

The BOYS' FRIEND 1d.

(WITH WHICH IS AMALGAMATED "THE DREADNOUGHT.")

No. 749, Vol. XV. New Series.]

ONE PENNY.

[Week Ending October 16th, 1915.]



TOMMY DODD & CO. RAG THE DANDY OF ROOKWOOD!

CHUMMING WITH SMYTHE!

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

BY OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter. The Only Way.

"We've got to be nice to Smythe." Jimmy Silver made that astounding remark in the end study. Lovell and Raby and Newcome, as was only to be expected, stared at their leader as if they doubted whether he was in his right senses. Jimmy Silver had been buried in deep thought for a long time. He had come out of the depths of his reverie with that extraordinary state-

ment that they must be nice to Smythe.

"Off your rocker?" asked Lovell pleasantly.

"Wandering in your poor little mind?" queried Newcome.

"I'll be nice to him—I don't think!" said Raby, with emphasis. "Why, that swanking ass is the cause of all the trouble. Nice to him! My hat!"

Jimmy Silver nodded.

"Nice to him!" he repeated.

"Very nice. As nice as we know how!"

To which Lovell and Raby and Newcome responded with wonderful unanimity:

"Rats!"

The idea of being nice to Smythe had certainly never entered their minds before. Between the Fistical Four of the Fourth and Smythe of the Shell there was a great gulf fixed.

Adolphus Smythe was a nut of the most nutty variety—a genuine filbert.

He was, beyond all question, a Knut with a K.

Moreover, he was a slacker of the first water. He was a dandy—he used scent on his handkerchief, which he carried in his sleeve. He was a bouncer. Then he was a good deal of a blackguard. He took a deep and personal interest in "gee-gees," and got rid of a good deal of his pocket-money in that direction. He gave little smoking-parties in his study in the Shell passage—with the door locked. He played nap for "bobs."

Smythe of the Shell was, in fact, the limit.

He was the great chief of the "Giddy Goats," who were considered to have had a wonderful run of luck, as they had not been sacked from the school yet.

Smythe had once been junior captain. It was largely due to Jimmy Silver & Co. that he had been shifted out of the enviable position, and Tommy Dodd of the Modern side reigned in his stead.

Naturally, Smythe had a "down" on the Fistical Four.

They had never bothered about being nice to him. Nice to Smythe! Knocking his topper off, or jerking out his carefully-tied necktie, was more in their line.

No wonder there was astonishment and indignation in the end study when Jimmy Silver made his amazing announcement.

"Now, about the election," said Lovell, dismissing, as it were, Jimmy Silver's remark as the vapouring of an idle mind.

"About Smythe!" interrupted Jimmy Silver.

"Blow Smythe!" said Lovell.

"Bless Smythe!" said Newcome.

"Hang Smythe!" said Raby.

"Blow him and bless him and hang him as hard as you like," said Jimmy Silver. "He deserves it all, excepting the blessing. But we're going to be nice to Smythe—"

"We're not!" roared Lovell.

"Rats!"

"Bosh!"

"Lend me your ears!" urged Jimmy Silver. "You know I have

(Continued on the next page.)



CHUMMING WITH

(Continued
from the
previous
page.)

SMYTHE!

to do all the thinking in this study, and I've thought it out."

"If you've thought it out that we're going to be nice to Smythe, you can start your thinking all over again," said Lovell. "I don't know what you're getting at, and I don't want to know. But I'm not taking any!"

"Will you listen to me, you fat-head?" roared Jimmy Silver, greatly exasperated. "Do we want a Classical to get in as junior football captain or don't we?"

"Not Smythe," said Lovell at once. "I'd rather keep on Tommy Dodd. It's rotten to have a Modern bouncer skipper, but we're not going to have Smythe losing all the matches for us, as he did in the cricket!"

"You utter ass!" said Jimmy Silver witheringly. "You—you Prussian-headed duffer, do you think I'm proposing Smythe as skipper? He's proposed himself, and the Shell duffers are backing him up. But we're down on that, of course. Smythe knows he hasn't a chance of getting in. He's simply splitting the Classical vote. He knows he hasn't an earthly; but by splitting the vote he keeps me out, and lets Tommy Dodd romp in!"

"And after that we're to be nice to him!" hooted Raby.

"No, my son—not after that—before that!" chuckled Jimmy Silver. "Look here, how does the matter stand? Last election Tommy Dodd got in as skipper. There's more Classical voters than Moderns, half a dozen more now, as we've had some new kids on this side this term. At an election we ought to beat the Moderns hollow, if we all stood together."

"But we don't!"

"Do let me get on, old chap. We should have routed the Moderns last time, but Smythe & Co., like the worms they are, voted Modern, just because they had a down on this study. They neglected their plain duty as Classics."

"And I jolly well punched Smythe's nose afterwards," said Lovell.

"And I gave Howard a prize eye," grinned Raby.

"This time," continued Jimmy Silver, "we're electing the skipper for the footer, and instead of voting Modern, Smythe has set himself up as third candidate. All the Moderns are backing Tommy Dodd as one man. All the decent fellows on this side are backing me. But all Smythe's friends are backing him—all the nuts, and all the slackers, and all the wasters and worms, are all rallying round Adolphus. Birds of a feather, you know."

"Well?"

"Well, we've got to beat the Moderns this time," said Jimmy Silver, "and we can't do it with rival Classical candidates. Either Smythe must withdraw, or I must. Well, I can't! I've got to get in as skipper, for the general good of the school. Ahem! So Smythe must."

"He won't!" said Raby.

"He must! Now, we can't lynch him," said Jimmy Silver. "There's a law against that. We can't rag him into withdrawing, because he's an obstinate beast, and the more we rag him the more down he is on us. Some rotters are like that, you know, and Smythe is. So—"

"So—" snorted Lovell.

"So we've got to be nice to him."

"And what thumping good will that do?" demanded Lovell.

"You've read Aesop's fables, I suppose?" said Jimmy Silver. "You remember the man with the coat—or the cloak, or something—the wind and the sun competed which could make him chuck it. Well, the harder the wind blew, the closer the man lugged his cloak. Then the sun shone on him, and he dropped the cloak—if it was a cloak—at once. See?"

"No I don't!"

"Oh, my hat! Ragging Smythe is no good—see? But if we smile on him the right way, and make him purr—why, then he's bound to do the decent thing and stand out. You see, he knows he hasn't a chance. He's only trying to split the vote to dish

us. But if he came to like us immensely—"

"Oh, crumbs!"

"If he came to regard this study as the apple of his eye—"

"Great Scott!"

"Then he would do the decent thing."

"Rats!" said Lovell. "Smythe couldn't do a decent thing. He's never done a decent thing in his life."

"It's never too late to mend. We've got to be nice to Smythe, and gently persuade him into the way he should go," said Jimmy Silver. "I don't see any other way out of the fix. If you do, you're at liberty to suggest it."

"Well, I don't!" admitted Lovell.

"And I don't mind pulling Smythe's silly leg, so far as that goes. But—"

"As the election comes off tomorrow, there isn't any time for butting," Jimmy Silver explained patiently.

"Smythe will smell a rat," said Newcome. "He's every kind of a silly ass, but he will smell a rat!"

"It's too late, too!" said Raby.

"You ought to have started it before, Jimmy!"

"That's where I'm right on the wicket," said Jimmy Silver. "Election's to-morrow. We shall have to be nice to Smythe for twenty-four hours. We couldn't possibly stand him longer than that!"

"Oh!"

"If we'd started yesterday, we should be fed up by this time, and ragging him again," said Jimmy.

"Starting to-day, we can stand him till after the election to-morrow. We've simply got to. After all, his pals stand him."

"And how are we going to begin?" asked Lovell.

"Visit him first," said Jimmy Silver, rising. "No time like the present—strike the iron while it's hot, you know. Follow your leader."

"But—"

"If he talks gee-gees, talk gee-gees back at him," said Jimmy. "If he wants to borrow half-a-crown, lend it to him. If he makes a joke, laugh like thunder. Ask him to tell you where he gets his neckties, and ask his advice about your socks. Butter him up to the chin."

"Oh!"

"In fact, keep your eye on me, and do as I do," said Jimmy Silver.

"H'm!"

Jimmy Silver had his way—he generally did. His chums followed him to Smythe's study—willing to back him up, but extremely doubtful as to the outcome of the novel idea of being nice to Smythe.

The 2nd Chapter.

Soft Sawder.

Adolphus Smythe at that moment was more Smythe than ever.

He was reposing in an easy-chair in his study. His beautifully-creased trousers, with a pair of very thin legs inside, were stretched out to their full length. They were turned up nearly six inches, and gave an extensive view of Adolphus's purple silk socks.

His head, with its hair carefully parted and oiled, reposed on a cushion. Smythe had a languid look, which he cultivated as carefully as he parted his hair or selected his neckties.

Smythe had sometimes confided to his chums that he found life rather a bore. Indeed, but for a little excitement on the gee-gees occasionally, Smythe did not think he would have found the energy to exist at all.

There was an expensive cigarette between Smythe's fingers, and he took an occasional puff at it in a lazy way, as if even smoking were rather too much exertion.

Howard and Tracy, his study-mates, were smoking, too. They did not look quite so languid as Adolphus, but they looked the slackers they were. They were nuts, and they were Giddy Goats; but Adolphus was easily first. It was very hard for anyone quite to equal Adolphus in his own particular line.

"What a game!" Smythe was remarking, in drawing tones. "Those cheeky young rotters are goin' to get fairly knocked out at the election. Chuck over the matches, Tracy—this dashed cigarette has gone out. Thanks, dear boy. Of course, I'm not expectin' to get in. Too much fag to be footer captain, anyway."

Tracy and Howard nodded, but they exchanged a wink.

Whether it was too much fag or not, Adolphus wanted very much to be junior captain; and he had never forgiven Jimmy Silver for contriving to get him "booted" out of that position.

But it was Smythe's way to effect a lofty contempt for the unattainable, like the celebrated fox in the fable.

"But those cheeky cads will be dashed," said Smythe. "Fancy Jimmy Silver—a blessed new boy, really—settin' up for election as footer captain? By gad, he'll be settin' up for captain of the school next."

"Cheeky little beast!" agreed Tracy.

"I shall get about fifteen votes," went on Smythe. "Our crowd will be solid for me—and some of the Fourth—Townsend and Topham, at least. More'n enough to dish Jimmy Silver. All the Moderns will vote for Dodd—that scraggy gang always hangs together."

"Some of the fellows think it's rather rotten to split the Classical vote," Howard remarked.

Smythe laughed.

"I'm not splittin' the vote," he said.

"You're not!" ejaculated Howard.

"Certainly not. Jimmy Silver is."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Howard and Tracy. "Good joke!"

Smythe grinned, very pleased with his own humour. Smythe had little over a dozen backers, and the rest of the Classical juniors were solid for Jimmy Silver. But the lofty Adolphus chose to regard Jimmy as splitting the vote.

The Giddy Goats were still chuckling, when there was a tap at the door.

"Oh, go away!" called out Smythe.

The door was tried, but it did not open. Smythe & Co. generally locked it when the cigarettes were going.

The prefects of Rookwood had no appreciation whatever for that kind of nuttiness, and the Giddy Goats would have suffered severely if Bulkeley or Neville had dropped in while they were smoking.

"Buzz off, dear boy!" said Tracy.

"Oh, let's come in!" said Jimmy's voice through the keyhole.

"That cheeky kid Silver!" ejaculated Smythe. "Like his nerve to come here. Go away, Silver! I don't have Fourth-Form fags in my quarters."

"We want to see you, Smythe."

"Like your cheek!"

"Yes, we know it's rather like our cheek," was the unexpected reply.

"But we'd like you to speak to us, Smythe, if you've got a few minutes to spare. Of course, we know you're pretty full up with engagements."

Smythe fairly jumped.

That was exactly how Jimmy Silver ought to have addressed Adolphus, in Adolphus's opinion. But Jimmy Silver had never done so before.

"By gad!" said Smythe.

"Pullin' your leg, the cheeky cub!" said Howard.

"Perhaps he's learnin' manners," said Smythe. "I've been goin' to give that study a regular lickin' for a long time. Let 'em in!"

Howard unlocked the door.

The Fistical Four came in. Smythe gave them a quick, suspicious look. But if the chums of the Fourth were pulling his leg, they showed no trace of their humorous intention. Their faces were very grave.

"Thanks so much, Smythe!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Awfully good of you to let us in," said Newcome.

"Oh, dashed good!" said Lovell.

"Better turn the key again, Howard," said Smythe. "We don't want any meddlin' prefects nosin' in. Well, what do you want, Silver?"

"We're taking up footer practice in earnest now," said Jimmy Silver.

"Yaas?"

"We—we were wondering whether you'd care to come down and give us some pointers, Smythe," said Jimmy modestly.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome barely controlled their faces.

Pointers from Adolphus on the subject of football. It was a sight for gods and men and little fishes to see Smythe of the Shell lounge through a game of footer. What he didn't know about it would have filled an extensive library.

Jimmy Silver was beginning the "buttering-up" process with a liberal hand.

But flattery could not be administered in chunks too large for Adolphus. He swallowed that one whole.

"I wouldn't object to givin' you a tip or two," he replied. "I must say you need it."

"Yes, that's what we feel," gasped Raby.

"If you'd just look on, and give us some directions, you know," murmured Newcome.

"Yaas," Smythe nodded. "When I've got time. My time is pretty full up, as I dare say you know."

"Oh, yes, we know that!" said Jimmy Silver. "That's what comes of being so sought after. It can't leave you much time to yourself."

"It doesn't," agreed Smythe.

"Anythin' else?"

"Well, we thought you might care to come to tea in our study."

Smythe shook his head.

"Never feed with fags," he replied politely.

"Of course, we know you don't, as a rule," said Jimmy Silver humbly; "but we thought you might for once. It would be an honour to us. Of course, it would make the other chaps in the Fourth jealous. That can't be helped."

"Well, I might look in," said Smythe graciously. "I should expect somethin' pretty decent."

"We'd do our very best, if you'd only look in."

"Oh, I'll come!" said Smythe.

"You can sit down if you like, Silver."

"You don't mind my sitting down in your study?" asked Jimmy, with deep humility.

"Oh, sit down!" said Smythe. "I must say you kids are learnin' manners."

"We're trying to," said Jimmy.

"Of course, we can't expect to be quite like you, Smythe. Some fellows are born aristocratic, and some ain't."

Smythe nodded. That was quite his view. Adolphus flattered himself that his manners had all the repose that stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

Jimmy Silver & Co. sat down humbly, on the edges of chairs. They looked almost awed by the honour that was done them.

Howard and Tracy were looking grim. They were not quite such egregious asses as the great Adolphus.

"Have a fag," said Smythe condescendingly, and waving his hand towards the box on the table.

The Fistical Four sat dumb for a moment. Their little scheme of buttering up Smythe did not extend to sharing his bad habits. But to refuse his kind offer was to offend him.

In a very gingerly manner the Fourth-Formers helped themselves to cigarettes. They put them into their mouths, but did not light them. They had to draw the line at that.

"Thanks awfully!" mumbled Jimmy.

"I—I suppose you couldn't tip us a tip for the next Coombe race, Smythe?" asked Raby. "One—one of your dead certs, you know."

Smythe smiled.

"I could give you a gee-gee that's an absolute dead cert," he replied.

"I've got it right this time, straight from the horse's mouth."

"You'll tell us?" gasped Jimmy.

"Yaas, I don't mind," said Smythe.

"Put your money on Blue Nose. You'll get odds of three to one against, and I tell you he'll romp home."

"Oh, thanks!"

"That's awfully good of you, Smythe!"

"I suppose you fags don't know where to lay your money?" said Adolphus indulgently. "Well, I'll tell you. Scout round the Bird-in-Hand till you catch sight of Joey Hook. Mention my name, and he'll take you."

"You'll allow us to mention your name?" murmured Jimmy Silver.

"Oh, certainly!"

"Let's cut off at once and—and do it!" exclaimed Raby, as if struck by a sudden bright idea.

"Good egg!" said Newcome.

"Thanks so much, Smythe!"

"Oh, don't mensh, dear boys!" said Adolphus quite amiably.

He was very pleased with the Fistical Four.

Jimmy Silver & Co. almost bolted from the study. Adolphus sat in his easy-chair and fairly purred. Howard grunted. Tracy sniffed.

"Learnin' manners, those fags, by gad!" said Adolphus.

"Pullin' your leg, you mean!" said Howard.

"What!"

"They were japin' you."

Adolphus extracted an eyeglass from his waistcoat, jammed it into his eye, and surveyed Howard haughtily.

"I really don't see, Howard, why you should suppose that those kids are pullin' my leg because they're learning to treat me properly," he said acidly. "I don't think anythin' of the sort myself."

"Look here—"

"And I decline to discuss the subject," said Adolphus. "I hope I'm not the sort of chap to have my leg pulled, and I don't thank you for the suggestion, Reginald Howard."

Howard gave an expressive grunt, but he said no more; there was no arguing with Adolphus. And Adolphus finished his cigarette in haughty silence. He was offended.

The 3rd Chapter.

To the Rescue.

"Oh, my hat!"

"My only sainted aunt!"

"We can't keep it up!"

Thus Lovell and Raby and Newcome, as the Fistical Four came out into the quadrangle. Even Jimmy Silver was feeling the strain.

"Offering us his filthy cigarettes!" said Lovell sulphurously.

"Giving us his rotten tips on horses!" growled Raby.

"And coming to swank in our study, too!" snorted Newcome.

Jimmy Silver sighed.

"I know it's hard," he admitted.

"Frightfully hard! I was on the point of mopping him out of that chair and shoving his silly nose into the rug every minute. But it's up to us. It's the only way. Rookwood has got to be saved from having a Modern worm as junior captain."

"And it's rather mean!" said Lovell.

"Mean!" ejaculated Jimmy Silver.

"Yes, flattering a chap—"

"Look here—"

"Low down!" said Lovell.

Jimmy Silver halted and stared at Lovell. Perhaps there was an inward twinge in Jimmy Silver's breast. Certainly buttering Smythe up and pulling his leg was a great joke. But

"Flattering a chap to pull his leg, and flattering him to get something out of it, are two different matters," said Lovell.

"What do I get out of it?" demanded Jimmy gruffly.

"Well, the junior captaincy, if you get elected."

"That's for the good of the Lower School. I'm the Classical candidate. Do you think it's all lavender to skipper a set of silly asses like you chaps, even if I get in?"

"All the same—"

"You're an ass, Lovell," said Jimmy Silver—"a howling ass! You know I've got all the brains of this Co. Well, dry up!"

"I think—"

"Rats! You can't! What the dickens have you got to think with?" demanded Jimmy Silver disdainfully.

"Why, you silly ass—"

"Well, you thumping duffer—"

"Look here—"

"And look here—"

The argument waxed warm. Great pals as the Fistical Four were, there had been occasions when their fistical prowess had been exerted upon one another. Such things will happen in this imperfect world. It looked as if another of those occasions had arisen. Lovell was pushing back his cuffs in readiness, and Jimmy Silver's hands were doubled up.

"Hallo, you Classical duffers! Ragging as usual?" broke in a cheery voice.

Dodd and Cook and Doyle of the Modern side stopped to look on. The three Tommies seemed interested.

Jimmy Silver & Co. glared at them, the warlike preparations of Jimmy and Lovell suddenly ceasing in the presence of the common foe.

"Go it!" said Tommy Dodd encouragingly. "Don't let us stop you! You Classical bouncers can't scrap for nuts!"

"We'll see fair play!" offered Tommy Cook.

"Sure, I'll hold anybody's jacket!" said Tommy Doyle. "Go it, ye gossoons!"

Jimmy Silver made a sign to his followers, and they "went it" suddenly, but not in the way the Moderns meant.

The Fistical Four made a sudden rush at the trio.

"Here, hold on!" roared Tommy Dodd.

"Tare an' ouns—"

"Yaroooh!"

The sudden rush swept the three



CHUMMING WITH

(Continued
from the
previous
page.)

SMYTHE!

Tommies off their feet. They went bumping down in the quadrangle, roaring. The Classical four stopped to jam their caps down their backs and to rub their noses on the cold, unsympathetic ground, and then walked on.

The three Tommies sat up quite dazedly.

"Oh, crumbs!" gasped Tommy Dodd. "Oh, my hat! After them! Slaughter them! Scap them! Scrag them! Yow-ow-ow!"

"Yow-ow-wow! Oh, my nose!" groaned Cook.

"After them, I tell you!" roared Tommy Dodd.

The three dusty Moderns rushed in pursuit. Jimmy Silver & Co. had gone into the school shop to lay in supplies for the great tea which Adolphus was to share. But Jimmy had one eye on the door. He caught up a soda-syphon as the three dusty and furious Moderns rushed in.

Whizz-sizz-zzzz!

"Groooogh!"

"Yurrrrrgg!"

"Yooooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Lovell. "Go it! They want a wash!"

"Oh, my heye!" ejaculated Sergeant Kettle behind the counter of the little tuckshop. "You'll 'ave to pay for that there, Master Silver!"

"I'll pay for another!" grinned Lovell, seizing a second syphon.

Sizzz-whoosh!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tommy Dodd & Co. fairly bolted from the sizzling stream. They dodged out of the tuckshop drenched and streaming with soda-water.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come and have some more, you Modern worms!" roared Lovell. "I've got some treacle now!"

But the three Tommies did not come back for the treacle. The soda-water was enough for them.

Breathing vows of vengeance upon the Fistical Four and all Classics, they started across the quad for Mr. Manders's House, hoping fervently that they would get in unseen by Mr. Manders or any other Modern master. They were not in a state to be seen by Mr. Manders.

But, anxious as they were to get to where there were towels, they paused as they came upon Smythe of the Shell under the beeches. Smythe had strolled out into the quad, feeling the need of a little fresh air after many cigarettes in his study.

Now, as it was the Fistical Four who had floored and soda-watered the three Tommies, it was the rankest injustice to wreak their wrath upon Smythe of the Shell. Smythe of the Shell would not even have approved of such proceedings. But the three Tommies were furious; and Smythe was a Classical, anyway. So Tommy Dodd, as he spotted the elegant Shell fellow, paused in his rapid progress and rapped out:

"Squash him!"

"Here, I say!" roared Smythe, in astonishment and rage, as the three Moderns grasped him. "My hat! By gad! Leggo! Yarooop!"

"Bump him!" yelled Cook.

"Bump the Classical snob!"

"Hurroo!" yelled Doyle. "Bump him baldheaded, the Classical spalpeen!"

Bump, bump!

A wild roar from Smythe.

"Yah! Oh—ah! Modern cads! Help! Yooop!"

Jimmy Silver heard that fearful roar. At any other time Jimmy Silver would probably have looked on and grinned heartlessly if he had seen the great Adolphus bumped.

But now he was chummy with Smythe.

"Rescue!" he shouted.

"Oh, bosh!" said Lovell. "Let 'em bump him—might bump some sense into him, or some scents out of him, anyway!"

"Buck up, fathead!"

Jimmy Silver rushed to the rescue. His chums followed him, grumbling, but quite ready for another go at the Moderns.

Tommy Dodd & Co. seemed to be

from Tommy Dodd. "I'll smash you! I'll massacre you!"

"Pitch into 'em!" howled Smythe. "Now you've got 'em down, give 'em what for."

That speech of Adolphus's nearly cost him Jimmy Silver's sudden friendship. Jimmy clenched his hand, but restrained himself just in time from knocking Adolphus down. Such a proceeding would have spoiled everything.

"Pitch into 'em!" Smythe went on howling. "Here, hold 'em while I get at 'em with my cane!"

"Why, you cad—" began Lovell, greatly incensed at the idea of being considered capable of holding a chap down while Adolphus got at him with his cane.

But there came an interruption just then. Mr. Manders, the senior Modern master, came striding through the trees. His face was very angry.

"Boys, how dare you! Cease this ruffianism instantly!"

"Oh, my hat!" said Jimmy Silver, in dismay.

"I need not ask if you are to blame for this, Silver!" said Mr. Manders angrily, with a very bitter glance at Jimmy. He disliked Jimmy Silver of old.

"It was those cads, sir!" howled Adolphus. "They set on me—actually set on me! Look at me, Mr. Manders!"

excepting in the case of such rank outsiders as Adolphus. "I repeat," went on Mr. Manders, "that I will not have it. It is a disgrace to Rookwood. I shall inquire into this. Smythe, do you mean to tell me that these boys, belonging to my House, used you in that ruffian manner?"

"Yes, they did!" hooted Adolphus.

"Did you provoke them to do so?" asked Mr. Manders in his most magisterial and irritating manner.

"No, I didn't; I didn't even see them before they set on me!"

"Is that the case, Dodd?"

Tommy Dodd gave Smythe a look that might have pierced the shell of a tortoise. It had no effect whatever upon Smythe.

"Yes, sir," he said.

"You admit having attacked this Classical junior without provocation?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Dodd! And why?"

"Because he's a measly Classical, sir," said Tommy Dodd cheerfully.

"Dodd, you are a young ruffian, sir!"

"Thank you, Mr. Manders!"

"Don't be impertinent, Dodd. You three boys will follow me, and I shall cane you severely. You are a disgrace to the school."

"Howly mother av Moses!" murmured Doyle.

"I—I say, sir," broke out Jimmy Silver, "we—"

enjoying themselves. They had even forgotten the soda-water in their glee. The beeches screened them from the view of the School House, and they had the unhappy Adolphus all to themselves. He was paying dearly for the sins of the Fistical Four.

His gleaming topper was jammed over his eyes, his handkerchief stuffed down his back, his necktie jerked out, and his collar split. Tommy Dodd had often promised himself the pleasure of ragging the dandy of the Shell. Now he was doing it—a little more thoroughly on Jimmy Silver's account.

"Ow! Do leggo! Chuck it! I give you best! I'll complain to the Head! Yow-ow! Help!" wailed Adolphus. It did not seem to occur



Jimmy Silver's three chums stood rooted to the ground as Smythe walked off, his arm linked in Jimmy's. Lovell's eyes rolled wildly. "What do you think of that?" he gasped. "Jimmy's potty!"

to him to use his fists, but he used his voice with great energy.

"Sock into 'em!" yelled Jimmy Silver.

The Fistical Four flew to the rescue. In an instant the three Tommies were sprawling on the ground, and Raby and Lovell and Newcome were sitting on them under the beeches; and Jimmy Silver, with affectionate solicitude, was helping Smythe of the Shell to his feet.

The 4th Chapter.

Standing the Strain.

"By gad! Yow-ow-ow-ow!"

Thus Adolphus. He looked a wreck. He felt a wreck. He was a wreck. He gasped for breath, he stuttered with wrath, he grabbed at the handkerchief down his back, and he rubbed his nose.

"Yow-ow-ow-ow!"

"Glad we were in time," said Jimmy Silver. "Lean on me, old chap. Nasty, rude boys—just like those Modern cads! Rub their noses in the ground, you chaps! How dare they lay hands on Smythe! Awful nerve!"

"Lemme gerrup, Lovell, you beast!" came in sulphurous tones

"Shush!" murmured Jimmy.

"Shut up, Smythe!" hissed Lovell.

Sneaking to a master was quite outside the code of honour of the Rookwood fellows. The Fistical Four were quite willing to take their "medicine." But Adolphus was not made of the same stuff.

Adolphus wanted vengeance on the Moderns, and he wanted it badly; and he didn't care much how he got it, so long as he did get it. A sense of honour was not highly cultivated among the Giddy Goats.

"Silence, Silver!" said Mr. Manders. "Smythe, you may speak. You are in a disgraceful state!"

"They did it!" shrieked Adolphus.

The Fistical Four looked daggers at him. The three Tommies sneered with contempt. They would not have sneaked or banded accusations before a master to save their lives.

"I will not have this incessant quarrelling between Moderns and Classics," said Mr. Manders. That was just like Mr. Manders. The rivals of Rookwood did not regard their little rags as quarrelling; they would have been quite shocked at being told they were quarrelsome. They were not, really. There was good feeling on both sides at bottom,

"You need not speak, Silver. As you appear only to have helped Smythe against these young ruffians, I excuse you."

"Yes, sir; but we—we—Tommy was ratty because we bumped him, sir, and that's why he went for Smythe," said Jimmy Silver desperately. For the honour of the Classical side, he had to undo the effect of Smythe's sneaking as much as he could, at any cost to himself.

"Indeed!" said Mr. Manders. "Dodd, do you make a complaint of Silver's treatment of you? I shall take note of what you say, of course."

"No, I don't, sir," said Tommy Dodd.

"Cook and Doyle, if you have any complaint to make of Silver, I will report the matter to his Form-master!"

"None at all, sir," said Cook.

"Faith, no!" said Tommy Doyle.

"Then the matter ends as far as you are concerned, Silver. Follow me, Dodd, Cook, and Doyle."

And Mr. Manders swept away, with rustling gown, towards the Modern side, and the three unfortunate Tommies followed him dismally. They knew what to expect, and their ex-

pectations were fully realised when they reached Mr. Manders's study.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome fixed their eyes on Smythe, and clenched their fists. He had disgraced them, and they were going to make him sorry he had done it. But Jimmy interposed in time. Jimmy was just able to restrain himself from wiping up the ground with Adolphus, and naturally he did not intend to allow his chums that pleasure when he could not share it.

It was necessary to be nice to Adolphus, and, after standing his smokes and his gee-gees, they could stand his sneaking.

"Order, you fellows!" said Jimmy warningly.

"Look here—" began Lovell, in sulphurous tones.

"Shut up! Cheese it! How do you feel now, Smythe, old chap?"

"Old chap!" gasped Raby.

"Old chap!" repeated Jimmy Silver firmly, and making fierce signs to his chums. "You have been treated very disrespectfully, Smythe, old chap. How do you feel?"

"Rotten!" groaned Adolphus.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome were dumb. They had to give Jimmy his head; but never had they felt so wildly inclined to rise in mutiny.

"It is rotten," said Jimmy sympathetically. "I'm glad we came up before it was any worse, Smythe, dear boy."

"Thanks!" said Smythe. "Those young scoundrels will get a good licking from old Manders—that's one comfort."

"Ye-e-es," gasped Jimmy; "that—that's one comfort, Smythe. Just what I expected you to say. Will you lean on my arm back to the House?"

"Yaas, thanks! I feel quite done up, don't you know," said Adolphus.

"Horrid little rascals! I hope Manders is making 'em wriggle!"

Jimmy Silver's three chums stood rooted to the ground as Smythe walked off, his arm linked in Jimmy's. Lovell's eyes rolled wildly.

"What do you think of that?" he gasped. "Jimmy's potty! We've got to stand that sneaking, smoking, betting, blackguardly worm! Sneaking to old Manders, by gum! What will those Modern cads think of us?"

"Don't ask me!" groaned Raby.

"I feel like scragging Jimmy Silver."

"I feel like lynching him!" stuttered Newcome. "Oh, my hat! Calling the sneaking cad 'old chap! That puts the lid on!"

With feelings almost too deep for words, the trio followed Jimmy Silver. He had disappeared into the House with Adolphus.

"Hallo! What's the row?" asked Oswald of the Fourth, as he met the chums and noted their black looks.

Lovell snorted.

"If you find Jimmy Silver lying about with a smashed nose, a pair of black eyes, and a broken neck, you can put it down to me!" he said.

And he strode on, leaving Oswald greatly astonished.

The 5th Chapter.

Adolphus Comes to Tea!

Three deadly glares were fixed upon Jimmy Silver when he came into the end study a little later with a big parcel. Lovell and Raby and Newcome looked as if they would eat him. Jimmy was quite cheerful.

"I've done the shopping," he announced. "Buck up and get the study tidy. You know Smythe is coming to tea."

"Coming to tea!" howled Lovell.

"Yes, I've brought in something extra special."

"Look here," bellowed Lovell, "I'm not standing any more of it! I'm not chumming up with a cad who sneaks to old Manders!"

"It's unfortunate," admitted Jimmy Silver. "I could have throttled the worm myself. Mais que voulez vous, as we say in the French lesson. We've got to be nice to Smythe."

"I'll smash him!"

"No objection to that—after the election," said Jimmy Silver. "But you're backing me up now."

"I can't stand the beast!" shouted Raby.

"Shush! Only till after the election. Then you can tell him what you think of him."

"I don't like this!" howled Lovell.

"I call it mean!"

"Bow-wow!"

"Hypocritical!" roared Lovell.

"Shush!"

"Sycophantic, then!"

"Well, that's a good word," agreed Jimmy Silver. "Have you been mugging up a dictionary for words to spring on me? Do you call that pally?"



CHUMMING WITH

(Continued from the previous page.)

SMYTHE!

Lovell gasped for breath. Jimmy Silver's coolness was too much for him.

Jimmy proceeded to light the fire, and his chums eyed him furiously.

"Now, do be reasonable," urged Jimmy Silver. "You know the posish. If a Modern cad gets in as footer captain Rookwood may as well shut up shop at once. Do you want the old school to go to the dogs? Well, if Smythe splits the vote tomorrow with his fat-headed putting up as a candidate Tommy Dodd will get in. If we're nice to Smythe he'll back down; he's only put up to spite us. A soft answer turneth away wrath. Chumming with Smythe will win us the election. As for calling it mean, isn't it mean of Smythe to want to dish his own side, simply to pay out this study? Besides, it isn't mean. Smythe was born to have his leg pulled. Lend a hand laying the table, instead of squatting there like a set of Huns."

Lovell and Raby and Newcome gave in. They usually did in the long run.

"Well," said Lovell, "we've said we'll back you up, and we will. But I don't believe it will be any good."

"Leave it to your Uncle Jimmy."

"And if it don't turn out a success," said Lovell, "we'll jolly well give you a study ragging, Jimmy Silver! We're not standing Smythe for nothing."

"Bow-wow! Open the jam."

"That's a gridiron!" said Raby.

"If it's not a success you've got to go through it, Jimmy Silver."

"Careful with the eggs," said Jimmy imperturbably.

"We mean it!" roared Newcome.

"So do I," said Jimmy Silver.

"Those eggs cost tuppence each!"

"Oh, rats!"

Jimmy gave all his attention to the fire, and soon had a nice blaze and the kettle boiling. His chums, grumbling not loudly but deeply, proceeded to lay the table and to open the jam and to make other little preparations for the distinguished guest.

They were all ready by tea-time; but Smythe had not arrived. Jimmy Silver poached the eggs and turned them out into a dish and put them by the fire to keep warm. Adolphus was late.

"P'raps he don't feel fit enough to come," said Raby hopefully.

"Those Modern bounders did give him rather a handling, you know."

"Oh, he'll come!" said Jimmy.

"This is only swank; he makes it a point to be late."

"And we've got to stand his swank!" snorted Lovell.

"Well, after standing his sneaking, we can stand his swank, I suppose?"

"Br-r-r-r!"

"I suppose you looked after him like a kind uncle?" sniffed Raby.

"Did the dear boy faint when you got him to his study?"

"He said it was exhaustin'," said Jimmy Silver gravely. "I bathed his face with eau-de-Cologne for him."

"Oh, scissors!"

"Then I fanned him with a sport-ing paper."

"My hat!"

"And I left him smoking a cigarette and saying that he felt rather better, but too fagged for anything."

The juniors had to grin. The idea of Jimmy Silver bathing Adolphus's forehead with eau-de-Cologne and fanning him with a paper made them grin. They could picture the great Adolphus reposing in his easy-chair and sayin' that he was "too fagged for anything."

"We'd better get on with the tea," said Jimmy Silver. "I'm hungry."

"Wait for Adolphus, old chap."

"Hang Adolphus!"

"After the election," said Jimmy Silver; "not before."

Lovell snorted expressively, but they waited. A quarter of an hour later there was a step in the passage, and an eyeglass gleamed into the study. The great Adolphus had arrived.

"Hope I haven't kept you waitin', dear boys?" drawled Smythe.

Adolphus was his elegant self again. There was a slight scratch on his noble nose, but his clothes were spotless. He lounged gracefully into the study.

"Of course we waited for you, Smythe!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Shouldn't be likely to begin without you. It's jolly good of you to come at all."

"Oh, horrid good!" gasped Lovell.

"Here's your chair," said Jimmy.

"You'd like a cushion—what! I hope you like poached eggs, old fellow. I've made the toast specially carefully for you. I say, Smythe, would you mind telling us about your vacation in Switzerland?"

Adolphus beamed.

Even his faithful followers, the Giddy Goats, never treated him with such distinction as this. Even Howard and Tracy, his best chums, wouldn't listen to his stories about his vacation in Switzerland.

Smythe enjoyed that tea.

The feed was, of the best, and Jimmy Silver waited upon Adolphus as the Black Prince of old waited upon the French King.

The Fourth-Formers listened with apparent interest to tales of winter sports in Switzerland. It appeared that Smythe and his people had stayed at an awfully swaggy hotel, that they had met all sorts of well-known people, and that Smythe had had a tremendously ripping time. From Adolphus's account it really appeared that Smythe had been occupied most of the time in putting on "side," though that was not what he meant to convey.

The Fistical Four had known that Smythe was a slacker, a sneak, a smoker, a blackguard, and several other things, but they had never known before what a fearful bore he was. They discovered it now. When they compared notes afterwards they could not remember a single word Smythe had uttered with anything like commonsense in it. His talk—he did most of the talking—ran entirely upon his uninteresting self and uninteresting doings.

When Lovell could not bear it any

longer he remembered an engagement to box with Flynn, and slipped out of the study. Then Raby recalled that he had promised to play chess with Hooker, and followed Lovell.

Jimmy Silver gave Newcome a warning glance, but Newcome did not seem to see it. He jumped up.

"Blessed if I hadn't nearly forgotten!" he exclaimed. "I've to see Jones minor about his white rabbits."

And Newcome fled.

Smythe was still going strong. He was relating a story of how an impertinent waiter had mistaken him—him, Adolphus Smythe—for a common tripper, and had been awfully cheeky, and how Smythe had put him in his place by fixing upon him one crushing glance.

Jimmy Silver had to bear it alone. His chums had fled and left him in the lurch. Somebody had to listen to Adolphus, and Jimmy did it.

"We'll finish with a cigarette," said Adolphus, when he had come to an end at last of his interminable reminiscences.

Jimmy Silver suppressed his feelings. Adolphus lighted a cigarette, and Jimmy writhed inwardly. There had never been anything of that kind in the end study. The Fistical Four prided themselves upon that. The thought of his study reeking with smoke after Smythe's departure nearly broke down Jimmy's heroic self-control. But not quite. He contrived to smile sweetly.

Smythe smoked half-a-dozen cigarettes, and then rose to go. He was pleased to say that he had had quite a decent time.

"Look in on me this evenin', dear boy," he said condescendingly.

"We'll have a bit of a smoke in the study before goin' to bed, what! Ta-ta."

And Adolphus took his departure.

Jimmy Silver sat almost overcome. He had stated in the beginning that the chums of the end study could stand Smythe for twenty-four hours—for the sake of saving Rookwood from going to the dogs. But he was inclined to doubt it now. Standing Smythe was almost beyond his strength.

After Smythe had gone, and when Jimmy had recovered a little, he opened the window wide, and waved a paper to and fro to clear off the smoke. He coughed as he did so—smoke did not agree with his lungs. He was thus engaged when Bulkeley of the sixth looked in. Jimmy owed the prefect lines—he generally owed lines to somebody in authority. Naturally, he had had no time for Bulkeley's lines, occupied as he was chumming with Smythe.

"I fancy there's an imposition, Silver," remarked Bulkeley. Then he coughed. Then he snorted. "Why—what—you young rascal!"

Jimmy Silver groaned.

"I never thought this of you, Silver," said the captain of Rookwood sternly. "You are a cheeky little rascal, but I never thought you were a young waster before. So you've taken to smoking, have you, you little idiot?"

If Jimmy Silver had taken to smoking, certainly Bulkeley would have been fully justified in regarding him as a little idiot. He didn't; but he couldn't explain. It was impossible to give Adolphus away.

"I'm surprised at this, Silver," said Bulkeley.

"Pile it on!" groaned Jimmy.

"Don't you know it's a silly and no-class thing for a kid of your age to do?"

"Yes, rather. Go it."

"You'll take five hundred lines," said Bulkeley, "along with those you have already. And if they're not handed in to-morrow, you'll stay in

the Form-room on Saturday afternoon and do them. And if this occurs again, Silver, I'll give you such a licking that you won't want to smoke any more."

And the captain of Rookwood strode away frowning.

Jimmy Silver groaned dismally. He had sunk in Bulkeley's estimation now, and he thought more of old Bulkeley than of anybody else at Rookwood. Chumming with Smythe was costing him dear.

The 6th Chapter. Vice Versa.

"Serve you right!" was the unsympathetic comment of Jimmy Silver's chums, when they came into the study to do their prep, and learned of the latest disaster.

"Serve you jolly well right!" added Lovell, with emphasis.

"Oh, go and eat coke!" said Jimmy testily.

"P'raps you're fed-up with Smythe now," said Lovell warmly.

"P'raps you'll chuck up your rotten wheeze."

"Rats!"

"He's disgraced us more in one day than we've ever been disgraced before in all our lives," hooted Lovell.

"Smoking, betting, sneaking, gassing, swanking—"

"Don't go through the list," implored Jimmy Silver. "It'll last all night. I think it's working, anyway. He's asked me to drop in this evening—I mean this evenin'."

Jimmy grinned faintly. "I'm going to put it to him nicely about the election. As we're such chums now, he'll do the right thing."

"I call it mean!"

"Oh, cheese it!" said Jimmy uneasily.

"And, what's more, you jolly well know it is!" said Lovell. "Humbugging a fellow for a jape is all right. But humbugging to this extent—"

"It's only to stop him splitting the vote," pleaded Jimmy. "Isn't it mean enough of him to do that?"

"If he's mean, no reason why you should be mean. We expect that kind of caddishness from Smythe. But you—"

"It's only a jape, you know."

"Br-r-r-r!"

"Well, cheese it, old chap, for goodness' sake!"

Lovell "cheesed" it. Preparation was finished, and then Jimmy Silver made his way to Smythe's study. His chums flatly refused to come, and they went down to the common-room.

Jimmy, not in the happiest mood, tapped at Smythe's door. Adolphus was alone in the study, and he had just finished his prep.

"Come in, dear boy!" he said cordially.

Jimmy came in.

"Sit down and have a fag," said Smythe. "Pass me the matches—thanks. I've been goin' to speak to you about the election, Silver."

"Oh, good!" said Jimmy.

Smythe had saved him the trouble of approaching that subject. Jimmy was glad that it had been broached.

"The fact is," said Smythe, "I find that I can get on with you, Silver."

"I'm so glad, Smythe," said Jimmy, with humility.

"Yaas, I suppose so," assented Smythe fatuously. "As you know, I don't take much notice of the Fourth Form, but I speak to one or two of the chaps—Towny and Topham, and one or two more—my sort, you know. I don't mind puttin' you on the list, Silver."

"You're too kind, Smythe."

"Well, I mean to be kind," said Smythe, with an airy wave of the hand. "I believe in takin' notice of

youngsters, if they know their place. You do."

"I—I try to!" gasped Jimmy.

"Yaas. Now, about that election to-morrow," said Smythe.

"Yes, about the election," said Jimmy eagerly.

Was it possible that Adolphus was going to make the offer of his own accord?

After all, Smythe must know that he had no chance as third candidate—not a ghost of an earthly. He had put up simply to split the Classical vote, and "down" Jimmy Silver. What more natural than that he should gracefully withdraw now that he was so very chummy with Jimmy?

It was really very decent of Smythe to think of it, considering, and Jimmy felt quite a glow of real cordiality at the idea.

"You see, there's three candidates," said Smythe. "That young ruffian Dodd is one—the Modern cads think they're going to bag it for him. Of course, it's simply rot for a Modern to be junior skipper of Rookwood."

"Utter rot!" said Jimmy heartily.

"We've got to dish 'em," said Smythe.

"What-ho!"

"Now, I'm going to make a proposition to you," said Smythe.

"Go ahead, old chap!"

"I shouldn't have thought of doing it if we'd been on our old terms," said Smythe. "I always looked on you, Silver, as being up against me. I was down on you, and you'll admit you deserved it."

"Sus-sus-certainly."

"I felt I had to put you in your place," explained Smythe.

"Quite so."

"But as you've shown a proper feeling in the matter," said Adolphus graciously, "I'm willin' to overlook our little troubles, and let bygones be bygones."

"Jolly good of you, Smythe."

"Oh, don't mensh! Now, about the election—two Classical candidates simply split the vote, and give the whole bizney over to the Moderns. One of us ought to stand out."

"Just what I was thinking, Smythe."

"You agree with me?"

"You bet!"

"Good!" said Smythe. "I shouldn't have asked you, as I said, only we've become friendly, and that alters the case. You don't mind standin' out?"

"Wha-a-a-at!"

Jimmy Silver gasped out the word faintly.

"I shall get in all right, if you stand down," went on Adolphus calmly, and with a satisfied air. "Standin' down yourself, you'll back me up, of course. You'll rally the Fourth at the election, and vote for me yourself. I shall get in again as junior captain, same as I used to be, and everythin' in the garden will be lovely. I sha'n't forget you, Silver. I may sometimes play you in the team. Not often, of course—I'm not quite satisfied with your footer, as a matter of absolute fact. But I shall give you a chance sometimes in the less important matches."

Jimmy Silver did not interrupt Smythe.

He couldn't.

He was completely flabbergasted.

He could only stare at the self-satisfied Adolphus with his eyes and his mouth wide open.

He had chummed up with Smythe, he had been nice to Adolphus, in order to get the egregious dandy of the Shell to withdraw and avoid splitting the Classical vote. And Adolphus took that new friendship to mean that Jimmy Silver would withdraw—an

(Continued on the next page.)

COMEDIANS! Parodies on popular songs, 4d. each; 3 for 9d. Patter for two comedians, 6d. and 9d. List of Comic Duets, Songs, Acts, Sketches, etc., 1d.—JACK FINN, MADALEN STREET, COLCHESTER.

BLUSHING. Famous Doctor's Recipe for this most distressing complaint. 6d. P.O. Never fails. Hundreds of testimonials.—Mr. GEORGE, 63, STRODE ROAD, CLEVEDON.

50 COMIC SONGS, 700 Riddles and Conundrums, 4 Stump Speeches, 30 Card and Con-juring Tricks, 30 Jokes, 21 Humorous Recitations, 150 Witty Toasts, etc., etc. Lot 8d. (P.O.)—Ideal Publishing Co., Clevedon, Som.

30 MAGIC TRICKS, Illustrations, etc., with instructions. Also 40 Tricks with Cards. The lot post free 1/—T. W. HARRISON, 239, PENTONVILLE ROAD, LONDON.

SPORT.—Catch Birds Alive Traps with Live and Cage, 2s. Bird Lime, 4d. tin. Catapult and Shot, 1/4. Four Puzzles, 6d. All carriage paid.—WICKS BROS., NORWICH.

THE "LITTLE SPITFIRE" AIR RIFLE.

6/- **6/-**
The most accurate air gun. Shoots slugs, darts, or shot with terrific force, and is guaranteed to kill at long range. Specially adapted for garden or saloon practice, bird and rabbit shooting, also for bottles and target practice. Securely packed, with sample of shot; postage 6d. extra. Illustrated List, 1d.—B. FRANKS & CO., Gun Manufacturers, Empire Works, Caroline Street, Birmingham.

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.
Packed Free. Carriage Paid. No deposit required.
MEAD Coventry Flyers
Warranted 15 Years. Puncture Resisting or Dunlop Tyres, Brooks Saddles, Coasters, Speed Gears, &c.
FROM 10/- MONTHLY
Prompt delivery. No advance in prices.
Write to-day for Art Catalogue and Special Offer. Rider Agents Wanted.
MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. 82H
11 Paradise St., Liverpool.

100 CONJURING TRICKS, 57 Joke Tricks, 60 Puzzles, 60 Games, 12 Love Letters, 420 Jokes, 10 Magic Pranks, 62 Money-making Secrets (worth £20), & 1,001 more stupendous Attractions, 7d. P.O. the lot.—Hughes & Co., Station Rd., Harborne, B'ham. Sneezing Powder, 6d. box.

ARE YOU SHORT?
If so, let me help you to increase your height. Mr. Briggs reports an increase of 5 inches; Mr. Lindon 3 inches; Miss Leedell 4 inches. No drugs or appliances. Send three penny stamps for further particulars and my £100 guarantee.—ARTHUR GIRVAN, Specialist in the Increase of Height, Dept. A.M.P., 17, Stroud Green Road, London, N.

BLUSHING.
FREE to all sufferers, particulars of a proved home treatment that quickly removes all embarrassment and permanently cures blushing and flushing of the face and neck. Enclose stamp to pay postage to Mr. D. TEMPLE (Specialist), 28, Maddox Street, Hanover Square, London, W.

FREE FOR SELLING 1/- WORTH OF BEAUTIFUL XMAS CARDS

As an advertisement we give every reader of this paper a splendid present FREE simply for selling 1/- worth of Xmas and New Year Gold Mounted, Embossed, Silk Tied Folders, Glossy, etc. Our New Prize List contains hundreds of different kinds of free gifts, including Ladies' and Gents' Cycles, Gold and Silver Watches, Periscopes, Feather Pens, Chains, Rings, Accordions, Cinemas, Gramophones, Air Guns, Engines, Toys, etc., etc. All you need do is to send us your Name and Address (a postcard will do) and we will send you a selection of lovely cards to sell or use at 1d. and 2d. each. When sold send the money obtained and we immediately forward gift chosen according to the Grand List we send you. (Colonial Applications Invited). Send a postcard now to—THE ROYAL CARD CO., Dept. 24, KEW, LONDON.

S. REAL GOLD SHELL RINGS

Dress Ring No. R135; Plat and Shots No. R157; Gents' Signet No. R111; (Lady's Signet No. Y108); all 1/- each post free. Write which No. required, and for size cut hole tightly, or write for "Size Card" and Free Catalogue of Rings, Jewellery, Watches, Toys, Xmas Cards, etc. This Gents' "Correct Time" Nickel Lever Watch, 3/11, with Free Chain, Lady's Nickel Watch, 4/6, with Free Wristlet. Real Silver Wrist Watch, 5/11, with Wristlet. All Worth Double. All Post Free. All warranted strong, well-finished, correct timekeepers. Satisfaction or Money Back.

PAIN'S PRESENTS HOUSE,
Dept. 33B, Hastings, Eng.



CHUMMING WITH

(Continued from the previous page.)

SMYTHE!

idea that had certainly never crossed Jimmy's mind.

What was sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander—and it was not really surprising that that ripping idea had come into Smythe's mind.

But— Jimmy Silver sat as if glued to the chair. In a flash he realised how utterly useless it would be to argue with Smythe. But he tried it.

"I—I say, Smythe," he gasped, as soon as he recovered his breath.

"Yaas?" said Adolphus amicably.

"About the election—"

"Yaas?"

"I—I was thinking—"

"Go on, dear boy!" said Smythe.

"You think I shall get my majority all right?"

"Nunno! I—I didn't mean that. I was going to ask you to stand out—"

"What!"

"You see, your putting up only splits the vote—"

"You mean your putting up splits the vote," said Smythe coldly.

"You've got no backers—"

"Plenty, if you stand down and back me up."

"But I'm not going to!" roared Jimmy Silver. "I want you to stand down."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Smythe.

Jimmy Silver glared at him.

"What are you cackling at?" he demanded.

"Your little joke," said Smythe good-humouredly. "Now, don't be an ass, young Silver. Of course, there's no question of my standin' down in any case. I put up as captain, and I rope in all the votes I can. That's settled, anyway. The question is, are you standin' down?"

"No!" yelled Jimmy.

"Now, I want you to do the decent thing," urged Smythe. "If we'd been on our old terms, I wouldn't have asked you. But as we've got so chummy—"

"Chummy!" shrieked Jimmy Silver, his wrath overflowing all bounds now. He could have kicked himself; but he was much more inclined to kick Smythe. "Chummy, you—you image! You gargoyle! You Prussian-headed dummy!"

"What!"

"Chummy! You smoking, betting, gambling, sneaking, swanking worm—"

"By gad!"

Jimmy Silver jumped up. Adolphus stared at him, evidently very much surprised.

Jimmy brandished a set of knuckles under Adolphus's startled nose.

"If I didn't feel that I've brought it on myself for being such a silly ass, I'd mop up the study with you!" roared Jimmy. "You silly fathead. Chummy! My hat!"

"So you were spoofin'," said Smythe calmly. "Howard told me you were spoofin', and I didn't believe him. You made up to me to get me to withdraw, did you? I call it a dirty trick."

Jimmy Silver clenched his hand hard. But he did not hit. He had not meant it to be mean, as Lovell had called it. But was it? Was he really justified in pulling Adolphus's leg to that extent? It was mean and spiteful of Smythe to put up as a candidate simply to split the vote. But—but was he justified in fighting the cad of the Shell with his own weapons? Smythe's words seemed to find an echo in his breast that told him he was not.

He dropped his hand.

"Rub it in," he said. "Lovell was right. I see it now. I ought to be kicked for ever speaking civilly to such a worm as you, Smythe."

Smythe rose to his feet. He had backed away as Jimmy looked like attacking. But Jimmy's sudden self-control deceived him. Adolphus was far from understanding Jimmy's feelings just then. Adolphus had not very fine perceptions, and he did not even guess that Jimmy's conscience smote him. Adolphus's own conscience never smote him; he had a very accommodating conscience.

His only idea was that Jimmy

Silver was funkng; that he had been going to hit out but had thought better of it—awed by the great Smythe. That idea was quite enough to make Smythe warlike. He was disappointed, he was chagrined, he was angry, and he wanted nothing better than to lick Jimmy Silver at that moment. As he concluded that Jimmy was afraid of him he glimpsed an easy victory, and he rose in his wrath.

"You cheeky young cad!" he said. "You're not goin' yet. I'm jolly well goin' to give you a thunderin' lickin' for your cheek."

"A—a lickin'!" stuttered Jimmy Silver.

"Yaas—and here goes!"

And Adolphus rushed upon Jimmy Silver, in a valiant charge.

What followed next seemed like a

leaving three hapless nuts sorting themselves out, amid a chorus of lamentations

"Well?" Lovell and Raby and Newcome were in the end study, when Jimmy Silver came back there, with a flushed face and untidy hair.

They uttered that monosyllable together.

"Persuaded him?" asked Lovell, as Jimmy did not answer.

"Has he withdrawn?" demanded Raby.

"Is it all right?" asked Newcome.

"Right as rain!" said Jimmy Silver bitterly. "I've left Smythe on the floor—licked! That's the end of it."

"That's the end of it, is it?" said Lovell, in measured tones. "Then it's no go—N.G., just as I told you it would be, Jimmy Silver?"

"We've chummed up with Smythe," said Raby. "We've stood his smoking, his sneaking, his swanking—"

"And this is what comes of it," said Newcome. "You got us in for that, Jimmy Silver. Now, you duffer—now, you fathead—now, you frabjous ass—"

"Now, you howling chump!" roared Lovell. "Now, you're going to get a study licking. Collar him!"

"Chuck it!" roared Jimmy Silver.

"Look here—oh, my hat—yaroooh!" Jimmy Silver was in the hands of

TALES TO TELL!

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

FORCIBLE.

Mahooly and Mulligan were having a frightful row. They had not yet come to blows, but each was calling the other some very "nice" names.

"Next time I pass with a lady," said Mahooly, "ye've got to take off yer hat to her, and show ye're a gentleman. Do you hear that?"

"An' suppose I refuse?" asked Mulligan.

"Then, bejaspers," answered Mahooly, "ye'll have to take yer coat off!"—Sent in by J. Coghlan, BIRR.

MEMORIES OF THE PAST!

He was only a tramp, a weary tramp, a tramp with a pitiful look in his eye. He told the lady of the

entitled "I'll Hang My Harp!" there was great clapping and cheering.

Miss Screamer started. "I'll hang my harp on a willow tree-e-e," she sang—"I'll hang my harp on a willow tree-e-e! Ahem! On a willow tree-e-e— Oh—"

Her voice broke on the high note each time, and some of the audience, more ignorant than the rest, commenced to giggle.

Suddenly one of the farmer's sons in the back seats could contain himself no longer.

"Try 'anging on a lower branch, miss!" he shouted at the top of his voice.—Sent in by A. Russell, Wigan.

VERY CUTTING.

The crusty old bachelor at table No. 3 was about the limit, and the waiter was fed-up with him, for he had grumbled at everything, and his bell had been rag-timing ever since he had sat down. Again the bell!

The waiter approached the table with the gleam of battle in his eyes.

"Waiter, this is abominable!" blustered the gent at No. 3. "The steak is like leather, and the knife is as blunt as old iron!"

The waiter blushed for a moment; then, judging his distance, he tartly remarked:

"Well, sir, why not sharpen the knife on the steak?"—(Sent in by E. Richards, West Bromwich.)

A WOODEN PROBLEM.

Private Jones, a raw recruit, was scratching his head on first parade.

"Stop scratching your head, Private Jones!" thundered the officer.

Private Jones stopped, but on second parade something went wrong with his finger, and he commenced to rub it.

"What are you rubbing your finger for, Private Jones?" questioned the officer.

"I've a splinter in it, sir," said Jones.

The officer went red in the face, and almost fumed with rage.

"Haven't I told you about scratching your head before?" he roared.—Sent in by H. F. Burrows, Bedford

ODD, BUT TRUE.

A match has a head but no face. A watch has a face but no head.

A river has a mouth but no tongue. A boot has a tongue but no mouth.

An umbrella has ribs but no trunk. A tree has a trunk but no ribs.

A needle has an eye but no brow. A mountain has a brow but no eye.

A clock has hands but no arms. A rooster has a comb but no hair.

A rabbit has hair but no comb. Isn't this odd indeed to you?

Yet ask yourself if it isn't true.—Sent in by J. Mailer, Leith.

ECLIPSED.

The captain of a company of soldiers once asked his sergeant to let his men know on a certain day an eclipse of the sun would take place, and that he would explain the phenomenon to the soldiers. A sergeant, whose education must have been somewhat neglected, wrote out a notice as follows, which he pinned on the notice-board:

"On Tuesday there will be an eclipse of the moon, by order of the captain. We shall all assemble in the courtyard of the barracks. The captain will conduct the eclipse in person. Should it rain, the eclipse will take place in the drill-hall!"—Sent in by J. Durie, Ardrihaig.

AN EYE TO BUSINESS!

Pedlar: "I have a most valuable book to sell, madam. It tells you how to do everything."

Lady (sarcastically): "Does it tell you how to get rid of a pestering pedlar?"

Pedlar (promptly): "Oh, yes, madam! Buy something from him!"—Sent in by J. V. Stebbings, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

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.



"It was those cads!" howled Adolphus. "They set on me—actually set on me. Look at me, Mr. Manders!" "Shut up Smythe!" hissed Lovell.

whirlwind, a cyclone, and an earthquake and a bombardment all rolled into one to the hapless Adolphus.

He had started to lick Jimmy Silver.

Jimmy Silver started to lick him.

Adolphus got in two or three whacks, which Jimmy did not heed. Then it seemed to Adolphus that steam-hammers were hitting him on all sides.

He was punched, and he was pommelled, and his head went into chancery. They staggered against the table, and sent it flying, they bumped into the chairs, and hurled them right and left. They crashed into the bookcase, and it shed a shower of books upon them. In three minutes the study was a wreck—and Adolphus was a worse wreck than the study, and he was roaring for mercy.

The door opened, and Howard and Tracy looked in, in amazement.

"What the thunder—" gasped Howard.

"Help!" shrieked Adolphus.

The two nuts rushed in. Bump went Adolphus into a corner, where he sprawled, gasping. Then bump, bump went Howard and Tracy over him, hurled there by Jimmy Silver's powerful hands.

"Yow-ow-ow-ow! Wow! Wow!" Jimmy Silver strode from the study,

his exasperated chums. They had promised him a study licking, and they kept their word. They more than kept it. For five minutes the end study was in an uproar; and fellows along the passage left their prep to come and look on. The doorway and the passage were crowded with juniors, all of them cheering on the combat, and urging everybody concerned to "go it." Nobody knew the cause of the trouble—nobody cared, as a matter of fact; but it was a sight that nobody in the Fourth would have missed for half a term's pocket-money.

It was wildly exciting while it lasted.

But everything comes to an end at last, and so did that study licking. It came to an end when Jimmy Silver got loose, and bolted from the study, looking like a wreck, and leaving three wrecks panting behind him.

The outcome of the junior election was still in doubt. But one thing was quite decided. The Fistical Four had quite finished chumming with Smythe.

THE END.

("Who Shall Be Skipper?" is the title of next Monday's grand long complete tale of Jimmy Silver & Co. Don't miss it!)

OUR COMPANION PAPERS

THE MAGNET LIBRARY—1d. Every Monday.

THE GEM LIBRARY—1d. Every Wednesday.

"THE BOYS' FRIEND" 3d. COMPLETE LIBRARY.

THE PENNY POPULAR. Every Friday.

CHUCKLES—1d. Every Saturday.