

GRAND STORY OF A SCHOOL CRICKET MATCH IN THIS ISSUE!

# The BOYS' FRIEND 1d.

(WITH WHICH IS AMALGAMATED "THE DREADNOUGHT.")

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ONE PENNY.

[Week Ending July 17th, 1915.]



JIMMY SILVER & Co. MOB THE BOGUS ELEVEN AT ST. JIM'S!

## THE BOGUS ELEVEN!

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

BY OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter.  
Pure Check.

"Rot!"  
Four voices in unison pronounced that expressive word in Jimmy Silver's study at Rookwood. Jimmy Silver and Lovell and Raby and Newcome, the Fistical Four of the Fourth, were quite unanimous. "But look here—" said Pankley. "Rats!" "But I tell you—" "Bosh!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. were evidently not inclined to listen to argument. There were two other fellows in the study—Pankley and Poole of the Fourth Form at Bagshot School. They were looking wrathful. An outbreak of influenza had led to the temporary closing of Bagshot School, and a dozen of the Fourth Form had been quartered on Rookwood. This was very kind and hospitable on the part of the Head of Rookwood; but the Rookwood

Fourth, who were crowded by the new-comers, considered that even in hospitality a line ought to be drawn somewhere. Still, they stood that. They took unto themselves considerable credit

for standing it. It was true that they had no choice in the matter; still, they stood it.

The Fistical Four had had Pankley and Poole "planted" in their study, and they stood that. Of course, there was occasional trouble in the study. That could not be helped.

The Rookwood view was that the intruders were altogether too cool. Instead of being meek and modest, as might justly have been expected, they were the very reverse of meek and modest. When the Rookwooders, with the laudable intention of showing them their place and keeping them in it, perpetrated sundry japes upon them, the Bagshot fellows more than held their own—which was simply cheek.

But for cool, unadulterated cheek—for the very last word in nerve—Pankley's latest proposition took the cake, by the unanimous consent of the Fistical Four.

Rookwood juniors were about to play the return cricket match with St. Jim's, and Pankley had had the astounding audacity to suggest that some of the Bagshot visitors should be played

in the team! It was no wonder that the Fistical Four, the chief ornaments of the Rookwood junior team, pronounced that the proposition was "rot."

"Of all the nerve!" went on Jimmy Silver, in measured tones and unmeasured disdain. "Of all the cheek!"

"Well, I think it's a jolly good idea!" persisted Pankley. "Look at us, stuck here with all our matches knocked off!"

"Why, we let you practise with us," said Jimmy Silver. "We've let you play our junior eleven in a practice match—what you call playing!"

"You jolly well only beat us by one run!" roared Pankley. "And that was a fluke!" hooted Poole.

"Stuck here!" resumed Pankley indignantly. "Our cricket season mucked up, anyway. Nobody to play, excepting you Rookwood duffers!"

"Why, you fathead—" "With about half a dozen of us in your eleven you'd have a good chance of beating St. Jim's, too," said Pankley temptingly.

"My hat! Why, you—you—" (Continued on the next page.)

5,000 PRIZES!

(SEE INSIDE.)





## THE BOGUS

(Continued  
from the  
previous  
page.)

### ELEVEN!

"Better a win with our help than a licking all on your own," said Poole. "Now, I put it to you as a sensible chap."

Jimmy Silver was at a loss for words. He could not think of anything strong enough to express his feelings for the moment.

"You put it to your skipper," said Pankley. "Dodd's a sensible chap, and perhaps he will see it. I depend on your influence with him."

"You—you—ass!" stuttered Jimmy Silver.

"And we'll coach you if you like, and get you in form for the match," said Pankley generously.

That was too much! The idea of the Bagshot fellows coaching them in cricket was the last straw.

The Fistical Four did not reply in words. There were no words to meet the situation.

They hurred themselves upon Pankley and Poole, and the two Bagshot juniors, resisting valiantly, were whirled to the door and shot out bodily into the passage.

"There!" gasped Jimmy Silver.

Pankley and Poole reposed on the linoleum, gasping.

The Fistical Four glared at them from the doorway of the study.

"Yow!" gasped Pankley. "I—I—I'll—ow!"

"Hand me the ink, Lovell!" said Jimmy Silver.

Pankley and Poole jumped up. They did not wait for the ink. They streaked away down the passage before the ink could reach them.

Jimmy Silver & Co. turned back into the study, breathing hard with exertion and wrath. Their indignation was at burning-point.

"The awful nerve!" said Jimmy Silver. "The cheek! Play those bounders in our cricket team! My hat!"

"They'll ask Tommy Dodd next!" grinned Lovell. "I fancy they'll get the same answer. The cheek of it!"

"We haven't licked them enough," said Jimmy Silver, shaking his head. "That's the cause of it. We ought to have started by licking them all round. It's because we've been so dashed hospitable that they're getting their ears up like this. We won't waste any more hospitality on them!"

And the Co. agreed that they wouldn't.

### The 2nd Chapter. Nothing Doing.

Tommy Dodd, junior captain of Rookwood, was in his study, very busy. Tommy Dodd's study was on the Modern side at Rookwood, Tommy belonging to that division—being its great ornament, in fact. Tommy Dodd was looking over the cricket list for the St. Jim's match, and his chums, Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle, were helping him.

"I think we can't do better than that," remarked Tommy Dodd, surveying the list. "I'll post this up, and put 'em out of their misery—all those first-class players who are left out, I mean. Can't improve on this."

"Unless you put in another Modern or two, and left out a Classical or two," remarked Cook.

Tommy Dodd shook his head. Although the leader of the Modern juniors in all their frays with the Classics, Tommy Dodd held the balance with an even hand as cricket captain. Many of the Moderns considered that Tommy Dodd was altogether too jolly careful in that respect. But Tommy Dodd knew what he was about. He cheerfully told the grumblers that he would put eleven Classics in the team if that would make it any better.

"Five of them," remarked Doyle. "Well, that gives us the odd man. Jimmy Silver is a good bowler, at any rate. Lovell's a good bad."

"And Raby and Newcome and Flynn couldn't be left out," said Tommy Dodd. "Must be fair; and we want the best team we can get. St. Jim's are a tough old lot. I've put in six Moderns—us three and Lacy and Webb and Towle. That

makes up an eleven it would be hard to beat. Hallo! Come in!" added Tommy Dodd, as a knock came at the study door.

"Bagshot bounders!" said Cook, as Pankley and Poole came in.

Pankley and Poole looked a little dusty, and the three Moderns grinned as they noted it. The Bagshot boys had all been quartered on the Classical side at Rookwood, whereat the Moderns had rejoiced exceedingly.

"Been having a scrap over there?" asked Tommy Dodd.

"We have to keep those kids in order a bit," said Pankley. "But we've come over to talk to you about the cricket, Dodd. You're the captain of the junior eleven, I understand."

"Yes—in the place of the late, lamented Smythe, who was given the order of the boot," said Tommy Dodd. "Go ahead!"

"You've got a match on to-morrow."

"Yes—St. Jim's."

"We'd like to play."

"You can have the cricket-ground to yourselves, if you'd like to play," said Tommy Dodd. "We start immediately after dinner. We'll give you a practice match next Saturday if you like. 'Tain't what you'd call cricket, but it keeps us in form."

"Why, you duffer," said Pankley, "we could play your heads off!"

"Bow-wow!"

"What you call cricket here would make a donkey laugh!" roared Poole. "Well, laugh, then!" said Tommy Dodd amicably. "No law against donkeys laughing in this study."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was Cook and Doyle who laughed, not Poole.

Poole glared. "Shut up, Poole!" said Pankley. "We've come to talk business to Dodd. You didn't quite catch on to what I mean, Dodd. We don't want to play here while you're away; 'tain't practice we're after—we don't need it so much as you Rookwood chaps, as a matter of fact. We want to play in the match."

"What match?"

"The St. Jim's match."

Tommy Dodd stared.

"But that's a Rookwood match," he said. "We don't play outsiders in the Rookwood team for school matches."

"Circumstances alter cases," explained Pankley. "We're willing to be considered as Rookwood fellows for the occasion. We're here, anyway. We're planted in Rookwood till our school opens again. All our matches have been given the kybosh. Half our eleven are laid up. So while we're here we're willing to join in the Rookwood matches. See?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you cackling at?" demanded Pankley warmly.

"Your little joke."

"I'm not joking."

"You must be," said Tommy Dodd, with conviction. "You're one of those humorous chaps who makes jokes without knowing it, Panky."

"Look here, we want you to put three or four of us in the eleven."

"Only three or four," grinned Tommy Dodd; "not six or seven? Not fifteen or sixteen or seventeen, by any chance?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Say, three," said Pankley. "That's moderate. Poole and Putter and me. We'll be satisfied with that."

"You might be," assented Tommy Dodd. "But Rookwood wouldn't be satisfied, not by long chalks! I can see myself leaving my own men out to put in Bagshot bounders—I don't think!"

"It would mean a win for you."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Now, look here," said Pankley. "I'm talking to you as a sensible chap. We can't be left out of the matches while we're here. It's too thick. As a rule, of course, we wouldn't be found dead in Rookwood; but, under the circumstances,

we're willing to be considered as Rookwood chaps."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm not joking!" yelled Pankley. "Yes, you are!"

"I tell you I'm not!" shrieked Pankley.

"And I tell you you are!" persisted Tommy Dodd.

Pankley breathed hard through his nose. He wasn't joking, not the least in the world; but Tommy Dodd was evidently determined to regard his proposition as a joke. That was the position Tommy Dodd had taken up, and nothing would move him from it.

"Faith, I'll tell you what," said Doyle. "Go and ask old Bulkeley to put you in the First Eleven, Panky. You've got as much chance of getting into that as into the junior eleven, you know!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If you can't give a sensible answer to a sensible question—"

howled Pankley.

"But we haven't heard the sensible question yet," said Tommy Dodd. "Let's hear the sensible question, Panky!"

"Will you play some of us in the Rookwood team to-morrow?"

"That isn't a sensible question—that's a joke!"

"It isn't a joke, you fathead!"

"Your mistake—it is. Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you cackling at, you idiot?"

"I always laugh when a visitor makes a joke!" explained Tommy Dodd. "It's only polite, you know."

"I'll jolly soon stop your cackling!" roared Pankley, his wrath overflowing.

And he made a jump at Tommy Dodd, and caught him round the neck, and pulled him over the back of his chair.

Chair and Tommy Dodd went with a crash to the floor. Tommy left off laughing then. He roared, but not with laughter.

"Ow! Oh! Yow! Kick 'em out!" roared Tommy Dodd.

He scrambled up and hurled himself upon Pankley. Cook and Doyle collared Poole at the same moment. For the second time in the space of half an hour the Bagshot juniors went flying through a doorway, and bumped down upon hard, cold, unsympathetic linoleum.

"Kick the spalpeens out!" roared Doyle.

"On the ball!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Half a dozen Modern juniors were in the passage, and they all came along to lend the three Tommies the assistance of their boots. Pankley and Poole fled for their lives.

They escaped from the Modern side in a dusty and dishevelled condition, and took refuge under the beeches in the quad, gasping for breath.

"Ow!" mumbled Poole. "Yow! I say, Panky, old man, it's no go!"

Pankley snorted.

"I'm not putting up with this cheek!" he said.

"Oh, dear!" moaned Poole. "I feel a wreck! We've tried the beasts on both sides now—the Classical beasts and the Modern beasts—and both sets of beasts have chucked us out! Yow! Ow!"

"I tell you I'm not standing it!" howled Pankley. "While we're here we're going to play in the school matches!"

"Ow! We can't if they won't let us! Yow!"

"You leave it to me!" said Pankley darkly. "There are ways and means! I've given them a chance—they can't say I haven't! Look here, Poole, there are a dozen of our chaps here—enough to make up an eleven. Not all our best players, of course; but they'd make up an eleven of sorts. We're not staying out of the St. Jim's match to-morrow!"

Poole stared at him.

"But what can we do?" he demanded.

Pankley lowered his voice to a thrilling whisper, and murmured in the astonished ear of his chum:

"Bag the match!"

### The 3rd Chapter.

#### Goals of Fire.

Classicals and Moderns at Rookwood found few points to agree upon. Even the seniors did not always see eye to eye, and Bulkeley, the captain of the school and the idol of the Classics, had his own little troubles with Knowles, the Modern prefect, as was well known. As for the juniors, they were always, or nearly always, at war. They had nothing to agree upon—they only agreed to disagree.

But for once Classicals and Moderns were at one—in both camps there was but one opinion. Tommy Dodd & Co. and Jimmy Silver and his faithful followers were in complete accord—upon one topic. That topic was the unexampled cheek of the Bagshot bounders in considering themselves entitled to play in Rookwood matches.

The nerve of it, Tommy Dodd declared, took his breath away—though he had enough breath left to express his indignation in unmeasured terms. And Jimmy Silver said that even Rookwood Modern cheek paled into insignificance in comparison with Bagshot cheek.

There was not a dissentient voice. It was agreed on all hands that it was the limit, Classicals and Moderns finding themselves, marvellous to relate, in total harmony.

Pankley & Co., therefore, had as much chance of getting into the Rookwood junior team as of getting into I. Zingari, or into the moon.

That amazing harmony having been brought about between the rivals of Rookwood, they were all down on Pankley & Co. with a very heavy down. They were prepared to overwhelm the Bagshot fellows with sarcasm, and to bump them without limit if they persisted in their preposterous claims.

Fortunately for themselves, Pankley and Poole dropped the subject.

That is to say, they dropped it so far as the Rookwooders were concerned. They talked it over among themselves. It might have been observed that day that the Bagshot fellows met in groups, and in twos and threes, in odd corners, and held discussions in whispers, with many grins and chuckles, drying up immediately a Rookwood fellow came near.

But the subject of their discussion they kept strictly to themselves.

It was not till time for evening preparation that Pankley and Poole came into the end study again. The Fistical Four regarded them with warlike looks. They were quite ready to repeat the "chucking-out" process if Pankley began again on the subject of the St. Jim's match.

But Pankley didn't. He gave the Classical quartette an agreeable nod, and settled down to work. So peace was not broken. It was not till after preparation was finished, and the Fistical Four were about to go down to the common-room, that Pankley began to talk.

"About that match to-morrow?" he remarked casually.

Jimmy Silver held up a warning finger.

"No more rot!" he said.

"But—"

"We've agreed that if there's any more rot on that subject, you go out on your necks at once!" said Jimmy Silver. "It's the only way!"

"The only way!" agreed Lovell and Raby and Newcome with one voice.

"But—"

"Now, you've been warned!" said Silver, pushing back his cuffs.

"But that's not what I'm going to say!" roared Pankley.

"Oh, well, you can say anything else you like!" said Silver considerably.

"You can talk any rot you like excepting that rot."

"Yes, we'll be reasonable," said Lovell. "They can't help talking rot. Any rot but that rot, Panky."

Pankley breathed hard for a moment. But he continued to smile. It was evident that he was determined not to be drawn.

"Well, about that match," he said. "You're going over to St. Jim's in the afternoon—"

"Naturally."

"By train, I suppose?"

"Yes, I suppose so," said Jimmy Silver, in surprise. "It's rather too far to walk."

"Well, I was going to make you an offer—"

"No rot," said Jimmy Silver warningly.

"Fathead! How would you like to go in a car?"

"A car?" said Raby.

"Yes, you may know—or, perhaps you don't know—that my pater is a manufacturer of motor-cars," said Pankley. "Whenever I want a little run, I only have to telephone home, and the pater sends along a car. He's always got a lot at the garage—his place is only twenty miles from here. I was thinking that if you chaps would prefer to go in a car, I could fix it for you quite easily."

"My hat!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. simply stared at Pankley. They remembered now that he was, as Lovell had expressed it, the son of a motor-works owner,

and often on half-holidays they had seen Pankley & Co. careering in a car, with no end of dust and a smell of petrol, while less favoured individuals had to content themselves with bikes. They had, indeed, wondered how Panky could afford a whacking car so often, since he was not rolling in money. The mystery was out now.

The fact that Pankley could get a car was not surprising. But it was very surprising that he should offer it to Jimmy Silver & Co., after their emphatic refusal of his services as a cricketer.

"Well, what do you say?" asked Pankley. "You'd get over there in half the time in a car—no changes like the railway, you know—a car would go across the country in half the time, if you like the idea."

"We like the idea all right," said Jimmy Silver, "but—"

"But what?"

"Well, considering—"

"Oh, that's all right—I catch on!" said Pankley loftily. "I'm not going to ask you any more for a place in the team. I'm going to heap coals of fire on your heads."

"Oh!"

"Coals of fire!" said Poole solemnly.

"By Jove!"

"You can have the car if you like," said Pankley. "I'll ask Bootles to let me use the telephone in the morning, and the pater will send over a big car any time you like, with a chauffeur, of course. The same chauffeur who always comes for me—he's quite an old pal of mine, in fact."

"I suppose you're not pulling our leg?" said Jimmy Silver suspiciously.

"My dear chap, say the word, and the car will be here. What time does your train go?"

"Two o'clock."

"Well, I'll order the car for half-past one," said Pankley. "Then if it doesn't turn up you can catch your train all the same."

Jimmy Silver was convinced at last.

"Well, I must say that's jolly decent of you, Panky," he said. "Of course, you'd rather go in a car—it'll be a joy-ride instead of a beastly troublesome railway journey, and no walk at the other end, either—and it ought to take half the time or less. If you mean business, we'd like it like anything."

"Done!" said Pankley.

"But—I'd better speak out plain—there isn't a ghost of a chance for you fellows to come."

"We should decline to come with you to-morrow afternoon," said Pankley loftily. "After what's happened, nothing would induce us to do so."

"Nothing," said Poole. "If you begged us with tears in your eyes to get into the car with you, we should say 'Rats!'"

"Well, now you put it so decently," said Jimmy Silver, "I'll say we're sorry you can't play in our team. But, you see, it's a Rookwood team, and we can't have any strange dogs in the kennel—I mean any outsiders in the eleven, even if you could play."

"If we could play, you silly ass—I mean all right," said Pankley hastily. "It's a go. You can tell Tommy Dodd, and if he likes the idea—"

"He'll jump at it, of course," said Jimmy Silver, "and he'll think it's jolly decent of you, Panky, same as I do."

"Then tell him he can rely on the car for half-past one to-morrow," said Pankley.

"You bet! And thanks."

"Oh, don't mench!" said Pankley airily.

The Fistical Four quitted the study and proceeded at once to call upon Tommy Dodd. The Modern junior heard of Pankley's offer in astonishment. But he jumped, naturally, at the idea of a car.

"It's a ripping idea," said Tommy Dodd heartily. "I must say it's decent of Panky, seeing that we won't stand any of his rot. I like a chap who doesn't bear malice."

"He's heaping coals of fire on our heads," explained Jimmy Silver.

Tommy Dodd chuckled.

"Let him rip!" he said. "Our heads can stand a lot of that. Why, it will be ripping to have a car—save that rotten changing on the railway, and save a lot of money in tickets—the club will benefit by that. And time, too—we shall do the journey in half the time."

"Sure, it's top-hole," said Tommy Doyle. "That swanking ass Smythe used to take the team out in a car sometimes. He's rolling in cash, but sure we couldn't afford it. But are you sure the bounder isn't pulling your leg?"

"If he is, we'll bump him, and





THE BOGUS

(Continued from the previous page.)

ELEVEN!

catch our train afterwards," said Jimmy Silver. "There will be lots of time. But I think it's all serene." "Tell him we're much obliged," said Tommy Dodd.

The Fistical Four carried that message to Pankley. Pankley received it with an air of noble dignity. His services as a cricketer, he remarked, had been refused with contumely; but he was not a fellow to bear a grudge. The car should be there, at the service of the fellows who had declined to put him in their team. Jimmy Silver's heart smote him, and he generously offered to let Pankley come over and score — a generous offer that Pankley declined without thanks.

When the news of Pankley's kind offer spread, it was agreed on all hands that it was very decent of Pankley. And all the cricketers, who were going to have a joy-ride instead of a boisterous and expensive railway journey, were delighted with Pankley's idea of heaping coals of fire on their heads. Indeed, Doyle remarked that Pankley could carry the coals-of-fire wheeze so far as putting a lunch-basket in the car if he liked.

It is possible that the satisfaction of the Rookwood junior eleven would have been somewhat diminished if they could have heard the secret whispers of Pankley & Co. that evening. But they couldn't, so their satisfaction was undiminished.

The 4th Chapter. Off to St. Jim's.

Zip! Zip! Hoot! "Here she comes!" "She" was the car. Immediately after dinner a crowd of juniors had gathered about the gates of Rookwood to wait for the big car.

Some of them had had lingering doubts. The more suspicious fellows had opined that Pankley was only pulling the leg of the junior eleven, and that the car would not materialise at all. True, Cecil Pankley had been seen to use the telephone in the morning—he had been heard to give instructions for the car to be sent, with Tomkins, the chauffeur—he had specially asked for Tomkins to come with it. Still, the more suspicious fellows weren't satisfied till they saw the car with their own eyes.

And here it was. A whacking big car came buzzing up to the gates of the school. It was not yet half-past one. Tomkins was early.

"That our car?" asked Tommy Dodd, looking at Pankley.

"That's it."

"Looks ripping."

The chauffeur descended and touched his cap to Pankley. The juniors regarded Pankley with increased respect. It wasn't every fellow in the Fourth Form who could have a whacking big car and a chauffeur simply for the asking.

"That'll hold a dozen of us quite easily," remarked Jimmy Silver.

"Go and get your things, while I give Tomkins his instructions," said Pankley.

"Right-ho!"

The Rookwood cricketers rushed away for their bags. The car had come, and all doubts were at an end. Other fellows gathered round to look at the car.

"The pater send any message, Tomkins?" asked Pankley. And he walked a little down the road with the chauffeur. The juniors supposed that he was talking to Tomkins on private matters. Certainly he was careful to keep his conversation with Tomkins very private.

The chauffeur's eyes opened wide as he listened to him. He uttered several ejaculations, such as "My at!" and "Oh, Master Cecil!" Then

he grinned. When Pankley slipped a half-sovereign into his hand he grinned still more broadly. "I can rely on you?" said Pankley finally.

"Yes, Master Cecil, if you're sure there won't be a row afterwards."

"That's all right. They'll make a fuss, of course, but they're not the kind of fellows to sneak and make a row. Take my word for it."

"All right, Master Cecil."

Master Cecil strolled back to the gates as the Rookwood cricketers came down in a body. There were fourteen in the party going over to St. Jim's.

But there was ample room in the big car for the party. The Rookwood cricketers tossed their bags inside and followed them in.

"Come along with us, Panky!" said Tommy Dodd cordially. "Room for another."

"You want me to play?" grinned Pankley.

"Ahem! No! You can come and cheer our big hits."

"You won't make any."

Cecil Pankley slammed the door, and the big car started. Jimmy Silver & Co. waved their hands to the group of fellows outside the gates. To their surprise, Pankley & Co. were laughing.

The car disappeared down the road. "They're off!" remarked Pankley. "Right off!" agreed Poole. "Off their onions! Off their blessed rockers!"

"Time we were off, too!" said Putter.

The Bagshot juniors strolled back into the grounds of the school. Smythe of the Shell met them as they sauntered towards the School House, and turned his eyeglass on them. He regarded them with some surprise. He did not see why the whole crowd of Bagshot fellows should be chuckling, after they had been left behind by the cricket team.

He looked still more surprised when Pankley & Co. came out of the House a few minutes later, with their cricket-bags.

"By gad," said Smythe, "I don't catch on to this! Where are you fellows going?"

"Playing cricket this afternoon," said Pankley blandly.

"But you're left out of the team," said Smythe.

"That doesn't make any difference."

"What are you cacklin' at?"

"Pleasant thoughts," said Pankley.

"The contemplation of the innocence and childlike trustfulness of Rookwood chaps puts us into a good humour."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I catch on!" said Smythe, puzzled. "Where are you going?"

"St. Jim's."

rooted to the ground. When he recovered from his astonishment he burst into a howl of laughter, and rushed off to tell the good news to the other nuts. Smythe & Co. had been shoved out of the junior eleven in the most uncomplimentary manner. There was no room for slackers in Tommy Dodd's team. When Smythe told his friends the news, they yelled.

"Oh, by gad!" gasped Smythe. "I want to see Silver's face when they come back from their joy-ride. Ha, ha, ha!"

And the nuts howled with glee at the thought. They had never been able to down Jimmy Silver & Co., but they rejoiced in Pankley's stunning jape. And they looked forward with keen delight to seeing the faces of the Rookwood cricketers when they came from their joy-ride.

The 5th Chapter. The Joy-ride.

"Might as well have this thing open!" remarked Jimmy Silver.

The big car was speeding on its way. Through long white roads and pleasant leafy lanes it sped, and the Rookwood juniors agreed that it was ever so much better than a stuffy railway-train. It was a pleasant afternoon in early summer—just the afternoon for a motor-run across country.

"Yes; might as well have the blessed car open," agreed Tommy Dodd. "That blessed shover seems to be deaf. I've tapped several times."

Tommy Dodd tapped again.

But the "shover" did not turn his head.

they nearly snapped the glass, but the chauffeur took no notice. He did not pause for a moment. The juniors began to feel a little uneasy. They hardly knew why.

If the chauffeur was deaf, it was hardly safe for him to be driving a car; but he had not shown any sign of deafness before they started. It seemed rather to be sheer incivility.

Jimmy Silver was uneasy about the direction they were taking. He did not know the road to St. Jim's, but he knew that it lay westward, and the car was certainly not going westward.

Roads, of course, did not run exactly where travellers wanted them to run; still, it was very odd that the car should keep on due north in this way. Surely it was time it turned to the west?

"Blessed if I quite like this!" said Jimmy Silver at last. An hour had passed, and a great deal of ground had been covered. "I shouldn't wonder if the man doesn't know the road at all."

"We ought to be getting to St. Jim's pretty soon," remarked Lovell. "Don't see any sign of it."

"Look here, he's got to stop!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd. "If he don't stop I'll jolly well bust the window!"

Rap, rap, rap! Still no response from the chauffeur. Still the car raced on, along the white, country road.

"Look here! We're jolly well not going to St. Jim's at all!" said Jimmy Silver. "We must be going twenty miles out of the way at least. The man must be off his rocker, or else Pankley's given him the wrong direction."

"But—"

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver suddenly, smiting himself on the forehead.

"Oh, what a silly ass!"

"What's biting you now?" asked Tommy Dodd, in astonishment.

"Pankley!" roared Jimmy Silver. "He hasn't told the man to go to St. Jim's at all! It's a jape!"

"Wha-a-at!"

"That's why he lent us his blessed car!" howled Jimmy Silver. "That's why he was so obliging! That's what he meant with his blessed coals of fire! He's spoofted us! He's dished us! It's a dodge to make us miss the match!"

"M-m-m-miss the match!" stammered Tommy Dodd.

"Yes. We're not going to St. Jim's at all!"

"Oh, thunder!"

The Rookwood cricketers stared at one another in utter dismay. They were utterly taken aback.

"It—it can't be!" gasped Lovell. "He wouldn't be such a rotter! Think of the St. Jim's chaps waiting for us all the afternoon!"

Jimmy Silver snorted.

"They won't be waiting."

"But they're expecting us!"

"Can't you see?" howled Jimmy Silver. "That beast Pankley— Oh dear! Didn't he tell us those cads were going to play a match—a long way from Rookwood?"

"Eh?"

"That's what they were sniggering about."

"B-b-b-but—"

"They've planted us in this idiotic car, and gone to St. Jim's in our place!" shrieked Jimmy Silver.

"Oh!"

"My hat!"

"They wouldn't have the nerve."

"Great Scott!"

"You silly ass!" roared Tommy Dodd, shaking his fist under Silver's nose. "You've got us into this."

"You did, you fathead! You're captain."

"If you hadn't told me—"

"If you hadn't accepted the car—"

"You chump!"

"Oh, shut up!" yelled Lovell.

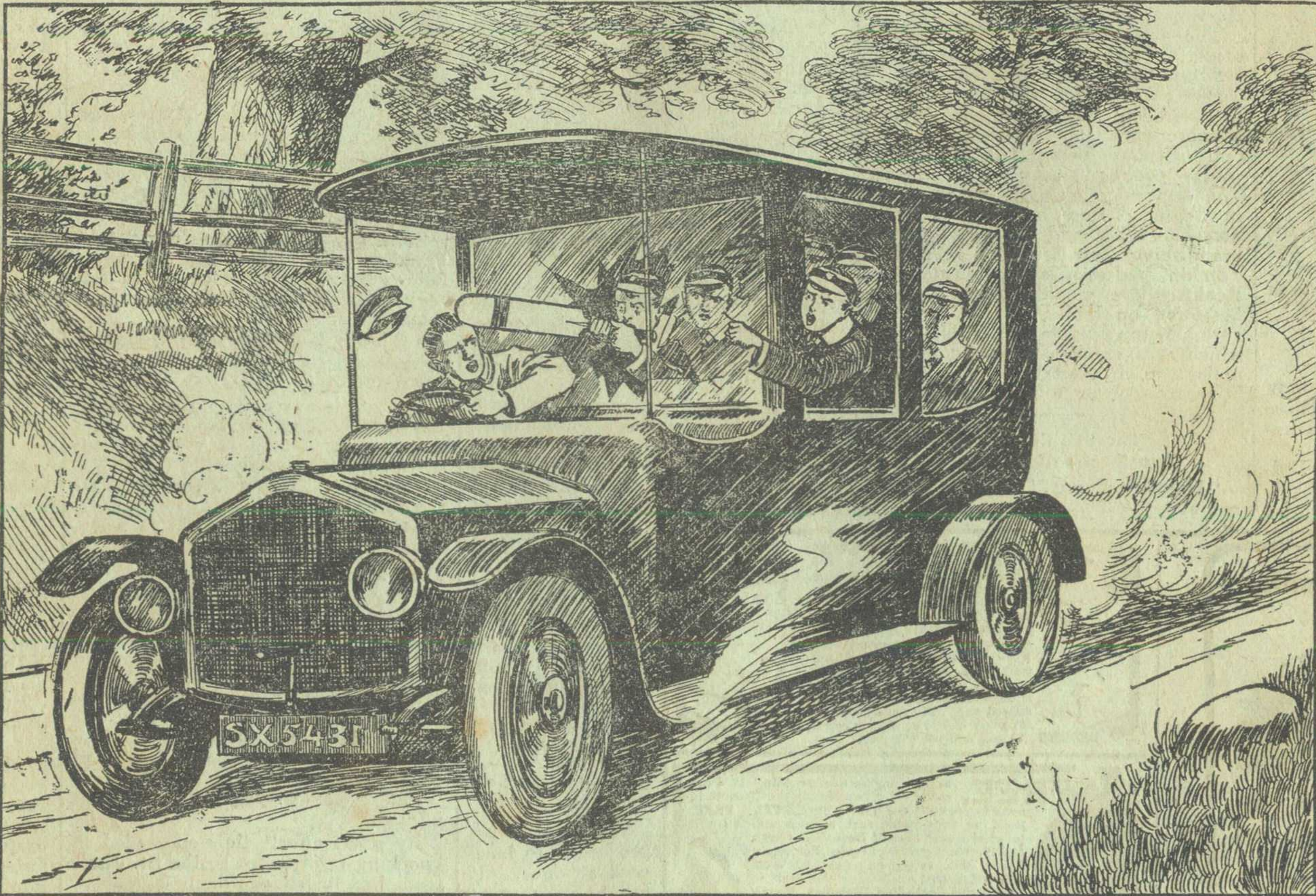
"What's the good of ragging now? We've got to stop that rotten chauffeur and get to St. Jim's."

"He won't stop. Pankley's told him to do this," Jimmy Silver groaned. "That's why he was so particular to have this man Tomkins. I suppose he knew Tomkins would do as he told him."

"Oh, the rotter!"

"The spoofing beast!"

"He's going to stop," said Tommy Dodd determinedly, taking his bat out of his bag. "He's going to stop, if



"Stop!" shouted Jimmy Silver, smiting the chauffeur harder than ever. There was a yell from the unhappy Tomkins. "Yow-ow-ow! Stoppit!" he wailed. "D-d-d-don't! I'll stop!"

"Why, you ass—"

"Besides, we've got an engagement for this afternoon," said Pankley.

"We're playing cricket ourselves."

"Rather an important match, too," remarked Poole.

"Well, you're welcome to the ground while we're away," said Jimmy Silver.

"Oh, we're not playing here," said Pankley carelessly. "You can start the engine, Tomkins."

"Yes, Master Cecil."

The chauffeur took his place.

"Not playing here!" said Lovell.

"Where are you playing, then? Your ground at Bagshot can't be in order now."

"Oh, we're not playing at Bagshot. We're playing a match a long way from here," said Pankley.

"Anybody we know?" asked Jimmy Silver, rather curiously.

"Yes, rather. But you're all ready now. Good-bye!"

"You've told Tomkins where to go?"

"Certainly! You remember my instructions, Tomkins?"

The chauffeur grinned.

"Yes, Master Cecil."

"Then off you go!"

"Eh?"

"Sorry we can't stop to talk, Smythe. We've got to catch our train," said Pankley. "The pater could only spare one car, unfortunately. We've got to go by train."

"B-b-but what are you goin' to do at St. Jim's?" gasped Smythe.

"Play cricket."

"But those chaps have gone there to play cricket."

"Have they?" said Pankley, looking surprised. "Have they gone to St. Jim's?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Bagshot juniors.

Smythe's eyeglass dropped from his eye in his astonishment.

"Didn't you tell the chauffeur to drive 'em to St. Jim's?" he demanded.

"No fear!"

"By gad! Where did you tell him to drive them?"

"Anywhere he liked, so long as they didn't get to St. Jim's," said Pankley calmly. "Good-bye, Smythe! If those fellows get back before us, give 'em my kind regards."

"Oh, my gad!" stuttered Smythe. Pankley & Co. disappeared out of the gates. Adolphus Smythe stood

Keeping his eyes steadily on the road before him, he was letting the car go at a speed that was very near the limit.

"We're getting along," remarked Lovell. "It won't take us long to get to St. Jim's at this rate."

"I suppose the man knows the road?" said Raby.

"Sure to."

"I don't know," said Jimmy Silver, looking from the window.

"The road must be very roundabout, the way he's going. St. Jim's is west, and we seem to be going north."

"How do you know?" asked Newcome.

"Look at the sun, fathead!"

"Why the dickens don't he stop when I tap on the window?" said Tommy Dodd. "Must be deaf. There ought to be a tube, or something, but there isn't. I say, shover, stop, will you!" roared Tommy.

"Stop!" roared Jimmy Silver. "We want the cover down!"

Tomkins drove straight on.

"Blow the man!" said Jimmy Silver. "It's jolly warm in here! We can't get it down from inside."

They tapped on the window till





THE BOGUS

(Continued from the previous page.)

ELEVEN!

I have to smash up the blessed car. Hi, shover!"

The chauffeur did not turn his head. Crash!

Tommy Dodd's bat went through the glass, and the chauffeur gave a jump as the fragments spattered round him.

"My eye!" he was heard to mutter.

"Stop!" yelled Tommy Dodd.

The chauffeur kept on.

"I'll stop him!" said Jimmy Silver.

He grabbed the bat from Tommy Dodd. He was prepared for desperate measures. It was only too clear now that the cricketers had been victims of a plot of the Bagshot fellows. The chauffeur's refusal to stop could mean nothing else.

Jimmy Silver dashed out the rest of the intervening glass, and it fell in splinters. Still the chauffeur kept on. He had his orders, and he was carrying them out.

"Will you stop?" yelled Jimmy Silver.

No reply.

"You'll get brained if you don't." The car hummed on.

Jimmy Silver wasted no more time in words. Too much time had been lost already. Instead of being at St. Jim's now, they could guess that they were farther off than when they had started. It was an exasperating thought, and it was still more exasperating to think that they had fallen blindly and unsuspectingly into the trap Pankley had laid for them.

Silver thrust the bat through the aperture, and there was a wild yell from Tomkins as the business end of the bat came in contact with the back of his head.

Bump!

"Ow!"

"Stop!" shouted Jimmy Silver.

The chauffeur drove on. Jimmy Silver snuffed again, harder. There was a yell of anguish from the unhappy Tomkins.

"Yow-ow-ow-ow! Stoppit! D-d-don't! I'll stop."

"You'd better, you rotter!"

The car slowed down. Jimmy Silver tore open the door, and the cricketers swarmed out. They surrounded the chauffeur with threatening fists and bats.

"Where are we now?" roared Jimmy Silver. "Where have you taken us, you villain? Where is St. Jim's?"

The chauffeur grinned and rubbed the back of his head.

"I don't rightly know, young gentlemen. I've never been near the place."

"It's near Wayland. Where is that, from here?"

"Oh, Wayland! About twenty-five miles."

"Oh, you rotter! You villain!"

"Pankley put you up to this, I suppose?" yelled Lovell, brandishing his fist under the chauffeur's nose.

"Only a little joke, Master Cecil said," replied Tomkins.

"Little joke! We'll little joke you! Have him out and smash him!" yelled Doyle.

"Chuck him in the ditch!"

Buzz-zuzz-zuzz!—from the engine.

"Look out, young gents! She's starting."

The juniors involuntarily jumped aside. The car leaped forward.

"Stop him!" howled Raby.

But it was hardly within the bounds of possibility for the juniors to stop a motor-car. The big car ran on, and without being run over the juniors could not even try to stop it. The car rushed away down the road in a cloud of dust, leaving a smell of petrol behind, and fourteen juniors brandishing their fists. The grinning Tomkins had escaped the ragging the Rookwooders would certainly have bestowed on him. He had got off with a bump on the back of his head, which was getting off very cheaply under the circumstances, and Jimmy Silver & Co. were left in the road, stranded.

The 6th Chapter  
The Match at St. Jim's.

"Here we are!" said Pankley genially.

Tom Merry & Co. of St. Jim's greeted their visitors cordially. Pankley shook hands with Tom Merry in the most affable manner.

"I shall have to introduce myself," he remarked. "We've made some changes in the team since you came over to Rookwood."

"I see you have," agreed the St. Jim's junior captain. "Isn't Smythe your skipper?"

"No; we found Smythe was no good."

Tom Merry smiled. He was not surprised to hear that. He glanced over the Rookwood team. There was not a single familiar face. Evidently the change in the Rookwood team had been extensive.

"Dodd told me in his letter that there had been some changes," Tom Merry remarked. "I had a letter from Silver the other day, but I concluded from his letter that he was in the team."

"He was," said Pankley, "but I decided to leave him out."

"No good at all, really," said Poole.

"Fresh blood entirely," said Putter. "You'll find us very different from Smythe's lot, I assure you."

Tom Merry of St. Jim's nodded politely. Remembering what Smythe's lot had been like, he knew that the new team could not be any worse, anyway. They looked a good deal better.

Not for an instant, of course, did he suspect that the newly-arrived team did not belong to Rookwood at all. He knew nothing about the Bagshot fellows being quartered at Rookwood, and naturally never dreamed of the jape the astute Pankley had played on the genuine team.

Pankley & Co. had brought Rookwood caps with them, and that was all the Rookwood there was about them. But the St. Jim's fellows naturally did not know that.

"Bai Jove, Tom Mewwy," remarked an elegant-looking St. Jim's junior aside, "these boundahs look wathah more like the weal thing than the team we played last! I wathah think they may give us a tussle."

Tom Merry nodded.

"All the better," he replied. "We'll be glad of a good game, D'Arcy, my son. If I'd known they'd made so many changes in their team I'd have kept Figgins and Kerr and Wynn here. Still, we'll beat them all right."

The St. Jim's junior captain, as a matter of fact, had been a little careless about that match. He had beaten Smythe & Co. so easily that he had taken little account of the Rookwood team. Half the usual members of the St. Jim's junior eleven had gone out for the afternoon, their places being filled by reserves. However, it was a good team enough, for Tom Merry never played "rotters," only it made the match an uncertainty instead of a "cert."

The cricketers proceeded to business at once. It fell to the visitors to bat first, and Tom Merry led his men into the field. Tom Merry himself went on to bowl the first over. His best bowlers were absent, as a matter of fact. He found the batting quite up to the bowling.

Pankley opened the innings with Poole, and both of them were famous at Bagshot for their batting.

The St. Jim's field had plenty of work in that innings.

Pankley was a hard hitter, and he gave the fieldsmen plenty to do. Pankley was batting away as coolly as if he were really junior captain of Rookwood.

The other Bagshot fellows,

though they rejoiced in the success of their tremendous jape, felt some slight uneasiness inwardly. They cast glances in the direction of the gates, wondering what on earth would happen if Tommy Dodd & Co. turned up after all. Pankley had laid his plans carefully. But if anything should go wrong, and the genuine Rookwood cricketers should get to St. Jim's after all!

Exactly what would happen in that case they did not know, but it was certain to be something of an exciting nature.

But Pankley did not seem to have any uneasiness.

He batted away as if he were safe upon his own ground at Bagshot. Pankley was blessed with a nerve of iron and the cheek of a Hun.

Fifty runs was the total for the innings, and there was no sign of the Rookwood cricketers when it closed. Pankley and Poole had done well at the wickets, so had some of the others, but several of the Bagshot fellows were hardly up to the form of St. Jim's.

Pankley had urged his followers to great efforts. He wanted very much to win that match. The jape would not be complete without a win to give it the finishing touch, so to speak.

But Tom Merry & Co. of St. Jim's were not easily beaten. When the St. Jim's innings commenced the Bagshot fellows made that discovery. Tom Merry and Lowther and Talbot and Blake and Herries and several more of the St. Jim's batsmen did very well, and by the time the last wicket was down the score was 100—just double that of the Bagshot crowd.

There was a pause for refreshments before the visitors went in again. All but Pankley cast eyes in the direction of the gates.

"If they should turn up, after all!" murmured Poole.

"Rats!" said Pankley. "How can they turn up? Tomkins is going to give them a joy-ride. I hope they'll find it joyful, that's all. We needn't worry about them."

"That chap Silver—"

"Oh, blow that chap Silver!" said Pankley carelessly. "Look here, you fellows have got to buck up in the next innings. We've got to beat these chaps!"

"Doesn't look like it at present," grinned Putter.

"Well, they would have beaten Rookwood in any case," said Pankley. "If they beat us, it stands to reason they would have beaten Rookwood, so Dodd can't complain."

"Ha, ha! He will complain all the same!"

"Well, let him."

"You fellows ready?" called out Tom Merry.

"Right-ho!" said Pankley.

The Bagshot second innings opened. The afternoon was growing old now, and still the Rookwood players had not put in an appearance. The Bagshot fellows shared the confidence of Cecil Pankley now. It was evident that Tommy Dodd & Co. were far afield, and their arrival was not to be feared.

Pankley & Co. played hard in that innings.

By great efforts they succeeded in knocking up 80 runs, so the St. Jim's team had to bat again.

And still there was no sign of Jimmy Silver & Co.

The sun was going down in the west, but there remained ample time to finish the match. Indeed, the St. Jim's fellows did not expect the match to take long to finish.

They wanted only 31 runs to win, and certainly they would not want all their wickets to get them.

Tom Merry and Blake went on to bat, and the Bagshot fellows went into the field.

Pankley bowled the first over, and Tom Merry knocked the ball away.

It came right for Poole in the field, and it looked like an easy catch. But Poole's hand did not go up.

He was not looking at the ball at all.

He was staring away in the direction of the school gates.

"Look out!" yelled Pankley. Thud!

The ball dropped at Poole's feet.

"Butter-fingers!" roared Pankley. "Are you going to sleep, you fat-head? What's the matter with you?"

Poole did not reply. He only raised his hand and pointed. Pankley, in astonishment, looked in the direction of the gates. Then he ejaculated: "Oh, crumbs!"

The 7th Chapter.  
A Little Late.

"Stranded!" growled Jimmy Silver.

"Dished!" grunted Lovell.

"Done!" growled Tommy Dodd.

The Rookwood cricketers looked at one another with exasperated looks.

They certainly were stranded, dished, and done. The motor-car had vanished with a cloud of dust and a smell of petrol. They were stranded on a country road—where, they had only the vaguest idea. It was already past the time when they were due at St. Jim's.

"Well, we're fairly done in the neck, and no mistake!" said Tommy Cook. "All the fault of those Classical idiots, of course!"

"All the fault of you Modern duffers!" snapped Jimmy Silver.

"You Classical chump, you took that blessed villain Pankley's offer of a car!"

"So did you, you Modern ass!"

"That chauffeur ought to have been stopped. We could have made him drive us to St. Jim's, after all!"

"Why didn't you stop him, then, you Modern idiot?"

"Why didn't you, you Classical jay?"

"Oh, rats! Fathead!"

"Silly ass! For two pins," roared the enraged Tommy Dodd—"for two pins, I'd wipe up the ground with every silly Classical idiot here!"

"For one pin," said Jimmy Silver, "I'd make shaving and potato-scrappings of every silly Modern jabberwock here!"

That was enough! Both divisions of the Rookwood team were utterly exasperated—with Pankley for taking them in, and with themselves and one another for being taken in. Pankley was out of reach, but the Moderns were within reach of the Classics and the Classics were within reach of the Moderns. The result was inevitable.

There were seven Moderns and seven Classics in the whole party, and in a moment more fourteen juniors were pommelling one another furiously, amid a trampling of feet and a gasping and yelling and panting unlimited.

"Take that, you Modern fathead!"

"Back up, Moderns!"

"Take that, you Classical ass!"

"Give the cads socks!"

"Pile in! Hurrah!"

"Ow! My nose! Yow! You rotter! Take that!"

"Hurrah! Go for 'em!"

Cricket was forgotten. Pankley was forgotten. St. Jim's was forgotten. Only the ancient feud of Classical against Modern was remembered.

It was a battle royal. Fortune favoured first one side and then the other. They were really about equally matched. In a quarter of an hour thick ears and swollen noses were pretty equally distributed, and there was a pause for breath.

Jimmy Silver dabbed his nose with his handkerchief.

"Oh, you Modern asses!" he gasped. "What's the good of ragging one another?" Jimmy had thought of that rather late. "We ought to get to St. Jim's and stop those Bagshot cads from playing our match!"

"Half-over by this time, I expect," gasped Tommy Dodd. "If you Classical duffers had a grain of gumption, you wouldn't have started a rag now!"

"Why, you started it, you Modern worm!"

"You thumping ass—"

It looked like starting again. But Tommy Doyle broke in:

"Shut up, you gossoons! Let's get to St. Jim's somehow! It's too late to play them at cricket, but we'll rag the Bagshot bounders baldheaded!"

"How are we to get there?" groaned Tommy Dodd. "Where are we now?"

"Goodness knows!"

"Oh, dear! Look at my eye!"

"Look at my nose! Ow!"

"Oh, come on!" said Jimmy Silver. "We've got to get to a railway-station, and somehow or other we'll get to St. Jim's. And then we'll simply slaughter those Bagshot rotters! They're there, playing our match—our match, by gum—unless the St. Jim's chaps spotted them, and I don't see how they could—they've never heard of Bagshot. Come on!"

In a disconsolate crowd, the juniors tramped away. Their fustian encounter had wrecked their wrath, but it had not improved their personal appearance. They rubbed their eyes, and they dabbed their noses as they tramped on—in a weary quest for a railway-station.

They reached a village at last, and

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**THE BOGUS**

(Continued from the previous page.)

**ELEVEN!**

learned that there was a railway-station within two miles. With grim and gloomy faces they started to tramp two miles. There was a warm argument en route as to who was responsible for letting that beastly chauffeur get away with the car. The argument was not finished when they reached the railway-station.

But they had plenty of time to renew it there, for they had half an hour to wait for a train to Wayland Junction.

They refreshed themselves with buns and ginger-beer while they waited, and at last the train bore them away.

It was not a fast train. The journey seemed almost endless to the unhappy cricketers.

"Better have let the Bagshot beasts play in the team—better than this!" mumbled Raby.

"We'll smash 'em!" said Jimmy Silver. "We'll find 'em at St. Jim's all right, and we'll simply smash 'em!"

"Unless they've finished the match and gone!" growled Cook.

"Oh, my hat!" It was a dismaying possibility. The slowness of the train exasperated them. But they crawled into Wayland Junction at last. Then there was a quarter of an hour to wait for the local train to Rylcombe—the station for St. Jim's.

By the time the local train landed them at Rylcombe the Rookwood cricketers were at boiling-point.

Some of the juniors had doubted whether Jimmy Silver's theory was correct, and whether the Bagshot fellows were at St. Jim's at all. But at Rylcombe their doubts were set at rest. Jimmy Silver inquired of the porter, and learned that early in the afternoon a cricket team had arrived, and taken a brake that was waiting to carry them to St. Jim's.

That settled all doubts. Pankley & Co. were at St. Jim's, and had not yet departed. With vengeful faces the spoofed and infuriated Rookwooders tramped down the lane towards St. Jim's.

The gates of the school came in sight at last. The weary, dusty, but still infuriated Rookwooders tramped in. Down to the cricket-ground they went, and the spectators round the field gazed at them in surprise.

Jimmy Silver & Co. did not even notice them. All they had eyes for were the eleven figures in white in the field—Pankley & Co., of Bagshot—playing the Rookwood game in Rookwood caps.

"There they are!" gasped Jimmy Silver. "Go for 'em!"

The Rookwooders rushed on. "Look out!" yelled Pankley. "Ware Rookwood cads!"

The next moment Jimmy Silver & Co. were rushing on the field.

**The 8th Chapter.**

**An Unfinished Match.**

"Pile in! Smash 'em!"

"Down the cads!"

"Give 'em socks!" shrieked Jimmy Silver, who had Pankley's head in chancery, and was pommeling away wildly. "Go for the cads!"

"Give 'em the kybosh! Back up, Rookwood!"

"Back up, Bagshot!" yelled Pankley.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Tom Merry.

The St. Jim's fellows looked on in wonder. Never had such a scene been witnessed on the cricket-ground there before.

The Bagshot fellows and the infuriated Rookwooders had closed in deadly strife, and both parties were blind to their surroundings.

They rolled on the grass, pommeling furiously; they staggered to and fro; they yelled, and punched, and punched, and yelled.

The odds were on the Rookwood side; there were fourteen of them. And they were so infuriated that if there had been two dozen Bagshot fellows, instead of one dozen, Jimmy Silver & Co. would probably have made hay of them. Pankley & Co. fairly fled at last. They dodged into the pavilion, and slammed the door,

and Jimmy Silver & Co. pursued them, and raged for gore outside.

Tom Merry grasped Jimmy Silver by the shoulder.

"Will you tell me what this means?" he roared.

"Yaas, explain, you silly ass!" shrieked D'Arcy.

"What's the little game?" yelled Blake.

"Lemme get at them—"

"Open that door!"

"We'll smash 'em! We'll—"

"Will you explain what this means?" shouted Tom Merry, seizing Jimmy Silver, and backing him up forcibly against the pavilion.

Jimmy Silver gasped.

"Oh! All right! Leggo! It's all serene! We're the team from Rookwood!"

"The team from Rookwood! We've been playing the team from Rookwood!" exclaimed Tom Merry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, you think it's funny!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd.

Tom Merry wiped his eyes.

"Well, yes, it strikes me as rather funny," he remarked. "I really think you've done enough slaughtering. Peace, my infants. We thought they were the Rookwood team, and we've been playing them, the bounders! But the match won't be finished now. But there's no harm done. We'll give you another date!"

"Oh, good!" said Tommy Dodd, calming down. "Come to think of it, it was rather thick to slaughter them here. But just consider, tramping for hours—"

"Training for hours!"

"Done in the eye, you know!"

"Exactly," agreed Tom Merry soothingly. "But, after all, it's only a jape. Make it pax, and let's have tea, and we'll play the match another day. The cricket season's young yet!"

That was evidently the best thing to be done. Jimmy Silver and Tommy Dodd called off the avengers, and Pankley & Co. came grinning out of the pavilion. Pax was established, and really it was needed on both sides. There was not a single Rookwood or Bagshot fellow who did not show extremely prominent signs of damage.

Never had so many thick ears, swollen noses, and black eyes appeared round the festive-board at St. Jim's.

Jimmy Silver & Co., in spite of

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**TREASON.**

Admiral Von Schuttle: "What is the charge against the man under arrest?"

Admiral Zamburg: "He said, 'The German Navy is like the sun.'"

Admiral Von Schuttle: "Well, where is the treason in that?"

Admiral Zamburg: "The sun sinks in the west!"—Sent in by A. G. Conway, Middlesbrough.

**THE ARTFUL ANGLER.**

Angler (who is describing a fish he is supposed to have seen): "He was five feet long, and I never saw such a big fish in all my life!"

His companion (who could never stand "fishy" stories): "No, don't believe you ever did!"—Sent in by Mr. Winterman, Forest Gate.

**NO PLACE FOR SARAH.**

"Well, did you like the theatre?" asked the mistress of Sarah, her servant, to whom she had given a ticket.

"I did that, mum," replied Sarah. "But why did you not see the play out?" questioned the mistress. "You are home very early."

"Indeed, I did see it out, mum!" exclaimed Sarah. "There were grand ladies in the boxes, and elegant gentlemen next to me. I had a splendid seat, and enjoyed myself looking at the picture as much as anybody. But when they took the picture up, I found myself looking into a gentleman's house, and some ladies came in, and began discussing family matters. I came away then, for it wasn't for the likes of me to listen to family secrets. I know my place better than that, mum."—Sent in by W. Chapman, Chobham.

**GEE WHIZ!**

"Yankee! "I guess we have some railway bends over there! Why, when a train goes round a curve, the engine-driver can shake hands with the guard!"

Mike: "Faith, and that's nothing, to be sure. We have a curve in Ould Oireland that when ye go round ye can see the back of your own head."—Sent in by G. E. Wickens, Epsom.

**ALEX-AND-HER.**

There was a chap who kept a store, And, though there might be grander, He sold his goods to all who came, And his name was Alexander.

He mixed his goods with cunning hand— He was a skilful brander, And since his sugar was half sand, They called him Alex-Sander.

He had his dear one, and she came, And lovingly he scanned her, He asked her would she change her name— A ring did Alex-hand-her.

"Oh, yes," she said, with smiling lips. "If I can be commander!" And so they formed a partnership, And called it Alex-and-her. —Sent in by L. Webb, Deptford.

**QUITE REASONABLE.**

Joe: "I say, Tom, a revolution must cost a good many thousand pounds."

Tom: "Nonsense! As a rule it only costs twenty-five shillings."

Joe: "How ever do you make that out?"

Tom: "Well, you see, the king loses a crown, and the people a sovereignty!"—Sent in by P. J. Rahill, Chester.

**NOT FAIR.**

Mac, who you will judge by his name was a Scotsman, boarded a somewhat crowded tramcar, and had to stand. The car started on its way once again, and a little later pulled up to permit another passenger to get on. The conductor told Mac to move up a bit, which Mac, always eager to oblige, did.

Some few minutes later there was a grinding of brakes, and once more the car stopped. This time an old man of seventy stepped on. Mac was again requested to move up. Mac thereupon moved up.

At the next stopping-place there was another halt. Two children boarded the car, and the request for Mac to move up was again repeated.

A little farther on Mac reached his destination, and prepared to leave the car. He got as far as the step when the conductor took him by the arm and pulled him back.

"Fare, please!" he cried. "Fare be blown!" exclaimed Mac. "Why, mon alive, A've been walking all the way!"—Sent in by C. Cragg, Southport.

**MONEY PRIZES OFFERED.**

Readers are invited to send on postcards storyettes or short interesting paragraphs for this feature. For every contribution used the sender will receive a money prize. All postcards must be addressed: The Editor, THE BOYS' FRIEND and "Gem" Library, Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C.



"What can we do?" demanded Poole, staring at his chum. Pankley lowered his voice to a thrilling whisper, and murmured: "Bag the match!"

"You haven't! They're spoofers! They're Bagshot bounders—rotters—beasts—spoofing worms!" panted Jimmy Silver.

"We're the genuine article! They lent us a motor-car, and told the chauffeur to strand us a thousand miles from anywhere!"

"Great Scott!"

"We've been trying to get here all the afternoon," gasped Tommy Dodd. "Now it's too late for cricket, but we're going to slaughter them; we're going to scalp them; we're going to—to—to—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Tom Merry.

"What are you cackling at?" demanded Tommy Dodd indignantly.

"Ha, ha! I think you've slaughtered them enough already! And this isn't a slaughter-house, anyway!"

"Bai Jove, wathah not!" said D'Arcy.

"Ahem!" said Jimmy Silver, cooling down a bit. "We—we're rather sorry for this row on your ground—ahem!—but just think of it—stranded a million miles from everywhere—"

"Tramping and training it all the blessed afternoon—"

"Match mucked up—"

"Spoofed by those rotters—"

their casualties, enjoyed the hospitality of the St. Jim's fellows, and the date of the match was agreed upon; and the next time it was played there would be no chance of a spoof team arriving in place of the Rookwooders. The Rookwood team and the Bagshot juniors had to travel home together, but pax was kept until they reached Rookwood.

Pankley & Co. had played the match, and they chuckled over their success; and Smythe & Co. chuckled, too. There was, in fact, too much chuckling—which led to Adolphus Smythe being found later with his head crammed in the coal-locker, and to Pankley and Poole sharing between them all the available ink in the end study.

But Jimmy Silver had to admit that Pankley & Co. had scored—in spite of the finish of the match at St. Jim's—and it was unanimously agreed by the Fistical Four that something had to be done. But what that "something" was remained to be seen.

THE END.

("Pankley's Picnic!" is the title of next Monday's grand long complete tale of the Rookwood chums. Don't miss it!)

**WHEN PAT FORGOT.**

An American and an Irishman, in order to settle their little differences, agreed to have a fight, and decided that when one had had enough, he was to say the word "sufficient!"

The fight commenced, and for exactly an hour the two combatants hit away at one another. Then the American cried:

"Sufficient!"

"Begorra!" exclaimed Pat. "That's the word I've been trying to think of for the last fifty-eight minutes!"—Sent in by W. J. Simon, Wolstanton.

**WHY SHE FELL.**

Little Georgie: "I met Mrs. Smith in the street this morning, and as soon as she recognised me, her countenance fell."

His mother: "What do you mean, dear? Surely you didn't surprise her?"

Little Georgie: "Oh, no, mother! You see, there was a piece of orange-peel on the pavement."—Sent in by P. Needham, Deptford.

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