

SAVING A
SCAPEGRACE!

By OWEN CONQUEST.

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The BOYS' FRIEND 1d.

OUR MOTTO IS: "PLAY THE GAME!"

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ONE PENNY.

[Week Ending July 14th, 1917.



WAS IT AN ACCIDENT?

See Our Grand
School Tale! -

SAVING A SCAPEGRACE!

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

By OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter.

Mornny's Chum.

Erroll of the Fourth joined Jimmy Silver, as the juniors came out after morning lessons.

Jimmy gave him a cheery nod. It was a sunny summer's day, and Jimmy Silver's face, always cheerful, was beaming with contentment.

"Ripping weather!" he remarked. "I hope it will be like this when the Greyfriars' team comes over on Saturday."

"I hope so" assented Erroll. He hesitated a moment or two. "Do you mind if I speak to you about—"

"Go ahead!" said Jimmy Silver. "You're playing on Saturday, of course. We couldn't leave you out."

"You've made up the team?" "Well, it's pretty well settled," said Jimmy Silver. "Raby's crooked his wrist, and he may have to stand out."

"Of course, I'm not going to give you advice about making up the team—"

"You can if you like," said the captain of the Fourth, laughing. "I get no end of advice about it, and a little more won't hurt. Besides, you know something about the game. Have I overlooked some budding genius who could stagger Rookwood

on Saturday if I gave him a chance?"

"Not exactly." "You think we're playing too many Moderns?" asked Jimmy. "Old scout, I've had that from every Classical chap who's mentioned the matter to me."

"Not at all. I was thinking of Mornnington."

"Oh, Mornnington!" said Jimmy Silver, frowning a little.

"He's a good bowler, Jimmy. The eleven isn't too strong in bowlers."

"I know that," assented Jimmy Silver, wrinkling his brows a little. "But Mornny is out of the question. He never will toe the line on a play-

ing-field. There can't be two skippers to a team, you know."

"I know. But—"

"I gave him a trial in the footer," said Jimmy. "That was before you came to Rookwood. He chucked a match away out of sheer temper. Can't be expected to trust a fellow after that."

Erroll was silent.

"I don't say Mornny hasn't his good points," said Jimmy. "The way he took up that little ragamuffin, Erbert, and got his guardian to send him to Rookwood, was ripping. He's often played up toppingly. But I'm surprised at the way you've chummed

up with him, Erroll. He's not your sort."

"He's a good sort to me," said Erroll, colouring.

"But you don't smoke, and don't play nap or banker, or sneak out of the school after lights-out," said Jimmy. "Mornny does—all the Form knows it. I must say, I never expected you two to hit it off."

"We're good friends," said Erroll, his colour deepening. "Mornny's got his faults, but he's got splendid qualities, too. I wish you could see your way to giving him a show in the cricket this season, Jimmy. I know he hasn't always been reliable. But I think he's changed a bit—"

"Never seen any signs of it," grunted Jimmy Silver. "He was out of bounds last night; I know that."

"Suppose you gave him a chance of showing what he can do at practice?"

"He's welcome to join the practice whenever he likes."

"Well, I won't say any more," said Erroll. "You're skipper, Jimmy."

Jimmy wrinkled his brows again.

"Of course, I want to be fair to Mornny," he said. "I dare say he can't help being a blackguard in some ways. If he did his best, he would be very useful in the cricket. Look here, Er, let him to come down to practice, and see how he turns out, if you like."

"Good!" said Erroll.

Jimmy's chums, Lovell and Raby and Newcome, came out of the School House with bats under their arms.

"Come on, Jimmy!" called out Lovell.

"Wait a minute. I'm going to speak to Mornnington."

"Oh, bother Mornnington! Come along."

"Yes, come on," said Raby. "I've got your bat, Jimmy. Blow Mornny!"

"I'll follow you," said Jimmy.

"Oh, rats!" said the Co. together, and they walked away to the cricket ground.

Jimmy Silver smiled, and crossed over to Mornnington, who was chatting under the beeches with Peele and Gower and Townsend, and Lattrey, the new junior in the Classical Fourth.

Lattrey was giving his opinion on the stoppage of racing—a very unfavourable opinion. The nuts of Rookwood agreed with him. No more racing meant no more plunging on "geegoes" for the merry company of "Giddy Goats."

"Coming along to the cricket, Mornny?" asked Jimmy Silver.

The nuts looked at him.

"Cricket!" yawned Townsend.

"What a fag—in this weather, too!"

"Horrid bore!" remarked Peele.

"Rotten waste of time!" sneered Lattrey.

"You're not going, Mornny?"

Mornnington, unheeding his friends, gave the captain of the Fourth a curious look.

"Do you want me?" he asked.

"If you'd like to come. Erroll's been recommending you to me as a recruit for the eleven on Saturday," said Jimmy, with a grin.

Mornnington stared.

"You're not thinkin' of playin' me?" he ejaculated.

"Well, I might think of it."

"Oh, don't give us any of that!" yawned Peele. "You won't play a better bowler than yourself, Silver."

And the nuts chortled at that remark.

"I would, if there were one at Rookwood," said Jimmy Silver calmly. "There doesn't happen to be. Are you coming, Mornny?"

"Don't!" said Mornny's friends, with one voice.

Mornnington shrugged his shoulders. "Why not?" he said. "I was

(Continued on the next page.)



SAVING A SCAPEGRACE!

(Continued from the previous page.)

looked after them with a sarcastic smile.

"Morny in the Eleven!" he murmured. "I fancy that won't quite suit me, my estimable Jimmy! I fancy it won't come to pass if I can help it!"

Lattrey joined Mornington as he came in, with his bat under his arm, looking unusually ruddy and good-humoured. Erroll was with him, also looking extremely cheery.

"Enjoyed yourself?" asked Lattrey, with a suppressed sneer.

"Oh, rippin'," said Mornington. "I noticed your bowling—it was topping," said Lattrey. "I didn't know you were so keen on cricket."

"I don't know that I am!" yawned Mornington. "It's one way of killin' time, that's all."

"I suppose you'll be playing on Saturday?"

"I don't know."

"Silver can hardly leave you out of the eleven, I suppose. I hear that the Greyfriars match will be a pretty tough tussle."

"Silver will please himself," said Mornington, with a satirical curl to his lip. "Silver is a little tin god, and all we common mortals have to do is to bow down and adore."

Lattrey laughed.

"I can't quite fancy you in that role, Morny," he said. "Coming up to the study? Peele and Gower are waiting."

"Right-ho!"

Mornington nodded to Erroll, and followed Lattrey up the big staircase. Tea was ready in Study No. 4, Morny pitched his bat into a corner.

"By gad, I'm hungry!" he remarked. "Same old workhouse fare! I wonder when this war will be over."

As a matter of fact, Morny's study was much better provided than most of the junior studies. In all articles of diet that were not restricted the dandy of the Fourth expended his money freely. And Peele and Gower did very well in that line, out of their wealthy study-mate.

"Now, about Saturday," said Lattrey, as they sat down to tea. "We're getting up a little party for Saturday afternoon, Morny."

"Hope you'll enjoy it," said Mornington. "Pass the sugar, if there is any."

"There isn't any!" grinned Peele.

"Well, the saccharine, then."

Morny helped himself to that expensive sugar-substitute.

"You don't want to come on Saturday?" asked Lattrey.

"What's on?"

"We're going to the Ship," said Gower. "Rather a merry afternoon, I think. But it will be spoiled if you don't come, Morny."

"Thanks."

"Oh, we shall have a good time," said Lattrey. "There's going to be some sporting fellows there, and there'll be a little game—and a decent feed—regardless of grub rules—and champagne. We're all standing our whack. But, if you'd rather play cricket, of course—"

"I don't know that I would," said Mornington. "If Jimmy Silver asks me to play for Rookwood, of course—"

"He's not likely to," said Gower. "I don't know."

"Dash it all, you can't leave Saturday open, in case his lordship chooses to ask you to play," said Lattrey warmly. "Let him ask you now if he wants you."

"Well, yes. But—"

"I'll tell you what. We shall have to make the arrangements in advance for the affair on Saturday. If you're booked, we'll leave it to the following Saturday. Only let us know."

"Yes, you can do that, Morny!" chimed in Peele.

Mornington nodded.

"All serene! I'll speak to Jimmy Silver about it. Erroll thinks he may want me, but I don't see why he can't make up his mind. Dash it all, I'm not hangin' up on a nail for Jimmy Silver to take me down when he pleases."

"I should jolly well say not!"

"It will be rippin' at the Ship," went on Lattrey. "A real gay time—we haven't seen much gay times lately. I think—"

He broke off, and rose quickly to his feet, his teeth snapping together.

"What's the row?" asked Mornington in surprise.

Lattrey did not answer. He stepped quickly and quietly to the door, and threw it suddenly open.

There was a gasp, and Tubby Muffin

of the Fourth almost fell into the room.

Lattrey grasped him by the collar. "Yow!" roared Tubby. "Leggo! I—I was only coming to see if you were coming in to tea, Lattrey!"

"You fat, spying cad—"

Lattrey looked round, and caught up Mornington's cricket-bat. Tubby Muffin roared with apprehension. There was a cruel gleam in Lattrey's eyes.

"Yaroooh! Stop it!" yelled Tubby. "I haven't heard a word—I mean, if you touch me I'll go straight to Bulkeley and tell him you're going to the Ship on Saturday."

"Let him alone, Lattrey!" muttered, Peele hastily.

Lattrey held his hand.

Tubby's scared voice had rung along the passage, and several juniors, who were coming in to tea, had heard him.

"Faith, is it going to the Ship you are?" exclaimed Flynn of the Fourth. "Sure, it'll serve yez right if a perfect drops on you there."

Lattrey gritted his teeth.

"Nothing of the sort!" said he hurriedly. "It's only Muffin's silly rot."

"Lucky for you Bulkeley or Neville didn't hear his silly rot," said Dick Van Ryn drily.

"They're going," said Tubby Muffin. "I heard them—"

"Come on, Tubby!" called out Gower. "We've been expecting you to tea, old chap."

Tubby Muffin smiled at once. "Yes, I was just coming," he said affably. "Thanks! I say, what have you got for tea?"

The fat Classical rolled into the study. Lattrey closed the door, his face dark and savage.

Tubby dropped into his chair at the table.

"Jolly decent of you fellows to ask me to tea," he remarked. "Of course, I'm not going to say a word—among pals, you know!"

Mornington glared at him. He had no intention of being claimed as a pal by the fat Classical. But Morny's companions laboured to be civil to Tubby. They did not want their intended expedition to be tattled up and down the school. The Ship Inn was a place with a most unenviable reputation, and Rookwood fellows going there would have been in great danger of the "sack," short and sharp.

Lattrey controlled his temper, and was quite civil to Tubby. Morny rose from the table, his lip curling scornfully.

"Not goin', Morny?" said Peele. "I'm not goin' to sit down to tea with that fat cad," sneered Mornington. "If you want him, I'll clear off."

"Look here, Morny," began Tubby hotly, with his mouth full.

"Don't you be a cheeky rotter! I'm visiting your study-mates, and you can shut up! See?"

Mornington left the study without replying, and slammed the door. Tubby Muffin did not leave so long as there was anything eatable left on the table. The fat Classical was in clover for once.

The 3rd Chapter.

Morny Makes Up His Mind!

"Just a word, Silver."

It was the following day, and Mornington had dutifully turned up for cricket practice after lessons.

He joined Jimmy Silver when the latter left the field.

Jimmy gave him a cheery nod. "Go ahead!" he said.

"What do you think of my form?"

"First rate!"

"Oh, you think so?" said Mornington, somewhat taken aback by this unstinted commendation from the captain of the Fourth.

"Yes, I should say so if I didn't."

"Well, what about the match on Saturday?" asked Mornington. "I'd like to play for Rookwood against Greyfriars. Are you going to play me?"

Jimmy Silver looked thoughtful. "That depends, Mornington," he said. "You are—excuse me—a bit unreliable. You're sticking to practice now; but it may be only a flash in the pan. I'd rather leave deciding a bit later."

"That won't do for me," said Mornington, with all his old arrogant manner.

Jimmy's eyes glinted.

"Well, if that won't do for you, you can go and eat coke!" he said tersely. "It's the best I can say."

"That means that I'm not to play on Saturday?"

"You can take it at that. If you choose to keep steady at practice, I'll tell you for certain on Friday."

"I've got an engagement for Saturday afternoon," said Mornington, controlling his temper. "I want to know for certain."

Jimmy Silver stopped and looked at him.

"I know all about your engage-

ment for Saturday, Mornington," he said. "I've heard that from Tubby Muffin."

"The tattlin' cad!" growled Mornington.

"There's a good many fellows keen enough to play Greyfriars," continued Jimmy Silver. "It's one of our biggest matches, and I've got to be careful about it. I'm making up the list finally on Friday. I haven't even decided about Lovell yet. And to ask me to decide before I'm ready, because you've got an engagement to go out blagging with a set of blackguards, is pure cheek. See?"

Jimmy Silver did not mince his words. His object was to make his meaning clear, and he certainly did that.

But Mornington was not in a reasonable mood. He seldom was when his lordly will and pleasure was crossed.

"You mean I'm to keep hangin' on in case you want me?" he sneered. "Well, that's not good enough."

"Then go and eat coke!"

And with that Jimmy Silver walked on, leaving the dandy of the Fourth alone. Mornington clenched his hands. For some minutes he stood in angry thought, and then he went in search of his friends. He found Lattrey & Co. in the quadrangle.

The nuts of the Fourth exchanged glances as he came up, with knitted brows, and his eyes gleaming under them.

"Fixed it up with Jimmy Silver about the match?" asked Lattrey carelessly.

"I'm not playin' on Saturday. I'm comin' with you fellows," said Mornington. "You can make your arrangements, an' count me in."

"Good egg!" said the nuts heartily.

"Now you're talkin'!" said Townsend. "We're goin' to have a high old time, Morny—a bit more lively than knockin' a silly ball about."

"Oh, rats!" said Mornington unexpectedly.

Townsend coughed.

"I'd rather play in the Greyfriars match," said Mornington deliberately. "I'd rather, no end!"

"Play in it, and be blown, then!" said Townsend sulkily.

"Only I'm not hangin' up on a nail for Jimmy Silver, that's all. If he wants me, he can say so—an' he won't! Well, I'm comin'." How are we goin' to get to the Ship? It's miles from here."

"Bike it," said Topham. "We can't have a car out now. It's not allowed. Rot, if you like; but there you are."

"Might get a trap in Coombe," said Mornington. "I'm not goin' to bike it! Hang bikin'! What about a trap? I'll stand the trap."

"Good! I'll see about it, if you like," said Lattrey. "I'll arrange for it to pick us up on the road on Saturday. Better not come here—fellows might get askin' questions."

"That fat idiot Muffin has been tattlin' already," growled Mornington. "Silver knows already."

"Well, Silver isn't likely to sneak. As for Tubby Muffin, he can be bottled up till after Saturday," said Peele. "It only means havin' the fat beast to tea."

"I don't want the cad in my study!"

"You don't want him to jaw, I suppose? It would be a bit serious if Bulkeley heard anything."

"Well, you can have him if you like. I'm goin' to tea with Erroll," said Mornington.

And he walked away to the School House.

Townsend drew a deep breath.

"Blessed if I don't feel inclined to let Erroll have him," he remarked, when the dandy of the Fourth was gone. "I feel sometimes that I can't stand much more of Morny's swank."

"Let him swank, if he stands the trap and the feed at the Ship," said Lattrey. "He's paying for his swank!"

"That's all very well for you; but we don't sponge on Morny," said Townsend tartly.

And he strode away, leaving Lattrey to digest that remark as best he could.

Meanwhile, Mornington had gone to Erroll's study. Jones minor and Higgs were there with Erroll. Both of them were fellows whom the lofty Morny regarded with disdain. But Morny constrained himself to be civil—though he did not often take that trouble.

After tea, Higgs and Jones minor left, and Morny stayed chatting with his new chum. Erroll was looking thoughtful, and he noticed it.

"Thinkin' about the Greyfriars match?" he asked, with a laugh.

"Yes, I think there's a good chance of your gettin' into the

Eleven, Morny. And if you do, you may keep in for the rest of the season. That will be worth while, won't it?"

"That's all off."

Erroll's face fell.

"Off!" he repeated.

"Yes, Jimmy Silver wanted me to hang about till Friday for his answer, and I told him I wouldn't."

Erroll's face was very grave.

"Besides, I'm goin' out on Saturday now," said Mornington. "I've fixed it up with some fellows. You're playing, of course? You wouldn't care to come with me, anyway."

"Not if it's to the Ship certainly!"

"You've heard about that, then?" growled Mornington.

"I think a dozen fellows heard Muffin howling it out in the passage yesterday," said Erroll. "There's been some talk about it in the Common-room, too. It's rather serious, going to a place like that, Morny!"

"You're not goin' to begin preachin' to me, are you?" asked Morny laughing. "You know our agreement when we became pals—live an' let live."

"I know. And you need not fear I shall interfere with you. All the same, I wish you'd look at things a bit differently," said Erroll quietly.

"It's a mug's game, really, Morny."

"Mugs are born, not made," said Mornington. "I must have some excitement!"

"Rather too exciting, I should think, if a prefect or Mr. Bootles spotted you there!"

"Pooh! There's no risk. Even Tubby Muffin isn't a sneak. Besides, I don't care if there's risk. Life isn't worth livin' without some risk!"

"I'd rather see you playing in the Greyfriars match."

"Well, so would I; but that's off." Mornington took a case from his pocket, opened it, and selected a cigarette. Then, as he caught Erroll's look, he laughed, and put the smokes away. "Sorry! I forgot. Nothin' of that kind here. Well, I'll be off. Ta-ta!"

And Mornington lounged out of the study, to get his smoke in his own quarters.

He left Kit Erroll looking very grave.

It was strange enough, perhaps, that a fellow like Erroll, quiet and steady, and true as steel, should be chummed with a reckless, volatile blackguardly fellow like Mornington. But there were good qualities in Morny's nature, and, curious as their friendship was, it was deep and sincere.

In Erroll's mind was a vague, half-formed project of reclaiming the dandy of the Fourth, and saving him in spite of himself, from the end that was bound to come in the long run, if he kept on as he was going now.

But it was likely to be uphill work, and success was very problematic. And Erroll realised, too, that his most dangerous enemy would be Lattrey, the new boy in the Fourth.

Lattrey had gained a great deal of influence over Mornington, and his influence was used wholly for evil.

And Erroll, who could not descend to the insidious wiles of the cad of the Fourth, was at a disadvantage in dealing with him, and realised it only too clearly.

The 4th Chapter.

A Precious Pair!

Mornington of the Fourth was not seen at cricket practice again, for some days.

Having had his answer from Jimmy Silver, as he regarded it, Morny decided that cricket was a waste of time, and Erroll could not induce him to go down to the nets.

Jimmy Silver shrugged his shoulders when he noted it, but made no remark.

Had Morny played up at his best, Jimmy would have been glad to put him in the Rookwood Junior Eleven; but there were plenty to choose from.

On Friday the eleven was finally made up, and the list was posted on the notice-board, and Mornington's name was not included in it.

The list ran: Silver, Erroll, Lovell, Conroy, Van Ryn, Oswald, Rawson, Tommy Dodd, Tommy Cook, Tommy Doyle, and Towle.

Mornington read the list down with a sneer upon his face.

"By gad! You're left out, Morny!" remarked Lattrey, reading the list over his shoulder.

"You knew I was goin' to be left out!" snapped Mornington.

Lattrey nodded, taking no notice of Morny's unpleasant tone. He was quite prepared to tolerate Morny's "swank." As he had remarked, Morny paid for it!

"Yes; but if Silver had any sense he wouldn't leave out a bowler like you, Morny," he remarked. "I

thinkin' of goin' down to the nets, in any case. What's the good of slackin' about?"

"Hear, hear!" said Jimmy. "Come on!"

Mornington gave his companions a cool nod, and joined Jimmy Silver and Erroll, and walked away with them.

The nuts looked rather blank. "That's just like Morny!" said Townsend viciously. "No dependin' on the chap."

Lattrey closed his lips. "I haven't been here long, but I've noticed that Erroll's got a lot of influence over Morny. He's always trying to keep the peace between him and Jimmy Silver."

"Blessed are the peacemakers," grinned Gower.

"It won't suit us," said Lattrey. "We can't afford to have Morny joinin' the goody-goody gang."

"You can't, anyway!" said Townsend, with a scarcely-concealed sneer.

"I believe you make a good thing out of Morny at banker."

"That's my bizney, if I do. It's jolly queer Morny chummin' with a sobersided fellow like Erroll," said Lattrey. "Chap who never smokes, or plays cards, or puts a half-quad on a geegee. Not at all in Morny's line. But I believe Erroll's the chap he likes best in the Fourth. And we can't pull with Erroll at all—can we?"

"Don't want to, either," grunted Peele.

"I certainly don't want to," agreed Lattrey. "I've had my rubs with the cad already. But it looks to me as if we shall lose Morny at this rate."

"Can't be helped!"

"Might be helped," remarked Lattrey thoughtfully.

And he walked away, his hands in his pockets, and a wrinkle of thought in his brow.

It was a little problem for the cad of the Fourth to think out.

Morny's intimacy with Erroll was exasperating to all the nuts, but Townsend & Co. contented themselves with sneering and shrugging their shoulders. But Lattrey was considering whether he could not put a spoke in the wheel. Morny, under good influence, was not the Morny he wanted to know.

The 2nd Chapter.

Tubby Muffin Knows Too Much!

Jimmy Silver kept his eyes on Mornington on Little Side.

The dandy of the Fourth was throwing himself into the cricket practice with great keenness and zest.

There was no doubt that Morny, when he liked, was a first-rate cricketer, and, on his best days, he was a bowler very nearly equal to Jimmy himself.

The Rookwood Junior Eleven was weakest in bowlers, and Jimmy Silver would have thought of Morny before as a possible recruit if only his form had to be considered. But Morny was a little too intractable.

He had a passionate and unreasonable temper, and he regarded the game as being centred round himself. And if he cut up rusty during a match—as he was quite likely to do—there was no telling what his actions might be. He was as likely to play into the hands of the enemy as not.

But the captain of the Fourth admitted to himself that there had been something of a change in Mornington of late, and he wondered whether he might not, after all, give him a chance.

As the Fistical Four left the ground after practice, Jimmy discussed that point with his chums.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome were dubious.

"He's had a chance before, and he wanted to run the team," said Lovell. "It would only be the same story over again. But, do as you think best, Jimmy. The giddy leopard may have changed his spots."

"I'll see how he sticks to practice during the week, and decide later," said Jimmy. "If he means business, he ought to have a show, and we may as well let bygones be bygones."

The Fistical Four were entering the School-house as Jimmy made that remark, and they passed Lattrey in the doorway. The cad of the Fourth

suppose he doesn't want to be put in the shade. Bowling is his line!"

"That's not true, and you know it. Lattrey," broke in Erroll's quiet voice.

Lattrey gave the junior an unpleasant look. "Why doesn't Silver play Morny, then?" he sneered.

"Not because he's jealous of his form," said Erroll contemptuously. "That's an idea that would only occur to a mind like yours!"

"Thanks! As a matter of fact, you've got Morny's place in the team yourself!" sneered Lattrey. "You're a new fellow here, and new fellows don't generally get asked to play in the Junior Eleven. I don't like favouritism myself!"

Erroll flushed angrily. "Oh, don't rag, you two!" broke in Mornington. "What's the good of raggin'?"

"I wish you were going to help us do it," said Erroll. "The emperor of the end study has decided not!" grinned Mornington.

Erroll drew his friend's arm through his own, and they walked away, leaving Lattrey biting his lips. Somehow, well as he pulled with Mornington, Erroll always seemed to have the upper-hand if it came to a contest.

At that moment the cad of the Fourth felt a savage hatred for Erroll surge up in his breast, and the look he cast after him was savage and bitter.

"Look here, it mayn't be too late, Morny," said Erroll, as he walked away with his friend. "Come down to the cricket now; there's plenty of light. Silver's a bit doubtful about Rawson, and Rawson's not keen on playing. I mean, he'd just as soon have an afternoon with his books. You know he's working for a prize!"

"I don't know anythin' about the prize-huntin' cad!" Erroll bit his lip.

"Rawson's not a cad, Morny." "Oh, he's an angel, if you like!" grinned Mornington. "Look here, Erroll, I'm booked for to-morrow, anyway!"

"Oh, come down to the cricket! You've been chucking it for days!" Mornington hesitated, but Erroll had his way, and they went down to Little Side, where Jimmy Silver & Co. were at practice. It was the last practice before the Greyfriars match, and Jimmy was putting his men through their paces, so to speak.

"Come and give us a ball, Erroll!" called out Jimmy cheerily.

Erroll, next to Jimmy Silver, was the best bowler in the eleven. A great deal depended on him in the morrow's match.

Erroll went on to bowl, Mornington watching carelessly, with his hands in his pockets. But after an over Erroll called to him:

"Try Silver's wicket, Morny!" "Oh, all right!" yawned Morny.

He went on, and Jimmy Silver faced his bowling. It was seen at once that the dandy of the Fourth was in great form, in spite of his recent neglect of practice.

Two balls were stopped by the captain of the Fourth, but the third whipped his leg stump out of the ground.

"Good man!" said Jimmy Silver, with perfect good-humour. "Let him try me," said Tommy Dodd.

Jimmy handed the bat to the Modern junior. Tommy Dodd was a mighty man with the willow, and there were few junior bowlers at Rookwood who were dangerous to his wicket. But Morny was on the war-path now. With the first ball he sent Tommy Dodd's bails flying.

"My hat!" ejaculated Tommy, astonishment.

Mornington grinned as he tossed the ball to Oswald, and came off the ground.

He sauntered away, leaving Erroll with the cricketers. Jimmy cast rather a curious look after him.

"It's a pity!" he remarked. "You might do worse than play Morny to-morrow," said Erroll. Jimmy shook his head.

"The eleven's made up now." "Rawson isn't specially keen, and we want bowlers."

"Rawson's the man, though. It'll do him good to get away from his books for an afternoon, whether he wants to or not," said Jimmy, laughing. "I think, if Morny had been

reasonable, I'd have decided on him instead of old Oswald; but I'm jolly well not going to drop Oswald at the last minute for Morny!"

"Well, you couldn't very well do that. I suppose it can't be helped," said Erroll; and the subject dropped.

As Erroll came back to the School House in the growing dusk, he passed Lattrey of the Fourth in talk with Leggett, under the beeches. Leggett, of the Modern Fourth, was a fellow after Lattrey's own heart.

Arthur Edward Lovell had remarked humorously that Leggett ought to be glad that Lattrey had come to Rookwood, as now Leggett wasn't the biggest blackguard in the school. The two juniors ceased speaking suddenly as Erroll came by.

Erroll's lips curled as he walked on. He had no doubt that the two dingy young rascals were discussing "geegees" or billiards.

He was mistaken on that point for once, however. Lattrey's eyes gleamed after him in the dusk.

"You'll do it, Leggett?" he muttered, when Erroll was out of hearing. "It's risky," muttered Leggett.

"Where's the risk?" said Lattrey impatiently. "You couldn't be bowled out; it will be an accident. I'd handle him myself, but it would be a bit too palpable, considering the terms we're on, and I don't want a

The 5th Chapter. Tubby Does Not Go!

Tubby Muffin, of the Fourth, rolled out of the School House the next day after dinner with a determined expression upon his fat face. He posted himself on the steps and waited.

He was waiting for Mornington. Lattrey came out, and sauntered away towards the gates, and Tubby grinned after him. A few minutes later, Peele appeared, and took the same direction, and Tubby gave another fat grin.

In the leafy lane, at some distance from Rookwood, the trap was waiting which was to take the nutty party on their excursion that afternoon. But the nuts of the Fourth were very careful.

Had any of the prefects got wind of the intended expedition there would have been serious trouble—a flogging all round, at least.

And the nuts had arranged to leave the school one by one, and meet where the trap was waiting—at a distance. Each fellow looked as if he were going on an innocent stroll that sunny half-holiday.

Gower was the next, about ten minutes later, and he also disappeared through the gates. There remained only Mornington, Townsend and Topham had declined to join the

"I—I say, Morny—" Mornington turned his back on Tubby, and strode on. Tubby dashed after him.

The fat junior had quite made up his mind that he was going to be one of the merry nutty party that afternoon.

It was true that money was required for such a treat, and Tubby hadn't any money. But Morny had plenty, and Tubby was prepared to borrow some.

Considering that he knew all about the excursion, and that a word from him to a prefect would have meant discovery and punishment, Tubby felt that he held the whip-hand.

The nuts ought to have felt ever so much obliged to him for holding his tongue, Tubby considered. He had extracted several small loans from Peele & Co. on the strength of what he knew, and the danger that lay in his tattling tongue. Now he was going to be a "nut" for the afternoon, at Morny's expense.

And Tubby meant business. He kept pace with Mornington, as the angry junior strode on fast.

"Don't walk so fast, old chap!" gasped Tubby. "You're making me run, you know. I say, have you got a car somewhere?"

Mornington stopped, and turned back, gritting his teeth.

"Will you clear off?" he hissed.



"Yow-ow-ow! Help! Yoop! Yaroooh!" roared Tubby Muffin, as the light cane whisked round his legs. "Leggo, you beast! I don't want to come with you! Yaroooh!"

row with Morny. You can work it easily enough; only see that he loses his precious cricket-match! Hang it, and hang him!" Lattrey ground his teeth.

"He's so keen on playing in the Greyfriars match, I don't think anything could cut him up more than that!"

Leggett grinned. "I'm willing to make it worth your while," went on Lattrey. "You don't get a half-quid for nothing every day, Leggett!"

"Well, I'll try," said Leggett. And the two juniors separated.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were discussing the morrow's match in the Common-room that evening, when Lattrey came in.

The cad of the Fourth listened to the discussion, with a mocking curl to his lip.

"We're strong enough in batting," Jimmy remarked; "but the bowling will be chiefly between you and me, Erroll, and we've got to go out for hat-tricks!"

"We'll try, anyway!" said Erroll, laughing.

Lattrey strolled away, smiling, with a mocking light in his eyes. Jimmy Silver & Co. would not have been anticipating the match so cheerily if they had known the thoughts that were in the mind of the cad of the Fourth.

party, after all, having had "words" with the lordly Morny.

Towny and Topy were not on the list of the "spongers," and there was a limit to the amount of insolence they would stand from the dandy of the Fourth.

Mornington having passed the limit, Townsend and Topham had bestowed the honour of their company for the afternoon upon Smythe of the Shell—a matter of the utmost indifference to Morny, as a matter of fact.

Mornington came out at last, as elegant as usual. Erroll was with him, but the latter was in flannels. He walked down to the gates with Mornington, and Tubby Muffin rolled after them.

At the gates the two chums parted, Erroll going towards the cricket-ground, and Mornington starting down the road at a good pace. Tubby Muffin broke into a run after him.

"Hold on, Morny!" he gasped. Mornington looked round.

His face darkened at the sight of the panting fat Classical.

"What do you want?" he snapped. "I'm coming, old chap!" gasped Tubby, joining him.

Mornington stared at him. "You're what?" he ejaculated. "I'm coming," smiled Tubby.

"You don't think I'd desert my old pals on a half-holiday, do you? Are you walking to the Ship, Morny?" "You silly, fatheaded chump!" shouted Mornington. "Clear off!"

"Don't you want me to come with you, old chap?" asked Tubby, in an injured tone.

"No, I don't!" Tubby Muffin snorted; he was beginning to get angry, too.

"If you put it like that, Morny, I shall have to consider whether I can allow this kind of thing to go on," he said loftily. "You're going to disgrace the school, and— Yaroooh!"

Tubby Muffin broke off suddenly, with a wild yell, as Mornington seized him by the collar.

The light cane the Fourth Form dandy carried whisked round Tubby's fat legs.

"Whack! Whack! Whack! Yow-ow-ow! Help! Yoop! Yaroooh!" roared Tubby. "Leggo, you beast! Stoppit! I don't want to come! Yaroooh! Help!"

"Whack! Whack! Whack! Yow-ow-ow-wooop!" "There!" panted Mornington.

"Now, clear off, you tubby little scoundrel!"

And Mornington strode on, leaving Tubby Muffin sitting in the grass by the roadside, gasping and groaning.

Tubby Muffin deserved his licking, doubtless; his attempt to "plant" himself upon Morny for an expensive excursion was very much in the nature of blackmail. But Tubby did not realise that himself, and he was feeling very injured and ill-used. He sat in the grass and groaned.

"Yow-ow-ow! Yow-wow-wow! Wow!" "Hallo! What's the matter with you?"

Tubby blinked up at Bulkeley of the Sixth. The captain of Rookwood had paused, in passing, at the sight of the anguished Tubby.

"Been run over?" asked the big Sixth-Former, with a smile.

"Yow-ow-ow! That beast Morny!" howled Tubby. "Yow-ow! He's been whacking me—yaroooh!—just because I told him he was disgracing the—yow-ow!—school."

"Eh?" "I wouldn't go with him if he asked me, the rotter! Yow-ow-ow! I wouldn't be found dead at the Ship! Yaroooh! I told him so plainly—groogh!"

Bulkeley, his face becoming suddenly grim, caught Tubby Muffin by the shoulder, and jerked him to his feet.

"Now, then, what's that?" rapped out the captain of Rookwood. "Has Mornington of the Fourth gone to the Ship?"

"I—I say, I—I'm not going to sneak, you know!" gasped Tubby, realising that he was speaking to a prefect, whose duty it was to see that sportive youths like Morny & Co. did not follow all their sportive predilections.

Bulkeley shook him. "Who's gone to the Ship?" he exclaimed. "Now, then, sharp!"

"Groogh! You're chook-chook-choking me! Yarooogggggg!" "Answer me!"

"Yow-ow! Morny and Peele and Gower and Lattrey—yoooooggggh!"

Bulkeley scanned the fat junior's face, and then released him. He had been walking towards Coombe when he came upon Tubby. He changed his direction now, and strode away by a path that led to the moor. Tubby gasped, and blinked after him.

He knew that Bulkeley was heading for the Ship Inn—a long walk across the moor.

"Oh, crumbs!" murmured Tubby. "If they've gone in a car or a trap, they'll get there first—an hour first—and—and Bulkeley will spot 'em! Oh, dear! They'll think I sneaked, the rotters! Well, it's all Morny's fault! Blow 'em!"

And Tubby rolled back to Rookwood, still struggling for breath.

The 6th Chapter. A Chance for Mornington.

"The Greyfriars chaps will be here pretty soon," Jimmy Silver remarked as he stood outside the pavilion, with a very cheery face. It was a brilliant summer's afternoon, and the well-rolled pitch was green as emerald and smooth as a billiard-table. "What a topping day! This is something like!"

"Ripping!" said Lovell. Erroll nodded. He was cheerful enough, and keen on the match, but he could not help thinking of his chum a little. Morny was gone on his shady excursion—even now the nuts of the Fourth were driving for the Ship Inn, bowling along in the trap from Coombe—to spend a sunny afternoon in smoking, gambling, playing billiards.

What attraction they could find in it was a puzzle to Kit Erroll. But for Lattrey, and his cunning working on Morny's unreasonable temper, the dandy of the Fourth might have been on the cricket-ground, playing with his chum for Rookwood.

Leggett of the Fourth came along to the pavilion. He had a cricket-ball in his hand, which he was carelessly throwing up and catching. There was a furtive gleam in the eyes of the Modern junior.

"Hallo! Are we going to have the honour of playing under your eyes, Leggy?" asked Jimmy Silver, and there was a laugh. Leggett seldom troubled the cricket-ground with his presence.

"Oh, I'm going to see you begin!" said Leggett. "But I'm going to do some bowling for Carthew of the Sixth over yonder, when he comes down."

"Fagging at bowling?" said Van Ryn. "That's a new departure for you. Don't knock Carthew's brains out!"

"I could bowl your head off!" "I dare say you could. You couldn't bowl a wicket down, though."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Oh, rats!" said Leggett. "Here, Erroll, you're the giddy champion in the field. I'll give you a catch you can't hold."

"Done!" said Erroll, with a smile. Leggett stopped a dozen paces from Erroll, to toss him the ball. Instead of tossing it, however, he hurled it with a sudden deadly aim, and Erroll staggered back with a cry. He raised his right arm, and then it dropped to his side again.

"Ha, ha!" roared Leggett. "You didn't hold that!"

The cricketers looked on in blank

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SAVING A SCAPEGRACE!

(Continued from the previous page.)

amazement for a moment. Then Jimmy Silver caught Leggett by the collar. Erroll's face was pale with pain. The ball had struck his right arm with terrific force, numbing it. "You howling cad!" shouted Jimmy Silver, shaking Leggett like a rat. "What do you mean by that?" "Ow! Let go!" spluttered Leggett. "Only a--a joke! I said he couldn't hold the catch."

Raby, old chap, get my bike out, there's a good fellow!" Raby looked at Jimmy Silver, who nodded, and then he cut off to the bike-shed. Erroll was smiling now, in spite of the bitter pain in his bruised arm that drove the colour from his cheeks. "Morny mayn't come!" growled Jimmy Silver. "He's rotter enough to cut up rusty, asked at the last minute! You mayn't find him, either--"

the cad of the Fourth to "crook" him for the Greyfriars match. He made a step towards the trap, but he paused. There was no time to call Lattrey to account, and he had no proof. He turned again to Mornington. "You're comin' with us, Erroll?" asked Peele, from the trap. "You're welcome! We're goin' to have a high old time!" Erroll did not heed him. "Morny! Get on my bike, and scoot back to Rookwood," he said. "You're wanted in the team."

suspect that as he tramped homeward in the sun-blaze. He had done well for Mornington that afternoon, but he did not know yet from what he had saved his scapegrace chum. It was a long tramp back to Rookwood, and Kit Erroll was almost dead-beat by the time he reached the school. He knew that the Greyfriars' match must have been long under way. He went directly to Little Side when he arrived. "Hallo! Been dust-collecting?" grinned Newcome, as he arrived on the ground. "Morny here?" "Can't you see him batting, fat-head?" "Oh, good!"

Mornington. The dandy of the Fourth was at the top of his form. And his luck, as well as his form, was phenomenal. Nugent, Field, and Hazeldene, of Greyfriars, fell one after another to his bowling, and the Rookwood crowd roared. It was the hat-trick for Rookwood, and they needed it. But that was not the end. Johnny Bull followed at the wicket, and to his surprise he was caught out first ball from Morny's masterly bowling. And Hurree Singh, who was next man in, saw with dismay his leg stump levelled with the ground. And even that was not the finish, for Peter Todd, a mighty bat, was dismissed with a duck's egg to wind up that wonderful over!

The 7th Chapter. Well Done, Morny!

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His face was dark and savage as the trap drove on, and he was still scowling when the three roysters arrived at the Ship and joined their sporting friends. And he would probably have been still less satisfied if he had known that at that moment Bulkeley of the Sixth was tramping along the footpath over the moor, heading for the same destination. Neither did Kit Erroll

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