

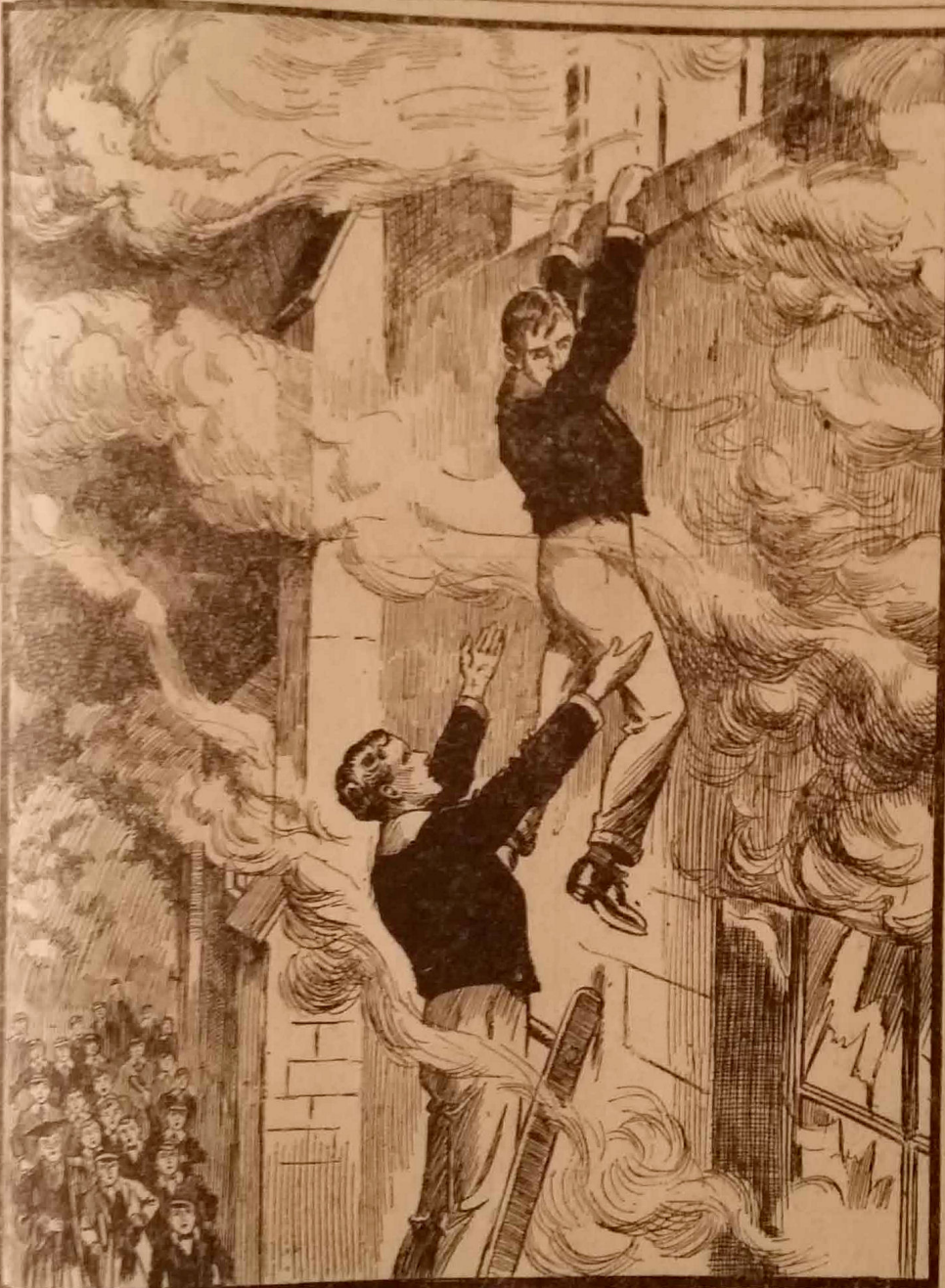
The BOYS' FRIEND I^d.

OUR MOTTO IS: "PLAY THE GAME!"

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ONE PENNY.

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THE HERO OF ROOKWOOD!

A Magnificent New Long Complete Story, dealing with the Adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co. By OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter The Fourth Form Mean Business.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Bootles, in astonishment. The master of the Fourth Form at Rookwood had called out "Come in!" in response to a respectful tap at his study door.

The door had opened, disclosing to Mr. Bootles' astonished eyes about half the Fourth Form crammed in the passage.

The Physical Four of the Fourth—Jimmy Silver, Lovell, Rabby, and Newcome—were in the lead. After them came Tommy Dodd & Co. of the Modern side. Then there were Oswald and Flynn and Rawson, and Van Ryn and Towle and Tubby Muffin, and a dozen more fellows, Classical and Moderns.

And they were all looking excited. They marched into Mr. Bootles' study—eight or nine of them, the rest crowding the doorway and the passage outside. Mr. Bootles blinked at them over his glasses.

"Bless my soul!" he repeated. "The Form-master's study had never held so many of his Form before at once. It was a regular invasion.

"What does this mean?" asked Mr. Bootles, still thinking. "What do all you juniors want here?"

"If you please, sir, we're a deputation," said Jimmy Silver, speaking up as captain of the Fourth.

"Representing both sides of Rookwood, sir—Modern and Classical," said Tommy Dodd.

"Classical and Modern, you mean," remarked Lovell.

"I mean Modern and Classical!" said Tommy Dodd warily.

"Look here, Tommy Dodd—"

"Look here, Lovell—"

"Ahem!" said Mr. Bootles.

Tommy Dodd and Lovell, with a mutual glare, ceased to debate the question of precedence. Mr. Bootles' study, they realised, was not the right place for such a debate, important as the question was.

"Shut up, you two!" said Rabby. "Mr. Bootles is waiting."

"Really—" said Mr. Bootles.

"The fact is, sir," said Lovell, "we're a deputation, representing all Rookwood!"

"Hear, hear!" said the deputation with one voice.

"We want to speak to you, sir—"

"About Mornington, sir—"

"That rotten cad, sir—"

"He hasn't gone—"

"We want him to go—"

"He's got to go—"

The deputation were all speaking at once, and excitement was growing. Jimmy Silver waved his hand for silence.

"Order! Let Lovell speak! Lovell's spokesman!"

"If you have anything to say, I will listen to you," said Mr. Bootles. "But pray be brief."

"Go it, Lovell!"

"It's about Mornington of our Form, sir," said Arthur Edward Lovell. "You know what's happened, sir—Mornington of the Fourth and Beaumont of the Sixth planted a bank-note on Jimmy Silver, and got him accused of stealing it. If old Rawson hadn't got at the truth, Jimmy would have been sacked from Rookwood. He was sacked, in fact, but he wouldn't go—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Well, we hear that Beaumont and Mornington have been expelled for their dirty trick," went on Lovell.

Mr. Bootles nodded.

"Both have been expelled from Rookwood," he said.

"Beaumont has already left the school. Mornington will follow."

"That's the point, sir," said Lovell. "We saw Beaumont go—and a good riddance to him! But Mornington hasn't gone."

"And we want to see the last of him!" said Rawson.

"Hear, hear!"

"They were sacked yesterday for their dirty trick," resumed Lovell. "Beaumont left yesterday afternoon. Mornington didn't. Well, we expected to find that he had gone this morning. But this morning he hadn't gone. His box is still in the dormitory, and his things are still in his

MORNINGTON, THE BOUNDER—AND HERO!

All Mornington's faults, all his rascality, all his treachery were forgotten at that moment of peril. He was the hero who had saved a child from fearful death in the fiery flames—and risked, perhaps lost, his own life in doing so. He was on the sill—clinging blindly, his clothes charred and singed by the flames, blind with pain and smoke—at the end of his strength!

(Continued on the next page.)



THE HERO OF ROOKWOOD!

(Continued from previous page.)

knew that a bomb had dropped—probably dropped at random by the assassin of the air, for in the darkness they could have seen nothing. The deafening roar of the explosion was followed by a deadly silence. The silence was broken by a whimper from Tubby Mullin. "Oh! Oh! Suppose it had dropped on us!" "Shut up!" growled Jimmy Silver. "It may have dropped on somebody. Boom—boom—boom!" The guns were thundering. Jimmy ran to the window. The bomb had dropped quite close at hand. Had it brought death to anyone at Rookwood? Across the black sky search-lights flashed and played. From the darkness of the school buildings came a ruddy glow. "Fire!" muttered Jimmy, in a hushed voice. The bomb had fallen on Rookwood. High in the sky, the throbbing of the Zeppelin's engines had died away

in the silence. The air assassins, as cowardly as ferocious, dared not linger to engage the batteries on the coast. The airship was speeding away inland—scattering bombs on its path; most of them to be wasted on wide fields and moor, but one to find a billet by chance here and there. Against the black sky danced a pale gleam from a burning building. Sharp and shrill a whistle rang out, the signal of the school fire-brigade. Jimmy Silver, half-dressed, rushed to the door, and tore downstairs, with a crowd after him. Below, there was already a crowd—juniors and seniors and masters mingled. The word ran from mouth to mouth: "It's the Head's house!" "It's on fire!" There was a rush out of doors. Danger of falling alighting was not heeded now; the incendiary bomb had fallen on the Head's house, and the building was bursting in flames. And

in that building were Dr. Chisholm and his wife and child. Little Miss Dolly—she was there! Jimmy Silver's heart thumped sick at the thought, and he nearly smothered his cry at the black sky. Had that fair-haired girl, so sweet and merry that afternoon, fallen a victim to the Kaiser's foul machinations? A crowd rushed towards the House, leaping through the garden. Bulkeley, the captain of Rookwood, was tapping out orders to the school firemen. Mr. Bootles tried in vain to keep the juniors indoors. Lovell caught Jimmy Silver by the arm in the quad. "What about Morny?" he muttered. "Hang Morny!" "He's in the snare, you know. It may catch—"

have rushed in, hardly conscious of danger. It was true that there were no ladders. The stairs had been found to fall with a fearful crash and a myriad of rusty spurs. It was a death trap, and there was no chance of escape. Jimmy Silver, Nerdle and Kooles had rushed away for a ladder. Dr. Chisholm covered his face with his hands. "You're sure she's there, sir?" muttered Bulkeley. "I called her; she followed me," said the Head in a trembling voice. "My wife had intended I was carrying her. I thought Dolly was close behind me. The smoke may have overcome her. Heaven be merciful!" "The ladder!" yelled Lovell. "Back up with the ladder!" Jimmy Silver ground his teeth. "You fool, Bulkeley! Let me go! I'll save her!" Bulkeley shook his head, and held him. It was death; and the sacrifice would have been useless. "Look!" yelled Oswald suddenly. He pointed to a window. The glass, cracked by the heat, had fallen out. Behind the blackened framework of the window a smoke-grained face appeared. Blackened as it was, the juniors knew it. "Mornington!" "Mornington!" cried the Head. "What is he doing there?" "He was in the sanatorium," gasped Mr. Bootles. "In Huxker's name, how did he come in the Head's house?" All eyes were upon the window, fascinated. It was almost the only spot in the facade where the flames were not rolling and leaping. Mornington's blackened face looked down on the sea of faces, and his blackened lips curved in the sneering, ironical smile the Rookwood juniors knew so well. What was he doing there? The Rookwood fellows soon knew. Neville and Knowles rushed the ladder towards the window. Whatever Mornington was doing in the Head's house, he had to be saved. "Climb out on the sill!" shouted Bulkeley. Mornington did not climb out on the sill. He was amputating out the sashes with desperate hands, as if to make a larger passage. Then he disappeared for a moment from view. The hearts beat hardly beat. There was a buzz, depending to a tune, as Mornington reappeared at the window. He had something in his arms—a bundle rolled in a blanket. He pushed it through the window, and held it while the ladder was planted below. From the rolled blanket a tress of golden hair escaped. Then they knew! "Miss Dolly!" Jimmy Silver breathed the words. Dr. Chisholm gazed at the blackened face of the expelled junior, and at the bundle held by main strength on the sill, out of the rolling smoke and licking flame. "My daughter!" The ladder crashed on the wall. Bulkeley rushed up it, his feet scuffing scarcely to reach the rung. Mornington grinned down at him through the smoke. In that fearful moment he was the same Mornington as of old—cool, mocking, reckless. "Take her, Bulkeley. She's not hurt—only faint!" Bulkeley, without a word, took the insensible girl in his strong arms. He descended the ladder with her carefully.

The 6th Chapter. The Hero!

"Miss Dolly!" "Who's Miss Dolly?" It was a cry of alarm in the crowd of Rookwood fellows. Mrs. Chisholm had been asleep—the Head had been gone. Dr. Chisholm had carried his wife, fainting, across to Mr. Manders' house on the Modern side, out of all danger. But where was Miss Dolly? Lovell rushed up to Mr. Manders, and caught him by the sleeve—hardly aware of what he was doing in his excitement. "You said that were all out, sir—where's Miss Dolly?" Mrs. Manders was very white. "I thought so—very certainly thought so. But—but—" "Is she in there?" "I fear so." Lovell groaned. The incendiary bomb had done its work—well! The Head's house was a raging furnace. The school fire-brigade were at work, pumping sheets of water upon the flames. But the water, sizzled into the fiery furnace with little effect. It was evident that the building would be gutted. Jimmy Silver came up breathlessly. "Morny's not there," he said. "He had got out—What's the matter, Lovell?" He stared at his chum's ghastly face. Lovell pointed to the burning house. "Miss Dolly!" he muttered. Jimmy turned white. "Manders is mistaken. The Head brought Mrs. Chisholm out; Miss Dolly's still there." "Good heavens!" Jimmy gasped in horror at the flaming house. Miss Dolly was there—there, in that fierce furnace—overcome by the smoke, perhaps, for not a cry had been heard. It seemed to Jimmy Silver that a hand of ice gripped his heart. He pulled himself together, and rushed towards the house. Bulkeley caught him by the shoulder and swung him back. "Out of the way, you young fool!" "She's there!" "What—who—" "Miss Dolly!" "My daughter!" It was the Head's voice. "Let me pass, Mr. Bootles; let me pass, I say! My child is there!" "Let go, Bulkeley!" yelled Jimmy Silver furiously. "I'm going in, I tell you! Let me go, hang you!" The Sixth-Former held him fast. "You're not going in! Stand back! This is a job for me!" "Bulkeley," shouted Mr. Bootles, "stay where you are! There is no hope; it is certain death!" "I must try, sir!" panted Bulkeley. "Dr. Chisholm—" The Head groaned. "Stay, Bulkeley! You shall not sacrifice your life. I order you to stay! There is no hope. Heaven have mercy!" "I will try, sir!" "Step! I command you!" Bulkeley hesitated. He still held Jimmy Silver. The junior would

have rushed in, hardly conscious of danger. It was true that there were no ladders. The stairs had been found to fall with a fearful crash and a myriad of rusty spurs. It was a death trap, and there was no chance of escape. Jimmy Silver, Nerdle and Kooles had rushed away for a ladder. Dr. Chisholm covered his face with his hands. "You're sure she's there, sir?" muttered Bulkeley. "I called her; she followed me," said the Head in a trembling voice. "My wife had intended I was carrying her. I thought Dolly was close behind me. The smoke may have overcome her. Heaven be merciful!" "The ladder!" yelled Lovell. "Back up with the ladder!" Jimmy Silver ground his teeth. "You fool, Bulkeley! Let me go! I'll save her!" Bulkeley shook his head, and held him. It was death; and the sacrifice would have been useless. "Look!" yelled Oswald suddenly. He pointed to a window. The glass, cracked by the heat, had fallen out. Behind the blackened framework of the window a smoke-grained face appeared. Blackened as it was, the juniors knew it. "Mornington!" "Mornington!" cried the Head. "What is he doing there?" "He was in the sanatorium," gasped Mr. Bootles. "In Huxker's name, how did he come in the Head's house?" All eyes were upon the window, fascinated. It was almost the only spot in the facade where the flames were not rolling and leaping. Mornington's blackened face looked down on the sea of faces, and his blackened lips curved in the sneering, ironical smile the Rookwood juniors knew so well. What was he doing there? The Rookwood fellows soon knew. Neville and Knowles rushed the ladder towards the window. Whatever Mornington was doing in the Head's house, he had to be saved. "Climb out on the sill!" shouted Bulkeley. Mornington did not climb out on the sill. He was amputating out the sashes with desperate hands, as if to make a larger passage. Then he disappeared for a moment from view. The hearts beat hardly beat. There was a buzz, depending to a tune, as Mornington reappeared at the window. He had something in his arms—a bundle rolled in a blanket. He pushed it through the window, and held it while the ladder was planted below. From the rolled blanket a tress of golden hair escaped. Then they knew! "Miss Dolly!" Jimmy Silver breathed the words. Dr. Chisholm gazed at the blackened face of the expelled junior, and at the bundle held by main strength on the sill, out of the rolling smoke and licking flame. "My daughter!" The ladder crashed on the wall. Bulkeley rushed up it, his feet scuffing scarcely to reach the rung. Mornington grinned down at him through the smoke. In that fearful moment he was the same Mornington as of old—cool, mocking, reckless. "Take her, Bulkeley. She's not hurt—only faint!" Bulkeley, without a word, took the insensible girl in his strong arms. He descended the ladder with her carefully.

Bulkeley held the bundle of ground. His own hand caught Jimmy Silver, and Mornington's blackened face looked down on the sea of faces, and his blackened lips curved in the sneering, ironical smile the Rookwood juniors knew so well. What was he doing there? The Rookwood fellows soon knew. Neville and Knowles rushed the ladder towards the window. Whatever Mornington was doing in the Head's house, he had to be saved. "Climb out on the sill!" shouted Bulkeley. Mornington did not climb out on the sill. He was amputating out the sashes with desperate hands, as if to make a larger passage. Then he disappeared for a moment from view. The hearts beat hardly beat. There was a buzz, depending to a tune, as Mornington reappeared at the window. He had something in his arms—a bundle rolled in a blanket. He pushed it through the window, and held it while the ladder was planted below. From the rolled blanket a tress of golden hair escaped. Then they knew! "Miss Dolly!" Jimmy Silver breathed the words. Dr. Chisholm gazed at the blackened face of the expelled junior, and at the bundle held by main strength on the sill, out of the rolling smoke and licking flame. "My daughter!" The ladder crashed on the wall. Bulkeley rushed up it, his feet scuffing scarcely to reach the rung. Mornington grinned down at him through the smoke. In that fearful moment he was the same Mornington as of old—cool, mocking, reckless. "Take her, Bulkeley. She's not hurt—only faint!" Bulkeley, without a word, took the insensible girl in his strong arms. He descended the ladder with her carefully.

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Once you have seen for yourself the splendid hair-growing properties of the "Harlene Hair-Drill" Method, you may at any time obtain further supplies of "Harlene" from your chemist at ls. 2s. 6d., or 4s. 6d. per bottle (in solid form for the convenience of travellers, 4s. 2s. 6d.); "Uzon" Brilliantine at ls. 2s. 6d.; "Gremox" at ls. per box of seven shampoos (single packets 2d. each).



Any of the "Harlene" preparations ordered direct from Edwards' Harlene, Limited, 20, 22, 24 & 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C., will be sent post free on remittance, carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and Postal Orders should be crossed.

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When Mornington recovered, was to take his old place in Fourth Form at Rookwood, and Jimmy Silver was content to leave Jimmy Silver was ready to give up the hand of fellow-ships. It was before the dawn of the Fourth Form. But as soon as he was able to see visitors, the Fourth-Former was eager to pay him visits, and Jimmy Silver was the first. "A scarred face grinned at Jimmy from the white bank. "Don't I look a picture?" said Mornington. "But the doctor says it will go in time. He says I don't look like to keep a object like that, and I'm just going to be sacked, after all!" "And I'm jolly glad of it!" said Jimmy. "I'm going to be a Third in the side still!" chuckled Mornington. "When I'm back in the Fourth Form, I'm going to give you a tunic, Jimmy Silver. I'm going to be captain of the Fourth year!" "More power to your elbow!" said Jimmy, laughing. "But there's only one thing I say," said Mornington, after a pause. "I've been down a lot of things, while I've been in here. I've seen I played that dirty trick on you and Morny, and there's my lot on it, I'd like to take it!" And Jimmy Silver took it, with his heart. THE END. (Another magnificent issue of the Boys' Friend, published every Monday, contains the "Rookwood Reformer" story. Don't miss reading this splendid story.)

Have You Had Your Copy of ANSWERS The Popular Penny Weekly