

Grand FREE Picture Plate Given Away Inside!

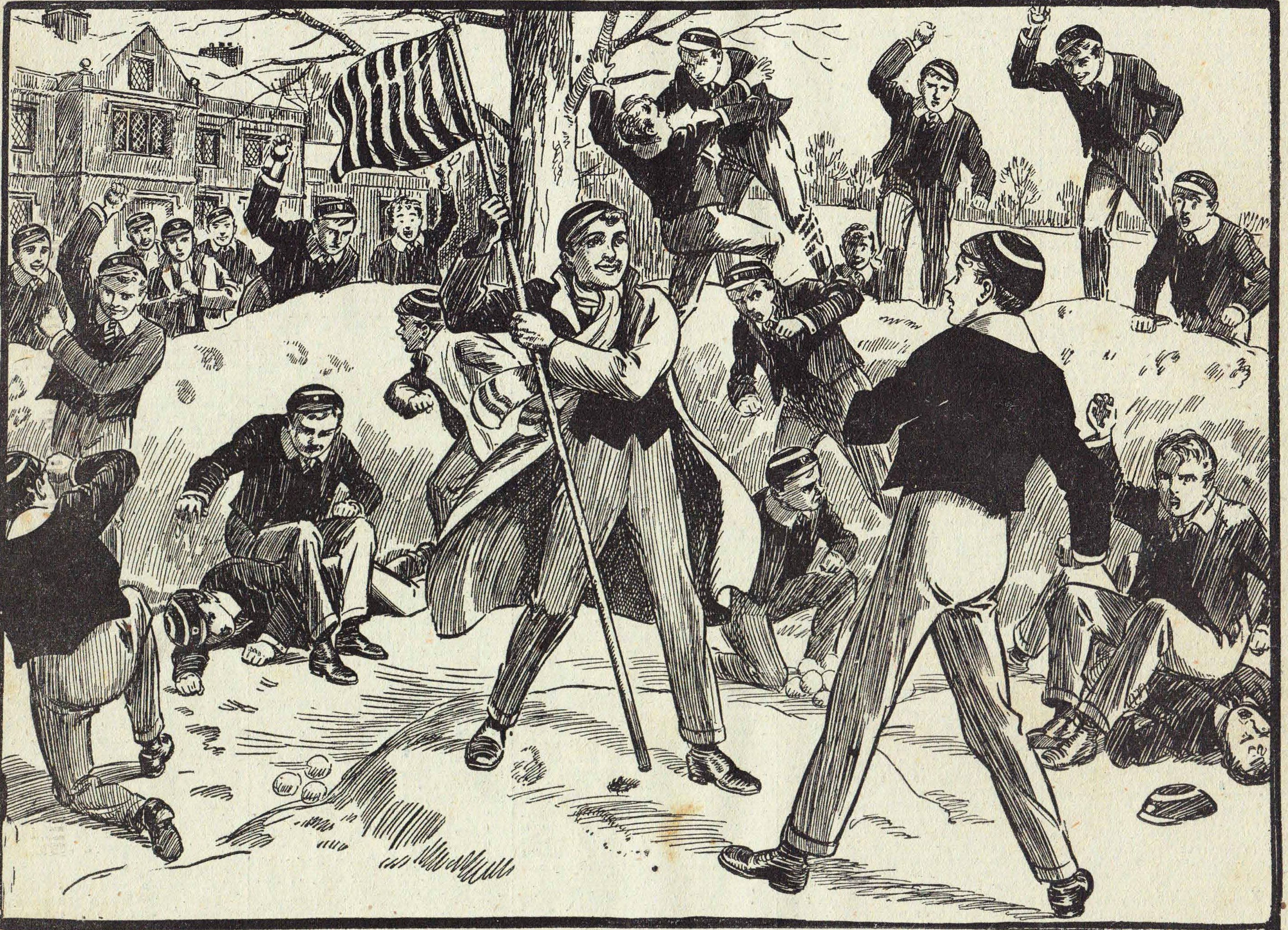
# The BOYS' FRIEND I.

BOUGHT BY BOYS THE WIDE WORLD OVER!

No. 765, Vol. XV, New Series.]

ONE PENNY.

[Week Ending February 5th, 1916.



THE CAPTURED COLOURS! GREAT SNOW-FIGHT SCENE IN OUR GRAND SCHOOL TALE!

## IN HONOUR BOUND!

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

BY OWEN CONQUEST.

### The 1st Chapter.

#### Jimmy Silver's Promise.

It wasn't Jimmy Silver's fault. Neither was it Tommy Dodd's. It just happened.

When Jimmy Silver, captain of the Fourth Form at Rookwood, sat on the gate of the Head's garden he was

thinking out the footer team for the forthcoming match with Bagshot. Nothing was further from his mind than a "scrap."

And when Tommy Dodd, of the Modern Side, came sauntering along with his hands in his pockets he was thinking out a financial problem which would have puzzled the Chancellor of the Exchequer—how to

supply a study tea for three with the sum of threepence-halfpenny?

But Classics and Moderns seldom met at Rookwood without mutual chipping. Tommy Dodd, as he caught sight of Jimmy Silver sitting on the gate, remarked cheerily:

"Hallo, Classical ass!" To which Jimmy Silver rejoined, with equal politeness:

"Hallo, Modern worm!"

It was then that it occurred to Tommy Dodd how extremely comic it would be to tilt up Jimmy Silver's feet and drop him over the gate into the Head's garden. That sacred garden being taboo to juniors added to the joke. Tommy Dodd, without wasting time, proceeded to carry out that excellent idea. He jumped forward and seized Jimmy Silver's ankles and lifted them.

"Leggo!" roared Jimmy Silver in alarm.

"Over you go!" said Tommy Dodd cheerily. "Never mind dropping on your head, old chap. It's comfy to fall on something soft."

But Jimmy Silver did not go over so easily as the Modern junior anticipated. His feet were in the air in the grasp of Tommy Dodd, so he could not jump down. But instead of going over backwards, he hurled himself

forward, as if he were trying to shut himself up like a pocket-knife.

His weight being thus thrown on Tommy Dodd, that cheery youth went staggering back, and Jimmy Silver sprawled over him and brought him to the ground.

"Yow-ow-ow!" roared Dodd.

"Gerrooh!" gasped Jimmy.

"You fathead! I'll wallop you!"

"You Modern duffer! I'll dust up the quad with you!"

"Yow! Take that!"

"Oh! Ah! Take that!"

That was how it began. It continued with vigour, the two juniors rolling over one another on the ground, punching and pommelling, with grievous damage to their Etons and collars.

It was then that Miss Dolly, the headmaster's daughter, looked over the gate from the garden.

Miss Dolly ejaculated:

(Continued on the next page.)



## IN HONOUR

(Continued  
from  
the  
previous  
page.)

## BOUND!

"Goodness gracious!"  
"Yow! You rotter!"  
"Yah! You Classical chump!"  
Punch, punch! Pommel, pommel!  
Thump, thump!

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Miss Dolly.  
"Oh, you bad boys!"  
The juniors heard her shocked and startled voice then, and they let go one another as suddenly as if both had become red-hot.

They sat up and blinked.  
Tommy Dodd, with great presence of mind, executed a strategic retreat. He was up with a bound, and behind the beeches with another bound, devoutly hoping that Miss Dolly hadn't recognised him. For though it was according to all the rules—of the Fourth Form, at least—to punch some of the cheek out of a Classical bounder, Miss Dolly, being a girl, might have looked upon him merely as a quarrelsome fellow with a taste for fighting. Which would really have been very unjust.

But Jimmy Silver's retreat was not so prompt. He was dabbing at his nose, from which a crimson stream was flowing. His nose occupied him too long for him to think of escaping unrecognised.

"Jimmy Silver!" said Miss Dolly, in a tone of great severity.

Jimmy Silver blinked guiltily at Miss Dolly. His whole face became as crimson as his nose. He felt, like Tommy Dodd, that Miss Dolly wouldn't understand, being a girl. There was no harm whatever in knocking some of the cheek out of a Modern duffer, but Miss Dolly might very probably regard him as a regular hooligan.

"Ye-es!" he stammered.

"You were fighting."

"Not exactly fighting," said Jimmy Silver cautiously.

"Then what were you doing?"

"Well, I—I—"

"I am ashamed of you!"

Miss Dolly was really several months younger than Jimmy Silver, but she might have been twenty years older from the severity of her manner.

Jimmy grinned a little.

"I'm sorry!" he murmured meekly.

"I—I didn't know you were in the garden, Miss Dolly."

"You are always fighting!" said the headmaster's daughter severely.

"Yesterday you punched Smythe of the Shell."

"Well, Smythe's rather a beast!" urged Jimmy.

Jimmy had punched Adolphus Smythe for giving a cigarette to a chap in Jimmy's own Form, but he did not feel that he could explain that to Miss Dolly.

"And the day before yesterday you were fighting with Cook."

"Well, Cook's only a Modern worm!" pleaded Jimmy.

"We—we have to keep those Modern chaps rather in order, you know."

"And the other day you were sitting on Townsend. I saw you," said Miss Dolly.

"You were rubbing his nose in the grass. Townsend isn't a Modern."

"He wouldn't come down to footer practice," said Jimmy defensively.

"I'm captain of the Fourth, you know. I can't allow slacking."

"And one day you were fighting with Flynn. Flynn isn't a Modern or a slacker."

Jimmy Silver made an effort of memory, trying to recall why he had been scrapping with Flynn of the Fourth. He was generally on the best of terms with Flynn.

"Oh, I remember!" Flynn said the Dublin Fusiliers were miles ahead of the West Yorks. My cousin's in the West Yorks."

"I shan't speak to you any more," announced Miss Dolly.

Jimmy Silver looked dismayed.

"I—Oh, I say—" he murmured feebly.

"Not unless you make me a promise," said Miss Dolly, relenting a little as she saw the effect of her crushing sentence.

"Anything you like, Miss Dolly," said Jimmy Silver eagerly. Jimmy was rather a favourite with the autocratic Miss Dolly, and he did not wish to forfeit that proud position. "I—I'll do anything! I—I say, would you like a white rabbit?"

"No, I wouldn't!" said Miss Dolly.

"Oh!" said Jimmy, crushed again.

"But I will let you make me a promise," said the girl generously.

"Anything you like!"

"That you will not fight anybody again for a whole week."

"Oh!"

"Look at your nose!" said Miss Dolly scornfully.

Jimmy Silver tried to look at his nose, very nearly becoming cross-eyed in the attempt.

"I was going to ask you to come and carry my parcels this afternoon," pursued Miss Dolly.

"But I couldn't be seen with a nose like that!"

"But—but your nose isn't like that."

"I am speaking of your nose," said Miss Dolly, frowning, suspecting Jimmy Silver of an attempt at humour.

"You had better go away and bathe it. I am ashamed of you!"

"But—"

"Oh, go away!"

"But I'll promise!" said Jimmy Silver recklessly. "I—I won't fight anybody for a whole week! There! Whatever happens! There!"

Miss Dolly melted again.

"Honour bright?" she asked.

"Honour bright!" said Jimmy Silver solemnly.

"Then I will forgive you," said Miss Dolly considerably. "Now you can go and bathe your nose."

Miss Dolly fitted away, and Jimmy Silver took her excellent advice, and went to bathe his nose. His nose was somewhat painful, and it worried him. But it did not worry him so much, upon reflection, as the promise he had made to the headmaster's daughter.

Miss Dolly took a feminine view of matters. She did not understand the Fourth, and she was far from comprehending the necessity the Classical juniors were under of keeping the Modern bounders in their place. Jimmy Silver, as he bathed his nose, realised that he had let himself in for a very serious undertaking.

How on earth was that promise to be kept, considering—well, considering everything?

But Jimmy Silver was a slave to his word.

The promise had to be kept.

But the captain of the Fourth Form at Rookwood looked forward, with deep doubt and misgiving, to the week ahead.

## The 2nd Chapter.

## The End Study is Surprised.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome stared at Jimmy Silver, when he came into the end study to tea.

Jimmy Silver's nose was usually a good-looking nose. Its good looks had departed now. It was swollen in shape and crimson in hue.

"Where on earth did you pick up that danger-signal?" asked Lovell.

"Scrapping with a Modern worm?" growled Jimmy Silver.

"Does it show much?"

"Well, it could be seen about a mile off on a dark night, I should say."

"Oh, rats!"

"Never mind, if you licked the Modern," said Raby comfortingly.

"We've been waiting tea for you. Pile in, old scout!"

"And we've got a scheme," said Newcome, as Jimmy Silver sat down to tea.

Jimmy looked apprehensive.

That afternoon it had been agreed in the end study that the Moderns were getting their backs up in a way that couldn't possibly be allowed to continue. The time had plainly come for Tommy Dodd & Co. to be squashed. Jimmy Silver had concurred heartily.

Now there was a change. Apparently his promise to Miss Dolly was to be put to the test immediately.

"We've been jawing it over, while you've been collecting that nose," said Lovell. "It's a ripping wheeze!"

"Up against the Moderns, you know," said Newcome.

"We're going to give them the real kybosh this time," said Lovell, emphatically. "Knock them right out of time, you know."

Jimmy Silver wriggled uneasily in his chair.

"I—I say—" he remarked haltingly. "Perhaps we've been a bit too much down on the Moderns."

"Eh?"

"On the whole, these scraps are a little—a little overdone. Suppose we try to keep at peace with the Modern worms for a bit—say a week."

"Off your rocker?" asked Raby politely.

"You see, we—if—that is, I mean that a girl would naturally be shocked by seeing fellows with swollen noses"

"Well, we're not going to show our noses to a girl, after licking the Moderns, are we?" asked Lovell, in utter amazement.

"Nunno! But—"

"If you're being funny, Jimmy, chuck it, old chap. Now, my idea is this—it looks like more snow, and we're going to have a regular snow battle with the Moderns, and wipe 'em off the earth. Isn't that a good wheeze?"

"Well, in a way. But—"

"But what?"

"It might lead to scrapping."

"Might!" grinned Raby. "Jolly sure to. I should think."

"Well, there you are, you see," said Jimmy Silver.

"I don't quite see," said Lovell.

"Why shouldn't we scrap with the Moderns? We always do!"

"Yes; but—"

"Has the Head been down on you?"

"The Head? No; but—"

"But what, fathead?"

"Nothing! Pass the cake!"

Jimmy Silver tucked into the cake, feeling decidedly uncomfortable. He felt that he could not confide to the end study the circumstances of his promise to Miss Dolly. He shrank from the general chortle which would have followed, and from having the matter become a standing joke in the Fourth Form.

But, without explaining, it was a little difficult to justify his remarkable new attitude to his chums.

"You can send a challenge to Tommy Dodd," resumed Lovell, after a curious stare at his study-leader.

"If there's snow to-morrow, footer is off, and that will be a good chance for the snow-fight—see? We'll make the Moderns own up that we're top side of Rookwood this time."

"Next week—" began Jimmy.

"Bother next week. There won't be any snow next week."

"The fact is—"

"Well?"

"The—the fact is, I—I think it would lead to scrapping with the Modern chaps," said Jimmy lamely.

"I know it would. Don't you want to scrap with them?"

"Nunno!"

"Why not?" demanded Lovell and Raby and Newcome in chorus.

"Because— Oh, because, you know, I—I think perhaps it would be better to—live in peace, like—like lambs, you know—"

"Lambs!" said Lovell, dazedly.

"Yes, like—like lambs, and— and treat the Moderns politely, and— and be very orderly and— and peaceful."

"Peaceful! Us!"

"Do the fellows call us the Fistical Four because we're peaceful?" demanded Raby.

"They'll call us the Funky Four if we follow Jimmy's fatheaded advice!" growled Lovell.

"Are you off your rocker, Jimmy?"

"N-n-no!"

"Then what's the matter with you?"

"Something'll be the matter with you soon if you give us any more of that piffle," said Lovell darkly.

"I'm fed up, for one. You're asking for a study licking. Now, are you going to write that challenge to Tommy Dodd?"

"Can't be did!"

"You won't?" roared Lovell.

"No!"

"Then I jolly well will!"

"You jolly well won't!" said Jimmy Silver warmly.

"Who's leader of this study?"

"Bow-wow!"

"Look here, Lovell—"

"If you are beginning to funk the Moderns, you won't be study-leader long," said Lovell. "I'm sending that challenge at once!"

"You won't!"

"I will!" roared Lovell.

It was mutiny in the end study. Jimmy Silver jumped up, and Lovell jumped up. Edward Arthur Lovell was very red and wrathful. He could not understand his chum in the least. Jimmy Silver was not quarrelsome, certainly; but he was by no means that most peculiar of all animals—a pacifist. As a rule, he was well to the fore in every raid and rag on the Moderns; it was really his keen enterprise in that direction which had caused him to become leader and chief of the Classical juniors. His inexplicable backwardness now was exasperating.

Lovell shoved the tea-things aside, and dragged a sheet of impot paper towards him, and jabbed his pen into the ink.

"Go it!" said Raby.

Jimmy Silver jerked the impot paper away.

"Chuck it!" he said.

"Do you want a thick ear, Jimmy Silver?" bellowed Lovell.

"Go and eat coke!"

"Oh, bump him!" said Newcome.

"This must be one of his awfully deep jokes; and he wants a bumping!"

"Hear, hear!"

The Co. were puzzled, perplexed, and exasperated. Bumping Jimmy Silver seemed the easiest way of solving the difficulty.

The three juniors closed in on him, and Jimmy promptly put up his hands.

"Chuck it, you silly asses—"

"Collar him!" shouted Lovell.

Three pairs of hands were laid on Jimmy Silver.

The captain of the Fourth struggled furiously, and the three juniors fairly waltzed round him. A drive on the chest made Lovell sit on the hearthrug, with a bump.

Then, all of a sudden, Jimmy Silver's struggles ceased. He stood unresisting in the grasp of the Co. He had remembered!

Honour bright!

"Oh, my hat!" groaned Jimmy!

"Bump him!" roared Lovell, scrambling up.

Bump, bump, bump!

Three times Jimmy Silver descended forcibly on the hearthrug. He yelled at each concussion. But he did not resist. In sheer amazement the Classical juniors released him, leaving him gasping on the rug.

"What's the matter with you?" shrieked Lovell.

"Groooh!"

"Are you dotty?"

"Bow-wow!"

"It must be a jape," said Raby wonderingly. "Either that, or he's gone off his rocker."

"Well, I'm sending that challenge, anyway," said Lovell, with a stare at the gasping Jimmy.

He jabbed a pen into the ink again, and started. Jimmy Silver picked himself up, and sat down to finish his tea. Lovell gave him a glare of defiance, but Jimmy Silver did not interfere again. He finished his tea quietly and sedately. His passiveness astounded the Co. What had come thus over the most warlike member of the Fistical Four they could not understand.

But there it was. After tea Jimmy Silver quietly left the study. Lovell and Raby and Newcome blinked at one another.

"What's the matter with him?" ejaculated Lovell.

Raby shook his head.

"Give it up. We know he ain't a funk, but he's acting just as if he was."

"Must be dotty!" said Newcome.

"Let's get that challenge to Tommy Dodd, anyway. Jimmy will have to join in the snow-fight."

And the challenge was duly written and despatched by a Second Form fellow to the Modern side.

## The 3rd Chapter.

## Delightful for Adolphus.

Jimmy Silver walked down the Fourth Form passage with a troubled brow. He was very far from easy in his mind. But his painful reflections were driven suddenly from his mind as he was passing Townsend's study.

The study door was closed, but from within there came, unmistakably, the scent of tobacco. And Jimmy Silver, as he stopped, heard the voice of Adolphus Smythe, the dandy of the Shell, the great leader of the estimable circle of merry blades known as the Giddy Goats.

"Give us a match, Towny."

Jimmy Silver's brow grew black.

That there was a good deal of slacking on the Classical side—much more than on the Modern side—was a fact which naturally irritated Jimmy Silver. Jimmy of the Fourth could not very well interfere with the Shell, and the Giddy Goats generally went on their way unregarded by him.

But when Smythe of the Shell led away Fourth-Formers from the straight and narrow path, Jimmy felt called upon to chip in.

He was Captain of the Fourth, and it was up to him. Townsend and Topham, who shared that study, were slackers of the first water. Jimmy found it difficult to keep them up to any kind of footer practice. Smoking in the study or behind the chapel, hanging round Smythe & Co., and talking geegees, that kind of thing was more in their line. They were satellites of the great Adolphus, and basked in the sunshine of his regard.

The great Adolphus had evidently condescended to feed in Towny and Tophy's study that afternoon, and he was finishing, as usual, with a smoke.

Jimmy Silver turned the handle of the door and kicked it open.

There was an exclamation of alarm in the study.

Townsend jumped up and pitched his cigarette hastily into the fire; Topham dropped his under the table. Smythe of the Shell concealed his cigarette in the hollow of his hand.

But there was no concealing the atmosphere of smoke in the study.

"By gad!" gasped Townsend.

"Jimmy Silver, you rotter! I—I thought it was Bootles!"

"I—I thought it was Bulkeley!" stammered Topham.

"What the thunder are you shoving into this study for, Jimmy Silver?"

Smythe of the Shell contented himself with a sneer, and with replacing his cigarette in his mouth.

Jimmy Silver frowned darkly at the three nuts.

"You silly young idiots!" he began. "You two duffers ought to have your heads knocked together. As for you, Smythe, I've spoken to you before about getting chaps in my Form to copy your fool tricks!"

"By gad!" yawned Adolphus over the cigarette.

Jimmy pointed to the door.

"Get out!" he said.

"Eh?"

"Clear off!"

"Look here, Jimmy Silver!" roared Townsend furiously. "We're not standin' this! Do you think you're goin' to order a guest out of my study?"

"Yes, rather, when he starts smoking there. Suppose it had been Bulkeley who'd dropped on you?"

"That's our bizney."

"Mine, too," said Jimmy Silver cheerfully. "I give you one minute to clear out, Smythe. If you don't go you'll be put."

"By gad!"

"Clear off yourself!" shouted Topham. "What do you mean by interferin' with us, you meddlin' cad?"

"Are you looking for a thick ear, Tophy?" asked Jimmy Silver sweetly. "If you are, you've only to call your Uncle James names again."

"Are you going, Smythe?"

Adolphus Smythe rose to his feet. His eyes gleamed, and for once he was tempted to try conclusions with the captain of the Fourth. He resisted the temptation, however. Only too well the elegant dandy of the Shell knew that Jimmy Silver would have made hay of him in a very few minutes.

He glanced at Townsend and Topham with a sneering smile.

"So this is how you allow your guests to be treated?" he remarked.

"You won't find me in this study again in a hurry!"

"Don't go, Smythe!"

"He'll go, or he'll be chucked!" said Jimmy Silver. "It's a rule that no Shell fellow is allowed to play the giddy ox in a Fourth Form study."

"Who made that rule, you cheeky ass?"

"I did," said Jimmy calmly.

"Don't go, Smythe! There's three,

**FREE** For Selling or Using 12 Beautiful POSTCARDS at 1d. each.

As an advertisement we give every reader of this paper a splendid present **FREE** simply for selling or using 12 Beautiful Postcards at 1d. each. (Gold Mounted, Embossed, Patriotic Real Photos, Glossy, etc.). Our New Prize List contains hundreds of different kinds of free gifts, including Ladies' and Gents' Cycles, Gold and Silver Watches, Periscopes, Featherers, Chains, Rings, Fur Sets, Cinemas, Gramophones, Air Guns, Tea Sets, 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. each. When sold send the money obtained and we immediately forward gift chosen according to the Grand Illustrated List send you. (Colonial Applications Invited.) Send a postcard now to—**THE ROYAL CARD CO., Dept. 3, KEW, LONDON.**

If you want the BEST



IN HONOUR

(Continued from the previous page.)

BOUND!

of us, and we'll chuck that interferin' cad out on his neck."

Smythe paused. Three to one was long odds, and really it seemed like an excellent opportunity for turning the tables upon Jimmy Silver.

"Tain't my bizney," said Smythe, "but I'm willin' to back up you fellows if you want to kick that meddlin' cad out."

"Go for him!" shouted Topham. "Collar the cad!"

"I'm with you, dear boys!" said Adolphus.

The three nuts advanced upon Jimmy Silver in battle array. Up went Jimmy's ready fists. He was not the chief of the Fistical Four for nothing. He would not have hesitated a single instant about taking on the three weedy slackers at once.

Nor was it a very dangerous attack. The trio had screwed up their courage to the sticking-point, but they all seemed to be trying to keep behind one another as they advanced upon Jimmy.

But Jimmy's hands dropped suddenly.

Again he had forgotten his promise to Miss Dolly, and again he had remembered it just in time.

With a deeply-troubled face, the captain of the Fourth backed away. "Hands off, you funky cads!" he growled savagely.

"Go for him!" chirruped Adolphus, greatly encouraged by this unexpected and amazing retreat of the warlike Jimmy.

"Kick him out!" yelled Townsend. "I—I'll talk to you about this next week," said Jimmy Silver. "I'll lick all three of you next week!"

"By gad, what a funk!" said Smythe, in surprise and great delight. "You sneakin' coward!"

"What!" yelled Jimmy. "Sneakin' coward!" said Adolphus. "You came in here meddlin', and now you're goin' out on your neck! Collar him, dear boys!"

Jimmy Silver backed to the door, red with rage. The three nuts, their dubiousness quite vanished now, leaped upon him.

Jimmy Silver struggled in their grasp.

His fist was lashing out, but he stopped the blow. He was bound in honour not to fight. It was a terrible restriction—a really dismaying situation. But there it was.

"Out he goes!" chirped Adolphus. Crash!

Jimmy Silver flew through the doorway, and bumped down in the passage.

"Ow!" he gasped.

A roar of laughter from the triumphant nuts followed him.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Exit, Jimmy Silver!" chortled Adolphus. "Don't you come meddlin' here again," said Townsend, wagging a forefinger at him. "We're not standin' any more of your rot, Jimmy Silver!"

Jimmy Silver sat up, crimson and panting. The crash in the passage had brought several fellows out of their studies. They stared at Jimmy Silver, and at the grinning nuts in the doorway, hardly able to believe their eyes. Jimmy Silver had been chucked out of Townsend's study, and he was taking it lying down—literally. It was amazing—incredible.

Oswald ran to help Jimmy up. "Go for 'em, old son!" he said. "I'll back you up. Lend us a hand, Flynn! One to one is fair play."

"Sure, and I'm ready!" said Flynn promptly. "Come on, Jimmy!"

Jimmy Silver stood and gasped. "Hold on!" he stuttered. "It—it's all right!"

"I'm not going to scrap—not now."

"Haven't you been chucked out of that study?" demanded Oswald. "Ye-es-s!"

"And ain't you going for the cads?"

"No." "Well, my only hat!" "Howly mother av Moses!" Jimmy Silver, with a crimson face,

turned away. A delighted cackle from Adolphus Smythe followed him. "The blessed funk! Yah! Sneakin' coward!"

Jimmy Silver heard the taunt, but he heeded not. He walked away down the passage without a word. There was a buzz of amazement mingled with contempt. Even Leggett, the funk of the Fourth, would not have taken that quietly. But Jimmy Silver had!

"Well, that beats the band!" said Jones minor. "What's the matter with Jimmy Silver? I never thought he was a funk!"

"He isn't," said Oswald quickly. "Then why don't he go for Smythe?"

"He's afraid to, my infants," said

NOTICE TO TOMMY DODD AND ALL MODERN CADS!

"The Classical side hereby challenge the Modern worms to a Snow Fight to-morrow (Wednesday) afternoon, if there is enouf snow. They promise them a thundering licking, and if they have the cheek to turn up, they undertake to lick them to the Wide, and make them sorry that they came along.

(Signed) E. A. LOVELL, "For the Classical Fourth."

The three Tommies chuckled gleefully over that missive.

"That's the kind of syntax you get on a mouldy old Classical side," Tommy Dodd remarked. "Anybody guess from this which is 'they' and which is 'them'?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Blessed if it isn't like one of those epoch-making speeches by a great statesman—you have to guess what it may possibly mean," remarked Tommy.

"But, I suppose, being interpreted, it means that they're sending us a challenge to a snow-fight. Well, the snow's falling already, and there'll be plenty by to-morrow afternoon. There won't be any footer, so we may as well lick those Classical cads."

"Hear, hear!" "Any answer?" asked the Second-

The three Tommies roared over that excellent reply, and the fag was despatched with it.

Snooks of the Second returned whistling to the end study in the rival camp. The Fistical Four were all there, beginning their preparation. Snooks came in and pitched the letter on the table.

"Where's my tart?" he inquired. "Is that Tommy Dodd's answer?" asked Lovell.

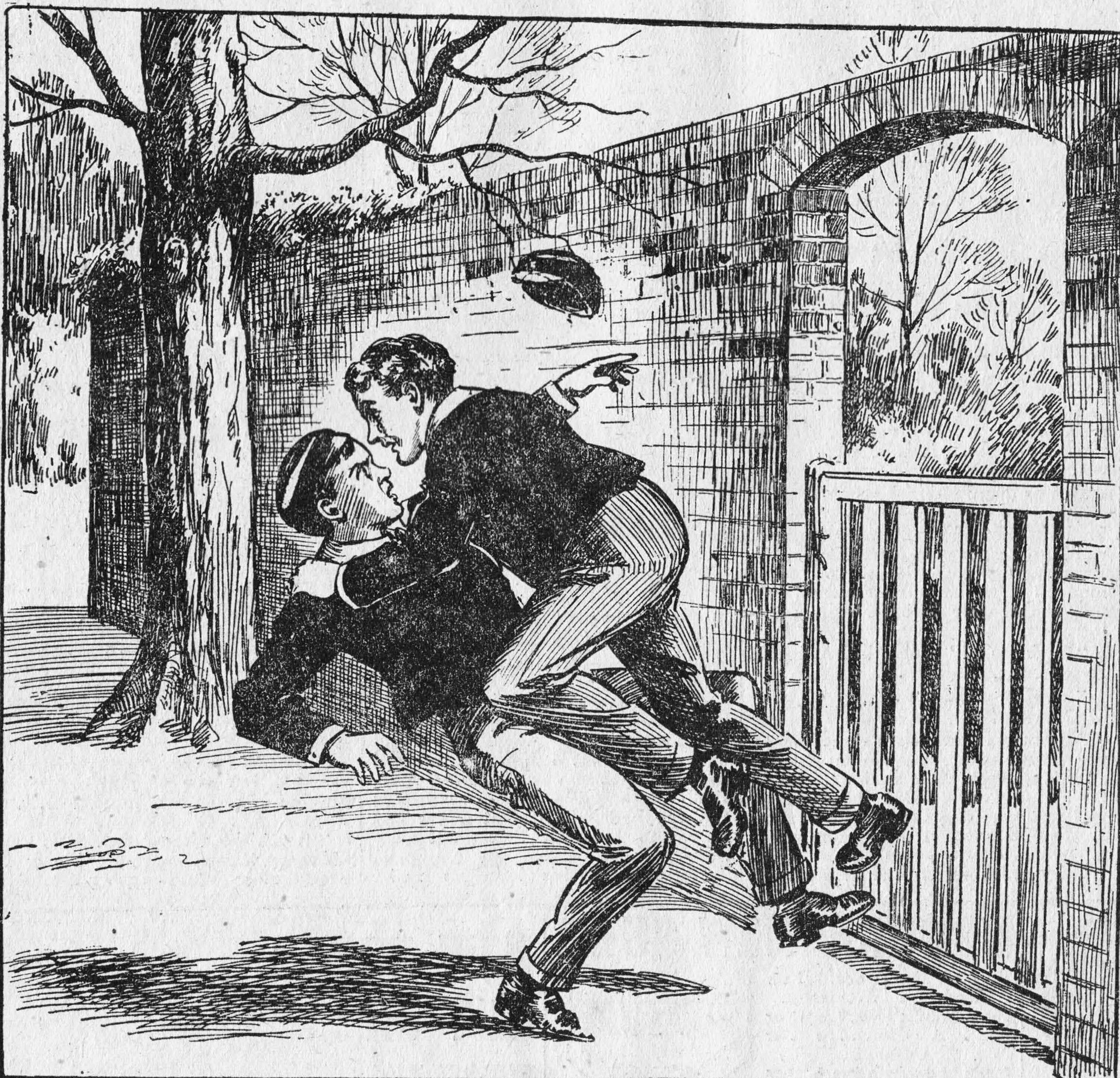
"Yes. Where's my tart?" demanded Snooks. "The Modern cads were cackling like anything over your letter, Lovell."

"Oh, were they?" said Lovell wrathfully. "Yes; they thought the grammar was all wrong," said Snooks cheerfully, as he took his tart from the study-cupboard. "I dare say it was. You chaps in the Fourth don't know much."

Snooks of the Second hurriedly retired with his tart after making that remark. If he had lingered, he would have been in peril of taking a thick ear back with him to the lair of the Second.

Jimmy Silver grinned, and Lovell frowned. He opened the letter, and stared as he read it.

"Well, my hat!" ejaculated Lovell. "Talk about grammar! Look at that!"



Jimmy Silver hurled himself forward, as if he were trying to shut himself up like a pocket-knife. His weight being thus thrown on Tommy Dodd, that cheery youth went staggering back, and Jimmy Silver sprawled over him and brought him to the ground.

Adolphus loftily. Adolphus was as surprised as any of the juniors by Jimmy's amazing attitude, but he was highly delighted. "The fact is, dear boys, we've all stood too much cheek from that kid Silver, and I'm goin' to see about keepin' him in his place after this. We'll finish that little smoke, Towny."

"Yaas, you bet!" said Towny. The three "blades" resumed their laudable occupation, and cigarette-smoke filled the study again. This time there was no interference from the captain of the Fourth.

The 4th Chapter. The Challenge Accepted.

"A giddy challenge!" said Tommy Dodd.

"Let's look," remarked Tommy Cook, putting down his teacup.

And Tommy Doyle suspended operations on a large cake.

The three Tommies had received the epistle from the Classical side. It was written upon a sheet of impot paper, in Edward Arthur Lovell's somewhat sprawling hand. It ran:

Form fag who had brought the note. He was waiting.

"Yes, rather," said Tommy Dodd. "You wait a minute, young Snooks. I'm going to write the answer."

"Buck up, then," said young Snooks. "Lovell's giving me a jam-tart for this, but I ain't going to waste time over it!"

"Dry up, you cheeky little worm!"

Tommy Dodd took a pen and a leaf from an exercise-book, and with many chuckles indited the following reply:

TO THE CADS, WORMS, BOUNDERS, AND FREAKS OF THE CLASSICAL SIDE.

"Them having received the challenge of they, they and them will give them the licking of their lives. The Modern Side hope that they, them, those, those, other and which will all turn up.

(Signed) TOMMY DODD, "For the Modern Side."

The Classical chums looked at it, and burst into a roar.

"If that's their Modern grammar, give me Classical," said Lovell.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you cackling at, you duffers?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here—" bawled Lovell. "I'm afraid he's pulling your leg a bit!" chuckled Raby. "Never mind; they accept the challenge and we're going to lick them to-morrow!"

"We're jolly well going to lick them, that's a cert!" grunted Lovell. "You'd better pass the word round to the fellows, Jimmy."

"You'd better do that," said Jimmy uneasily; "I can't."

"Ain't you skipper?"

"I leave it to you for to-morrow."

"Well, that's all right," agreed Lovell. "I dare say I shall handle it better than you would. But you'll have to back me up."

"Sorry! I—I—I—"

"I—I—I—" mimicked Lovell. "I suppose you're not going to funk

a scrap with the Moderns, Jimmy Silver?"

"Numno; but—" "Blow your butts! I suppose you want to stand out of it!" exclaimed Raby.

"Yes."

"Wha-a-t!"

"I—I'm going out on my bike to-morrow afternoon—"

"On your bike—in six inches of snow!" yelled Newcome.

"Ahem! Well, no; not on my bike. I—I'm going for a walk."

The Fistical Three stared at their leader, dumbfounded.

"You—you're going out just to get out of a scrap with the Moderns!" Lovell managed to articulate at last.

Jimmy Silver crimsoned, but he did not reply. The three exchanged glances, and wrath mingled with scorn in their faces. Jimmy Silver groaned inwardly.

His fatal promise lay like lead upon his heart. He was taking the only possible course, under the circumstances. But the chums were bound to misunderstand.

It was upon his lips to tell them of the promise he had made to Miss Dolly. But he did not utter it. Only too keenly he realised the ridicule that would follow. For a fellow to be tied to a girl's apron-strings was too ridiculous; he knew that he would never hear the end of it. He felt that Miss Dolly had been very hard on him. But there was no help for it now. It was hard, however, to "keep smiling," when his chums were looking at him as they were looking at him now.

There was a long silence in the study. Lovell turned to his preparation again without a word. The look on his face was sufficient to express his thoughts.

Raby blinked at Jimmy Silver, and then began to work. Only Newcome addressed a word to the unfortunate chief of the end study.

"Jimmy, old man, are you trying to pull our leg?"

"No."

"Are you really going out to-morrow afternoon?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Oh, just because—because—" Jimmy Silver shrugged his shoulders irritably. "Never mind why. I'm not a funk, you silly asses! But—but I'm not going to scrap with the Moderns."

Lovell looked up grimly. "I've heard that Smythe kicked you out of Towny's study," he said. "I suppose that's true?"

Jimmy did not answer.

"Well, Jimmy Silver, if you want my opinion—"

"I don't!"

"You can have it, all the same. You're either a silly fool or a howling, rotten funk, and I'm fed-up with you. Keep out of the scrap, if you want to—I sha'n't ask you again. But all the fellows will know what you're keeping out for, and you know what they'll think."

Jimmy Silver knew only too well. But he made no reply; and preparation was resumed in the end study—in grim and gloomy silence. The cheery harmony in that celebrated study seemed to be gone for good.

The 5th Chapter. The Snow Fight.

"Ripping!" said Lovell, as the juniors came out after morning lessons on the following day.

It was really ripping, from the point of view of the juniors, who were looking forward to the snow-fight.

The quadrangle was a sheet of white, and snow gleamed on every wall and ledge and window. Keen frosty sunshine gleamed on the snow.

Nearly all the Classical Fourth, and many of the Third and the Shell, were merrily anticipating the battle. Jimmy Silver's face alone was clouded.

No one would have enjoyed an exciting snow-battle more thoroughly than Jimmy Silver. That keen, sunny, frosty afternoon seemed specially designed for it. And it was probably the last good snowfall of the season, too. The opportunity, if lost, would not recur.

Jimmy debated seriously in his mind during dinner.

He had promised the autocratic Miss Dolly not to fight anybody again for a week. Honour Bright bound him in unbreakable bonds. But a snow-battle scarcely came within the category of "fights"—so long as it did not develop into fist-cuffs. Fisticuffs were barred, but not snowballing. Only it was extremely probable that when snow-



IN HONOUR

(Continued from the previous page.)

BOUND!

balls gave out, the rivals of Rookwood would betake themselves to fists and twisted caps, and then—

Then Jimmy Silver would have to "chuck" it. Lovell grunted at him as they came out after dinner. Lovell was looking sour.

"Are you coming with us, or are you funkling?" he asked. Jimmy Silver made up his mind.

"I'll come—so long as it's only snowballing. But I'm not going to fight anybody."

"Why not?" shrieked Lovell. "Oh, because—"

"Oh, go and eat coke!" The Classics marched out in battle array, with the Fistical Four at their head. Adolphus Smythe and his cronies watched them with supercilious smiles. Snowfighting—or, indeed, any healthy open-air exertion of any kind—was not in the line of Adolphus & Co.

The Classics set to work heartily. Behind the frozen, leafless old beeches the snow fort was erected, big blocks of snow jammed together in great style. The breastwork was piled high, and inside the fortifications piles of snowballs were prepared. Lovell & Co. did not mean to run short of ammunition.

Jimmy Silver helped heartily in that work. At three o'clock the attack was to come. The Classics were to hold the fort, and the Moderns were to attack. Owing to the "slackers" standing out on the Classical side, the odds were on the side of the Moderns. But the fortifications were strong and well supplied with ammunition, and the Classics had no doubt whatever about being able to hold their own.

As three chimed out from the clock-tower on the Modern side, Tommy Dodd & Co. appeared, in imposing array.

Tommy Dodd was armed with the bugle he used on paperchases, and he called his men together with stirring blasts.

"Ta-ta-ra-ra-ta-ra!" "Here they come!" said Lovell. "Mind, they're not to get into the fort. If they get our flag down we're beaten. Straight from the shoulder, you know."

"You bet!" "All hands repel boarders," grinned Raby.

The Moderns advanced to the attack in four separate parties, to attack all four sides of the fort at once. Thus Tommy Dodd, who was a skilled

general, had directed. The three Tommies and Towle led the four parties from the four quarters. Over the heads of the waiting Classics the flag blew out on the breeze.

"Ta-ra-ra-ra-ra!" The bugle blew the signal for the assault.

From all sides came the rush of the warlike Moderns, with armfuls of snowballs and a heavy, concentrated fire.

"Back up!" roared Jimmy Silver. "Go it, Classics!"

From the snow walls of the fort snowballs flew in thick volleys. The rushing Moderns met a storm of missiles. From behind the cover of the fortifications the Classics pelted them mercilessly.

Whiz! Whiz! Squash! Crash! Bash! Howl!

The fun waxed fast and furious. Back went the Moderns, blinded by squashing snowballs, bowled over by the rain of squashy missiles. On all sides of the fort they sprawled in the snow and gasped and roared.

Three of the attacking parties, hopelessly defeated, surged and sprawled away. But on one side Tommy Dodd came gallantly up to the breastwork, backed up by Lacy and Webb, and gained a footing. The Moderns behind him rallied at his yell, and rushed after him. Moderns driven off on the other sides came racing round to join the successful storming-party.

Snowballs filled the air, but the Moderns came on. Tommy Dodd & Co. were too close now for snowballs to be much use, and the ammunition, ample as it was, was giving out.

It was hand-to-hand now. Lovell grasped Tommy Dodd as the Modern chief sprawled over the snow-wall, and strove to hurl him back. But Tommy Dodd was not to be hurled. He clung to Lovell, and they rolled over together—inside the fort.

"Back up!" shrieked Lovell breathlessly.

"Pile in, Moderns!" "Hurrah!"

All the garrison were crowding to the threatened spot, and it looked as if the attack, close as it was, would be driven back. But there was a yell from the other side, and Tommy Doyle and a crowd of juniors came swarming over an undefended wall. They were inside the fort on its

neglected side before the Classics could get back and man the walls.

"Pile in, ye spalpeens!" roared Tommy Doyle.

"Hurrah! Down with the Classical worms!"

"Back up!" yelled Jimmy Silver. On all sides the Moderns were swarming in now, and numbers began to tell. Lovell was collared and dumped in the snow, and Tommy Dodd sprang up and made a rush for the flagstaff. As he laid his hand on it to drag down the Classical colours Jimmy Silver dashed up and grabbed him by the shoulder.

Tommy Dodd spun round in Jimmy's grasp.

He put up his hands with a chuckle. "Here's for your nose, you Classical ass!"

"Hold on!" gasped Jimmy.

"Eh? Why, I'll—"

Jimmy Silver backed away. His face was crimson—but he backed. Snowballing was over, and it had come to fisticuffs, as he had anticipated. But he could not fight Tommy Dodd.

Tommy Dodd was astounded. He had expected a terrific tussle for the flag. But as Jimmy backed away, Dodd laughed, and turned to the flagstaff again. With a wrench he tore it out of the ground, and the Classical colours came fluttering down.

There was a roar of triumph from the Moderns.

"Funk!" yelled Flynn, shaking his fist at Jimmy Silver. Flynn was sitting on Tommy Cook, and was very busy.

Jimmy did not reply.

The fight was nearly over now. The Classics missed the strong arm of Jimmy Silver in the final tussle, and the odds were too great. They were pitched headlong out of the fort, and the remainder of their own piles of snowballs whizzed after them.

Up went the flagstaff again, with a Modern cap floating at the top.

Cheer on cheer burst from the Modern juniors. The fort was captured, the Moderns had triumphed. And the Classics, with feelings too deep for words, had to leave the victorious enemy in possession of the fort.

The 6th Chapter.

Hard Cheese!

"Funk!" That unpleasant word, in a regular howl, greeted Jimmy Silver in the Fourth-Form passage a little later.

"Funk!" "Worm!"

"Prussian!"

The Classical Fourth could hardly think of epithets severe enough for Jimmy Silver.

A dozen pairs of eyes had seen him back down before Tommy Dodd at the critical moment. The general opinion was that if Jimmy Silver had backed up, as he ought to have done, the battle would have been won. But the flag had been hauled down, and that settled it—all through Jimmy Silver.

Flynn shook his knuckles under

Jimmy's nose in the Fourth-Form passage. Lovell and Raby and Newcome had not a word to say for their chum.

Jimmy's face was scarlet. He could not explain; and, indeed, if he had told the facts, his explanation would have been regarded as an excuse for funkling.

"Funk!" roared Flynn. "Ain't ye ashamed to show ye're face, Jimmy Silver?"

"Oh, rats!" growled Jimmy.

"What's come over you, Jimmy?" exclaimed Oswald. "You used not to be a funk."

"So you think I'm a funk, too?" growled Jimmy.

"Well, what's a fellow to think?"

"Ye're afraid of a Modern cad!" howled Flynn. "Ye won't stand up to Tommy Dodd! Well, you can stand up to me! Put up your paws, you funk!"

Jimmy backed away.

"Hold on! I'm not going to fight you, Flynn!"

"Faith, and ye are!" said Flynn grimly. "And that's for a start!"

"That" was a dab on Jimmy Silver's nose, and the captain of the Fourth staggered back. Without stopping to think, he let out his left, and Flynn rolled on the floor of the passage with a roar.

"Yaroooh!"

"Well hit!" grinned Lovell.

But Jimmy Silver stood conscience-stricken. He was fighting, after his promise!

He jammed his hands hard into his pockets.

"I'm sorry, Flynn," he said awkwardly. "I—I didn't mean to hit you! I forgot!"

Flynn scrambled up.

"Sure, I'll make ye sorrier, ye spalpeen!"

He rushed to the attack. His right and left knocked upon Jimmy's crimson countenance.

Jimmy Silver's hands remained in his pockets. He did not make the slightest motion to defend himself.

The juniors gazed on in amazement.

Flynn dropped his hands.

"Put up ye're paws!" he bawled.

"I won't!"

Jimmy's face had turned pale now, but he was quite calm.

"You—you won't put up ye're hands?" stuttered Flynn, taken quite aback.

"No."

"Is it dotty ye are?"

"Are you finished?" asked Jimmy grimly.

"Sure, I won't hit a chap who won't hit back!" said Flynn contemptuously, stepping back. "Ye're a rotten funk, and that's what ye are, Jimmy Silver!"

"By gad!" the drawing voice of Adolphus Smythe chimed in. "Did you ever see such a funk, dear boys? A disgrace to the side, I call it!"

Jimmy Silver moved away down the passage, but the elegant figure of Smythe of the Shell stepped in the way.

"Stop!" he commanded.

Jimmy Silver stopped. He could not go on without knocking Adolphus

Smythe out of the way, and that was impossible under the circumstances, though easy enough under any other circumstances.

Adolphus smiled. More than once he had felt the weight of Jimmy Silver's arm, and now his time had come. That sudden and amazing attack of "funk" placed his old enemy at his mercy.

And Adolphus was not merciful to a fallen enemy.

"You're a funkling cad, Jimmy Silver," he said.

"Let me pass!"

"Not yet," said Adolphus.

"You're a meddlin', interferin' rotter, and I'm goin' to pull your ear!"

The Classical Fourth looked on, breathless. Would Jimmy Silver stand that from the dandy of the Shell? It was impossible—unthinkable! Smythe stretched out his hand—a little nervously, as a matter of fact—and seized Jimmy Silver's ear between his finger and thumb.

"Jimmy!" gasped Lovell.

The chums of the end study were red with humiliation. Jimmy Silver's pale face flushed crimson, but he did not withdraw his hands from his pockets.

Smythe pulled his ear!

There was a general gasp as Jimmy, when Smythe released his ear, walked away without a word.

"By gad!" chortled Adolphus.

"What a rotten funk! Yarooop!" Lovell's fist smote Adolphus fairly on the nose, and he went heels over head along the passage.

Adolphus landed with a crash. Lovell walked away with Raby and Newcome. But they did not follow Jimmy Silver. They were ashamed of their chum; and Jimmy, as he went out miserably into the snowy quadrangle, was ashamed of himself. Yet he had no cause for shame. He had made a reckless promise, and he was keeping it, as he was in honour bound to do.

The 7th Chapter.

Miss Dolly is Sorry!

"Jimmy, what's the matter?"

Jimmy Silver was leaning on the gate of the Head's garden, as the dusk deepened over Rookwood School. He was feeling utterly dejected.

He had tasted the very dregs of the cup of humiliation.

Smythe of the Shell—the funky, lazy, lackadaisical Adolphus—had pulled his ear in public, and he had taken it without resentment.

His chums avoided him. If they looked at him, it was with scorn in their looks. His name was a byword in the Form of which he had been the leader.

And only two days of that terrible week had elapsed. What was to happen in the other five—bullying from mean fellows whom he had always despised, ragging, scorn, contempt, avoidance?

Even Leggett would wipe out old scores by licking him, now that it was safe. Townsend and Topham would cuff him; Smythe would pull his ears. He writhed with shame as he contemplated the near future.

True, when that awful week had elapsed, he would be able to wipe out the stain; he would have more fights on his hands than he had during his whole career at Rookwood; but—

His ear was still burning from the grip of Smythe's fingers. It seemed to scorch him like a hot iron. He groaned aloud in his miserable dejection. Miss Dolly didn't know the harm she had done!

A soft voice from the other side of the gate startled him from his glum reverie.

He started and looked round. Miss Dolly was gazing at him over the gate, with concern in her pretty face.

"Are you ill, Jimmy?" she asked.

"Nunno."

"Then what's the matter?"

"N-n-nothing."

"You're looking awfully miserable," said Miss Dolly, inspecting him.

"I—I feel rather rotten, Miss Dolly."

"Have you been fighting again?" exclaimed the young lady severely.

Jimmy Silver groaned dismally.

"Of course I haven't! Didn't I promise you I wouldn't?"

"Did you?"

Jimmy Silver jumped.

"Did I?" he gasped. "Don't you remember—"

"Yes, I remember now," said Miss Dolly placidly. "I had forgotten."

"Forgotten!" Jimmy Silver felt almost dazed. "Forgotten! My hat! Well, I haven't had a chance to forget, Miss Dolly!"

"But what's the matter?"

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 Ledell 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.

MOUSTACHE! A smart, soldierly Moustache speedily grows with "Mousta," the wonderful forcer. Childish faces become manly and attractive. Full treatment sent by return in plain cover for 1/3. Send at once 1/3 P.O. to—Mousta Co. (Dept. A.), 682, Holloway Road, London, N.

A Real Lever Simulation GOLD WATCH FREE Guaranteed 5 years. SEND 6d. ONLY. A straightforward generous offer from an established firm. We are giving away Watches to thousands of people all over the world as a huge advertisement. Now is your chance to obtain one. Write now, enclosing P.O. 6d. for posting expenses, for one of our fashionable Ladies' Long Guards, or Gents' Alberts, sent carriage paid, to wear with the Watch, which will be given Free should you take advantage of our marvellous offer. We expect you to tell your friends about us and show them the beautiful Watch. Don't think this offer too good to be true, but send 6d. only, fulfil simple conditions, and gain a Free Watch. You will be amazed. Colonial Orders 1s.

BROOKS' NEW CURE FOR RUPTURE Brooks' Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful. No obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lies. Durable. Cheap. SENT ON TRIAL. CATALOGUE FREE. BROOKS' APPLIANCE COMPANY, 787b, Bank Buildings, Kingsway, London, W.C.

80 MAGIC TRICKS, Illusions, etc., with instructions. Also 40 Tricks with Cards. The lot post free 1/-.—T. W. HARRISON, 239, PEI' TONVILLE ROAD, LONDON, N. VENTRILOQUISM.—Learn this wonderful & laughable art. Failure impossible with our new book of easy instructions & amusing dialogues. Only 7d. (P.O.) Valuable Book on Conjuring (illus.) given free with all orders for short time.—Ideal Publishing Dept., Clevedon, Som.

BLUSHING. Famous Doctor's Recipe for this most distressing complaint. 6d. Testimonials.—Mr. GEORGE, 80, OLD CHURCH RD., CLEVEDON. THE "LITTLE SPITFIRE" AIR RIFLE. 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 bottle and target practice. Securely packed, with sample of shot; postage 5d. extra. Illustrated List, 1d.—B. FRANKS & Co., Gun Manufacturers, Empire Works, Caroline Street, Birmingham.

NEW BOOKS OUT ON FRIDAY! No. 325: FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN. A Thrilling Story of the Merchant Service. By DAVID GOODWIN. No. 326: THE AIR RAIDERS. A Grand Story of the Anti-Aircraft Corps. By SIDNEY DREW. No. 327: OFFICER AND TROOPER. A Magnificent Story of Life in the Army. By BEVERLEY KENT. 3 NEW ADDITIONS TO THE "BOYS' FRIEND" 3d. COMPLETE LIBRARY.



IN HONOUR

(Continued from the previous page.)

BOUND!

"Forgotten!" said Jimmy, with growing indignation. "And I'm called a funk, and despised by every chap in the school—kicked out of a study, punched on the nose, had my ear pulled by a funky cad—all because I made you that promise, and you've forgotten!"

"I'm so sorry, Jimmy," said Miss Dolly softly. "Of course, I—I knew you would keep that promise. But what's the matter with your nose?"

"Knuckles," said Jimmy grimly. "And—and your ear?"

"Pulled."

"Then you have been fighting, after all?"

"No, I haven't. I've been bullied and ragged and kicked, and made to look a cowardly worm!" groaned Jimmy Silver. "I—I didn't hit back, you see—only once when I forgot!"

"Oh, Jimmy!" Miss Dolly was silent for a few moments, and then her face dimpled. "Why, you're laughing!" ejaculated Jimmy Silver. "It isn't a laughing matter for me, I can tell you, Miss Dolly!"

"I'm so sorry, Jimmy. I—I wish I hadn't made you make that promise," said Miss Dolly kindly. "I did not think this would happen. It was very hard on you, Jimmy. I'm really sorry. And I release you from the promise, too!"

Jimmy Silver brightened up. "Do you mean that, Miss Dolly? I'll stick it out for a week if you like!"

"No—no! It was a mistake, and I don't want you to. Has a bad boy really pulled your poor ear, Jimmy?" asked Miss Dolly sympathetically.

"Looks like it, doesn't it?" mumbled Jimmy. "And you didn't punch him because you had promised?"

"Yes."

"He must have been a coward, Jimmy, to do such a thing. Will you make me another promise?"

"Tell me what it is first," said Jimmy Silver cautiously.

Miss Dolly smiled. "Promise me to punch that bad boy's head, but—but not too hard!"

"What-ho!"

Miss Dolly hurried away. Jimmy Silver grinned. That dreadful promise which had weighed upon him like a nightmare for two days was rescinded now—it was replaced by another promise which it would be perfectly delightful to carry out.

Jimmy Silver whistled cheerily as he walked to the School House. There was a surprise in store for the Classical Fourth.

The 8th Chapter, Jimmy Silver on the Warpath, "Here he comes!" "Classical funk!"

"Oh, cheese it!" said Tommy Dodd. "Let the poor beast alone! He can't help being a funk!"

The group of Modern juniors grinned. Jimmy Silver came up to them sedately.

"Anybody here call me a funk?" he inquired, in polite tones.

"Well, if you put it like that, I do!" said Tommy Dodd warmly.

His hands went up as he spoke, and they were needed. Jimmy Silver was rushing at him.

"A fight!" yelled Lovell. There was a ring round the two combatants at once. Jimmy Silver was going it. But Tommy Dodd was a redoubtable antagonist, and it was a terrific scrap.

How that terrific encounter would have ended cannot be said, for Bulkeley of the Sixth bore down upon the scene.

"Cave!" yelled Raby. The two combatants separated, and retreated in different directions. The captain of Rookwood arrived upon the spot, but the juniors were gone.

Bulkeley grinned, and walked away. When he was gone, Lovell and Raby and Newcome reappeared from behind the beeches, and Lovell and

Raby had linked arms with Jimmy Silver. The Fistical Four were on the best of terms again.

"Come in to tea, Jimmy," said Lovell affectionately. "I—I knew you weren't a funk, you know. But what the merry dickens were you playing that idiotic game for?"

"It was a promise!" growled Jimmy Silver. "But it's all over now, and don't ask any questions! I want to see Flynn."

"Ha, ha, ha!" The Fistical Four entered the School House, and Flynn was encountered on the upper landing. He grinned scornfully at the sight of Jimmy Silver.

"You called me a funk, Flynn, old chap!" said Jimmy Silver cheerily.

"Exactly!" said Jimmy Silver calmly. "Here it is!" He bent his head towards Adolphus, while the Fourth-Formers, crowding outside the doorway, chuckled.

Adolphus looked surprised. He did not quite like the look in Jimmy Silver's eyes.

"Pull his ear, and kick him out!" said Tracy.

"Yaas, begad, if he don't go!" said Adolphus uneasily. "Get out while you're safe, Silver, you cheeky young cad!"

"Are you going to let me off, Smythe?" asked Jimmy.

"Yaas, I'm lettin' you off this time!"

"Thanks! But I'm not letting you off!" smiled Jimmy.

"Look here—Leggo! Hands off, you beast!"

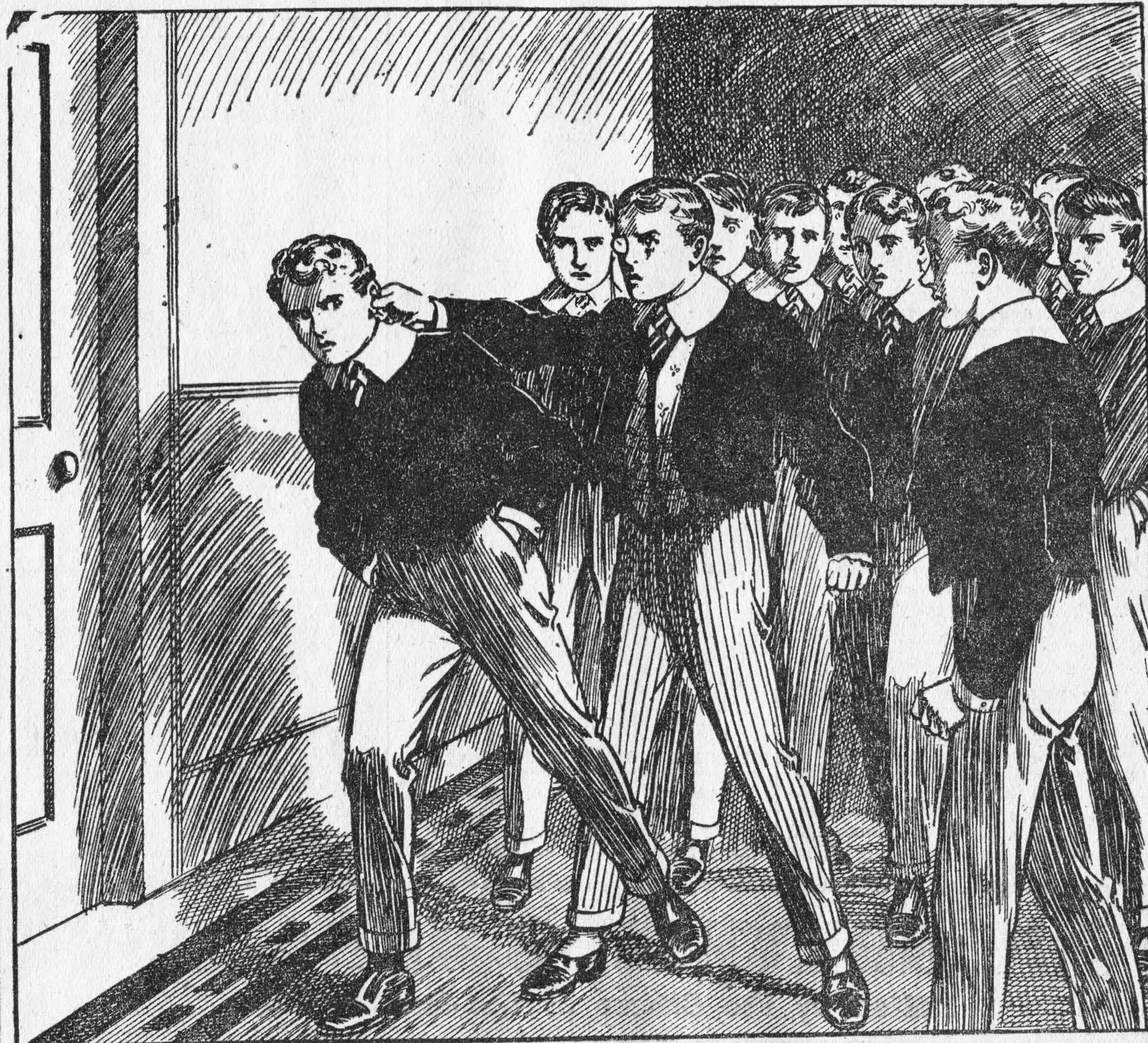
"Ha, ha, ha!"

The table rocked as Jimmy Silver and Adolphus Smythe bumped into it, struggling. Howard and Tracy jumped up, and retreated to the wall. Adolphus did not struggle long. The amazing funkiness on which he had relied had vanished, and Jimmy Silver was his old self again.

"Leggo!" moaned Adolphus. "I've had enough! Wow-ow-w-ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jimmy Silver fixed his finger and



"Jimmy!" gasped Lovell, as Smythe gripped the junior captain by the ear. The chums of the end study were red with humiliation. Jimmy Silver's pale face flushed crimson, but he did not withdraw his hands from his pockets.

"Faith, and so ye are— Oh, my hat!"

For five minutes there was a terrific tussle on the landing. The Classical Fourth came round in a crowd to watch.

At the end of the fifth minute Flynn confessed that he had had enough. He certainly looked as if he had had a little too much.

"Shure, and phwat's the matter wid ye, intoirly?" he mumbled, as he dabbed his damaged nose.

"Pulling our leg, ye baste? Groooogh!"

"Give us your fin, old scout," said Jimmy Silver, "and come along with me! I've got to see Smythe!"

Flynn grinned. "Faith, I'll come wid pleasure!" Half the Classical Fourth marched with the Fistical Four to Smythe's study, in the Shell corridor.

Jimmy Silver kicked the door open, and stalked in. Smythe and Tracy and Howard were at tea. They burst into a merry chortle at the sight of Jimmy Silver.

"Here's the funk!" said Adolphus. "Have you come here to have your ear pulled again, Jimmy Silver?"

thumb upon Adolphus' prominent nose.

"Had enough?" he inquired politely.

"Wow-wow!"

The grip on Adolphus' nose tightened like a vice.

"Are you sorry?"

"Yow-ow! Yaas! Led go!"

Jimmy Silver let go at last, and Adolphus sank into a chair, clasping his nose with both hands, in deep anguish.

Jimmy Silver sauntered from the study, amid the loud laughter of the Classical Fourth. The reputation of the leader of the Fistical Four was fully re-established.

There was a merry feed in the end study. Lovell and Raby and Newcome were all grins, and Jimmy Silver was looking his old self again; and Flynn, with a darkened eye and a damaged nose, was an honoured guest. The clouds had rolled by, and once more Uncle James was monarch of all he surveyed.

THE END. ("The Duffer of the Fourth!" is the title of next Monday's magnificent long complete tale of Jimmy Silver & Co. Don't miss it!)

TALES TO TELL! Our weekly prize-winners. Look out for YOUR winning storyette.

SORRY HE SPOKE. Old Gentleman (to pavement artist): "H'm! I could draw that piece of meat better myself!" Pavement Artist (picking up the meat): "Oh, you could, could you? I call that real smart, seeing that it's my dinner!"—Sent in by C. A. Roberts, Muswell Hill.

FULL LENGTH. Tommy had been given a postal-order for ten shillings by a fond uncle, and, being desirous of possessing a dog, he forthwith made his way to the local fancier's to inspect the animals on view there. He surveyed first one, then another, but none of them seemed to

VERY TIRING. Lawyer: "I want your worship to fine this man, who was knocked down by my client's car." Magistrate: "Fine him! What ever for?" Lawyer: "Well, your worship, he had a nail in his pocket when my client's car ran over him, and it punctured one of the tyres!"—Sent in by T. Smart, Stanley, near Crook.

REPROVED. A certain eminent judge was recently trying a case, when he was disturbed by a young man who kept moving about in the back of the court, lifting chairs and looking about on the floor. "Young man," exclaimed the judge, "you are making a great deal of unnecessary noise! What are you doing it for?" "My lord," replied the young man, "I have lost my overcoat, and am trying to find it!" "Well," said the venerable judge, "people often lose whole suits in this court, without making a disturbance of this sort!"—Sent in by J. H. Higgins, Norwich.

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE. "What's the shape of the earth?" asked the school teacher of his class. For a moment not a single boy answered. The teacher repeated his question, and this time Willie Wilkins put up his hand. "Please, teacher," he said meekly, "the earth is round!" "How do you know that?" asked the teacher. Willie looked rather crestfallen. "All right, then," he said, "it's square, then. I don't want to start any argument about it!"—Sent in by Ben Ling, Norwich.

HIS CHANGED APPEARANCE. In a certain town in the Midlands the other day a middle-aged man entered a barber's shop. "Good-morning, sir!" said the affable barber. "Hair cut or shave?" "Oh, shave, please!" said the customer, seating himself down in a chair. The barber took up his brush, and commenced to lather his man. "Have you ever been here before, sir?" he asked. "Only once," replied the man in the chair. "But I don't remember your face," responded the man with the razor. "Probably not," coolly replied the customer. "It's healed up now!"—Sent in by C. Haynes, New Ferry.

EVERY MAN TO HIS TRADE. A sailor was called into the witness-box to give evidence. "Well, sir," said the lawyer, "do you know the plaintiff and the defendant?" "I don't know the drift of them words," answered the sailor. "What! Not know the meaning of plaintiff and defendant?" continued the lawyer. "A fine fellow you are to come here as witness! Can you tell me, then, where on board the ship it was that this man struck the other?" "Abaft the binnacle," said the sailor. "Abaft the binnacle!" said the lawyer. "What do you mean by that?" "A fine fellow you are," responded the sailor, "to come here as a lawyer, and don't know what 'abaft the binnacle' means!"—Sent in by A. R. Longthorp, Hull.

THE CAUSE OF IT ALL. Private Yeoman: "Wonder wot's wrong with this blessed hoss! 'E went all right at first, an' now 'e won't move a single inch!" Small Boy (pointing to the man's spurs): "Did yer touch 'im with them things?" Private Yeoman: "Course I did! 'E—"

MONEY PRIZES OFFERED! Readers are invited to send on postcard 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.

SUITABLY NAMED. First Boy: "I call my dog 'Sausage,' because it is only half-bred. What's the name of your goat?" Second Boy: "Oh, I always call him 'Nearly.'" First Boy: "What ever for?" Second Boy: "Because he is nearly all butts." First Boy: "That's good! But what do you think we used to call our old cockerel?" Second Boy: "Dunno!" First Boy: "'Robinson'—because he crew so!"—Sent in by F. Dyer, Portsmouth.