

The BOYS' FRIEND Id.

OUR MOTTO IS: "PLAY THE GAME!"

No. 825, Vol. XVI. New Series.]

ONE PENNY.

[Week Ending March 31st, 1917.]



Up went Jimmy Silver in the grasp of the nuts, and he was brought down with a crash on the tea-table. There was a terrific smashing and crashing of crockery, and Jimmy Silver sprawled, yelling, in the midst of broken tea-things and provender.

MORNINGTON'S CHANCE!

A Magnificent New Long Complete Story, dealing with the Adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co. at Rookwood School.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter.

Jimmy Has His Way!

"Rot!" That was Tommy Dodd's opinion. Tommy Dodd pronounced it with considerable emphasis. There was no mistaking Tommy's meaning. "You see—" began Jimmy Silver. "Rot!" "I must say, I agree with Tommy," remarked Rawson. "You must be off your rocker, Jimmy, to think of playing Mornington in the Bagshot match!"

"You see—" "I don't see," said Tommy Cook, quite in agreement with the other Tommy. "You're a howling ass!" "Oh, give Jimmy his head!" said Lovell. "He always gets it in the long run, so you're wasting time!" "Rot!" "Bosh!" "Look here," said Tommy Dodd warmly. "You know Mornington's a rotter; you've said so yourself!" "Yes; but—" said Jimmy Silver. "You know he never plays the game!" "Yes; but—"

"Oh, blow your yesses and buts! Haven't we tried him in the matches before, and how did it turn out?" "Rotten!" said all the junior football committee together. "Hasn't he actually tried to give a game away to the enemy, because he was in one of his ratty tempers?" demanded Tommy Dodd. "Why, you said you'd never play him again as long as you were skipper. If you're thinking of playing that unreliable rotter against Bagshot, it's about time you chucked being skipper, by Jove!" "High time!" agreed Cook. "I'll tell you what, Silver. You chuck it,

and let's have a Modern skipper. It will be all the better for Rookwood!" To which suggestion the Classical members of the committee answered, with one voice: "Rats!" Jimmy Silver looked a little worried. He had proposed to the committee to give Mornington, the dandy of the Fourth, a chance in the next match. The proposal came as a surprise from Jimmy Silver. He had never pulled with Morny; they couldn't pull together. Morny, the dandy and "sportsman," the smoker and dabbler in Turf specula-

tions, had little in common with Jimmy Silver, who was healthy and wholesome from top to toe.

But Jimmy Silver had his reasons. "I knew you'd be surprised," he agreed. "But lend me your ears instead of your jaws for a bit. Morny's a ripping forward when he likes—"

"And he likes when he happens to be in a good temper," snorted Tommy Dodd; "and if his noble temper happens to be ratty, he will chuck away a game out of sheer rattiness!"

"And he's done it, too," said Cook.

"He can't be relied on, Jimmy," said Rawson, with a shake of the head. "Put him into the eleven, and he'll try to boss the team at once, and the fellows won't stand it, even if you will!"

"I know," said Jimmy. "But—" "Butting again!" grunted Tommy Dodd.

"Do listen a minute. I know Morny's rather a worm, but he played up like a real Briton over the paper-chase last week—"

"One swallow doesn't make a summer."

"He's shown sometimes that he's got some good points—"

"He generally keeps 'em pretty well hidden."

"My idea," said Jimmy, "is to give him a chance. He's had some pretty stiff lessons, and he's got the makings of a decent chap in him, and he might make the best of a chance."

"He might!" grunted Tommy Dodd. "And suppose you offend his noble lordship, and he decides to chuck away the match to spite you—what!"

"I don't think he would now."

"He did before."

"Well, yes."

"And he would again. I'll tell you what—if you want a new man in the team, there are several Modern chaps I can recommend—"

"Oh, don't begin on that!" said Jimmy. "Do let a fellow have his say out! I won't play Morny if the committee's against it. I agree to that. I know it's a risk. But I'd like to give him a chance to play up, and I think very likely he would make the best of it. Perhaps I'm a bit too trusting—"

"No perhaps about it!" granted Tommy Dodd.

"It's the Bagshot match, too," said Cook. "Pankley & Co. will give us a tussle, even if we're at full strength."

"Morny's a ripping winger, if he chooses—"

"He may not choose."

"Well, put it to the vote," said Jimmy Silver resignedly. "I don't insist on it. I'd like to give him a trial, that's all."

"Oh, rats!" said Tommy Dodd. "If you really want to, I agree for one. I don't want to overrule you. But I think you're a champ!"

"Same here," said Cook, with a nod. "I think you're a burbling ass, and I agree!"

"I've agreed already!" grinned Lovell. "It's no good arguing with Jimmy. He could argue the hind legs off a doukey!"

Jimmy Silver smiled.

After all the explosive remarks on the subject, there was not a dissentient voice. The junior football committee agreed that Jimmy Silver was a howling ass, and that he was to have his asinine way.

"Then I'll put his name down," said Jimmy. "The list's got to go up this evening. The fellows want to see it."

"There'll be some surprise when they do!" grinned Lovell.

"And I hope you'll get scalped, Jimmy Silver," remarked Cook.

(Continued on the next page.)



MORNINGTON'S CHANCE!

(Continued from the previous page.)

"You can't deny that you deserve it!"

Jimmy Silver grinned, and proceeded to complete the footer list. There were ten names down so far: Conroy; Raby, Van Ryn, Rawson, Jimmy Silver, Doyle, Lovell, Tommy Dodd, Pons, Cook. In the place of the — Jimmy Silver now wrote in the name of Mornington.

"I'll go and get this on the board," he said.

"You can go and eat coke!" grunted Tommy Dodd. "Don't forget I think you're an ass!"

Jimmy Silver nodded agreeably, and quitted the study to post up the notice on the board, many of the Rookwood juniors being very anxious to see it.

And the football committee turned their attention to tea, which was the next item on the programme.

The 2nd Chapter.

A Ragging for Jimmy!

"Here comes the cad!" Mornington of the Fourth made that remark.

There were a good many of the Classical Fourth gathered about the notice-board in the hall, and prominent among them were Mornington and his friends—Townsend and Topham, Peele and Gower, and Smythe, Tracy, and Howard of the Shell. The nuts of Rookwood were in a group, talking together in low tones, when Jimmy Silver was sighted on the big staircase.

"Yaas, here he comes," said Smythe. "Ready, dear boys?" "What-ho!" grinned the dear boys. "Wait till he gets here," muttered Mornington. "We'll collar the cad while he's pinnin' up the notice!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "We'll stuff the precious footer 'st down his back, an' bump him, an' give him the frog's-march along the passage!" grinned Mornington. "That'll let him know what we think of his football eleven!"

And the nuts chortled. The nuts were in a merry mood. Mornington had arranged that pleasant reception for Jimmy Silver when he came along with the footer list.

Morny had no idea of the purport of the committee meeting in the end study. It never crossed his mind for a moment that the captain of the Fourth had decided to give him a chance in the Bagshot match.

Mornington, with all his dandified and slacking ways, was a keen footballer, and, if his temper had been a little more reliable, would have been a valuable recruit for the eleven. He declined to admit that it was his own fault that he was excluded, and resented his exclusion bitterly.

On occasions when he had been played, he had calmly assumed the right to act as if he were skipper of the team, which Jimmy Silver could hardly be expected to take patiently. There was not exactly room for the two captains in one eleven. And if his lordly temper happened to be crossed, Morny had gone to the length of obstructing his own side, after which he had been dropped like a hot potato.

But the dandy of the Fourth was far from admitting that he was to blame in the slightest degree. His idea apparently was that whatever he chose to do was to be respectably tolerated—an idea which he had all to himself.

Jimmy Silver glanced at the nuts as he came along to the notice-board, and smiled a little, thinking of the surprise the notice contained for them. Smythe & Co. were as annoyed as Morny at being passed over, and with still less reason, for they were anything but footballers, and never turned up to practice if they could help it.

"Now, then," murmured Mornington, as Jimmy reached the board.

There was a rush. "Hallo!" exclaimed Jimmy, in surprise.

He was collared on all sides. With a yell, he went down on the floor in the midst of the grinning nuts.

"Yow! Ow!" roared Jimmy, as he smote the floor. "Leggo, you silly asses!"

"Down him!"
"Sit on him!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mornington tore the paper from Jimmy's hand, crumpled it, and proceeded to stuff it down Jimmy's back, while the captain of the Fourth struggled furiously in the grasp of the rest.

Jimmy roared and resisted. But the odds were too great, and the nuts had it all their own way. The crumpled notice was safely deposited inside Jimmy's shirt.

"Frog's-march!" said Mornington. "Rescue!" yelled Jimmy.

Flynn and Oswald and Jones minor ran up. But they were shouldered off, and Jimmy was dragged up in the grasp of Mornington & Co.

"Up the staircase!" chuckled Mornington. "Buck up, or Bootles will be out!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Yaroorh! Rescue!"

"Up with him!"
Bump, bump, bump!

Jimmy Silver, struggling wildly, was rushed up the big staircase, bumping on every step as he went.

Bump, bump, bump!
"Ha, ha, ha!"

Up the staircase went the crowd of nuts, yelling with laughter, and Jimmy Silver yelling in quite another manner.

They reached the Fourth-Form passage, and rushed along towards the end study.

Conroy of the Fourth stepped out of No. 3, as he heard the din. "What the merry dickens—" he began.

"Lend me a hand!" yelled Jimmy. "My hat!"

The Australian junior rushed to the rescue. But he was bowled over by the rush, Jimmy Silver bumping into him like a battering-ram as he was rushed on.

Conroy went down with a bump and a yell, and the yelling nuts rushed over him, and Jimmy Silver, with his arms and legs flying wildly, was borne along to the end study.

Mornington kicked the door open. "Hallo!" shouted Lovell, jumping up from the tea-table. "What—"

"Great Scott!"

The football committee were all on their feet, staring.

Jimmy Silver was rushed headlong into the study.

"On the table!" yelled Mornington.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Up went Jimmy in the grasp of the nuts, and he was brought down with a crash on the tea-table. There was a terrific smashing and crashing of crockery, and Jimmy Silver sprawled, yelling, in the midst of broken tea-things and scattered provender.

"What—what the dickens—" gasped Tommy Dodd.

Having deposited the captain of the Fourth on the table, the nuts retreated from the study, roaring with laughter. Mornington looked back from the door.

"That's what we think of your merry footer skipper!" he explained.

Then he followed his friends, chuckling.

The football committee gasped. Then they roared. The end study rang with it.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The 3rd Chapter. All the Same.

"Yow! Ow, ow, ow!"

Thus Jimmy Silver.

He sprawled dazedly on the wrecked tea-table.

The juniors in the study howled with merriment. They could not help it.

Mornington's outbreak, in reply to Jimmy's including him in the eleven, struck them as comic. Jimmy had carried his point, and Morny's name was down, in spite of the adverse opinion of the whole committee. And this was Morny's reply! The juniors roared.

Jimmy sat up in the butter and jam, and gasped.

"Oh, my hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yow! Ow, ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked Tommy Dodd. "Oh, Jimmy! Oh, you ass!"

"Groooh! There's nothing to cackle at, you silly asses! Ow! I'm hurt! Yow! Ow, ow!"

The juniors almost wept.

Jimmy rolled off the table, with butter and jam clinging to him. He glared at the hilarious committee.

"You silly cuckoos—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm hurt!"

"Well, you can't be used as a steam-hammer without being hurt!" gasped Cook. "You've smashed all your own crocks."

"And mucked up the tea!" grinned Rawson.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Is that Morny's way of showing his gratitude?" chuckled Lovell.

"Oh, Jimmy!"

Raby and Newcome came into the study. They stared at the sight of the wreckage. Then they joined in the roar.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, crumbs!" mumbled Jimmy.

"Oh, dear! Of—of course, it was a misunderstanding. Mornington didn't know his name was in the list."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, stop cackling!" yelled Jimmy Silver. "This isn't funny—"

"Your mistake; it is!" chortled Tommy Dodd.

"Beastly ungrateful of Morny!" howled Lovell. "Oh, Jimmy! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, ring off!"

"Like their cheek to handle a footer captain like that, though!" said Rawson.

"Blow them!" growled Jimmy.

"They were all ready for me in the hall, and they rushed me."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"They had it all cut and dried, of course. The silly asses! Of course, Morny thought he was left out, as usual."

"I suppose he will be left out now?" grinned Tommy. "Even you won't be ass enough to play him after this. Better play Towle, of our side."

"What are you at, Jimmy?" asked Lovell. Jimmy appeared to be trying to tie himself into a sailor's knot.

"Anything down your back?"

"Yes, ass; the footer list. Get it out for me."

There was a fresh explosion of mirth in the study. Lovell extracted the crumpled footer list, gasping with laughter.

Jimmy Silver smoothed it out.

"Cross out Morny's name!" said Raby. "The rotter oughtn't to be played, Jimmy!"

Jimmy Silver paused.

His handling by the nuts naturally made him very wrathful. He was greatly inclined to take the advice of his chums and scratch Mornington's name.

But he paused. Mornington's action had been cheeky, there was no denying that; but, after all, it had nothing to do with footer. If he had ever been entitled to a chance in the Bagshot match, he was as much entitled to it now as before that outbreak.

Jimmy shook his head.

"You're going to play him still?" demanded Lovell.

"Yes."

"After what he's done?"

"Yes."

"Well, you fathead!"

"Of all the howling asses—" said Newcome.

"This doesn't make any difference," said Jimmy resolutely. "We'd decided to give Mornington a chance."

"You'd decided, you mean."

"Well, I'd decided. I don't see why I should change my mind because of a silly rag."

"Oh, you're an ass!"

"Thanks! Morny plays all the same."

"Fathead!"

"I shall post up this notice, just as if nothing had happened," said Jimmy Silver. "I think I ought to."

"We'd better come with you, then," grinned Lovell. "There may be another rag."

"Br-r-r-r!"

Jimmy Silver, having made himself a little more tidy, left the study with the paper in his hand. Lovell and Raby and Newcome went with him. The nuts were not likely to attempt another rag with the Fistical Four all together.

The notice was duly pinned on the board, and it was at once read by a crowd of juniors.

There were general exclamations of surprise at the sight of Mornington's name in the list.

"Morny, bedad!" exclaimed Flynn.

"Is that Morny's reward for raggin' ye, Jimmy?"

"Rats! Morny's name was in the list before."

"Faith, it's an ass ye are!"

"Morny will think he's ragged you into putting him in, Jimmy," said Dick Oswald.

Jimmy snorted.

"Morny can think what he likes." And he strode away.

"What about calling on Morny?"

asked Lovell, as they passed No. 4 on their way back to the end study.

There was a sound of laughter from No. 4. The nuts of Rookwood were rejoicing.

Jimmy Silver hesitated.

Never had he felt more inclined to "mop up" the passage with the dandy of the Fourth.

But he decided not.

If Mornington was to play in the eleven on Saturday, giving him a hiding was not a very good preliminary to playing in the match with him.

With rare self-control Jimmy Silver decided to let the "rag" pass.

"After all, it was only a rag," he said. "We've ragged Morny often enough. Let him alone."

"They'll think you're a funk!" snapped Lovell.

"Let 'em!" said Jimmy.

And he went on, and his chums followed.

But Jimmy was looking a little thoughtful at tea in the end study. It was quite possible that the nuts might take the view that Morny's name had been put into the eleven after the rag, and not before—that, in fact, Jimmy had done it from motives of "funk."

It was quite probable that Mornington himself would take that view; and such an impression would do a great deal to spoil the effect of Jimmy's concession. Yet he felt that he ought not to change his settled plans because of a misunderstanding on the part of "swanking" bounders. That was so, but it was very unfortunate, all the same.

Higgs of the Fourth looked in during tea. Alfred Higgs was scowling.

"Look here, Silver!" he exclaimed. "I see you've got that swanking cad Mornington's name in the list."

"Oh, yes!" growled Jimmy.

"What do you mean by it?"

"Can't you guess?" snapped Jimmy. "I mean by it that Mornington plays in the eleven. A name in a footer-list generally means that, doesn't it?"

"Oh, don't be funny!" growled the bully of the Fourth. "What about me?"

"Oh, blow you!"

"I can play back!" said Higgs angrily. "You can put Raby in the front line and me at right-back, if you want another man."

"I don't!" said Jimmy.

"Perhaps you'd put me in if I came here with my friends and ragged you?" sneered Higgs. "That seems to be a good way of getting into the eleven."

Jimmy flushed.

"Morny's name was in the team before," he said.

"Oh, rats!" said Higgs rudely. "If it's a ragging you want before you put a chap in the team, I shall know what to do."

Jimmy Silver jumped up.

"Well, come and get on with the ragging," he said. "You won't go into the team, but you'll go out of this study on your neck!"

"Perhaps you could put me out!" sneered Higgs.

"Perhaps I could!" assented Jimmy. "I'll try, anyway."

Jimmy's temper was not at its best at that moment, and Higgs' attempt at bullying was the last straw.

He rushed at the bully of the Fourth, and they grasped one another, and executed what appeared to be a waltz round the study.

The waltz ended suddenly.

Alfred Higgs shot through the doorway, and landed in the passage with a bump.

Jimmy slammed the door after him.

He returned to the tea-table with a ruffled brow, which was not made more serene by the chuckles of the tea-party.

But Higgs, at all events, was finished with. The bully of the Fourth apparently gave up the idea of getting into the junior eleven by ragging in the end study, for he did not return.

The 4th Chapter.

Not a Success.

"News for you, Morny!"

Townsend came into No. 4 Study, his face full of excitement.

Mornington and Peele were there, smoking cigarettes. Mornington gave the new-comer an inquiring glance.

"Jimmy Silver sent me a challenge?" he asked carelessly.

"Ha, ha! No. Guess!"

Mornington shrugged his shoulders. "Not worth the trouble of guessin'."

What is it?"

"He's put you in the eleven!"

"What!"

Mornington jumped up at that.

"Blessed if I could believe my eyes when I saw it!" said Townsend. "But it's right enough! Your

name's down in the list, in Silver's hand."

"By gad!" said Mornington.

His eyes gleamed.

"My hat!" exclaimed Peele.

"You went the right way to work, after all, Morny. A raggin' does that cheeky cad good."

"You're not rottin', Towny!" said Mornington.

"Honest Injun!"

"By gad! Fancy Silver toom' the line like that!" said Mornington, with a deep breath. "I meant to make him do the right thing in the long run, but I'm dashed if I expected it so soon! He's been brought to his senses after all!"

"Looks like a funk, an' no mistake!" remarked Peele.

"Not exactly funk—he isn't what you'd call a funk—but he's thought better of it!" grinned Mornington.

"He doesn't want trouble. Well, I don't, either, if I have my rights. I'm goin' to have my rights, Jimmy Silver or no Jimmy Silver! If he chooses to do the right thing, I'll let him alone."

"Anybody else in?" asked Peele. He was referring to the nuts.

Towny shook his head.

"No; only Morny."

"Let's give him another raggin', and he'll put some more of us in!" chuckled Peele.

"That will do for a beginnin'," said Mornington. "We've gained our point, and that's enough. I must say I never thought he'd give way so soon. I was expectin' him to come raggin' here."

Mornington left the study in high good-humour, and hurried down to look at the notice. He found a good many of the Fourth looking at it, too. He grinned with great satisfaction at the sight of his own name in the list, in Jimmy Silver's handwriting.

"Well, that's all right!" he remarked.

"I don't call it all right," said Flynn. "Jimmy Silver could have found a better man. Conroy's as good a goalkeeper as I am; but I'm a better forward than you are, any day, Morny!"

"So he's got that Cornstalk chap in goal," said Mornington, glancing at the list again. "You've lost your job, Flynn."

"Conroy's all right between the sticks; I'm not grumbling at that," said Flynn. "A chap can't expect to play in every match. But you—"

"I wouldn't stand it," said Mornington. The amiable Morny lost no opportunity of sowing dissension among Jimmy Silver's followers in the Fourth. "Like his check to leave you out, Flynn!"

"Well, I don't say that," said Flynn. "Jimmy's skipper. Conroy ought to have a chance."

"Well, yes, in a Form match, if you like," said Mornington. "But in an important match we ought to stick to a tried man."

"Sure, there's somethin' in what ye say!" assented Flynn unsuspectingly. "Sure Conroy's only a new kid, and I've played in goal nearly every toime, and the fellows think I'm a good goal."

"First-class," said Mornington, concealing a smile. "I only hope this doesn't mean chuckin' the match away. To be honest, I think it does. It's risky putting a new untried man in goal against a team like Bagshot. I should jolly well raise an objection in your place."

"Well, Jimmy's skipper, you know—"

"A chap has a right to speak," said Mornington. "He's treated you badly, and if you don't speak up for yourself nobody else will."

"Faith, and ye're right," said Flynn. "I'll spake a worrud, and a good worrud, too."

And Flynn started for the end study, to "spake" a word to Jimmy Silver. Mornington returned to his own quarters in a satisfied mood. He had started trouble between the unsuspecting Irish junior and Jimmy Silver, which was Morny's way of showing his gratitude for finding his own name in the list. It was the kind of gratitude Jimmy Silver might have expected.

Flynn's face was clouded as he presented himself in the end study. Tea was over there, and the guests had left, and the Fistical Four were settling down to preparation.

"A worrud with yez, Jimmy Silver," said Flynn abruptly.

"A dozen if you like," said Jimmy Silver cordially.

"Ye've left me out of the team."

"I told you yesterday you wouldn't be in this time," said Jimmy.

"Sure ye did," said Flynn. "But if you want my opinion—"

"Well, I don't specially," said Jimmy. "But you can go ahead. Get it off your chest."

"It's a

match," said Flynn surlily. "I've kept goal for Rookwood a lot of times. You've put an untried man in for one of the big matches, an' left out a good man."

Jimmy Silver gave Flynn a sharp look. Jimmy was no fool, and he could see at a glance that the happy-go-lucky Patrick O'Donovan Flynn had not thought of "grouching" on his own account.

Flynn had taken it quite cheerily the previous day, and never thought of grumbling. And his present "grouse" had been put into his unsuspecting head by somebody else; Jimmy could see that.

The hands were the hands of Esau; but the voice was the voice of Jacob, so to speak. And Jimmy did not need to cudgel his brains to guess who was the Jacob in the case.

"Look here, Flynn," said Jimmy quietly, "don't be an ass. You haven't been treated badly, but some cad has suggested to you that you have. I suppose Mornington's been talking to you."

Flynn started. "Sure he has, but he only said—" "He only said enough to lead you by the nose, and make you come here and row with Jimmy," growled Lovell.

"Sure, I-I—" Flynn stammered. "And Conroy isn't untried," said Jimmy. "He sticks to practice like glue, and he's a first-rate goalkeeper. You know he is, Flynn."

"Sure, I'm not sayin' he isn't. But—" "There isn't any but," said Jimmy cheerily. "Let me give you a tip. When a chap tries to make you grouse with your pals, don't listen to him. Punch his nose instead."

Flynn grinned. "Faith, I think ye're right," he said. "Sure, it seemed all right before Morny spoke to me, and I dare say he was pullin' my leg. I'll go and punch his nose."

And Flynn left the end study, leaving the Fistical Four grinning. "Morny hasn't changed his ways yet," said Lovell.

"He doesn't seem to have," admitted Jimmy. "I wish the fellow wouldn't be such a rotten cad. Still, I don't think he'll get much change out of Flynn."

Jimmy was right. The Irish junior had gone directly to Mornington's study. Morny gave him a very cordial look as he entered. Morny did not like the breezy, open-hearted Irish junior, but he would have shown him brotherly affection to set him against Jimmy Silver.

"Spoken to Silver?" he asked genially. "Sure I have." "What does he say?"

"He's pointed out to me that you've been pulling my leg, you baste," said Flynn, unexpectedly, "and he's advised me to punch ye're nose, and faith, I'm goin' to do it."

Mornington jumped up with a yell as Flynn rushed at him. The next moment they were rolling on the study carpet, pommelling furiously.

When Patrick O'Donovan Flynn left the study five minutes later, he was dabbing his nose and grinning at the same time. He left Mornington sitting on the floor, also dabbing his nose, but not grinning.

The 5th Chapter.

Smythe Has No Luck.

Mornington turned up to practice with the Junior Eleven the next day. Jimmy Silver was very keen on practice, and a fellow who missed it without good reason had little chance of remaining in the eleven.

Morny had not the slightest doubt that Jimmy had put him in the team to avoid further trouble with him. He could not quite think that the captain of the Fourth was afraid of him—but he believed that his tactics had caused Jimmy to think better of his policy of exclusion.

That he had, in fact, shown Jimmy Silver that he was too dangerous a customer to be passed over. But having gained his point, as he regarded it, Mornington did not attempt to "swank" over the football captain.

He attended practice sedulously, and played a fine game, and some of the other fellows began to think that he was, after all, an acquisition. He could play footer; and if he had learned to play the "game," too, there was no reason why he should not play for Rookwood.

Jimmy was not long in seeing how Mornington looked at the matter; but he gave no sign. If Morny had been forced into playing him, he could—that was how Jimmy looked at it.

Jimmy was not specially given to being dignified; but he could not descend to argue such a matter out

with a purse-proud, self-sufficient bouncer like Mornington. If the dandy of the Fourth had put on "side" in consequence, Jimmy would have dealt with him sharply enough. But Morny did not.

He was a good deal too cautious for that. Now that he had "squeezed" into the eleven, he meant to keep there, if he could, and use his best efforts to undermine Jimmy Silver on his own ground.

So, though Morny made no secret of his opinion that the long contest had ended in his favour, he was careful not to display his disagreeable qualities on the footer ground; and off the footer ground Jimmy had nothing to do with him.

Jimmy had never supposed it possible before that he and Mornington could pull together in the same team; and the success of the experiment, so far, made him glad that he had made the attempt.

Smythe & Co., who came down to watch the first practice in the hope of seeing a passage at arms between the new recruit and his captain, were disappointed.

After the practice, Jimmy spoke a word of commendation to his new outside right. As Mornington regarded himself as the best junior player at Rookwood, Smythe & Co. did not expect him to take Jimmy's commendation amicably. But he did.

"Glad I've given satisfaction, Silver," Mornington replied, with perfect gravity. "You'll do!" said Jimmy. "It

"Don't you try it, Peele. You won't succeed."

"Why shouldn't I, if you have?" demanded Peele.

"Silver knows he can't keep his end up against me, in the long run. It's different with you."

"Swank!" growled Peele. "Well, have your own way; but leave me out of your raggin'," said Mornington.

"I backed you up," said Peele wrathfully. "I know you did, old scout; but that was to get a good player into the team. You're not a good player, you're a rotten bad one."

And Mornington walked away. "Swankin' rotter!" growled Peele. "Look here, you fellows, you back me up. Silver gave in last time, an' he'd give in again."

"Of course he would," said Smythe. "Why should we be left out of the footer? He's playin' some of the Modern cads. I used to leave 'em out when I was skipper. We'll make him give us a show. We can do it if Morny can."

"Good egg!" said Townsend. "They say Silver had Morny's name on the list before he was ragged. But that's all rot. He wouldn't. Well, if we rag him again, we'll make him give us a chance."

"Done!" said Smythe. With that scheme in their heads the nuts looked out for Jimmy Silver. Jimmy had gone to the tuckshop for supplies for tea, and he came back with a parcel across the dusky quad-

He picked up his parcel and sauntered on, and the nuts did not raise a hand to stop him. As a matter of fact, the merry band were not much use without the leadership of the resolute and reckless Mornington. Adolphus Smythe remained on the ground till Jimmy was gone.

"Rotten ruffian!" groaned Adolphus. "I'm not goin' to have anythin' more to do with him. Ow!" "Yow-ow!" said Peele.

Mornington was in Study No. 4 when Peele came in, still nursing his chin. He grinned. "How did you get on with raggin' Silver?" he asked.

"Oh, rats!" growled Peele. "Ha, ha, ha!" "I don't believe Silver's playin' you because you ragged him, Morny," he said. "I dare say he had your name down before that, just as Lovell said."

Mornington sneered. "He'd have taken it out after, I should say, if he had," he remarked. "My dear chap, Silver knows it's no good buckin' against me. But he can walk all over you, and you're a fool to try to tackle him."

And Peele growled, and was silent. But the cheery nuts of Rookwood did not renew their attempt to influence the football captain by means of raggings. Whether or not it had been a success in Morny's case, it was evident that there was no success for them.

"I'm not going to crawl into Bag shot on foot."

"You'll stay behind, then." "Look here—" Jimmy Silver turned away before Mornington could finish. The dandy of the Fourth gritted his teeth.

Up till now Mornington had been very careful. Even Lovell and Tommy Dodd had to admit that on the footer-ground Mornington had given no cause for complaint. But the control he had exercised over his accustomed insolence had been an effort, and Morny's temper was none the better for being suppressed.

It looked as if Morny had come to the end of his prudence, and was going to show the cloven hoof at least. The footballers came out in a merry crowd, and Mornington joined them sulkily. A good many fellows were walking over with the team, and the nuts joined the crowd. Smythe & Co. entertained the charitable hope that Morny's temper would break out, and cause trouble in the team.

They thought Morny ungrateful. They had backed him up in forcing his way into the eleven, as they supposed, and he had refused to do the same good turn for them. There would have been dry eyes among the nuts if Morny had been turned out, after all.

"Nice weather for walkin'," grunted Smythe. "Look at the mud! I used to stand a brake when I was junior captain."

"I've offered to stand a car!" growled Mornington. "Yaas, I heard you. Silver sat on you fast enough," chuckled Smythe. "You'd better give him another raggin'. He's gettin' his ears up again."

"I sha'n't stand much more of his rot," said Mornington. "Don't, old chap," said Adolphus cordially. "I wouldn't!"

Mornington strode on sullenly. His uncertain and insolent temper was all the worse, perhaps, for its long suppression. After all, why should he be sat upon, as Smythe expressed it? He had forced Jimmy Silver to admit him to the team, and that meant that he had, in fact, the whip-hand, if he chose to use it. Morny was fully determined not to stand any more of Jimmy Silver's "rot."

The Rookwood crowd arrived at Bagshot with muddy boots. The footballers did not mind that, but it was little short of a catastrophe in the estimation of Smythe & Co.

Cecil Pankley, the junior captain of Bagshot, greeted Jimmy Silver cheerily. They were deadly enemies and rivals, in a sense, but quite good-humoured about it, and "raggs" were barred on the occasion of football matches. Pankley glanced rather curiously for a moment at Mornington's sullen face. It was very noticeable in the midst of the otherwise cheery crowd.

The Rookwooders went into their dressing-room and proceeded to change. "What the dickens is the matter with you, Morny?" Lovell asked impatiently. "What are you scowling about?"

"Go an' eat coke!" "The Bagshot fellows noticed it, you sulky ass!"

"Yes, cheer up, Morny," said Tommy Dodd. "Your face would frighten a Hun!"

"Oh, shut up!" growled Mornington. "The Modern junior's eyes gicamed for a moment."

"If you want a thick car to begin with—" began Tommy Dodd. "I do, if you can give me one," sneered Mornington.

"Now, then, no ragging!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver, interposing. "Get into your clobber, and don't jaw!"

"All serene!" said Tommy Dodd cheerily. "Keep your wool on, old son!"

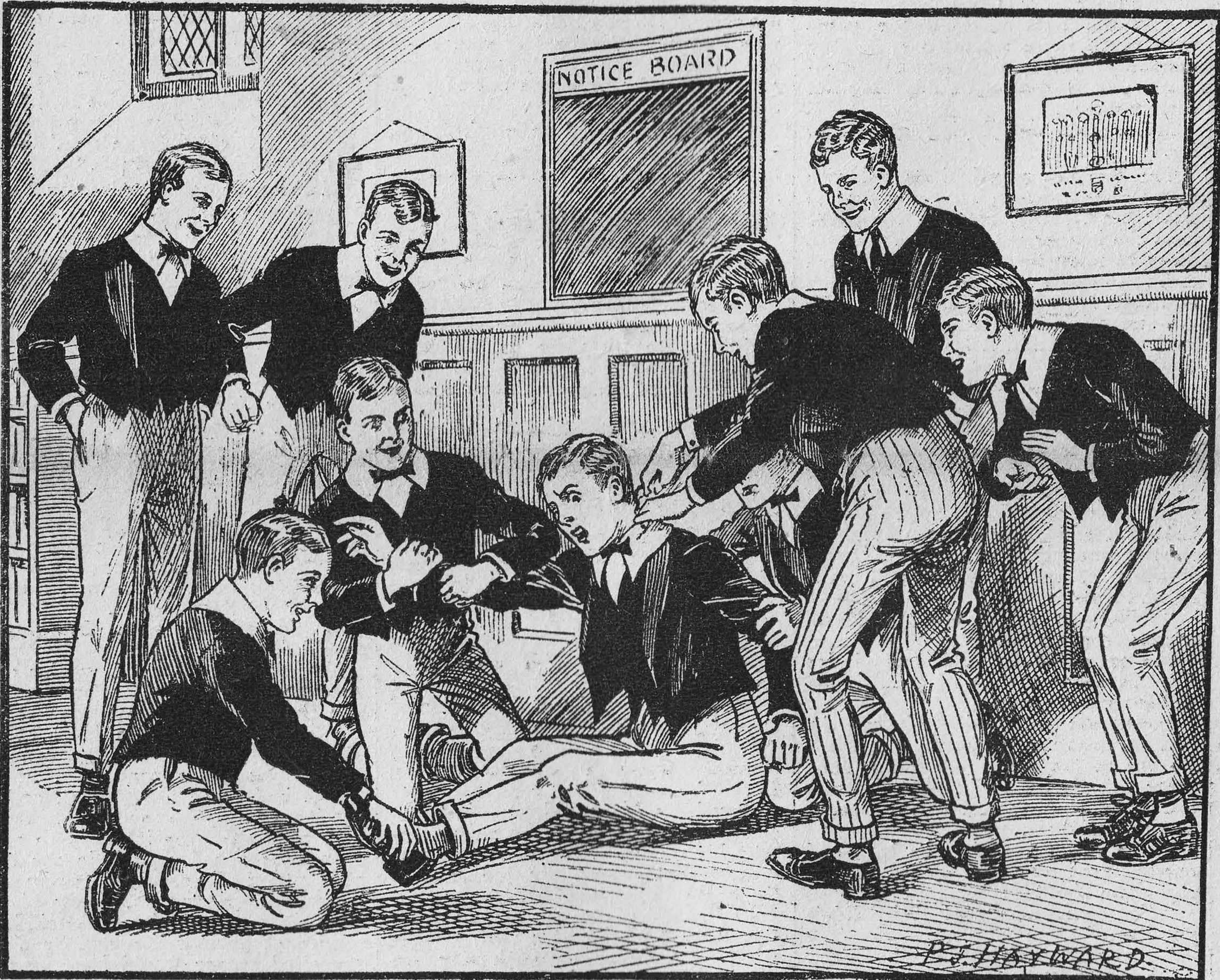
And Tommy turned his back on the sulky Classical, and proceeded to change. Mornington stood with his hands in his pockets.

"Buck up, Mornington!" said Jimmy Silver, with rather an anxious glance at the outside-right. He wondered whether Morny's civil temper was going to break out again, and half regretted that he had had his way with the football committee, after all.

"Any hurry?" growled Mornington. "The Bagshot fellows are waiting for us."

"Let 'em wait!" "We can't let them wait!" said Jimmy sharply. "Don't be an ass! Get changed!"

Mornington gave him an evil look. When his sulky temper was roused he was reckless of everything else. "I suppose I can take my own time," he said. "I'm goin' to, any way."



Mornington tore the paper from Jimmy Silver's hand, crumpled it, and proceeded to stuff it down Jimmy's back, while the captain of the Fourth struggled furiously in the grasp of the rest of the nuts.

you play up like that on Saturday, I shall be glad I put you in the team."

"Rely on me!" said Mornington. And he put on his coat and muffler, and walked away with Smythe & Co. "Seems to be toeing the line, after all," Lovell remarked.

"Oh, he's all right," said Jimmy. "Mind you don't tread on his toes on Saturday, that's all," granted Tommy Dodd. "If you do, he'll kick the ball through our goal."

"Bow-wow!" said Jimmy. Smythe & Co. eyed Mornington very curiously as they walked away with him. They did not understand his tactics.

"You've grown remarkably tame, Morny," Adolphus Smythe remarked. "I expected you to fly out at Silver more than once."

"Not before Saturday," said Mornington. "Well, he couldn't turn you out. He put you in against his will; you know that."

"I know; but I'm not spoilin' my own chances. The fellows are goin' to see on Saturday that there's a better footballer than Jimmy Silver at Rookwood," said Mornington. "It's my game to toe the line till I'm sure of my ground."

range. Smythe & Co., intending to strike the iron while it was hot, surrounded him under the beeches.

"Now collar the cad!" said Adolphus. Jimmy Silver was not taken off his guard this time. As the nuts closed round him, he dropped the parcel, and put up his hands.

Smythe, rushing on, met with a terrific drive from Jimmy's right that laid him on his back, and the next moment Jimmy's left caught Peele under the chin, and he crashed into a beech-trunk with a yell of anguish.

The rest of the nuts jumped back. "Come on!" said Jimmy Silver cheerily.

"Yow-ow-ow!" mumbled Smythe, remaining on the ground. And Peele nursed his chin, and groaned deeply.

Jimmy Silver grinned. He could guess that it was an intended ragging, encouraged by the supposed success of Morny's ragging. The idea tickled him.

"Won't you have some more?" he asked. "Come on, Towny!" Townsend jumped away. "You spoiling for a row, Howard?" "Keep off, you beast!" growled Howard.

The 6th Chapter.

The Cloven Hoof.

"I suppose we're goin' to have a brake?" "No."

"I'll telephone for a car, if you like." "I don't like!" said Jimmy Silver curtly.

Mornington frowned. It was Saturday afternoon, and the Rookwood Junior Eleven were preparing to start for Bagshot School. The distance was not much over a mile, and the football-party were to walk; but that did not suit Morny's ideas. Morny didn't want to crawl into Bagshot, as he expressed it. Money was no object to Morny, and he would willingly have stood a car for the whole party.

But Jimmy Silver had no intention of letting him do anything of the kind. The Rookwood junior club did not want to sponge on Mornington, and they did not want a car.

Cars for pleasure in war-time did not agree with Jimmy Silver's ideas, and probably would not have been allowed by the Head if he had known. It was war economy that led the footballers to dispense with the usual brake.

"Look here, what's the matter with my telephonin' for a car?" said Mornington angrily. "I'm not goin' to ask you to pay for it."

"Rotten bad form," said Jimmy cheerfully. "We're going to walk."



MORNINGTON'S CHANCE!

(Continued from the previous page.)

chances by playin' the goat now," remarked Tracy.

"Well, Silver was fairly forced to play him; he wouldn't have if he could have helped it," said Adolphus sagely. "Morny was too much for him."

"I've been thinkin' that over, an' I'm not so jolly sure of it," said Peele. "Lovell said Morny's name was down before that raggin'."

"Oh, that's rot!"

"Silver's kept him out all the season," said Gower. "Why should he let him in of his own accord? Morny gave him too much trouble in every way, and he saw he had to toe the line. What surprises me is that Morny has been so jolly civil to him all the week. But he was bound to break out sooner or later, and take the bit between his teeth."

"If this match goes through without a row, I'll eat my Sunday topper," said Adolphus. "An' if there's a row in the team, Rookwood will be licked, an' serve 'em jolly well right."

"Blessed if I wouldn't put half-a-quid on Bagshot, if I could find a taker!" grinned Tracy.

"You'd win, dear boy."

And the nuts watched the game with much more attention than they generally bestowed upon a footer-match; or, indeed, upon anything but their neckties.

Mornington was playing up well, so far.

The Bagshot men had started with a hot attack, which came through to goal; but Conroy, between the posts, kept the leather out. The game went away to midfield, and struggled from there towards the Bagshot citadel, and then back to midfield again. The two teams seemed to be remarkably well matched, and it looked like anybody's game.

Rookwood's chance came at last, however. Jimmy Silver, at centre-half, received the ball from Raby, and sent it to Tommy Dodd, the centre-forward. Tommy sent it out to Lovell, inside right, as Pankley rushed him down. Lovell had a chance for a clear run in, and he started merrily. The backs were rushing in, but Lovell judged well; he had time.

"Pass, you fool!" shouted Mornington from the wing.

Morny evidently did not judge Lovell's chance to be so good as the inside-right supposed.

Lovell did not heed. He ran the ball on, beat the backs, and drove the leather at the goal. It was a good shot; but Putter of Bagshot drove it out with his fist, and Poole cleared away to midfield.

There was a rush for the ball, and outside-right swerved up to inside-right and shouted:

"You confounded ass! Why didn't you pass?"

"Shut up!" snapped Lovell.

"I should have put it in."

"Will you shut up?" roared Lovell angrily.

"You're throwin' the game away," said Mornington. "A kid in the Second Form would have known better."

Lovell manfully resisted a powerful inclination to plant his fist full in outside-right's face, and send him

spinning into touch. It was no time for a row. The forwards were struggling for the ball. It came out of the press.

"On the ball, Lovell!" shouted Jimmy Silver.

But Lovell did not need the shout; he had seen the chance, and was on the ball. As he ran it up the field against the wind, it was hooked away from his foot, Lovell at the same time being elbowed off. But it was not a Bagshot player who had robbed him of the ball; it was the Rookwood outside-right!

Lovell staggered, and almost fell, purple with rage.

Mornington was running the ball in, and by sheer luck he dodged the backs and kicked for goal, and Putter missed the leather by a hair's breadth.

"Goal!"

The ball was in the net.

"Goal!" roared Smythe. "My hat! What a goal!"

"Bravo, Morny!" yelled the nuts. Mornington swung round from goal, with a vaunting air.

Lovell was stuttering with rage.

Jimmy Silver had seen it all. His brow was black as he strode up to Mornington. A goal was a goal; but rotten and disorderly play which, by luck, had ended in a goal, was not what Jimmy wanted in the Rookwood team.

"You utter idiot!" panted Jimmy.

"What do you mean?"

"Isn't it a goal?" sneered Mornington.

"Yes, it's a goal, by a fluke—"

"Of course, you'd call it a fluke!"

"What do you call it?" exclaimed Jimmy.

"Do you think that's how to play footer—getting out of your place and taking the ball away from another man? Are you out of your senses?"

"Lovell was goin' to muck it up, an' I prevented him," said Mornington insolently. "I'd do the same again."

Jimmy clenched his hands hard.

"Do the same again, and you go off this ground without finishing the match!" he said, between his teeth.

"Get to your place!"

Mornington shrugged his shoulders and went to his place as the team lined up after the goal. Lovell, in his excitement, caught Jimmy by the arm.

"Look here, Jimmy—"

"Easy does it, old chap," said Jimmy. "I'm sorry I put that rank outsider in the team. Can't be helped now."

"But I'm not going to stand—"

"Keep your temper, for the sake of the game."

"I'll keep my hands off him if I can!" stuttered Lovell. He glared at outside-right as they lined up, and outside-right gave him a sneering smile in return.

"Better let me have the ball next time!" called out Mornington.

"You're not goin' to throw away chances while I can stop you, Lovell."

Lovell said nothing; but he clenched his hands till the nails drove into his palms. He was trying to control his temper, for the sake of the game, but it was hard work.

The goal had been a certainty for Lovell; and Mornington had brought it off by a fluke—and such play was not likely to be followed by another success. If there was any more of it, it was probable that there would be a "scrap" in the Rookwood front line.

And it was pretty certain that there would be more of it. Mornington's look showed that he intended to go on as he had started.

"Morny's breakin' out," chuckled

Smythe to his friends. "Did you ever see such play? Nearly spoiled a goal for his own side through swank. I fancy Morny is goin' to get scalped this afternoon!"

"What a game!" chortled Townsend.

And the nuts watched with delighted anticipation. Mornington's variety of the great winter game was entertaining, at least.

The Bagshot men, with the wind behind them, were attacking now, hotly. The wind was keen and strong, and it gave them an advantage. The attack came right up to the visitors' goal, and shots rained in on Conroy. The Australian junior was beaten at last, and the Bagshot crowd roared:

"Goal!"

Then came half-time, with the score equal. Mornington came up to Jimmy Silver in the interval. His manner was insolence itself.

"You'd better speak to Lovell, Silver," he said.

"What do you mean?" growled Jimmy.

"I suppose you saw that he was tryin' to keep the ball away from me all the time? I warn you that I'm not standin' it!"

"That's enough!" said Jimmy curtly. "I was a fool to trust you, after what I know of you! I sha'n't be such an ass again in a hurry!"

"You mean you won't play me again?" grinned Mornington. "In that case, look out for another raggin'." You can't keep me out of the team, an' you know it!"

Jimmy's eyes blazed.

"Do you want to be sent off the ground now?" he asked.

Mornington laughed.

"Oh, don't be funny!" he said. "An' remember what I've told you—if Lovell tries to spoil my chances, there'll be trouble. I'm goin' to win this match for Rookwood."

Mornington sauntered away before Jimmy could reply. Jimmy opened his lips, but closed them again. Sending Mornington off was playing a man short, and that was not to be risked against a team like Pankley & Co., except in case of dire necessity. Jimmy felt that he had brought it upon himself, and that it was up to him to understudy the celebrated Job in the way of being patient. And he did.

The whistle went for the resumption of play. The wind was behind the Rookwooders now, and it was freshening. They had held their own with the wind in their faces, and now that it was behind them their hopes were high. But for the uncertainty of the outside-right, Jimmy Silver would have counted on a win. But there was no telling what Mornington would do next.

Mornington did not leave his comrades long in doubt, however. Playing the game was an idea that did not seem to enter his head at all. Between swank and sulky temper, Morny was at his worst now.

The ball came out to him, and he ran it up along the touch-line. It was easy to see that he intended to make a reckless run for goal, in the hope of bringing off another dramatic shot, instead of passing in, as he should have done. He had not the slightest chance of getting through, as a less conceited player would have seen at once. The Bagshot defence could see it, and they were grinning.

"Pass!" yelled Lovell, keeping pace.

"Pass!" roared Jimmy Silver. "Do you hear, Mornington? Pass! Pass!"

Mornington heard, but he did not heed.

He ran on, dribbling the ball.

Poole, grinning, charged him fairly over, and the ball went anywhere. Mornington sat down, gasping.

The leather, lifted into the air by a Bagshot back, sailed away over the half-way line.

"Well cleared! Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Bagshot crowd.

"What a game!" chuckled Smythe. "Oh, my only Aunt Matilda! What a game!"

Jimmy Silver was too busy to deal with Mornington for the moment. Bagshot were attacking fiercely, and, in spite of the Rookwood defence, they drove through, and the ball went in.

Then Jimmy Silver strode up to Mornington, his face set and his eyes gleaming.

"Get out!" he said.

Mornington eyed him insolently. "Jokin'?" he asked.

"Get off the field!"

"Rats!"

"Will you go?" panted Jimmy Silver. "I order you off!"

"Goin' to play a man short?" sneered Mornington.

"Yes."

"Oh, don't be a cheeky ass!" said Mornington. "You can't keep me out! Do you want some more raggin' before you come to your senses? You put me into the team against your will, an' you'll do it again."

Jimmy Silver did not answer. He had no more words to waste on Mornington. He strode right at him, with his fists clenched.

"Ah! Would you?" hissed Mornington.

He threw up his hands. They were knocked aside, and Jimmy's right, clenched hard, was planted fairly between his eyes. Mornington gave a gasping howl, and staggered over the touch-line, and sprawled in touch.

"Take that cad away, Flynn!" called out Jimmy Silver.

"Arrah! I'm ye're man!" grinned Flynn.

He ran forward and dragged Mornington off the ground.

The footballers lined up again without Mornington. Most of the Bagshot fellows were grinning.

A man short, Rookwood put up a gallant fight, but had it not been for the freshening wind blowing into the Bagshot faces, they would have fared badly. As it was, they held their own, and towards time Lovell sent the ball into the net, and the score tied.

That was the last goal taken. The match ended in a draw, and, under the circumstances, Jimmy Silver & Co. felt that they were lucky to draw.

Smythe & Co. had walked home with Mornington, with many ironical condolences.

When the footballers came in, they found Mornington at Rookwood, with a swollen nose and a darkening eye. He gave them a Hunnish look, but that was all.

It had dawned upon Mornington at last that it was not, after all, the ragging that had made Jimmy Silver give him a trial in the footer eleven. It had dawned upon him rather too late. He had had his chance, and he had thrown it away. He was not likely to have another.

At tea in the end study, when the Fistical Four were discussing the forthcoming match with St. Jim's, Lovell inquired hilariously whether Jimmy was going to play Mornington.

To which Jimmy Silver morosely replied, "Fathead!" From which it was to be inferred that he was not.

THE END.

(Another long complete tale of the Rookwood chums in next Monday's BOYS' FRIEND, entitled "Fooled on the First!" Don't miss it!)

The 7th Chapter. The Same Old Morny!

Pankley won the toss, and gave Rookwood the wind to kick off against. The ball rolled, and the game started.

There was a crowd of Bagshot fellows round the ropes, and a dozen or more Rookwooders who had come over. Smythe & Co. stood in a little group near the Rookwood goal, looking on in pleased anticipation. They knew the danger-signals in Morny's face.

"Morny's in one of his rotten tempers," Smythe remarked to his chums. "I know that gleam in Morny's eye. Sulky cad!"

"Silly ass if he mucks up his own



RHEUMATISM

50,000 FREE TREATMENTS.

TEST THE CURE FREE.

If you suffer from Rheumatism or any complaint caused by an excess of Uric Acid in the blood, I want you to send me your name and address so that I can send you FREE a box of the celebrated "Urace" Tablets to try. It will convince you that "Urace" does what hundreds of so-called remedies have failed to accomplish—ACTUALLY CURES RHEUMATISM, GOUT, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, NEURALGIA, and all Uric Acid ailments. I know it does. I am sure of it, and I want you to know it and be sure of it, as 75,000 cured sufferers already are.

"Urace" has CURED people who thought their condition was hopeless—people who had tried dozens of remedies, worn belts and plasters, been massaged, had electrical treatment, visited health resorts, spas, etc., all without result.

"URACE" DOES NOT UPSET OR IRRITATE THE STOMACH. Remember you cannot coax Rheumatism out through the feet or skin with plasters or belts, or tease it out with vibrations or massage. You may ease, but you cannot cure it with a liniment or embrocation. TO CURE YOU MUST DRIVE THE URIC ACID—WHICH HAS CAUSED THE COMPLAINT—OUT OF THE BLOOD. This is just what

I want you to try "Urace" Tablets and learn for yourself that Rheumatism can be cured. A fair test is all I ask. If you find "Urace" is curing you, order more to complete the cure, and recommend it to others.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES. See that every box bears the name U-R-A-C-E. NONE OTHER GENUINE.

Send your name and address, together with penny stamp to cover postage, and I will send you a free Treatment of "Urace" Tablets. Address:

The Secretary, "Urace" Laboratories, 5, Prince's House, Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.

"Urace" Tablets are obtainable from 580 Branches of Boots' Cash Chemists, Taylor's Drug Stores, and all high-class Chemists and Stores, in boxes at 1s. 3d., 3s., and 5s., or direct for remittance in Postal Order or stamps.



Result—the full vigour and healthy sprightliness of youth enjoyed once again.



the great Rheumatic remedy, does. IT DISSOLVES AND EXPELS THE CAUSE, and that is why it cannot fail to cure Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Gout, Neuralgia, etc. It cures the sharp shooting pains, the burning and itching sensation, the aching, throbbing muscles, the stiffened or useless joints.

READY ON FRIDAY, APRIL 6th.

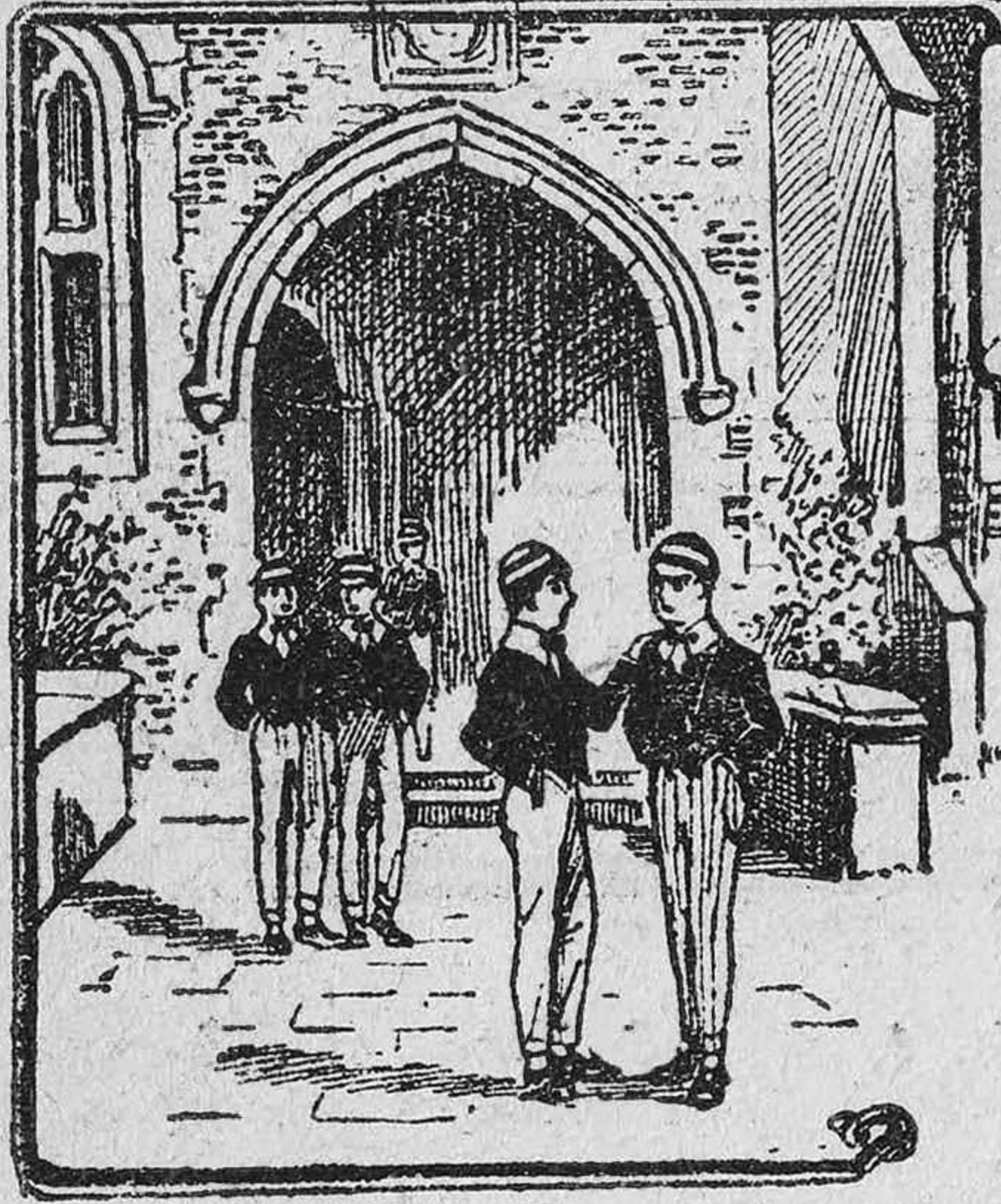
IN THE "BOYS' FRIEND" LIBRARY

- No. 373.—A SCRAP OF PAPER. Another Story of Martin Dale, Detective. By MAXWELL SCOTT.
- No. 374.—DISASTER PIT. A Grand Coal-mining Story. By the Author of "Warned Off," etc.
- No. 375.—THE BOY VENTRILOQUIST. The Amazing Adventures of a Boy and His Parrot. By REGINALD WRAY.
- No. 376.—THE GOLDEN KEY. A Thrilling Tale of Mystery. By T. C. BRIDGES.

IN THE "SEXTON BLAKE" LIBRARY

- No. 29.—THE CATSPAW; Or, HOUNDED DOWN. Introducing the Hon. J. Lawless, Count Carlac, and Professor Kew. By the Author of "The Secret of Draker's Folly," etc.
- No. 30.—THE THREE TRAILS; Or, THE MYSTERY OF GREY GABLES. An Absorbing Story of Detective Work in Devon and London. By the Author of "The Embassy Detective," etc.

Order Your Copy in Advance! Price 3d. per Volume.



ROOKWOOD RECOLLECTIONS

A Splendid New Series
Relating Events at Rookwood Not Already
Recorded.

THIS
WEEK: **ON BAD TERMS!**

By GEORGE RABY.

I.

"By Jove!" Jimmy Silver made the exclamation. He had been sitting quietly in the easy-chair for quite half an hour reading the newspaper, whilst Newcome, Lovell and myself had been endeavouring to complete some two hundred lines which had been given to us by Mr. Bootles.

We immediately looked up from our work.

"What's the matter, Jimmy?" asked Lovell.

"By Jove!" said Jimmy Silver again. "What do you think?"

"Dunno!" said Lovell.

"Tommy Dodd's brother has got the D.C.M.," announced Jimmy.

"What, Sergeant Billy Dodd?" asked Lovell.

"Yes. He belongs to the Mosshires, doesn't he?"

"I believe so," said Lovell.

"Well, there can't be any doubt about it," said Jimmy cheerily. "It's jolly good, though."

"What's he got it for?" asked Newcome.

"It says here that it's for gallantry in the field," said Jimmy Silver. "But that doesn't tell us much, I bet, though, that whatever it was, it was something jolly plucky. I should hardly have been more pleased if my own uncle had got it."

"He'll get it before long," said Newcome, with a laugh.

"Let's hope so," said Jimmy Silver. "Now, look here, I reckon the whole School ought to know about this."

"What do you propose doing?" asked Lovell. "I suppose you're not going round to every study with the newspaper?"

"No," said Jimmy Silver. "That would take too long. I'm going to cut out the paragraph, and put it on the notice board in the Hall. Then everybody will soon get to hear about it."

"Good idea," said Lovell.

Jimmy Silver proceeded to cut out the paragraph, and to paste it on a clean piece of paper.

"I reckon it can do with a title, don't you," said Jimmy Silver.

"What-ho!" said Lovell. "What about 'A Plucky Britisher'?"

"Too weak," said Jimmy Silver. "All our Tommies are plucky, but Billy Dodd's done something a bit out of the ordinary. I've got it! What do you think of 'Our Hero'?"

Lovell looked at Jimmy Silver in surprise.

"I don't see how we can call him 'Our Hero,'" he said. "Billy Dodd didn't go to Rookwood."

"I know that," replied Jimmy Silver, "but his young brother, Tommy, does. There's a sort of connecting link, you see, and I consider we're perfectly justified in claiming him as our hero."

"All right," said Lovell condescendingly. "It's a pretty good title for you, Jimmy."

"Br-r-r-r!" said Jimmy.

And he proceeded to write the words very neatly over the paragraph.

"Now," said Jimmy, when he had finished. "Do you know where Tommy Dodd is?"

"He's over on the footer field," said Lovell.

"That's good," said Jimmy. "I'll go and put it on the notice-board now. It's quite likely he hasn't heard the news, and it'll come as a bit of a surprise when he sees the notice."

Jimmy Silver made a quick dart for the door, and pulled it open quickly. The next moment the fat form of Tubby Muffin fell into the study, and, unable to stop himself, Jimmy Silver went flying headlong into the passage.

He picked himself up quickly, and dragged the fat junior to his feet.

"What's the game, Tubby, my boy?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"Oh, n-n-nothing, Silver, r-r-really," stammered Tubby.

"You've taken to listening at keyholes, then?" asked Jimmy.

"N-n-no," stammered Tubby. "I wouldn't t-t-think of doing s-s-such a thing."

"Well, what were you doing up against our door?" asked Jimmy.

"I wasn't up against your door, Silver," said Tubby Muffin with attempted seriousness. "I happened to be passing at the moment, and—"

"Rats!" cried Jimmy Silver. "That tale won't do for us. Come on, you fellows, collar the fat bouncer."

We immediately laid hands on Tubby Muffin. Jimmy Silver and Newcome took his legs, whilst Lovell and I shared his arms.

"Bump him!" shouted Jimmy Silver.

Tubby Muffin was bumped forthwith.

"Ow! Yow! Yaroooooh!" he yelled.

"Another one!"

"Bump!"

"You boasts!" roared Tubby.

"I'll—Yow! Ow! Ooooooh!"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Jimmy Silver. "A few more!"

"Bump! Bump! Bump!"

"N-n-no," stammered Tubby. "I wouldn't t-t-think of doing s-s-such a thing."

"Well, what were you doing up against our door?" asked Jimmy.

"I wasn't up against your door, Silver," said Tubby Muffin with attempted seriousness. "I happened to be passing at the moment, and—"

"Rats!" cried Jimmy Silver. "That tale won't do for us. Come on, you fellows, collar the fat bouncer."

We immediately laid hands on Tubby Muffin. Jimmy Silver and Newcome took his legs, whilst Lovell and I shared his arms.

"Bump him!" shouted Jimmy Silver.

Tubby Muffin was bumped forthwith.

"Ow! Yow! Yaroooooh!" he yelled.

"Another one!"

"Bump!"

"You boasts!" roared Tubby.

"I'll—Yow! Ow! Ooooooh!"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Jimmy Silver. "A few more!"

"Bump! Bump! Bump!"

"O-o-o-oh!" wailed Tubby. "Lemme gerrup, you rotters! O-o-o-ow!"

"Going to do any more spying at keyholes?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"I didn't!" wailed Tubby.

"Bump! Bump!"

"Ow! Yow! Grooooooh!"

"Going to promise, Tubby?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"Oh, yes, I'll promise," whined Tubby. "I will really—Ow-w-w!"

"Let him get up, you fellows," bade Jimmy Silver.

Tubby Muffin struggled to his feet.

"You rotters!" exclaimed Tubby Muffin. "I'll pay you back for this! You see if I don't!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

We roared until our sides ached with laughing. At that moment Tubby was a very funny sight. In fact, as Lovell said, he was enough to make a cat laugh.

Leaving Tubby to wail to the air, we wended our way to the Hall. There was nobody there, and Jimmy Silver was able to fix the paragraph about Tommy Dodd's brother on the notice-board unseen.

We then trooped back to our study, and got on with the lines that Mr. Bootles had so kindly given us.

II.

There was great excitement in the Hall about half an hour later. I was not there to see neither was Jimmy Silver nor Lovell nor Newcome, but I had it all afterwards from Dick Oswald.

About a dozen Fourth Formers were looking at the notice-board, and amongst them were Mornington and Townsend and Smythe and the other nuts.

"By gad!" exclaimed Mornington, as he looked at a notice which was on the board. "That's a bit too thick!"

"Hear, hear!" said Townsend. "Tommy Dodd's brother a thief and a deserter."

"Phew!" exclaimed Higgs. "That's one in the eye for Doddy, at any rate."

"I bet he'll lie low for a bit after this," said Townsend. "He's been coming it a bit too much just lately, and this'll take him down a peg or two."

"What ho!"

"Hallo! Here he comes!"

At that moment Tommy Dodd & Co. entered the Hall. They had just returned from footer practice. Tommy Dodd's brows were knitted, and there was a look of deep annoyance on his face.

"Here, what's this about my brother?" he asked, striding towards the crowd of juniors round the notice-board.

"Come and read it yourself, Doddy," said Mornington.

"Read what?" ejaculated Tommy Dodd.

"This notice on the board," said Mornington. "I reckon the chap who put it there is a rotten cad. I, myself, would have done my utmost to keep it dark."

Tommy Dodd read the notice, which, by the way, gave particulars of a certain Private W. Dodd who had been convicted of theft and desertion. Then the Modern junior gasped.

"You silly asses!" he roared. "That's not my brother!"

"Not your brother," said Mornington. "But you've got a brother in the Army, haven't you?"

"Yes, but he's a sergeant," said Tommy Dodd.

"His name is William, though, isn't it?" said Mornington.

"Look here, Mornington," said Tommy Dodd vigorously, "if you wish to infer—"

"I don't infer anything, Doddy," said Mornington. "All I say is that it's rather strange. Of course, I knew that your brother was a sergeant; but it's pretty evident that the fellow who put this cutting up thought that the chap referred to was your brother."

"By gum!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd earnestly. "I'd like to get hold of the rotter who put it there."

"Would you really?" asked Tubby Muffin, sidling towards the Modern junior.

"Course I would," snapped Tommy Dodd. "Do you know anything about it?"

"Well—er—I don't wish you to think I'm telling tales," said Tubby, "but—"

"Come on, out with it," ordered Tommy Dodd.

"You'll be awfully surprised," said Tubby Muffin. "I, myself, never thought the chap would be capable of such a thing. But, there, you don't know anybody until you find 'em out."

"Well, who is it, then?"

"Jimmy Silver!"

Tommy Dodd gasped in amazement.

"Oh, nonsense!" he said at length. "Jimmy Silver wouldn't think of doing anything like that. You're off the track, Tubby."

"Am I?" exclaimed Tubby.

"Don't you be so sure of that. Why, I saw him pin the cutting on the board, and he said something about that he was glad you weren't there at the time, as it would come as a greater surprise to you."

Tommy Dodd looked the fat junior straight in the eyes.

"Are you sure of what you say, Muffin?" he exclaimed.

"Well, if you don't want to believe it, you needn't," said Tubby. "But I can tell you this, those rotters in the end study are going to try and make a lot out of this. I believe Silver thinks you'll get elected cricket

captain, and he wants to blacken you in the other fellows' eyes."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd. "I'm going to see Silver about this. D'you know where he is?"

"Yes," said Tubby. "He's in the gym. Possibly he thinks he is bound to have a fight with you, and he is trying to get into form."

"We'll see about that," said Tommy Dodd.

With that, the Modern junior made tracks for the gym, and a crowd of at least a dozen juniors, Modern and Classical, followed at his heels. To many, the idea of a fight between Jimmy Silver and Tommy Dodd was very interesting.

III.

Jimmy Silver was punching away merrily at the punching-ball when Tommy Dodd and the other juniors rushed into the gymnasium.

Tommy Dodd, with a determined light in his eyes, strode over to the Classical captain.

"I say, Silver," he said, "did you put that cutting on the notice-board?"

"What-ho!" said the Classical captain, with a grin. "I'm jolly glad to hear about it, and—"

"Jolly glad?" ejaculated Tommy Dodd, exasperated.

"Rather!" said Jimmy Silver, not quite understanding the look on Tommy Dodd's face. "You must feel awfully bucked about it."

"You rotter!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd. "I ought to feel awfully bucked, ought I? Well, take that, you cad!"

Smack!

Tommy Dodd's fist swung out like lightning, and catching Jimmy Silver on the nose, sent him staggering to the floor.

Some of the lookers-on were greatly amazed, some were highly interested. Mornington & Co. were jolly pleased to see Jimmy Silver and Tommy Dodd come to blows, yet, all the same, they could hardly believe that Jimmy had put the cutting on the board.

Jimmy Silver rose to his feet.

"I say, Doddy," he said, "what's the game?"

"I'll soon show you," said the Modern junior passionately. "Come on, put your fists up!"

"But—"

"Put your hands up, d'you hear?" cried Tommy Dodd.

The Modern junior drew his left back ready to strike, and Jimmy Silver had to put his fists up to defend himself.

Smack!

Tommy Dodd's left fist came forward quickly, and caught Jimmy Silver on the chin. The Classical junior staggered slightly, but next moment he returned the blow with interest, and Tommy Dodd was sent reeling.

"Good old Silver!" yelled the Classics.

"Go it, Doddy!" shouted the Moderns.

And the two combatants went it with a vengeance. There was very little to choose between them, both managing to give as good as they took.

"Take that, you cad!" shrieked Tommy Dodd. And, lunging forward with his right, he sent Jimmy Silver to the floor of the gym.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Mornington. "Silver's done. Ha, ha, ha!"

But Jimmy Silver was not done. He was on his feet again in a twinkling, and pounding Tommy Dodd for all he was worth.

Jimmy rained a hurricane of blows on the Modern junior. Tommy Dodd ducked and dodged, but he could not avoid them all. One or two he caught on the eye, and another came in contact with his nose, and Tommy Dodd snorted.

The Modern junior's eyes were nearly closed, but he stuck to his task manfully. He felt that he had an insult to avenge, and he was determined not to let the Classical junior off lightly.

For his part, Jimmy Silver could not fathom what had come over Tommy Dodd. He would not have

dreamed of provoking a fight between himself and the Modern junior, but the latter had not given him time to explain, and he was therefore compelled to defend himself or else go under.

Smack! Thud! Smack!

Backwards and forwards the two swayed. Tommy Dodd hit Jimmy Silver on the mouth, and Jimmy Silver smashed his left fist full in Tommy Dodd's half-closed eyes.

It was just at this moment that Newcome, Lovell and myself happened to enter the gym. We had been grinding at our lines, and had only just finished them.

To say that we were surprised at the scene that met our eyes is to put it mildly.

"Hallo, what's the row?" exclaimed Lovell.

"Haven't you heard?" asked Tom Rawson.

"Heard what?"

"Why, Jimmy Silver's supposed to have put a notice on the board about Tommy Dodd's brother," explained Tom Rawson, "and Tommy Dodd's fighting him for having done so."

"Well, there was nothing wrong about the notice, was there?" exclaimed Lovell.

"I don't know so much about that," said Rawson. "But would you like it to be known all over Rookwood that your brother was a thief?"

"No; but—"

"Well, you can't wonder that Tommy Dodd took offence at the cutting," said Rawson.

"I don't quite catch on to this," said Lovell. "Have you got the cutting?"

"Here you are," said Townsend. And he handed the cutting to Lovell.

The three of us gasped as we read it. We knew very well that Jimmy had not put that cutting on the board. The one he had affixed there contained particulars of Billy Dodd gaining the D.C.M.

"Hold on, you fellows!" exclaimed Lovell, rushing between the combatants. "There's something here that wants explaining. What are you biffing Silver for, Doddy?"

"Because he put that rotten cutting on the board," said Tommy Dodd, with emphasis.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Lovell. "Jimmy didn't put this notice on the board. The one he put there gave particulars of your brother winning the D.C.M."

"By Jove!"

Tommy Dodd gazed incredulously at his opponent.

"Why didn't you say so?" he demanded.

"I like that!" said Jimmy Silver, dabbing his cut lip. "You rushed at me like a bull going for a gate."

"Well," said Tommy Dodd, "I asked you whether you put the cutting on the board, and you said yes."

"I know I did," said Jimmy Silver ruefully, as he read the cutting to which Tommy Dodd had taken justifiable offence. "But I didn't know you were referring to this. Why, I read this, and never gave it a thought that it could refer to your brother."

"Well, it doesn't!" snorted Tommy Dodd.

"I know that," said Jimmy Silver. "The cutting I put on the board referred, as Lovell said, to your brother, Sergeant Billy Dodd, winning the D.C.M."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd. "Then I've been knocking you about for nothing, Silver, old scout. I say, I'm beastly sorry. I hope you don't bear any malice."

"Don't worry about that, Doddy," said Jimmy cheerily. "Couldn't be helped. Give us your fist, old son."

The two shook hands, and all signs of bad feeling between them had entirely disappeared.

"I wonder who put that other cutting on the board, then?" said Jimmy Silver.

"Well," said Tommy Dodd, "Tubby Muffin told me that you had!"

"Tubby Muffin!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "The rotter! Is that what he calls revenge? By Jove, I'll make him sit up for this!"

And Jimmy Silver did, too. He soon got on Tubby's tracks, and after questioning the fat junior for a few seconds, he soon bowled him out, and made him confess that he had made the change in the cuttings.

Needless to say, the next few moments were very anxious ones for the fat junior, who had succeeded, although for a short space of time, in putting Jimmy Silver and Tommy Dodd on bad terms.

THE END.

(Another splendid Recollection in next Monday's BOYS' FRIEND, entitled "Thwarted by Two!" Don't miss it!)

THE GEM LIBRARY.

Besides a Splendid Long Complete Story of Tom Merry & Co. of St. Jim's,

Entitled: **"FACING THE MUSIC!"**

This week's number contains Extracts from TOM MERRY'S WEEKLY and the GREYFRIARS HERALD, including Two Short Stories:

"NOT BUNTER!" and **"THE HAUNTED STUDY!"**