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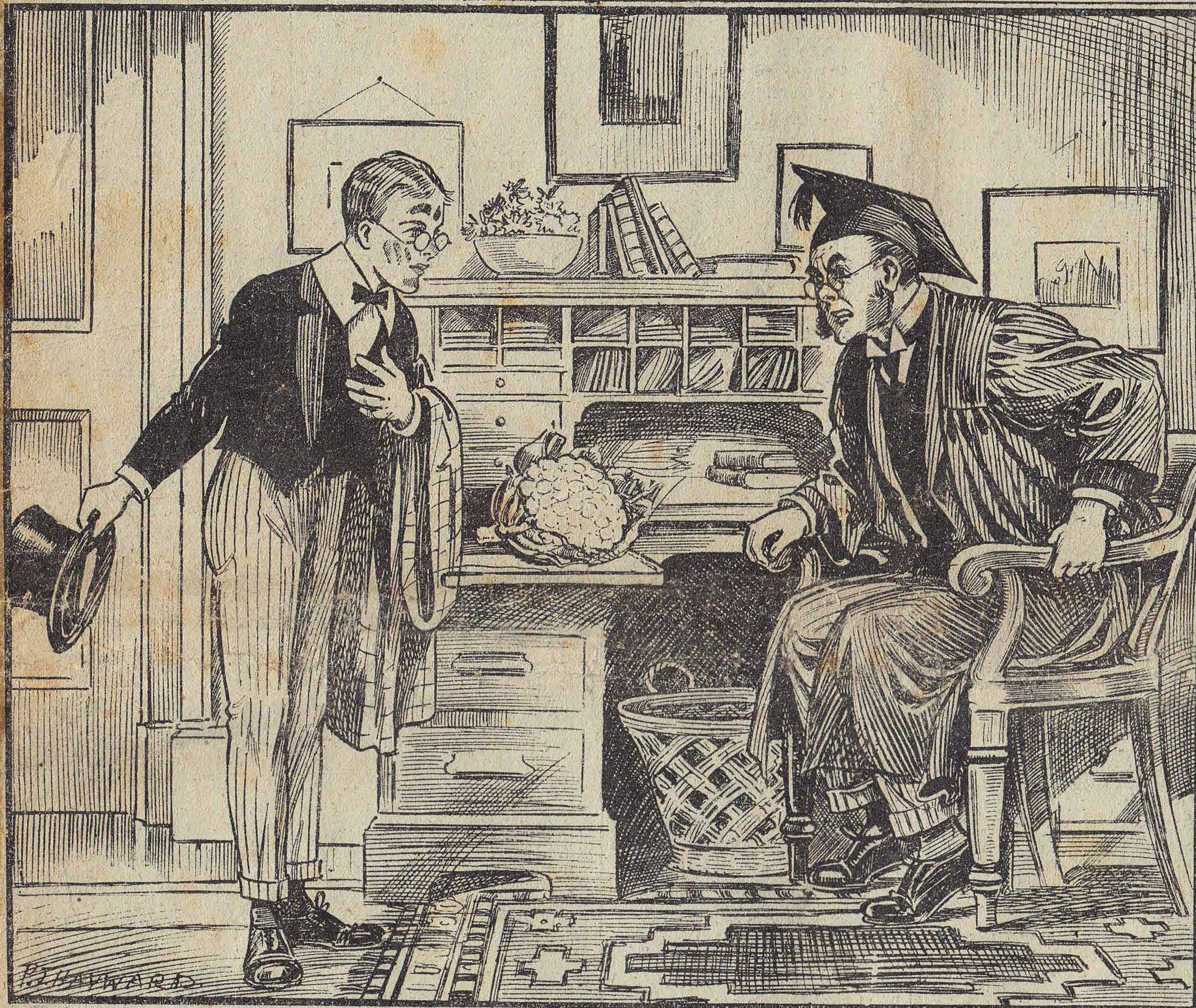
# The BOYS' FRIEND Id.

OUR MOTTO IS: "PLAY THE GAME!"

No. 829, Vol. XVI. New Series.]

ONE PENNY.

[Week Ending April 28th, 1917.



## CLARENCE CUFFY PRESENTS HIMSELF!

# GREENER THAN GRASS!

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

By OWEN CONQUEST.

### The 1st Chapter.

#### Tommy Dodd is Not Pleased.

"You Modern bounders ready?" Jimmy Silver asked the question as he came into Tommy Dodd's study. The three Tommies—Dodd and Cook and Doyle—were there. Tommy Dodd was looking morose and exasperated, and Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle were looking sympathetic. Jimmy Silver glanced from one to another.

"Anything up?" he asked. "Yes!" growled Tommy Dodd. "I see you're not ready, anyway," said Jimmy. "What is it—letter

from home? Chuck it into the fire, and come on. We're waiting!" "Wait, then!" grunted Dodd.

"What about the Bagshot Bounders?" "Blow 'em!"

Jimmy Silver laughed. For once the Classics and Moderns of Rookwood were not at loggerheads. On that half-holiday, the Fistical Four and the three Tommies had agreed to unite their forces, for the purpose of paying off some old scores against their rivals at Bagshot School.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome were waiting in the quad, and Jimmy Silver had come up to remind the Moderns that it was time to start,

and he found Tommy Dodd with a letter in his hand and a lugubrious expression on his face.

"It's rotten!" said Tommy Dodd. "Why couldn't Uncle Dodd spring this on somebody else?"

"Echo answers phwy!" said Doyle. "Write and tell him you can't do it," suggested Cook.

Tommy Dodd snorted. "I can't, can I, fathead? Besides, the howling ass will be here this afternoon! The letter's been delayed in the post."

"Is your uncle a howling ass?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"Fathead! I'm not speaking of my uncle. It's that image!"

"What image?"

"That howling duffer!"

"What howling duffer?" asked Jimmy Silver, in astonishment. "Do you mean Cook or Doyle? The description applies to both!"

"Ass!"

"Well, are you coming out, when you've finished making polite and agreeable remarks?" asked the Classical junior.

"How can I come out, fathead, when I've got to meet that howling duffer, and bring him to Rookwood in a bandbox?" howled Tommy Dodd.

"Who?" yelled Jimmy Silver. "Clarence Cuffy."

"Ye gods!" ejaculated Jimmy Silver. "Is that a name?"

"It's a shrieking ass! Read that letter, fathead!" said Tommy Dodd, throwing it across the table to Jimmy Silver.

Jimmy Silver picked up the letter and read it. Then he understood why the Modern junior was worried; but, instead of looking serious, he grinned. The Classical appeared to see something humorous in the matter which had quite escaped Tommy Dodd. The letter ran:

"My dear Nephew,—You will remember meeting Clarence Cuffy, the son of my old friend and neighbour, Obadiah Cuffy, when you were staying with me last vacation. You will be very pleased to hear that Clarence has been entered at Rookwood, and will arrive at the school on Wednesday. He will belong to the Modern side, and you will, of course, see a great deal of him. I am sure, my dear Tommy, that you will do everything you can to help Clarence on, and make a special friend of him. He remembers you very kindly. He will arrive by the three o'clock train at Coombe on Wednesday, and I am sure you will meet him at the station, and take him to the school, and make his reception at Rookwood as pleasant as possible.—Your affectionate uncle,

JOHN DODD.  
P.S.—Currency note for £1 enclosed."

"Well, that's a jolly nice postscript, anyway," said Jimmy Silver. "I don't see anything to grumble at in that!"

"I'm not grumbling at the postscript, ass! Of course, I can't refuse Uncle Dodd. He's a good sort, and always whacks out a tip!" growled Tommy Dodd. "But—but—but that ass, Cuffy—"

"What's the matter with Cuffy?"

"He's a born idiot!" growled Tommy. "The howlingest ass you ever saw! When I was staying with my uncle, I saw him every day, and I was pulling his leg all the time. He never knew it. He's got the brains of a bunny rabbit, and not a very intelligent bunny rabbit. His father intends him for the Foreign Office when he grows up, and that's exactly the place for him! Meanwhile, he ought to be in a home for idiots!"

"Well, it amounts to the same thing, if he comes into the Modern side here," said Jimmy Silver comfortingly.

"Oh, don't be a funny ass!" growled Tommy. "I'm going to have him planted on me, and he's greener than cabbages, and can't say 'Bo!' to a goose!"

"Do you fellows want him to say 'Bo!' to you?"

"Chuck it!" roared Tommy Dodd. "Can't you be serious, you silly ass? I'm not going to stand it, only—only I've got to!"

Jimmy Silver grinned, and looked at his watch.

"You'd better cut off, if you're going to meet him at the station," he remarked. "Our expedition's off for this afternoon, then?"

"I suppose so."

"I'll tell you what," said Jimmy. "I'll go and meet him if you like, and save you the trouble."

Perhaps Jimmy Silver expected an outburst of gratitude for that kind offer. If so, he was disappointed. Tommy Dodd snorted.

"You won't do anything of the sort, you rotter! I know your little game! You think you're going to jape him at the start, because he's a verdant ass! Yah!"

Jimmy chuckled.

"Well, I wish you joy of him," he said. "It's pretty rotten, I admit, but matters might have been worse!"

(Continued on the next page.)



## GREENER THAN GRASS!

(Continued from the previous page.)

fellows have caught?" asked Conroy of the Fourth, as the four came in.

"By gad! What a picture!" chimed in Mornington. "Is that Jimmy Silver or the Wild Man from Borneo?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jimmy Silver strode on regardless. Townsend and Topham cackled at him on the stairs, Peele and Gower cackled on the landing, Oswald and Flynn roared at the sight of him in the Fourth Form passage. Even Rawson, generally a serious youth, looked out of his study and grinned.

Then Jimmy shut himself in a bathroom for repairs. He had finished towelling, and was combing and brushing, when the door was pushed open, and Lovell grinned in.

Jimmy met him with a glare. Lovell tried to look repentant, but his eyes were dancing.

"Too bad, old chap!" he said, with much sympathy.

"Oh, rats!"

"We're awfully sorry—"

"Br-r-r-r!"

"And we'll come with you and mop up the Modern cads, if you like, instead of going for Bagshot," said Lovell.

Jimmy Silver's face broke into a grin as he combed his hair.

"Never mind the Modern cads," he said. "There's something better on—if you are quite sure you've done guggling like a set of geese!"

"Any old thing!" said Raby, over Lovell's shoulder.

"What was the row about, anyway, Jimmy?"

Jimmy explained.

His chums listened to the description of Clarence Cuffy—secondhand from Tommy Dodd—with deep interest.

"My hat!" said Lovell. "What larks! We'll get no end of fun out of a merchant like that! He'll be a prize-packet to us! That's why Tommy Dodd was so wild, of course."

"That's the idea!" said Jimmy Silver. "He's coming by the three train. Tommy Dodd's going to meet him. My idea is that we should meet him, instead, and pull his leg. If he's the kind of verdant lover Tommy described, there's no end of fun in him."

"But if the Modern rotters are there—"

"They won't be. I can fix that! If you're quite sure you're done cackling, we'll get off!" said Jimmy sarcastically.

Jimmy put on his jacket, and the Fistical Four started. In the quadrangle Jimmy stopped to speak to Conroy and Pons and Van Ryn, the three Colonial juniors, who were coming out of the tuck-shop.

"Halt!" said Jimmy. "You're wanted!"

"Going for Bagshot?" asked Pons.

"Bother Bagshot! We're going to the station to meet a new Modern kid—"

"Oh, crumbs!"

"And we don't want Tomy Dodd to come. I want you fellows to lay for him, and see that he doesn't come. Savvy? It's a jape!"

"Right-ho!" said Conroy. "I'll call Oswald and Flynn and we'll collar them and sit on them!"

"Topping!"

The Fistical Four hurried out of the gates, and took their way to Coombe. About three minutes later the three Tommies came sauntering down to the gates.

Exasperated as he was by his uncle's request, and by the arrival of Clarence Cuffy, Tommy Dodd intended to do as he was requested. But his kindly programme was not destined to be carried out.

As the three Moderns walked down the lane, six Classical juniors detached themselves from a fence by the roadside. They were the Colonial Co., and Flynn, Oswald, and Jones minor of the Fourth.

They lined up in the path of the trio, with grinning faces.

"None of your larks now!" growled Tommy Dodd. "We've got to get to the station!"

"Not at all necessary!" smiled Conroy. "Jimmy Silver's gone for you."

"The cheeky ass!" roared Tommy Dodd. "If he begins any japes on Cuffy, I'll slaughter him! Let us pass, you jabberwocks!"

"Won't ye come for a little walky-walky with us intirely?" grinned Flynn.

"No, you howling ass! Lemme pass!"

"I think you will!" smiled Conroy. "Come on!"

"Look here, you kangaroo—"

"Collar them!"

There was a scene of great excitement in Coombe Lane for a few minutes. But two to one were long odds.

The scuffle ended with three Modern juniors arm-in-arm with six Classics. Each of the Tommies had a Classical on either side of him, with a firm grip on his arm.

"Now will you come walky-walky?" grinned Conroy.

"Leggo, you chump—"

"March!" said the Australian junior.

Tommy Dodd & Co. had to march. And the Classics turned their backs on Coombe, so the three Tommies had to march in the opposite direction. It was only too painfully clear that Tommy Dodd would not meet Clarence Cuffy at Coombe Station that afternoon.

### The 3rd Chapter.

#### Greener than Grass!

"Lots of time!" remarked Jimmy Silver.

The Fistical Four had arrived at the station, and the train was not yet in. They nodded to the ancient porter, and went on the platform.

The train was signalled, however, and they had not long to wait.

When it rolled in the four Classics watched for the new boy. They were very curious to see the youth of whom Tommy Dodd had given so unflattering a description.

If Tommy's description was anything like accurate, Clarence Cuffy would be, as Lovell remarked, a goldmine to the Classics.

There were a good many passengers who alighted from the train, but only one who, by any possibility, could be the new fellow for Rookwood.

That was a youth of about their own age, in Etons and an overcoat, who stepped from the train, and blinked up and down the platform owlishly.

The juniors blinked, too, as they looked at him.

The new-comer had a round, open, innocent face, with big blue eyes, that looked almost like saucers. They looked all the larger, because he wore big round spectacles. His cheeks were plump and rosy, and his person was what the French politely call inclined to "enbonpoint"—what the Rookwooders would have termed, less delicately, "plump."

There was an innocent and expansive smile upon his face, which beamed like unto a full moon.

"My hat!" said Lovell, in an ecstatic whisper. "That must be the merchant! My only Aunt Selina Ann! You can always hear the hayseed growing in his hair!"

"Shush!" said Jimmy Silver. "Put on your sweetest smiles! Remember, we've come here specially to meet him!"

Jimmy stepped towards the guileless stranger, and raised his school-cap very politely.

"Master Cuffy?" he asked.

The youth blinked at him.

"That is my name," he said. "Are you Tommy Dodd?"

"Ahem! No, not exactly! But we've come to meet you and welcome you to Rookwood," said Jimmy.

Clarence Cuffy beamed upon him.

"How exceedingly kind of you!" he exclaimed. "My dearest auntie will be so pleased when I tell her of this!"

Lovell and Raby and Newcome turned their faces away. But Jimmy Silver smiled gravely.

"Our chief object is to please your dearest auntie, Cuffy," he said. "By the way, does you aunt know you're out?"

"Oh, yes, indeed! She saw me off at the station," said Cuffy innocently.

"I understood that Thomas Dodd would meet me here, but—"

"You haven't heard?" asked Jimmy sadly.

"Goodness gracious! I hope nothing has happened to Thomas Dodd," exclaimed Clarence.

"Don't be alarmed! He's quite well," said Jimmy. "Only—perhaps I'd better tell you at once—he's just a little— You understand!" Jimmy tapped his forehead in a significant way.

"Oh, gracious!" said Clarence.

"I understand that it runs in the Dodd family," said Jimmy, with owl-like seriousness. "Hadn't you heard of it?"

"Oh, dear!" said Clarence, in great distress. "Now I come to think of it, I remember many strange actions of Thomas Dodd when I saw him last. He actually put a frog down my back on one occasion!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"And when I reproached him, thinking that it was a foolish practical joke, he told me that he was only thinking of the frog's comfort, and wished to place him in a nice, warm, cosy place," said Clarence. "Of course, this was exceedingly kind of Thomas Dodd, but—now you speak of it—"

"You mustn't think he's violent, or anything like that," said Jimmy reassuringly. "Only a little bit potty in the crumpet, you know. I'm warning you so that you'll know how to deal with him when you see him. He's pretty sure to ask you to tea, and you want to know how to treat him. At present he's being actually held by force, to prevent him from committing a violent assault upon me, his best—ahem!—pal."

"Good gracious!"

"But he's only like that sometimes. You'll find him quite calm when you get in. He always calms down at tea-time. You simply have to humour him. You don't mind my giving you the tip?"

"It is exceedingly kind of you."

"Right-ho! Well, Tommy Dodd's chief mania is a desire to be treated very affectionately." Jimmy watched the simple face of Clarence Cuffy keenly as he made this statement. But there was no sign of suspicion there. "When you see him, don't simply shake hands with him. Put your arms round his neck and kiss him."

"How very odd!" ejaculated Clarence.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome appeared to be suffering from internal spasms. But Jimmy Silver was as grave as a judge.

"Unless you do that, he may think you unfriendly," said Jimmy. "You don't mind my telling you?"

"I am exceedingly obliged, my dear, kind friend," said Clarence gratefully. "My dear auntie would be so pleased—"

He paused and blinked at Lovell. "Have you a cold, my dear fellow?"

"N-n-not at all!" gasped Lovell.

"By the way, I haven't introduced myself," said Jimmy. "Jimmy Silver—that's me. Arthur Lovell, the chap with the ears. George Raby, the fellow with the nose. Arthur Newcome, the chap with the feet."

"You silly ass!" said three voices in unison.

"This way," said Jimmy. "You can leave your box with the porter. Better shake hands with him. You don't mind?"

"Not at all, my dear James. I shall call you James. Is it a custom here to shake hands with the porter?"

"Well, if you don't mind. We're rather Socialistic here, you know," said Jimmy calmly. "Of course, if you object—"

"Oh, no, not at all."

Clarence Cuffy crossed to the porter, who was trundling away his box on a trolley.

The Fistical Four watched him as if fascinated.

If Clarence did shake hands with the porter, what the porter would think was a very interesting problem. And certainly it would prove that Clarence was as green as grass, or greener, and that he would be a goldmine to the cheery Classical juniors of Rookwood.

"Please have my box sent to Rookwood School, my good man," said Clarence, blinking at old William.

"Yessir."

Clarence held out his hand, and William, supposing that it meant a tip, stretched out a horny hand to take it. The new junior clasped his hand and shook it cordially. The expression upon old William's face at that moment was simply extraordinary.

Clarence rejoined the Fistical Four, old William blinking after him as if mesmerised.

"My heye!" murmured the porter. "Mad! Mad as a 'atter! My heye!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. walked Clarence out of the station, with happy smiles on their faces. Clarence wore a happy smile, too. He was thinking how exceedingly lucky he was to have met these exceedingly nice boys on his arrival.

### The 4th Chapter.

#### Exceedingly Kind!

"Halt!"

The Fistical Four halted, with their new friends, as they were passing Mrs. Wick's little shop in the old High Street of Coombe.

Jimmy Silver's eyes were dancing, but his face was otherwise grave.

"Now, about your arrival at Rookwood," he said musingly. "I understand that you're in the Modern Fourth, Cuffy."

"Yes, with my dear friend, Thomas Dodd."

"You'll be in Mr. Manders' house. Do you know anything about Mr. Manders?"

Clarence shook his head.

"He's a bit of a Tartar," said Jimmy. "But there are ways of getting round him. The question is, whether you'd like to spend a little money in making Mr. Manders a present? In fact, I'd stand the tin with pleasure, for the sake of—ahem!—seeing you please Manders."

"I should be exceedingly delighted, my dear James."

"Manders dotes on cauliflowers," said Jimmy Silver. "Owing to war economy, he doesn't get all the cauliflowers he would like. A new kid couldn't do better than take him a really first-class cauliflower as a present."

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Lovell and Raby and Newcome involuntarily.

Jimmy looked at them severely.

"What are you cackling at?" he demanded.

"I—I was thinking how pleased Manders would be," gurgled Lovell. "I can just imagine his face," gasped Newcome.

"Pleased as Punch, of course," said Raby. "It's very thoughtful of you, Jimmy, to give the new kid a valuable tip like that."

"Well, I'm thinking of Tommy Dodd chiefly," explained Jimmy. "I know what he will feel like, when he knows we've been kind to Cuffy."

"Ha, ha! He will be delighted. I am sure it is exceedingly kind of you," said Clarence, beaming. "I shall certainly expend two pence on a cauliflower for Mr. Manders."

"Ahem! Cauliflowers have gone up, you know. You may have to spring a tanner for a good one."

"Dear me! They are twopence each at Gander's Green," said Clarence.

"Eh! Where?"

"That is my dear native village," explained Clarence.

"Oh! I—I see. Well, here's the greengrocer, and you can leave the purchase to me. I'm going to stand the tanner."

"Not at all, my dear James, I—"

"My dear chap, I insist."

"But, really—"

"Leave it to me, Cuffy, old chap."

And Jimmy stopped at the greengrocer's next door to Mrs. Wick's, and the purchase was made forthwith. It was a really handsome cauliflower, and was nicely wrapped up in paper and tied. Clarence Cuffy took it under his arm, and again thanked James for his kindness.

The Fistical Four were on the verge of explosion now. But they continued to moderate their transports, so to speak. That any fellow could be so green as this was discovery to them. It was evident that in the rural seclusion of Gander's Green, the innocence of the dove far outweighed the wisdom of the serpent.

It was an interesting question exactly how far the cheery, chubby Clarence could be "stuffed." Certainly a fellow who would present his master with a cauliflower on his arrival at school, might be supposed to be capable of anything.

"By the way, what about your school colours?" asked Jimmy suddenly, as he walked down the lane to Rookwood.

"Goodness gracious, what is that?" asked Clarence.

"You know the sides at Rookwood have different colours—red for Classical, and blue for Modern. School colours, pink and white," said Jimmy seriously. "You have to show your colours when you arrive. I suppose you haven't any coloured ribbons about you?"

"Nunno!"

"All serene, I've got some crayons in my pockets. You see, it doesn't really matter where you show the colours, so long as you show them," explained Jimmy. "On your face is best."

"Goodness gracious!"

"If you'd like me to see to it for you. It might save you from—ahem!—being called over the coals for neglect. That would be hardly fair, as you're a new chap. But Manders is very strict. It's not true that he slaughtered a Fourth-Form chap once, and hid the body in the water-butt—"

"D-d-d-dear me!"

"But he's a bit of a Hun, and you can't be too careful. The cauliflower will set you right with him, perhaps, but you can't be too careful. Shall I fix you up with the crayons?"

"My dear James, it is exceedingly kind of you."

"Done, then."

Jimmy Silver extracted the crayons from his pocket, and proceeded to fix up Clarence in the Rookwood colours. He crayoned his nose a bright blue, the Modern colour, and he made his cheeks a brilliant pink, and his chin

"How could they have been worse, fathead?"

"They might have put Clarence on the Classical side, you know!"

"You burbling ass!" roared Tommy Dodd.

"Here he'll be quite in his element," said Jimmy consolingly. "If he's an ass, as you say, he'll find lots of asinine company. If he's an idiot—well, this side of Rookwood is practically a home for idiots. If he's a howling duffer, he'll be quite at home among the others! In fact, you'd better ask him to stick in this study—a most appropriate place for a howling duffer! Yaroooooh!"

There was no appreciation of Classical humour in Tommy Dodd's study just then. The three Tommies made a sudden rush at Jimmy Silver, and collared him.

Jimmy's flow of humour came to a sudden stop, and he yelled.

"Yaroooh! Hands off! I'll—Yah!"

Bump!

"Oh, my hat! I'll—I'll—Yah! Oh!"

Bump—bump!

"Now roll him downstairs," said Tommy Dodd.

"Oh, crumbs! Yah! Ah!"

With arms and legs wildly flying, Jimmy Silver was rushed out of the study by the three exasperated Moderns, and rolled over the landing, and tumbled down the stairs, three boots helping him to start.

Jimmy rolled down, grasping wildly at the banisters.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the three Tommies from the landing.

"Yaroooooh!"

"Hallo! There's Manders! Cut!" ejaculated Cook.

And the three Moderns melted away.

Mr. Manders came up as Jimmy Silver righted himself on the stairs. The Modern master had a cane in his hand. He glared at the Classical junior.

"Silver!"

"Yow-ow!"

"So you are not content to keep your horseplay to your own side of the school, Silver—"

"Groogh!"

"Cease those ridiculous noises, Silver, and hold out your hand at once!"

"Oh, dear!"

"Do you hear me, Silver?" thundered Mr. Manders.

Swish—swish—swish!

Mr. Manders pointed to the door with his cane, and Jimmy Silver limped out into the sunny quadrangle.

### The 2nd Chapter.

#### Jimmy Silver Has an Idea.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

That was the greeting Jimmy Silver received from his devoted chums, as he limped out of Mr. Mander's House—dusty, dishevelled, and squeezing his hands.

Jimmy's hair was like a mop, his waistcoat buttons had burst, and his jacket was covered with dust. He was crimson and untidy. All his chums did was to roar:

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The captain of the Fourth glared at them.

"You cackling asses, what are you cackling at?"

Lovell and Raby and Newcome only cackled the more.

"I thought you were going in to call Tommy Dodd!" gurgled Lovell. "Did you meet an earthquake on the way?"

"Or a wild, untamed cyclone?" giggled Raby.

"Or a merry Hun on the war-path?" yelled Newcome. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, rats!"

Jimmy Silver dragged his collar straight, and smoothed his ruffled hair. Then he strode away to the Classical side to get a brush-up. He needed it. Lovell and Raby and Newcome followed him, still grinning.

Jimmy Silver was quite a humorous fellow; but the humour of the situation was, for the moment, lost on him.

"Hallo! Is that a wild Hun you

a glaring white with chalk—pink and white being the school colours. Clarence Cuffy's aspect, when he had finished, was extraordinary. If there had been a looking-glass at hand, Clarence would have been startled himself.

"Oh, my hat!" mumbled Lovell. Raby and Newcome coughed hard. "There!" said Jimmy. "Now you're all right! Now, there's Rookwood, and you go straight on to the gates and walk in. Ask any fellow you meet to show you to Mr. Manders' House. By the way, don't forget to bow to Mr. Manders when you're taken to his study!"

"Thank you so much!" "You will have to bow twice, placing your hand on your heart—like that!" "I will remember."

"And, to show you mean to be friendly, just ask Manders in a civil way why he isn't in khaki. He will take that very kindly."

"Certainly!" "Well, good-bye for the present!" said Jimmy affably. "Keep right on!"

"Thank you so much!" Clarence marched on, with his bag and umbrella in one hand, and the cauliflower under the other arm. The Classical Four watched him. Clarence suddenly turned back, and came running towards them.

"Hollo! What is it now?" asked Lovell.

"I must really thank you once more," said Clarence. "I hope you understand, my dear James, how exceedingly grateful I am for your exceeding kindness!" "Don't mench," gasped Jimmy Silver. "Go ahead, old scout!"

And Clarence started for Rookwood again. Jimmy Silver & Co. controlled their internal convulsions till he had passed in at the gates.

Then they threw themselves down into the grass by the roadside, and kicked up their heels and roared.

**The 5th Chapter.**

**Mr. Manders Gets a Shock.**

"My heve!" Old Mack, the porter of Rookwood, nearly fell down as he gasped out that ejaculation.

Old Mack had seen all sorts and conditions of fellows arrive at Rookwood, but he had never seen anything like this.

For a youth to walk in at the gates with his face crayoned pink and white, and his nose crayoned blue, was something quite novel. Old Mack stared at him as if he could hardly believe his eyes.

Clarence Cuffy blinked round him through his large spectacles as he came within the gates. Old Mack staggered out of his lodge.

"Who the—what the—" gasped Mack. Clarence blinked at him.

"My good man—" "You clear hout!" said Mack. "This 'ere ain't a circus!"

Clarence blinked seriously at him. He seemed surprised.

"You appear to be labouring under a misapprehension, my good man," he said. "I am a new pupil for this scholastic establishment!"

Clarence had apparently learned a fine flow of English in Gander's Green.

"My heve!" stuttered Mack. "Will you have the exceeding kindness to direct me to Mr. Manders' House?" asked Clarence politely. "I entirely fail to see, my good man, to what to attribute this extraordinary outbreak of risibility!"

"Oh, 'old me!" gasped Mack. "Dear me! I fear the man has been drinking!" said Clarence. "I must pursue my inquiries elsewhere."

He walked on, leaving old Mack rooted to the ground. There was a howl in the quadrangle as he was sighted.

Classicals and Moderns came up with a rush from all directions to behold this unique new specimen.

"By gad! What is it?" yelled Mornington. "Somethin' quite new!" grinned Townsend. "I say, what are you?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Clarence blinked at them in surprise.

"I am delighted to meet you, my dear schoolfellows!" he began. "Oh, crikey!"

"Will you have the exceeding goodness to direct me to Mr. Manders' House?"

"Are you a new Modern?" yelled Topham. "Yes, my dear friend. My name is Clarence Cuffy," said the new junior. "I have just come from my home at Gander's Green."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "What's the matter with your face?" shrieked Smythe of the Shell. "Is anything the matter with my face?" asked Clarence, in surprise.

"Oh, I perceive that you allude to the school colours!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

"My dear friend, James Silver, was kind enough to do this for me—" "Ha, ha, ha!"

"In order to please Mr. Manders." The juniors yelled. "Are you going in to Manders like that?" roared Tracy.

"Certainly!" "I'll show you the way!" chortled Mornington. "Come with me, Duffy!"

"Yes, I mean Cuffy. I'll show you in to Manders!" "Thank you so much! This is exceedingly kind!"

Clarence gratefully followed the dandy of the Fourth into Mr. Manders' House. He left half Rookwood yelling behind him.

"My dear schoolfellows appear to be in a somewhat merry mood this afternoon," Clarence remarked. "Oh, don't mind them!" said Mornington. "They're taken like that sometimes. This way!"

"Thank you so much!" "There's Mandy's door. Knock at it, and you'll be all right!"

"How exceedingly kind of you!" Mornington retreated, gasping. He would have liked to see Mr. Manders' face when the new junior

"Oh, no, sir!" said Clarence, in surprise. "Why is your face painted in that ridiculous way?"

"They are the school colours, sir," said Clarence simply. "James Silver was so exceedingly kind as to arrange it for me!"

"Upon my word!" Mr. Manders glared and gasped. Then Clarence, remembering James' instructions, proceeded to bow twice, with his hand on his heart. That proceeding seemed almost to hypnotise Mr. Manders.

"May I have the pleasure, sir, of presenting you—" "What!"

"With this cauliflower, sir?" said Clarence. "Wha-a-at!"

Clarence ripped open the paper, and laid the handsome cauliflower on Mr. Manders' writing-table, with a beaming smile.

Mr. Manders gasped for breath. "A—a—a cauliflower!" he stammered.

"Yes, sir. I understand that you are exceedingly fond of that succulent vegetable," said Clarence. "It is not equal to the cauliflowers we produce at Gander's Green—"

"Boy!" "But I trust you will like it, sir"

the cane in the air. Clarence did not wait for him. He fled down the passage.

"Come back!" shrieked Mr. Manders, from the study doorway. But Clarence did not come back. He might be green, but he was not green enough to come back just then. He vanished.

**The 6th Chapter. A Surprise for Tommy Dodd.**

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Here he is!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

A roar of laughter greeted Clarence's reappearance in the quadrangle. The Fistical Four had just come in, their faces wreathed in smiles, and a little breathless.

"Seen Manders?" gasped Jimmy. "Yes," stammered Clarence. "He—he is a most extraordinary man. He did not seem pleased when I presented him with the cauliflower—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "In fact, he became violent, and I left him rather hurriedly. I had no time to ask him why he was not in khaki, as you suggested, James. Perhaps that would have restored him to good temper."

"Perhaps!" gasped Lovell. "Ha, ha, ha!" "Who on earth is this?" exclaimed

"Oh, my hat!" said Jimmy. It occurred to the captain of the Fourth that there was a serious side to his little joke on Clarence.

He was in a less merry mood as he presented himself in Mr. Bootles' study. The master of the Fourth gave him a severe look, and Mr. Manders scowled.

"Silver," rumbled Mr. Bootles. "Mr. Manders informs me that you have played a most absurd and reprehensible trick upon a new boy—" "Only a little joke, sir," pleaded Jimmy Silver.

"Mr. Manders does not regard it as a joke, Silver; he regards it as an act of disrespect towards himself."

"Oh, sir!" said Jimmy meekly. "Mr. Manders knows how much we all respect him, sir."

Mr. Manders' eyes gleamed. He could see the double meaning of that remark, though it was lost upon the unsuspecting Form-master.

"You may hold out your hand, Silver," said Mr. Bootles, taking up his cane.

Swish! Swish! Swish! "Yow-ow-ow-ow!" "You may go, Silver."

Jimmy went, with his hands tucked under his arms, and his face contorted into a most extraordinary expression.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Lovell, as he came out into the quad. "Is that a new thing in gymnastics, Jimmy?"

"Yow-ow-ow!" "Licked?" "Yow-ow-ow! Yes, Manders has been grousing to Bootles—yow-ow!—about that little—yow-ow!—joke."

"Well," said Lovell, after some thought. "you might really have expected that, Jimmy. I wonder you didn't think of it."

"Yow-ow-ow!" "Come to think of it, Cuffy might have been licked, and that would have been a shame," remarked Lovell. "So it's all to the good, really."

"Yow-ow! You silly ass!" grunted Jimmy Silver. "Well, better you than Cuffy, you know, under the circumstances," said Lovell argumentatively.

"Fathead!" was Jimmy Silver's reply. No doubt Lovell was right; but Jimmy Silver was not able to see eye to eye with his chum for the moment. Jimmy had had the licking, and Lovell hadn't, and that accounted for the difference.

"Hallo! Here comes Tommy Dodd!" grinned Raby. "He looks wrathful."

Jimmy Silver ceased rubbing his hands, and grinned. The three Tommies had come in at the gates, looking very red and excited. They had had quite a long walk that afternoon with Conroy & Co., and they had not enjoyed it. Tommy Dodd came wrathfully up to the Classical Four.

"Where's Cuffy?" he roared. "All serene," said Jimmy Silver. "He's all right. We've looked after him. He's just washing the school colours off."

"The what?" howled Tommy Dodd. "He didn't know a chap had to arrive at Rookwood in the school colours, so I crayoned his face for him—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Cook and Doyle. Tommy Dodd's face was a study.

"And he took in a cauliflower as a present for Manders, Tommy. It was my suggestion."

"You—you—you Classical rotter!" roared Tommy Dodd, while his chums yelled. "You—you—you— Oh, here he is!"

Clarence Cuffy came out of the School House with his face newly swept and garnished, so to speak.

His face lighted up at the sight of Tommy Dodd, his old acquaintance, and he came towards him smiling expansively. A crowd of Rookwood fellows gathered round Clarence. They were quite interested in him.

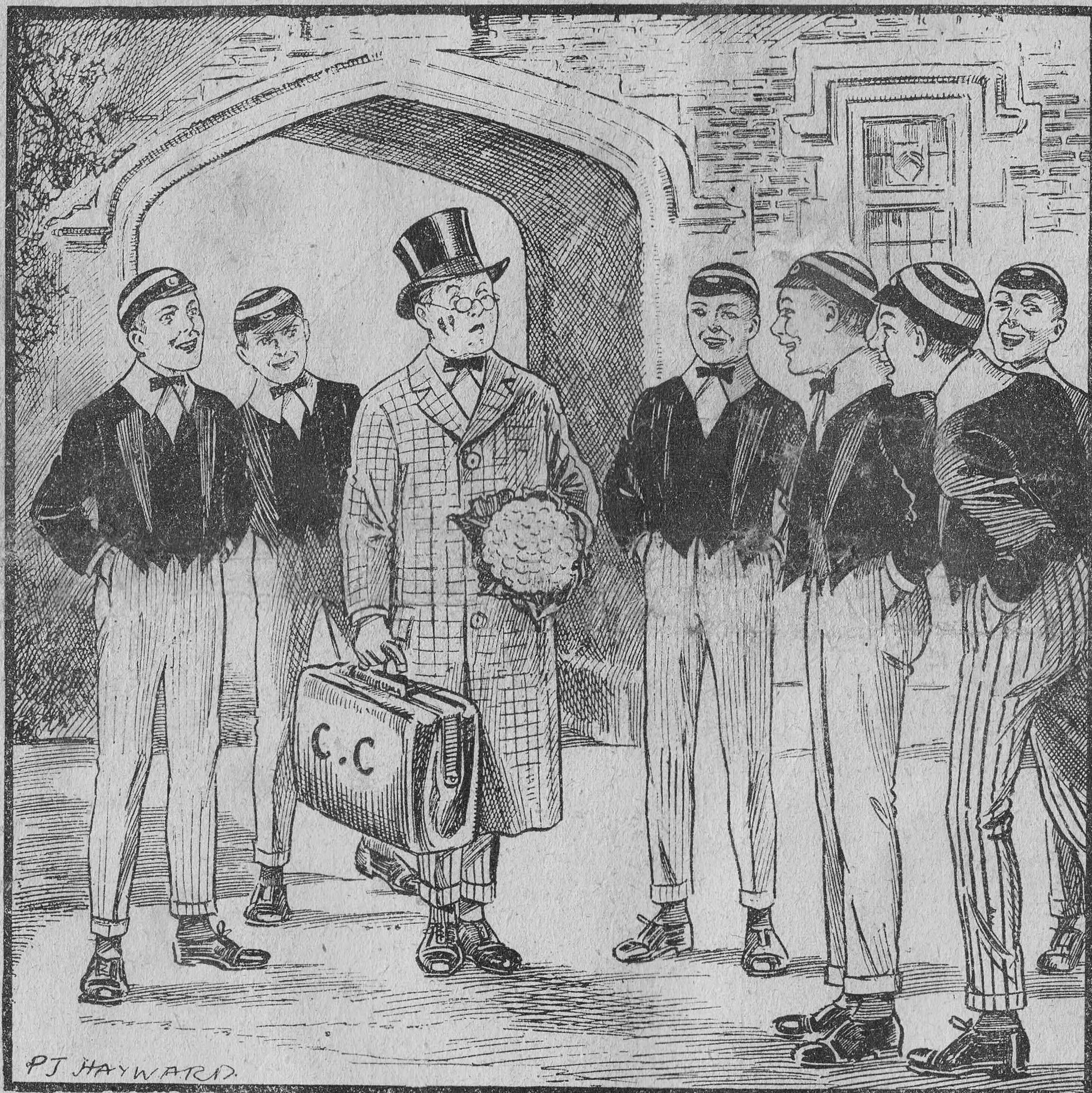
"My dear Thomas!" exclaimed Clarence effusively. Tommy Dodd grinned. Mindful of Jimmy Silver's instructions, Clarence did not neglect to greet Tommy Dodd in an affectionate manner.

He threw his arms round the astonished junior's neck. "What the—" spluttered Tommy Dodd. "Smack! Smack!"

Clarence kissed him on both cheeks, with reports like a pistol. There was a wild howl from the juniors.

"Ha, ha, ha!" Tommy Dodd struggled wildly in Clarence's affectionate embrace. "Leggo!" he roared.

"Ha, ha, ha!" Tommy Dodd shoved Clarence off so violently that the new junior sat down in the quad with a bump. He sat there looking astonished, while



"My name is Clarence Cuffy," said the new junior. "I have just come from my home at Gander's Green." "What's the matter with your face?" exclaimed Adolphus Smythe.

presented himself; but he prudently decided not to be on the spot. There was no telling what might happen.

Clarence trotted on to the Modern master's door, and tapped. "Come in!" said the thin, acid tones of Mr. Manders.

Clarence opened the door and went in. Mr. Manders was busy at his table. He glanced up in his usual irritable way.

He was expecting a new boy, and did not want to be bothered with him; but certainly he was not expecting anything like Clarence.

As his eyes fell upon the youth from Gander's Green, Mr. Manders' features became fixed, as if petrified.

His eyes almost started from his head. Clarence stood before him with a meek smile on his crayoned face.

Mr. Manders found his voice at last. "Boy!" he gasped. "Yes, sir."

"Who—who—what are you?" "Clarence Cuffy, please, sir," said the new junior meekly. "I understand you are Mr. Manders?"

"Bless my soul! Are you mad, boy?" shouted Mr. Manders.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Manders. "Either the boy is mad, or this is a piece of the most unexampled impertinence!"

Clarence looked dismayed. "I—I trust there has been no mistake," he faltered. "My dear friend James Silver assured me that you were fond of cauliflowers—"

"Silver! Oh, now I understand! You incredibly stupid boy!" gasped Mr. Manders. "You—you—you extraordinarily idiotic dolt—"

"Eh?" "I refuse to believe that such stupidity is natural!" roared Mr. Manders. "I believe this is an impertinent trick."

"Goodness gracious!" Mr. Manders jumped up and seized his cane. The dismayed Clarence backed to the door. Jimmy Silver had warned him that Tommy Dodd was not quite right in the head. Clarence began to think that his dear friend James had forgotten to warn him that Mr. Manders was in the same unhappy mental state.

"Come here!" shouted Mr. Manders, flourishing the cane. "B-b-but—" stammered Clarence, backing through the doorway.

Mr. Manders rushed at him, with

Bulkeley of the Sixth, coming up. "What the dickens—" "If you please, I am the new boy!"

"What have you been doing to your face?" roared Bulkeley. Clarence blinked at him.

"If you please, they are the school colours—" "The—the what?" gasped the captain of Rookwood.

"The school colours, please, James Silver was so exceedingly kind—" "You young rascal, Silver! Take the young idiot away and get him washed at once," said Bulkeley, trying to frown. "What's your name, you young ass?"

"Clarence Cuffy, please." "You seem to be a green young idiot," said Bulkeley. "Don't believe everything you're told. Get your silly face washed at once."

"Goodness gracious!" Jimmy Silver marched the new junior into the House to a bath-room, leaving the Rookwood juniors howling with merriment. Jimmy left him there, scrubbing his highly-coloured features, in a state of great astonishment. Mornington met him as he came downstairs.

"Bootles wants you," he grinned. "Manders is there."



## GREENER THAN GRASS!

(Continued from the previous page.)

the enraged Tommy glared down at him.

"You silly idiot!" raved Tommy Dodd. "What do you mean by kissing me like a silly schoolgirl, you silly guy?"

"Groooh!" gasped Clarence. "You howling jabberwock, what do you mean by it?" yelled Tommy Dodd.

"G-goodness gracious!" stuttered Clarence. "James told me that it would please you, my dear Thomas."

"Eh? James! Who's James, you owl?"

"Your dear friend, James Silver."

"Ha, ha, ha!" Tommy Dodd turned a Hunnish look upon Jimmy Silver.

"You—you—you spoofing Classical rotter—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "I—I'll—I'll—" Tommy Dodd made a rush at Jimmy Silver, his fists thrashing out.

Clarence jumped up and rushed between.

"My dear Thomas, do not quarrel with dear James! Yaroooh! Yoop! Yah!"

Peacemakers are blessed sometimes. Clarence did not see where the blessing came in, however, as he received the terrific punches that were meant for Jimmy Silver. He was bowled over like a skittle.

"Yow-ow! Yah! Oh! Yawp!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

"You silly ass!" shrieked Tommy Dodd. "What did you get in the way for?"

"Yow-ow-ow-ooop!" The Fistical Four strolled away, leaving Tommy Dodd gathering up the unfortunate youth who had been confided to his protection. Tommy Dodd led him away amid a shrieking mob of juniors.

Jimmy Silver rubbed his hands. "It was worth a licking from Bootles," he remarked. "Pity you didn't get the licking, Lovell. But it was worth it."

And the Co. agreed heartily that it was—especially as they hadn't had the licking.

### The 7th Chapter. Dangerous!

"Sit down, fathead!" "Thank you, Thomas!" Thomas snorted.

The three Tommies had brought Clarence Cuffy into their study on the Modern side. He had interviewed Mr. Manders again, and that gentleman, having "taken it out" of Jimmy Silver, had let Clarence down lightly.

Indeed, Mr. Manders was almost grateful to Clarence for having been the means of getting Jimmy Silver licked. Clarence had been assigned to Leggett's study, which was a great relief to the three Tommies. They had dreaded having him inflicted upon them.

Partly from a desire to carry out his Uncle Dodd's wishes, and partly from relief that Clarence wasn't planted in his study, Tommy Dodd determined to do the best he could for the verdant youth from Gander's Green.

Clarence was brought into the study to tea, and the three chums expended

what remained of their pocket-money in a "spread" of unusual magnitude to do honour to the occasion.

They knew all about the sensation Clarence had made when he arrived at Rookwood, and though Tommy Dodd was exasperated, Cook and Doyle seemed to see something humorous in it. How any chap could be so green was a mystery to the Modern youths, and Tommy Dodd could only hope that Clarence's eyes would be opened at Rookwood.

Clarence was eyeing Tommy Dodd a little dubiously.

He had not forgotten Jimmy Silver's kindly warning as to Thomas' mental state. Tommy Dodd's outbreak in the quadrangle was taken by Clarence as a signal proof of Jimmy's statement—if proof was needed. But proof wasn't needed for Clarence.

In that delightful rural spot, Gander's Green, practical jokers and jaspers were unknown, and Clarence had hitherto lived under the care of his dear auntie, and a mild, benevolent tutor, and the ways of the wicked world were hidden mysteries to him.

His tender heart was touched by Tommy Dodd's unhappy mental condition, and he wouldn't have hurt Thomas' feelings at any price by a reference to it.

He remembered, too, that Jimmy Silver had warned him to humour Tommy in everything, as the safest way of keeping him calm. Besides, Clarence had heard that humouring lunatics was the best way of dealing with them, and he was prepared to humour Tommy Dodd to any extent. He only hoped that there would be no more violent outbreaks, and he did his best to conceal his nervousness.

He started up from his chair when Cook and Doyle left the study to visit the tuckshop for tea supplies. Affectionate as he felt towards Thomas, he was a little uneasy at being left alone with him.

"You stay here, duffer," said Tommy Dodd. "You needn't show up again for a bit. You've caused enough giggles."

"Certainly, Thomas!" Clarence sat down again, eyeing Tommy Dodd all the time, while the Modern junior laid the table. He started nervously as Tommy brought the bread-knife out of the cupboard.

"Hullo, what's the matter?" asked Tommy.

"N-n-nothing, Thomas." "Got a pain anywhere?"

"Numno." "Well, keep still, and don't give a fellow the jumps."

"Ye-e-e-e-es." "You are a howling ass, you know," said Tommy Dodd, unconsciously keeping the big knife in his hand while he addressed Cuffy across the table, blissfully unconscious of the terror that the knife was causing Clarence.

"I suppose you can't help it; but you must learn better. Don't believe everything a chap tells you."

"N-n-no, Thomas." "What are you stuttering for?"

"Nun-nun-nothing." "Well, don't! You won't find Rookwood much like Gooseberry Green—is it Gooseberry Green you came from?"

"Gug - gug - Gander's Green, Thomas."

"Well, Gander's Green. If you don't learn to keep your eyes open, you'll be japed right and left, and that will be up against the Modern side—see? We're at war with the Classical bounders all the time."

"Oh dear!"

"They'll get at us no end, with a howling duffer on our side," said Tommy. "Jimmy Silver is a japing beast. He was stuffing you up."

"Goodness gracious!" "Always do as I tell you, and never think for yourself, and never believe anything anybody says to you," said Tommy Dodd, rather largely. "Then you'll be all right."

"Ye-es, Thomas. I—I'm going to—to humour you."

Tommy Dodd stared. "You're going to what?"

"H-h-humour you," stammered Clarence.

"Blessed if I know what you mean! If you mean you're going to do as you're told, that's all right. Next time you meet Jimmy Silver, punch his nose."

"Good gracious!" "If you don't, I shall have to do it for you—see?"

"Oh!" Tommy Dodd flourished the bread-knife to express his feelings towards Jimmy Silver and the Classics generally. Clarence watched him, wide-eyed with terror. After the flourish, however, Tommy only cut the bread for the toast, much to Clarence's relief. He had been half expecting a rush.

Clarence did not breathe freely till Cook and Doyle came back into the study with supplies.

"Here ye are, bedad," said Tommy Doyle. "Sure you can make the toast, young'un."

"I shall be exceedingly pleased."

"Well, don't burn it, or we sha'n't be exceedingly pleased."

Tommy Dodd held out the bread-knife towards Clarence, who jumped back with a howl.

"D-d-don't!" he yelled. "Eh? What's the matter? Take it!"

"T-t-take it?" "Yes, ass. You have to toast the bread on it. We haven't a toasting-fork."

"Oh, I—I see!" gasped Clarence. "Did you think I was going to chuck it at you, you ass?" growled Tommy Dodd. "For goodness' sake, make the toast, and don't be a bigger born idiot than you can help!"

Clarence was glad to get that dangerous weapon safe in his own hands. It was no joke to have a big bread-knife lying about, with a lunatic in the study. The youth from Gander's Green proceeded to make the toast, every now and then blinking over his shoulder to ascertain whether Tommy Dodd was behind him. He did not want to be pitched into the fire by a sudden mad rush of the lunatic.

"What are you blinking about, owl?" asked Tommy Dodd impatiently. "You're burning the toast!"

"I—I'm exceedingly sorry, Thomas."

"Well, keep your eyes on it, fathead!"

"Ye-es, Thomas," groaned Clarence. He felt that he must humour Tommy Dodd, but he felt extremely nervous when he had his eyes off that youth.

The toast was finished at last, however, and the four Moderns sat down to tea. Clarence wondered how Cook and Doyle could be so easy and careless in their manner, with an insane study-mate. Perhaps they were not aware of Thomas' sad condition, he reflected, or perhaps they had grown accustomed to it. Clarence wondered whether he, too, would grow accustomed to it in time.

Tommy Dodd recovered his good humour over tea, and even chuckled over the incident of the cauliflower. Clarence was greatly relieved to see him in good humour.

"You are feeling better, Thomas?" he inquired.

Thomas stared at him.

"Eh! I'm all right! Never better!"

"I am so exceedingly pleased to hear it, Thomas!"

"Look here, if you call me Thomas, I'll biff the jam-pot at you!" said Tommy Dodd. "Can't you call me Tom, or Dodd, like a sensible chap?"

"Yes, certainly, Thomas—I—I mean Tom!" stammered Clarence. "I—I will do anything to humour you!"

"That's the second time you've talked about humouring me," said Tommy Dodd, staring at him. "What do you mean by it?"

"Nun-nun-nothing, Thomas!" "There you go again!" howled the Modern junior. "Do you want this jam-pot at your napper?"

"N-n-noo! I—I mean, Thomas—that is to say, Dodd!" gasped Clarence. "Pray—pray do not be violent! I—I know you cannot help it, my dear friend, but—but try hard"

"Cannot help what, you babbling ass?"

"N-n-nothing!" babbled Clarence. "Blessed if I don't think you're off your rocker!" said the astonished Tommy Dodd. "Are there any lunatics in your family, Cuffy?"

Clarence groaned. The lunatic was approaching the subject himself! Clarence cast a wild eye on the bread-knife.

"Pass that knife this way, pip-pip-please!" he whispered to Tommy Cook, who was next to him.

"Eh! What knife?" asked Cook. "You don't want a bread-knife to stir your tea with, do you?"

"Numno! But—b-b-but—" "Is it wandering in yere mind ye are?" asked Tommy Doyle. "Chuck him over the bread-knife, if he wants it, Duddy!"

Tommy Dodd picked up the knife. Clarence could bear it no more. He kicked his chair away behind, and jumped up.

"Take it away from him!" he yelled.

"Phwat!" "D-d-don't let him have the knife! I—I can't stand it—There'll be murder done—"

Tommy Dodd stood petrified. "Is he mad?" he gasped, at last. "What's the matter with you, Cuffy? Are you dotty? Here's the knife, if you want it!"

He came round the table, knife in hand. Clarence fled wildly round the table in the opposite direction.

"Keep him off!" he yelled. "Phwat the holy Moses—"

"What's the matter?" yelled Cook. "Keep him off! Help! He's mad! Keep him off!" yelled Clarence.

"M-m-mad!" ejaculated Tommy Dodd.

He stopped, rooted to the floor with astonishment and rage. Clarence did not lose the opportunity. He bolted to the door, tore it open, and rushed into the passage.

"Come back, you dotty idiot!" roared Tommy Dodd, rushing out after him.

"Help!" shrieked Clarence. "Come on, you chaps!" panted Tommy. "Collar the babbling idiot before he alarms the House—"

The three Tommies, utterly astounded, dashed in pursuit of the terrified Clarence. Clarence went down the stairs like a deer, sprinted along the passage, and scudded into the quadrangle. Fear lent him wings. The three Tommies were first-rate sprinters, but Clarence beat them easily.

He looked back in the quadrangle, and his eyes almost started from his head at the sight of Tommy Dodd in pursuit. The fury of the lunatic had evidently been aroused.

Clarence dashed off towards the School House, and rushed into the building for shelter. Again he looked back, to see the three Tommies rushing in after him.

In desperation, Clarence tore open

a study door, and dashed in. There was an exclamation of angry surprise from Bulkeley of the Sixth. It was the study of the Rookwood captain the terrified Clarence had rushed into.

"What the dickens—" shouted Bulkeley.

"Help!" "What?"

"He's after me!" yelled Clarence, dodging behind the stalwart captain of Rookwood, as footsteps rang in the passage. "Keep him off! He's mad! He's got a knife! Oh, goodness gracious!"

The astounded Bulkeley grasped him by the shoulder, and shook him. The three Tommies arrived breathless in the study doorway.

"What does this mean, Dodd?" thundered Bulkeley.

"I—I'm blessed if I know!" panted Tommy Dodd. "I think he's potty—"

"He's mad! Keep him off!" "Eh! Who's mad?" demanded Bulkeley, shaking Clarence vigorously.

"Thomas Dodd—poor dear Thomas—he's dangerous!" sobbed Clarence. "He can't help it, but I don't want to be murdered— Oh, dear!"

"You howling idiot!" roared Tommy Dodd, a light breaking on him. "Has anybody told you I'm mad?"

"Yes, dear James warned me—" "Oh, my hat! I'll dear James him! The spoofing bounder—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Cook and Doyle.

Even Bulkeley grimaced. He gave Clarence another shake.

"You utter little ass!" he said. "Jimmy Silver was pulling your leg, you crass young idiot! Dodd's as sane as you are—sane, by Jove!"

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" gasped Clarence.

"Ha, ha! Get out of my study, and if there's any more of this, you'll get a licking!"

And Bulkeley pitched Clarence out among the Tommies.

"I—I—I'm exceedingly sorry, my dear Thomas!" gasped Clarence. "James seems to have made a mistake! I am sure he meant well! Where are you going, my dear Thomas?"

Thomas made no reply. He was scudding up the stairs, with the other two Thomases after him. The trio were bound for the end study.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were at tea in the end study, and still chuckling over the adventures of Clarence, when the door burst suddenly open.

Then an earthquake occurred. At all events, it seemed like an earthquake to the Fistical Four.

The three excited youths burst in, the table was whirled over, and the four Classics knocked right and left by the charge.

Four roaring youths were strewn upon the floor, rolled over and bumped and punched, and the table and the chairs were pitched upon them, almost before they knew what was happening.

Then the three Tommies fled. Jimmy Silver sat up amid the wreck, gasping.

"Wha-a-at—" he spluttered. "Oh, yow!" "Yaroooh!"

"Those Modern bounders— Groo-hoooh!" "Oh, crumbs!" "After them!" gasped Jimmy Silver.

But the three Tommies were gone. They had taken Clarence back to their House with them at a run. And tea in Tommy Dodd's study finished quite cheerfully, after all.

THE END.

(Another magnificent long, complete tale of Jimmy Silver & Co. in next Monday's issue of the BOYS' FRIEND, entitled: "The Fall of the Fifth." Don't miss it!)



## PERKER'S DIARY!

(Master Perker and his bosom friend Barker were left last week on the verge of combat.—EDITOR'S NOTE.)

We faiced eche other, Bark and me, down behind the pavilion on the junior ground, that being the appointed place, and the hour of doom being now at hand.

My mad had gone down for good, it semed; butt in its place their had come wat I can only deskribe as a

cold, karm hawture. I felt that William John Barker was a despik-abel person to kworrel with one who had ever bene his trewest friend, and that sum day he wood come to no it.

Butt I desighered to spair him pane, and soe I toled him hawtly that if he ofered me a ful, ample, and compleat apologi I wood noit proceed to eckstremities. And Wilson tertius, who was an ass and

is his sekond—no, the other way abowt, for Wilson has nott left of being an ass by any means, and no wun thinks he ever wil—lafft in a snearing way, and sed:

"Perk means he won't kick you, Bark."

Soe I ofered to fite Wilson insted, fore such an insult as to say that I wood not kick. Butt he meant it sarkastik, wich made it insulting no end. And Bark semed to think it was quite a good ideer. But Wilson diddent, and I never thowt he wood.

I think Bark's mad had gone down to, by this time, for he remarked in quite frendly akkense that he diddent mived aksepting an appology from me, as long as I admitted that I had lost my bet abwt the fountain. Wich I sed I wood if he admitted that he had lost his.

Then I cood give him my I.O.U., and he cood give me his, and it wood be all right. Soe he agreed. But

Wilson and Loseby, who was my sekond, and Shiner Moon, who has never been knone to fite, and the wrest wood nott have that, and sed we wear both funkung the dedly issue—nott that it wood be dedly, Wilson sed—he is a sarkastik beest.

Soe we fort—we, the frends of menny yeers, orr at enny rait since the term befor last.

Werds fale me to deskribe that combatt. (Wilson sed he wood nott deskribe it as ennything off the sort—butt Wilson is ful off beestly, sneeking sark.)

Bark got home on my broad chest with a left-hander; and the Balham Chicken retaliated in game fashion. (The last bit comes out of a book, butt I think it is all right hear, bar me not reelly being the Balham Chicken, and my home is at Streat-ham, wich is not farr off.) Then the heavier weight (that's Bark—he skales a pound and seventeen ounces

moor than me, fuly dressed, but he wares heavier boots, soe I'm not sure) tapped his opponnet's claret with a lusty swinger.

That's out of the book to, oweing to werds faleing me. But I shall nott kwote any moor, oweing to the man who rote the book being a bad speler in my oppinion, and moorover the akkont does nott fite everyware, and sum of it is wat I shoood kall unintligibl.

Enny way, me and Bark went att it like two boys of the bul-dog bread, and sumtimes we quite hert one another, fore wich we ware sory laiter, becaus as Bark sed itt wood have been much moor sencible to have hert Wilson orr Shiner Moon, nither of them being clos chums of ours.

(Sorry we cannot let Perker go any further this week, but space is short.—EDITOR'S NOTE.)