

GREAT SCHOOL TALE AND 5,000 PRIZES!

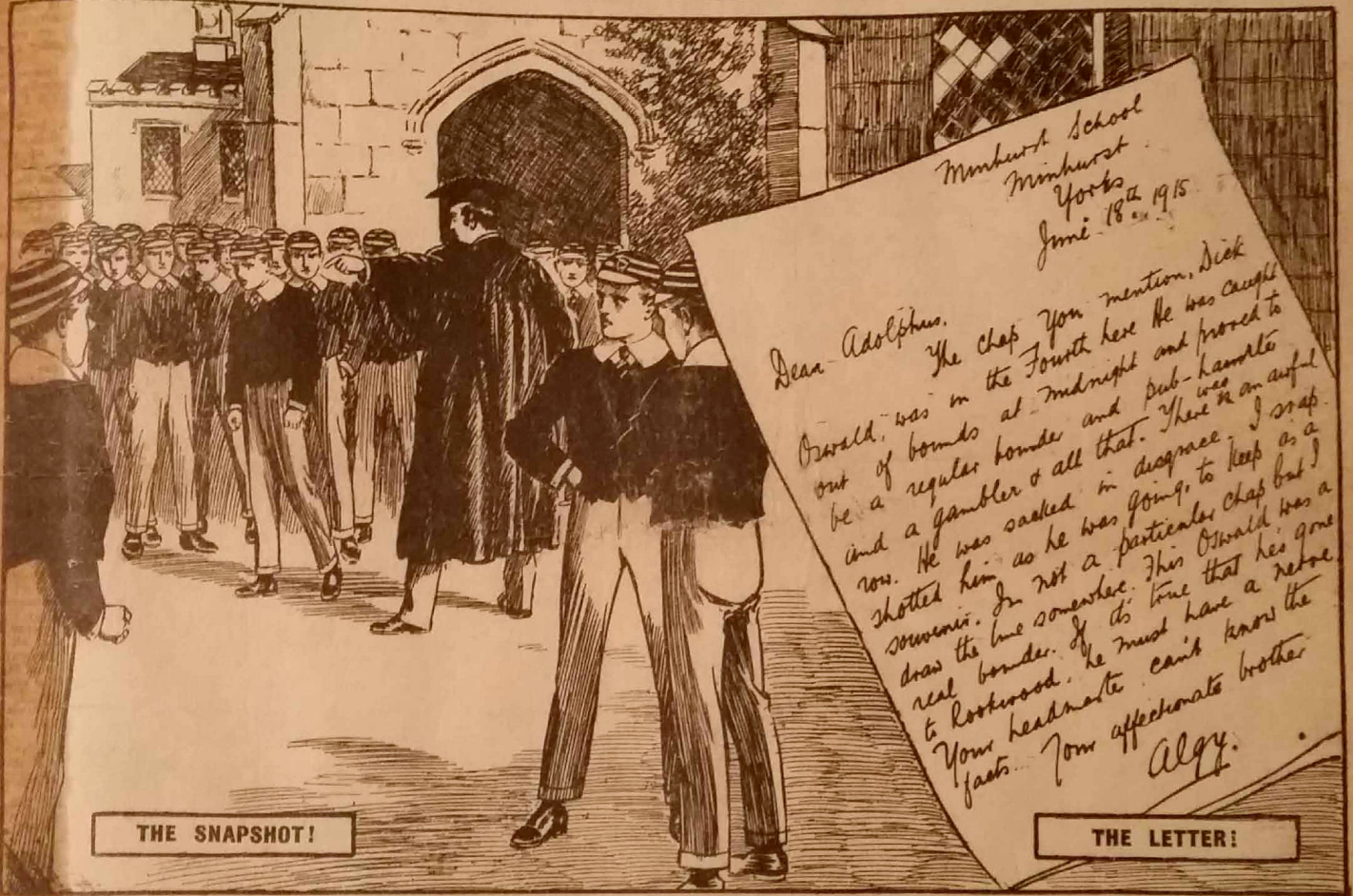
The BOYS' FRIEND I.

(WITH WHICH IS AMALGAMATED "THE DREADNOUGHT.")

No. 733, Vol. XV. New Series.]

ONE PENNY.

[Week Ending June 26th, 1915.]



THE SNAPSHOT!

THE LETTER!

THE SNAPSHOT WHICH BRINGS TROUBLE TO JIMMY SILVER & CO. AT ROOKWOOD.

HIS TRUE COLOURS!

A Magnificent New Long Complete School Story, introducing JIMMY SILVER & Co. at Rookwood.

BY OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter.
The New Kid!

Jimmy Silver of the Fourth came upon him suddenly in the quad. In fact, he came upon him very suddenly. The details of the end study were getting less in that famous apartment, when it was discovered that there was no one there.

It was then that he came upon the new boy. He came upon him like a charging Highlander. The new boy was standing there looking at the

place, with his hands in his pockets, and a downcast expression upon his face. Jimmy Silver was upon him before he saw him and the new junior went over like a skittle. There was a loud bump, and a yell, as he landed on the ground. Jimmy Silver staggered back from the shock. "Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Silver. "Oh! Ah! Yah! Owl! Grookh!" said the new boy.

"You fatted, what were you standing there like a stuffed dummy for?" demanded Jimmy Silver indignantly. "Oh dear!" "Didn't you see me coming, you daz?" "Oh! Ah!" Then Jimmy Silver realised that perhaps the fault had been partly his. Probably the new kid had not expected a fellow to come bolting out of the house like a runaway locomotive. So Jimmy Silver generously resolved to forgive him, and he even gave him a helping hand, and yanked him to his feet. The new boy appeared in a somewhat dazed state, which was not surprising under the circumstances. He was a good-looking lad of Jimmy's own age, and of sturdy build. He blinked round for his cap, and Jimmy picked it up for him, and dabbed it on his head backwards. "Well, you must be an ass," said the new boy, at last. "I!" exclaimed Silver indignantly.

"Yes. What did you bang into me for?" "How was I to know that a silly ass was standing there like a boiled owl?" demanded Silver. "Fellows are supposed to keep their eyes open." "You didn't keep yours open." "Well, perhaps I didn't," admitted Jimmy Silver. "But I'm in a hurry. I hope I haven't hurt you," he added. "Well, you have, as a matter of fact," said the new boy. "But it doesn't matter." He dabbed his nose with his handkerchief. "It's all right!" Jimmy Silver nodded and passed on. He whipped into the tuckshop, and secured a packet of tea from old Sergeant Kettle, and came back towards the School House at a run. The new boy was still dabbing his nose. The end study was waiting for the tea, and Jimmy Silver was in a hurry; but a kindly impulse made him pause. It was not so very long ago. (Continued on the next page.)

Minkhurst School
Minkhurst
Yorks
June 18th 1915

Dear Adolphus,

The chap you mention, Dick Oswald, was in the Fourth here He was caught out of bounds at midnight and proved to be a regular bomber and proved to you. He was sacked in disgrace. I snap shotted him as he was going to keep as a souvenir. In not a particular chap but I dress the line somewhere. This Oswald has a real bomber. It's true that he's gone to Rookwood. If he must have a rebate Your headmaster can't know the facts. Your affectionate brother
Algy.



HIS TRUE COLOURS!

(Continued from the previous page)

since he had been a new boy, and had not known a soul at Rookwood. This new kid looked rather forlorn, and there was no doubt that his nose was damaged, owing to the hurry Jimmy Silver had been in. Jimmy resolved to let the end study wait a minute or two.

"Proboscis damaged?" he said sympathetically.

"Yes, a bit."

"New kid—what?"

"Yes."

"What's your name?"

"Oswald—Dick Oswald!"

"Classical or Modern?"

"That was always one of the first questions put to a new fellow at Rookwood—whether he belonged to the Classical or the Modern side of the school. Jimmy Silver was one of the ornaments of the Classical side, and he was prepared to be kind to the stranger if the latter was also a Classical. If he was a Modern, of course, there was nothing for it but to knock his cap off and leave him.

"Classical," said the new boy.

"Oh, good!" said Jimmy Silver approvingly.

Oswald looked at him.

"You're a Classical?" he asked.

Jimmy Silver sniffed.

"You young ass, if you weren't a green new kid you wouldn't ask that question. Do I look like a Modern?"

"I don't know."

"Well, young hopeful, when you've been at Rookwood a bit longer, you'll know that the Classicals are the decent side, and the Moderns a set of worms and wasters," said Silver.

"Frustrance, if you thought I looked like a Modern, it would be my duty to wipe up the quad with you. What's your Form?"

"Fourth!"

"Seen Bootles?"

Mr. Bootles was the master of the Fourth.

"Yes, I've just been with him," said Oswald. "I was having a look round, when you bumped me over."

"Been to school before?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

Oswald coloured.

"Do you always ask new fellows all these questions?" he inquired.

"Yes, as a rule, and they answer them unless they've got something to hide," said Jimmy Silver. "But I'm only asking you out of politeness, as a matter of fact. I don't really care twopenny whether you've been to school or not, or where it is, or where it isn't. Just politeness!"

Oswald laughed.

"Know anybody here?" asked Jimmy.

"No."

"Feeling a bit lonesome—what?"

"Yes," said Oswald frankly.

"Had your tea?"

"No."

"Then trot along with me," said Jimmy Silver. "We're just going to have tea in our study, and you can come if you like."

"I say, that's awfully decent of you," said the new boy gratefully.

"Well, come on!"

And Jimmy Silver marched his new acquaintance up to the end study.

The 2nd Chapter. Quite a Good Sort.

Lovell and Baby and Newcome turned inquiring glances upon Jimmy Silver and his companion as they came into the end study.

"Got the tea?" asked Lovell.

"Here you are," said Jimmy Silver. "And this is a new kid."

"Where did you dig it up?" asked Baby, with a curious glance at the new junior, who was dabbing his nose again.

"To the quad! He had gone to sleep standing up like a horse, and I dipped into him and woke him up."

"I wasn't asleep," said Oswald indignantly. "I was just looking round."

"Did you bring that nose to Rookwood with you, young 'un?" asked Newcome.

"I did that," said Jimmy Silver. "My shoulder, I think. Just like a new kid to shove his nose in the way of my shoulder. But he'll learn more sense in time. His name's Oswald, he comes from goodness knows where, and he's as green as grass, and I've brought him in to tea. I hope there are enough sausages to go round."

"Just one of your weird ideas, planking down a new kid on the study," said Lovell.

Oswald coloured.

"I—I don't want—" he began.

Lovell stared at him.

"Don't be an ass! You're welcome. I suppose I can tell Jimmy Silver what I think of him without you chipping in, can't I?"

"Oh!"

"Don't mind Lovell, kid," said Jimmy Silver. "His bark's worse than his bite, and his manners are quite Modern."

"Why, you silly ass," began Lovell wrathfully. "If you want to start tea with a nose to match that new kid's—"

"Bow-wow! Get on with the scones. I've brought the tea, and the scones ain't ready," said Jimmy Silver. "Here, sit down, you new kid; don't stand on ceremony; sit on a chair, my infant. How's your nose now?"

"Getting on all right, thanks!" said Oswald, laughing.

He began to feel at home in the end study already. Jimmy Silver would have made anybody feel at home.

The sausages being done to a turn, and the toast finished, and the tea finally made, the Fistical Four sat down to tea with their guest. Dick Oswald had to pause to dab his nose occasionally, but he was taking that little accident with such cheery good-humour that it raised him in the opinion of the chums of the end study. Those tough young gentlemen did not like persons who were "soft," but it was clear that Oswald was not very soft.

Although Lovell had pronounced Silver's idea of befriending the new boy "weird," all the four chums did their best to make him feel comfortable on his first day at Rookwood. They took their cue from Jimmy Silver, who, though not generally a philanthropist, had a very kind heart; and besides, Jimmy felt that something was due to Oswald in compensation for his evasive nose.

Jimmy Silver & Co. talked cricket, and especially the forthcoming match with St. Jim's; but they did not forget their guest. Oswald knew nothing as yet about Rookwood or Rookwood games, and could not very well enter into the deep questions discussed so knowingly by the Fistical Four.

"You play cricket, kid?" asked Lovell patronisingly.

"Yes, I'm a cricketer," said Oswald. "I hope I shall have a chance to play here. I was considered rather good."

"In the nursery?" asked Lovell.

"At my old school, I mean," said Oswald.

"Where was that?"

The new boy paused a moment. The question was asked quite casually, not at all curiously. A similar question asked by Jimmy Silver had been evaded, though Jimmy had not noticed that.

"Minhurst," said Oswald at last.

"Minhurst?" said Lovell carelessly. "Never heard of the place."

"It's in Yorkshire."

"My hat! That's a good stop from here!" said Lovell. "We're right on the Channel here. On fine evenings we can see the German submarines from the windows, you know, playing like dolphins."

"Do you really?" exclaimed the new junior, his eyes opening wide.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Fistical Four.

"We do, really!" chuckled Lovell, "and occasionally a Zeppelin comes down the chimney. We keep 'em in the school museum."

"Oh, you're pulling my leg. I suppose," said Oswald, smiling. "What are new boys for?" said Baby. "But I say, I've heard of your school. It's in the West Riding, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Oswald.

"Smythe's got a brother there," said Baby. "I've heard him speak of it."

Oswald started.

"Who's Smythe?" he asked nervously.

"Smythe of the Shell," grinned Jimmy Silver. "He's our prize idiot. A great nut. He used to be junior captain till we kicked him out and that pushing Modern worm Toddy Dodd squeezed in. Smythe is an Arbiter Eleazarium. I suppose you know what that means, as you're a Classical?"

"Arbiter of Elegance," said Baby, for the benefit of the new boy, who was looking curiously thoughtful.

"You needn't translate to Oswald, Baby. He isn't a Modern," said Jimmy Silver. "I didn't know there were two Smythes. What a mercy and a blessing they ain't both at Rookwood!"

"What an escape for Rookwood!" said Lovell. "I've heard of Smythe's brother. He's younger than Adolphus, but he looks him in the holidays. I suppose that's the way his pater keeps peace in the family, shoving Smythe major here and Smythe minor up in Yorkshire. Did you know the chap, Oswald?"

"I knew a Smythe—I mean, just by sight," said Oswald. "He wasn't a friend of mine. He wasn't much of a nut—chap who was always going out with a camera."

"Well, if he was the only Smythe there, he was Adolphus's minor," said Baby.

Oswald compressed his lips.

"Does he ever come here?" he asked.

"Here! No! Why the dickens should he come here?" said Lovell.

"It's a bit too far for a bike ride, isn't it?"

"And there isn't much love lost between Adolphus and his minor, from what I heard," grinned Baby.

"They write to one another, though. Adolphus writes to him for a quid he lent him last year, and Algy writes back to ask him if he won't be happy till he gets it. It's a regular joke in Smythe's study."

"Your nose hurting you, young 'un?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"My nose! No."

"You're looking jolly down in the mouth all the time."

"Am I?" said Oswald, with a smile. "Perhaps it's my nose, after all."

"Have another scow," said Lovell hospitably. "I say, have they put you into a study yet?"

"No, Mr. Bootles is going to tell me about it."

The Fistical Four exchanged glances. When a new boy dropped in at Rookwood there was danger of the sacred precincts of the end study being invaded by an outsider. The Classical four rather liked Oswald's looks, but they didn't want a fifth in their study. That wasn't to be expected.

"Then I'll tell you what," said Lovell. "Don't let Bootles put you in here. You see, we're four now, and I'm afraid you'd be uncomfortable."

"There's only two in the next study," Newcombe remarked.

"Hooker and Jones minor. Hooker is a really nice chap, and Jones is a regular ripper. You'd like both of them."

"It's a nice study, too," said Baby. "Not so big as this, but cosy—very cosy."

"Nice pink wall-paper, too," said Jimmy Silver. "Jones minor did that. You'd like that study, Oswald, right down to the ground."

Oswald burst into a laugh.

"I understand. I'll keep out of this study if I can."

"Ahem! Of course, we don't want to be inhospitable," explained Jimmy Silver, "but the family circle is the family circle, you know. An Englishman's study is his castle."

"Exactly. I'll do my best."

"I must say the young 'un is quite a decent chap for a new kid," said Lovell. "More sense than most new kids. If you've finished, we'll take you for a walk round the place, and show you our picturesque views and famous sights."

The Fistical Four felt extremely friendly towards the new fellow who was willing to spare their study. They felt that they could not make too much of him—at least, until the question of his study was settled. Tea being over, and Oswald having

given his damaged nose a final dab, the five juniors sallied forth together, the Fistical Four and the new kid on the best of terms with one another.

The 3rd Chapter.

Adolphus Wakes up the Wrong Passenger.

"By gad, what have you got there, dear boys?"

It was Smythe—the great Smythe—Adolphus Smythe of the Shell, who asked the question, in his languid, drawing voice. Smythe and Howard and Tracy, the leading spirits of the Noble Society of Giddy Goats, were lounging gracefully under the old beeches when the Fistical Four and their protege came along. Adolphus extracted his eyeglass from his pocket, and jammed it in his eye, and took a survey of the new junior.

"By gad! Where did you get that nose?" he inquired.

"Do you want one to match it?" said Oswald, by no means pleased by the disdainful expression upon Smythe's face. He had never seen Smythe before, and did not know him from Adam. The great Adolphus was not good-natured, and he had no idea at all of letting a new kid down lightly. Indeed, Smythe of the Shell sometimes found a harmless and necessary amusement in tormenting new kids.

"A new fag, I suppose?" said Smythe.

"A new fellow in the Fourth," said Jimmy Silver.

"Same thing, by gad! Cheeky little cub," said Smythe. "Somebody been doddin' him on the nose already—what?"

The Fistical Four paused. They were always ready for a rag with Smythe & Co. The Fistical Four were energetic youths, and they were down on nuts.

"We've been looking for you, really," said Jimmy Silver. "We wanted to show you to the new chap. We're showing him the sights, you know. Oswald, my son, here you behold the great chief of the noblest of the Zoo. The Head has received tempting offers from the Zoo, but he won't part with him on any terms."

"Smythe of the Shell glared, and Howard and Tracy chuckled. Smythe turned his glare upon them, and they left off chucking. The new boy burst into a laugh, and Adolphus then bestowed his glare upon him."

"What are you cacklin' at?" he inquired. "Do you want me to give you an ear to match that nose? I'd do it for two pence!"

Oswald fumbled in his jacket, and then held out his hand towards Smythe. Two pins reposed in his palm. Adolphus turned his eyeglass upon them with a puzzled look.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Jimmy Silver. "There's the two pins, Smythe."

"By gad!"

Adolphus pushed his eyeglass back into his pocket, and pushed back his immaculate white cuffs. He was a head taller than the new boy, and had no doubt about being able to handle him. If he had had any doubts about it, he would have sheered off, for Adolphus was not of the stuff of which heroes are made. But although he was not a fighting man, he was by no means averse to earning a little cheap glory by looking a fag who was not his match.

"Where will you have it?" he asked.

Oswald chuckled.

"Anywhere you can put it," he replied.

"Look out for your nose," said Smythe.

"I'm looking out."

The Fistical Four and Howard and Tracy stood round in a ring. Tommy Dodd & Co. came scuffling over from the Modern side at the first whiff of battle in the air.

It was surprising, indeed, how fast juniors gathered upon the spot. It was an unusual sight to see Adolphus engaged in fistfights; his tastes were not generally fistical, and the Rookwood fellows were interested.

The sight was indeed interesting, but it was unfortunately brief. Adolphus made a rush at the new junior, his fists sailing about like flails.

Oswald did not budge an inch. His left came up and knocked Smythe's wildly-sailing fists into the air, and then his right came out and caught Smythe on the chin.

Smythe staggered back, and brought up against the trunk of a beech, and put his hand to his chin, and gasped.

"Bravo, young 'un!" shouted Jimmy Silver.

"By gad!" ejaculated Tommy Dodd. "Go on, Smythe! You're a nut. Map up the ground, Smythe!"

"I'm waiting to be given a thrashing!"

"New look!" said Tommy Dodd. "Smythe is going to show you I can see it in his eye. He's waiting for you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tommy Dodd's remark intended in a humorous way, the great Adolphus, as far as bent on slaughter, dashed cuffs, and turned away. Adolphus blew his nose, and

Adolphus. He realised that he woke up the wrong passenger, and he had had enough of it.

"Well, my hat!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Don't go any further. You ain't licked!"

Even Howard and Tracy, who were ashamed of their chum, were so incensed at a driblet-dribble in the quadrangle at the end of the school, that they

Smythe had picked a new kid, he had called

provocation, and he had

at the first whack. The

howl of derision from

& Co.

"The Classical side is

is simply going to rot,"

Dodd scornfully. "Elected

saw anything like that."

"Dad! It's all Smythe's

and go for him!" whistled

and he

holigan scramble," and

loftily as he could. "I'm

for scraps with Fourth

"Nor with anybody, you

funk!" howled Tommy

"Smythe, old chap—"

Tracy.

"Oh, rats!" said Smythe

And he walked away,

little red, but his stop as

as ever.

Howard and Tracy followed

slowly. Never had the great

the Giddy Goats cut so poor

figure.

"Well, that takes the

intorely," said Doyle, who

Rookwood coming to."

"Rookwood!" snorted

Dodd. "Rookwood's all

Modern side! But I must

Classicals are miserable

side!"

"Why, you Modern worm,

Jimmy Silver angrily.

own Smythe! He ought

Modern. He's just suited

side!"

The Fistical Four had

whatever in common with

but he was a Classical, and

deeply mortified by the

he had put up under the

Moderns. Smythe's

reflected upon his side. They

inclined to prove to the

the plainest possible way, that

Classicals weren't funks,

and

"Backing down before a

kid that hasn't been born

of hours!" said Tommy

"Well, I never did think

these meanly Classicals, but

take the biscuit!"

The sooner they

Classical side the better

Rookwood," remarked

Tommy Dodd. "I

think—"

"You think!" snorted

Jimmy Silver. "You can't



HIS TRUE

COLOURS!

(Continued from the previous page.)

Bulkeley laid out with that air of an all-wise, and the fiery combat...

probably severely reprimanded him of having bothered Oswald at all. Never had an essay at bullying ended so unobscurely.

The Fictitious Four had threatened him with a round tagging if he refused. Smythe shrugged his shoulders and kept his own counsel.

"Look here, Tracy—" "You should have thought of that before you gazed on him in the last place," said Tracy.

"Yorkshire!" said Smythe reflectively. "Oh, my hat! I've got a minor at a school in Yorkshire. Was it Mansfield that cad came from?"

"Lacked 'em hollow, of course!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "I've got a new one! Look at it! All Smythe's fault!"

Even the note of the Shell, the Noble Society of Giddy Goats, were submitted to him. There were limits. But it was in vain that Adolphus's friends urged him to make mincemeat of the cheeky new kid.

It was noted that he avoided every chance of encountering Smythe, and, indeed, would turn deliberately away if he saw him coming.

"This scuffling is rotten low," said Smythe. "I'm not a booby. I'm not going to be always punching and swopping like those Fourth-Form lads."

"Do you mean to say that you know something against that chap?" asked Howard in perplexity. "You'll see, if you come along to the common-room with me after tea," said Smythe.



"Gave me a nip, of course!" There was a slip of paper attached to it, by the slip was written, in large letters: "Class lunk!"

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The 5th Chapter. Mysterious.

Oswald took his place in the Fourth Form at Rockwood the following day. He had been assigned to the study of Hooker and Jones minor—such to the relief of the Fictitious Four.

Oswald was well up in his Form work, and he won a few words of approval from Mr. Boodles, the master of the Fourth. Under normal circumstances, a new fellow in the Fourth would not have attracted much attention. But Oswald, as it happened, had got into the limelight at once.

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The Fictitious Four had taken him up, and were friendly to him, which was a distinction. Then the fact that he had easily tackled a Shell fellow to much bigger than himself made him remarked. But the chief cause of the limelight that was shed upon him was the conduct of Adolphus Smythe.

Meanwhile, the Modern juniors did not let the matter rest. As a rule they did not trouble their heads about a slacker like Smythe, and a new Classical kid was nothing to them. But it was a "handle" against the Classical.

Adolphus, and as much afraid of Smythe as Smythe was afraid of him. A couple of days later, when Smythe and Howard and Tracy came into their study to tea, they found a prominent inscription inked across their looking glass:

"HOME FOR FUNKER!" Smythe scowled, and Howard and Tracy fumed. "This study is getting a good name—I don't think," growled Howard.

What does he dodge you for, if he isn't? "He does dodge me," said Smythe, with a nod. "I know he does."

HIS TRUE

COLOURS!

(Continued from the previous page.)



several more of the choice fraternity joined Adolphus at once. Jones minor and Buller closed the door, and put their backs to it. Now that Smythe was there, he wasn't going to get away without a scrap, if they could help it.

Oswald did not look up from the chess-table, but Hooker jumped up at once. "What was chess at a moment like that?"

"Hallo! Here's somebody to see you, Oswald!" exclaimed Hooker, with a chuckle.

"Let's get on with the game," said Oswald, with his eyes still on the chess-board.

"Blow the game! Here's Smythe!"

"Don't let me interrupt you, pray," said Smythe, in a drawing tone. "You needn't keep your face glued to the board, though, Oswald. Look me in the face, if you've got the check, by gad!"

"Bravo, Smythey!" chorled Selwyn.

Adolphus was fairly coming out at last, that was clear.

Oswald's cheeks burned, and he rose to his feet.

"Look you in the face!" snorted Jimmy Silver. "Why, you've been sneaking about for days, not giving him the chance, you funk!"

Smythe laughed.

"Come on, Oswald, old scout!" said Jimmy Silver, dragging the new boy forward. "Look the silly ass in the chivvy! Tain't a very pretty chivvy to look at, but it won't kill you!"

"Look here, I don't want a row," said Oswald.

"My only hat! You're not funking as well as Smythe, I suppose?" exclaimed Jimmy Silver.

"He'd rather not see me now he knows that I know him," said Adolphus, with a grin. "I've got an explanation to make to you fellows. I've declined to have anythin' to do with this—this person—"

"You've funk'd, you mean," said Lovell.

"There are some persons it is impossible to touch," said Adolphus loftily. "This is one of them. I might have explained this before, but I haven't taken the trouble. But to avoid misunderstanding, I'm willing to tell you fellows my reasons."

"We know your reasons," said Hooker. "You're a rotten coward!"

"Yes, rather!"

Smythe sneered.

"That fellow isn't fit to touch!" he said. "I'll fight with any decent chap, but not with him!"

There was a buzz.

"And what have you got against Oswald?" demanded Jimmy Silver angrily and scornfully.

"Ask him," said Smythe. "He knows."

All eyes were turned upon Oswald. For a moment the new junior's face had worn a strangely troubled and harassed expression. But now he

stood erect, his eyes gleaming and fastened upon Smythe. Certainly he did not look afraid of the big Shell fellow.

"What the dickens is the fellow driving at?" exclaimed Lovell, perplexed. "Has Smythe got anything up against you, Oswald?"

Oswald shrugged his shoulders.

"If he has anything to say, I suppose I can answer it," he replied—"or, rather, I shan't take the trouble to answer it. I'm ready to give him a licking, if that's what he wants."

"That's what he needs, whether he wants it or not," said Jimmy Silver. "Cut off the gas, Smythey, and come to the houses."

Smythe drew away a pace. There was a dangerous gleam in Oswald's eyes that he did not like.

"One has to draw the line somewhere," said Smythe. "That fellow disgraced his own school, and he's come here to disgrace ours. He must have told her to the Head to get admitted."

"What!"

"Rats!"

"Rubbish!"

"Tell him he's a liar, Oswald!"

Jimmy Silver shook the new junior by the shoulder. "Don't think we believe a word of it, kid; we know you're the right sort. He's telling this yarn because he's a funk and a cad. Tell him he's a liar, and then wallop him!"

Oswald drew a deep breath.

"He is a liar if he says I've done anything to disgrace my old school, or that I told any lies to get admitted here," he replied, in a clear voice.

Smythe's lip curled.

"I've got it from my brother," he said, "my minor at Minhurst."

"If your brother says what you've said, he is a liar too," said Oswald.

"That's plain English!" grined Lovell. "Bravo, young 'un! What have you got to say to that, Smythey? What yarn are you going to make up next to sneak out of a fight?"

"I'm going to prove what I say," said Smythe. "That fellow was expelled from Minhurst."

"Bow-wow!"

"He was sacked for disgracing his school—acting like a rotten cad, breaking boards at night, and going to public-houses," said Smythe.

"Pile it on!" jeered Lovell.

"Didn't he commit any burglaries or murders?" asked Raby sarcastically.

"He won't dare to deny it," said Smythe. "I know the whole story, though I'd almost forgotten it, only he brought it back to my mind by coming here. My brother at Minhurst dabbles in photography, and he took a snap of this fellow when he was sacked. He sent a copy of it to me. I had it knocking about for a long time, but it won't—"

"You haven't got it now, of course?" jeered several voices.

"No, I never took any care of the thing," said Smythe. "Why should I? I'm not gone on photographs. Of course it never occurred to me that the fellow would have the cheek to come here."

"Roll 'em out!" said Jimmy Silver. "Pile 'em on! You beat Ananias at his own game."

"I remember the photograph distinctly," said Smythe angrily. "Young Algy snatched him when he was clearing out. He was sneaking away looking like a whipped cur, with the fellows staring at him—blubbing, too. You could see in the photograph that he was blubbing."

"Pile it on."

"Young Algy told me all about it in his letter. The fellow's name was Oswald, and he was caught coming in after midnight, and it came out that he was in the habit of haunty' pubs, and had been seen quaffin'—"

"Hear, hear!"

"What a giddy imagination!" said Jimmy Silver admiringly. "You ought to live by the seaside and write short stories, Smythey."

"And he was sacked," said Smythe. "If I'd had the least idea that he'd would have the nerve to shove himself in here I'd have taken care of that photograph to show him up. Of course I never thought of such a thing."

"Pity you didn't!" grined Jimmy Silver. "We might have believed a word or two of the yarn if you had."

"Hold on," said Howard. "I've seen that photograph knocking about the study in a drawer some weeks ago. I didn't notice it specially, but it was just such a picture as Smythe describes."

"I think I've seen it too," said Tracy.

"Is that all?" asked Jimmy Silver. "That's all," said Smythe. "I've stated the exact facts."

"The facts! Ha, ha, ha!"

"And I utterly decline to have anything to do with a fellow who was expelled from his school for black-guardly conduct," said Adolphus. "I wouldn't touch him with a barge-pole. Come away, you fellows!"

But Smythe of the Shell was not to get away just yet. Oswald stepped forward, and struck him across the face with his open palm.

"There's my answer," he said. "I shan't make any other, and the fellows can think what they like."

was an arrant blackguard, who had been kicked out of his former school for disgracing it, it would have made all the difference. They would naturally have resented his coming to Rookwood, and they would undoubtedly have made things warm for him. But as it happened, nobody believed a word of the story.

Smythe of the Shell was known to be not over-particular in truth-telling, and the story came too aptly as an excuse for avoiding a fatal encounter with the new junior. That, indeed, was Smythe's reason for telling the story, and it had not occurred to him that that fact would throw doubt upon it. But the juniors did not even give Smythe credit for believing it himself.

Smythe stared round at the mocking, incredulous faces, and realised that he had made a blunder. He was not believed, and he was regarded as a slanderer as well as a coward. That was all he had gained.

The juniors were pressing round in a ring, and there was no escape for the dandy of the Shell. Even his own chosen disciples, the Giddy Gasts, looked incredulous. Smythe made a movement to back out of the ring. Jimmy Silver promptly shoved him back, and came too gently.

"I tell you I won't fight that cad!" exclaimed Smythe furiously. "He's a dirty blackguard, and was sacked—"

"Oh, shut up!"

"Try a new yarn, Smythey!"

"Rotten funk!"

"Dash it all, you can't let him smack your face!" whispered Howard. "You've got to stand up to him."

Smythe rubbed his cheek, where the smack had fallen. It was burning. Oswald had declared that that was his answer, and that he would make no other. But the Rookwood fellows did not need any other. If Adolphus Smythe took that "lying down," the contempt that would be poured upon him would be so overwhelming that he would never be able to hold his head up again at Rookwood. Nobody would be likely to listen to any accusation from him now that Smythe realised that he was in for it—that unless he showed some courage his own chosen followers would fall away from him. Even slackers like Townsend and Topham were already looking at him with contempt.

"I—I'm not afraid of that cad," said Smythe. "I've stated my reasons—he ain't fit to touch!"

"Funk!"

"Rotten!"

"Rag the cad!"

"But if you fellows don't believe me—"

"Of course we don't!"

"Then I'll fight him," said Smythe, realising that there was no help for it. "My reasons—"

"Oh, blow your reasons! Let's have a bit of pluck, and not so many reasons," said Lovell.

Smythe peeled off his jacket. It came off very slowly, perhaps on account of its excellent fit. The face of the great Adolphus was sickly. Oswald tossed his jacket to Jimmy Silver. Hooker looked the door. No prospects were wanted to come in bothering just then.

"I'm your second, Smythey, old chap," murmured Howard. "Now, mind you put up a good fight. You're bigger than he is, and if he's the kind of fellow you say, he can't have much pluck."

"If!" growled Smythe. "Don't you believe me, then!"

"Yes—er," said Howard. "I—I suppose so. Well, go in and win. It he's a public house, and you've got to lick him. If you don't put up a good fight, anyway, you're done for at Rookwood. The tags of the second will rag you in the mud if you show the white feather after this."

Smythe suddenly rolled up his sleeves.

He had made up his mind to it, and though he shrank from damage to his classic features, and disarrangement of his beautifully parted hair, he resolved to do his best. Howard had spoken so plainly that it was clear that even the Giddy Gasts would have nothing more to do with him if he disgraced their select society by funking now.

"Not too much row," said Jimmy Silver. "We don't want Bullocky or Neville, or old Boothe dropping in. I'm your second, Oswald."

"Thank you!" said Oswald.

"You've got to knock his legs back down his throat," said Jimmy Silver, looking at the new boy's troubled face. "Cheer up, kid—nobody here believes a single word the cad has said. We all know it's only a yarn. Don't be down in the mouth—we all stand by you."

The new boy nodded.

"Even Smythe's own set don't believe him," said Lovell. "It's a rotten trick to tell a yarn like that, rotten even for a cad like Smythe. But you needn't be afraid anyhow. We know you by this time."

"I can't say that I've never done anything to be ashamed of," said Oswald, in a low, earnest voice.

"You needn't tell us that; we know it," said Jimmy Silver. "Now, roll up your sleeves, and mind you hit hard."

"I'm going to," said Oswald grimly.

Lovell took out his watch.

"Ready, gentlemen? Keep the ring there! Now then, seconds out of the ring!" Lovell was quite business-like. "Time!"

Oswald stopped briskly forward, and Smythe came on more slowly. The juniors looked on eagerly as they began.

Nobody would have been surprised if Smythe had allowed himself to be knocked down, and had then declined to come up to the scratch again. But Adolphus realised his position too clearly for that. To fall from his high estate, to be an object of scorn, pointed at with derision by the smallest fags—that was too bitter. Smythe of the Shell screwed up all the courage he had, and fought hard.

He had many advantages—he was a head taller than the new junior, he was longer in the reach, he was a good year older. He knew something of boxing, too, in the gym. But facing a pair of hard rapping fists, somehow, knocked his knowledge out of his head.

The juniors were surprised, and Adolphus's friends were pleased by the fight the dandy of the Shell put up in the first round.

Both the combatants received punishment, and both looked seamy, what the worse for wear when Lovell called "Time!" and they separated.

Howard pulled his handkerchief out a chair, and fanned him. Smythe was looking very warm, and breathing hard. His wind was failing him, and Smythe bitterly regretted the cigarettes he had smoked since tea, Oswald was in perfect condition—which is

(Continued on the next page.)

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HIS TRUE

COLOURS!

(Continued from the previous page.)

Itself seemed a good answer to the question Adolphus had brought against him.

Time! He rose and took in the second round. There were subdued cheers from the juniors, watching eagerly. They were very anxious not to be interrupted by a professor or a master. The common room was not really the place for affairs of this kind, and old Bulkeley would have been angry at seeing a fight without gloves. The special circumstances of the case would not have appealed to Bulkeley, probably.

Third round, and fourth: The Giddy Goats murmured approval of their chief, as the noble Adolphus stood up through round after round. Smythe of the Shell was surprising all the fellows, friends and foes, by putting up a good fight. Now that his courage was up to the sticking-point, it seemed to stick.

But the Shell fellow was steadily getting the worst of it. He was getting very flustered, too.

In the fifth round, he was knocked right and left, and his wild drives came nowhere near the Fourth-Former.

He sank into the chair gasping at the end of the round, and Howard whispered encouragement.

"Stick to him, old chap—you'll beat him yet."

Adolphus groaned. "You're putting up a splendid fight," said Tracy. "Let those coppers see that you're jolly well not a funk, Smythe!"

"Time!" Smythe stepped up reluctantly for the sixth round. Oswald came up coolly and cheerfully. His face showed signs of hard knocks, but he was quiet and determined, and evidently far from beaten.

"Our man wins!" Jimmy Silver murmured to his chums. "This will be a good lesson for the Giddy Goat. But he's got more grit than I thought, by Jove!"

"Time!" Seventh round—and the last! The unfortunate Adolphus was knocked right and left. He finished the round on his back, laid there by a powerful drive on the chin, which rattled every tooth in his head. Lovell counted, and Adolphus did not rise. He gasped and panted, and groaned.

"Eight—nine—out!" Howard and Tracy picked their man up. Smythe collapsed into a chair. Oswald put on his jacket with Jimmy Silver's assistance. The Fictical Four patted him on the back.

"Jolly good scrap," said Jimmy Silver, with the air of a connoisseur. Indeed, Jimmy Silver was something of an authority on "scrap." "And you've licked him, and it will do him good. Now get to the dorm, and bathe your nose."

Oswald regarded Smythe hesitatingly. Smythe was blinking at him vaguely through half-closed eyes. Jimmy Silver read the thought in the new junior's mind, and smiled, and nodded.

"Go it!" he said. Oswald stepped up to the dandy of the shell, and held out his hand. Smythe stared at him.

"We've had a scrap, Smythe," said Oswald. "It's all over, and I'm willing to shake hands over it if you are."

Smythe gave him a look of hatred. "By gad! I don't shake hands with public-haunting bounders who are kicked out of their school!" he replied.

"Why, you cad!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver hotly. "Are you still sticking to that yarn?"

"Yess, it's true."

Oswald flushed crimson. Jimmy Silver even had his hands hard.

"You can't stand any more licking now, Smythe. But if you say that ever again to-morrow, you'll have the gloves on with me. I never heard of such a cad!" "Come on, Oswald—don't mind the brute!"

The Fictical Four marched Oswald away to the dormitory. Smythe jumped away with Howard and Tracy,

his eyes glittering through the bruises round them. Smythe had been licked to the wide, but in his spiteful breast there was a savage determination to make his vanquisher sorry for it. And Adolphus thought that he knew the way.

The 7th Chapter. Smythe's Triumph.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were prepared for some more of Smythe's "rot," as they called it, but during the next few days Smythe held his peace. Perhaps he understood clearly what he had to expect if he renewed his associations without proof. He did not utter a single word on the subject of Oswald, outside his own study. But Smythe had not forgotten.

Oswald started up. "You did!" said Jimmy Silver, "and Oswald knocked your lies down your throat. And if you repeat 'em now, I'll do some knocking!"

"The day after that little argument," said Smythe calmly, "I wrote to my brother at Minhurst."

"Has he settled the quid he owes you?" inquired Raby, and a general chuckle.

"Never mind that," said Smythe. "I asked him if he still had the negative of the photograph he sent me some time back, and if he had, to get a new print from it, and send it to me, with all the particulars in writing."

"My brother's sent me the print," said Adolphus. "He always keeps his negatives. He's sent me a letter, too. I'll read it out. I want you to see that I was telling the exact facts the other night—I've got my reputation to think of. You fellows called it a lie."

"So it was a lie!" said Jimmy Silver hotly, but his heart sank as he glanced at Oswald. What was Oswald looking like that for?

"Very well. We'll see who's the liar," said Smythe, gritting his teeth. "Listen to this, from my brother at Minhurst."

"The chap you mention, Dick Oswald, was in the Fourth here. He was caught out of bounds at midnight,

and they were almost in a whirl. The letter from Smythe's brother could hardly be untrue, and the photograph spoke for itself. It seemed only too clear now that Smythe's story, amazing as it was, had been true all along, and that it was the new junior who had deceived his schoolfellows.

The look on Oswald's face was proof enough.

"Well," said Jimmy Silver, at last. "Oswald! You've got something to say, I suppose?"

Smythe laughed jarringly. "Shut up, you cad!" said Jimmy Silver fiercely. "Let Oswald speak!"

Oswald's pale lips opened. "I haven't much to say—nothing that you'd believe, anyway. I never did anything at Minhurst to be ashamed of, just as I told you."

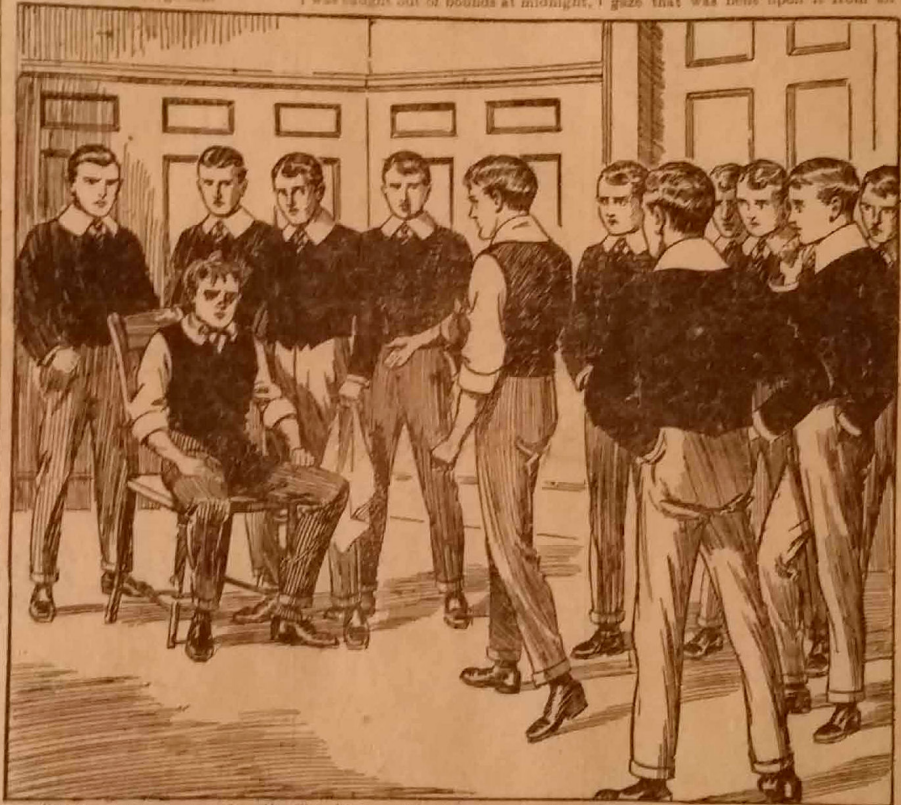
"Oh, draw it mild!" said Hooker. "Were you sacked or weren't you?"

Oswald did not speak. "If you say that Smythe's manufactured that letter and faked that photograph—" began Jimmy Silver hesitatingly.

"If he says that," said Smythe venomously, "I'll write to the head-master of Minhurst, and you'll get the truth from him!"

"Speak up, Oswald, old scout!" said Lovell uncomfortably.

Oswald did not reply. His pale face flushed under the gaze that was bent upon it from all



"We've had a scrap, Smythe!" said Oswald, stepping towards the Rookwood dandy. "It's all over, and I'm willing to shake hands over it if you are. "By gad!" exclaimed Smythe. "I don't shake hands with bounders who are kicked out of their school!"

Only Smythe's own chums knew that he was biding his time. The other fellows concluded that he had decided to "drop it," and the matter was almost dismissed from their minds.

More than once the juniors assured Dick Oswald that they didn't believe a word that Smythe had uttered, but their assurances were received in troubled silence for the most part.

In the days that followed the fight in the common room Dick Oswald seemed to have lost the happy cheerfulness which had been his marked characteristic.

It was nearly a week after the "scrap" when the blow fell. Adolphus was looking his former nutty and elegant self as he lounged into the common room one evening with his friends the nuts.

Oswald was there, sitting with a book. Jimmy Silver & Co. were talking cricket.

There was something in the manner of Adolphus & Co. as they lounged in, that attracted general attention at once.

"Gentlemen," said Adolphus, unmoved, "the other night I made a few remarks upon the subject of our young friend Oswald."

and proved to be a regular bounder and pub-haunter, and a gambler and all that. That was an awful row. He was sacked in disgrace. I snapped him as he was going, to keep as a souvenir. I'm not a particular chap, but I draw the line somewhere. This Oswald was a real bounder. If it's true that he's come to Rookwood, he must have a nerve. Your head-master can't know the facts!"

A dead silence followed. Smythe broke it.

"Here's the photograph!" he said. In silence the Rookwood fellows looked at the photograph. It represented a school Close, with grey old buildings at the back. The central figure was a boy, easily recognized as Oswald. In the picture his head was drooping, his face downcast, his whole attitude suggestive of shame and humiliation. Others fellows in the photograph were staring round looking at him, many with scorn and derision, some with pity. There were traces of tears on the face of the wretched boy who was the centre of the picture.

And it was Oswald!

There was a frozen silence. Jimmy Silver & Co. waited for Oswald to

sides, and he moved away with a stumbling step towards the door. Jimmy Silver drew a deep, deep breath.

Smythe of the Shell smiled. He had his revenge now for his defeat and his humiliation—a revenge as complete as he could have wished. It was the moment of Adolphus Smythe's triumph.

"Oswald?" muttered Jimmy Silver. Oswald turned at the door, and looked at him for a moment—a hopeless look that went to Jimmy Silver's heart. But he did not speak. The next moment he was gone from the crowded room.

"I think that's settled," said Smythe, still smiling. "I think you fellows ought to be obliged to me for showing up that cad in his true colours, by gad!"

Jimmy Silver turned away in silence. Oswald's footsteps had died away—the footsteps of the boy who was, from that moment, an outcast in his school!

THE END.

"Partial Claims" is the title of next Monday's magnificent long complete story of Jimmy Silver & Co. Don't miss it!

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SUMMED UP.

"What is the secret of success?" asked the speaker after knowledge. "Push," said the listener. "Never be led," said the penial. "Take pains," said the window. "Always keep cool," said the lion. "Be up to date," said the calendar. "Make light of everything," said the fire. "Do a driving business," said the hammer. "Be sharp in all your dealings," said the knife. "Find a good thing and stick to it," said the glass. "Do the work you're suited for," said the chimney.—(Sent in by Miss M. Twitchett, Fulham.)

THEN HE CROWED.

Yankee: "Talking about scare-crows, why, I once knew an old farmer in America who put up a scarecrow in his field, and the crows were so afraid of it that none of them would go near the field for nearly a year afterwards."

Mike: "Begorra, I remember an old scarecrow my father put up in his potato field which so frightened the crows that one old bird which had stolen three potatoes brought 'em back again."—(Sent in by T. McGookin, Lazine.)

A LITTLE OMISSION.

Pat was having some houses built, and as they were nearing completion he was astounded one morning to find them all blown down. He rushed up to the foreman.

"Here, Murphy," he cried, "what's the cause of these houses falling down?"

"Sorry, sir," said Murphy, "but I can't tell you."

Pat's temper began to rise. "Have the rooms been papered?" he questioned.

"No, sir," replied Murphy; "not yet. We were going to do it this morning."

"Rejabbers," roared Pat, "that's what's done it!"—(Sent in by C. Jones, Bury.)

HARDLY FAIR.

Two Scotsmen, having had a quarrel, decided to fight a duel with pistols.

Retiring to a quiet spot, they prepared to fight. Suddenly McGregor, who was just a little stout, turned to his companion and cried:

"Look here, McGregor, this isn't a fair duel. You stand a better chance of hitting me."

"Don't you worry," said McGregor. "We'll soon fix that up. We'll paint a white line about a foot in width down the centre of your waistcoat, and any shots outside that mark won't count."—(Sent in by B. G. Rydings, Manchester.)

ABSENTMINDED.

A gentleman of intellectual tastes found it difficult to collect all the facts he wished to remember. He therefore secured the services of a professor of one of the memory systems.

Scarcely had the professor taken his departure after a successful first lesson when a loud double knock was heard at the front door.

"Who was that Mary?" the intellectual gentleman inquired of his servant.

"Oh, if you please, sir," said Mary, "it was only the memory man! He forgot his umbrella."—(Sent in by C. Tise, Denmark Hill.)

MONEY PRIZES OFFERED.

Readers are invited to send on interesting paragraphs for this section. For every contribution used the editor will receive a money prize. All payments must be addressed: The Editor, THE BOYS' FRIEND and News, 11, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.