

A ROUSING LONG
COMPLETE STORY
OF JIMMY SILVER
& CO., OF ROOK-
WOOD.



THE FIRST CHAPTER

By Order!

"D ODD!"
"Oh dear!"
murmured
Tommy Dodd
under his breath.

The sharp voice of Mr. Manders was never pleasant to hear. It was particularly unwelcome just at that moment.

Mr. Manders was looking out of his study window in Manders' House at Rookwood. Tommy Dodd was standing near the window, in the quadrangle, with his chums, Cook and Doyle. The three Modern juniors were chatting for a few minutes before going down to Little Side, where a House match was nearly due.

Tommy Dodd looked round to the study window.

"Yes, sir," he said respectfully.

Dodd of the Modern Fourth tried to look as if butter would not have melted in his mouth. He did not want any trouble with Mr. Manders just then. Mr. Manders was the only master at Rookwood who had no regard for games, and, indeed, looked upon them as a species of frivolity that did not deserve encouragement. But a House match was a House match, and Tommy Dodd was captain of the Modern junior team. Whether Mr. Manders understood it or not, a football match was a matter of importance.

"Kindly step into my study, Dodd," said Mr. Manders.

The Modern master disappeared from the window.

Tommy Dodd looked at Cook and Doyle, and Cook and Doyle looked at Tommy Dodd.

"We're jolly nearly due on Little Side!" murmured Cook. "Don't let him keep you long, Tommy!"

"Bother the man!" muttered Doyle. "I dare say he doesn't even know there's a match to-day! Tell him, if he keeps you long!"

"After all, he looked almost good-tempered," said Tommy Dodd hopefully. "It mayn't be trouble."

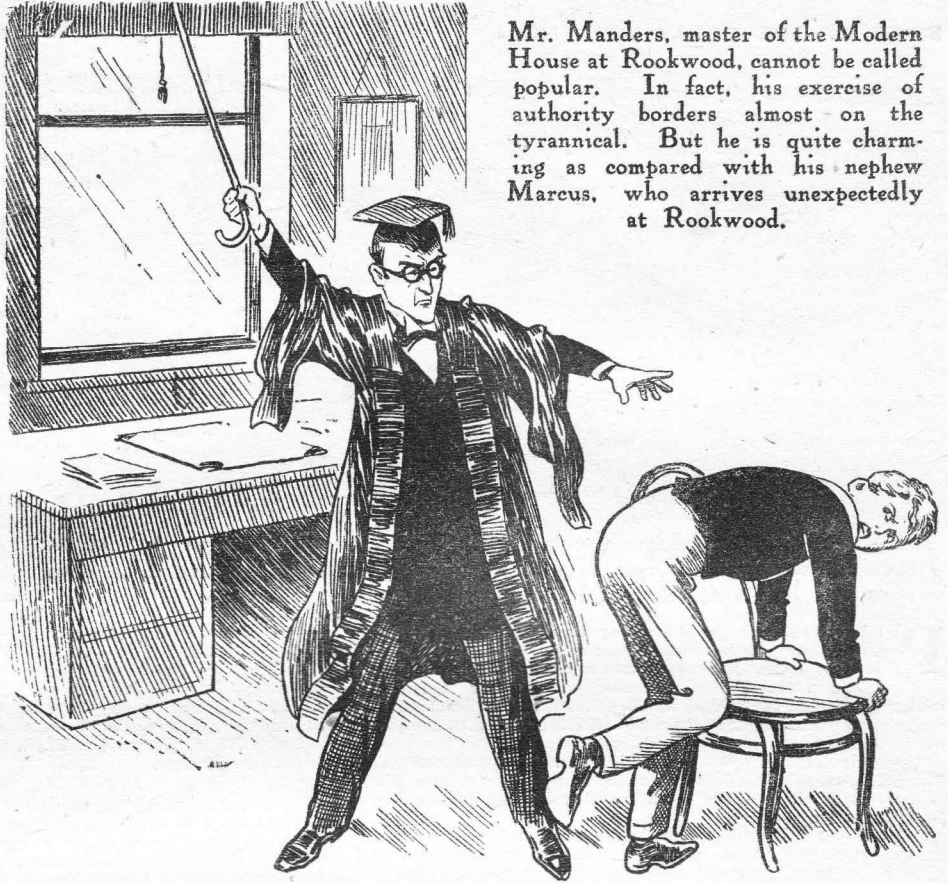
Tommy Dodd went into the House, feeling as hopeful as he could.

To his great relief, Mr. Manders did not look cross. He seemed, indeed, to be quite good-humoured for once.

"Oh, come in, Dodd!" he said, blinking at the Modern junior over his horn-rimmed glasses. "I trust you have no special engagement for this afternoon, Dodd?"

Tommy Dodd's heart sank.

THE POPULAR.—No. 563.



Mr. Manders, master of the Modern House at Rookwood, cannot be called popular. In fact, his exercise of authority borders almost on the tyrannical. But he is quite charming as compared with his nephew Marcus, who arrives unexpectedly at Rookwood.

A Chip of the Old Block!

As it was a half-holiday, he was, in theory, free as air. But if Mr. Manders wanted him, Mr. Manders' word was law.

"The fact is, sir—" he began.

But he had no time to tell Mr. Manders that he was engaged for a football match. The Modern master went on ruthlessly:

"You are not detained by your Form master, Dodd?"

"No, sir. The fact is, I—"

"In that case, Dodd, I wish you to do something for me."

"Certainly, sir. But—"

"Please do not interrupt me, Dodd. My nephew is coming to the school to-day—my nephew, Marcus Manders."

"Indeed, sir!"

"He is to enter the Fourth Form,

Dodd, and will belong to the Modern side and will be an inmate of this House."

"Yes, sir," said Tommy Dodd, trying to look interested. "I—I shall be very glad to meet him, sir."

Really, Tommy was wondering why Mr. Manders was telling him all this. He had no objection to Marcus Manders, or the whole Manders tribe, coming to Rookwood school. But he could not possibly be interested in the matter, especially when he was thinking about football. By that time Jimmy Silver and the Classical footballers would be on Little Side, and it was time that Tommy Dodd turned up there. But he had to stand with a submissive countenance, listening to the droning voice of Mr. Manders.

"Marcus arrives at Coombe at three o'clock," said Mr. Manders. "I find that I have not the time to meet him at the station. I shall, therefore, be glad, Dodd, if you will do so, if you have no pressing engagement for the afternoon."

"Oh!" gasped Tommy.

"Kindly take care that you do not miss my nephew at the station, Dodd, and be kind enough to show him every attention."

"Yes, sir. But—"

"There is no need to say more," said Mr. Manders. "Bring my nephew directly to the school. You may go, Dodd."

"But, sir—" gasped Tommy Dodd.

"That will do."

"We're playing football this afternoon, sir," blurted out Tommy Dodd desperately. "The fellows are waiting to kick off now, sir. Would you mind sending some other fellow to meet your nephew, sir?"

It was a desperate appeal, and Tommy Dodd knew it. Mr. Manders

was not in the least given to considering others—least of all, junior school-boys. And he disliked football.

"Am I to understand, Dodd, that you are unwilling to oblige your House-master in this small matter?" he exclaimed.

"Oh, no, sir! I—I should be glad! Only, you see, sir, I'm skipper of the Modern team, and I can't very well leave the fellows in the lurch."

"I selected you, Dodd, for this errand because you are head of the Modern Fourth Form, and therefore I am entitled to place reliance upon you."

"Yes, sir. You're very kind, sir. Only—"

"In short," interrupted Mr. Manders, "you desire to disoblige me, Dodd, for the sake of playing some game?"

"Oh, no, sir! But—but—" stammered Dodd.

"In a word, do you consent to go to the station, or do you not?" exclaimed Mr. Manders.

It was like putting one's head into the lion's mouth to refuse, but the case was desperate. Tommy Dodd thought of his men putting up a losing fight against the Classics, deprived of their leader—their captain gone, and a new man shoved into the team at the last moment. Mr. Manders gave him his choice, so he took it.

"No, sir!" he gasped.
"You decline to go?"

"Yes, sir!" gasped Tommy Dodd, in desperation.

"Very well!" said Mr. Manders, in a grinding voice. "You refuse to oblige me by acceding to my request, Dodd. You have every right to refuse a request. But you have neither the right nor the power to disobey a command."

"Eh?"

"I now command you to do what I previously requested you to do," said Mr. Manders grimly. "You will proceed to the station, Dodd, and carry out my instructions with regard to my nephew. This is an order which you will disregard at your peril."

"Oh, sir!"

"Leave my study!"

Tommy Dodd limped to the door. He was fairly caught; in offering him the choice of assent or refusal, Mr. Manders had been trapping him, as it were; and it was just like Mr. Manders.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Just Like Jimmy!

"FIVE minutes late!" growled Arthur Edward Lovell.

"Keep smiling," said Jimmy Silver cheerily. "Five minutes won't hurt us."

Snort from Arthur Edward.

"Keeping a fellow kicking his heels!" he grunted.

Jimmy Silver and the Classical footballers were all ready. The Modern footballers were on the ground, with the exception of their captain. Hansom of the Fifth, who was going to referee the junior match, was there. Only Tommy Dodd had failed to arrive.

"Here he comes!" called out Towle.

Tommy Dodd appeared in the offing, scudding towards the football-field.

"Here we are again, Doddy," said Jimmy Silver cheerily. "Waiting for you, old man."

"Sorry—"

"It's all right, now you're here. Let's get going."

"Can't!" said Tommy Dodd glumly. "I'm out of it! I've got to put a new man in and clear."

"Oh, rotten!"

"You're not detained!" shouted Tommy Doyle. "Even Manders wouldn't—"

"No; but it comes to the same thing," growled Tommy Dodd. "I've got to hike down to Coombe. Here, Lacy!" He called to a Modern junior in the crowd. "You'll be wanted—get into your things."

"Right-ho!"

Lacy hurried away to change.

"You'll have to wait a minute or two, you chaps," said Tommy Dodd. "Sorry, and all that, but it can't be helped. I'm out of it."

"I say, that's hard cheesc," said Lovell. "Your crew wouldn't have had much chance, anyhow; but, without their skipper—"

"Oh, can it!" snapped Tommy Dodd. "We were going to wipe up the ground with you. But with me out of it, you may have a dog's chance."

"You cheeky ass—"

"Shut up, Lovell, old man!" said Jimmy Silver. "Look here, Doddy, this is rather rotten. Can't anything be done? What's the giddy trouble?"

Tommy Dodd grunted.

"Old Manders has a sneaking nephew coming to Rookwood, and he's thumping ass enough to butt in on this special afternoon; and the old donkey wants the young donkey to be met at the rotten station, so I've got to hike off and pick him out of the train—it seems that the born idiot can't walk to Rookwood by himself—so I've got to cut the footer. I'll jolly well kick him, anyhow!"

"Never knew old Manders had a nephew," said Doyle.

"Or cared?" added Cook. "I know we don't want any more Manders."

"Well, he has, and the little beast was bound to butt in to-day—he wouldn't be a Manders if he didn't make himself a nuisance."

Jimmy Silver laughed.

"Well, it's not the kid's fault," he said. "Look here, Doddy, this rather lets your side down."

"I know it does," growled Tommy Dodd.

"We should have licked them, anyway," remarked Lovell.

"It would have taken you a century or two!" snapped Tommy Dodd.

"Look here—"

"Peace, my infants," said Jimmy Silver. "Let your Uncle James speak. Manders is a tick, but you can't argue. But a House match is a House match. We want to beat you fair and square, or else take a beating fair and square. If you have to stand out, Doddy—"

"I've got to."

"Then I'll follow your example," said Jimmy Silver. "I'll trot along with you to Coombe, if you like, and help you bear the society of young Manders. You'll need sustaining a little, if he's anything like old Manders."

"Oh!" said Tommy Dodd.

He looked dubiously at the Classical junior captain; but there was no doubt that he was pleased and relieved. Really, it was hard lines for the Moderns to lose their best man at the last minute; and Jimmy Silver's generous offer equalised matters again. Jimmy was the best man on the Classical side—with one exception, in Lovell's opinion. But it was only in Lovell's opinion that the exception existed.

"That's fair play!" said Jimmy Silver cheerily.

"But you don't want to miss the game," said Tommy Dodd.

"No more than you do, old bean; but it's a go. Morny, old man, you're

going to captain the side. Pick out another man."

"Pleased!" said Mornington.

"You're rather an ass, Jimmy," said Lovell. "Still, fair's fair, and we can beat the Moderns without taking any advantage. Morny, old man, if you want a tip from me about a new man to—"

"Thanks; I don't!" said Mornington.

"Well, you cheeky ass—"

"Come on, Doddy," said Jimmy Silver, with a smile. And the two skippers walked off, leaving the footballers to it.

With Morny captaining the Classical side, and Tommy Cook the Moderns, the House match was soon in progress. Jimmy Silver and Tommy Dodd went in to change into Etons, and then walked down to the gates together.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The New Boy!

"IS that it?"

"IT" referred to Mr. Manders' nephew.

Jimmy Silver and Tommy Dodd had arrived at Coombe Station in plenty of time for the train. They waited on the platform till the three o'clock local from Latcham Junction came in.

Among the passengers that alighted they looked for a fellow who was likely to be the new junior for Rookwood.

There was not much room for a mistake, for among the half-dozen passengers who stepped from the train there was only one boy of school age. If Mr. Manders' nephew had come by the train, evidently that was he.

The two Rookwooders looked at him. He stepped from the train and looked up and down the platform as if expecting to be met there. He had a bag in his hand and a rug over his arm. He was rather tall and rather weedy in figure; he had a long face and a long nose that was quite like Mr. Manders!

The Rookwooders, on the second glance, could have picked him out by his resemblance to his uncle.

He was not a handsome youth—the fact that he resembled his uncle prevented that.

"Better speak to him, I suppose," said Tommy Dodd.

"He's coming this way."

Master Manders had evidently spotted the two Rookwooders with his sharp, little eyes. He came across to them.

"You belong to Rookwood School?" he asked.

"Yes," said Tommy Dodd. "We—"

"I suppose you know Mr. Manders, a Modern master?" asked the newcomer.

"He's my Housemaster."

"Oh!" The stranger stared at Tommy Dodd. "I see! Then you know him! Do you know if he's about the station here, anywhere?"

"No; I—"

"I'm his nephew, Marcus Manders. I expected to be met at the station, isn't he here?"

"Mr. Manders sent me here to meet you," said Tommy Dodd. "I'm to take you to the school, if you're young Manders."

"I thought my uncle was coming," said Marcus, in an aggrieved tone. "My uncle's very fond of me."

"Is he?" said Tommy Dodd politely.

"Oh, yes; he thinks a lot of me," said Marcus.

"Matter of taste, I suppose," said Tommy Dodd. "This chap is Jimmy Silver, of the Classical side. Junior captain of Rookwood," added Tommy, Dodd.

Jimmy Silver held out his hand to the new boy in a friendly way. It was one of Jimmy's ways to be kind to new "kids," who generally found themselves rather lost and strayed in a big school.

Marcus Manders took his hand with a hand that felt, to Jimmy, like a cold fish. He just touched it and dropped it. Obviously, he was not in the least conscious of the fact that so important a person as the junior captain of Rookwood was being kind to him. It was, indeed, clear that Marcus Manders regarded himself as a person of considerable importance, perhaps basing that belief on the fact that he was a near relation of a Rookwood House-master.

Jimmy Silver surreptitiously wiped his hand on his jacket when Marcus Manders relinquished it. Young Manders had a clammy touch that was not at all pleasant. Jimmy was rather pleased that Master Manders was to be on the Modern side of Rookwood. He felt that the less he saw of him the better he would like it.

"Let's get out!" said Tommy Dodd restively.

Marcus Manders had made no better impression on him than on Jimmy Silver.

"I've got to look after my box," said Manders.

"I'll speak to the porter about that."

The three juniors left the station together. As they came out into the street Marcus looked about him with his keen, penetrating eyes.

"Look here, there's a cab at the station," he said. "I suppose we can take it."

"Certainly, if you like to pay the fare."

"How much is it?"

"Four shillings."

"That's an imposition," said Marcus Manders at once. "Two shillings would be quite enough."

"Better tell the driver so."

Marcus Manders nodded and walked over to the old hack which stood outside the station, with the driver half-doing on the box, meditatively chewing a straw.

"Here, you!" said Manders.

The old gentleman on the box looked down at him.

"How much will you drive me to Rookwood School for?"

"Four shillings, sir."

"I'll give you two."

The driver eyed him.

"You won't!" he answered.

"Oh, come on!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd impatiently. "Can't you walk a mile, young Manders?"

"I could if I liked, but I'm not going to," said Marcus Manders. "Look here, you two fellows come in with me and stand me a bob each. That's fair."

"We don't want to stick in a stuffy old hack!" growled Tommy Dodd. "What's the matter with walking?"

"Healthy exercise, you know, young Manders," murmured Jimmy Silver.

"I'm not going to walk."

"Then you can go in the old hack by yourself, and be blown to you!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd, out of patience.

"Hold on, old man," whispered Jimmy Silver in his ear. "This merchant looks like a chip of the old block, and no mistake. And you were told to take him to Rookwood. You don't want trouble with your Housemaster."

Tommy Dodd nodded in assent to that sage counsel. He seemed to

swallow something with difficulty, and turned to Marcus Manders again. That young gentleman was eyeing him rather viciously.

"We'll go in the hack if you like," said Tommy Dodd, with an effort. "Chuck that bag in, Jimmy! Chuck yourself in, young Manders!"

"A bob each, mind!" said Marcus Manders.

He seemed very particular upon that point.

"We won't rob you," said Tommy Dodd sarcastically. "We'll stand our bob each, eh, Silver?"

"Oh, certainly!" said Jimmy.

"You can cut if you like, old man," added Tommy Dodd. "You're not bound to stand this tick, as I am."

Jimmy Silver laughed.

"I'll stick to you, old man!"

And the three got into the hack together, and the driver toiled the ancient vehicle down the High Street into Coombe Lane, heading for Rookwood School.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

A Regular Rascal!

MARCUS MANDERS settled himself comfortably in the hack as it rolled out of Coombe behind the ancient horse, making for the school.

Jimmy Silver and Tommy Dodd sat silent, not in the least pleased or satisfied with their company. They had not really expected much of young Manders, considering it probable that he would resemble his uncle, more or less. But they had not anticipated meeting such an absolute "tick" as this. Both of them were anxious to land him at Rookwood and have done with him. And that reconciled them to the journey in the stuffy old hack, which was a little quicker than walking. All the same, it was unpleasant enough to be stuffed into the dingy old vehicle, especially with Marcus Manders' thin and meagre features opposite.

Marcus Manders ran his bony hands through his pockets and produced a couple of pennies. He twirled them in his thin fingers, and looked at the two juniors opposite with his penetrating, inquisitive look.

"You chaps ever played pitch and toss?" he inquired.

"What?" ejaculated Jimmy Silver.

"Pitch and toss?" repeated Tommy Dodd blankly.

"Yes. Ever played it?"

"Do you mean to say that you play pitch and toss for money?" asked Jimmy Silver, staring at the hopeful nephew of Roger Manders.

Marcus Manders grinned.

"Rather! What about you, Dodd?"

"I'm not a gambling rotter!" growled Tommy Dodd.

"Are they all as soft as you at Rookwood?" asked Marcus Manders derisively. "Pi-jaw, because you haven't the nerve to risk a penny or two?"

He tossed up a penny and caught it in his hands.

"Head or tail?" he asked.

Tommy Dodd glared at him. To be accused of "pi-jaw" was bitter; and it was clear that this hopeful specimen attributed his repugnance to pitch and toss not to principle, but to funk. To be despised by this mean, clammy fellow was more than Tommy Dodd could stand.

"Head!" he snapped.

Marcus Manders unclosed a clammy hand and revealed the penny in the

palm of the other clammy hand, tail uppermost.

"You owe me a penny!" he grinned.

Tommy Dodd handed over a penny. Jimmy Silver gave him a warning look, but the Modern junior was too angry and excited to heed. He did not even realise that he was being drawn into gambling by a designing young rascal.

"Here it goes again!" said young Manders. "Head or tail?"

"Tail!" said Tommy Dodd this time.

Tail it was, and the Modern junior received his penny back.

"What's the good of fooling about with pennies?" said young Manders.

"Look here! I'll chuck the penny up and let it roll. Head you give me half-a-crown; tail, I give you half-a-crown. What?"

"I haven't any half-crowns to chuck away."

"You haven't any nerve, you mean!" said young Manders derisively.

"It's a go!" said Tommy Dodd savagely. "Half-a-crown a time. But chuck it on the floor and let it roll. No tricks!"

"There it goes!"

Young Manders threw a penny on the seat. It rolled to the floor of the hack, and rolled round and settled there. Evidently he could not have manipulated the fall of the coin in those circumstances.

"There you are! What's up?" he asked.

Head was up!

"Head!" muttered Tommy Dodd, staring down at the coin.

"You owe me half-a-crown, then."

Tommy Dodd breathed hard, and dived into his pocket. Half-a-crown was not a trifle to a Fourth Form junior, but he had to shell out.

"Hold on a minute!" said Jimmy Silver quietly.

"Oh, don't you butt in!" growled Tommy Dodd. "I've lost, and I'm going to pay!"

"Hold on, I tell you! Is that the same penny you used at first, young Manders?" asked Jimmy, in a quiet tone.

His eyes had been very intently on the young rascal all the time.

"Of course it is!"

"I'm not so sure of that. Look at it, Duddy."

"What the thump does it matter?" snapped Tommy Dodd. "All pennies are the same, aren't they?"

"Not always, when you're dealing with a tricky merchant like this," said Jimmy Silver. "Look at the penny!"

"Oh, rot!"

"Then I'll look!"

Jimmy Silver stooped to pick up the coin that lay on the dusty floor of the hack. Marcus Manders clutched at it and grabbed it up before the Classical junior could reach it.

"That's my penny!" he snapped.

"Show it me!"

"Rats!"

Jimmy Silver grasped the clammy wrist. He had been suspicious, and he was certain now.

"Open your hand, and let's see that penny!" he said grimly.

"Let go my wrist!" shouted Marcus Manders.

"Open your hand!"

"I won't!"

"Then I will!" said the captain of the Fourth coolly. And without any difficulty he twisted open the skinny fingers that were clutched over the coin.

"I thought so," he added, as he picked up the penny with his free hand. "I've heard of such tricks before."

He showed the penny to Tommy

Dodd, first one side and then the other. There was a head on each side. It was a double-headed penny—that peculiar coin manufactured by rogues for the cheating of particularly green green-horns. Tommy Dodd stared at it blankly.

"My only hat! You awful rascal!" "Give me my penny!" shouted Marcus Manders furiously.

Jimmy Silver spun the double-headed penny out of the open window of the hack, and it dropped into the mud of the ditch by the roadside.

Young Manders gave him a venomous look. Probably it was not easy for him to replace that valuable article.

Jimmy Silver chuckled. "Don't knock his head off, Doddy," he said. "Old Manders will expect to see it on his shoulders when he arrives."

"Whoop! Help! Yoop!" "I'll smash him!" roared Tommy Dodd.

"Yaroo! Help!" The hack driver blinked round in surprise. Jimmy Silver caught Tommy Dodd by the arm and fairly dragged him away from young Manders.

"Chuck it, old man!" he said. "Enough's as good as a giddy feast!"

"The sneaking toad—" "Ow, ow, ow!" Marcus Manders col-

"I'll ask for your advice when I want it!" said Marcus Manders. "Keep it till then! About the fare—"

"The what??" "You're paying a bob each towards the fare."

"Oh, I forgot that!" "I didn't!" sneered young Manders. "And you jolly well didn't, either, if you come to that!"

Tommy Dodd made a movement to re-enter the hack, evidently for the purpose of banging young Manders' head again. The captain of the Fourth jerked him back.

"Chuck it, old man, and shiell out!" he said.



UNDERPAID! The driver of the hack was looking extremely surly and glaring down at young Manders from his box. "I've given you two shillings, and that's all you'll get from me!" young Manders was saying as Jimmy Silver and Tommy Dodd came up! (See Chapter 5.)

"You—you—you toad!" gasped Tommy Dodd.

He rose from his seat. He had been tricked into gambling with young Manders, and that was bad enough. But to discover that he had been cheated—and cheated in a way that implied that he was looked upon as a fool—was too much for him. He forgot that the young rascal was Mr. Manders' nephew, and that the consequences of handling the Housemaster's nephew might be serious. He forgot everything but the urgent necessity of punishing this young rascal. And he grasped Marcus Manders in a hefty grasp, and the next moment the old hack rang with yells and howls as the head of Marcus Manders was banged, and banged again and again, on the seat of the vehicle.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.
Handling Manders!

"YOOOOOP!"
Bang!
"Yaroooooooh! Help!"
Bump, bump!
"Ow! Leggo! I'll tell my uncle! Yarooop!" yelled Marcus Manders, as Tommy Dodd banged away, and the dust rose in clouds from the old, worn leather of the seat.

lapsed on the seat, gasping and spluttering for breath. "Ow! Oh dear! You rotter! I'll get my uncle to thrash you for this! Ow, ow! Wow!"

"Shut up!" roared Tommy Dodd. "I'll give you some more if you don't shut up!"

"Ow, ow, ow!" "Sit down, old bean," murmured Jimmy Silver soothingly. "The miserable object will break if you handle it any more."

"Ow, ow! Oh dear! Wow!" Tommy Dodd sat down, his brows knitted savagely. But he got up again. "I can't stand that toad!" he said. "Manders' nephew or not, I can't stand him, and I won't! I'm walking to Rookwood!"

He shouted to the driver to stop. The hack halted half-way to the school. Tommy Dodd jumped out, and Jimmy Silver followed his example.

Marcus Manders gave them an evil, bitter look. He was still breathless and gasping, but he had not forgotten one important matter.

"If you rotters are walking—" "We are!" said Jimmy Silver. "Sorry, but a fellow can't breathe the same atmosphere with you, young Manders! I advise you to change your manners and customs a little when you're at Rookwood!"

"Let's get away from him!" grunted Tommy Dodd. "He makes me sick!"

Two shillings were tossed into the hack for Marcus Manders to pick up, and then Jimmy Silver and Tommy Dodd turned their back on him and walked off towards Rookwood School.

Tommy Dodd was breathing hard. "Jevver see such a horrid tick?" he asked.

"Never!" said Jimmy. "Even Leggett's a gentleman beside him!"

"He is!" agreed Jimmy Silver. "I've always thought that Leggett was the limit, but this chap is the outside edge!" "I suppose this means trouble with old Manders!" said Tommy Dodd, after a pause. "The fellow's a sneak as well as a rascal and a cheat! He will complain to old Manders!"

"I'm afraid so," said Jimmy. "Well, I'm glad I banged his head, anyhow!"

The hack came rolling up the lane, and it passed the two juniors. Marcus Manders gave them a venomous glare from the window as he passed. His look showed plainly enough that there was trouble in store for Tommy Dodd if that hopeful youth had any influence with his uncle.

He shook a bony fist as he glared.

The hack rolled on ahead. But the speed of the ancient horse was not great, and the two juniors, stepping out briskly, kept it in sight all the way to the school.

They saw it halt at the school gates, and old Mack came out to take the bag from Marcus Manders. The hack was still there, and young Manders engaged in talk with the driver, when Jimmy and Tommy Dodd reached the spot. The driver was looking extremely surly, and glaring down at young Manders from his box. Old Mack stood looking on, with quite a curious expression on his face.

"I've given you two shillings, and that's all you'll get from me!" young Manders was saying, as the two juniors came up. "You can't impose on me, my man! I know my way about!"

"Didn't I tell you the fare was four bob, way back at Coombe?" demanded the driver.

"Yes; and I told you I'd give you two!"

"You're a bilk, you are, sir!"

"No impudence!" said young Manders. "Clear off with you!"

"I ain't going without my fare, if I 'ave to go in and speak to your 'ead-master!"

"I've paid you! Get out!"

Young Manders was so busy with his altercation with the driver that he did not notice the arrival of Jimmy Silver and Tommy Dodd. He was apprised of their arrival by a grip on the back of his neck, and he spun round with a gasp, to find himself staring at Tommy Dodd's furious face.

"Let go!" he yelled.

"You unspeakable toad!" shouted Tommy Dodd. "Pay the man his fare! Why, you sneaking worm, we gave you two bob towards it! You've only given the man our two bob, and nothing of your own! Pay him, I tell you!"

"Leggo!"

Bang!

Marcus Manders' head came into rough contact with the side of the hack, and he gave a fearful yell.

"Oh, my eye!" murmured old Mack. The driver grinned.

"Now, will you pay him?" roared Tommy Dodd.

"Yow-ow! No!"

Bang!

"Ow! Wow! I'll pay him!" shrieked young Manders. "Ow! Leggo! I'll pay him if you like! Ow! Wow!"

"Buck up, then, you bilking cad!"

Young Manders extracted two shillings from his pocket and handed them to the driver, who pocketed them, with a grin, and drove away. Marcus Manders stood rubbing his head, which probably had an ache in it. Tommy Dodd's methods had not been gentle.

Taking no further notice of the hopeful nephew of Mr. Manders, Jimmy Silver and Tommy Dodd walked in and headed for the football ground to see the finish of the House match.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Mr. Manders is Wrathful!

"GOAL!"

"Classicals win!"

"Hurrah!"

Hanson of the Fifth blew the whistle.

The House match finished as the two juniors arrived on the ground. The Classical crowd were shouting and cheering the winning goal, which had come from Valentine Mornington.

"Our win, Duddy!" said Jimmy Silver, with a smile.

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"All Manders' fault!" growled Tommy Dodd. "If I'd played—Well, never mind! I'm glad I banged that tick's head!"

The footballers streamed off the field. Arthur Edward Lovell gave Jimmy a cheery nod.

"We beat them all right," he said. "One to nil—right at the finish! But they had a lot of narrow escapes. I very nearly put the ball in from centre-half. Morny put me into your place, Jimmy. If you like, I'll keep it. I rather fancy myself at centre-half."

Jimmy Silver grinned. "I don't happen to share the fancy, old ben!"

"Now, look here, Jimmy—" began Arthur Edward, in his most argumentative tone.

"Blow Manders!" said Tommy Cook. "It was touch and go, Duddy! We'd have beaten them hollow if you'd been with us!"

Tommy Dodd walked away rather gloomily with Cook and Doyle. He was not in a cheery mood. He cherished a belief that the House match might have been won by the Moderns had he been able to play. And he was still more convinced that there was trouble to follow his handling of young Manders on the way to Rookwood as soon as old Manders heard of it. And it was probable that old Manders had heard of it already, for if ever there was a fellow who looked a sneak and tell-tale to the very life, it was Manders junior.

He explained the matter to his chums while they changed, and as they left the changing-room together, Cook and Doyle deeply sympathetic, Knowles of the Modern Sixth came up.

"Dodd, you're wanted in Mr. Manders' study."

Tommy Dodd gave his comrades a glum look.

"Just what I expected!" he said.

Tommy Dodd, not in merry spirits, wandered away in the direction of Mr. Manders' study. He was not anxious to arrive there, and his steps were slow. But he knew that he had to go, and he went. In the corridor he found Marcus Manders, who grinned at the sight of him.

"I've told my uncle!" he said.

Tommy Dodd regarded him steadily.

"You've told him—what?"

"About you pitching into me, you cad!" said Marcus maliciously. "He sent you to the station to bring me to Rookwood, not to hammer my head on the seat of the hack! I've told him all about it, and you're booked! You'll find it best to keep a civil tongue in your head, my fine fellow, and to keep your paws to yourself, I can warn you!"

Tommy Dodd eyed him.

"Have you ever been to school before?" he said. "Have you ever mixed with any decent fellows? Haven't you ever spoken to a white man? Don't you know that sneaking and carrying tales to masters is barred, and that a fellow's life won't be worth living here if he takes up that kind of thing?"

Young Manders smirked complacently.

"That's all very well for a chap who isn't the Housemaster's nephew," he answered coolly. "But I happen to be Mr. Manders' relation and his favourite. I can tell you that I can twist him round my finger if I like. As for my life not being worth living here, let me see any fellow who will dare to lay a finger on me after my uncle's finished with you! I fancy you're going to be a warning to all the rest!"

Tommy Dodd clenched his hands, but he unclenched them again. His disgust was too deep for words; but it was not a time for action. He turned his back

on the young rascal and went on to Mr. Manders' study, leaving young Manders chuckling in a gnomish sort of way. And as the captain of the Modern Fourth passed into Mr. Manders' study Marcus leaned against the wall near the door, grinning, apparently to enjoy the sounds of woe from Tommy Dodd when Mr. Manders got busy with the cane.

"Dodd"—Mr. Manders rose from his chair, eyeing the junior across the table as he came in, and a cane lay ready to his hand, as Tommy Dodd noted at once—"I have seen my nephew."

"Yes, sir," murmured Tommy Dodd. "You were unwilling to oblige me this afternoon by meeting my nephew at the station, Dodd—"

"Not unwilling, sir. I—"

"Do not interrupt me. You appear to have indemnified yourself, Dodd, for having disobeyed my commands by treating my nephew in a brutal and ruffianly way as he came to the school." "Not at all, sir," said the junior. "We had a row, sir, but it was nothing much."

"Do you deny that you seized him in the hack and struck his head with great violence upon the seat of the vehicle?" demanded Mr. Manders angrily.

"I—I banged his head a little, sir," confessed Tommy Dodd. "But the provocation was on his side, sir."

"I place no faith whatever in that statement, Dodd. I am prepared, however, to listen to any complaint you have to make regarding my nephew's conduct," said Mr. Manders, with a glare. "Proceed!"

Tommy Dodd's lip curled involuntarily. He had no complaint to make. He was not built in the same way as Marcus Manders.

"Further," said Mr. Manders, as the Fourth-Former did not speak, "my nephew informs me that you assaulted him a second time—at the gates of the school—and forced him to pay an over-charge to the driver of the cab."

"It's not true, sir!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd indignantly. "He was bilking the driver—"

"What?" roared Mr. Manders in a formidable voice.

"I—I mean—"

"You dare to accuse my nephew of dishonesty?"

"Well, he wasn't paying the full fare, sir, and—and as I was with him when the hack was engaged, sir, I felt that it was up to me to see that the man had his money, and—"

"Marcus tells me that the man impudently overcharged him, and I have not the slightest doubt that his statement is correct."

"In that case, sir, it's no use my saying any more," said Tommy Dodd. "But Silver of the Fourth was with us, and he knows—"

"I have a very low opinion of Silver of the Fourth, Dodd, and I should absolutely decline to take his word against my nephew's. It comes to this—that you assaulted my nephew in the cab and assaulted him again at the gates, taking part against him in a dispute with a cab-driver. You cannot expect me to pass over this lawless and ruffianly conduct, Dodd. Bend over that chair!"

Tommy Dodd gritted his teeth and bent over the chair indicated by Mr. Manders' cane. It was useless to argue, and he knew it. Mr. Manders had to be given his head.

Whack, whack, whack!

The cane rose and fell, and dust rose from Tommy Dodd's trousers. He ground his teeth to keep back a yell of

(Continued on page 28.)

"What wot!" said Arthur Augustus. "The kid biffed into me, running away from Mr. Selby's study, and dropped the giddy volume," said Aubrey Racker. "I jolly well kicked him for it. I thought Levison had come to kick up a row about that, when he came to my study. You know, his minor is extra special good, and mustn't be kicked."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "But he had only come to inquire whether I had seen the jolly old banknote floatin' around," said Racker. "My belief is that Selby only fancied that he shoved it into the book. We all know what an ass he is."

"Hear, hear!" "Dash it all, though, it will look pretty rotten for Levison minor if the beastly thing doesn't turn up!" said Crooke.

"How's that?" "He may be suspected of pinching it."

Racker started. "What utter rot!" he exclaimed sharply. "No decent man would suspect young Levison of anything of the kind."

Some rather curious glances were turned on Aubrey Racker as he spoke. Really, it was not in Racker's line to stand up like this for another fellow, and it was well known that he did not like either of the Levisons personally.

"Good man, Aubrey!" said Monty Lowther quite cordially. "You're right on the wicket. Young Levison is as straight as a string."

"Yaas, wathah!" "Oh, I agree!" said Crooke. "Still, it will look as—"

"Rubbish!" interrupted Racker. "If Mr. Selby should dare accuse young Levison the whole school would be down on him."

"Thank you, Racker!" said a quiet voice behind the black sheep of the Shell. And he started and turned his head to see Levison of the Fourth, with Cardew and Clive. "I never

expected that from you, Racker, and it's jolly decent of you to say so."

Racker coloured. "Well, I say what I think," he answered. "I don't like your minor, Levison, and that's no secret; but I know he's not a thief. I think it will be pretty sickenin' if Mr. Selby talks about thefts and so on, because he's been such a careless ass as to lose his rotten banknote."

"Well, he hasn't talked about it as yet," said Blake.

"He has," said Levison quietly, and with a pale face.

"What?" "You don't mean—" exclaimed Racker.

"I do! My minor has just been taken to the Head, and Mr. Selby has accused him of stealing the banknote!" said Levison bitterly. "It will be all over the school in a few minutes now."

"Levison!"

"Bai Jove!" "It's top thick!" exclaimed Tom Merry angrily. "There isn't a fellow at St. Jim's who will believe it of young Frank!"

"Wathah not!" "It's a rotten shame!"

"The old ass!" "The brute!"

There was a chorus of indignant surprise. It was comforting to Levison of the Fourth, perhaps. But his face was dark and troubled. The decision, after all, did not rest with the juniors; it rested with the Head. And what would the Head believe?

THE END.

(Levison Minor is in a terrible situation. That it will be hard for him to prove he knows nothing of the missing banknote is only too apparent. And yet—he must somehow prove that he is innocent. Can he possibly do this? See next week's long, complete story of Tom Merry & Co., of St. Jim's, entitled: "FOR HIS BROTHER'S SAKE!" It contains drama, thrills, and surprises.)

A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK!

(Continued from page 22.)

pain. Mr. Manders was not sparing the rod.

Whack, whack, whack! It was six—and as severe a six as Tommy Dodd had ever experienced. He was quite pale when he rose after the infliction.

"You may go, Dodd! Bear in mind that my nephew is to be treated with proper consideration and respect!" said Mr. Manders harshly.

Tommy Dodd, with feelings too deep for words, limped out of the study. He was fairly wriggling with anguish. As he was closing the door he saw Marcus Manders' grinning face only a foot away from him.

Young Manders grinned at him with malicious triumph.

"You've had a lesson—what?" he murmured.

Tommy Dodd was at the end of his tether so far as controlling his temper went. A gust of wrath fairly overpowered him as young Manders grinned offensively and maliciously into his face. He did not stop to think. He acted on simple instinct as he reached out and grasped the young rascal by the collar, shook him as a terrier shakes a rat, and then flung him away.

Marcus Manders spun helplessly away from that lofty swing and crashed against the door of Mr. Manders' study. The door flew open, and Marcus Manders went reeling and staggering into the room, to collapse in a breathless heap fairly at his astonished uncle's feet.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Dodd. And he fled.

"Dodd!" roared Mr. Manders. But Tommy Dodd was gone.

THE END.

(There's no doubt Marcus Manders is a rank outsider, and he will cause a good deal of trouble at Rookwood between his uncle and the Modern juniors. There'll be another lively, complete story in next week's issue. Order your copy now.)

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