

# "THE RIVALS OF ROOKWOOD!" By OWEN CONQUEST.

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# THE BOYS' FRIEND

The Object  
of  
THE  
BOYS'  
FRIEND  
is  
To Amuse,  
To Interest,  
and  
To Advise  
British Boys.

THE  
LONDON  
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BOYS'  
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OCTOBER

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REM-  
BRANDT  
HOTEL  
THURLOE  
PLACE  
S. W. 7

## MENU

Grapefruit Cocktail

Grilled Lamb

Cutlets Garni

Runner Beans

Saute Potatoes

Chocolate Mousse

Coffee

## JIMMY SILVER'S JOY-RIDE TO ROOKWOOD!

The Classical juniors yelled with joy as they swept ahead. Tommy Dodd & Co. raved, but they were hopelessly beaten. "Good-bye, Bluebell," shrieked Raby. "See you at Rookwood. Ta-ta!" (A striking incident from "The Rivals of Rookwood," a magnificent long complete school story contained in this issue.)



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When finished with, please hand this grand number to a friend, and oblige—  
YOUR EDITOR.

# THE RIVALS OF ROOKWOOD!

A Magnificent New Long Complete School Tale, Dealing With the Adventures

- of -

JIMMY SILVER—NEW BOY.

BY

OWEN CONQUEST.

## The 1st Chapter. Chucked Out.

Jimmy Silver sat in the corner of the crowded carriage, listening to the buzz about him. The carriage was crowded, not to say crammed. It was supposed to accommodate six, and there were nine fellows in it, without counting Jimmy Silver. And as all those nine fellows seemed bent upon making the greatest noise possible, the din in that carriage was terrific.

Most of the other carriages in the long train were crowded, too, and from many of them proceeded an uproar of voices and musical instruments. For it was the first day of the new term at Rookwood School, and two hundred odd boys, of all ages and sizes, were returning to the academic shades of Rookwood—not to mention a sprinkling of new boys, of whom Jimmy Silver was one.

"Black Monday" seemed to have no terrors for the Rookwood boys. From the junior portion of the special train's human cargo, at least, there came loud sounds indicative of great exuberance of spirits. The seniors, who were awfully select in carriages by themselves, were naturally more sedate. But the juniors fairly let themselves go.

From one carriage came "Tipperary" in a tremendous chorus; from another proceeded an improvised concerto of mouth-organs and tin-whistles. In the corridor—it was a corridor train—some particularly exuberant fags were attempting a game of leap-frog under difficulties.

In Jimmy Silver's carriage everybody was talking at once, excepting Jimmy. He was speaking to nobody, and nobody was speaking to him. He didn't know a soul there. His existence was unnoticed, excepting when somebody trod on his feet, and unreasonably asked him if he wanted all the carriage.

He was only a new boy. He looked on and listened, greatly interested in the talk of his future schoolfellows, and wondering whether any of these old hands would condescend to notice his existence before they arrived at Rookwood.

"Nother quarter of an hour," said a boy with curly hair and a prominent nose, looking at a big silver watch. "Mind you fellows keep an eye open for the first brake!"

"Right-ho, Tommy Dodd!"

"There's never enough brakes," went on Tommy Dodd, "and if we don't buck up, Lovell and his crew will do us in the eye. I tell you, you chaps, we're simply going to give those Classical cads the kybosh this term!"

"Hear, hear!"

"All very well with your 'Hear, hear,' Tommy Cook. But how can a fellow 'Hear, hear' when Doyle is making such a thumping row on that mouth-organ?" said Tommy Dodd. "Chuck it, Tommy, for goodness' sake!"

Doyle—evidently the youth with the mouth-organ was Doyle—blew harder, glaring defiance over the mouth-organ.

Jimmy Silver regarded the three with interest. All three of those cheerful youths seemed to rejoice in the Christian name of Thomas. From

their previous talk, Jimmy had guessed that they were pals.

Evidently they took full advantage of the pal's privilege of putting things plain.

Tommy Dodd put his fingers to his ears. Tommy Cook followed his example. Tommy Doyle blew and blew till he looked like a newly-boiled beetroot.

"Oh, my hat!" said Tommy Dodd. "Look here, young Doyle, if you want to play that ghastly thing, why not play a tune? 'Tipperary,' frinstance."

"Yes; play us 'Tipperary,' there's a good chap!" said Tommy Cook.

Doyle took the mouth-organ away from his lips at that.

"You silly asses! You burbling fatheads! You—you—I am playing 'Tipperary'!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Was that 'Tipperary'?" ejaculated Tommy Dodd. "My only hat! First I thought it was 'Rule Britannia,' mixed up with the 'Dead March in Saul,' and then I thought you were just blowing away to make a row! Throw it out of the window, old chap! Besides, there's a new boy here. Think of the impression you're making on him."

"Blow the new boy!"

"Blow anything you like, my son, except that awful mouth-organ!" said Tommy Dodd. "Go out in the corridor and play it to the Classicals. They deserve it."

"Why, you—you—"

"Order!" said Tommy Dodd, holding up his hand. "I'm going to talk to the new boy. He's here somewhere—I remember treading on something! Where's that new boy?"

"Here it is!" said Tommy Cook, who was sitting next to Silver, and jamming him uncomfortably in the corner. "I've trodden on it several times. These new boys are always getting in the way."

"Stand up, new boy!" rapped out Tommy Dodd.

Jimmy Silver blinked at Tommy Dodd.

"Deaf?" demanded that youth.

"Eh? Are you speaking to me?" demanded Jimmy, in his turn.

"Of course I'm speaking to you! You're the only new boy here, ain't you? Stand up!"

Silver stood up. Cook promptly appropriated his place, and there did not seem much chance of the new boy sitting down again.

"Now, what's your name?" asked Tommy Dodd.

All the fellows in the carriage were looking at Silver now, apparently becoming aware of his existence for the first time.

As a new boy, and a stranger, he possessed a certain amount of interest for them. Interest in the mouth-organ solo had quite ceased.



"Jimmy Silver."

"And you're coming to Rookwood with a name like that?" said Tommy Dodd disparagingly.

"I—I suppose so. What's wrong with my name?" asked Jimmy rather warmly.

"Not so much as there is wrong with your face!" replied Master Dodd cheerfully. "You can't help the one any more than you can the other, I suppose. When did you have your accident?"

"My—my accident! I haven't had an accident!"

"You haven't!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd, in great surprise. "You don't mean to say that you were born with your face like that?"

There was a chuckle from the other juniors in recognition of Master Dodd's pleasantry.

The face in question became quite crimson. As a matter of fact, it was quite a handsome, sunburnt face, and there was no call whatever for Master Dodd's personal remarks.

"Behold, he blushes!" said Tommy Doyle. "These new boys are always blushing when you speak to 'em!"

"They are!" said Master Dodd. "They are! But don't be down on the poor chap—he can't help being a new boy any more than he can help his face! I'll tell you what, you chaps, if he turns out to be one of us, we'll have a whip-round and buy him a mask, or a fire-screen, or something!"

"Hear, hear!"

"You let my face alone!" exclaimed Jimmy, a little nettled.

"What price your own, anyway? Was it an elephant that trod on it?"

Master Dodd's breath seemed to be taken away for a moment at that question. The other fellows chuckled still more loudly. Master Dodd pushed back his cuffs, and then nobly restrained his feelings.

"Don't you be cheeky!" he said, in a warning voice. "New boys at Rookwood have to mind their P's and Q's, I can tell you! Otherwise, they are liable to be found lying about in need of first aid. Now, young Copper—"

"Silver, please!"

"Shut up! If I tell you your

name's Copper, 'uff said!" said Master Dodd ferociously. "Now, young Copper, which side are you on?"

"Which what?"

"Side, fathead! New side or old side?"

"I—I don't understand."

"Oh, I forgot you were only a new boy!" said Master Dodd patronisingly.

"Understand, then, my innocent youth, that there are two sides at Rookwood. There's the mouldy old side that dates from the time of the Flood, and is quite played out and out of date—that's the Classical side. They teach you to grub up Latin roots and things on that side."

"But, just before the school could die of old age and general debility, they brought things round by instituting a Modern side, where we learn things that live people want to know about—see? And we have French instead of Greek, and stinks instead of Latin, and so on. That's the best idea—the Modern side. I belong to the Modern side," added Master Dodd, as if that

were a final clincher.

"Oh!" said Silver.

"Well, which are you? Out with it!"

"I'm going into the Classical side," said Silver modestly.

There was a general groan from all the company. Evidently the new boy had got into a carriage occupied only by Modern youths. He began to understand, too, that Classicals and Moderns at Rookwood were "up against" one another—at least, among the juniors.

"A measly Classical!" said Tommy Dodd, more in sorrow than in anger. "A mouldy grubber of Latin roots! And he's had the cheek to stick himself in our carriage!"

"Awful nerve!" said Cook.

"Chuck him out!"

"Oh, draw it mild, you know!" said the new boy, in some alarm, as the Moderns all rose to their feet. "Don't rot, you know. Look here, hands off!"

"Put your gloves on before you touch him," said Tommy Dodd. "Those Classical kids ain't fit to touch. Don't hurt him, as he's only a new boy, and don't know any better. Just sling him out on his neck!"

"Look here, don't play the goat! I'm not going out—"

"Open the door on the corridor, Webb!"

"Right-ho!"

"Now, out with him. Can't have Classicals spoiling our atmosphere!"

"Rats!" said Jimmy Silver, putting up his hands. "Keep off, you silly asses! I'm not going out! I warn you I shall hit!"

"He's going to lick us all—all nine of us!" gasped Doyle, in mock terror.

"Help!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The crowd of Modern juniors closed on Jimmy Silver. The new boy looked excited. He had no mind to be pitched out into the corridor, and to finish the journey standing up. He kept his word and hit out.

"Ow!" roared Tommy Cook.

"Why, the cheeky sweep—"

"I told you—" began Silver.

"Collar him!" roared Tommy Dodd. "All hands on deck!"

In a moment more Jimmy Silver

was in the midst of a wild and whirling mass of juniors. His nice new silk hat went he knew not where. He put up a tremendous fight, and as it was difficult to get at him in the confined space of the carriage, he held his own for a few minutes. Cook and Doyle and Webb went down among the feet of their comrades, roaring.

Then many hands seized the new junior, and he was whirled over, and before he knew what was happening, he was shot bodily out of the carriage into the corridor. There he came violently in contact with an elegantly-dressed youth who was chatting with a couple of others, and both of them rolled on the floor together. The carriage door closed with a click, and there was a triumphant chuckle from the Modern juniors within.

## The 2nd Chapter. More Trouble.

"Ow!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"You thumping ass! Where are you going to?"

"Oh! Ow! I—I couldn't help it!"

"Fathead!"

Jimmy Silver sat on the dusty floor of the corridor in a somewhat dizzy state of mind, and a dusty state of clothes. He blinked dazedly at the fellow he had knocked over, who sat a yard away blinking wrathfully, and holding his nose. Two other juniors were looking on and laughing.

"M-m-my hat!" gasped the elegant youth on the floor. "I'll smash him! A blessed new boy run into me like that—"

"Go easy, Lovell, old man!" said one of the two lookers-on. "Those Modern cads chucked him out. He couldn't help it."

"That's all very well, Raby—"

"Of course it is!" said Raby, helping Lovell to his feet. "Next time mind where you're running, young 'un, when you're kicked out."

Jimmy Silver staggered up breathlessly. He glanced back at his carriage, the glass was crammed with grinning Modern faces. There was not much chance of getting back into the carriage.

"I say, I'm awfully sorry!" said Jimmy. "I couldn't help it. Those silly idiots pitched me out because I'm going to be on the Classical side at Rookwood!"

"Oh, you're a Classical, are you?" asked Raby, looking at him. "You don't mean to say you put up a fight against all that crowd?"

"What-ho!" said Jimmy promptly. "I wasn't going to be chucked out if I could help it. Are you fellows Classicals?"

"Listen to that, Newcome," said Raby, addressing the third junior. "He asks us if we are Classicals. Shows he's a new boy. Don't you know, young 'un, that all the decent fellows at Rookwood are Classicals? No fellow with any self-respect would be found dead on the new side!"

"No fear!" said Newcome. "As you're a new boy, young 'un, I'll tell you something. At Rookwood you've simply got to look at a chap to see which side he's on. If he's decent, and washes his neck, he's a Classical. Otherwise, you can set him down as a beastly Modern."

Jimmy Silver grinned. This did not quite tally with what he had heard from Tommy Dodd & Co. He began to understand a little better how things stood at Rookwood.

"What's the grin about?" demanded Lovell, still a little "edgewise" from his fall, which had dusted his elegant "clobber." "New boys are not supposed to grin when they're being told things."

"I'd heard it rather differently in that carriage," Jimmy explained. "They told me the decent side was the Modern side."

Lovell sniffed.

"They would!" he replied.

"Oh, rather!" said Newcome. "Awful outsiders; they'd tell a new kid anything. Hallo, we're getting near now! Keep an eye open for the brakes, you fellows. It would be just like those Modern cads to bag the first brake, if they could."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you cackling at now?" demanded the three Classical youths together.

"That's just what they're going to do!" grinned Silver.



"My hat! Are they? We'll see about that!" said Lovell. "You fellows back me up, mind. We're going to begin this term by putting those Modern cads in their places. You can back up, too, Silver. Watch us, and do the same as we do. Those Modern worms have a majority, and every little helps—even a fat-headed new boy who biffs into people with his eyes shut!"

"Oh, rats!" said Jimmy. "I've told you I couldn't help that, and there's no harm done, anyway!"

"You've made my bags dusty," said Lovell, frowning. "Luckily, there's time to dust them before we get in. Have you got a clothes-brush about you?"

"Hardly!"

"Use your hands, then, and sharp."

"What for?"

"To dust my bags, fathead!"

"Go and eat coke!"

Lovell looked wrathfully at his comrades.

"I knew he would have to be licked, and you stopped me!" he exclaimed. "I've told you before that you're an ass, Raby. Look here, I may as well tell you that I am junior captain on our side at Rookwood. When I give an order to a new boy, that new boy has to obey—see?"

"No, I don't quite see!" said Jimmy, "and I'm certainly not going to dust your trousers."

"Then I'll jolly well dust your jacket," said Lovell excitedly. "Hold on to your topper, Raby."

"Better chuck it," said Raby. "You'll have a perfect coming along; old Bulkeley is down on scrapping in the train, too!"

"Blow old Bulkeley!" snapped Lovell. "Hold on to my topper while I teach that new boy manners."

"Oh, all right!" said Raby. "Knowles may come along—"

"Blow Knowles!"

And Lovell put his hands up, and advanced upon Jimmy Silver in a warlike attitude.

"Where will you have it?" he demanded.

"Wherever you can put it," said Silver.

"That's on your nose, then. Take that, you cheeky—Yaroooh!"

Jimmy Silver's hands came up like lightning, and Lovell's right was knocked up, and Silver's left came out, and Lovell sat down on the dusty floor of the corridor once more, with both hands to his nose.

"Grooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Raby. "You've woke up the wrong passenger, old chap!"

"Why, I—I'll smash him!" roared Lovell. He leaped up and rushed at the new boy, and they clasped one another in a loving embrace, and bumped to and fro in the narrow corridor of the train.

A big fellow in a tail-coat came along the corridor from one of the carriages farther down the train. There was a yelp of warning from Raby and Newcome.

"Cave!"

"Perfect!"

But the big senior was on the scene at once. He was a big fellow, with a sharp, hard face, and somewhat flashily dressed.

"Stop that row!" he rapped out angrily. "Beginning the term in the same old style, I see, you rascals!"

Lovell released Jimmy Silver. He blinked round rather breathlessly at the big Sixth-Former of Rookwood.

"It—it's all right, Knowles. I—I was only licking this new boy!"

"Bullying a new boy—eh?" said Knowles. "I'll report you for this."

Lovell's eyes flashed.

"Report and be blowed!" he exclaimed. "You're not my prefect. You look after Modern kids, Knowles, and let Classics alone!"

"I say, it's all right!" struck in Jimmy Silver. "He wasn't bullying me. It was only a scrap. No harm done!"

"Good!" murmured Raby.

"Hallo! What's the trouble?" asked a cheery voice, as another big Sixth-Former came along the corridor with a bag in his hand. Lovell and Newcome were awfully respectful at once, somewhat to the surprise of Jimmy Silver, who did not know that the big, good-natured-looking fellow was Bulkeley, the captain of Rookwood. Knowles the prefect gave the new-comer a vicious look.

"Some of your fags playing the hooligan in the corridor, that's all, Bulkeley," he said. "I keep the fags on my side in a bit better order."

And Knowles passed on.

"First day of term, you know, Bulkeley, old man!" murmured Lovell.

"And we ain't at school yet, you know," said Raby.

Bulkeley laughed good-humouredly. "Well, draw it mild, or you'll catch it," he said. "No more scrapping in the corridor, mind that."

"Oh, no, Bulkeley!"

The captain of Rookwood went on down the corridor. The train was slackening down now, and all the fellows were preparing to move. Jimmy Silver looked curiously after the big Bulkeley, to whom he had taken a liking at once.

"I say, who's that, you chaps?" he asked.

"Well," said Lovell disdainfully, "that's Bulkeley, our captain, and the head of the Classical side."

"And that chap Knowles?"

"He's the Modern captain—and a cad."

"Hallo, the train's stopping!" said Raby. "Mind you back up for the brake."

"What-ho!"

"I'll lick you later on, new boy," said Lovell. "At present you can back me up in getting hold of the brake before those Modern cads scoff it."

"Right-ho!" grinned Silver.

The door of Tommy Dodd's carriage slid open, and the Moderns came pouring into the corridor. A battered silk hat sailed along and caught Jimmy Silver on the side of the head.

"There's your busby, you Classical new boy!" shouted Tommy Dodd, and there was a howl of laughter.

Jimmy Silver caught his topper, and smoothed it out with his sleeve rather ruefully. It was—or had been—a new topper, and it certainly looked more like a busby than a silk hat now. The Modern young gentle-

men had apparently been amusing themselves with it. However, Jimmy jammed it on his head as the train clanked to a halt, and was ready to join in the rush for the brake.

But a rush of red-ribboned youths swept Lovell and his friends aside, and the Moderns piled into the brake. On top of the brake Doyle was already seated, blowing great guns on his mouth-organ. Half a dozen Moderns round him had produced pea-shooters, with which they opened an effective fire on the Classics in the crowd.

"Come on!" yelled Silver, highly excited, and surprised to find himself falling into the ways of Rookwood so soon. "Back up!"

And Jimmy clambered on the brake, in spite of shoves, pushes, and thumps from the swarm of Modern juniors.

"Hallo, here's that new boy again!" roared Tommy Dodd. "A Classic! Kick him out!"

"Back up!"

Jimmy Silver went whirring off the brake, and again his topper flew off. This time it was trodden on by a Modern boot, and after that its state was hopeless. But Jimmy was too excited to think about toppers just then. He caught Lovell by the arm as the Classics were swept back in the crowd.

"Come on!" he panted.

"N. G.!" snapped Lovell. "There's too many of them. Half our side are slacking instead of backing up! Rotten slackers!"

"What about the other brakes?"

"They're for the seniors. Mustn't touch them."

"Oh, have another try!" exclaimed

Down the road it went towards Rookwood, and Lovell & Co. gathered outside the station in a dejected crowd.

"Done again!" growled Lovell. "If our side had backed up—"

"What can you expect from rotten slackers like Townsend?" snorted Newcome. "What do they care if we're done by the Modern cads? Blessed if I ain't sick of our side! I've a jolly good mind to become a Modern!"

"Now we've got to wait?" asked Silver.

"Of course we have! A jolly good hour, too! And when we get in, those cads will be sniggering at us."

"There's the other brakes."

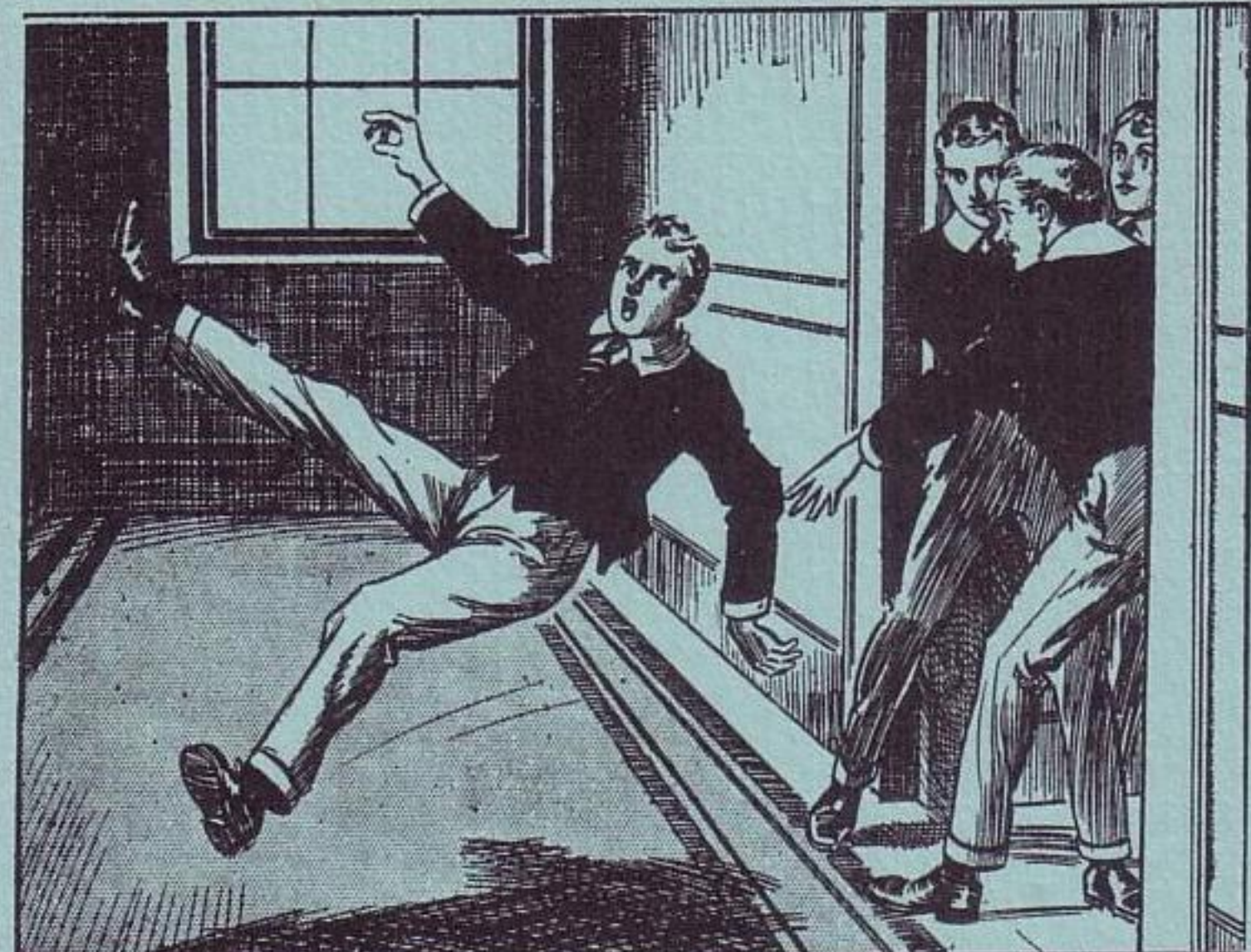
"Don't I keep on telling you they're for the seniors?" howled Lovell, whose temper had suffered considerably from his defeat. "We can't touch 'em. Don't be such a fool! Make that thing look something like a hat, and shut up!"

Jimmy was trying to thump his topper into the shape of a topper again, not with much success.

"There goes Bulkeley!" said Raby.

The captain of Rookwood, with a crowd of Classical seniors, started off in one of the brakes.

The third brake, evidently intended for the Modern seniors, was still empty. Knowles, the captain of the Modern side, had gone into the tuckshop near the station with a crowd of his senior friends, and was standing



"I don't see— Jimmy Silver had no time to finish. The three juniors closed in on him, and collared him, and he was lifted off his feet and bumped down in the passage."

men had apparently been amusing themselves with it. However, Jimmy jammed it on his head as the train clanked to a halt, and was ready to join in the rush for the brake.

**The 3rd Chapter. Classics Against Moderns.**

A buzzing crowd poured out of the station.

Jimmy Silver looked round him in the bright sunshine. Lovell, Raby, and Newcome had been joined by a crowd of other juniors, evidently on the same side, and they came out of the little station in a body, and Jimmy Silver kept with them. But Tommy Dodd & Co. were ahead, and Doyle was blowing wildly on his mouth-organ, which seemed to be the rallying signal for the Moderns.

Outside the station three brakes were drawn up. Tommy Dodd & Co. were swooping down on one of them, and Tommy Dodd was first in. Jimmy noticed that the Modern juniors seemed to outnumber the Classical side, and they were turning up in great numbers at the blast of Doyle's mouth-organ.

The Moderns, Jimmy further observed, were distinguished with red ribbons in their caps, while the Classics wore blue. They were the rival colours of Rookwood. And Jimmy could not help seeing that a good many fellows with red ribbons were slacking about instead of helping Lovell & Co. in their enterprise of bagging the brake. Apparently the Classical side was not the most energetic side at Rookwood.

"Back up!" roared Lovell. "Back up, Classics!"

Raby. "If we don't get the brake, we've got to hang about an hour waiting for it to come back, or else walk. Come on!"

"Make those slackers back up, then!" howled Lovell. "Here, Townsend, lend a hand, can't you? They'll get the brake!"

Townsend, a very elegant youth, was drawing on a nice pair of kid gloves. He glanced at Lovell and shook his head.

"Too much fag, dear boy. I'm going to have a cab."

"Blow your cab! Back up, you slacker!"

"Oh, rats!" said Townsend. "None of your scrapping for me!"

"Oh, come on!" shouted Raby.

A couple of dozen Classic juniors rushed for the brake once more. But Tommy Dodd & Co. were fairly in possession. The Classics were pushed and punched away. Every seat was taken, and there were fellows standing up, and Tommy Dodd was urging the driver to start. The brake was set in motion, with Silver and Lovell clinging on the back of it. The Moderns cheered uproariously.

"Done again!" yelled Tommy Dodd. "Knock those Classic cads off! My hat, if it isn't that new boy again! Lemme get at him with this umbrella!"

"Hurrah! Give him the broly, Tommy!"

"No good!" gasped Lovell, and he dropped off into the road; and Jimmy Silver followed his example, just in time to escape a swipe of the broly.

The crammed brake rolled on, the Modern juniors shouting and waving hats and caps in triumphant derision.

treat. Lovell & Co. looked at the crowded shop, and sniffed.

"Knowles is splashing his money about, as usual!" growled Lovell. "Same old Knowles! That's the best of having a moneylender for a pater."

"My hat! Is his father a moneylender?" said Silver.

"Well, Knowles says he's a banker," said Lovell. "I dare say he's a moneylender. Knowles simply reeks with quids. Disgusting, I call it! Don't grin at me, you new boy! I've got time to lick you before the brake comes back. Blessed if I don't do it, too! It will keep me warm, anyway."

"Might be a little too warm," suggested Jimmy.

"Why, you cheeky little beast! Here, hold my hat, Raby!"

"Hold on!" said Jimmy, into whose active brain an idea had flashed—a daring scheme that had not entered the heads of the Classical juniors. "Look here, there's a brake standing idle—"

"That's Knowles's brake, you fathead!"

"Well, Knowles is a Modern, isn't he?"

"Of course he is!"

"And ain't we up against the Moderns?"

"Hark at the chap!" growled Lovell. "Might have been fifty years at Rookwood by the way he's talking! Never heard a new kid gas so much!"

"Oh, don't jaw!" said Jimmy Silver. "Look here, what's the matter with collaring that brake?"

"You ass!"

"I don't see it," said Jimmy Silver. "We're Classics, ain't we, and that's a Modern brake? Well, let's scoff it."

Lovell & Co. stared at him speechlessly. The cool nerve of the new boy took their breath away.

"M-m-my hat!" gasped Raby at last. "Collar a senior brake! Why, they'd raise Cain! They'd scalp us! They'd—"

"Let 'em!"

"Let 'em! Why, you—you ass—"

But I say," broke off Raby, "it would be a jolly lark if we did! Those Modern cads would never dare to scoff a senior brake!"

"Can't be done!" growled Lovell, though he was evidently somewhat taken with the idea, too. "The driver wouldn't go if we told him."

"The driver's gone into the pub," said Jimmy Silver.

"Then who's to drive, fathead?"

"I will."

"Oh, crumbs! You cheeky fathead! My hat, Knowles would be waxy! We might get a licking all round! But—but it would be a dot in the eye for the Moderns!" exclaimed Lovell, his eyes glistening. "Are you fellows game?"

"Game as pie!" said Raby promptly.

"Blessed if we don't!" exclaimed Lovell. "After all, they can't eat us. And—and the brake can come back for those Modern cads."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I don't care if they're seniors,"

went on Lovell, growing bolder and yet more bold as the idea took hold of him. "Seniors or not, they're only Modern cads. And it's the first day of term. Always a bit of freedom on first day. I—I wonder if old Bulkeley would stand by us if Knowles came over raging—"

"Chance it," said Silver. "It'll be a lark, anyway. And they're better horses, and I can drive, and we'll catch up the Modern cads and race 'em to the school."

"Done!" exclaimed Lovell, quite convinced now. "We'll chance it! Buck up!"

No more time was wasted in words. Jimmy Silver clambered into the driver's seat and gathered up the reins. Knowles and his friends were still very busy in the tuckshop, where the ginger-pop was flowing freely. Lovell and Raby and Newcome piled into the brake and shouted to their friends.

There was a general gasp from the Classical crowd at their nerve. Townsend and a number more held back, evidently not wishing to bring down the vials of Knowles's wrath upon their heads. But fifteen or sixteen bolder spirits clambered in after Lovell. Jimmy Silver cracked his whip, and the two horses started.

"All aboard!" sang out Raby. "Come on, you slackers, if you don't want to be left!"

Two or three of the Classics who had hesitated made up their minds at the last moment and rushed after the brake and clambered in. But a crowd stayed behind. There was a shout from the tuckshop as the brake lumbered away down the village street. Knowles had caught sight of that daring act of commandering, and he came out of the shop with a bound, his face red with anger, and waved his hand frantically after the brake.

"Bring that brake back, you young swoops!" he yelled.

But Jimmy Silver turned a deaf ear. He gave the horses a flick, and they broke into a rapid trot. Knowles started to run after the brake, and the Classical passengers, forgetting the respect due to a prefect in their excitement, yelled at him with derisive epithets.

"Yah! Go home!"

"Put it on, Knowlesey!"

"Race you to the school!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Knowles stopped short, his face furious. He saw that he could not overtake the brake and that the juniors had no intention of stopping. He strode back, gritting his teeth, and bestowed a series of angry cuffs upon the Classical juniors who had remained behind, which was all the reward Townsend and his companions received for their very laudable respect for authority.

Crack, crack! went the whip.

"Don't turn us over in the ditch!" shouted Lovell.

"Oh, rot!"

Jimmy Silver evidently knew how to handle horses. He was driving exceedingly well. His handsome face was flushed with excitement and enjoyment. On his first day at Rookwood he had learned the "ropes" in a really remarkable manner, and was helping in a big score over the rival side. As for the consequences, it was quite probable that there would be he deuce to pay. But that couldn't



be helped. Sufficient for the moment was the evil thereof.

"Hallo, there's old Bulkeley!" exclaimed Lovell, as the Classical senior brake was sighted ahead. "Can you pass him?"

"What-ho!"

"Give him a cheer as we go by," said Raby.

Silver cracked his whip loudly, and the Classical seniors looked back in surprise. Bulkeley stared at them as Silver swept up. There wasn't much room to pass in the lane, and some of the juniors held their breath for a moment as they swept by. But Silver managed it well.

"You young sweeps, what are you doing in that brake?" shouted the captain of Rookwood, as they swept by him.

But the Classical juniors did not see fit to reply to that question. They cheered Bulkeley instead.

"Hurrah! Good old Bulkeley! Hurrah for the captain of Rookwood, and down with the measly Moderns! Hip, hip!"

Bulkeley grinned a little, and the junior brake swept on. The horses were fairly going now, and the senior brake was soon left behind. Jimmy Silver kept a keen look-out ahead for Tommy Dodd & Co.

The Modern brake was soon sighted in the winding lane. The blasts of Doyle's mouth-organ came back on the breeze. The driver, being a steady person of middle age, was not taking it out of his cattle as Silver was doing. The Modern brake was going at a moderate jog-trot. Silver was soon close behind, cracking his whip loudly. Tommy Dodd & Co. looked back, and their eyes almost started from their heads at the sight of the Classical juniors crowded in a senior brake. Doyle even left off blowing his mouth-organ in his astonishment.

"Look at 'em!" gasped Tommy Dodd. "They—they—they've collared a senior brake! The cheeky rotters! My hat!"

"Faith, and they'll get the licking of their loaves!" ejaculated Doyle.

"Yah! Modern cads! Get aside!"

"That's the new boy!" howled Tommy Dodd. "That's the new boy driving and yelping to us to let him pass. Catch us!"

"Get to the side of the road!" shouted Silver. "Do you youngsters want to be run down?"

The Modern juniors almost danced with rage. To be called youngsters by that new kid was a little too much. They glared at Jimmy Silver in the wrecked top-hat, who was handling the brake as if he had driven a pair of horses all his life. They looked as if they would have eaten him if he had been within reach.

"The cheeky cad!" gasped Tommy Dodd. "Youngsters! My hat! What is Rookwood coming to, when new boys talk like that?"

"That chap's got more cheek than the whole Classical side lumped together," said Cook. "But we're not letting him pass—not much!"

"No fear!" said Tommy Dodd emphatically.

And the Modern crowd yelled and shook their fists at the brake behind, in defiance and contempt. The noses of Jimmy Silver's horses were almost touching the Modern brake now, but there was not room to pass unless the leading vehicle drew to the side. Far away in the distance ahead rose the grey old tower of Rookwood.

Crack, crack, crack! went Silver's whip.

"Pass 'em—pass 'em!" roared the Classics.

"Yah!"

"Get aside!" bellowed Silver.

"We'll run you down!"

"Rats! Yah!"

But the staid old driver of the Modern brake did not see eye to eye with his youthful passengers. He looked round, and, seeing a vehicle trying to pass, he drew naturally to the right to give it room. The Moderns, who were all looking back, did not observe this for a moment. But they observed it when Jimmy Silver, taking instant advantage of it, drew abreast with them. Then Tommy Dodd turned round in a fury to his driver.

"Thompson, you idiot, you're not to let those cads pass us! Pull out! Do you hear? Pull out, I tell you!"

But as pulling out would have led the Modern brake to lock wheels with the other, the driver was not likely to obey. The horses were neck and neck now, and the two brakes, dashing on side by side, filled up the lane from hedge to hedge. The Moderns raved with wrath.

"Buck up!" shrieked Doyle. "You're letting them beat us, you spalpeen! Don't you see it's a race? Put it on!"

But the driver was obdurate. Farther ahead was a sharp turn and a race round that corner would almost certainly have led to one or both of

the vehicles coming to grief. So the prudent driver declined absolutely to "put it on," and the Classical brake forged ahead.

Now the Classics were looking back at their rivals, and Jimmy Silver was prompt to take the middle of the road, so that he could not possibly be passed if the other driver bucked up ever so much.

The Classical juniors yelled with joy as they swept ahead. Tommy Dodd & Co. raved and stamped and shook their fists. But they were hopelessly beaten.

"Good-bye, Bluebell!" shrieked Raby. "See you later at Rookwood. Ta-ta!"

"Oh, you rotters! You spoofers! You cads!"

"Done!" groaned Tommy Dodd. "Done by the Classic jays! Done by a new boy! Oh, take me away and kick me, somebody!"

And in helpless wrath the Moderns watched the Classical brake sweep round the corner ahead and disappear from sight.

#### The 4th Chapter.

##### The First Day at Rookwood.

"Hurrah for us!"

"Beaten to the wide!"

"Down with the Modern cads!"

"Hip, pip!"

Lovell & Co. rejoiced uproariously as the Modern brake vanished behind. Rookwood was in sight now—a grey old tower and a mass of buildings, some old and some new, rising to view above the trees. The big gates stood open, and a short, squat man was looking out, evidently surprised to see a brake with a junior schoolboy driving and coming up the road at such a spanking rate.

"There's old Mack," said Lovell.

"Give him a yell!"

The Classics gave the school-porter a yell as the brake came sweeping up.

"My at!" gasped Mack.

"Stop now, new boy. My hat, you're not allowed to take the brake in!" howled Lovell.

But Silver was too excited to heed. Mack the porter jumped out of the way in alarm. With really wonderful skill the new junior turned the horses in at the gate, and the brake swept in and up the gravel drive.

"Stop, you ass!"

"Stop, you fathead!"

"You'll be bagged by the Head!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

Right up to the grey old School-House the brake dashed in fine style. Jimmy Silver brought it to a halt outside the ivy-clad stone porch with a masterly hand. The horses stood sniffing and steaming, and Jimmy Silver jumped down from his seat, his face red and his eyes glistening.

The Classics tumbled out of the brake in a great hurry. They had beaten the Moderns hollow, and that was a great satisfaction. But some of them had caught sight of an awe-inspiring figure in cap and gown on the steps of the School House, and their hearts quaked within them at the sight of Dr. Chisholm, the reverend Head of Rookwood.

Dr. Chisholm was looking astonished. On the first day of the term many little relaxations and freedoms were allowed at Rookwood, and it was the custom of the junior forms to take full advantage of them. But never in his experience had the Head seen a brake arrive driven by a junior boy, and dashing in style right up to the house.

"Bless my soul!" said the Head.

The juniors dragged off hats and caps in great haste.

"The Head!" whispered Raby, in a scared voice; and Jimmy Silver jerked off his damaged topper in a hurry.

"What does this mean?" said the Head, in a rumbling voice, which sounded like thunder to the ears of the Classics. "How comes it that a junior boy is driving this brake?"

"Ahem!" murmured Lovell.

"We—we—we—" Raby began to explain; and there he stopped dead.

"Boy, what is your name? You are a new boy, I think?"

"Yes, sir, Jimmy Silver, sir."

"Why have you taken the driver's place?"

Silver turned crimson. New as he was to Rookwood, he was quite aware that it wouldn't do to explain to the Head that he had taken the driver's place in order to "dish" the heroes of the Modern Side.

"I—I— If you please, sir, I'm a new boy," stammered Silver. "I—I—I can drive sir. I—I thought—"

gave a severe glance towards Lovell & Co., who hung down their heads, and looked properly contrite.

"Mack, please take charge of the brake, and send it back for the other boys."

"Yessir," gasped the porter, who had come panting up the drive after the brake.

The Head disappeared into the house, and the Classical heroes gasped with relief. As Newcome remarked breathlessly, he had been convinced that the chopper was coming down. But the chopper hadn't come down, and the Classics were free to rejoice in their victory once more.

Mack the porter, giving Jimmy Silver a very peculiar look, led the steaming horses away. The juniors crowded into the house. Lovell and Raby and Newcome scampered off together up the wide old oak staircase, and Silver heard Lovell ejaculate:

"The end study—quick! Before some cad can bag it!"

And the trio vanished.

The boys dispersed in various directions, and Jimmy Silver was left standing alone in the wide old hall. The excitement had died away, and Jimmy realised once more that he was a new boy, quite alone, and that he didn't know a soul in the school. A feeling of loneliness came over him.

What the juniors had scampered off for he could not guess, being a new boy. He did not know that they were anxious about their studies, and that it was a case of first come first served. Those who had had good studies last term were keen to regain possession of them, before rivals could put in a claim. Those who had had bad ones were keen to make a change. Everybody forgot the new boy, and Jimmy Silver was left on his own.

Not knowing what to do with himself, and finding nobody to take the slightest interest in his existence, Jimmy Silver looked round the place, and then wandered out into the quadrangle, with his hands in his pockets. He liked the look of Rookwood, and he gazed about him with great interest.

Part of the school was very ancient, but there was a mass of new buildings, which time had not yet toned down. Jimmy Silver was still looking about him, when a brake arrived, and the Modern crowd came pouring in. There was a yell from the three Toms at the sight of Silver.

"There's the chap!"

"Collar him! Bump the cad!"

Jimmy Silver promptly made a run for the shelter of the house, with the whole crowd whooping after him. Tommy Dodd & Co. swooped into the hall after him, and Jimmy Silver fled up the stairs in the direction he had seen Lovell & Co. take. With the vengeful mob at his heels, he rushed on, and found himself in a wide passage, with doors on both sides, numbered in order. A crowd of his old acquaintances of the brake were there, chatting in the passage or in the doorways of the studies. A shout greeted him.

"Modern cads! They're after the new boy! Kick 'em out!"

Tommy Dodd & Co. halted on the landing, as the Classics swarmed to meet them. Jimmy divined that he had luckily stumbled into the Classical quarters. There was instantly a rough-and-tumble scuffle on the big landing, in which Jimmy joined heartily, and had the satisfaction of flooring a couple of Moderns who collared him. Lovell and Raby and Newcome came dashing out of the end study in the passage, and joined in the fray. It was going hot and strong, when a voice shouted up the stairs:

"Stop that noise at once!"

"Phew! That's Bootles!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd. "Better cut!"

And the Moderns promptly cut, followed by a howl of derision from the victorious Classics. Jimmy guessed that Bootles was a master, and he discovered later that he was the master of the Fourth—the form to which these young heroes belonged.

"Hallo, new boy!" said Lovell.

"They were after you—what! Never mind—we've beaten them. And, look here, I was going to lick you—"

"Thanks!"

"But after the way you helped me dish the Moderns, I'm going to let you off," said Lovell generously.

"More thanks!" said Jimmy, with a chuckle. He had an idea that it was he who had dished the Moderns, but Lovell, as junior captain, was evidently bent on claiming the credit of that feat.

Lovell looked at him rather suspiciously.

"None of your cheek, you know,

or I shall have to give you that licking after all."

"Don't rag the new kid, Lovell," said Raby. "He'll get enough of that, I say, kid, what Form are you in?"

"I've been prepared for the Fourth," said Jimmy.

"Well, you'll have to behave yourself if you're coming into our Form," said Lovell. "I don't like cheeky new boys."

"Bow-wow!" said Raby. "Got your study yet, kid?"

"Oh! Do I have a study?"

"Does he have a study?" said Lovell, with deep scorn. "Did you ever hear of such a fool? Don't all the Fourth have studies, you booby?"

"Well, I—I don't know, you know. Can I choose a study for myself?"

"Bootles gives out the studies," said Raby. "We generally bag 'em, and trust to luck. Bootles is a good little ass, and doesn't interfere. Pick out the best one you can see, and plant yourself in it, and if the owner doesn't like it, punch his head. See?"

"Thanks!"

Jimmy Silver took that excellent advice, so far as picking out the best study was concerned. He went along the passage, looking in at the various studies, and came to the end one, which was undoubtedly the best of the lot. It had two windows—one of them overlooking the quadrangle—and a fire-grate, and was a good deal larger than the other studies. Jimmy promptly walked into it.

"This will suit me," he remarked.

"This!" exclaimed Lovell, who had followed him in, in some surprise at his action. "This is our study!"

"It's the best of the bunch," said Silver.

"That's why we've bagged it," grinned Raby. "I wasn't referring to this study when I gave you the tip. Look a bit further."

"Can't I dig in here?"

"Of course you can't!" exclaimed Newcome. "We don't want any new kids planted on us. Get out, you ass!"

"Raby said I was to punch the owner's head, if he didn't like it."

"You'd better not start head-punching here!" exclaimed Lovell.

"Get on the other side of the door, you silly fathead!"

"I don't see—"

Jimmy Silver had no time to finish. The three juniors closed in on him, and collared him, and he was lifted off his feet, and bumped down in the passage. Then the study door slammed on him.

"My—my hat!" gasped the new boy.

The question of the end study was evidently settled. Feeling somewhat sore, Silver went along the passage looking for quarters. But he found the most unfeeling inhospitality on all sides. New boys, it appeared, were not wanted. Every fellow he spoke to announced that he didn't want any blessed outsiders in his study, and some of them offered to punch his head merely for making the request.

After making a round of the Fourth-Form passage, Jimmy Silver wisely decided to leave the matter to his Form-master, and wandered downstairs in search of something to eat.

#### The 5th Chapter.

##### Paying the Piper.

Big Hall was swarming.

A high tea—which was very plentiful—was spread on a dozen tables, and all Rookwood had gathered to do justice to it.

Jimmy Silver was wedged in at a junior table amid a crowd of youngsters he had never seen before. All Rookwood had arrived long ago, and Jimmy was a little dazzled by the swarm of boys, the incessant talk, the noise, and the confusion.

The rattle of plates, the clatter of tea-cups, made a ceaseless accompaniment to the buzz of voices. Jimmy had brought a good appetite with him to Rookwood, and he did full justice to the good fare on the table, in spite of the strangeness of his surroundings.

While he ate he kept his eyes well about him, anxious to pick up knowledge of his new quarters and his new associates.

At another table he could see Lovell and Raby and Newcome, together, talking nineteen to the dozen, if not ninety. They were also exchanging defiant signals with Tommy Dodd & Co. at another table. But the presence of the seniors prevented anything more hostile than derisive gestures.

The Sixth Form were there in all their glory. Big, rugged, good-natured Bulkeley was chatting away with a group of seniors. Knowles was in the group, and Jimmy Silver,

remembering the scene outside the station, was not anxious to catch Knowles's eye. He had a strong impression that the Modern captain was not the kind of fellow to forget or forgive. But, wedged in as he was among the fags, Silver was not likely to be noticed by so great a person as a prefect, and vice-captain of Rookwood.

The fags at his table were talking as they munched, and Silver listened with interest while he looked about him.

"Those Classic cads are going to pot," said one youth. "Only one new boy on their side, I hear, and three on ours. If this goes on, blessed if Rookwood won't soon be all Modern!"

"And a jolly good thing, too, Lacy! Time that mouldy old Classic side was turned out," said another.

Silver realised that, in his ignorance of the ways of Rookwood, he had planted himself in the midst of enemies. He went on eating sedately, wondering whether they would recognise him as a Classic, and what they would do if they did.

"Awfully cheeky beggar that new kid," said Lacy. "Got more cheek than all the old lot put together, I should say. Walked off with Knowles's brake. You should have seen Knowles when he came in. Simply boiling. I shouldn't care to be in that new boy's shoes."

Silver left off eating suddenly. This was not comforting.

"Knowles has told Bulkeley, and Bulkeley said something about taking no notice, as it was first day of term," remarked another. "Catch Knowles taking no notice! He's going to scalp that new kid—simply scalp him! Shouldn't wonder if he gets him a swishing from the Head."

"Oh, crumbs!" ejaculated Silver involuntarily.

His remark caused the eyes of the Modern fags to turn on him. They had been too busy eating to notice him before. Messrs. Lacy & Co. regarded him with suspicious and disparaging looks.

"Hallo! That's a new boy," said Lacy. "That's not one of ours. I know that, because I gave 'em a thick ear all round, just to show 'em their places. This kid hasn't got a thick ear. He's a Classic."

It was conclusive evidence. Silver certainly hadn't a thick ear, so far; but it looked as if he would not be long without that adornment, for the looks of the Modern young gentlemen were decidedly hostile.

"The very new chap who scoffed a senior brake," said one. "That's the cad! And he's got the cheek to sit down among us. Hack him!"

"Yow-ow-ow!" roared Silver, quite unintentionally, as half a dozen boots hacked him under the table.

He jumped up as he yelled, and his cup of tea went flying, the tea being hurled in a hot flood upon Master Lacy's chest. And there was a whoop from Lacy that would have done credit to a Red Indian.

Every eye in Big Hall was turned on Jimmy Silver.

"Keep order there, you fags!" called out good-natured Bulkeley.

"Not so much of your row!"

"It's only a Classic new boy, Bulkeley, chucking his tea over Lacy."

"Well, shut up, all of you!"

"Hallo!" exclaimed Knowles, whose eyes had turned towards Silver with the rest. "There he is! That's the junior who collared my brake that I told you about, Bulkeley. Come here, young hopeful!"

Jimmy Silver hesitated. Coming there looked like going for a licking. But he understood that a prefect of the Sixth had to be obeyed, so he reluctantly squeezed his way out from among the Modern fags. Those choery young gentlemen hacked and shoved and pinched him as he passed with great heartiness, and the new boy yelped once or twice, before he escaped from them.

He came up to the group of seniors, and cast a rather wistful look at Lovell & Co. But Lovell & Co. were gazing at their plates as if they were counting their crumbs. Apparently they were too bashful to want to come into public attention at that moment.

Knowles fixed a pair of grey-green, unpleasantly sharp eyes on Silver's red face. It was not a light ordeal for the new boy to stand there, the cynosure of all eyes. But he bore it manfully.

"So you drove off a senior brake, did you?" said Bulkeley. "I remember seeing you on the road. Don't you know you mustn't touch the senior brake?"

"Yes, Bulkeley."

"And that you mustn't cheek a prefect—what?"

"Please, I'm a new boy," said Silver meekly.

"Well, well, if he didn't know you



were a prefect, Knowles—" began Bulkeley.

"Please, I did know," said Jimmy at once. Whatever might be awaiting him, he wasn't going to get out of a scrape by telling a lie.

"Oh, you did know!" said Bulkeley, a little nonplussed. "Then it was like your thumping cheek, you young sweep. Still, on first night, Knowles—"

"He's on your side," said Knowles, with a shrug of the shoulders. "If a fag on the Modern side cheeked you, Bulkeley, I should lick him, and you know it."

Bulkeley flushed; the Modern prefect's tone was very unpleasant. Some of the Classical seniors frowned, and some of the Moderns grinned.

"Well, I suppose he ought to be licked," said Bulkeley reluctantly. The good-natured captain of Rookwood was averse to licking a new boy on first night. But the way the prefect had put it left him no choice. "I should jolly well say so," growled Knowles. "Why, I had to walk from Coombs, because they collared the brake. There were a gang of them in it."

Lovell jumped up. "It was as much our fault as the new boy's, Bulkeley!" he called out. And there was a murmur of admiration from the Classical juniors.

They agreed that this was very decent of old Lovell. But Knowles quite plainly did not share the admiration. He scowled.

"Then you can come and take some of the medicine, you young cad," he said.

"Oh, for goodness' sake, don't let's have a general execution on first night!" said Bulkeley restively. "This young sweep's enough. Somebody fetch me a cane."

"Here's a cane," said Knowles. He handed the captain of Rookwood a light walking-cane.

Bulkeley took it with reluctance. It was an unpleasant task for him to cane a new junior in Big Hall on first night, with all the school looking on. Knowles had placed him in a very unpleasant position; which was perhaps his object as much as anything else. There was no love lost between the captain and vice-captain of Rookwood.

"Hold out your hand, kid," said Bulkeley gruffly.

Jimmy Silver held out his hand. The cane came down hard enough, and he squirmed. But he did not utter a sound.

"Now the other!" Swish!

"Ow!" murmured Silver. "Now you can clear off, and mind, don't cheek a prefect again, or I shall come down heavy on you."

Jimmy Silver was only too glad to lose himself in the crowd. His hands were smarting and tingling, but he did not feel any resentment towards Bulkeley. But he felt just then that he would have liked to boil Knowles in oil.

"Is that enough?" snapped Knowles.

"I think that's enough," said Bulkeley, in so decided a tone that the Modern captain said no more, though he bit his lip.

Jimmy Silver got out of sight as quickly as he could. He did not return to the table of the Modern fags. He wedged his way towards the Classical table, where Lovell & Co. were sitting. They greeted him with approving nods.

"You didn't howl much for a new boy," said Lovell.

"I didn't howl at all!" exclaimed Silver indignantly.

"Bow-wow! Why, you're jolly near blubbing now!"

"Catch me blubbing!" said Silver scornfully. "I've a jolly good mind to punch your head, Lovell!"

"Order!" murmured Raby, as Lovell half rose in his seat. "Knowles is looking this way."

"I don't care for a Modern cad, prefect or no prefect," grunted Lovell, but he sat down again.

"Can't you make room for a chap?" asked Silver. "I haven't finished my tea."

"Don't want any cheeky new kids at this table!"

"Oh, rot!" chimed in Raby again. "The new kid's all right, and he's been licked. Don't be a beast, Lovell, old scout. Sit down here, new kid."

And Raby shoved Newcome, and made room between, and Jimmy Silver wedged into the seat.

In spite of the smarting of his hands, he managed to make an excellent meal, and Raby and Newcome both condescended to speak to him, Lovell looking rather morose. The junior captain of the Classical side felt that this was something rather unusual in new kids, and that unless he was very careful, his leadership of the Classic juniors was in

danger. And Lovell was mentally resolving to give the new kid a terrific licking—not from any personal motives, of course, but simply for his own good, and to put him in his place.

The 6th Chapter. Study Mates.

"Beginning to look shipshape," remarked Newcome.

The three Classical chums were in their study—the famous end study. They were putting it to rights for the new term. The tremendous cleaning done during the vacation had left the study spotless as a new pin, after all the wear and tear of the previous term. It was not likely to remain long in that happy state. So far, however, only one inkpot had been upset, and a can of cycle-oil had leaked. That was really nothing.

Lovell & Co. were glad to get back into their old quarters. They had succeeded in bagging their old study; though it had been necessary to eject one or two rivals "on their necks." That, however, had been promptly and efficaciously done, and the three were in possession. And they had the cheery prospect of having the study to themselves for the whole term. There was only one new kid on the Classical side, and no reason why he should be planted on them. In a very cheery mood, after the feed in Hall, the three chums had come up

showing signs of damage. Newcome did not hit the wicket every time.

"Hallo!" said Jimmy Silver cheerily. "Only you! Blessed if I didn't think the Germans were bombarding the school!"

"Don't you come bothering here!" said Newcome testily. "We don't want a new kid here being funny when we're putting our study to rights. You can have a go at that nail, Raby, if you like. We want to hang that picture before second call."

Raby took the hammer and stepped on the chair. There was a clatter of falling plaster after his first doughty blow.

"My hat!" ejaculated Silver involuntarily.

Raby glared down at him. "Kick that new kid out!" he bawled. "Do you think I'm going to hang your rotten picture with him standing there cackling like a Cheshire cheese—I mean cat?"

"Here, hold on!" said Jimmy Silver, as Lovell and Newcome made for him. He dodged round the table upon which he laid a bundle of books.

"Mr. Bootles—"

"Clear out!"

"I've just been with Mr. Bootles—"

"You can go to him again, if you like. Will you go out on your feet or your neck?"

"I'm not going out. Mr. Bootles—"

"Blow Bootles! Have you come

sturdily. "This is the best study in the passage, and I like it."

"He likes us!" roared the exasperated Lovell. "He likes our study! We'll give him something he doesn't like—"

"I shall hit out!" yelled Silver.

"I warn you."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Why, you—you greenhorn," said Lovell. "Hit out! Do you know that we three are the top-hole fighting-men in the Fourth—they call us the 'Fistical Three.'"

"Bow-wow!"

That "Bow-wow" was not respectful, and it was too much for the classical trio. They simply piled on Jimmy Silver.

The new boy meant business. He put up a tussle that drew other juniors round the doorway, in great admiration and interest. In the course of the battle, the new lace curtains suffered somewhat from being caught in a heavy boot and jerked down, and Newcome's picture could not be said to be improved by having a foot driven through it.

The study table was pitched into the fire-grate, and the clock came off the mantelpiece with a crash. Outside in the passage a Classical crowd looked on with intense enjoyment. They cheered on both sides with great impartiality.

"Go it, new kid!"

"Down him, Lovell!"

"Look out for your nose, Raby!"



"It's no good!" howled Lovell. "Some young idiot has fastened the door outside. I'll skin him! I'll scalp him! I'll slaughter him! I'll—!" And the new boy only laughed, for he had scored against Lovell and Co.

to put their study to rights before call-over.

They had brought some possessions from home to improve their quarters. Lovell had a nice new pair of curtains, which were hung up amid great satisfaction. Raby had brought a new copper kettle, which gleamed like a new penny. Newcome had a picture. It was not exactly a work of art, but it had four colours in it, all prominent, not to say glaring, and Newcome said it would give an artistic touch to the study.

There was one corner of the study, farthest from the two windows, which was a little dusky, and Newcome said that picture would brighten it up. Raby agreed that it had better be put in the dusky corner. Otherwise, in Raby's opinion, it might have a startling effect on visitors—might even produce apoplexy or something. There was a pause in the proceedings while Newcome told Raby what he thought of him and his opinions. Then the three chums proceeded to hang the picture.

They were hanging the picture—at least, Newcome was driving a four-inch nail into the wall with terrific blows from a coke-hammer, and Raby and Lovell was advising him not to make a tunnel into the next study—when the door opened, and Jimmy Silver came in.

The new boy had been interviewing Mr. Bootles, his Form-master, and Lovell & Co. had not seen him since tea. They looked round as he came in, Newcome pausing to take breath. Two inches of the nail still remained to be driven in, and the wall was

here to talk about Bootles? Go and tell Hooker about Bootles in the next study, if you like. Get out!"

"But Bootles—Leggo! Oh!" Lovell and Newcome seized him, and he struggled.

"I tell you—" he roared.

"Bootles—"

"Brought his blessed books here, too," said Raby, from the chair. "Chuck him out, and his books after him!"

"But Bootles—" panted Silver.

"Bootles has sent me to this study."

"If you've got a message from Bootles, why couldn't you say so, ass?" growled Lovell. "What does Bootles want?"

"He's sent me here."

"Well, what for?"

"I'm to share this study."

"What!"

"Mr. Bootles said as there were only three in this room, and it's the largest, I'm to come here," said Silver. "He told me—"

"Crams!" yelled Lovell furiously. "Bootles wouldn't be such a beast. We're not going to stand it, anyway. A new boy planted on us—us! My hat!"

"Kick him out!" said Raby, jumping off his chair. "Nice state of things Rookwood is coming to, when a new boy is planted on us, with a dozen other studies to choose from. Out you go! Go down the passage and look for another study. Bootles won't say anything—he doesn't care a tuppenny rap."

"But I do," said Jimmy Silver

My hat! It doesn't look like a nose now."

"What's the matter with your eye, Newcome?"

"That chap is a terror—a top-hole terror! What nerve!"

But the odds were too great. Jimmy Silver's powers as a fighting-man won wide admiration. But the Classical three got him out at last. He was hurled bodily into the passage, and collapsed there, without an ounce of breath left in him. The door slammed on him.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Jimmy.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You put up a good fight, by gad!" said Townsend, the dandy. "By gad you did! But you're a cheeky kid, all the same."

"Time those bounders in the end study were taken down," remarked Hooker.

"Oh, crumbs!" murmured Silver dazedly.

"Fancy tackling the three of them!" said Jones minor. "What a nerve! What was the row about, new boy?"

"That's my study," gasped Silver.

"I'm going in."

"They'll eat you if you do. Listen to their sweet voices now," grinned Jones minor.

Jimmy staggered to his feet. He was very dusty and breathless, and he required his second wind before he could carry the proceedings farther. From within the end study excited voices could be heard. There had been a good deal of damage done in that terrific encounter, and the Classical trio were wrathful.

The juniors cleared off, leaving Jimmy to recover his breath. Jones minor kindly hinted to him to get himself tidy, as the bell for second call-over would go soon.

"I'm going to have my study," said Silver.

"You mustn't miss call-over on first night—there'll be the deuce to pay if you do," said Jones minor. "A prefect will come looking for you with a cane, and he won't take any excuses, I promise you. It's in a quarter of an hour in Big Hall."

Jimmy was left alone, struggling to recover his breath. From the end study came voices in debate, as to whether the picture was still worth hanging. Newcome said the gash in it wouldn't show in that dusky corner, and that it was lucky there wasn't glass in it, considering. Raby said he could hang it and be hanged. Lovell declared that what he felt inclined to hang was that new boy.

The new boy listened. His brain was working. Roll-call in Big Hall was close at hand, and the three juniors who had ejected him had to turn up, like the rest, or be looked for by a prefect with a cane. Jimmy Silver whipped a length of whipcord from his pocket, made a loop at the end, and slipped it quietly over the door-handle, and drew it tight.

Opposite the junior's study was a box-room, and the handle of that door was not far from the handle of the study door. Silver passed the cord from one to the other, and fastened it securely. That was a beginning. He looked into Jones minor's study, where he had seen a box unrecorded. The rope lay on the floor, and Jones had gone down.

Silver borrowed the rope, returned to the end study, and added it to the whipcord, considerably strengthening it. As the end study door opened inwards, it was quite impossible for the three occupants of the room to get out now, unless help came from outside.

The sound of hammering had been resumed in the end study, so apparently the three had decided finally on hanging the picture. Jimmy Silver waited in the passage, grinning. He dusted down his clothes, smoothed out his collar and re-tied his tie, and generally made himself a little more presentable after the rough-and-tumble. He was content to wait cheerfully. The studies were almost deserted now, the juniors going down to roll-call. The bell began to ring at last.

The hammering suddenly ceased in the end study.

"My hat! There's the bell!" exclaimed Lovell. "Leave that blessed daub—"

"Tain't a daub—"

"Well, leave it. Can't be late—you know the Head on first night always takes the roll. Ratty if a chap's late. Come on!"

There was a rattle at the door, and a tug from within. Then a surprised exclamation.

"Hallo! The door's jammed somehow."

Jimmy Silver grinned, and waited for developments.

"Oh, rot!" said Raby. "How could it jam? Gimme hold of it!"

Tug! Then a grunt from Raby.

"It is jammed, by gum!"

The bell was still ringing. There were excited voices—more excited than ever in the end study now. As Jimmy Silver realised, it was awfully important not to be late for call-over when the Head was taking the roll.

"Lay hold!" panted Newcome desperately. "I'll take the blessed thing with both hands, and you hold on to me, and all pull together!"

"Right-ho!"

The door strained and creaked under the pressure put on it. But it did not open.

"N. G.!" howled Lovell. "Let up! Tain't jammed! Some young idiot has fastened that door outside! I'll skin him! I'll scalp him! I'll slaughter him! I'll—"

"Shut up!" roared Raby. "No time for jaw now. The bell's stopped. Hallo, out there! Undo this door at once, whoever you are! Do you hear?"

"Hear, hear!" said Silver.

"Why—why, it's that new boy!" exclaimed Lovell, in tones of concentrated wrath. "That new kid, by Jove! Open this door at once, you out there!"

"Rats!"

"I tell you we've got to get down to roll-call!" yelled Lovell. "We shall be gated for a half-holiday, and licked—licked, you idiot! Open the door!"

"Good-bye!"

"Come and let us out, some of you fellows!" shrieked Newcome.

"They're all gone!" chuckled Silver. "And I'm going! Good-bye, and keep your peckers up! It's

(Concluded on page 623, column 5.)



# IN YOUR EDITOR'S DEN

I would like all my readers to look upon me as their real friend, someone to whom they can come for help and advice when they are in doubt or difficulty. It is never "too much trouble" to me to be of use to my boy and girl friends if they feel they would like to write to me. . . .

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## A PERSONAL EXPLANATION.

### Why Your Editor is Not With the Colours.

THE photograph of your Editor, which recently appeared at the head of this page, has lately been the cause of cynical remarks from a few of my readers, who are—not unnaturally, perhaps—puzzled that one so comparatively youthful as myself is not in Flanders enduring with others the inferno of the trenches.

In justice to these readers I have ventured upon a personal explanation of this matter—an explanation which amply proves that no insinuations as to lack of patriotism can be laid at my door.

For the information of those readers of THE BOYS' FRIEND who desire to know the facts of the case, I would say that the explanation appears in the issue of our companion paper, "The Magnet" Library, No. 379, published last Monday.

### NEXT MONDAY'S FINE FEATURES.

"Magnificent!" is the only word which will adequately describe next week's issue of the good old "B. F." Apart from two exceptionally fine instalments of our serials, there will be a grand complete tale of Jimmy Silver & Co. at Rookwood, entitled:

### "THE MODERNS' MISTAKE!"

A stirring story of Tom Belcher, the boy boxing marvel, will also appear; and W. Murray Graydon contributes a rare treat in his intensely absorbing story of "The Circle of 13."

All things considered, I am of the opinion that the British boy would have to go a long, long way before he discovered another journal with such an altogether attractive array of features as those contained in

### NEXT MONDAY'S SUPERB ISSUE.

## POSTCARDS ONLY, PLEASE!

I have a little grumble to make this week in connection with the "Tales to Tell" Competition, which is progressing in conjunction with our famous companion paper, "The Gem" Library.

One of the rules governing this feature provides that all jokes are to be sent in on postcards only—otherwise they cannot be considered. A good many readers have ignored this rule, with the result that hundreds of entries have had to be disqualified through non-adherence to it.

Let me urge those readers who compete for our grand little money prizes to bear this detail in mind for the future.

I much regret that owing to lack of space I have been unable to include any storyettes in this issue, but I promise my chums that they will appear in next Monday's number.

## WHY BE PATRIOTIC?

"Why should I be a patriot?" asks H. W., of London, E. "I do not own one foot of land, and I find there are thousands starving in the land which I am asked to love. If you can show me the path of patriotism clearly, then I shall be pleased to follow it, and take pleasure in singing 'God Save the King.'"

Let me answer H. W.'s question by asking him another. What if we were not patriotic? Just think for a moment of the state of chaos we should soon be in if everyone took the selfish view, and refused to acknowledge himself or herself part of the whole nation. Why, the entire British Empire would gradually break up!

Now, supposing we liken our Empire to a vast and mighty business. For a business to be a success, it is necessary that everyone—from the highest director to the lowliest office-boy—shall be loyal, enthusiastic, and a part of the great machine that keeps things going. The fact that the office-boy is not a shareholder should make no difference. He will be one day, if he perseveres. It is the same with our Empire. If

the Empire falls, we fall—like the Greeks and Romans of old time. If the Empire succeeds, we succeed. As a class, I mean, of course, for in the most wonderfully-organised affair, be it nation or business, there will always be some who are dissatisfied—no doubt through no fault of their own.

The fact that H. W. has seen starving people has no bearing on the question of his patriotism—except, perhaps, to make him a greater patriot, so that by increased patriotism he links himself still more closely to the cause.

Yes, H. W., be a patriot. Be loyal to your flag, and sing "God Save the King" as heartily as you like. Patriotism is worth all other keystones put together.

## IS BAD LANGUAGE EXCUSABLE?

This is the question recently asked me by a Newcastle reader, who signs himself "Independent."

My chum says that it is all very well for pious parsons and suchlike to be everlastingly condemning the use of bad language, but in many cases it is absolutely unavoidable. His own work, for instance, is of a very trying character—trying, that is, to the temper—and he sometimes finds himself giving vent to bad language. "I know you are not in the habit of 'preaching to your boys,'" writes "Independent," "and hope you will find room on your chat page to say a few words in my favour."

If "Independent" imagines I am going to take up the cudgels on behalf of violent language, he is sadly in error. There is absolutely no excuse for this vice—for a vice it most assuredly is. It is the result of a badly-trained mind.

When a man finds himself upset by

some little happening, sometimes trifling, sometimes serious, if he gives vent to bad language, it because he lacks the proper ability to control himself.

Let us look at it from another point of view. Is swearing of any help to you if, when you find yourself confronted by some trouble, you express words unfit for decent ears? What possible good do you do yourself? How do you further the matter which has brought about your ejaculation? In what possible way do you do anything or anybody good? Not at all. You simply give vent to a burst of unrestrained passion; and the boy who wants to get on in the world does not help himself a bit by allowing his temper to get the whiphand of him.

One of the secrets of success is self-control, and no fellow can say that he controls himself whilst he is guilty of the habit of bad language, even under provocation.

As for the boy or man who uses indecent words for the mere pleasure of hearing himself say them, for such a person only contempt and loathing can be felt. The English tongue is rich enough to express in a thousand forms, without the need to resort to foul words, whatever emotion a human being can feel. Let "Independent" bear this fact in mind, and drop a habit which, apart from being most reprehensible, can do no possible good to himself.

## TRUE BLUE.

The following excellent verses, telling of a young hero who fought and died for his country, will probably awaken in the minds of my older readers happy recollections of the days when they worked and played with their chums in the great world of school.

The Duke of Wellington said, a hundred years ago, that "on the playing-fields of England the battles of England are won," and it cannot be denied by anyone that in the present mighty conflict the men from our public schools are playing a great and noble part. The spirit of discipline and sportsmanship which is fostered in our scholastic institutions is bear-

ing rich and glorious fruit on the stern fields of duty, and everyone knows that many of the most stirring and heroic deeds in the war redound to the credit of young officers whose schooldays ended but a very few months ago.

Here is the poem:

### MY BEST CHUM.

He was my first and nearest friend,  
And many a long, long year  
Has rolled away since last we stood  
In the dear old playground here.  
Tall and fair, with slim white hands,  
And blue, unclouded eyes,  
Beautiful as a girl in which  
The soul of honour lies.

First in class and first in the field,  
Gentle and bold was he;  
I called him my Bayard, my beau-  
ideal  
Of boyish chivalry.  
And if ever in aught my own heart  
Failed,  
Or my effort fell faint and slack,  
His cheery voice said, "Buck up, kid!  
Be true to your colours, Jack!"

Loyal friend, and generous foe,  
Ready to weep or laugh;  
Gay with the glad, and grave with  
the sad,  
He never did things by half.  
Scorning a lie, and scorning a sneak,  
On his word he never went back;  
"In woo or weal be true as steel,  
And stand to your colours, Jack!"

His grave lies lone on Belgian soil,  
By Hunnish hands laid waste;  
No stone is there to mark the spot,  
Which could not now be traced.  
Leading a forlorn hope he fell,  
The sword in his small white hand,  
Flashing a path to Fame—and Death,  
In the forefront of his band.

And still I see his noble face,  
Hear the young voice silver-clear,  
Of my dear old chum of bygone days  
Still echoing in my ear.  
Like the soft refrain of a long-lost  
song  
His words oft-times come back.  
As though 'twere only yesterday—  
"Be true to your colours, Jack!"

YOUR EDITOR.

## Tea

### Sandwiches

"Never, you rotter!"  
"Never, you new kid!"  
"Good-bye, then!"  
"Here, hold on!"  
"Sorry I can't stop! I shall be late for roll-call!" said Jimmy calmly. "Good-bye!"  
"Oh, my hat! Stop!"  
"I say, Silver, let us out—there's a good chap!"  
"Jimmy, old man, open the door like a good fellow! We mustn't miss roll-call! I say—"  
"Last time of asking," said Jimmy coolly. "Word of honour to let me into my own study and keep the peace, or I'm off! Quick's the word!"  
"Oh, the beast!" groaned Raby. "The rotter! He's got us fixed properly, Lovell, old man! What do you say?"  
"Never!" yelled Lovell. "Dictated to by a new boy, by Jove! I'll see him hanged first!"  
"You can't see the Head hanged, though—we're already late! I say, new kid, don't go—"  
"I'm going!"  
"I—I promise!" yelled Raby. "Honour bright! After all, Lovell, Bootles' put him in here. Let the

boast have his whack in the study!"  
"Same here!" yelled Newcome. "Open the door, you new kid! I promise!"  
"What about Lovell?" asked Silver.  
"I—I'll smash you! I'll squash you! I'll—I'll—I'll—" said Lovell incoherently. "I'll make little tiny pieces of you! I say, don't go, you young villain! We must get out! I—I—I promise!" gasped Lovell at last. "You share the study! Honour bright! Now open the door!"  
"Right-ho!"  
Jimmy Silver's pocket-knife whipped through the rope and the whipcord, and the study door flew open. Three infuriated juniors came out, panting. Jimmy Silver looked at them with a friendly, smiling face.  
"All serene!" he said. "We'll be pally yet! Better get a move on, or you'll be late!"  
Lovell choked back something, and started at a wild run for Hall. Raby and Newcome raced after him, and Jimmy Silver raced after them.  
They were just in time to squeeze themselves in at the big door as the names of the Fourth began to be called.

### Cakes

After roll-call Jimmy carefully carried his books into the end study. This time they were not pitched out into the passage, neither was their owner ejected on his neck.

It was a bitter pill for the Classical three to swallow, but they had given their word, and they kept it. But Jimmy Silver found the atmosphere of the study decidedly chilly. He did not seem to mind much.

"Don't be ratty!" he urged his new study-mates. "You know I'm in the right, you know. And you'll find me all right—A-1; in fact, top-hole! I'm quite an easy chap to get on with."

The Classical three glared, and did not reply.

"Like Achilles sulking in his giddy tent—what?" said Jimmy. "Never mind; I'll stand it as long as you do! I'll wait till you come round!"

And the new boy, comfortably ensconced in the end study, and utterly undismayed by the majestic frowns of Lovell & Co., waited cheerfully for them to come round.

THE END.

(Next week's magnificent Rookwood story is entitled "Jimmy Silver's Ruse." Don't miss it!)

## TOASTS

### The Club

Don Webster

### Absent Friends

Lesley Rowley

## THE RIVALS OF ROOKWOOD.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

(Concluded from page 613.)

a long, long way to calling-over, but I wish you luck!"

"Hold on!" shouted Lovell, through the keyhole, as Jimmy's footsteps retreated. "I say, you new boy, don't go! Let us out! I say, what'll you take to let us out? I—I'll stand you a whack in my hamper, and I won't lick you! Honest Injun!"

"Not good enough!" replied Jimmy Silver.

"What do you want, you young villain?" yelled the hapless three together.

"I want my study."

"Wha-a-at!"

"I want my study," said Jimmy Silver coolly. "I'm sharing that study with you. I want you to promise to let me in and take it in a friendly way!"