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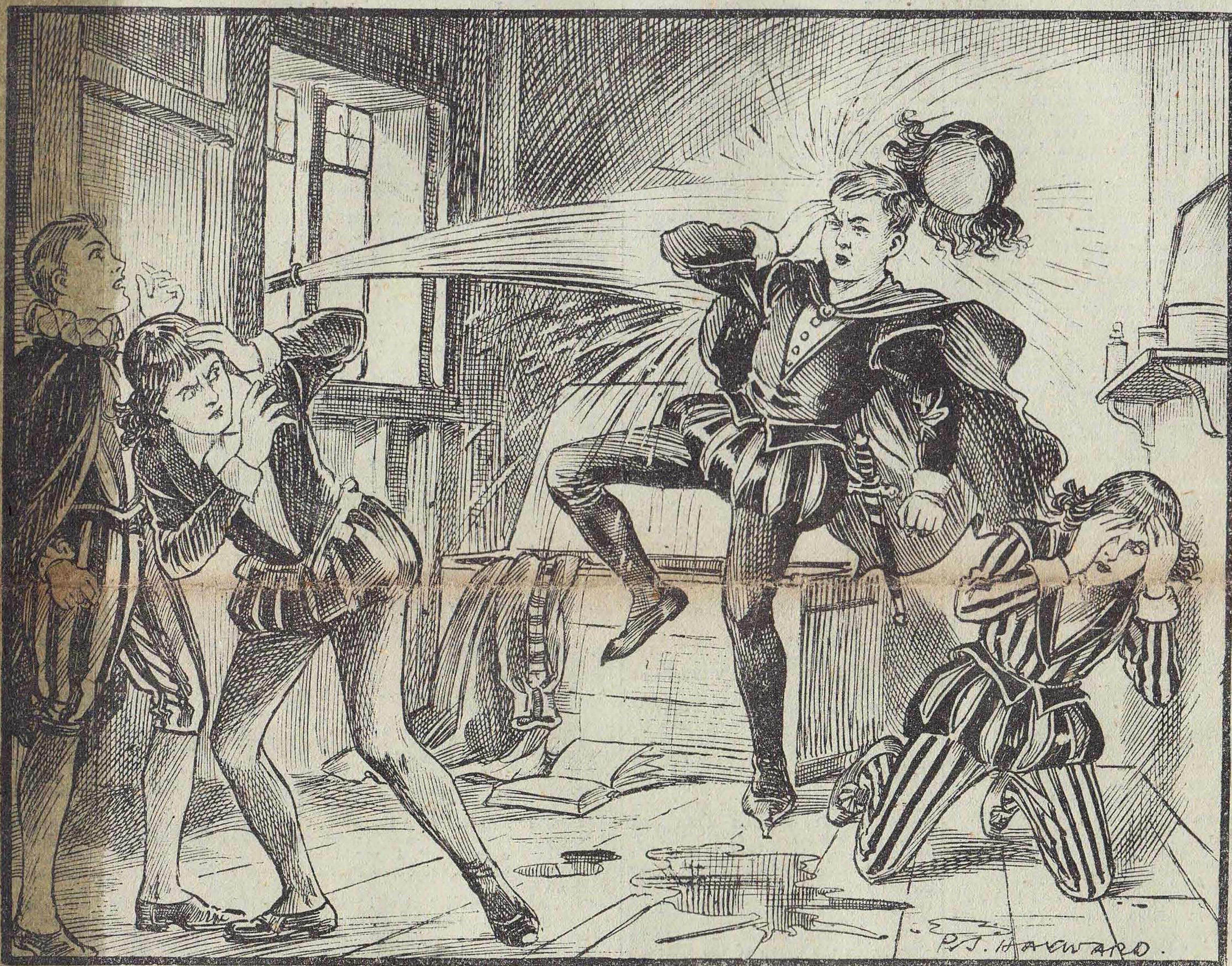
# The BOYS' FRIEND 1d.

OUR MOTTO IS: "PLAY THE GAME!"

No. 830, Vol. XVI. New Series.]

ONE PENNY.

[Week Ending May 5th, 1917.



## DAMPING THE ARDOUR OF THE FIFTH-FORM ACTORS!

# THE FALL OF THE FIFTH!

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

By OWEN CONQUEST.

### The 1st Chapter. Awful Check!

Crash!  
The door of the end study was hurled open, suddenly and forcibly. Jimmy Silver & Co. stared round wrathfully. The Fistical Four—Jimmy, Lovell, Raby, and Newcome—were all at home. The heroes of the Fourth were working hard at their prep., having left it rather late.  
"What the dickens—!" began Jimmy Silver, as the door crashed open.  
Then he blinked in surprise. The doorway was filled by a crowd of fellows—not members of the Fourth—as Jimmy naturally expected.  
Hanson, the captain of the Fifth,

stepped in, and following him came four other Fifth-Formers—Talboys, Lumsden, Duff, and O'Rourke.  
Jimmy Silver & Co. jumped up at once. It was but seldom that seniors of the Fifth condescended to call in at junior studies. And it was easy to see that this was not a friendly visit.  
Hanson and his comrades crowded into the study, some of them looking grim, and some of them grinning.  
Jimmy Silver's hand strayed to a ruler.  
"Hallo, Cabby!" he said, quite cheerfully. "What's the game?"  
Hanson frowned majestically. It always annoyed him to be called Cabby—a playful allusion to his surname.  
"If you've come to tea, you're too late!" remarked Lovell. "Besides,

we don't want the Fifth to tea. We draw the line somewhere, you know!"  
"Our aim," said Jimmy gravely, "is to keep this study perfectly respectable. Consequently, the Fifth are barred!"  
"Take your faces away!" implored Raby.  
"And bury them!" added Newcome.  
"I dare say you know why we've come here," Hanson said grimly.  
Jimmy shook his head.  
"Can't guess. If you want help with your prep., you will have to wait till we've finished ours, and then we'll do the best we can for you."  
Lovell and Raby and Newcome sniggered. It was not really likely that the seniors had come to the end

study to request junior assistance with their prep.  
"We've come to talk to you," said Hanson.  
"Sorry, old scout. We're not holding a conversazione this evening," said Jimmy Silver, "besides—if you don't mind my mentioning it—you're a bit of a bore."  
The Fifth-Formers sniggered at that, excepting Hanson. Hanson frowned. He gave his comrades a glare.  
"What are you giggling about?" he demanded.  
"Oh, nothing," grinned Lumsden, "get to business."  
"Don't waste all the blessed evenin' on these fags!" said Talboys.  
"We've come to talk to you, plainly," said Hanson. "You kids in the Fourth have been getting

cheekier and cheekier. This afternoon you tied a kite-tail to Jobson's coat, and he walked about with it for an hour or more before he found it—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"You actually had the cheek to bump a Fifth-Form chap in the quad, yesterday—"

"He was bullying a Fourth-Form chap," explained Jimmy Silver. "We thought we ought to give him a lesson. We're always willing to help bring the Fifth up in the way they should go."

"Fags have to be kept in order," said Hanson. "Perhaps Muggins was a bit drastic, but fags have to toe the line. The fact is, ever since you came to Rookwood, Silver, there's been too much cheek from the Fourth, and especially from this study. Having talked it over, we've decided to put an end to it. It's really for your own sakes. Discipline is good for fags."

"You're awfully good," said Jimmy, taking a tighter grip on the ruler. "How are you going to set about it, Cabby?"

"You're going to have a licking all round, to begin with—"

"My hat!"  
"And your study will be ragged, as an example," said Hanson. "I've brought a strap for the licking."

"Well, of all the cheeky licks!" exclaimed Lovell. "Do you think this study will stand it, you Prussian-headed dummy?"

"I rather think so," grinned Hanson. "This study will be rather roughly handled if it makes a fuss. Better take it quietly, like good little boys."

"You come on and see!" roared Lovell.

"Lock the door, Talboys!"  
"What-ho!" chuckled Talboys.  
"Rescue, Fourth!" bawled Lovell. "And now collar them!"

Hanson & Co. advanced to the attack. Between five big seniors and four juniors, the combat was decidedly unequal; but the Fistical Four of the Fourth were not the fellows to take a ragging "lying down." They lined up at once, with grim faces.

"Hands off!" shouted Jimmy Silver. "I tell you, you cheeky asses—oh, my hat!"

"Collar them!"  
Then there was a terrific struggle in the end study.

The Fifth-Formers had come there to vindicate the lofty dignity of a senior Form, and to give the cheeky juniors a lesson they badly needed, in the opinion of the Fifth, at least. Hanson & Co. felt that they were performing a painful duty. They did not expect much trouble. But on that point their expectations were not up to the mark.

They received a good deal of trouble.

Hanson, much to his surprise, found his hands very nearly full with Jimmy Silver.

Still more to his surprise, one of Jimmy's well-known upper-cuts took him under the chin, and landed him on the study carpet with a crash.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome were struggling desperately in the grasp of the seniors.

They had no real chance, but they fought it out to a finish, and by the time they were downed, the invaders of the end study were looking very flushed and dusty, and rumpled.

Jimmy Silver had rushed to help his comrades, but Hanson was up in a moment, and rushing on.

Jimmy closed with the captain of the Fifth.

"My hat!" gasped Hanson. "You cheeky little beast—yarrooh!"

Jimmy hooked his leg in his assailant's and Hanson rolled over. He dragged Jimmy Silver down with him, however, and they rolled on the

(Continued on the next page.)





### THE FALL OF THE FIFTH!

(Continued from the previous page.)

left if they bother us," said Hansom disdainfully.

"Well, come on," said Duff. The Fistical Four were released, and Hansom unlocked the door. Jimmy Silver & Co. scrambled to their feet, prepared to renew the combat at once. But Hansom & Co. rushed into the passage at once.

"Stop them!" yelled Lovell. The Classical juniors closed up round the five seniors, but the rush of the big fellows drove a way through the crowd.

The heroes of the Fifth went down the passage at a run, knocking the juniors right and left, though they did not escape unscathed themselves. Van Ryn was still clinging to Hansom's neck when the Fifth-Formers reached the stairs.

There he was dragged off and bumped down, and the five seniors went downstairs rather hurriedly. As a matter of fact, they were glad to get out of the hornets' nest they had roused.

In the end study, Jimmy Silver & Co. rubbed their injuries and gasped. They had been severely handled.

"The cheeky rotters!" exclaimed Oswald, grinning a little. "Did they have the nerve to come here and lick you?"

"Yow-ow! Yes!" "Like their cheek!" chuckled Higgs.

"Yow! There's nothing to cackle at, you chump!" "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Mornington. "Why didn't you mop them up, you fistical fellows?"

"How could we?" howled Lovell. "Five to four—and seniors, too!" "Well, I wouldn't have taken a lickin', I know that," sneered Mornington.

"You'll take a licking now if you don't shut up!" snapped Lovell. "By Jove, you will take one, anyway. Take that!"

Mornington went headlong out of the study, with Lovell's fist thumping on him. The Fistical Four were in no mood to endure the jeers of the dandy of the Fourth.

"Sure, it's hard cheese on yez," said Flynn, but he was grinning, too. "You ought to make the Fifth sit up for this, entirely, Jimmy!" "Yow-ow! We're going to! Ow!"

There was unlimited sympathy for the sufferers. But somehow all the juniors, excepting the victims, seemed to see a humorous side of the affair.

Jimmy Silver was not sorry when the grinning sympathisers left.

Left alone, the Fistical Four blinked at one another dolefully. "The awful cheek!" said Raby. "Ow! The rotters!" growled Newcome.

Jimmy Silver's eyes gleamed. "We're going to make them sorry for this!" he growled. "Why, we shall be cackled at by all Rookwood if we take it lying down!"

"What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," said Jimmy Silver. "This study is going on the warpath!"

"Hear, hear!" said Raby feebly. Prep. was forgotten. It was no time for prep. For the next hour or so the Fistical Four were groaning over their injuries and laying plans for reprisals. The Fistical Four were not pacifists; they believed in reprisals, and plenty of them.

#### The 3rd Chapter. Sauce for the Gander!

"Come in!" Hansom of the Fifth called out carelessly as a tap came at his study door later in the evening.

Hansom and Talboys, who shared that study, had finished their prep., and were just finishing a Welsh rabbit for supper. They had been chatting over the raid on the end study, which was a very entertaining subject for them.

They quite agreed that that drastic lesson would have its effect, and that the cheeky members of the Fourth would, henceforward, treat the great and mighty Fifth with due respect.

They were somewhat surprised, therefore, when the study door opened and revealed Jimmy Silver & Co.

"Hallo, what do you fags want?" demanded Hansom.

The fags did not reply.

Jimmy, Lovell, Raby, and Newcome marched in quickly, and after them came the Colonial Co.—Van Ryn, Pons, and Conroy. Seven sturdy juniors were in the study, and Conroy, the Cornstalk, locked the door.

Hansom and Talboys started to their feet.

It was surprising, after they had taken so much trouble to reduce the end study to a proper state of discipline and respect for their elders, but it was quite clear that this visit meant war.

"Unlock that door at once!" thundered Hansom.

"Bow-wow!" "By gad! What do you want?" stammered Talboys.

"We want you!" said Jimmy Silver grimly. "Sauce for the gander, you know. As you're rather big beasts, we're taking you in detail—two at a time. Where's that strap, Hansom?"

"That—that strap?" stuttered Hansom.

"Yes. I'm going to lick you!" "Lick me?" yelled Hansom.

"Yes!"

"Why, you— you— you—" Words failed the Fifth-Former. The bare idea of the captain of the Fifth being licked by a junior was astounding—in fact, appalling. If such a thing happened, it was time for the skies to fall. But it was pretty clear that it was going to happen.

"Better take it quietly," grinned Lovell. "We're doing this for your own good, you know."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "You see, we think the Fifth are too cheeky!" explained Lovell.

"Too cheeky by half!" said Conroy. "After this, you will treat the Fourth with proper respect—what?"

Hansom found his voice at last. "You cheeky young scoundrels!" he roared. "Get out of my study before I pitch you out!"

"You'd better begin with the pitching, Cabby."

"Go ahead!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

Hansom advanced on the juniors with frowning brow and clenched fists. Even yet he could hardly believe that the Fourth-Formers meant to lay sacrilegious hands upon so great a person.

But he was quickly undeceived on that point.

"Collar them!" rapped out Jimmy Silver.

The Fistical Four jumped at Hansom as one man.

Talboys struggled in the grasp of the Colonial Co. at the same moment. Singly, the juniors would have had no chance, naturally, against the big seniors. But seven to two was long odds.

Hansom, to his surprise and rage, found himself dragged down and bumped on his study carpet with a mighty bump.

Lovell sat on his chest, and Raby on his head, and Newcome trampled recklessly on his sprawling legs.

"Got him!" trilled Lovell.

Talboys was down even more quickly, in the grasp of the Colonial Co.

Two of them sat on him, and pinned him down.

"This looks like business!" grinned Jimmy Silver. "Are you ready, Hansom? Sauce for the gander, you know!"

Hansom spluttered with rage and apprehension.

"You young rotter! Lemme gerrup!"

"Where's that strap?" "Lemme gerrup!" roared Hansom.

"Well, a cricket-stump will do!" Jimmy Silver picked a stump from the cupboard. "Roll him over!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Even yet the captain of the Fifth could not quite believe it; but proof was immediately forthcoming.

Struggling furiously, he was rolled over. Then the cricket-stump rose and fell.

"Whack—whack—whack!" "Ha, ha, ha!" roared the juniors. Hansom roared in quite another manner.

"Go it, Jimmy!" yelled Lovell. "Give him two dozen! We must pay a debt with interest, you know!"

"Yah! Oh! Oh! Oh! Help!" "Oh, by gad!" gasped Talboys. "What's Rookwood comin' to? Oh, gad!"

"Your turn's coming!" chortled Conroy. "Wait a bit!"

"Whack—whack—whack!" "Yah! Help!"

The door-handle was tried from without.

"What's the matter?" shouted Lumsden from the passage. "Fire, battle, murder, or sudden death?"

"Yow! Help!"

Hansom made a terrific effort, and almost broke loose. The juniors fastened on him like cats. They bumped into the table, and the table went flying. Crockery and Welsh rabbit were mixed up in the grate.

"Fin him!" shouted Jimmy. "We've got the beast!" gasped Lovell. "Lay it on!"

"Whack—whack—whack!" There was a sharp knock at the door.

"What is this disturbance? Open this door at once!"

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Jimmy Silver, as he recognised the voice of Mr. Greely, the master of the Fifth.

The avengers of the end study had not counted on that; but they really might have expected it.

In the Fourth Form passage rags and rows frequently failed to attract attention, but in the august quarters of the Fifth it was quite a different matter.

"Hansom!" thundered Mr. Greely. "Open this door at once!"

"Yow-ow! I—I can't!" "What! I command you to let me in, Hansom! How dare you create such a disturbance in a senior study? Admit me instantly!"

"Oh, crumbs!" groaned Lovell. There was nothing for it—the victims of vengeance had to be released.

Form-masters were not to be argued with.

Hansom staggered to his feet as the juniors let go, and unlocked the door.

With rustling gown and frowning face, Mr. Greely strode into the study.

#### The 4th Chapter. Rather a Frost.

Jimmy Silver & Co. stood crimson and silent. They waited for the storm to burst.

Although reprisals were strictly justified—from the junior point of view, at least—they did not quite expect the Fifth-Form master to see the matter in that light.

Mr. Greely stared at the disordered study, the overturned table, the smashed crockery, the panting Fifth-Formers, and the silent juniors.

"What does this mean?" he thundered. "Is it possible—I repeat, is it barely possible—that this study has been wrecked by insubordinate juniors? Silver, what are you doing here?"

"Ahem!" "Hansom, what has happened?" "These cheeky little rotters—"

"What?" "I—I mean, these juniors, sir, have wrecked the place!"

"Silver, how dare you?" "It was tit for tat, sir," said Jimmy Silver. "Hansom licked us, so we licked him!"

Mr. Greely gave him a thunderous look.

"You dare to admit, Silver, that you came here to assault members of a senior Form?"

"Oh, no, sir! Not at all! Only—only to lick them!" murmured Jimmy.

"Don't use foolish, slang expressions to me, boy! I can scarcely believe my ears," said Mr. Greely. "Had you been administering correction to these juniors, Hansom?"

"Well, yes, sir."

"You should have reported them to a prefect, Hansom, if they were at fault. But nothing could excuse this outbreak of hooliganism. Silver and the rest, follow me at once. I shall take you directly to your Form-master, and I have no doubt that Mr. Bottles will deal with you severely—as severely as you deserve!"

"But—but, sir—"

"Silence! Follow me!"

The Fifth Form master fairly founced out of the study. The seven juniors with grim looks followed him. Hansom and Talboys exchanged a grin. They had had a somewhat rough experience; but there was no doubt that the mutinous juniors would have the lessons of their lives, and would learn that seniors of the Fifth could not be handled in that manner.

Jimmy Silver & Co. followed Mr. Greely to their Form-master's study. They went in a doleful mood.

It had seemed exactly the thing to take reprisals on the Fifth in that drastic manner, but they realised now that they had been a little reckless. Sauce for the goose, it seemed, was not invariably sauce for the gander.

Mr. Bottles looked astonished as the Fifth Form master marched the delinquents into the study.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Bottles. "What is the matter?"

"I have brought these juniors to you, Mr. Bottles," gasped the Fifth Form master. "They have raided a Fifth Form study and wrecked it. I

need say no more. I leave them to you!"

"Bless my soul!" Mr. Greely whisked out, and Mr. Bottles took up his cane.

"I am surprised at you, my boys!" he said severely. "You have acted outrageously! I think you must have been out of your senses!"

"If you please, sir—" "You do not contradict Mr. Greely's statement, I presume?" said Mr. Bottles sternly.

"Nunno, sir! But—" "You need not acquaint me with your motives for this act of outrageous insubordination," said Mr. Bottles. "The fact itself is sufficient. There is no possible justification. Hold out your hand, Silver!"

"But, sir, we—" "Enough! Hold out your hand!" Swish—swish—swish!

For several minutes there was a steady sound of swishing in Mr. Bottles' study, to an accompaniment of gasps and mumbling.

Mr. Bottles was not often severe, but he felt that this was a case for severity, and he did not spare the rod.

It was but seldom that such a licking had fallen to the lot of Jimmy Silver & Co.

When he had finished, the Fourth Form master looked somewhat breathless. It had been an unaccustomed exertion for him.

He pointed to the door with his cane.

"You may go!" he said sternly. And the juniors went.

Afterwards, in the end study and in No. 3, there was a chorus of groans. Like Rachel of old, the unhappy sufferers mourned, and could not be comforted.

Jimmy Silver was the first to recover a little. He blinked at his chums as they rubbed their hands and mumbled.

"That was a bit of a frost, you chaps!"

"Yow-ow-ow!" came from the unhappy chaps.

"But that isn't the finish!" "Yow-ow-ow!"

"We're going for the Fifth—"

"Wow-wow!" "And we're going to make Hansom squirm."

"Goooh!" "Ow!" "Wow!" Jimmy Silver gave it up.

#### The 5th Chapter. Mornington on the Warpath.

For the next day or two Jimmy Silver & Co. understudied the celebrated Brer Fox, and lay low.

When the effects of the licking had worn off, their determination revived in full force to vindicate the inviolability of the end study, and to make Hansom & Co. thoroughly sorry for themselves. But they realised that they had to tread warily.

It was no light matter for juniors to tackle senior fellows in the Fifth; the heavy hand of authority was only too likely to intervene, as it had already done once.

But it was a maxim with the Co. that the end study never gave in, and the four were only biding their time.

Meanwhile, Hansom was quite satisfied with his drastic measures. The cheeky juniors had been put in their places for good. The Fistical Four were giving Hansom a wide berth at present, and the captain of the Fifth grinned when he noted it. But after a day or two he dismissed them from his mind.

Such insignificant persons as juniors of the Fourth were not worthy of the attentions of a high and mighty Fifth-Former. They had been chastised and brought to their senses, and Hansom was done with them. They were not done with Hansom, however, by any means.

There were many discussions in the Fourth-Form studies, especially No. 3 and the end study. It was agreed that, as the Fifth had declared war, they should be the first to cry "Hold, enough!" and that the terms of peace should be stiff. Exactly how to make them sue for peace, however, was not an easy problem to solve. But Jimmy Silver's active brain was at work.

Not only the Fistical Four and the Colonial Co., but Mornington, had taken up the matter. The outrage to the prestige of the end study only amused Mornington, and he had no sympathy to waste on Jimmy Silver.

But Mornington knew that if he could succeed in bringing down the over-bearing Fifth-Formers from their perch, it would help him very materially in his ambition to oust Jimmy Silver from his place as leader of the Fourth Form.

Morny dearly loved the limelight; and limelight would fall in an ample share to the fellow who succeeded in making the foes of the Fourth squirm.

So Morny discussed it in his study.

carpet together. Then the senior came uppermost.

"Ow!" gasped Jimmy, as the heavy Fifth-Former sat on his chest.

"Sit on those cheeky cads!" howled Hansom.

"Ow! ow!" "Gerrup!"

"Come and sit on this cheeky little beast, Talboys, and keep him down!" panted Hansom.

"Right-ho!" Hansom staggered to his feet. The Fistical Four were on the carpet, each with a panting Fifth-Former sitting on him. The invaders had the upper hand, and the end study was at their mercy.

#### The 2nd Chapter. Hansom Comes Down Heavy!

There was a thump at the study door, and the handle was shaken without.

"What's the row here?" It was Oswald's voice. "What's up, Jimmy?"

"Yow-ow!" Hansom chuckled.

"Lucky we locked the door," he remarked. "We don't want a mob of fags crawling over us, by gad!"

"Rescue, Fourth!" stuttered Lovell.

"Shut up," said Lumsden, tapping Lovell's head on the floor, and Lovell gave a howl of anguish.

"You cheeky rotters!" gasped Jimmy Silver. "We'll make you sit up for this!"

"Still the same cheeky little rascal!" grinned Hansom. "We'll give you something to cure all that, my pippin!"

He took a leather strap from his pocket.

"Look here, you rotten bully—" gasped Raby.

"My dear kid, this isn't bullying," explained Hansom. "It's a much-needed lesson—a long-felt want supplied, as they say in the advertisements. It's really for your own good. Roll him over, Talboys!"

Talboys grinned and rolled Jimmy Silver over.

Then the captain of the Fifth got to work with the strap.

Whack! whack! whack!

"Yarrah!" "Rescue!" yelled Lovell.

There was a hammering on the door. The voices of Van Ryn and Pons and Conroy were heard, and Oswald's and Higgs' and Jones minor's. The Classical Fourth were rallying to the rescue.

But the locked door stopped them effectually.

They raged in vain outside the end study, while the Fistical Four "went through it" within.

Hansom was doing his work thoroughly.

Jimmy Silver received a dozen with the leather strap, wriggling and yelling the while.

Then came Lovell's turn, and he had six. Six each followed for Raby and Newcome.

Then Hansom surveyed the wriggling four with a grin.

Jimmy Silver & Co. gave him Hunnish glares. Never had such an indignity been inflicted upon the end study.

The cool cheek of the Fifth-Form fellows took away the breath of the four juniors; but even that was not so bad as the strapping.

"I fancy that's about enough!" remarked Hansom. "Mind, we've done this for your own good, Silver. It's discipline."

"Yow-ow!"

"You have to learn discipline, you know. You'll be going into the army when you're old enough, and you'll find it valuable."

"Ow, you rotter!"

"Now we'll be off," said Hansom. "We've wasted enough time on these fags. Mind, any more cheek from this study, Silver, and you get a little more of the same."

"Goooh!"

"I say, there's a crowd of fags out there," remarked Talboys, rather uneasily.

"Rats! We'll knock 'em right and



where he found a plentiful lack of enthusiasm.

Peele and Gower weren't enthusiastic. Neither were Townsend and Topham, and the other nuts. They carefully avoided "scraps," as a rule, and a scrap with seniors of the Fifth was an idea that made them gasp.

"But think of it," urged Mornington to a meeting of the nuts in his study. "It's up to somebody! The Fifth can't trash our Form as much as they like, I suppose. By gad, they might give us the next turn!"

"Jimmy Silver can look after himself," said Townsend. "Let's keep out of their rows and rags. They're no class."

"Leave it alone," said Peele. "We don't want to get the seniors down on this study."

Mornington sniffed. He had more pluck than the rest of the "Giddy Goats" put together, and he was not afraid of the seniors.

"Chap who downed the Fifth would have a chance of squeezing Jimmy Silver out," he said.

"Well, you can't do it!"

"I could with some backing."

"Ask Jimmy Silver to back you, then," yawned Topham.

"Oh, rats! Look here, suppose we caught Hanson and Talboys outside the school; they generally go out together on a half-holiday, when there's no match on. There's enough of us to collar them!"

"Oh, rot!"

"And tie 'em leg by leg, and send 'em hoppin' home," said Mornington eagerly. "The school'd laugh 'em to death. They wouldn't dare to show their faces afterwards. And it would show all the fellows that Jimmy Silver isn't the great chief they think he is if we did it."

"Too jolly risky," said Topham. Mornington's lip curled.

"Oh, don't keep harpin' on that. Suppose they put up a fight, and you got your necktie disarranged, you'd recover in time. Look here, I know they're going down to Coombe tomorrow afternoon to see about the costumes for their rotten play-actin'. They've been rehearsing 'Hamlet' for their silly amateur theatricals. They rehearse in the wood-shed, and I've heard 'em spoutin'. They go there to play the goat, because the other fellows chip 'em when they rehearse in the senior room. Well, Hanson and Talboys will be goin' out together, and we could lay for them. Look here, we'll rig 'em up in their merry theatrical costumes and make 'em come home to Rookwood like that!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Even the nuts were tickled at that suggestion.

The difficulty was that the Giddy Goats of Rookwood were not fighting men, and had a deep antipathy to getting hard knocks.

But Morny gained his point at last. He pointed out that even two seniors wouldn't have much chance in a scrap with half a dozen fellows; it would be a cheap victory, and no end of glory to be won without much risk.

That was the kind of glory that appealed to the nuts, and they gave way at last, though with inward misgivings. Mornington had a masterful character, and he generally had his way with his followers in the long run.

On Wednesday afternoon the nuts were prepared to go on the war-path, though only Morny was looking forward to it. But Morny kept his men up to the scratch. The merry party were lounging about the school-gates when Hanson and Talboys came down together, the former carrying a bag.

Hanson was great on amateur theatricals, and rehearsals went on almost every evening in the woodshed of the drama that was to stagger humanity at Rookwood when it came off. Costumes for the play were on order, and they had been promised for that day for the dress rehearsal, and Hanson was going for them.

The two seniors did not even glance at Morny & Co. as they went out. Fourth-Formers to them were trifles light as air. Morny grinned after them as they went down the road.

"Come on!" he said.

"I—I say, suppose we make an afternoon of it at the Bird-in-Hand?" suggested Peele. "We could have the billiard-table!"

"Oh, dry up!" growled Morny. "We're goin' for Hanson."

"Hallo!"—Jimmy Silver came out with his chums—"what's that? Are you after our game, Morny?"

Mornington stared at him angrily. "You're not going after them?" he exclaimed.

"We are—we is!" said Lovell.

"Leave 'em to us!" said Mornington. "I'm goin' for them! I've got a scheme for makin' them sit up, and I don't want you fellows shovin' your oar in."

"Rot!" said Lovell. Jimmy Silver smiled.

"Oh, give 'em a chance," he said. "I didn't know you merry nuts were on the war-path! Isn't there some risk of getting your neckties soiled or your hair disarranged?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Co.

"Oh, cheese it!" snapped Mornington. "If you want to see somethin' be at the gates in an hour's time or so, an' you'll see Hanson and Talboys come hoppin' home with their legs tied up."

"I'll believe that when I see it," grinned Jimmy.

"Well, you'll see it this afternoon." Mornington & Co. walked away down the road, leaving the Fistical Four grinning. Jimmy Silver was quite willing to give Morny a chance, as he was keen on it; but he doubted very much whether the nuts of the Fourth would stand up to the big fists of Hanson and Talboys, however great the odds were in their favour.

Morny was looking quite keen. He had a strong whipcord in his pocket all ready to tie the Fifth-Formers leg to leg. There was no doubt that if the scheme succeeded the Fifth-Formers would be the victims of much merriment at Rookwood, and would never get over the humiliation.

But Morny's followers looked anything but keen. There were certainly enough of them to handle two seniors. But—but somebody would be hurt before the enemy were downed, and each of the merry nuts had a strong

som, on whose broad chest his knee was planted.

"No good wriglin'!" he said coolly. "We've got you! Take the whipcord out of my pocket, Towny, an' tie their hands!"

"What are you up to?" roared Hanson.

"I'll tell you," chuckled Mornington. "We're goin' to tie you leg to leg, and send you hoppin' home to Rookwood. We're goin' to daub mud on your chivvies, and rig you up with the theatrical clobber you've got in that bag!"

"My hat!" gasped Hanson.

"Then perhaps you'll see that you'd better let the Fourth alone—what?" smiled Mornington. "Get 'em tied up, Towny!"

Hanson made a terrific effort, and almost threw Mornington off. The dandy of the Fourth clung to him savagely.

"Pin 'em down!" he gasped.

Hanson got one hand loose, and smote with it, and Topham rolled over in the road with a howl. He smote again, and Peele jumped away in time to avoid the blow. He was left with Mornington to deal with, and he grasped Mornington, and scrambled to his feet with Morny still in his grasp.

Mornington was fighting like a cat; but, alone and unaided, he had no chance whatever against the big senior.

"Buck up!" shrieked Mornington. But alas for the nuts!

Mornington's struggles were not much use. The big senior held him with one hand, and turned out his pockets with the other. He found the whipcord, and shook it loose.

"Bring that young cad here, Talboys! Shove 'em together!" "I—I say—" stammered Townsend. "Shut up!"

The two juniors were quite helpless. Hanson, grinning hugely, proceeded to tie Mornington's right leg to Townsend's left. He bent the legs up at the knee, and fastened them so. Morny and Towny were left with one leg each to stand upon. Townsend submitted meekly, but the dandy of the Fourth ground his teeth with rage, and wriggled to the last.

"There you are!" smiled Hanson. "Now you can hop it!"

"Oh, dear!" groaned Townsend.

"Oh, you rotter!" hissed Mornington.

"Come on, Talboys!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" The two Fifth-Formers, roaring with laughter, walked on to Rookwood, leaving Mornington and Townsend standing on one leg apiece, and hopping furiously to keep from falling. Morny's scheme had been a success—the wrong way. It was the unfortunate Morny himself who had to hop home.

Hanson and Talboys found quite a little crowd at the school gates. The word had passed round of Morny's campaign, and half the Classical Fourth and half a dozen

what had happened to the leaders of the nutty brigade.

"Hallo!" roared Lovell suddenly. "Look!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Jimmy Silver.

A curious-looking object had come into sight.

At a distance it looked like a very fat fellow with legs very wide apart. But on closer view it proved to be two juniors with a leg each tied up behind them, hopping, one on his right and one on his left leg.

Morny and Towny had delayed some time, wondering how on earth they could get out of their fix. They had to face laughter at Rookwood, or take their chance of being "chivvied" by a crowd if they hopped into Coombe for help.

They wisely decided on Rookwood, and started for the school. Progress was slow and difficult, and the things Morny and Towny said to one another during that painful progress were emphatic.

The Fistical Four yelled at the sight. The two crimson, furious nuts hopped clumsily up to them.

"Let us loose, you cacklin' hounds!" howled Mornington.

"It's worked out the wrong way, then!" said Jimmy Silver, wiping away his tears. "That was Hanson's part in the show, wasn't it?"

"You silly fool, let us loose!"

"Go and eat coke!" said Jimmy Silver cheerfully. "Keep on! You're right for Rookwood!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mornington ground his teeth, and hopped on with Townsend, leaving the Fistical Four yelling.

Another yell greeted the unhappy pair as they arrived at the school gates. They reeled against the gate, and gasped for breath.

"Let us loose!" shrieked Mornington. "We can't go in like this! Let us loose, you fools!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Do let a chap loose!" pleaded Townsend. "Conroy, old chap, don't let us go in like this, you know! Oh, dear!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Cornstalk junior, weeping with merriment, opened his knife and cut through the whipcord. The unhappy twins were free at last. Mornington scowled savagely at the yelling juniors, and Townsend shook his fist in Morny's scowling face.

"You silly rotter!" he shouted. "Catch me backin' you up again, you silly, burblin' chump! Yah!"

And Townsend strode away furiously. Mornington ground his teeth and followed, his face crimson with rage and humiliation, and a roar of laughter followed them both.

"I don't think the merry nuts will bother with Hanson again after this!" chuckled Tommy Dodd.

And Tommy was right; they didn't.

The 7th Chapter.

Cornering the Enemy.

"All here?"

"Yes."

"Good!" said Hanson. It was evening, and the Fifth-Form Thespians were getting down to business.

The Thespians were quite an institution—miles above the Classical Players, of the Fourth, in importance and dignity. The Thespians sometimes gave Shakespearean performances, to which even the Head condescended to come.

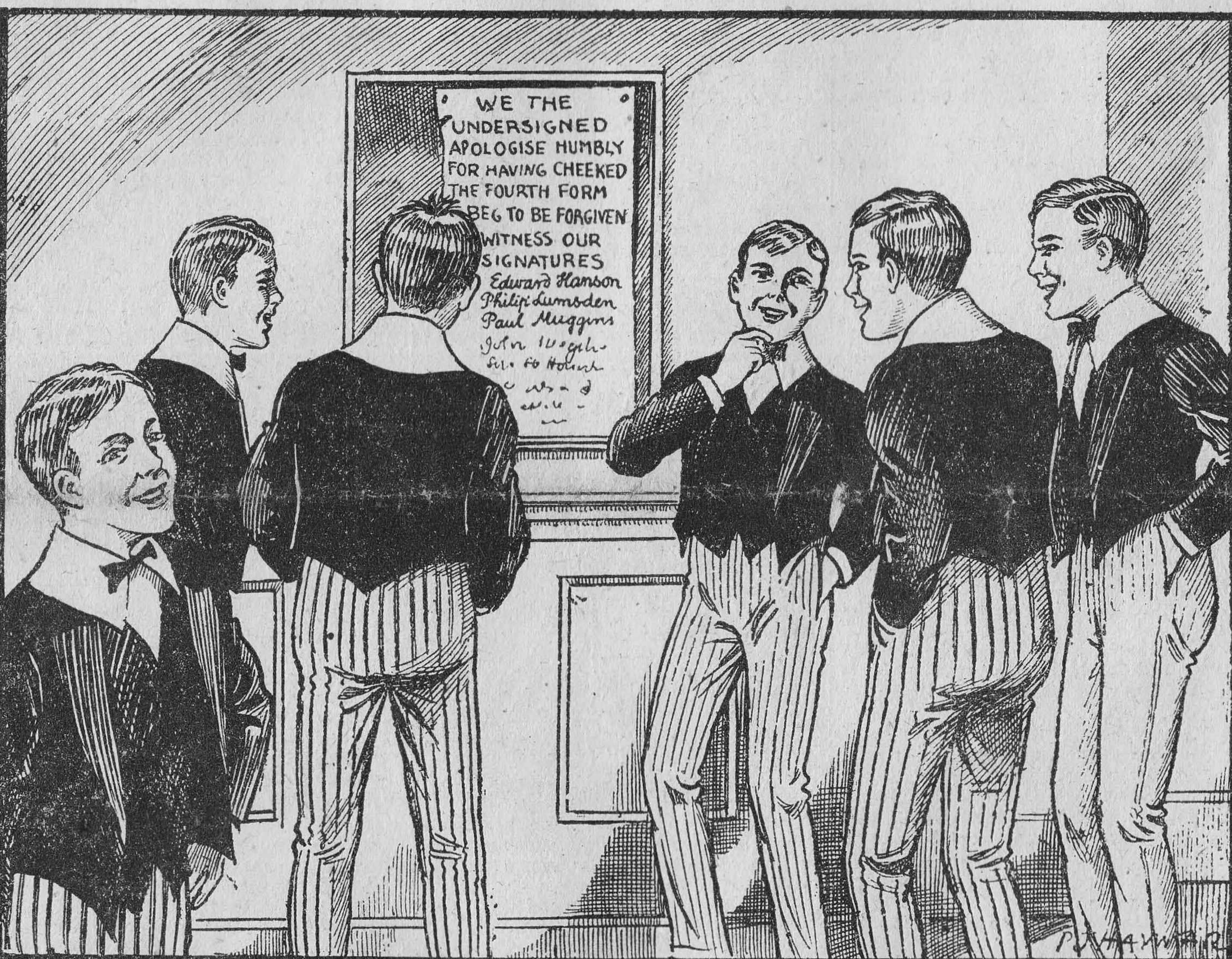
The reverend Head of Rookwood had been known to sit for half an hour during a performance of "Othello" or "King Lear" by Hanson & Co. He never bestowed such an honour upon Jimmy Silver & Co., though the Classical Players had no doubt whatever that they could knock spots off the Thespians.

It was a little humiliating for the lofty Thespians to have to hold their rehearsals in the woodshed. Certainly, it was quite a spacy apartment—for a woodshed. There was plenty of room, and it was quiet and secluded—away from the vulgar herd, as Talboys expressed it.

In the senior Common-room, the Sixth-Form fellows simply refused to be bored by Thespian rehearsals, and the Form-room was not always at their disposal; and, moreover, mocking fags would sometimes howl in at the door or the window there, and spoil the effect of Hamlet's soliloquy or Mark Antony's oration.

"Hamlet" was the play now, and Hanson & Co. were going to make a tremendous success of it when it came off. And this was the dress rehearsal, and the costumes were all ready.

There were eight Fifth-Form fellows in the woodshed, every one of them a born Roscius, more or less. Hanson was the last to arrive, and after he came in he slipped the bolt on the door. Even in the secluded



The Fourth Form yelled over the notice on the board. Even Mornington had to acknowledge that the Fistical Four had scored, and brought about the fall of the Fifth.

objection to being the fellow that got hurt.

In the loneliest part of the lane Morny & Co. stopped, and took cover among the trees. There they waited for their prospective victims to come by on their return from the village.

They had some time to wait, which they filled in by smoking cigarettes in their nutty way. But the enemy came in sight at last.

Hanson and Talboys came sauntering along the lane from Coombe, chatting, and quite unconscious of danger.

Mornington's eyes gleamed.

"We shall take the cads by surprise!" he muttered. "When I give the word, rush on 'em. We'll have them down before they know what's happenin'!"

And the nuts looked a little brighter at that prospect.

The two Fifth-Formers came abreast of the ambush, still unsuspecting. Morny gave a sudden yell. "Go for 'em!"

He led the rush.

"My hat!" ejaculated Hanson. "What! Oh, crumbs!"

He went down on his back, and Talboys sprawled beside him, with half a dozen juniors sprawling over them.

"Got 'em!" grinned Mornington.

The 6th Chapter.

Not as per Programme.

"What the thunder—"

"Gerrup!" Mornington grinned down at Han-

son, and Peele were already in full flight. They had had quite enough of Hanson's heavy fists at close quarters.

Talboys was rolling on the ground with three more nuts; but one of them broke away and ran, and Talboys pitched off the other two and jumped up. Gower was hurled into the road, and he stayed only to pick himself up before he burst through a hedge and fled.

Townsend would gladly have followed his example, but Talboys had a grip of iron on Towny's collar.

Hanson burst into a roar of laughter.

The tables had been turned with startling suddenness.

Four of the assailants were fleeing as if for their lives, and Morny and Towny were wriggling helplessly in the grasp of the Fifth-Formers.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the captain of the Fifth. "Hold that young beggar, Talboys! Don't let these two get away!"

"No fear!" chuckled Talboys.

"Let go, hang you!" panted Mornington, frantic with rage and apprehension. "I'll kick your shins! Yow—ow! Leggo!"

"Not just yet!" grinned Hanson. "So you were going to tie me up—ha, ha!—and send me hopping home—what?"

"So I would have if those rotten funks had backed me up!" panted Mornington.

"Ha, ha! I understand you've got a whipcord in your pocket. I'll borrow that whipcord," said Hanson.





## THE FALL OF THE FIFTH!

(Continued from the previous page.)

Jimmy drew a small bundle from his pocket. His comrades blinked at it in the gloom, and Conroy whistled softly.

"Gimlets!" he said.

"Just so."

"What on earth are you going to do with half a dozen gimlets?" asked the mystified Australian.

"Screw up the door," said Jimmy cheerfully. "It's a bit awkward for screwing up with screws, so I've collected all the gimlets I could find among the fellows' tool-boxes. They'll fix it. Lend a hand, and drive 'em right in, and don't make a row!"

"But what—?" began Flynn.

"Don't jaw, old chap; go ahead!" Jimmy Silver had not imparted his great plans to his followers yet. He was content to let them wait and see.

The half-dozen gimlets were handed round, and the Classical juniors set to work. It was not easy to drive them into the hard wood, but they progressed steadily with the work. There was little danger of their being heard in the woodshed. The rehearsal was going great guns, and the Fifth-Form Thespians had no ears for anything but their own spouting.

Slowly but surely the gimlets were driven in, through door and doorpost, right to the hilt.

The woodshed door was as fast then as if it had been screwed up. It was a simpler process, but just as effective.

"That's done!" said Jimmy Silver, in tones of satisfaction.

"Is that all?" asked Pons.

Jimmy sniffed.

"No, fathead! We've got them prisoners now; the window isn't big enough for those fatheads to get out without squeezing, and we shall see they don't do that. Get round the woodshed, and bring the garden hose here!"

"The—the hose?" said Oswald.

"Yes. Buck up!"

"But the hose isn't kept behind the woodshed!" exclaimed Oswald, in astonishment. "It's kept in the shed!"

"I know that, ass! But I came here and yanked it out and hid it behind the shed an hour ago!"

"Oh, I see!"

"Time you did."

Oswald and Conroy groped round the shed for the hidden hose. They came back with it in a few minutes. Jimmy's plan was dawning upon his comrades now, and they were grinning joyously.

"Where are you going to fix it?" murmured Lovell.

"The tap in the yard, of course."

"Good! It's more than long enough!"

"Plenty long enough—yards over. Come and help me fix it!"

The hose was soon secured, and ready for action.

Then Jimmy Silver carried the nozzle to the window of the woodshed. He tapped at the window with it.

Voices in the woodshed stopped suddenly. Jimmy Silver tapped again imperatively.

"That's some blessed fag!" said Talboys' voice.

"Keep on with the bizney!" growled Hansom.

Tap—tap—tap!

"My hat! I'll go out and skin him!" muttered Hansom. "Wait a minute till I've squelched him, you fellows!"

Hansom caught at the door to open it. The door did not move. Hansom dragged at it—in surprise at first, and then in rage.

"By gad! They've fastened up the door!" he ejaculated.

"Oh, rot! How could they?" said Talboys.

"Try it yourself, fathead!"

Talboys tried it, but the door did not open. The Thespians were looking exasperated and furious by this time.

Tap—tap—tap! came the summons at the window; and Hansom strode up to it angrily, and dragged the blind aside. Through the glass he could see the grinning face of Jimmy Silver.

The captain of the Fifth tore the little window open, and glared at the junior.

"You cheeky young rotter! Have you fastened up the door?" he shouted.

Jimmy nodded coolly.

"Right on the wicket!" he assented.

"I'll come out and— Yarooop!" spluttered Hansom, as Jimmy raised the nozzle of the hose and let fly.

Squish—swish—splash!

"Ha, ha, ha!" came in a yell from the darkness outside.

Hansom was in all the glory of Hamlet's costume before the sudden flood of water smote him. By the time it had played upon him for a few seconds he looked more like a half-drowned tramp.

"By gad!" stuttered Talboys.

"You young demon—Ooooh!" The jet of water smote Talboys, and fairly bowled him over, and Laertes rolled on the floor spluttering. And from the rest of the dramatic personæ came wild yells and hoots, as the water swamped right and left.

### The 8th Chapter. The Fall of the Fifth.

"Grooh!"

"Gug-gug-gugg!"

"Yarooop!"

Swish—squish—splash! Behind Jimmy Silver, a crowd of grinning faces looked into the woodshed, the juniors craning their necks round the little window.

To and fro in the woodshed the Thespians dodged and rushed, in

vain attempts to escape the searching stream.

Hansom led a rush to the window, with a wild idea of squeezing through somehow, and getting at close quarters with the enemy. The powerful jet struck him fairly under the chin, and threw him back.

The yells and splutters of the Thespians rang through the woodshed, and were answered by yells of laughter from outside.

"Go it, Jimmy!" gasped Lovell.

"Oh, my hat! What a merry family of drowned rats! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Fourth-Formers.

"Yow-ow! Ugh!"

"Grooh-hoo!"

"Oh, dear! Oh, crumbs! Stoppit!"

Jimmy Silver shut off the water at last. He was laughing too much to take aim. The floor was swimming with water, the actors were drenched and dripping, and their drenched costumes clung around their limbs. Hansom gouged water from his eyes, and glared at the grinning faces in the window.

"I'll smash you for this!" he roared. "I'll pulverise you! I'll slaughter you! I'll—I'll—I'll—I'll!"

"Looks as if the Fourth are top dogs now," grinned Jimmy Silver.

"Don't come too near the window, Cabby, or you'll get some more!"

"Oh, you young rotter! Ow!"

"Are you going to apologise for raiding my study?"

"No!" yelled Hansom. Hansom was wet, and he was cold, but the bare thought of the captain of the Fifth apologising to a junior made him boil with rage.

"Have some more, then!"

Squish! Swoosh!

Hansom yelled and rushed at the window again, but again the steady jet drove him back. He dodged and fled round the shed, but wherever he ran, the jet found him out.

"Stop it!" he shrieked, at last. "I—I—I'm willing—yow—to say—yarooop—I'm sorry—oooh!" Hansom could stand no more.

"You apologise?"

"Ow! Yes! Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Do you all apologise?" demanded Jimmy Silver.

The Fifth-Formers glared at him as if they could eat him. But Jimmy was on the safe side of the window, and the deadly nozzle was in his hands. There was nothing for it but peace terms.

"We—we—we apologise!" stuttered the unhappy Thespians.

Jimmy shut off the water again.

"Good!" he remarked. "That's a beginning. Now, better get to bizney, or you'll catch cold. I suppose you feel a bit wet?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Grooh!"

"These are our peace terms," said Jimmy Silver. "You give us a written apology, you tip Mack to clean up the shed so that there won't be a row about this swamping, and you make it pax. Is that agreed?"

"No!" shrieked Hansom.

Swoooooosh!

The water played again at full force. With wild gasps and yells, the Fifth-Formers strove to dodge it, but they dodged in vain. Wet and shivering and dripping, they yelled to Jimmy Silver to stop.

The captain of the Fourth obligingly shut off the stream.

"Do you accept the peace terms?" he asked sweetly.

"No—oh, my hat—stoppit—yes!" shrieked Hansom.

"Yes—yes—yes—stoppit!"

"Right!" grinned Jimmy Silver. "There's lots more water if you'd like to take time to think over it—"

"Stoppit!" howled Talboys. "We agree—we agree!"

"Chuck in a pencil and paper, Lovell. You'll write down the apology, Hansom, and all the rest will sign it. And sharp's the word!"

Hansom simply gasped with rage. But there was no help for it. He could not face the steady stream of icy water for ever; he had had enough of that. With a face like a Hun, he wrote at Jimmy Silver's dictation, and the rest of the Thespians ground their chattering teeth and signed, and the paper was passed out to the grinning Lovell. Jimmy Silver grinned and nodded as he looked at it.

"You tip Mack to clean up the shed, Hansom?"

"Yes!" hissed Hansom.

"And it's pax?"

"Ye-e-e-s!"

"Good! I'll mention to a Fifth-Form chap that you're here, and he can come down and let you out," smiled Jimmy Silver. "Ta-ta, dear boys, and think twice before you tackle the Fourth again!"

Later that evening a paper was pinned up on the wall of the junior common-room, which the juniors read with great glee and roars of laughter. It ran:

"We, the under-signed, apologise humbly for having checked the Fourth Form, and beg to be forgiven, as witness our signatures:

EDWARD HANSOM  
PHILIP LUMSDEN  
PAUL MUGGINS  
TOBIAS JOBSON  
HARRY DUFF  
PHELM O'ROURKE  
CECIL TALBOYS  
H. BROWN major."

The Fourth Form—Classical and Modern—read that paper, and yelled over it. The Shell and the Third read it, and howled. Even some of the Sixth came in and read it, and chortled. And even Mornington had to acknowledge that the Fistical Four had scored, and brought about the Fall of the Fifth.

THE END.

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



## PERKER'S DIARY!

(EDITORIAL NOTE.—Our young friend was cut off last week in the midst of his combat with his chum Barker, into which he was forced by public opinion.)

Fore twenty minnutes by the klok (Wilson says they were very minute minutes—he thinks that is a goak, butt I kno it was not les than five) the two heroik boys—that's me and Bark, of corse—fowt like demons (it wasn't quite all that bad, butt I hit Bark sevrel times, and soe did he me), butt without result.

I don't think their ever wood have bene a result, fore we wear strung upp to such a pich that we shood have gone on till we dropped in our traks, and it wood have taiken sum time at that raif. Butt in the very thik of the combatt who shood bloe in butt Watts?

When Watts is a prefect—oh, crumbs! He won't be able to leeve anyone aloan. Butt Wilson says itt is only wile he is an eckspectant that he is likely to be so strick; Wilson thinks he wil talk a rest when he is promoted. I don't knoe; ennyway, when he's wuns a prefect he wil be shifted out of our dorm—hooray!

He stoped us, thow he sed he recened it wood talk us about a

thousands yeers, moor or les, to do any serous dammdige at our pace. Nott a nice thing for a big chap to say, espeshery a chap with a big nose you wood just love to pull. Only that wood be hie treeson or sumthing, ass he is a prefect. (It mussent be serposed that I don't kno how to spel a simpel werd like "as"; butt their is a hidden goak against Watts their.)

Soe me and Bark shook hands, and glad it was no worse, fore we mite have hert eche other iff we had gone on.

Soe me and Bark maid itt up, and we agrede that the neckst time we fort itt should bee with Shiner Moon. I dont meen both of us, of cors, becors Shiner cant fite a bitt, and I could lick him with wun hand tide behind my bak—with both hands, if buting was fare. I meen Bark woodent fite me nor yet me Bark, butt both of us wood fite Shiner Moon insted, butt not both of us at wuns.

And we went inn to dinner, and that was wheir the neckst hapening of that eventful day hapened. It was about potatoes, witch people are making soe much fuss about just now, and I dont knoe why, fore I never caired much fore the things myself,

unles baiked under the meet, witch is not the way we yoosooaly get them hear, butt boyled insted, and lotts of them, thow nott so many since they got deer.

Two many fore me, ennyway, and they wear pretty bad wuns two, witch maid me think somewun must have wangled in sede potatoes on the Head, nott that I knoe wether the Head byes our potatoes, and I dairsay somewun els altogether.

Butt two my storey. Itt has bean my habit two taik an old envelop in two dinner in my poket, and if two many spuds, intoe the envelop they go. Butt I am nott a waisiful chap, and I give them to the piggs.

I putt wun lot down the bak of Fatty Bloggs in klass, and if that is nott giving them to the piggs I dont knoe ennything. Fatty screemed out like madd, and their was a row. Their always seams to bee a row when I am about, I dont knoe y. Butt that was befor the potatoes gott soe skarse everywhear eksept on our school taibl, whear, if you ask me, are two many of them. Butt I think I have sed this befor.

Now I save them fore a pore family if enny such should kum my way, thow sum I have saved are getting a bitt gainey now, and if the pore family dont soon kum I gess I shall have to shute them into sumboddy elses desk, as I dont want mine to bee two smely.

Wel, I had putt too potatoes out of three witch wear loded on my plait in the envelop, and then the beestly thing splitt! Soe I coodent put it in my own poket, oweing two the mess, and the mater says she hates untidiness.

Shiner Moon dont mind a bitt

about beeing tidey, and he was sitting neckst two me, with his poket gaping open, farely asking fore itt. Itt was the work of a moment, witch is what they say in the works of the very best awthors, to slip the envelop into that gaping receptickle. And soe I did.

Shiner looked round. He is a serspishun chap at times, wen awaik, witch is watt he is nott allways. I think itt very loe of him to serspishun me. Butt soe itt was, thow the deer reeder may find itt uneesy to understand.

"Watt are you up two, Perker, you beest?" he said fewriously. Wen Shiner is fewrius itt is like an angery sheep, him beeing such a sily ass.

"Nott up at awl—down," I sed karmly. I gnu that he had nott seen watt I did, and theirfor I was quite karm. Besides, itt is my nacher to be karm in watt you mite kall perillus times.

"Yure a rotten fiber!" sed Shiner, in toans of asumed disgust.

Then their spoke a voice of thunder—nott reely thunder, of cors, butt itt was the Head, and my hat he can showt sum! "Retched boy!" he sed in that thundery voice. "What are you doing?" And I sed: "Me, sir? Nothing, sir!" Witch was tru, becors I had dun itt befor he spoke.

Then the Head kame round behind us, and if their is wun thing in this worrld I do barr itt is the Head standing behind me with that long kane of his wiching up and down in his hand, and you never knoe watt neckst, and I wood rather have itt on the hand enny time.

"Moon!" wrapped out the Head. "Yes, sir," sed that ass Shiner in his mekest voice. "Have you bean guilty

of puting potatoes in vore poket?" persewed our tirant. "Me, sir? No, sir!" wined Shiner, wearas if a sport he mite have reped in the infirmatiff—that is saying Yes, if the deer reeder is nott up two my standard of edukashun.

Thow not strickly tru yet itt would have bean sporty. Butt nott Shiner, who I despise, I reely cant help itt. Soe the Head did not ask another kwestion, and I dont believe he knead have asked that wun, onely he is so foxy.

The neckst thing butt wun was that I gave a howl and lept up off my seat: soe I leeve itt to you to gess what the thing befor that was. Their are sum things over witch itt is diskreeter to draw a vail, and if I had onely knoe ennything in the way of pading saves the pane a bitt, thow the Head hits too joly hard for wun towel two bee much yoose.

After that I lay loe, and onely gott a hundred lines that afternoon in klasses, and that was moor Bark's fawlt. Butt at tee-time I was sent to the Head fore throeing bred and buter—or what is soe kalled heer, to bee sarkastik—at Wilson minor; and if he had nott the ingustice to drag up the potatoes again, and after I had bean maid to eat them, two, out of Shiner's beestly poket, and to lay itt on thiker becors of that. I dont wonder they had evolushun, or whatever its naim is, in Rusher!

Tirants ought to get itt inn the neck. Butt that was the end of that day, fore the tirant sed I was a meer kid, and paked me off to bed. Rot, I kall itt! If I was a meer kid, onely he sed sum longer word meening the saim, why did he lay itt on like that? I paws fore a reply.