

BRITISH BOYS! RALLY ROUND AND CRUSH THE GERMANS!
GREAT ANTI-GERMAN LEAGUE! (SEE INSIDE.)

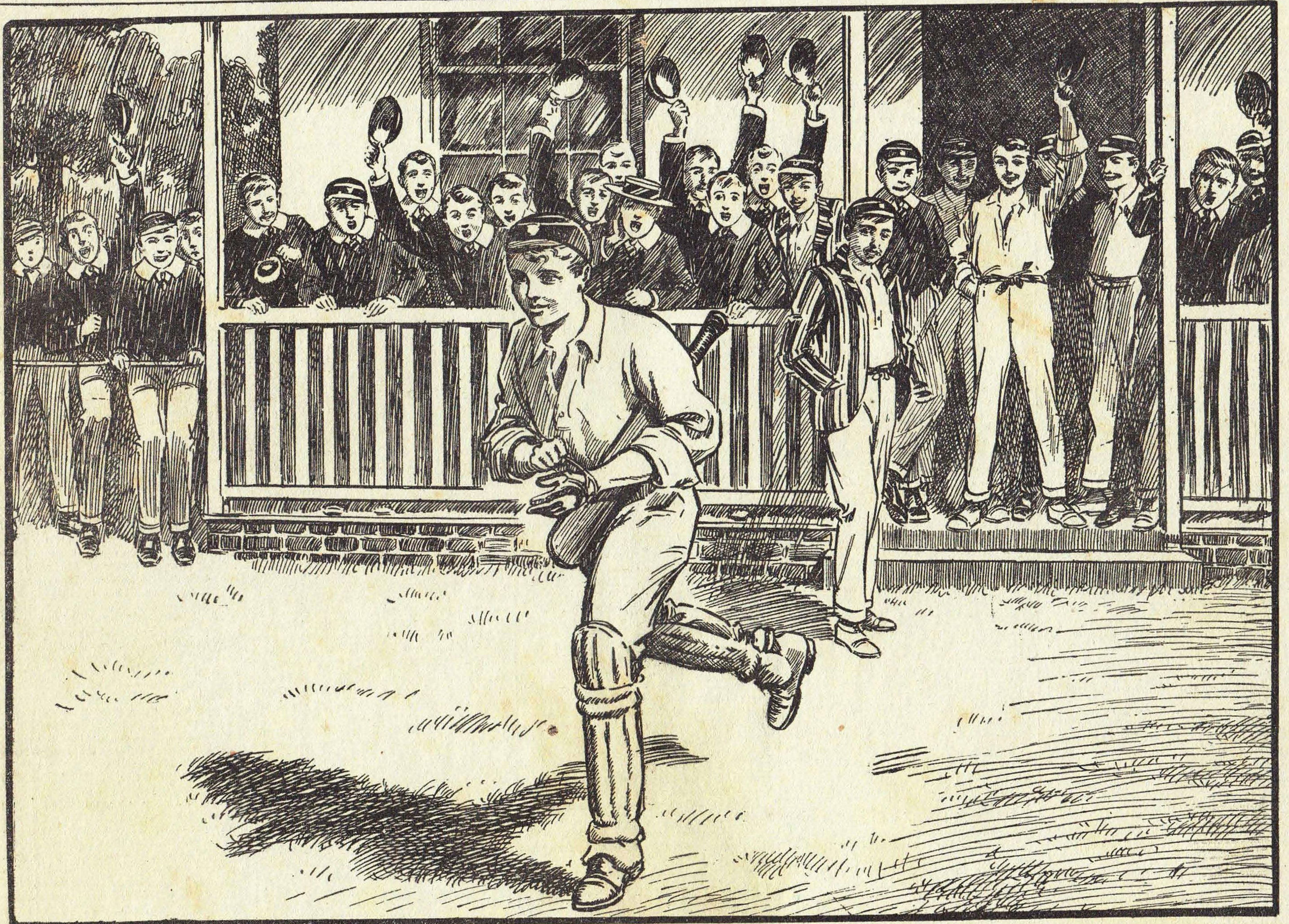
The BOYS' FRIEND 1d.

(WITH WHICH IS AMALGAMATED "THE DREADNOUGHT.")

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ONE PENNY.

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THE CAPTAIN OF THE SIDE ARRIVES IN THE NICK OF TIME! LAST MAN IN!

LAST MAN IN!

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

BY OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter.
Left Out!

"Disgustin'!"
Thus Adolphus Smythe.
Smythe of the Shell spoke with emphasis. He was annoyed—in fact, he was exasperated. And his dear chums, Tracy and Howard, nodded a

sympathetic assent. They were just as annoyed and exasperated as Adolphus was.

The nuts of Rookwood were lounging on the cricket-ground, watching the junior eleven at practice. Tommy Dodd was at the wicket, and Jimmy Silver was bowl-

ing, but Tommy Dodd was keeping up his wicket in a way that elicited loud cheers from the onlookers—especially those of the Modern side. And the Classical spectators were just as enthusiastic for the bowler, who was a Classical.

It was the last practice of the junior

eleven before the next School match, and Tommy Dodd's team was in great form.

From the way Jimmy Silver and his friends pulled with Tommy Dodd & Co. in cricket matters, it would never have been guessed that Classicals and Moderns at Rookwood were deadly rivals. But when it came to cricket, Classicals and Moderns were accustomed to forget their old rivalry, and to bury the hatchet deep.

Of course, any Classical fellow could have told you that it was sheer rot to have a Modern fellow for cricket captain. But Tommy Dodd being junior captain, they backed him up loyally, as in duty bound.

And most of the spectators were delighted with the form the cricketers were displaying. Only Smythe & Co. were disgusted.

That select circle of nutty young gentlemen known as the "Giddy Goats," agreed that it was "disgustin'." The fuss the fellows made of Tommy Dodd and Jimmy Silver put their nutty backs up.

The great Adolphus couldn't forget that he had been junior cricket captain once upon a time. That the cricket club had kicked him out for fat-headed incapacity did not worry Adolphus—he was quite satisfied with himself and his cricket. But it made him very sore to be left out of the game, and to be reduced to a mere looker-on, while these Fourth-Form fags had cricket entirely in their own hands, and ran it as they saw fit. True, they won matches, whereas Adolphus had almost invariably lost them. But that was a mere detail.

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LAST MAN

(Continued
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previous
page.)

IN!

"Disgustin'!" repeated Smythe bitterly. "The fuss the fellows make of those young bounders is simply sickenin'."

"Sickenin'!" agreed Howard. "Exasperatin'!" said Tracy. "Look at the eleven," continued Smythe. "Not one of us in it. Only one Shell fellow in the whole team, and he not in our set—a mere outsider. Chap who doesn't even know how to tie his necktie."

"Rotten!" "The fact is," said Smythe, "something's got to be done. Not that I care for cricket, as cricket. I'm not goin' to work at any game, as those fags do—not if I know it. But a fellow can't be left out—especially fellows of our standin' in the school!"

"Bravo, Tommy Dodd!" Smythe was interrupted by an enthusiastic shout, as the Modern batsman drove the ball over the boundary—a ripping "sixer."

"Well hit!" "Bravo!" "Listen to 'em!" said Smythe. "They never used to yell like that when I was battin'!"

Lovell of the Fourth fielded the ball, and tossed it back to Jimmy Silver. That cheerful youth looked a little grim as he prepared to deliver his next ball. Jimmy Silver was the champion junior bowler of Rookwood, and he was determined to get that wicket.

He sent the ball down this time with a weird break on it that beat even Tommy Dodd, keen as he was. There was a yell from the Classics as the balls flew off.

"Well bowled!" "Good old Jimmy!" "Fellows would think that nobody else ever bowled a Modern cad before," said Smythe, with a sarcastic sneer. "I call all this rot sickenin'!"

The fall of Tommy Dodd's wicket ended the practice. The cricketers came off the field. Some of the small fry went on with practice, but Tommy Dodd & Co. and the Fistical Four adjourned for tea. Jimmy Silver gave Smythe of the Shell a cheery nod and a grin as he passed him.

"What do you think of our Form, Smythe?" he asked affably. "Cricket's looking up a bit since your time, what?"

"I think you're a set of cheeky young duffers!" he replied, "and I think Bagshot will beat you hollow to-morrow!"

"Same as in your time!" grinned Tommy Dodd.

"They'll lick you, and serve you right!" said Smythe. "There's still time for you to put a decent man or two in the team, Dodd. I'm willin' to overlook what's past, and play—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "What are you cacklin' at, you cheeky fags?"

The cheery juniors did not explain what they were cackling at. They left Smythe to guess, and strolled away towards the School House.

"You Classical bounders come to tea with us," said Tommy Dodd. "Cook's people have sent him a hamper."

"Hear, hear!" said the Fistical Four, with one voice.

"Poor old Smythe!" chuckled Tommy Cook. "Still yearning after his departed glory. If he would only learn to play cricket—"

"Too busy playing the giddy nut," said Jimmy Silver. "Why, if Tommy Dodd put a duffer like that in the team, we'd scrag him!"

"Enough Classical asses in the team already!" remarked Tommy Doyle. "Eh, what's that, you Modern fat-head?"

"Shut up!" said Tommy Dodd. "Here's Bulkeley!"

Bulkeley, the captain of Rookwood, stopped to speak to the youthful cricketers. The big Sixth-Former gave them a kindly smile.

"I've been looking at you," he said. "You're getting on famously. You seem to have got a very good team together, Dodd. I hope you'll have good luck at Bagshot to-morrow!"

And the great man passed on,

leaving the juniors much elated by those words of commendation. Praise from old Bulkeley was praise indeed.

"Bulkeley thinks we shall beat Bagshot," said Tommy Dodd, "and we'll jolly well beat 'em, too! We've got some lickings to wipe out—lickings that that fathead Smythe brought on us when he was our skipper! Come on, and let's get that hamper open!"

And the rivals of Rookwood made their way to Tommy Dodd's study on the Modern side, looking as if rags and rows between Classics and Moderns had never been so much as heard of at Rookwood.

The 2nd Chapter. The Appeal to Cæsar.

"Leave the talking to me!" said Adolphus Smythe.

That was just like Adolphus. Adolphus never had the slightest doubt that matters of any sort would be much better left in his hands.

"Well, put it to him plainly," said Selwyn.

"And make it clear that we're not goin' to stand this!" added Howard. "That's all right," said Smythe. "You leave it to me!"

And Smythe led his flock into the Sixth-Form passage, heading for Bulkeley's study.

The nuts had made up their minds. All the elegant young gentlemen who followed the lead of the great Adolphus were there, looking very nutty and very determined. There had been a meeting in Smythe's study, attended by all the nuts. And they had resolved to appeal to the captain of the school.

Bulkeley, as captain of Rookwood, was head of the games. It was his duty to exercise a general supervision over junior cricket, as well as to deal with the more weighty business of the first eleven. Smythe & Co., having failed to obtain recognition of their claims from the junior captain, had resolved to appeal to Cæsar, so to speak, over Tommy Dodd's head. They relied upon Bulkeley to see them righted.

Smythe tapped at Bulkeley's door, and opened it. Bulkeley had finished tea, and was chatting cricket with Neville of the Sixth. He looked a little surprised as Smythe, followed by a dozen elegant youths, marched into his study.

"Hallo!" said Bulkeley, elevating his eyebrows.

His glance was not very cordial. Bulkeley had long had his eye on the Giddy Goats, and he did not approve of slackers.

"Ahem!" said Smythe, clearing his throat.

"Go it!" came in an encouraging whisper from behind.

"What's the name of this game?" inquired Bulkeley.

"The fact is, Bulkeley," said Smythe, "we—we've called on you—"

"I can see that," said Bulkeley, with a nod.

"You are captain of Rookwood."

"I am also aware of that already," said Bulkeley gravely.

Smythe looked a little uncomfortable. He could not regard Bulkeley's manner as encouraging.

"And head of the games," he went on. "We're goin' to appeal to you as head of the games, Bulkeley. The matter is in your—your—your—"

"Jurisdiction," whispered Chesney.

"Your jurisdiction," said Smythe.

"It's about the junior eleven. You are aware, of course, that up to a short time ago I was junior captain."

Bulkeley nodded.

"I ran the club to the general satisfaction," said Smythe. "Exceptin' for a few carpin' critics, everybody was satisfied!"

"Hear, hear!" murmured the followers.

"Since then there's been a sort of conspiracy among a gang of Fourth-

Form fags, and I'm shelved," said Smythe. "Shelved, you know—me!"

"Shame!" murmured the deputation.

"And that isn't all," continued Smythe, warming to his subject indignantly. "I'm left out of the cricket. My friends are left out. The Shell is left out—exceptin' for Jones, and he's a Modern. I've talked to Tommy Dodd about it, and he's simply said rude and ill-bred things about me personally. Now, I'm not speakin' so much for myself as for my friends and Rookwood generally. The game will go to the dogs if it's left in the hands of those cheeky fags!"

"To the greedy bow-wows!" murmured Tracy.

"So we're appealin' to you, Bulkeley, as head of the games," said Smythe. "We want you to put your foot down."

"Hard," said Howard.

"Heavy," added Chesney.

"And put those fags in their place," concluded Smythe. "As head of the games, you can't let this state of things go on."

Bulkeley smiled.

"What do you want me to do?" he asked.

"Put it plain to Dodd that if he's to continue captain he's to give fellows a chance. We'd be satisfied with half the team."

"You think you ought to be played on your form? You consider you're better cricketers than the fellows Dodd has picked out?"

"Well—ahem—"

"Yaas," said Howard boldly; "much better."

"Well, yes," said Smythe. "I think we can say that. We are jealous of the team owin' to fag jealousy chiefly."

"What was your record as cricket captain?" asked Bulkeley. "How many games did you win this season with your team?"

"We had rather bad luck—ahem!"

"How many wins?"

"N-n-n-none."

"And what's Dodd's record since he's been skipper?"

"Really, I haven't bothered to notice what Dodd has been doin'. We don't generally take much notice of fags, especially Modern fags."

"Well, I can tell you," said Bulkeley grimly. "I do take notice of fags, even Modern fags, in cricket matters. The junior eleven has played six matches since Dodd was captain, and won them all excepting one, the match with Greyfriars. That record speaks for itself."

"Yaas; but—"

"We've a right to appeal to you, Bulkeley," said Howard warmly.

"Quite so; and your appeal is dismissed!" said the Rookwood captain.

"The fact is, if the juniors had not made a change of their own accord, Smythe, I was going to chip in. You were no good as captain."

"Oh, gad!"

"Your team was the rottenest you could have scraped up in the school!"

"Oh!" said the deputation.

"You'd do well to think a little less about the parting of your hair and the set of your neckties, and a little more about keeping yourselves fit, and learning to play cricket," said Bulkeley.

"That's my advice to you. On your present form, Dodd would be an ass to put you in any team, unless it was to play a babies' school. Anything more you have to say?"

"N-n-no!" stammered Smythe. "I—I don't think there's anythin' more, Bulkeley, thanks!"

And the crestfallen deputation retired in dismay.

The appeal to Cæsar had been a rank failure.

"Shut the door after you," said Bulkeley politely.

Smythe shut the door after him. In the passage the nuts of Rookwood looked at one another with sickly faces.

"Rotter!" murmured Howard.

Smythe shrugged his shoulders.

"That's what comes of askin' Bulkeley to see justice done," he said bitterly. "We've got to depend on ourselves."

"Nothin' doin'," said Tracy.

Smythe's jaw set squarely. "Are we goin' to stand this?" he demanded. "This favouritism is sickenin', in my opinion. We're goin' to take matters into our own hands now, and blow Bulkeley. Come with me!"

"Where?" asked several of the nuts dubiously.

"To the Modern side."

"What for?"

"To see Tommy Dodd. We'll catch the young cads at tea, and they'll be alone. We'll put it to 'em

straight," said Smythe. "Either Tommy Dodd promises to give us six places in the team, or—"

"Or what?"

"Or we'll give him a thunderin' good hidin'," said Smythe. "That will be some comfort, anyway."

"Well, there's somethin' in that," agreed Tracy. "We can give 'em a hidin', and clear off before a crowd of the cads come buzzin' round!"

"That's the idea, dear boy."

Smythe & Co. marched into the quad looking very determined. They crossed the quad, and headed for Tommy Dodd's study, on the warpath.

The 3rd Chapter.

Adolphus on the Warpath.

Tommy Dodd's study was very festive just then.

There were seven juniors in the study, Silver and Lovell and Raby and Newcome being Tommy's guests to tea.

The three Tommies were doing the honours, and Classics and Moderns were on the best of terms with one another.

Tommy Cook's hamper from home had been well supplied, and the table was fairly laden with excellent things. The seven juniors had brought in first-class appetites from the cricket-ground, and they were doing full justice to the spread.

They talked cricket over tea, cricket being just then the subject uppermost in their thoughts. They were looking forward to the match at Bagshot on the morrow, and to the licking they fully intended to administer to Pankley & Co., of Bagshot.

That pleasant conversation was interrupted suddenly.

The study door was kicked open. Adolphus Smythe prided himself upon manners of the mould of Vere de Vere; but he had none of those nice manners to waste upon cheeky fags who excluded him from the cricket team. He kicked the door open and marched in, with a dozen nutty youths at his heels, all looking very grim and determined.

The nuts looked a little less grim as they saw that there were seven fellows, instead of three, in the study. They had expected to catch the three Tommies on their own. They looked to Adolphus for guidance. But Adolphus was fairly on the warpath, and he did not hesitate. The Giddy Goats were two to one, anyway.

"Hallo!" said Tommy Dodd coolly. "Didn't they teach you to knock at a door in the slum you were brought up in, Smythe?"

Adolphus took no heed of that pertinent question. He jammed an eyeglass into his eye, and surveyed the tea-party with crushing disdain.

"I've come here for a word with you," said Adolphus.

"Two words if you like," said Tommy Dodd. "Such as 'Get out!' or 'Buzz off!'"

"Yes, take your face away, Smythe," urged Jimmy Silver. "We're having tea, you know. It's not a time to introduce your face into a study, now is it?"

"Don't chip in here, Silver—I'm talkin' to Tommy Dodd as cricket captain, and I don't want any cheek from fags. Dodd, I've got to tell you plainly that you're not leavin' me out of the team to-morrow."

"Go hon!" said Tommy Dodd cheerfully.

"Nor my friends!" added Smythe.

"Pass the tarts," said Tommy Dodd.

"Do you hear me?" roared Smythe.

"Oh, yes! These tarts are good," said Tommy Dodd—"distinctly good. You should encourage your people to send you hampers, Cook."

"We want six places in the team, and we're jolly well goin' to have them!" shouted Adolphus, beginning to lose his temper.

"And the cake is a regular corker!" said Tommy Dodd. "Your sister is a brick to make cakes like that, Cook!"

"Are you givin' us those places, Dodd?"

"And then the jam!" pursued Tommy Dodd enthusiastically, and apparently having forgotten the existence of Smythe & Co. "I always liked home-made jam, but I must say this is a regular treat!"

"Do you hear me, Dodd?" shrieked Smythe.

"Help yourselves, you Classical chaps," said Tommy Dodd. "I can recommend the tarts, the cake, and the jam. How did you like the sardines?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You cheeky young rotter, I'm talkin' to you!" howled Smythe.

"Hallo! Are you still there, Smythe?" asked Tommy Dodd, looking round. "I don't remember asking you to tea!"

"I've not come to tea, you young idiot!"

"Still, as you've come you can have a tart. You can all have a tart each," said Tommy Dodd generously. "You don't mind, Cook?"

"Not at all," said Tommy Cook. "Let 'em have a tart each, and welcome. Only don't let 'em make the place sticky."

"You—you—you—" stammered Smythe.

"Take 'em out into the passage and eat 'em," said Tommy Dodd. "You ain't very clean in the Shell. Don't touch the door with sticky fingers, will you?"

Adolphus looked as if he were on the verge of apoplexy.

"You cheeky little villain!" he roared. "You're going to give us those six places, or we're goin' to give you a hidin'!"

"Now you're talkin'!" said Tommy Dodd heartily. "I'll have the hidin', please."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, wade in and mop them up!" said Tracy impatiently. "It'll be a lesson to the cheeky little beasts, anyway."

"Rag the study!" shouted Howard. Smythe raised his hand.

"Pile in!" he commended.

The nuts of Rookwood piled in, with a rush.

Tommy Dodd & Co. were all on their feet now, and they were ready. Jimmy Silver, and Lovell, and Raby, and Newcome were ready too. They were quite prepared to back up their kind hosts and entertainers against any number of nuts.

The table rocked as the Giddy Goats rushed to the attack, and some of the good things crashed to the floor. But there were plenty of good things, and the Fourth-Formers caught up tarts to use as weapons. Adolphus Smythe staggered back as a fat jam-tart squashed full in his aristocratic countenance, and he was choked and blinded with jam.

"Yurrooogh!" gurgled Adolphus. "Smash 'em!" panted Tracy.

"Muck up the study! Pile in!"

"Give 'em socks!" yelled Jimmy Silver.

There was a terrific combat in the study.

Smythe & Co. were two to one; but it was quality, and not quantity, that counted in that combat. The three Tommies were great fighting-men, and the Fistical Four were renowned for their prowess.

If Adolphus & Co. had been three or four to one, they would not have had much chance against those fistical youths, who were hard as nails, and did not care how hard they were hit so long as they hit hard in return.

Crash! Crash! Bump! Crash! Bang! Yell! Furniture was knocked round and left, and so were the combatants—chiefly the invaders. The study carpet was strewn with tarts, chairs, and Giddy Goats.

In three minutes the combat was decided. Four or five of the attacking party were in ignominious flight down the passage, and the rest were on the carpet, gasping for breath and roaring with anguish.

"Give 'em the tarts!" panted Tommy Dodd.

Jimmy Silver was already giving Adolphus tarts. Those tasty comestibles that had been squashed underfoot in the tussle were in no condition for eating, but they came in very useful for plastering the noble countenance of Adolphus. Smythe, of the Shell wriggled and gasped under the horrid infliction, but he could not save himself. Tarts squashed on his face, and on his hair, and down his back.

When he was finally hurled into the passage he was a sticky mass, and totally unrecognisable as the nuttiest nut in Rookwood School.

"Yow! Leave off!" moaned Tracy, as Lovell rubbed jam into his hair. "Do leave off! I give in! Grooh!"

"Stoppit!" mumbled Howard.

"Ow! Keep that treacle away, you beast! Ow—ow! Yah!"

"Kick 'em out!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Dusty and dishevelled and sticky all over, the unhappy nuts were pitched out one after another. The noise had brought a crowd of Modern juniors along the passage, and they greeted each Giddy Goat as he appeared with howls of laughter.

Smythe & Co. crawled away, feeling as if life were not worth living. That excellent scheme of giving Tommy Dodd a "thunderin' hidin'" had worked out very badly for the unfortunate Adolphus. His luck was out.



LAST MAN

(Continued
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page.)

IN!

"Well, the study looks rather mucked up," remarked Tommy Dodd when the last of the invaders had disappeared, "but I think Smythe will think twice before he pays us another visit—what!"

"Yes, rather! Ha, ha, ha!"

And the juniors, having restored the study to something like order, they went on cheerfully with their tea, untroubled by any further visits from the aspirants to cricket honours.

But in Smythe's study, on the Classical Side, there was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

The 4th Chapter. Smythe's Masterstroke.

The next morning Adolphus Smythe might have been observed to wear a thoughtful expression.

That thoughtful expression was not caused by any unusual devotion to his lessons, for the master of the Shell called Adolphus to order several times, and indeed stated his fixed opinion that Adolphus was the densest fellow in the class.

Little did Adolphus care for his Form-master's opinion. It was not his ambition to shine in class.

So long as he filled up a goodly space in the public eye, so long as he was in the limelight generally, Adolphus was satisfied, and he was quite willing to be considered a dunce in class. Indeed, he regarded it as rather nutty to be a dunce. He affected a lofty indifference to scholastic attainments, and held the opinion that Latin was all rot, French piffle, and lessons a bore.

Adolphus that morning was thinking of quite other things. There was a wrinkle of reflection on his classic brow when the Shell came out of their Form-room. His chums sympathised with him. Smythe was the richer by a hundred lines for his performances that morning.

"Hard ches!" said Tracy.

"The beast was rather rattier than usual," remarked Howard.

"Oh, never mind him," said Smythe tolerantly. "A Form-master's always a beast. That's what he's paid for, I've been thinkin'."

"Anythin' on this afternoon?" asked Howard. "What about a little bridge party in the study?"

"I'm thinkin' of the cricket."

His chums looked alarmed.

"Look here, I've had enough of raggin' Dodd," said Howard, feeling his nose tenderly. "I don't like scrappin' with fags."

"Same here," said Tracy. "It's rather beneath our dignity, you know."

"I'm not thinkin' of raggin' the fags."

Smythe rubbed his left eye, where there was a distinct "mouse." Certainly, he had had quite enough of ragging Tommy Dodd & Co.

"Well, what's the little game?"

"We're goin' to show Dodd that he can't come the cheeky cad over us," said Smythe. "He's left us out of the cricket—the whole gang of us."

"Yes, but—"

"I've an idea. Suppose Dodd's left out, too?"

"Eh? How can he be left out when he's skipper?" said Howard, puzzled.

"Might be shoved out."

"Oh!"

"If we miss the match, why shouldn't he?" argued Adolphus.

"It will be a lesson to him, and one in the eye for the whole cheeky gang. Besides, they depend on Dodd. He's their only good bat. Without him they'll get licked at Bagshot. That will serve 'em right."

"Serve 'em jolly well right!" agreed Howard. "But I don't quite see how we can make Dodd miss it."

"That's what I've been thinkin' out," said Smythe condescendingly, "and I know how to do it. Suppose we watch for him, and collar him when the other cads ain't lookin' on, and bung him into the clock-tower?"

"My hat!"

"We'll run him up to the top of the

tower, and keep him there till the rest have gone to Bagshot."

"But he'd make a row."

"Not if we put his head in a bag."

"By gad!"

"They'd rag us afterwards," said Tracy doubtfully.

"I've thought of that, too. Those kids in the study are always raggin' Moderns, and they chip us for not takin' a hand in their fag scrappin'. Well, we're Classics, and Tommy Dodd's Modern. We'll explain that it was a Classical rag on a Modern bouncer—see? Nothing really to do with the cricket. We'll explain that we forgot all about the Bagshot match."

And Smythe proceeded to call the nuts to the warpath. He found them very indifferent at first—they weren't inclined for any more raids on the Modern side.

But when Adolphus explained that Tommy Dodd was to be tackled "on his lonely own," they brightened up, and were ready to back up their great leader.

Luck favoured Adolphus for once.

Tommy Dodd was thinking of anything but being kidnapped, naturally. After dinner, as Adolphus had sapiently observed, it would not have been so easy. The enterprising nuts looked for Tommy Dodd without delay, and they found him in the Fourth Form-room. The rest of the Fourth were out, but Tommy Dodd had stayed behind to do fifty lines—owing to a misdirected sense of humour having led him to spill ink down the neck of Townsend, the dandy of the Fourth, in class.

Tommy Dodd looked up as Adolphus peered in and spotted him.

"Hallo!" said Adolphus. "Detained?"

"Yes," growled Tommy Dodd. "Don't make it worse by putting your face in, Smythe. Take it away and bury it!"

Smythe frowned and withdrew his face. He whispered to his friends in

And Tracy plumped down on Adolphus's long legs.

But the rest of the enterprising band were piling on Tommy Dodd, and four pairs of hands dragged him down before he could hit out again.

Adolphus staggered to his feet.

"Bring him along," he gasped.

"Never mind if you hurt him! Yank him along."

"Leggo!" yelled Tommy Dodd.

"Put your fist over his mouth.

Come on!"

Tommy Dodd struggled wildly in the grasp of the nuts. But six to one was a little too heavy odds for him. He was dragged off the ground, his arms and legs firmly held, and rushed away rapidly towards the clock-tower.

The Modern junior, astonished and enraged, resisted manfully all the way.

But he was rushed into the tower by the panting Shell fellows.

"Up the stairs!" gasped Adolphus.

"Leggo—yaroo! Oh, my hat!"

Up the stairs went the struggling band, with Tommy Dodd wriggling in their midst. Never had a kidnapped person given his kidnappers so much trouble. Tommy Dodd was not handled gently, but he resisted all the time. It was only with terrific efforts that the nuts got the strug-

Modern chaps are such gluttons, you know, we think it will do you good."

"Look here, if you don't let me loose, I'll yell for help!" shouted the exasperated Modern.

"You're welcome to yell all you can, my tulip," grinned Adolphus.

"Where's that bag?"

"Here you are!"

"His handkerchief first!" said Howard.

"Why—what—grooh—hooch—yoooh—ugg!"

Tommy Dodd said no more than that. He couldn't say any more, for his handkerchief was jammed into his mouth, and Smythe proceeded to fasten it there by winding string round his head and knotting it.

Tommy Dodd glared at him in speechless wrath. Then, to make assurance doubly sure, a bag was pulled down over the unfortunate Tommy's head.

"M-m-m-m-m!" came from within the bag.

Smythe of the Shell took another length of cord, and tied it under the arms, and tied the other end to an iron stanchion. Tommy Dodd was about as secure as a prisoner could be. Unless somebody happened to ascend to the top of the clock-tower—which was extremely unlikely—Tommy Dodd was a prisoner till Smythe & Co. chose to release him.

Leaving the junior skipper wriggling with wrath, the nuts cheerfully descended the stairs, and strolled away to the School House for dinner. They were late for dinner, and received sharp remarks from their Form-master—which they bore meekly. It needed more than a few sharp remarks to dash the great satisfaction they felt at their complete success.

The 5th Chapter. Missing!

Jimmy Silver & Co. came out with their cricket-bags, in great spirits. The Fistical Four had smiling faces that afternoon.

"Time the brake was here," said Jimmy Silver.

Tommy Doyle and Tommy Cook came hurrying across the quad. Their faces were disturbed and anxious.

"Hallo! Anything the matter?" asked Silver.

"Have you seen Dodd?"

"Dodd? No!"

"Faith, and phwat's become of him intoirly?" exclaimed Doyle. "He's missed dinner, and ould Manders was waxy."

"Missed dinner," said Jimmy Silver, in astonishment. "That's a queer way to get ready for a cricket match. He will want all his beef this afternoon."

"He didn't come in," said Cook. "We've been looking for him since, and we can't find him. Where the dickens has he got to, I wonder?"

"My hat! The brake will be here soon," said Lovell. "Just like a Modern ass, to lose himself now."

"Oh, don't jaw, but help us look for him!" growled Cook.

It did not seem much use looking for Tommy Dodd. They looked in the Form-room, remembering that he had lines to do. But the Form-room was empty. They looked in the gym, in Big and Little Quads, everywhere, in fact. But Tommy Dodd was not to be seen.

A shout from some of the cricketers announced the arrival of the brake.

Tommy Dodd had not turned up.

Naturally, it did not occur to the cricketers for a single instant that Tommy Dodd had been kidnapped and hidden away by the nuts of the Shell. That was not likely to occur to them.

As for looking for him on the summit of the high clock-tower, it never entered their heads for a moment. They could not possibly suppose that Tommy Dodd was there, without knowing that he had been kidnapped.

"Sure, this bates Banagher!" exclaimed Tommy Doyle, in exasperation. "Phwat can the duffer have done with himself?"

"He can't have started first for Bagshot, I suppose," said Jimmy Silver, rubbing his nose in perplexity.

"Why should he?" said Lovell.

Smythe & Co. came out, and seemed surprised to observe the troubled state of the worried cricketers.

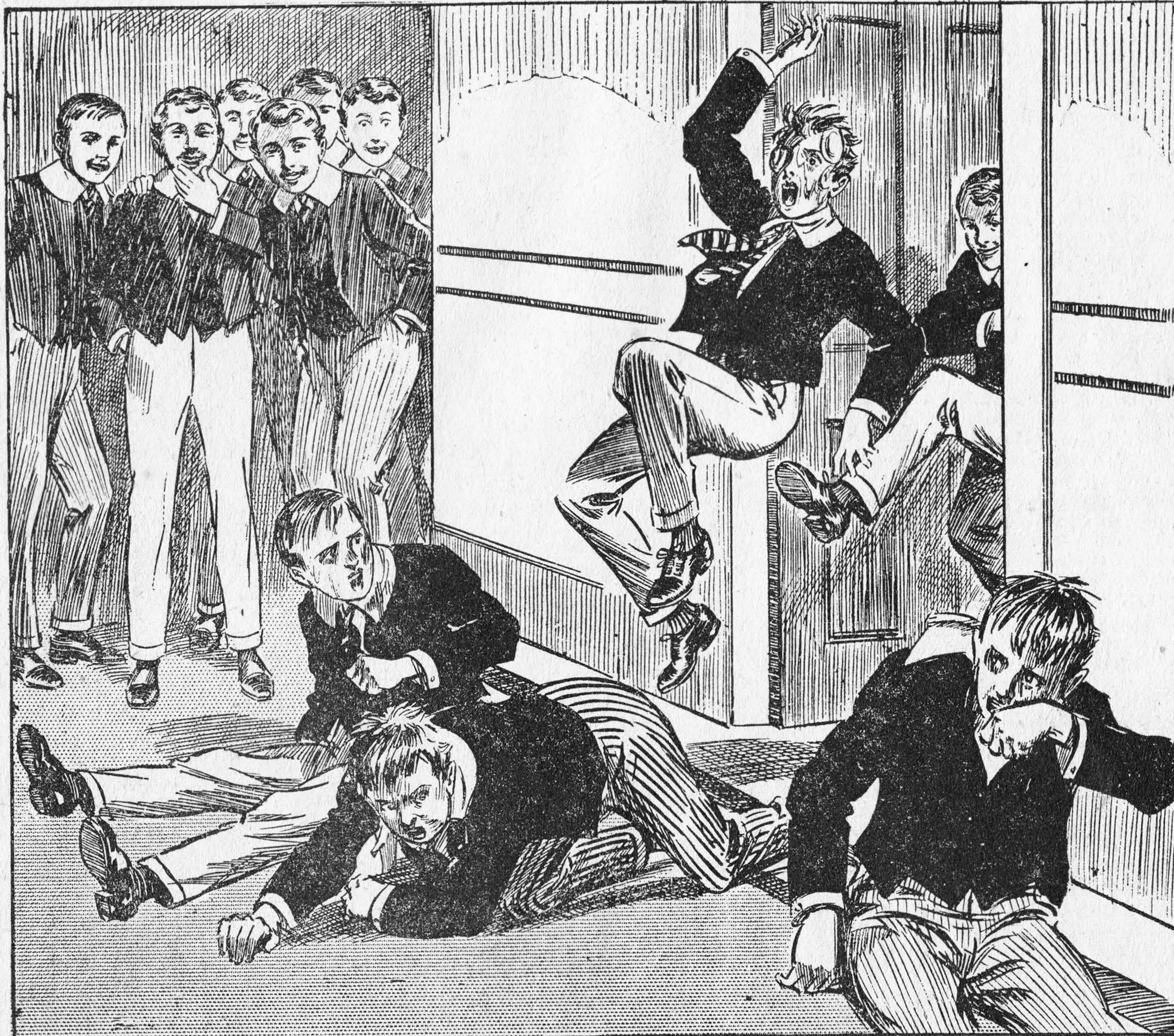
"Not off yet?" asked Smythe affably. "We're comin' over to see the match, you know. I understood it was timed to begin at two-thirty."

"Two-thirty now," said Howard.

"We're waiting for Tommy Dodd," explained Jimmy Silver.

"Not ready by this time!" ex-

claimed Smythe. "Well, that's a



Dusty and dishevelled and sticky all over the unhappy nuts were pitched out one after another. The noise had brought a crowd of juniors along the passage, and they greeted each "giddy goat" as he appeared with roars of laughter.

Tracy and Howard looked at their leader quite admiringly. Evidently Smythe's mental exercises had been gone through to some purpose.

"I suppose that would go down," remarked Tracy slowly.

"Of course it would," said Smythe, "with most of the fellows, anyway. As for Dodd, he will be simply wild at missin' the match—a punishment for his cheek, you know. And if the Bagshot bouncers beat them, all the better. They won't have such a whackin' record of wins to compare with our record then."

"By gad, you think of everythin'," said Tracy. "Let's pass the word round, and stalk the Modern cad after dinner."

"Before dinner," said Smythe.

"Hold hard! Old Manders will miss him if he cuts dinner, and he'll get lines."

"Serve him right!"

"Oh!"

"After dinner, they'll all be together, gettin' ready to start for Bagshot. Strike while the iron's hot," said Smythe.

"It's a bit rough gettin' a chap's Housemaster down on him," said Howard, with some hesitation.

"Not so rough as rubbin' jam in my hair," said Adolphus. "I haven't got it all out yet, by gad!"

the passage, and they strolled into the quad. Tommy Dodd finished his lines just as the dinner-bell began to ring, and bolted out of the Form-room, and cut across to the Modern side.

At the clang of the dinner-bell, Classics and Moderns had gone in, and as Tommy Dodd scudded across to his own side, there were only half a dozen fellows in the quad, and they were Smythe & Co.

"Here he comes!" murmured Tracy. "What a giddy stroke of luck, dear boys! Nail him!"

"Yaas, by gad! Here, stop, you Modern cad!"

Tommy Dodd had to stop, as the nuts of the Shell surrounded him.

"Here, no larks," said Tommy. "Haven't you heard the bell, you fat-heads? Why don't you go in to feed with the other animals?"

"No, hurry," yawned Smythe. "We're goin' for a little walk first—with you, dear boy!"

"Let me pass, fathead!"

"Nail him!" said Adolphus.

"Why, what's the game? Leggo!" shouted Tommy Dodd. "I shall hit out, you fatheads!"

"Biff!"

"Yoop!" yelled Tracy, like an echo, as Tommy Dodd's left was planted in his eye.

gling, wriggling, kicking Modern up the narrow spiral stair, and to the top of the tower.

There, on the little railed-in roof above the clock, they plumped him down, and sat on him.

"Oh, dear!" panted Chesney.

"What a savage beast! Look at my nose!"

"I'll give you an eye to match it," hissed Tommy Dodd. "Let me go, you silly chumps. Manders will rag me for being late!"

"Never mind, Manders," said Smythe. "Manders won't see you again in a hurry. Out with that rope, Tracy!"

"Rope!" gasped Tommy Dodd.

"What the thunder are you going to do with a rope?"

"You'll see!" grinned Smythe.

Tommy Dodd soon saw, for the rope was produced, and knotted round his ankles and wrists. Then he lay panting and helpless on the roof of the clock-tower, and glaring homicidally at the nuts.

"You fatheaded chumps!" he gasped. "What's the game? Do you want me to miss my dinner, you frabjous burblers?"

"More than that!" grinned Tracy.

"Shush!" murmured Smythe.

"Yes, this is a little game to make you miss your dinner, Doddy. You



LAST MAN

(Continued
from
the
previous
page.)

IN!

rippin' cricket captain, I must say! What's he doin'?"

"Blessed if I know—he seems to have vanished."

"By gad!"

"We shall have to go without him," said Lovell. "We've kept the Bagshot bounders waiting already. They'll think we're never coming."

"Can't go without our skipper," said Cook.

"Look here, we sha'n't have time for the match if we wait any longer," exclaimed Raby. "If Tommy Dodd chooses to clear off like this, it's his own look-out. If he wanted to play, I suppose he'd be here."

"Let's start," said Jimmy Silver. "He must have gone off somewhere—had a telegram, perhaps. Anyway, if he wants to come, he can buzz over on his bike. You can take his things in the brake."

"I've got his things here, in my bag," said Cook. "But—"

"Well, it's no good waiting."

"Let's start."

"Blow Dodd!" chorused the Classical members of the team. "We're not going to miss the match for him. Why can't he turn up?"

"Blessed if I understand it!" said Cook, in dismay. "It ain't like Tommy to play us a trick like this. Must have got some sudden news, or something—"

"Or gone for a stroll and forgotten the match," suggested Smythe. "I'll play for you if you like—you'll want a man."

"We want a man, but we don't want a silly idiot," said Cook rudely. "Young Lacy had better come on."

"Better have a Classical chap," suggested Lovell—"Hooker, frinstance—"

"None of your Classical cheek! Lacy—"

"Hold on!" said Jimmy Silver. "Who's captain of this team?"

"Tommy Dodd is!" hooted Cook.

"Yes, and I'm vice-captain," said Jimmy coolly; "and when Tommy Dodd does the vanishing-trick, I'm captain, my pippin."

"What-ho!" said the Co. emphatically.

"May be a piece of sheer kindness of Dodd's," remarked Newcome; "we can win with a Classical skipper, you know."

"Why, you silly ass—"

"You come in the brake, Hooker," said Captain Jimmy Silver. "Now, then, pile in!"

"Look here—"

"You do as your captain tells you, Cook," said Jimmy Silver coolly.

Cook almost exploded; but he had to yield the point. Jimmy Silver was captain in the absence of Tommy Dodd. The two Tommies gave a last despairing look round, hoping to spot Tommy Dodd at the last moment. But there was no sign of him, and they piled into the brake. They could only hope that, for some unexplained reason, he had gone over to Bagshot first, and that they would find him there.

Smythe & Co. smiled at one another, and strolled out after the brake. They were interested to see what kind of a game the junior team would play at Bagshot without their skipper and best batsman.

On top of the clock-tower an unhappy junior, wriggling in cords that he could not loosen, heard the rumble of the departing brake. He could not speak, but the thoughts he thought about Adolphus Smythe were simply lurid.

The 6th Chapter. The Bagshot Match.

Pankley of Bagshot greeted the Rookwood cricketers when the brake arrived. The Bagshot team had long been ready, and waiting. They were inclined to be sarcastic when the Rookwooders arrived nearly an hour late.

"You've come!" ejaculated Pankley. "We were beginning to think that you'd overslept yourselves or something."

"Sorry!" said Jimmy Silver. "One

of our men happened to be away, and we waited for him. Lots of time for a single-innings match, anyway."

"Oh, we don't mind!" said Pankley politely.

"Dodd isn't here, I suppose?" asked Cook.

"Dodd! No. Have you lost him?" asked Pankley, with great sympathy, and the Bagshot cricketers chuckled.

"Lost, stolen, or strayed," grinned Poole.

"He's gone off somewhere and forgotten the match," growled Lovell. "Still, we can lick you easily enough without that Modern bounder."

Jimmy Silver frowned a little. He had had a faint hope that Tommy Dodd might be at Bagshot. He was disappointed, and irritated too. Not that Jimmy Silver was averse to captaining the eleven. He flattered himself that he was a better skipper than any Modern at Rookwood. But, above all, he wanted to win the match, whether he skippered the team or not—and Tommy Dodd was a mighty bat.

He knew that Pankley's eleven were at the top of their form and that the match would be a tough one, anyway. The absence of their best bat might make all the difference to the Rookwooders' chances.

Jimmy Silver would have been glad to see Tommy Dodd, and to yield the captaincy into his hands again. Patriotism could not go further than that.

But Tommy Dodd was not there, and the match had to proceed without him. Jimmy Silver won the toss. The pitch was in perfect condition, and the Rookwooders naturally expected to bat first. But Jimmy Silver decided to send the Bagshot fellows in.

"What the dickens are you up to?" demanded Lovell, in surprise. "Why ain't we going to bat, fathead?"

"Sure, and we ought to bat first," exclaimed Tommy Doyle warmly. "This is what comes of having a Classical skipper."

Jimmy Silver grinned.

"Bagshot's going to bat," he said. "I've got my reasons. I suppose you fellows don't know why Tommy Dodd's cleared off like that."

"Of course we don't."

"Neither do I. But I know he'll get to the match if he can," said Jimmy, "and if he comes along, we're going to play him."

"Oh!"

"I can put a substitute in to field—I've mentioned it to Pankley. If Tommy Dodd comes along in time for last man in, he's going in—see?"

"We can do without that Modern bounder," growled Lovell.

"Not if we can help it," said Jimmy Silver quietly. "We want him to bat, if he has sense enough to turn up in time."

Tommy Doyle's face was a study for a moment. Then he fairly flung his arms round Jimmy Silver and hugged him.

"Sure, it's a broth av a boy ye are!" he ejaculated. "I niver thought of that. And you a Classical bounder, too."

"Well, don't suffocate me," said Jimmy cheerfully. "Come on—the bounders are waiting for us."

And Jimmy Silver led his merry men on to the field.

Jimmy's idea of leaving a place open for Tommy Dodd till the last possible moment was regarded as a stroke of genius by the Moderns. They admitted that Jimmy Silver, though a Classical, was a fellow with an uncommon amount of common-sense. The Classics were not quite so enthusiastic. They felt that they could win without any Moderns in the team at all, and were rather disposed to "slang" their leader for not replacing Dodd by a Classical while he had the chance. But Jimmy Silver went on his way regardless of praise or blame—thinking only of the game and the best way of winning it—and thereby proving that he was, in fact, a first-rate cricket captain.

Pankley and Poole opened the innings for Bagshot. That they were in fine form was soon proved. Even Jimmy Silver's bowling was not able to touch them for some time.

And the runs piled up. Pankley fell to Silver's bowling at last, and soon afterwards Poole was clean bowled by Raby. But the score was then at fifty.

It was a handsome start for Bagshot—and they kept it up. The Rookwooders were given an unusual amount of leather-hunting, and few catches. Wickets went down slowly, while the numbers went up on the board at a great rate.

At half-past five the last Bagshot wicket went down, and Pankley & Co. simply chattered with glee over a score of 115. The faces of the Rookwooders were correspondingly glum.

"We sha'n't equal that without our best bat," growled Tommy Cook, when they adjourned for refreshments before the visitors' innings. "Where can that fathead Dodd be all this time?"

"Oh where and oh where can he

be?" murmured Adolphus Smythe. Adolphus & Co. were looking on at the game with smiling faces.

It was distinctly amusing to Adolphus to see the fortune of war going against Rookwood in this manner. He considered that it would be a lesson to them. When the match was over, they might be sorry that they had turned out the great Adolphus and taken on Tommy Dodd in his place.

"The silly Modern ass ought to be scragged!" said Lovell. "We want every run we can get. We'd better elect a new captain—a Classical, this time."

And for once the Moderns had nothing to say. Tommy Dodd's absence was utterly inexplicable, and they could not say a word in defence of a skipper who had left his team in the lurch in this unaccountable manner.

"He may turn up yet," said Jimmy Silver. "There's a chance he may. Anyway, his place is open for him if he does."

But tea finished, and Tommy Dodd had not turned up. Pankley & Co. went into the field, and Rookwood opened the innings with Lovell and Cook.

But, good as the Bagshot bounders had proved themselves to be at the wickets, they soon proved that they were equally good in the field and on the bowling-crease. Pankley's bowling was very nearly as good as Jimmy Silver's own. There were loud cheers from Bagshot as the home skipper performed the hat-trick, Lovell and Raby and Newcome going down in succession to his bowling.

Long and longer grew the faces of the Rookwooders.

More than ever was Tommy Dodd needed now, with his mighty arm. But there was no sign of Tommy Dodd.

"Three down for 7!" chuckled Smythe of the Shell. "What a score! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Too funny for words, by gad!" yawned Tracy.

"And they found fault with our cricket!" said Howard, in a tone more of sorrow than of anger.

But fortune smiled on Rookwood once more, with Cook and Doyle as partners. The board registered 40 when their partnership was dissolved. Modern fellows who had come over to see the match cheered them loudly, and the Classics gave them a yell of appreciation.

It looked as if Rookwood were booked for one of the severest lickings they had ever had, even in the days of Adolphus Smythe. Every run was welcomed now by the anxious Rookwood spectators.

Jimmy Silver had not gone in to bat yet. His forte was bowling, and he knew that he was only an average bat. He sent in man after man, but as a rule their luck was cruel.

Eight wickets down for 52! Then, as Flynn came out, Jimmy Silver had to go in with Webb, a Modern, as his partner. When another wicket fell, he would be last man in, and, if Tommy Dodd had not turned up by that time, Hooker would have to go to the wickets. And the Rookwooders, who knew just how long Hooker was likely to last against bowling like Pankley's, groaned in spirit at the thought. Where was Tommy Dodd?

The 7th Chapter. Last Man In!

"That's jolly odd!" remarked Bulkeley.

The captain of Rookwood was strolling in the quad with his chum Neville. The two great men of the Sixth had been at the nets, and now they were sauntering back to the School House to tea, chatting cricket.

There were few juniors about Rookwood; most of them had gone over to Bagshot to watch the game there. A peculiar object had caught Bulkeley's eye, and he paused in the quad to regard it.

"Jolly odd!" agreed Neville, following the captain's glance.

Certainly it was odd. Bulkeley was looking up at the clock-tower. Over the railing at the top of the tower appeared an object, which looked like a bag. It was moving about, just as if somebody had his head inside it, and was moving it to and fro. The parapet hid the person below the bag, if indeed a person was there, but the bag showed above the railings.

"Extraordinary!" said Bulkeley, in great astonishment. "Is that some fag's idea of a lark, I wonder?"

Neville looked greatly puzzled.

"Blessed if I can make it out!" he said.

Bulkeley called to a fag in the quad. "Here, Thompson, cut up the tower, and see who's playing the giddy ox there on the roof," he said.

"I say, it's a jolly long way to the top of that blessed clock-tower, Bulkeley!" objected Thompson of the Third.

Bulkeley made a gesture, and Thompson scudded off without raising further objections.

He tramped up the spiral stair to the top of the tower, determined to punch the head of whoever was "playing the giddy ox" there when he found him.

But when he reached the top of the tower, the fag gave a yell of astonishment.

"Oh, scissors!"

It was an extraordinary object that met his gaze—a junior tied up with cords, and secured to a stanchion by another cord, and with a bag tied over his head. The Third-Former almost fell down as he caught sight of that strange object.

"Tommy Dodd!" he gasped. He could not see the junior's face, but he could guess that this was the missing cricketer. It could hardly be anybody else.

A faint mumble came from inside the bag. Tommy Dodd heard the fag's footsteps, and he was trying—in vain—to speak. With almost incredible exertions, Tommy Dodd had managed to get on his feet, bound as he was, after many attempts that had failed. He knew that when he was on his feet, close to the parapet, his head would show over the rails, and he nourished a faint hope that it might be noticed from the quad, and that somebody might come. Somebody had come at last!

Thompson of the Third jerked the bag off his head, and disclosed a red and furious face.

"Gagged, by gum!" ejaculated the astounded Thompson.

He kindly removed the handkerchief from Tommy Dodd's mouth. Then the Modern junior found his voice—hoarse and husky.

"Thanks! Grooh! Did you see me?"

"Bulkeley did. I say, Doddy, what's the name of this game?" grinned the fag.

"Cut me loose!"

Thompson opened his pocket-knife, and cut through the cords. Then Tommy Dodd sat down to gasp. He was cramped. He had been there for hours, and though he had not been tied tightly, he felt the effects of it pretty keenly. It was full five minutes before he was able to move. Thompson watched him, grinning.

"Ow!" said Tommy Dodd, at last.

"I suppose they've gone?"

"The eleven? I should say so!"

"Where's Smythe?"

"He's gone, too."

BRITISH BOYS' CRUSADE AGAINST GERMANY!

BRITISH BOYS! PLEDGE YOURSELVES TO-DAY AGAINST THE HUNS!!!

As I said last week, WE in Britain have at last realised what an unclean and unholy individual the Prussian is. To call him a brute beast is to be almost polite. He is the viper of Europe, and an eyesore to every decent race on the earth.

The atrocities wrought in hapless little Belgium, the brutal murder of women and young children, the torture inflicted on captured British soldiers, show up the Pigs of Prussia in their true light. Until the Huns are effectively

CORNERED, CLINCHED, AND CRUSHED,

the world will be a world of unrest.

One fact is clear. During the war, and more particularly after the war, Germans and German goods must be boycotted. The punishment of the baby-killers must be ample and effective. It is of no use for Britain to beat them in battle, and then say: "Look here. We've had our scrap. Now you can go ahead in commerce and everything else, and make preparations, if you like, for another tussle in ten years' time." That sort of thing won't do. The British are in the habit of turning the other cheek too often; but the time has come when we must close our eyes to the quality of mercy. Mercy, indeed! What mercy have these unutterable fiends shown to the women and children of Belgium? What mercy would

they have shown our own mothers and little ones had they been permitted to gain a footing on British soil? None whatever. And we, in turn, must show no mercy to them.

The unclean thing of Europe must be destroyed, and

BRITISH BOYS CAN HELP!

I am going to ask every single reader of THE BOYS' FRIEND to affix his signature to the form at the foot of page 214, AND TO GET HIS CHUM TO DO LIKEWISE! I want every patriotic British youngster to pledge that he will buy nothing German, and that he will discourage German trade. If you will all do this, then you will be playing a good and worthy part in this great crisis.

Don't delay, but sign the form and send it in TO-DAY!

This form, on page 214—and any form which you can get your chums to fill up—should be sent to: The Editor, THE BOYS' FRIEND, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. They will be carefully filed and entered up in a register. If this crusade against the Germans is properly supported by thousands of British boys, Your Editor will make another important announcement in these pages in the near future.

DOWN WITH GERMANY!

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



LAST MAN

(Continued
from
the
previous
page.)

IN!

"What's the time?"
"Nearly six."
Tommy Dodd groaned.

"Oh, the rotters!"
Then he rushed down the stairs, without a word of explanation to the amazed Thompson. He saw Bulkeley in the quad, but did not stop to speak to him; he left it to Thompson to explain to the captain of Rookwood. He bolted into the tuck-shop first—he was ravenously hungry. Sergeant Kettle—staring at his crimson face and dusty clothes—served him with ginger-pop and sandwiches.

Tommy Dodd drank the ginger-pop, and, taking the sandwiches in his hand—with a good bite in his mouth—scudded for the bike-shed. He had little hope that he would still be able to play for the junior team. But if Bagshot had batted first, there was a chance. The match could not be over yet. Bolting sandwiches at a great rate, he wheeled out his bike. "Here, you young shaver!" called out Bulkeley.

Tommy Dodd did not heed. For once he was deaf to the voice of the captain of Rookwood.

He rushed his machine out of the gates, and mounted in the road, and started for Bagshot School.

How had the match gone? Was there a chance left for him? Those were the questions that worried him. A less hardy youth than Tommy Dodd might have felt far from fit for cricket after his long imprisonment. But Tommy Dodd was as hard as nails.

He finished his sandwiches half-way to Bagshot—at a rate that would have had ruinous results to any digestion but a schoolboy's or an ostrich's.

Then he bent over his handle-bars, and rode as if for his life.

Angry pedestrians in the lane, startled by the furious clanging of a bicycle-bell close at hand, jumped out of the way, and called after Tommy Dodd with all sorts of uncomplimentary expressions.

Tommy Dodd did not heed them. He rode on at a speed which certainly exceeded the legal limit, his pedals going round like lightning, and a cloud of dust in his wake marking his track along the white road.

Bagshot at last!
Tommy Dodd turned his bike in at the gate, and rode in. Red and perspiring and breathless, he jumped off his machine, and letting the bike go spinning whither it would, he raced for the cricket ground.

A loud shout was ringing over the field as he dashed up.

"Well bowled, Pankley!"

Webb's wicket was down!

"Last man in!" chuckled Smythe of the Shell. "There's your chance, Hooker! There won't be any Tommy Dodd to-day! Why—my hat—by gad!"

Smythe's eyes almost started from his head at the sight of a junior in dusty Etons racing up to the pavilion.

"Tommy Dodd!" he gasped.

"Dodd, by thunder!" muttered Howard.

There was a wild yell from Tommy Doyle as he spotted his study leader.

"Arrah! It's Tommy Dodd! Hand over that bat, Hooker; here's Tommy Dodd! Sure, he's turned up at last!"

Jimmy Silver's face lighted up. Shouts on all sides from the Rookwood fellows greeted Tommy Dodd as he came panting up. Nine wickets were down for fifty-five, and if Hooker had come in to face Pankley's bowling, Rookwood would certainly have been all down for about sixty. But Tommy Dodd was there. It was not likely that he would be able to pull the game out of the fire, but at least the defeat would not be so crushing.

"Last man in!"

"Buck up, Tommy Dodd!"

There was a swift strategic movement in retreat by Adolphus Smythe. Tommy Dodd was heading directly for the great chief of the Giddy Goats, and his eyes looked dangerous.

"I fancy we've had enough of

watchin' this rotten game, dear boys," murmured Smythe hastily. "I'm off!"

Smythe vanished round the pavilion. There was no time for Tommy Dodd to pursue him; vengeance had to wait. Tommy Doyle and Tommy Cook seized Tommy Dodd, and rushed him into the dressing-room, and bundled him into his flannels.

They did not even ask a word of explanation. They told him he was in time for last wicket, and helped him change; there was no time for explanation. They were bubbling with satisfaction at his reappearance.

The Rookwood batsmen did not, as a rule, keep the field waiting; but the field had to wait some minutes for last man.

wasn't taking any chances. He waited to get into his stride before he started punishing the bowling.

Then Poole bowled to Jimmy Silver.

Jimmy Silver's business was to keep his end up, and leave Dodd to make the running. Considering that he was a Classical, with a natural desire to put Modern bounders in the shade, this called for a good deal of self-sacrifice on Jimmy's part; but he rose to the occasion.

He played the bowling steadily and coolly, and it was a maiden over. That gave Tommy Dodd a much-needed rest.

Then the field crossed, and the Modern skipper had the bowling again. All Rookwood eyes were bent anxiously upon him. Tommy Dodd let himself go now. Again Pankley had the ball, but he could not touch the wicket. Loud cheers from Moderns and Classicals alike greeted a hit for four. It was followed by a three, and Jimmy Silver had the bowling; but Jimmy Silver stole a single, and gave it back to Tommy Dodd, and the Rookwooders grinned with satisfaction.

"Just like Jimmy!" muttered Lovell. "Just like him! Giving that Modern bounder all the kudos! But it's the game! Good old Jimmy!"

It was the game, and Jimmy Silver played it. He backed up his partner

hundred and thirteen! Two wanted to tie, and three to win!

The Bagshot fellows looked serious enough now. That easy win had slipped from their grasp; that smiling victory was gone from their gaze like a beautiful dream. It was touch-and-go now; the game hung by a hair. Round the field the crowd was breathless. Truly, last man in had done wonders for his side.

Pankley sent down every ball he knew to Jimmy Silver now. With the most exasperating calmness Jimmy Silver stopped them dead. A maiden over again; nothing could tempt him to hit out. And the Rookwooders cheered that maiden over as loudly as they might have cheered the hat-trick or a sixer.

Tommy Dodd again, with Poole bowling. Poole did his best, and Rookwood breathed deep with anxiety as Tommy Dodd stepped out to the ball. Smack! and away flew the leather, and the batsmen were running, and running again, and again! Crash came the ball, a couple of seconds too late, and the umpire shook his head.

"Rookwood wins!"

"Hooray!"
There was a rush of ecstatic Rookwooders on the field, and Tommy Dodd and Jimmy Silver were carried off shoulder-high; amid deafening cheers. It was a win for Rookwood



"Oh, scissors!" exclaimed the fag as he gazed at the extraordinary object before him—a junior with a bag on his head, tied up with cords, and secured to a stanchion by another cord.

That could not be helped. Tommy Dodd pumped in breath while he changed; but when, in the course of five minutes or so, he joined Jimmy Silver at the wickets, he looked very much his old self.

He was still breathing hard, but he was steady and cool. Jimmy Silver gave him a cheery nod and a grin as he passed him at the wicket to go on to his end.

"Thanks for keeping a place open for me, kid," said Tommy Dodd gratefully. "Doyle's told me. Many thanks!"

"Fit?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"Fit as a fiddle."

"Good egg! I'm going to stone-wall, and we want runs from you."

"You bet!"

Tommy Dodd ambled on to his wicket, and the field prepared for business. The bowling was coming to that wicket, and Tommy Dodd, fresh from his hard ride, had to face Pankley's deadly bowling.

The Rookwood crowd watched him anxiously.

But Tommy Dodd dealt cautiously and respectfully with that bowling till the end of the over. He stopped every ball without any of those big swipes he was famous for. Tommy

loyally, leaving the runs and the "kudos" to Tommy Dodd.

The Rookwooders cheered up wonderfully as the score mounted. There was a roar of cheering when the board marked eighty—another for ninety!

It was creeping up. Still the batsmen were safe at the wickets.

Last man in was an eye-opener for Bagshot. Tommy Dodd's sudden and dramatic arrival had surprised them; his innings surprised them still more. Even Pankley assailed his wicket in vain.

At the other end Jimmy Silver was like a stone wall, or a wall of solid rock. He did not take many runs on his own, but he backed up his partner untiringly, and he kept his wicket up, and that was what was wanted.

"Hundred!" yelled Lovell, as the figures changed again. "My only hat! We shall pull it off after all!"

"Fifteen to tie, be jabbers!" chuckled Doyle. "Go it, Tommy!"

"Oh, well hit! Well run!"

Three to the good, and Jimmy Silver batting again. A blank and a single, and then Tommy Dodd's mighty bat was swiping the leather once more—a four, and a two, and another two, and a four! One

after all, and Rookwood rejoiced with a tremendous rejoicing.

Tommy Dodd told his story in the brake as the victorious cricketers rolled homeward, and the Rookwood cricketers were very anxious to see Adolphus Smythe & Co.

They saw them as soon as they arrived at Rookwood. It was a painful meeting for Smythe & Co. It was in vain that Adolphus explained that that jape on Tommy Dodd was simply a Classical joke on a Modern bounder, and that he, the great Adolphus, had completely forgotten the cricket match at the time.

When the cricketers left Adolphus & Co., they went satisfied, and they left the unhappy nuts in a parlous state. Adolphus, with great efforts, extracted his head from the coal-locker, and blinked sadly at his comrades. They blinked back at him through ink and jam and soot, and groaned.

It was likely to be a long, long time before Adolphus & Co. chipped in again in junior cricket.

THE END.

"THE TERROR OF ROOKWOOD!" is the title of next Monday's grand long complete tale of Jimmy Silver & Co.)

TALES TO TELL!



Our weekly prize-winners.
Look out for YOUR winning storyette.

A GOOD WHEEZE.

"I wonder," remarked Mrs. Brown as she put down her paper after reading the latest war news, "what they'll do with the Kaiser when the war is over?"

"I suppose they'll take his crown away and make him look for another job," ventured Mrs. Smith.

"Perhaps," agreed Mrs. Brown. "And I rather fancy I know the job he'll choose."

"What's that?"

"A diver's."

"Why?"

"So that he can inspect his fleet now and again," explained Mrs. Brown.—(Sent in by F. Eagles, Holloway, London.)

A CURE FOR GERMAN MEASLES.

Mix some Woolwich powders with tincture of iron and essence of lead, and administer in pills. Have ready a little British Army—a little goes a long way—some Brussels sprouts, and French mustard. Add a little Canadian cheese and Australian lamb, and season it with the best Indian curry.

Stir up well and set the mixture on a Kitchener and keep stirring till quite hot. As to diet, the patient must on no account have any peace until swelling in the head has quite disappeared.—(Sent in by Miss I. Spencer, Stoke Newington.)

TO THE POINT.

A farmer in England, about whose nationality there was doubt, had had the misfortune to lose a horse, and decided to advertise for it.

He made his way to the advertisement manager of the local weekly gazette, and asked him to insert a notice for him.

"You must write it out yourself," said the advertisement manager.

"But I cannot write," replied the farmer.

"Well, tell me what you wish to say, and I will see that the notice is put in," said the advertisement manager.

"Just put vat I told you," replied the farmer, who really ought to have been interned. "One nite the udder day about a week ago last month, I heard me a noise by der frunt of der middle of the pack yard which did not used to be. So I jumps the ped out, und runs mit der door, and zen I see I finds my pig mare he vos tied loose and runnin' mit der stable off. Whoever prings him pack shall pay five dollars reward."—(Sent in by J. Croft, Blyth.)

MISUNDERSTOOD.

Tommy was only a little fellow, but, like many little fellows, he thought it looked very big to smoke. Therefore, Tommy asked his father if he would give him one of his cigarettes.

"You must get a little older before you can smoke, my son," said his father, who was really rather amused at his son's eagerness to indulge in the smoking habit.

The next day Tommy met a gentleman friend of his father's.

"Please Mr. Jones," he said politely, "ave you got a cigarette—older to spare?"

"Whatever for?" asked Mr. Jones, who could not understand why a youngster of Tommy's age should require a cigarette-holder.

"Well," explained Tommy, "I want to smoke, and father says I must get a little 'older before I do so."—(Sent in by A. R. Bowles, Camberwell.)

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.