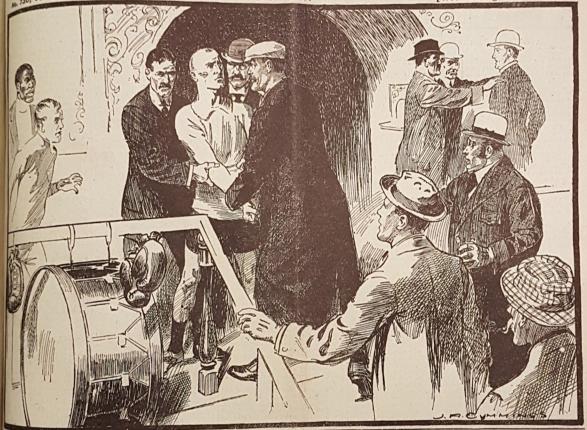
splendid Stories and Many Money Prizes!

IN TSO, Vol. XV. New Series.]

ONE PENNY.

[Week Ending June 5th, 1915.



An Amazing Scene in A. S. Hardy's Great Story of Tom Belcher, the Boy Boxer.

A Magnificent New Long Complete Story, introducing TOM BELCHER, THE BOY BOXER.

HARDY. ARTHUR S.

ha 1st Chapter.

The Than and a Little Un.

The ship crowd gathered as Adam's being doods and townsmen as Adam's being doods and townsmen as Adam's being doods and assembled in force. Sar mids as a gang of and had assembled in force. Sar mids as a gang of a whose evident intention as the trugs of boxers who apply performed for the wat the public performed for the water was based on a solid as foundation.

And standing near were Tom Belcher, the diminutive boxer who was gradually but surely building up a reputation for himself as the smallest and cleverest lad known to the ring to-day, Bob Saunders, Sam Whittaker, Joe Clouette, and Sam Walcott, the black.

Mrs. Adams was seated in the paybox, from out of which she peeped at the surging crowd, her face lit up with a smile in anticipation of another crowded house. The booth was doing excellent business at Strafford Fair.

Ben, with arms set akimbo, was looking down at a well-built but duklooking countryman who'd issued a live here.

"My name's Chudley," answered the challenger—"Bob chudley. And live here."

"Oh, you live here, do yer, Bob?" answered Ben serenely. "All well and good. But of course you know that we bar all professionals. Ever fought for a money prize in the ring?"

ring?"
"Noa."

"Noa."
"Ever fought as an amateur in any big competition?"
"Noa."
"Where have you done your fighting, then?"
"In the street," answered the yokel, with a grin that etretched his mouth from ear to ear. "They reckon I'm a champion in Strafford."
"Oh, they reckon you're a champion, do they? That's hard on my lads, isn't it?"
"You say that your boxers are ready to foight anyone," returned the yokel. "Why do you say that if you don't mean it?"
Ben beckoned the man up.
"Just step along up here," said he, "and let's have a loow at you."
The yokel obeyed the summona with alacrity. He laboured heavily up the steps, and took his stand in the bright light of the lamps. He stood about fine feet six inches high, and was awkwardly put together. His weight must have been about ten stone, not more. He had god shoulders and a deep chees. He stood

in a peculiarly awkward attitude, and Ben, a very good judge of a fighting man, either stripped or clothed, came to the conclusion that he would be easy to most of his lads.

"H'm!" said he. "Now, which of my lads would you like to box?" The yokel pointed at Tom Belcher. "Him," he said.
"Oh, you like em small, do yer?" retorted Ben, amidst a roar of laughter from the crowd. "Well, I don't blame you. Here, Tom Bed, you haven't been very hard worked since we came here. What do you think? Would you like to have a try at hem?"
Tom leapt up instantly. His boyish and alert face beamed, his eyes sparkled. He was what one might term seven stone of concentrated muscular energy, a little piece of human quicksilver whose like it would have been difficult to find. He faced the yokel. As they stood side by side the crowd gasped. It seemed a shame to pit such a child against the bigger and more powerful countryman. "Shape up at him. Tom," said Ben, with a smile; and Tom, setting himself in a boxing attitude, made a feint as if he intended to strike hischallenger. "(Continued on the next page.)

ROOKWOOD'S REVENGE!

Magnificent New Long Complete School Tale, introducing Everybody's Favourite Characters:

JIMMY SILVER & COMPANY. By OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter.

The Mighty Fallen,

no Doid & Co., of the Modern Rockwood, were wheeling less out of the shed when if the Shell bore down upon

the of the Shell was looking

see the Shell was rooking the property of the shift of th

as natty.

el voo've found us," said Bagshot match to-

and Smythe.

said Smythe.

sail Would you mind getting
the way of my bike?" asked
Dodd politely.

Pre got some-

don't positive.

don't minute! I've got someto say," snapped Smythe,
were jolly civil when I was

In size joily Civil when a was-seredce optain—""
"Is, I wanted to be in the sea" said Tommy Dodd cheer-ier" wasted an awful lot of soft wasted and awful lot of soft wasted and of that now. I'm me mixet captain now. So I had my more soft sawder to said to the contract of the contract as I loare not worth it now.

hany Silver would have got in I han't backed you up," said

in you'd have done anything to be Swer out," said Tommy, with al "Much obliged to you, all the Weald you mind getting out

says and man getting our says and read the list you've put half said Smythe, unheeding. It is said Smythe, unheeding. It is said Smythe, unheeding. It is said Tommy Dodd, in a tone said Tommy Dodd, in a tone esterphanton. "When we're tambles with Bagshot I'm to put you in Likewise, when having hop scotch with them, whis and consecs. Or beggar-boor, or but not in the father than the said that the said that

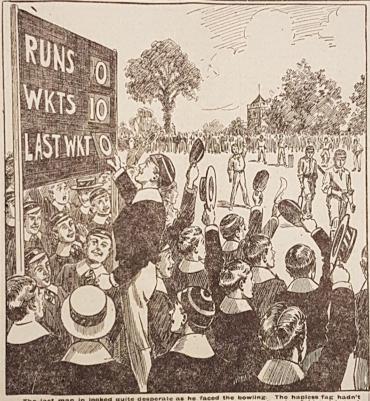
"t want any of your cheek,"

system. The simply got to be sam for the match to-morrow. A Modern and can't have the bar lost the sam for the match to-morrow. A Modern and can't have the bar lost the sam for the considering as crucket captain up to a seeks ago."

I commy Dodd. "Sorry, but at car't be did. I'm for Classicals; that's a low for a mouldy old side acce for a mouldy old side after the constant of the control of t

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agh it went against the the Classical juniors to en skipper, they agreed ing was better than the Tommy Dodd ekipper-



The last man in looked quite desperate as he faced the bowling. The hapless fag hadn't the ghost of a chance, however, for Tommy Dodd made a spread-cagle of his wicket. A tremendous roar of laughter went up from the spectators.

ing the team, they would win matches, at any rate.

"Now you're finished, let me pass with my bike, Smythey," said Tommy Dodd.
"I'm not finished!" shouted Smythe.
"Your mistake; you are. Gerrout of the way!"

"Your mistake; you are. Gerrout of the way!"
"I'm simply not standin' this," said Smythe. "Accordin' to the list, you've put only one Shell fellow in the cleven for to-morrow, and he's not in my set."
"Slackers are barred."
"I'm goin' in, and so's Tracy and Howard and..."
"Are you getting out of the way?"

"Are you getting out of the way?".
"No!" roared Smythe. "I'm not getting out of the way. I'm tellin' you— Oh, you young villain!

gotting out of the way. I'm tellin' you— Oh, you young villain' Yah!"

Three bikes were suddenly wheeled forward, and as Adolphus Smythe was directly in the way, of course they wheeled into him.

Smythe's 'bags' were a thing of beauty and as Jot Rockwood, Classic or Modern, who had more beautifully cut bags than Adolphus Smythe of the Shell, or a lovelier crease. Three somewhat muddy in the sound of the shell, or a lovelier crease. Three somewhat muddy had been so the shell or a lovelier crease. Three somewhat muddy had had been so the shell or a lovelier crease. Three somewhat muddy had had horror. He staggered round. The three Moderns did not stop, Smythe of the Shell was still in the way, and perhaps they did not think of going round him. At all events, they didn't go round him. They wheeled their bikes over him. Per-

haps it was by accident that Tommy Dodd trod upon Smythe's handsome waisteat in passing. It might have been chance that Doyle wiped a boot on his hair.

on his hair.

Be that as it may, Smythe did not look much like a nut when Tommy Dodd & Co. had passed.

He looked like a wreck—a very disreputable wreck.

Three grinning juniors wheeled their bikes onward to the gates, and Smythe sat up dazedly and gasped.

"Oh, by gad! Ow—ow! My hat! Yoop! Yah! The checky young cads! Ow!" Yoop! 1

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tommy Dodd & Co. vanished.
Smythe sat gasping for breath. He
was still sitting outside the bike-shed
gasping for breath, when Jimmy
Silver & Co. came down for their
bikess They also were going out for
a spin that pleasant afternoon. They
stared at the sight of Adolphus.

"My only hat!" ejaculated Jimmy
Silver. "Is that Adolphus? Can it
be? Or do my aged eyes deceive
me?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Been mud collecting?" chuckled
Lovell.

"Been mud collecting?" chuckieu Lovell.
Smythe staggered up.
"You cheeky young reptiles—"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
Smythe of the Shell made a furious stride towards the Fistical Four.
Then he stopped. There was not one member of the Classical Four who could not have knocked the dandy of the Shell into a cocked hat. Discretion was the better part of valour.

"Come on!" said Jimmy Silver in-vitingly.

Smythe shook his fist and stamped away. When he got back into the School House, his nutty chums, Tray and Howard, greeted him with a

and Howard, greeted him with a stare.

"By Jove, you do look muddy!" Smythe snorted.

"Those Modern cads, they really mean to leave me out of the eleven," he gasped. "I'd have thrashed 'em all round, only—" Smythe did not finish. He stamped away to the dormitory to get himself clean without explaining myh he had not thrashed Tommy Dodd & Co. all round. Tracy and Howard grinned. They thought they knew.

The 2nd Chapter. A Little Scrap.

Jimmy Silver and his three chums mounted their bicycles outside the school gates, and rode away cheer fully towards Combe. Afternoon lessons were over, and the Fistical Four were going down to the village to purchase one of Mrs. Wick's celebrated cakes for tea. They were in high good-humour. For all four the were booked to play in the Barshot match on the morrow. Glad as they were to be rid of Smythe as cricket captain, they had been between the two sides at Rook-wood. There was not exactly harmony even between the seniors of the Jwo sides. Knowles, the Modern captain, was far from being on the best of terms with Bulkeley, the head

of the Classical side and captain of Rookwood. And other seniors took their cue from the two leaders. So it may be imagined that the hatchet was seldom buried among the junior. The Classical Four of the Fourth Form knew that many of Tommy Dodd's followers would urge him to play all, or nearly all, Moderns in the junior eleven. Smythe, a Classical, had favoured his own side in the most barefaced way. And so Jimmy Silver & Co. had been uneasy.

But Tommy Dodd had set their

barefaced way. And so Jimmy Silver & Co. had been uneasy.

But Tommy Dodd had set their lears at rest. Tommy was a good cricket captain. He meant to have a change in the Rookwood record, and the Rookwood record, and to lick Rookwood juniors hands down. And Tommy Dodd carefully selected for his eleven the very best players on both sides. The Fistical Four, Silver and Lovell and Raby and Newcome, were all put in the team, and so was Flyan of the Fourth. Even the most rabid Classicals had to admit that Tommy Dodd was playing the game.

admit that Tommy Dodd was playing the game.

"It's a win to-morrow," Jimmy Silver chuckled, as they rode away—
"a giddy win for us. The first one this season. Four tiptop players—"
"Us!" grimed Lovell.
"Exactly! And Dodd and Cook and Doyle are ripping, though they're Modern worms, and the rest are pretty good. The best of it is that Bagshot will expect to walk over us the same as when that ass Snythe was skipper, and it will be a thumping surprise for them."

The Fistical Four bhuckled gleefully.

The Fistical Four chuckled gleefully.

They really couldn't blame fellows for grinning at Rookwood cricket, considering what it had been like under the egregious Smythe's leadership. Rookwood junior eleven had been simply comic. Fellows could play them with their hands in their pockets, so to speak.

But though they couldn't blame fellows for grinning, it had made the Classic heroes very sore; and they anticipated gleefully the surprise in store for, Bagshot when, instead of eleven hopeless slackers, they had to play a team that was hard as nails, and thoroughfy up to the game.

"I met Pankley, the Bagshot skipper, yesterday," said Raby. "The silly ass was swanking no end! They're expecting to walf over us as usual!"

"Blessed are those wheexpect!" said Jimmy Silver.
Modern cads!"

The Fistical Four had ridden into the village, and outside the tuckshop they beheld Tommy Dodd & Co. alighting from their machines. The three Moderns disappeared into the

The Classical Four leaned their bikes against the old tree outside Mrs. Wicks' hittle establishment, and followed the Moderns in. The three Tommies were discussing ginger-heer, and talking to a somewhat lanky youth in Bions, with a Bagshot cap. It was Pankley, of the Fourth Form at Bagshot School. Pankley was grinning. "You' fellows will be seeing the match to-morrow, Doddy!" he asked. Tommy Dodd stared. "Seeing it? Oh, yes!" Pankley was not aware of the tremendous change that had taken place in the junior cricket club at Rookwood.

in the junior cricket club at Rook-wood,

"It will be worth seeing," said Pankley.

"I fancy it will "grinned Tommy Dodd, thinking of the surprise that was in store for Pankley's team.
"Quite worth seeing!"

"Funnier than usual," said Pankley, with a chuckle. "The way you Rookswood chaps play cricket is always furny; but this time—"

"Well, it won't be quite the same as usual, that's a cert," said Tommy Dodd,



You hazen't heard?" asken the

"You haven't heard?" asken the Bagshot juincir, in surprise. "Eh? Heard what?".
"Oh, nothing! I thought some of our fellows might have been talking!" The Rookwood juniors looked very suspiciously at Pankley. The Bag-shot junior skipper was known to be a youth of humorous proclivities. "Have you got some little game on for to-morrow?" asked Tommy Dodd, puzzled.

puzzled.

"Yes, rather—cricket, you know."
"I mean, some joke?"
"I's always a joke to play cricket at Rookwood!" grinned Pankley.
"Oh, rats!" said Toniny Dodd

erossly.

He opened a bottle of ginger-beer, and the cork caught Jimmy Silver under the chim. There was a yell from Silver.

"You ass!"
"You Classic Juff.

"You ass!"
"You Classic duffers are always getting in the way!" said Tommy Dodd cheerfully.
"Why, you Modern worm—"
"You Classic fathead!"
"Turn those Modern bounders out!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver wrathfully. "What are they doing in a respectable tuckshop, anyway!" Bow-wow!" said Tommy Dodd.
"All the Classic side couldn't turn us out!"

"All the Classic side couldn't turn us out!"

The Modern trio lined up against the counter. The Fistical Four rushed to the attack at once. They were always ready for a scrap with the Moderns. On the morrow cricket would reign, and "rags" would be over for the day, so they improved the shining hour at present.

"My hat!" ejaculated Pankley, as the Modern three and the Classic four closed in strife. "My word. Ha, ha, ha!"

Mrs. Wicks hold up her hands

Mrs. Wicks held up her hands ehind the counter.
"Oh, young gentlemen! My dear

"Oh, young generation boys! Oh!"
"It's all right, ma'am!" panted Jimmy Silver, as he wrestled with Tommy Dodd. "We're turning these cads out for you!"
"Go it!"
"Yah! Classic cads!".
"Yah! Classic cads!".

"Yah! Classic cads!".

"Kick 'em out!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Pankley of
Bagshot. "Go it! This is as good
as a dog-fight! Blessed if I ever
saw such a gang of hooligans! Ha,
ha, ha!"

ha, ha!"

Pankley stood with his hands in his prockets, looking on at the scrap with great enjoyment. There was a heavy bump as Lovell and Cook, embracing wildly, rolled over in the doorway. They whirled out of the shop together. Then Dovle went sailing out, burled forth by the arms of Raby and Newcome.

Jimmy Silver and Tommy Dodd, oth mighty men of war, staggered to Jumy Suver and Tommy Dodd, both mighty men of war, staggered to and fro, struggling wildly. Pankley roared with laughter, till the two com-batants suddenly bumped heavily into Pankley, and sent him staggeryour silly rows and rags! Look at me."

Well, you do look eggy," said Tommy Dodd, mopping away with his handkerchief at the sode-water.

"Eggs-actly!" groaned Doyle.
"You burbling fatheads!" said Pankley. "Well, we'll make you look silly guys to-morrow, anyway! We'll make your own school chortle you to death, you see!"

"How are you going to do that?"

"How are you going to do that?"
"How are you going to do that?"
"How are you going to do mopping for a moment. "You Bag-shot bounders can't jape us! You're not up to our form!"
"You'll jolly well see!" snorted Pankley.
"Look here, what's the little game?"
"Look here, what's the little game?" Yow!" roured Pankley.

Crash. Source Tanasay.

Crash. Sax a crash, a yell, and a There was a crash, a wild spurt of yolks, as the Bagshot jum; ast down a source of the sax of eggs.

He sax worded in the smashed eggs, and the expression on his face was extraordinary.

"Grooch! Oh! Ah! Ow!!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Lovell breath-lessly, as he came in. "Hallo! All those cads not gone yet! Gimme a hold!"

He eaucht hold of Tommy Dodd's

He caught hold of Tommy Dodd's legs, and swept them from the

Hoor.

Then the Modern here was tossed out after his comrades.

"Groo!" yelled Pankley. "Help me out of this, you idiots! Yow! I'm soaked through with eggs! Yah!" Ha, ha, ha!"

Tommy Dodd, as he caught the Bagshot junior by the collar and spun him back. "Now, then—— Oh, my

hat—" Now, these look my Tommy Dodd had really not intended it, but he had spun Pankley back to the egg-box, and Pankley's legs caught the side of it, and he at down again in the box.
"Ha, ha, ha!" "Groot! Oh, you villain! I—I—I'll smash you for this!" gurgled Pankley, struggling out of the box. "Oh, crumbs! Look at my bags and my jacket! Oh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The infuriated Pankley caught up a couple of the eggs that still remained

couple of the eggs that still remained unbroken.

"Here, chuck it!" roared Tommy Dodd, dodging a flying egg by about half an inch. "You silly ass."

Squash! "Howly mother av Moses!" roared Tommy Doyle, as the second egg caught him under the chin. "Why, you murthering spalpen."

Whiz! Crash! Bash! Pankley was reckless now, and he had plenty of ammunition. He did not see why the Rookwood juniors should not be eggy, too. "Collar film!"

"Hold him!"

"Collar him!"
"Hold him!"
Squash! Bash!
The three Tommies laid violent hands upon Pankley. He was whirled off his feet, and janned down head did his feet, and janned down head neith sounds and from him as he struggled there.
"Time we were gone," said Tommy Dodd. "I don't want to touch him when he gets out of that."
"Hay ha, ha!"
"The three Moderns executed a strategic movement to the door, and seried their bikes. Pankley of Bagshot was not nice at close quarters after that.
Pankley squirmed out of the box, and raised his head. He presented a weird and eerie appearance. He was simply streaming.

weird and eerie appearance. He was simply streaming.

Mrs. Wicks almost fainted as she looked at him.

"Oh, dear! Oh, bless my soul!" said the old lady faintly. "Oh, Master Pankley!"

"Gurrerr!" moaned Pankley.

The three Tommies peeped in. They shrieked at the sight of Pankley.

"Oh, crumbs! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Gurrerrer!"

Pankley made a blind rush at the door. Tommy Dodd & Co. backed promptly away, and pumped on their bisycles. Pankley was in a shocking state, and they did not want him near them. "Gurre!

The 3rd Chapter. Rough on Pankley.
"Oh, my hat!"
"Ow! My nose!"

"The wet home at me! Soaked!" hooted Pankley. "You Rookwood fatheads ought to be shut up in a lunatic asylum, or a home for idiots, with your silly*rows and rogs! Look at "me!"

"Gurrr! Yurrrr!" came wildly m Pankley. "Yo-wwwww! Stop, a funks! I'll smash you! Gurrr-

"Oh, my hat!"
"Grooh!"
"Grooh!"
"What silly idiot bunged his silly elbow on my nose!" wniled Cook.
"Oh, my eye! What thumping ass shoved a boot in my eye!"
"The humping idiots!" roared Pankiey. "Look at my bags! How can I go back to Bagshot in this state—what! Oh, you hooligans!"
"Serve you jolly well right!" panted Tommy Dodd. "Where are those Classic villains! After them!"
The three Tommies staggered breathlessly out of the shop in pursuit. Four cyclists were disappearing in the distance. Tommy Dodd shook a furious fist after them. "Hooked it, the beastly funks!"
"I'm wet!" howled Cook. "Look at me! Soaked!"
"Serve you right!". hooted you funks! I'll smash you! Gurrrrrrr"
"Ride for your lives," gasped
Tommy Dodd, as the eggy, Bagshot
junior rushed after them.
"Hs, hs, hs!"
The Modern trio drove at their
pedals as if their lives depended on
it. Pankley rushed after them, but
he could not reach the active cyclists.
He rubbed egg from his eyes, and
blinked after them, and shook his fist
wildly in the air
"Grooh! Wast till to-morrow!
We'll make you sit up!" he shrieked,
"Gurrrrrrrr!"
The three Tommies looked round

The three Tommies looked round and kissed their hands to Pankley, and rode away, chortling, on the road to Rookwood.

and assed used names to Fasheey, and rode away, chortling, on the road to Rookwood.

They chortled nearly all the way home. They had got the worst of their encounter with the Fistical Four, but they had taken it out of Pankley, so they were satisfied.

"But what did the ass mean by a jape on us to-morrow?" Tommy Dodd exclaimed, as they neared the gates of Rookwood. "What can he have in his head? They can't jape us over a cricket match."

"Sure there's something on," said Doyle. "Of course, he thinks it's going to be the same kind of match as usual, and a walk-over for them. But I'm blessed if I see where the jape comes in."

Tommy Dodd shook his head thoughtfully.

"He said he would make the whole school chortle at us." he said.

"Well, they would chortle as usual if it was Smythe's team playing the giddy ox." said Cook. "But otherwise..."

the group on said Cook. "But otherwise—"
"There's something on," said Tommy Dodd uneasily. "Pankley is a japing beast, and he's got soriething on for us. Blessed if I can guess what it is, though."

And the Modern trio, though they

gave the matter a good deal of thought, had to confess that it was too deep for them,

The 4th Chapter. Tommy Dodd Has Another Engagement.

Temmy Bodd Has Abctaer

"What about the Modern cads?"
Jimmy Sliver asked that question
in the end study.
That famous apartment presented
an unusually festive appearance. It
was Raby's birthday that day, and
naturally the Fistical Four were
celebrating it. On the study table,
which was covered with a spotless
cloth, reposed the cake which had
been brought from Mrs. Wick's shep
in Coombe. It was fanked by all
sorts of delicacies, purchased as the
sechoel shop. The Fistical not only a
birthay to celebrate, but the fact
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t

birthday to celebrate, but the fact that they were in the junior cricket team, and the anticipated victory over Bagshot on the morrow.

"You see, Doddy's done very decently in letting us into the team," said Jimmy Silver. "Some of the Modern bounders would have left us out, and lost the match. Suppose we ask the Modern cads—just to show that there's no ill-feeling for the licking we gave them in the village."

"Ha, ha, ha."

"Right-ho!" said Raby, "Cut across and ask em. After all, they're playing up very decently over the cricket."

"I'll be back in a jiffy," said Jimmy Silver.

He cut out of the study, and as there were no prefects about, he descended the stairs by way of the banisters, which saved time. In spite of their keen rivalry, there was at bottom plenty of good-feeling between the rivals of Rookwood, and on such an austic the three Tommies. Jimmy Silver hurried across to the Modern wing, and scudded up to Tommy Dodd's study. As he approached it, he heard the sound of merry laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jimmy Silver thurned on the door. "Trot in!" sang out Tommy Dodd. Jimmy Silver hurried across to the Modern wing, and scudded up to Tommy Dodd's study. As he approached it, he heard the sound of merry laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"As I'll said Tommy Dodd. Jimmy Silver thurted in. Dodd and Cook and Doyle and Towle of the Fourth were in the study. They were still chuckling, apparently over some excellent joke. "Hallo, Classic worm," said Tommy Dodd. "We shall have to look for a thick ear? There's pienty going."

"As I'll said to morrow," said Tommy Dodd. "We shall have to look for a thick ear? There's pienty going."

"We've got a feed on—a big "Ha, ha, ha!"

We've got a feed on-a big

"We've got a feed on—a big spread—""
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Jimmy Silver stared at the Modern juniors. He did not see why the announcement that he had a feed on should cause them to burst into an explosion of mirth. But it did. They

shrieked.
"What's the joke?" demanded Silver

Silver.

"Ha, ha, ha! You are, my infant," said Tommy Dodd, wiping his eyes.
"I never see your face without thinking of the front page of 'Chuckles,' hands down! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, it's Raby's birthday"

"We know it, my son."
"We're celebrating"
"We're celebrating it, bedad,"
grinned Doyle. "Haven't we seen
ye carting in the tuck? Tons of it!
Ha, ha, ha!"
"Well, I'm blessed if I can see anyhim to ackle at. like a giddy barn-

"Well, I'm blessed if I can see any-thing to eackle at, like a giddy barn-yard full of old hens," said Jimmy Silver crossly. "I came over here to ask you chaps to the feed,"
"Oh!"

"Oh!"
"It will be rather good, and quite a select company," said Silver.
"There's Hooker and Flynn and Jones minor and Topham. Will you fellows come?"
"Thenk confully" gold Topmy.

"Thanks awfully," said Tommy Dodd. "You're awfully good. We'd like to come, really, and we thank

"From the bottom of our hearts," said Cook.
"But we've got another engage-

"Oh, all right," said Jimmy Silver.
"If you'd like to come, you're welcome. But if you can't, you can't!
Ta-ta." ment.

"We're really awfully sorry," said Tommy Dodd. "If you'd spoken sooner, we could have come. Now that other engagement is fixed."

"Ha, ha, ha je

demanded Jimmy Single mystified. "Anythm English your other engagement was "Well you and Tomay Bad Tomay Bad Juny to us. But you'll be juny to us. But you'll be juny to us.

Ha, ha, hale three Mo Oh, rate !"

ns in a state of and Raby and Newsonir chum inquiringly a

at their chum mquirigh back alone. "The silly assa can't Silver. "They've got w something up agains."

"Let 'em go and eat eate for those worms to come to teat"

for those worms to one and to test."

And the Fistical Four was a their preparations. They wanted their preparations are so from their minds if and a so from their minds if a sum of their preparations. The three Tommes at the still chording, had quinted at that moment. The three Tommes at the still chording, had quinted as and they made their the same they made their the still chording, had quinted to the trap in the roof what the trap in the roof what the trap in the roof what was on the trap in the roof what was the trap in the roof was the trap in the roof was the trap and so the trap and so the same over the wind roofs of the me over the wind roofs of the me buildings that made up know School.

"Hand up the was Taims to be seen the sum of the same trap in the roofs of the me buildings that made up know School."

"Hand up the was Taims the preparations are the wind the same trap to the same trap trap to the same trap to the sam

bundangs
School.

"Hand up the sack, Torks"
Towle handed up a sack
"I say, it looks jolly dassess
said Cook.

Tommy Dodd snifted.
"You leave it to your san."

"You leave it to you me," said.
"I say, you are quite say me, their chimney?" asked Took.
"If I, wasn't, as, I including my neck wriggling over the mi jam a sack into it?" sai Im Dodd witheringly.
"Do be careful, kid!" arm Dovle.;

thro the !

grac

Dodd witheringly,

"Do be careful, kid!" am
Doyle.

But Tommy Dodd ool ase,
He had heaps of herve.

"You fellows ean stay has
watch me," he said.

Taking the sack on ha said.

Tommy Dodd proceeded to he
of the leads. The roof of his
tory interposed between the
wing and the old wing. his
ting to the roof, sarthe 4f
was danterous work for a lear
youth than Tommy Dol'
if Yourth. For if his head alse
he would certainly have will
he would certainly have when
he was the work of the
heads when he was a series of th

But so long as he did ast ist nerve there was no danged Tommy Dodd was not likely us

nerve. is chums watched his s His

in the chums watched his anxious ryce, however, and the chums watched his anxious ryce, however, and the chums result in ten minutes temp. The characters was a so his comrades triumphathy. Then he clambered any the chimney-pots.

And the three Medera came were watching him bard sin yellow the chums of the chums result in the chums result in the chimney-pots.

And the three Medera came were watching him bard sin yellow the chums result in the chums result in the chimney-pots.

And the three Medera came were watching him bard sin yellow the chums result in the chums result in the chimney-pots.

And the target watched the chimney-pots.

And the target watched the chimney-pots was a supplied to the chimney-pots.

And the target watched the chimney-pots watched the

The 5th Chapter.

The 5th Chapter.

Black, but not Could.

"Ready!" said Jimmy Sire.

The last touch had been as touch and the said of the fourth Form passes.

A table said of the said of the fourth Form passes, and the said of the Fourth Form passes, and the said of the Fourth were the said of the Fourth were the said of the fourth were the said of the fourth, came passes, and the Fourth, came passes, and the Fourth came passes, and the fourth were the said of th

him.
Smythe had accepted the let

"Find out!" anapped Pankley, starting for the door.
"Hold on—"
"Rats! I'm not staying here with you hooligans!" snorted Pankley.
"You jolly, well are," grinned OUR COMPANION THE MACNET LIBRARY -1d. | THE CEM LIBRARY -1d. | THE DREADNOUGHT -1d. | THE PENNY POPULAR. | CHUCKLES-WEIGHT | Every Monday. | Every Wednesday. | The DREADNOUGHT -1d. | THE PENNY POPULAR. | Every Saturation

ROOKWOOD'S REVENGE!

(Continued from the previous page.)

Adophus could play and are cricket. It was some of swank with the latest himself loung-fold, with his monocole is ex, and looking very a hands. And it was a gode to be left out. I mythe wanted to pain are of the Fistical Four are of the Fistical Four good reasons, he could growing them at their h was impossible for the goldy Goats to avoid

Here we are, dear boys!"

a, as he lounged in. "By
's deemt little spread!

as you it, by gad!"

and if you gad!

The cheerfully,

maks! I'm afraid we
the to stop long, but we
if give you a look in,"

exhilly good!" said or gratefully. "It's really we have a right to ex-tows here, Smythey. Do in thair!"

liniod as eyeglass. Hight. Nothing with it, is there?"

1. But we feel that we is got in a throne as you me," said Jimmy Silver, its gravity. "We must ask thrones are thrones are sag, said Jimmy Sliver, segravity. "We must ask some us, as thrones are sait to get in a hurry." et visitors grinned, but the ar were quite scripus. blashed a little as he sank into the chair.

site is, I am very—haw— to be present on this—er— occasion," said Smythe, filely, think, Silver?" her that it was Raby's but a bad memory was a clust which he cultivated fest are

are, said Jimmy Silver

is my birthday, Jimmy, aid Raby, in surprise. said Silver. au duffer—"

ou hear Smythe say it

Swythe says so, it is so, as it

" said Jimmy Silver.
"said Jimmy Silver.
"said didn't come here to

it short, Smythe, old Plynn, "Sure, we'll before we have the

said Smythe.

the dandy of the Shell do sample the cake, was soon going strong, sheared of sample the cake as soon going strong, shall smyth a good feed plaus Smyth caked as to was a clatter of knives ad teacupa, and a buzz of soon.

or a crowd in the end are had run short; but Flynn shared a chair cood,bumour, and Jones a box. Toast and sar-am and poached eggs, iam-tarts vanished at a

with it.

"By gnd!" ejaculated Smythe, starting to his feet. "Atichoo! By gnd! What's that?"

"What the dickers..."

Another rush of smoke. It was followed by a rush of soot. Soot came down the chimney in clouds and fazzad in the fire and scattered into the study.

The whole room.

into the stooy.

The whole room swam with blacks.
"What the thunder is the matter with the chimney?" yelled Jimmy

with the chimney?" yelled Jimmy Silver.

"Oh! Grooch!"

"Oosooch! Atchih!",

"Gog! Gug# Ggg!"

The feasters were all on their feet now, samping and coughing, and rubbing their smarting eyes. Hooker threw their smarting eyes, it made a draught. The smoke was belching out of the chimney in huge volumes

Smyths. "That Modern cad has field it up! On dear! You silly fags! Oh! Yev!"

The smoke was steadily pouring ret into the study now. The mahappy Classics made a reah to the window, and hung their bands out. The study was rolling in smoke out. There was a chorse of gapes coughs, and smorts.

"Oh dear!" groaned Jimmy Silver. "What a ghastly sell! What in thunder is the matter with the chimney!"

"Those Modern cade," mouned Lovell, "they must have bouned it up somebow. Occock! And that villain Cook steaked in and steened our door—grooh!"—same as forces, you say, with a cord across the passage. Grook! Oh. my hai! I shall choke soon! Ow!"

There was a shout from the quadrangle below. The smoke was pouring from the window over the bunch of junious crammed their housing up to them. "Is your chimney on fire!"

Bulkeley disappoared, striding away towards the porch. Jimmy Silver made a rush to the door of the study,



As the three Tommies sprawled ever the Bagshot Junior, Jimmy Silver picked up a syphon of soda from the counter and let fly at the gasping heap. "Whizzz: Fizzzz: Squishssoh!"

Grooh!"
There was a how! of laughter in the passage outside. Then the voice of Cook of the Fourth yelled through the keyhole:
"Yah! Classic cads! Ha, ba, hat"

now. The juniors could hardly see one another "Oh, crumbs!"
"Atchoo-choo-choooooh!"
"A flood of soot descended into the sputtering fire and whisked over the study. The juniors were simply swamped with it.
"Yow!" spluttered Smythe. "You "Yow!" spluttered Smythe. "You "Yow!" spluttered Smythe. "You "Smythe rushed to the door and dragged at it. But the door did not open.
"Groo! What's the matter with this door?" shricked Smythe. "It won't open! Come and open this door, you silly idiot. Silve! Catch mee ceming to a fag feed again! Grooh!"

There was a how! of laughter in the passage outside. Then the voice of the Fourth yelled through the keyhole:
"Yah!. Classic cads! Ha, ba, ha!"
"Groococh!"
"Groococh!"
"Groococh!"
"Groococh!"
"Groococh!"
"Groococh!"
"Groococh!"
"Groococh!"

"Groooch!"

"From soled Tomax Dold inno-centile. "Let of stroke conting out of one of the stroke conting out of one of the stroke as to black faces." "Stare, I recised a to of black faces. "Stare, I recised a to of black faces." "An ething gone secong, Patholys." "Of course, you don't know any thing about it?" said Balleday sur-portously.

parously, and Tommy Dodd, in

astonishment.
Bulkeder grunted and tenned away.
Tommy Dedd & Co. marched out
acus-in-arm, smiling seconds. They
acus-in-arm, smiling seconds. They
felt that the deleast in the teckshop
felt that the deleast in the Patricia

The 6th Chapte Punkley's Little loke.

Parachey's active power,
But there was peace on the following day. Jimmy Silver & Co. had
intended that their next meeting with
the three Trumnes should result in
a beavy casualty list; but their next
meeting was on the cakeveloid to
meet Eagshet, so the hatchet was

most Daganos, so the hatches was burned.

Early after dinner the Rookwood junior beam turned up on the creokerheld, ready for the Eagshot obven to arrive. And it was pax. The Fistical Four affected not to notice the smales with which the Modern juniors greefed them.

Smythe of the Shell, speakes and elegant as usual, came along with Howard and Truey, and Exod has eyeglass upon Tommy Dodd.

"I suppose that's only a little joke of yours, Doddy," said Adolphas, in quits a friendly way. "You're net really leaving me out? Now, how long are you going to keep up that

ong are you going to keep up that

really leaving me out." Now, how long are you going to known up that joke?"

"Only till the end of the cricket season," said Tommy Dodd affably.

"You cheeky Modern weem." "You cheeky Modern weem." "noared Snythe, his friendlines vanishing with starting saddenness.

"You'll jolly well get ficked. You know that. Bagshot will walk over you." "It a dead cert!" said Tracy.

"Well, it's a dead cert!" said Tracy.

"Well, it's would be a deader cert if you were in the boam." said Jimmy Sirve. "Bun away and card your hair, for goodness sake!"

"Yes, bun off and play!" said Tommy Dodd. "I say, it's time those Bagshot chaps were here."

Smythe & Co. lounged away, frowning, and devokedly hoping that the Rookwood junior team would be beaten to the wide. Tommy Dodd; eleven were all in their fannels, and the pitch had been rolled to a nicety, and all was ready, but Bagshot had not yet put in an appearance. Tommy Dodd felt a little uneasy.

"That as Fankley has some jape of the said of the said of the said of the said of the little measy."

"That as B." I'm blessed if I know that it is a said and the said of the little little. B." I'm blessed if I know that it is a said and the said out. I wish they'd come."

"Here comes the brake," called out Lovell.

"Oh, good!"

on, he sam. "Im bessed if know what it is. But there's something on. I wish they'd come."
"Here comes the brake," called out Lovell.
"Che rood!"
"Che rood!"
"Che Rookwood cricketers hurried The Rookwood cricketers hurried for the Rookwood cricketers hurried the Rookwood cricketers hurried to be a cape as the caught sight of them.

He had expected to see the usual junior team from Başahos, composed of fellows in the Fourth and the Shell—a very good cricket team, which had been in the habit of walking over Smythe's eleven.

But it was a very unusual team that came with Pankley.

Pankley was there, with a sweet smile on his face. But the rest of the team was composed of small boys of an average age of about eleven. Ten members of the team had evidently been selected from the Second Form at Bagabot. They were all in flannels, and they were all graining.

The Rookwoof fellows stood dumb founded.

That team of diminutive fage could have played Smytha's eleven, because had been simply a standing joke. But they could not have bold their own for a quarter of an hour against Tommy Dodd's mighty men of war.

"1—I say," said Tommy Dodd, "wh-wh-what does this mean, Pankley" Pankley nodded and smiled.

"Here we are!" he remarked.

"But—but what—" exclaimed Lovel. "What's the little game!" roared Lovel. "What's he hittle game!" roared Lovel. "What have you brought these little beggara over for? Where's your team?"

"This is my team," said Pankley, with a wave of the hand towards the grinning lags.

Tyou want the BEST, buy Your Editor's papers. They contain the BEST reading matter for boys that , an be obtained.



"That—that's your team!" howled Tommy Dodd.
"Certainly! Where's Smythe? I'm awfully glad to see you chaps, of course, but my business is with your "Smythe's been booted out. I'm skipper," howled Tommy Dodd.
"And we're the team," shouted Lovell. "And we're not going to play a gang of inky little begars from a babies' school."
"Been making changes in your team—what!" said Pankley, with a year. "Well, it was time. Not that supplies the property of the work make any difference, I supplies that the property of the property of

"Why—why, you thumping ass," said Jimmy Silver, "do you think we play cricket like Smythe and his duffers?"

said Jimmy Silver, "do you think unfers?"

"Yes, you're all much of a muchness at Rookwood!" said Pankley pleasantly. "Excuse my saying so, but your cricket here would make a cat laugh. It would stir the risible faculties of a Hun, you know. I've brought over a team that can lick you. What more do you want?"
"We won't play a team of kids!" howled Tommy Dodd furiously. Pankley yawned.
"Suit yourself about that. Of course, if you funk the match, it counts as a win for us. I suppose you know that?"

The Rockwood cricketers glared at Pankley of Bagshot as if they would can him. In the suit of the suit o

once. But the humiliation of playing a team of "Babes" was 400 cerrible.

Smythe of the Shell burst into a joyous cackle.

He was glad now that he had been left out of the cleven. And he was enjoying the situation as much as the Bagshof fags.

"Oh, pile in, Doddy!" said Adolphus. "You've got a chance of winnin', now, you know, by gad! Ha, la, ha!"

"Well, we're ready, if you fellows are!" said Pankley urbanely.

Tommy Dodd looked helplessely at his followers. They were all furious, but there was only one thing to be done. Pankley had a right to done. Pankley had a right to done. Pankley had a right to be agreed any team he liked to play the Rook-wood match. The game had to be played.

Tommy Dodd dug his hands savagely into the pockets of his beyong the property of the process of the control of the process of the control of the cricket.

savagery
blazer.
"Come on!" he said.
He tramped off to the cricketground with his infuriated team.
Pankley & Co. followed them, gripered

Panklev & Co. followed them, grinning.

The Rookwood cricketers gathered
in a disconsolate group outside the
pavilion for a consultation. Their
feelings were almost too deep for
words. Already the news of
Panklev's jape was spreading, and
fellows were rolling up from all sides
to see the poculiar match. The
cricket-field was surrounded by
chuckling juniors, and a good many
semiors came along to was match was.
That utterly much be eyes of all
Rookwood. It was little consolation
to the Rookwooders to know that
they would wips the Bagshot fage off
the field. There was no credit in
such an easy win.

"Are we going to play, then?" said Lovell sulphurously, "We shall look silly idiotal. Everybody's coming to watch us being guyed!"
It a rotten scheme to pull our let a rotten scheme to pull our let a rotten scheme to pull our let and it!"
"We can't rotuse to play," said Tommy Bodd. "It counts as a win for them if we do,"
"Oh, it's too rotten!"
"The worst of it is, that if it had been Smythe's gang of howling idiots, Pankley's fags would very likely have beaten them," said Jimmy Silver. "We can't really blame him, after she kind of cricket he saw here in Smythe's time."
"Blow him and his fags and Smythe, soo!" said Tommy Dodd crossly.

"We shall look nearly as idiotic beating them as if they beat us!" grunted Lovel. "It's a dirty *rick!" "We shall be chortled to death, just as the baste said!" groaned Doyle. A sudden gleam came into Jimmy Silver's eyes.

A sudden glean Silver's eyes.
"Hold on!" he said. "Sup-

Well, suppose what?" growled

wett. suppose what?" growled Tommy Dodd.

"Those silly asses have come over here to pull our leg!" said Jinmy. "Suppose we pull their leg instoad, and turn the cackle against them?"

"If we jolly well could!" said Tommy Dodd. "But we can's! You're talking out of the back of your silly Classical neck!"

"To got a wheeze!"

"Oh, blow your Classic wheezes!"

"Blow 'em if you like!"s said Jinmy Silver. "Lee's got on, then."

"Well, we'll hear it, anyway," said Tommy Dodd. "If we could turn the cackle against those rotters, I'd be jolly glad, of course. What's the idea!"

"It's understood the country over the country of the country o

idea?"
"It's understood that we could wipe
out those fags without letting them
take a single run, if we liked!" said

Silver.
"Of course we could. The blessed match wouldn't last half an hour,

anyway."
"Then we can afford to take risk.
We can pile in and beat 'em at any
minute we like, so it won't really be

minuto we like, so it won't really be risk. What the thunder—"
"Pankley thinks he's got a team of slacking duffers like Smythe's lot to deal with. Well, let him go on thinking so."
"And spoof 'em to the top of their bent," said Jimmy Silver. "And then, at the finish, when they think that gang of little rascals has beaten us—"

that gang of little rascals has beaten us—"
"Oh, my hat!"
"They'll be cackling away like steam all through the match, and then all of a sudden the chopper will come down—"
"And they'll see that we've spoofed them!" said Tommy Dodd. "Oh, my hat!" The Modern junior fairly luuged Jimmy Silver. "Good egg! Iet e'm cackle-cackle till shey burst tier crops! My word—"
"You fellows ready?" called out Pankley. "Just a minute!" grinned Tommy Dodd.

Dodd.

And Tommy proceeded to give his devent instructions in a thrilling dever, and the gloomy faces of the Rookwood cricketers were wreathed in smiles. Then the two skippers tossed, and it was assigned to Rookwood to bat. Pantley led his team of grinning fags into the field.

The 7th Chapter.

The 7th Chapter.

Japing the Japers.

Tommy Dodd opened the innings for Rockwood with Jimmy Silver.

Round the ground there was a swarqing crowd. More than half Rocdwood had come to see the match. A swarm of fellows had come over from Bagabot on their bicycles to enjoy the joke. It was worth coming over, to see the Rockwood duffers walked over by a team from the Second Form at Bagehot.

Pankley put on a diminutive fag

to bowl. The bowler was smallest member of the Bagshot to

to how!. The box Bagshot team, and he was not men than ten. and he was not men than ten. and he was not men than ten. and he was not men to the crease in quite a bharselike way, as if he had no doubt of taking Rookwood wickets. As a metter of farch he could have taken Adolphus Smythe's wicket. But he was facing Jimmy Silver, and Jimmy Silver was a mighty man. But Jimmy Silver and Jimmy Silver a mightimes seemed to have deserted him all of a sudden, hat swept the empty air, and the first ball of the over trundled down to his wicket, and knocked off the ball. There was a yell from the Bagshot follows.

"Oh, well bowled! Ha, ha, ha !"

This was a yell from the Bagshot fellows, was a yell from the Bagshot fellows. This was a yell from the Bagshot fellows, which was fielded, and the diminutive bowlet sent down another shot.

"How's that?" shricked the fag, as the wicket went down, another shot.

"How's that?" shricked the fag, as the wicket went down.

"Out! Ha, ha, ha!", Newcome took Raby's place. The fag bowler was warming to his work now. Any of the Rockwood bastemen could have knocked his bowling sky-high fit they had liked. But they did not like. Newcome's wicket fell, and the crowd roared.

"The hat trick! Hurray!"
The Bagshot fag grinned with glee. He had never expected to perform the hat-trick, even against Rockwood with the fag had been seen to the fall of the short work of the follows Dodd has but in instead of us! What is Rookwood comin' to!"
"Disgustin!" said Tracy.

But the fag bowler's triumphs were not yet at an end. Lovell was next man in, and the ball rolled down to his wicket, and felled it. The crowd yelled with laughter. Even Pankley looked aghast. He had been used to the rottenest of rotten play from Rookwood. But to see four wickess taken in four balls by a fag— It was simply amazing!

"Oh, great Sout!" gasped Pankley. "They can't play ears'

was simply amazing!

"Oh, great Scott!" gasped
Panklev. "They can't play even
fags! Next time I'll bring a team
out of a nursey!"

Cook came in next, and went out
without a run. Then came Flynn,
and Flynn fell to the last ball of the
over. The olnokers simply shrieked.
The double hat-trick by a fag! And
Rookwood had not broken their
duck!
"Ducks' egys are cheen to deep

The double hat-trick by a fag! And Reokwood had not broken their duck!

"Ducks' eggs are cheap to-day, by gad!" said Smythe.

The field crossed over—or, rather, wrigiled over—for they were laughing too much to walk.

Pankley put on another diminutive bowler, and Tommy Dodd vass known to be a mighty swiper, and the crowd looked for a change now. But no change came. Tommy's wicket went down to the first ball.

"Ha, ba, ba!" noxt, and fell withcome, the control of the c

with this.
"Bad luck—what!" said Pankley to
"Bad luck—what!" said Pankley to
Tommy Dodd.
Tommy Dodd looked at him as
solemily as an owl.
"Cricket is a mighty
game," ho said soriously, "Perhaps
we shall have better luck in the next
innings."

see shall have better lick in the next innings."

Number 184, ha! Xou couldn't have worse. Have you ever played cricket before?"

"Well. I've seem it played."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tommy Dodd led his men into the field. Pankley went on to bat, with a fag at the other end, Pankley did not mean to take the trouble to knock up mice and the field. Pankley did not mean to take the trouble to knock up mice and the field seems to team of the field seems to the

In case of an unexpected bucking up on the part of Rockwood, of course, they still had their second imnings to second their second imnings to the second part of the work of battmen the best of the work of battmen the best of

chances.
Pankley chuckled as he swiped away

the ball.

He ran four, and then another four, and at last he was laughing so hysterically that he could hardy run. I have been a support of the support of

wicket.
"Not out!" grinned the umpire.
Tommy Dodd bowled again, and
Pankley ran two. Then he ran there.
Then the fag, his partner, stopped the
other two balls of the over.
Thirteen for the over was the

Then Pankley walked away from his

wicket.

"Hallo! What's the little game?"
asked Tommy Dodd.

"Innings declared," said Pankley.
"Oh, you can't declare yet!"
"Yes, I ean, and I do!" chuckled
Pankley. "You fallows can go on
and hat as soon as you like. Oh, my

and bat as soon & you like. Oh, my hat!"

"What are you laughing at!"
"Oh, nothing! If this goes on, I shall have to be taken home on a stretcher!" gasped Pankley. "Have you chaps ever really seen a game of cricket played."

"Well, we've seen Smythe play."
"Man, ha, ha topping player!" said Jimmy Silver. "Ask him! He'll tell you so in a minute!"
"Oh, dear!" groaned Pankley.
"Got a pain!" asked Silver.
"Yes! Oh, yes! I can't laugh so much without getting a pain! Next time I come here, I shall bring kids of five!"

much without getting a pant: Next time I come here, I shall bring köds of live!"

"You're not out of the wood yet," said Jimmy Silver. "Wo're going to beat you, you know!"

"Beat us? Ha, ha, ha!"

"Are you really declaring now!" asked Tommy Dodd.

"Yes, really. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, all serene!"

The field broke up. The Rookwood players were all looking serious enough, but the Bagshot fellows were on the verge of hysteries. They had expected amazing cricket from an Rookwood team, but this expectation and the strength of the

chuckling incessantly, and the Rookwooders were joining in the merriment.

Some of them suspected that
Pankley's leg was being pulled,
though they could not uptile see how;
but the whole show was so ridiculous
that they could not thelp, laughing.
Smythe of the Shell pointed out to all
who would listen to him how the team
had gone down since he left it, and
there was no denying that Smythe
stated the exact facts.

A rain Jinny Silver and
Tomny Dodd took the bowling.

A Bagshot fag trundled down the
bull, fully expecting to take the
wicket. Then there was a suprise.

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A Bagshot fag trundled down the
bull, fully expecting to take the
wicket. Then there was a suprise.

Tomny Dodd took the bowling.

A Bagshot fag trundled down the
bull, the sailed away. Dodd and
Silver crossed the pitch four times
before the ball came in.

Pankley rubbed his eyes.

He thought, he must be dreaming.

But it was no dream; the some
marked four for Rookwood.

"My only hat!" said

"A blessed fluke!" said Smythe of
the Shell.

Really, it seemed like a fluke. But
there was another fluke shortly;
Jimmy Silver took four before he
went out. Then came the hat trickthree duck's eggs in succession. Then
another fluke—if it was a fluke—
Lovell scored four runs. And thea
Cook scored two. And thea
Cook scored two. And seed are

the interest of the control of the shell.

went down to incume.

As Pankley had declared for thirteen runs, and Rookwood had taken fourteen, the visitors had to begin their second innings, after all.

"You've got to bat again, Panky, you see," remarked Tommy Dodd

game "The way you play it" Pankley. Pankley, you play Rookwood west into

smile on his face. He had a property of the party of the

"How's that!" told a

"My word!" sait Packet,
Jimmy Silve and the Meet man in looked a base.
Next man in looked a base.
Next man in looked a base.
Next man in looked a base.
In and he had read the man in a base.
In the man in a man is made a base.
In Third man in a man is man in a base.
In third man in a man is man in a base with packed or of the transparent man lost his off died attack.
In the over knocked the last off.

"Memour services and the services are a base off.
"Memour services are a base of the man in a base of the man in the man in

"M-mum-my hai?" Pankley, amazed.

The Bagshot crowd he mad laugh now, but the Rockwalls.

wore roaring.

They could see now he also shot leg had been pelled. The shot leg had been pelled. The crossed over, and Touny be not the ball.

Crash.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled to h

"Hat, ha, ha!" yelled to be "Hat, ha, ha!" yelled to be "Hat ha, ha!" yelled to be seen to be seen to be year. "Buck up, for goodned on whisperord Paulo Bout seen to the year. "Next man in bucked up be in ou use. Tommy Dodd busins wicket to tatters. Nert man shim managed to bit the blug wass caught but from the k Tommy Dodd min." "starred has the man and the seen to be se

in a dream.

"Whe wheat does it messtattered.

"What does what make.

Jimmy Silver blandly.

"You-your our air please.

"Go hon!"

"If—if I badn't decine!"

"It—if I badn't decine!"

"Said Tommy Dodd cherish, should have teaken igan un staten von in any case!

"Why, your you will be the word of the word of the your mightly beam?

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Has that any is a dealy your mightly beam?

Silver blandly, fars you with a toam with a toam with a toam one will be careful on the word of the word o

OUF

Special for Next Monday! The FIRST instalment of "A SON OF THE SEA," a stirring story of mystery and naval warfart of Boverley Kent and Victor Daring, R.N.