, “are you serious? You—you mean to say that the telegram was a trick, that—that—that—”

He broke off.

“Just that!” said Jimmy Silver. “I didn't find it out till I got home, and then it was too late to get to St. Jim's for the match.”

“Good heavens!” muttered Erroll.

“I'm not interested!” drawled Mornington. “But there's one point that seems to have escaped your powerful brain, Silver. I believe your home is about a hundred miles or so from this school. Could a Rookwooder get over there to send a telegram to you without bein' missed?”

“No. But he could get some rogue to do it for him.”

“Oh, that's the idea, is it?”

“That's it!” said the captain of the Fourth. “I'm going into this matter to get at the facts, and the rotter who dished me over the St. Jim's match is going to get it in the neck!”

“Still, I don't quite see why you should confide in me,” smiled Mornington. “I'm not the least little bit interested in your adventures, and I really can't help you in any way.”

“I want to know if you sent the telegram?” said Jimmy Silver bluntly.

“You know I never left Rookwood this mornin'.”

“Don't beat about the bush, Mornington! Whoever did it got another fellow outside the school to take the telegram into Wiltshire and dispatch it from Denewood post-office. Did you do that?”

“What a question!” smiled Mornington. “You can hardly expect me to say ‘Yes,’ and if I say ‘No,’ you won't believe me. Upon the whole, I think I'll say nothing.”

“That won't do.”

“I'm afraid it will have to do,” said Mornington negligently.

Jimmy Silver drew a deep breath. He had come to Study No. 4 prepared for silence from the dandy of the Fourth, and he was getting what he had expected. But he restrained his anger.

“Will you give me your word of honour, Mornington, that you had nothing to do with the sending of the bogus telegram?” he asked.

“I decline to say a word on the subject.” Morny glanced at the door. “I've mentioned that you're not welcome in this study, Silver!”

“That's all you have to say?”

“That's all, dear man.”

“Very well. You will have to answer to the Form!” said Jimmy Silver. “The matter doesn't rest here.”

The captain of the Fourth quitted the study without another word. Valentine Mornington stretched his legs and yawned. He gave Kit Erroll a rather curious, ironical look. Erroll had sunk into his chair again, his grave face pale and troubled. His eyes were fixed on Mornington.

“So that was it!” he said in a low voice, when the door had closed behind Jimmy Silver.

“I don't quite follow!” yawned Morny.

“You got that telegram sent, Mornington. I know now. You were fixing it up when you went out of bounds on Friday night.”

"Do you think so?"

"You did it to keep Jimmy Silver out of the way," continued Erroll, with increasing bitterness of look and tone. "Jimmy away, I took his place, as vice-captain. You worked it out that I should play you after Jimmy had dropped you from the team."

"And you refused," said Mornington. "I refused, as I was bound to do, as you could not have put up a good game for Rookwood, though I did not then know what I know now," said Erroll. "A suspicion came into my mind, but I drove it away. You asked me and you were unreasonable. I refused, and you quarrelled with me, and—ard—"

"And punched you," said Mornington coolly. Erroll winced.

"I would have stood even+that for the sake of our friendship," he said in a low voice. "It's not much more than I've stood from you at other times, Mornington. I've believed that you were decent at heart, and that your evil ways were only on the surface. I've borne with you for that reason more than any other fellow would have borne, I think. But this—this is the finish."

Mornington laughed sarcastically. "Is your back up at last?" he asked. "You've played a dirty, cowardly trick, whether the fellows find you out or not!" said Erroll in a low, distinct tone. "You made Silver believe his father was dangerously ill—a rotten, cowardly, dirty trick! You made us lose the match at St. Jim's by keeping Silver away. That's bad enough, though not so bad as the other. I've stuck to you through thick and thin, Mornington, till now. But I've nothing more to do with a fellow who forges a telegram. If it's found out, you'll be punished by the law! It means imprisonment! It will be what you deserve!"

"Quite a long speech!" said Mornington. "Why not go to Mr. Dalton's study and tell our merry Form master? He can telephone for the police."

"I shall not do that," said Erroll, rising. "I've told you what I think of your conduct, and it's the last thing I shall say to you. I shall not speak to you again."

Erroll crossed to the door and left the study, his face pale and set. Mornington half rose, a startled expression on his face, but he sat down again without speaking. The door closed behind Erroll, and Valentine Mornington remained staring at it.

Erroll was gone. Mornington could hardly believe it yet. His friend had been so patient; never yet had he turned on the fellow who had tried his patience and his forbearance so often. Even the hasty blow struck in the quad would not have shattered the friendship, Morny knew that. But the realisation sunk into his mind now that it was ended, that he had lost, by his own wilful, passionate waywardness, the best and most devoted pal a fellow ever had.

Mornington sat a long time in silence in the lonely study.

His handsome face was clouded. He had risked that friendship often enough, and always it had stood the strain he had put upon it; there had seemed no limit to Kit Erroll's patience and forgiveness. He had risked it once too often, and now it was a thing that had ended.

But when Valentine Mornington left the study later, and strolled down to the Common-room, his face was cheery and smiling, and he looked like a fellow that had not a care in the world. No one

would have guessed from his smiling face the black care that was eating into his heart.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### Called to Account!

BULKELEY of the Sixth glanced round the dormitory.

The Classical Fourth were all in bed, and the captain of Rookwood was about to turn out the light.

The Classical juniors were very quiet, but Bulkeley of the Sixth knew them pretty well. He was aware of a suppressed under-current of excitement in the dormitory, and he divined that something was "on." So he paused before he turned out the light.

"Silver!" he rapped out. Jimmy Silver glanced at him from his pillow.

"Yes, Bulkeley?" he said meekly.

"No larks in this dormitory after lights out!" said the prefect.

"Larks!" repeated Jimmy Silver innocently.

"Yes, you young rascal! I should think some of you, at least, would be ready to go to sleep after the journey you've had to-day. If you're thinking of celebrating the St. Jim's match with a pillow-fight, or anything of that kind—don't. I shall come along with a cane if there's any row."

And with that the prefect turned out the light and departed.

There was a chuckle from some of the beds.

"Keen as mustard, isn't he?" remarked Arthur Edward Lovell. "He doesn't know what's on, all the same."

"Not a pillow-fight, at any rate!" said Raby.

"Are we turning out now, Jimmy?" inquired Newcome.

"Give Bulkeley a chance to get clear!" answered Jimmy Silver. "He'll be safe in his study in ten minutes."

Erroll's quiet voice broke in. "Is anything on, you fellows?"

"You're the only fellow that doesn't know," said Lovell. "You were mooching out in the quad when we were fixing it up. There's going to be a Form trial to-night."

"For what—whom?"

"Mornington, of course."

"Oh!" said Erroll, and he said no more.

The Classical Fourth waited impatiently for the interval to elapse till it could be considered safe for the dormitory to turn out of bed and constitute the court for the trial.

The story of the bogus telegram, which had called Jimmy Silver away on the eve of the St. Jim's match was common property now, and suspicion generally rested on Mornington.

His bitterness at being dropped out of the team furnished the motive, and his attack on Oswald, who had been given his place in the junior eleven, was an additional evidence of what he was capable of.

Jimmy Silver had little doubt on the subject; Lovell none at all. But many of the other fellows thought it possible that Mornington might be able to clear himself—many of them hoped he could. The Form trial would, at least, give him his chance, and a good many of the Form kept open minds on the subject. Suspicion was strong against Mornington, but it had to be acknowledged that no actual proof had so far been forthcoming.

Jimmy gave the signal, by turning out of bed, and lighting a candle-end. The rest of the Fourth followed his example, and five or six candles were lighted—the juniors did not venture to

turn on the electric light. It was necessary to keep the proceedings very private, and to keep masters and prefects from chipping in. Important as the affair was from the junior point of view, it was certain that Mr. Dalton, or the Head, or the Sixth Form prefects, would not have realised its importance if they had known of it.

The candles shed a glimmering light over part of the long, lofty dormitory. Every fellow in the Classical Fourth turned out, excepting two, Mornington and Erroll. Jimmy called to Kit Erroll, whose eyes were open; he was not thinking of sleep, although obviously he did not want to take part in the trial of his whilom chum.

"Turn out, Erroll!" "You won't want me, Jimmy," answered Erroll. "There's plenty for the jury without me, old man."

"You're wanted as a witness, not on the jury!" answered Jimmy.

"I've no evidence to offer!" he said. "Whatever Mornington may have done, I was not in his confidence."

"I know that! I know you wouldn't have been a party to a dirty trick. But your evidence will be wanted all the same."

"Very well!" Erroll turned out, slowly enough. Then the captain of the Fourth called to Mornington.

"You're wanted, Morny!"

"Sorry!" answered Mornington, with cool politeness. "I'm goin' in for my beauty sleep, an' I'm afraid I can't be bothered."

"Turn out!" roared Lovell.

"Shush!" said Putty Gace. "You'll have the prefects here, old scout, if you do your Bull-of-Basham toots."

"He's turning out," snorted Lovell, "or—"

"Mornington!" said Jimmy Silver quietly. "You know that you're going to be tried by the Form. Turn out."

"My dear man, get on with your kid games, an' don't mind me," said Mornington coolly. "I'll look on, if I don't go to sleep."

"Have him out!" snorted Lovell.

Several juniors made a movement towards Morny's bed. His cool nonchalance had an annoying effect on the Classical Fourth. But Jimmy Silver quietly interposed.

"Don't handle him yet!" he said.

"If he chooses to be tried in bed, he can stay there for a bit. But I warn you, Mornington, that you're doing your case no good by this cheek."

Mornington yawned portentously.

"I'll leave my case in your hands, dear man," he said. "I'm really not interested in these fag games."

"Are we going to stand his cheek?" howled Lovell.

"Never mind his cheek," said Jimmy Silver. "Let's get to business. Form up for the court!"

The court was soon arranged. As Mornington remained obstinately in bed, his bed was constituted the prisoner's dock. The other fellows sat on the neighbouring beds. Jimmy, as captain of the Form, was the judge, and the rest of the Form were the jury. Erroll was excluded from the jury, as a witness, which was a relief to him, for certainly he did not want to join in passing sentence on his former chum.

Mornington leaned on his elbow in bed, looking on at the proceedings with an air of cool contempt and indifference.

His manner, as Jimmy had warned him, did his case no good. Some of the juniors were annoyed by it to the extent of making up their minds without waiting for the evidence. The

Form trial was an institution at Rookwood, and the juniors liked it to be taken seriously—not at all in the flip-pant, scornful manner in which Morny was taking it.

A bolster and a pillow having been disposed on a washstand to make up a seat for the judge, Jimmy Silver took up his position on that coign of vantage, and the court opened.

"Prisoner at the bar"—Jimmy's glance turned on Mornington—"guilty or not guilty?"

"Any old thing!" answered Mornington coolly.

"Will you answer?" asked Jimmy, breathing hard.

"I've answered."

"Then—"

"Hold on," interposed Erroll's quiet voice. "It's not been stated yet what Mornington is accused of."

There was a chuckle from some of the jury. The judge coloured a little. "That's soon said!" he exclaimed. "He knows, anyhow."

"Stick to the forms of law, though," said Putty Grace. "The prisoner in the bed—I mean at the bar—is entitled to hear the charge."

"Yes, rather!" said Gunner, the new boy in the Fourth. "I don't think much of this judge, if you ask me!"

"Nobody did ask you!" snapped Lovell.

"Look here, Lovell—"

"Look here, Gunner—"

"Silence in court!" exclaimed Conroy. "Jurymen are not allowed to slang one another in the jury-box."

"He, he, he!" came from Tubby Muffin.

"Order!" rapped out Jimmy Silver. "Mornington, you are accused on suspicion of having had a bogus telegram sent to me at the school, to call me away just before the St. Jim's match. Do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

All eyes were turned on Mornington. That youth closed his eyes, laying his head peacefully on the pillow.

"He's gone to sleep!" ejaculated Tubby Muffin. "He, he, he!"

And then there was laughter in court.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### Tried and Condemned!

**J**IMMY SILVER help up his hand for silence. His face was clouded with anger. Mornington's insolence was trying his temper to the uttermost.

"Mornington, will you answer?"

No sound from Morny, and his eyes remained closed. Lovell started up with an angry exclamation.

"I'll jolly soon make him speak!"

"Order!"

"Hold on," said Jimmy, waving Lovell back to his place. "Order in court! The prisoner refuses to plead. The trial will go on."

"He's guilty, if he doesn't say he isn't!" snorted Lovell.

"We shall see, Mornington!"

Morny's eyes opened, and he yawned. "Hallo! You fags still goin' it?" he drawled.

"Yes, we're still going it," said Jimmy Silver quietly. "Do you wish to answer to the charge now?"

"Not at all. You're borin' me."

"Very well. You know what you're accused of—one of the meanest and dirtiest tricks a fellow could play. Gentlemen of the jury, you are aware that Mornington was dropped out of the cricket eleven, after playing the goat in the late House match, which was a trial match to pick the players for the St.

Jim's fixture. You are aware that he cut up rusty."

"Yes, rather!" grunted Lovell.

"Oswald!"

"Adsum!" said Dick Oswald.

"You will tell the jury what happened in your study."

"Go it, Oswald!"

Oswald stood up.

"Mornington came to my study, and picked a quarrel with me," he said. "He told me I'd got his place in the team for St. Jim's, and he was going to knock me out, or words to that effect. His game was to make it impossible for me to go to St. Jim's with the eleven. He would have done it, if other fellows hadn't chipped in and given him a Form ragging."

"Have you any fault to find with the witness' statement, Mornington?"

Yawn from Mornington. That was his only reply.

Jimmy compressed his lips.

"You can sit down, Oswald. Erroll!"

"Here!" said Erroll.

"On Friday evening, the day before the match, you were hunting for Mornington up and down the House?"

"Yes."

"Did you find that he had gone out of school bounds?"

"I—I supposed he had."

"Do you know for certain?"

Mornington looked across at Erroll with a mocking smile.

"We're waiting for your answer, Erroll," said the judge.

"I can't answer that question."

"Why not?"

"Well, I can't."

"Mornington!"

"Hallo, old bean?"

"Did you go out of school bounds on Friday evening?"

"Find out!"

"Did you go out," continued Jimmy Silver, "to see some shady rotter you knew in Coombe, to bribe him to go over to Denewood, near my home, and send a bogus telegram from there?"

There was a buzz in court, and all eyes were fixed on Mornington. The dandy of the Fourth smiled.

"What an idea!" he said.

"Yes or no?"

"Whichever you like, old bean," said Mornington affably. "Like the little boy in the circus who wanted to know which was the lion and which was the tiger, you pays your money and you takes your choice."

There were symptoms of laughter in court again; but the judge did not smile.

"The jury will note that the prisoner does not deny it," said the judge.

"Erroll, when I was called away by a trick, you took over the captaincy of the eleven for St. Jim's. Did Mornington demand a place in the team on the ground of your friendship with him?"

"He asked for a place," said Erroll in a low tone.

"Did he betray any knowledge of the fact that I should be called away, thus making his own pal captain in my place, and able to give him what I had refused him?"

Every eye was fixed on Erroll now. He was silent, and his lips trembled a little.

"I'm sorry, Erroll, as Morny's your pal," said Jimmy. "But you see for yourself that we've got to get at the truth. It's your duty to state the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. You know that?"

"I—I know."

"If Mornington knew I should be called away, the case is proved. Did he admit to you—that he knew?"

"He did not say so."

"He wouldn't say so, I suppose. But did you think he knew from what he did say?"

"I—I may have had a suspicion," faltered Erroll. "But what I think isn't evidence, Jimmy."

"As soon as you knew that the telegram was a bogus one, did you believe then that Mornington had caused it to be sent?" demanded the judge. "Did it fall in with what he had let out to you?"

Erroll was silent.

"The jury are waiting for your answer, Erroll," said the judge kindly, but firmly. "You're bound to speak."

Still Erroll did not speak. He did not look at Mornington, though he felt his former chum's mocking eyes upon his face.

"Well?" said Jimmy Silver, after a long silence.

"I've nothing to say," said Erroll at last. "I can't give you facts, and my opinion is not evidence."

"The witness may stand down!" said Jimmy Silver, while there was a deepening buzz in court. "He has not done his duty, but we can make allowances for him, as he is the prisoner's pal. His refusal to answer makes things pretty plain. Mornington let out to him that he knew I was going to be called away from the match, and that he expected his pal to put him back in the team. That was why the telegram was sent. Erroll knows it, and will not say so."

"Clear enough!" growled Gunner. "Now, if I'd been put into the team for St. Jim's, the match wouldn't have been lost, and—"

"Shut up, Gunner!" howled the jury. Peter Cuthbert Gunner's views were not evidently wanted.

The judge proceeded to sum up.

"Gentlemen of the jury, you will now consider your verdict. If you consider the prisoner innocent, you will—er—find a verdict of not guilty, while if you consider him guilty, you will—er—find a verdict of—of—of—"

"Not innocent!" suggested Putty Grace, and there was a chuckle in court.

"Silence! Gentlemen, your verdict!"

"Guilty!"

There was not much doubt as to how the verdict would go. Mornington's refusal to speak condemned him more than anything else. His silence was not wholly due to lofty insolence, as the juniors well knew. Morny, with all his faults was incapable of lying himself out of a scrape. He would have kept his rascally action a secret. But when he was directly charged with it, he would not descend to falsehoods to save his skin. His pride, wrong-headed as it was on many points, saved him from that depth. His refuge was silence and contemptuous disdain. And Erroll's evidence, or lack of evidence, had shown plainly enough what Morny's best chum believed, what he would not have believed without proof enough. If Erroll was convinced—as he evidently was convinced—it was not likely that other fellows would doubt. There was a regular chorus from the whole of the Classical Fourth.

"Guilty!"

The judge turned to Valentine Mornington.

"You hear the verdict?" he said.

"I can hear a crowd of fags clatterin'!" assented Mornington.

"Have you anything to say?"

"Only that you kids had better turn in before a prefect catches you playin' the giddy goat after latches out!"

"Is that all?"

"That's all, old bean!"

"Then sentence will be passed on you. Mornington! You are found guilty of

playing a dirty trick on a schoolfellow and causing a school match to be lost! You are sentenced to a Form ragging, and to be sent to Coventry for the rest of the term!"

"Hear, hear!"

"The sentence will now be carried out!" said Jimmy Silver. "The prisoner will run the gauntlet of the whole dormitory! After that he will be out by the Form! Mornington, turn out of bed!"

"Rats!"

"Have him out!" roared Lovell.

There was a rush at Mornington's bed, and this time Jimmy did not intervene. Half a dozen pairs of hands were laid on Mornington. The cool nonchalance which had so exasperated the juniors left him at once. He leapt up in bed, hitting out savagely as he was seized.

Lovell went over with a yell; Baby followed him. Then Mornington was dragged out of bed, bodily and rolled on the floor in the midst of a struggling, trampling crowd.

#### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

##### The Sentence of the Form!

**"BOYS!"** It was the voice of thunder in the doorway.

Mornington was still struggling desperately in the midst of an angry crowd when the door was flung open, and Mr. Dalton, the master of the Fourth, appeared.

In the excitement of the struggle, on Mornington's resistance to his sentence, the Classical Fourth had quite forgotten masters and prefects. The din in the Fourth Form dormitory could be heard far beyond the bounds of that apartment.

It had brought the Form master on the scene. Mr. Dalton stood staring into the dormitory with a frowning brow. His voice rang through the tumult.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Lovell. "It's Dicky!"

"Cave!"

"Look out!"

"What does this mean?" exclaimed Mr. Richard Dalton, advancing into the dormitory.

The struggle ceased as if by magic. The juniors let Mornington go as suddenly as if he had become red-hot. They crowded back, leaving the dandy of the Fourth gasping on the floor.

Mornington sat up breathlessly.

Mr. Dalton glanced at him, and then fixed his eyes sternly on Jimmy Silver.

"You are head boy of the Form, Silver! You will explain to me what this disturbance means!"

Jimmy breathed hard. Mornington had been found guilty by the Form of an act that the Classical Fourth could not pardon. But nobody had any intention of informing the master of it. What Mornington had done was enough to earn him expulsion from the school.

Indeed, it was a matter of which the law would have taken cognizance, if it had become known outside Rookwood. The hasty, passionate fellow had not realised it, but the sending of a telegram in another's name was counted a forgery in the eyes of the law.

Deeply as Jimmy Silver resented that miserable trick, he was not inclined to draw upon Mornington the full consequences of the act.

He stood silent, not knowing what to say. And the Classical Fourth, taking their cue from Jimmy, stood silent also. Mornington rose slowly to his feet, breathing in gasps.

"Well, Silver?" said the Fourth Form master.

"It—it's a rag, sir!" stammered Jimmy at last.

"Of which, apparently, Mornington is the victim?"

"Yes, sir."

"What has Mornington done?"

No answer.

"Mornington, you must be aware of the cause of this outrageous disturbance. You will tell me."

"The fellows have got their backs up about somethin', sir," answered Mornington breathlessly but coolly. "I think they don't quite like my tellin' them that they're a set of cheeky and silly fags."

"Is that all?"

"Shut up, Muffin!"

"Well, I don't see takin' a lickin' just to screen a fellow who's played a sneakin' trick!" exclaimed Townsend.

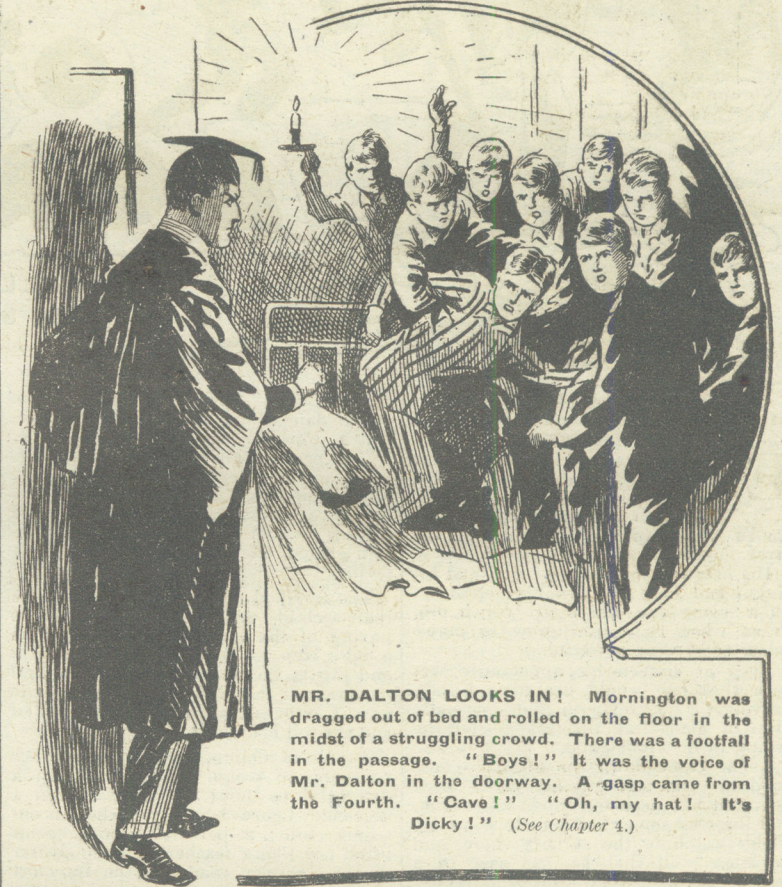
"Can't be helped!" said Jimmy Silver. "We can't give Mornington away to the beaks. It's too jolly serious for that."

"That's his look out!" growled Gower.

"Ours, too! It can't be did. Keep smiling."

"And what about running the gauntlet?" exclaimed Lovell. "Is the rotter going to get off that just because Dicky Dalton, butted in?"

"Cheese it, old chap! If there's any more row it's a matter for the Head.



**MR. DALTON LOOKS IN!** Mornington was dragged out of bed and rolled on the floor in the midst of a struggling crowd. There was a footfall in the passage. "Boys!" It was the voice of Mr. Dalton in the doorway. A gasp came from the Fourth. "Cave!" "Oh, my hat! It's Dicky!" (See Chapter 4.)

"If Silver's got anythin' against me, sir, he can tell you," said Mornington. "He knows best."

It was a daring challenge, for Mornington could not have been sure that no voice would be raised to tell the facts. But Jimmy Silver was silent, and the Fourth followed Uncle James.

Mr. Dalton was silent for a minute or so, eyeing the juniors. He spoke at last.

"You will go back to bed. On Monday morning I shall cane every boy in the Form for this outbreak. If there is any further disturbance in this dormitory to-night, I shall request the Head to take the matter in hand."

The Classical Fourth turned in obediently. Mr. Dalton collected up the candles, and left the dormitory with those relics in his possession. The door closed behind him.

"A licking all round on Monday, and all to-morrow to anticipate it!" said Arthur Edward Lovell. "That's rather rich!"

"I say, I'm not going to be licked!" howled Tubby Muffin. "Dicky Dalton ought to be told, and then he would let us off."

Who wants to go up before Dr. Chisholm?"

"Not little me!" said Conroy, with a laugh. "Let it drop. Morny gets off the raging, but he's sent to Coventry."

"Yes, rather!"

"That's settled!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Every fellow in the Form lets him alone after this. I don't think any fellow can quite think him fit to speak to after what he's done."

"What about Erroll?" squeaked Tubby Muffin. "He always sticks to Morny, whatever he does. Morny punched his nose for not putting him into the St. Jim's eleven—"

"My hat! I should think that enough even for Erroll!" said Lovell, with a loud sniff.

"I saw it in the quad," said Tubby. "I say, Erroll, are you going to send Mornington to Coventry with the rest?"

No answer from Erroll.

"Speak up, Erroll!" came several voices.

"You'd better speak, Erroll," said Jimmy Silver. "I know Mornington's your pal, and you always stick to him,

(Continued on page 28.)

"It's in the bonnet in front. There are six of 'em—"

"Well, this works it, anyhow," said Jack, "and I s'pose if you touch this thing, that's like the trigger of a gun, that stops her. You have your hand in it like this—"

"Mind what you're up to!" said Gordon, as a sudden buzzing began.

Jack gave a start; his hand closed, and his foot came heavily down on the clutch. How it happened none of them knew, but the car suddenly slid forward, slowly for a second or two, and then went ahead like a rocket.

"Look out! She's off!" yelled Victor.

"Stop her, you ass!" Gordon shouted, as the car, on her highest speed, whizzed away at a terrific pace. "Stop her, won't you!"

"I can't," gasped Revel, gripping the steering-wheel convulsively. "I don't know how!"

(There will be another long thrilling instalment of this topping serial in next week's issue. Tell all your pals about it.)

# ANSWERS

Every Saturday ...PRICE 2:

## THE JUDGMENT OF THE FOURTH!

(Continued from page 5.)

but in this matter you ought to stand in with the Form. You know that."

Erroll spoke at last. "You're mistaken," he said, in a low voice. "Mornington and I are not friends now. I don't think I should have let the sentence of the Form make any difference to me—"

"Oh, wouldn't you, you cheeky ass?" broke out Lovell hotly.

"No. But it was over before that, for reasons of my own. Mornington has got what he deserves, and I have nothing to say for him or to him."

"That's good enough, old fellow!" said Jimmy Silver softly. "Good-night, you chaps! We sha'n't want to hear the rising-bell in the morning."

And the Classical Fourth were soon asleep—with one exception. Long in the silent night Valentine Mornington lay wakeful, his eyes staring sleeplessly at the high, starlit window, thinking—perhaps with remorse of what his passionate waywardness had led him to at last—of the long-tried friendship he had thrown away as a thing of no value which could never be replaced.

Not a word was addressed to Mornington in the dormitory next morning.

The sentence of the Fourth was being carried out.

When Jimmy Silver & Co. walked in the quad after breakfast, Mornington passed them without a word, but with a mocking, contemptuous smile.

Erroll was walking alone on the path under the beeches, and Mornington's steps led him in that direction. The glances of the Fistical Four followed him.

It seemed as if Morny could not wholly believe that the irrevocable had happened at last—that he could not realise that his old strong influence over Kit Erroll was at an end. He came down the path directly towards Erroll, and met him face to face, and stopped in his way to speak.

Erroll's eyes were fixed on him for one moment, and then he deliberately turned his back and walked away. Valentine Mornington stood still, as if he were incapable of motion, looking after the receding figure of the friend he had lost for ever!

THE END.

("Mornington's Revenge!" is the title of next Tuesday's Grand Long Complete, School Tale, dealing with the adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co. of Rookwood.)

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