



Trouble for the New Skipper!

Mornington's Dilemma!

The Sports of St. Clive's!

New Story By Arthur S. Hardy.



The BOYS' FRIEND 1 1/2

TWELVE PAGES!

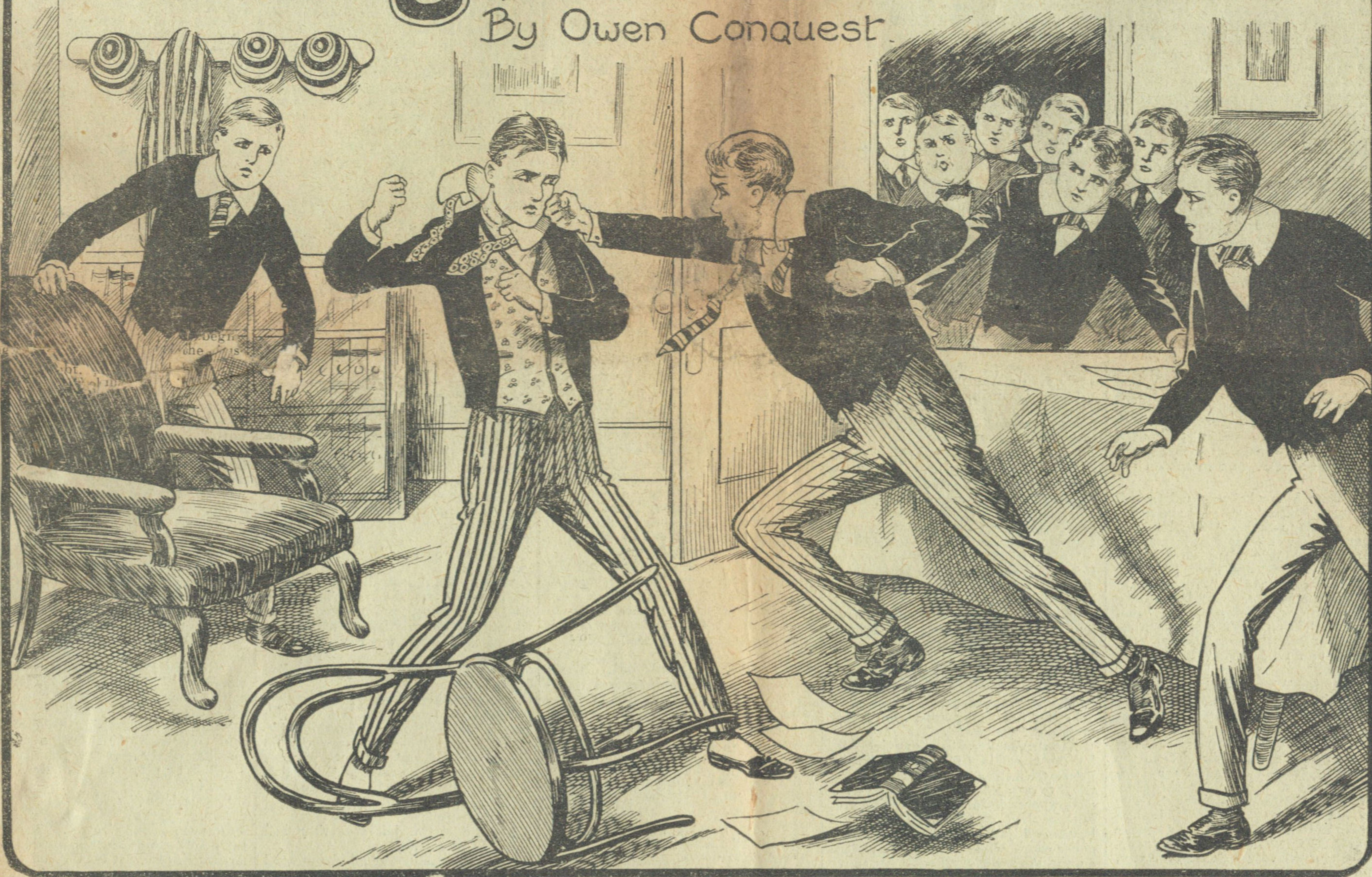
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THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending July 26th, 1919.

Mornington's Bad Start!

By Owen Conquest.



NEW CAPTAIN versus OLD!

Mornington and Jimmy Silver had come to blows at last! Mornington, his face aflame, was fighting furiously, and Jimmy Silver was 'putting his beef' into it! "This way, you chaps!" yelled Tubby Muffin. "Jimmy Silver and Morny! A fight—a fight!"

The 1st Chapter.

Dished!

Jimmy Silver came along the Fourth Form passage at Rookwood, with a letter in his hand, and stopped at Mornington's study.

The door of Study No. 4 was open, and there was a sound of voices within; rather excited voices.

Jimmy glanced in. Valentine Mornington was seated on a corner of the table, his hands in his pockets, and a smile on his face—a rather mocking smile. His chum, Kit Erroll, was standing by the window looking into the quadrangle with a very thoughtful brow. Three Shell fellows were in the

study—Smythe and Tracy and Howard. They were talking to Mornington—all at once; and their remarks were emphatic. Morny seemed quite unmoved by their excitement.

"Playin' it low down on us, I call it!" Adolphus Smythe declared, pointing an accusing forefinger at Morny's mocking face.

"Dishin' us!" said Tracy.

"Mean, I call it!" said Howard.

Jimmy Silver waited in the doorway. He had come there to speak to Mornington, the new junior captain of Rookwood; but he politely let Smythe & Co. finish first. Not that they showed any signs of finishing, for that matter. They seemed well set for a good innings, so to speak.

"Do you call it the fair thing, Mornington?" demanded Smythe.

Mornington shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, yes!" he answered.

"You agreed—"

"I'm keepin' my agreement."

"In words—not in spirit," said Tracy.

"We understood—"

"My dear man, there's no tellin' what you might or might not have understood," yawned Mornington.

"It surprises me that a fellow of your intellectual calibre understands anythin'.

Anyhow, I've told you how the matter stands. Take it or leave it!"

"I call it a swindle!" bawled Adolphus Smythe.

"Call it what you like, old top."

"I put it to Erroll," exclaimed Smythe, looking at the silent junior by the window. "Erroll, do you call this a fair deal?"

Erroll glanced round for a moment.

"Don't appeal to me!" he said curtly.

"I've nothing to do with the matter, and want nothing to do with it!"

"Which means that you know that Morny is swindlin' us!" hooted Smythe.

"Hallo, here's Jimmy Silver! Listen to this, Silver—"

"My dear ass, leave me out!" said Jimmy.

"I don't know what the row's about, but it isn't my bizney.

Morny is junior captain now, and he seems to be getting some of the pleasures of the job."

"He promised us—" began Tracy.

"Oh, yaws! Solemn promise!" said Howard.

"Word of honour!" hooted Smythe.

"It was quid pro quo. We voted for him in the election, didn't we?"

"You did!" agreed Jimmy.

"What about it?"

"And he agreed—"

"Oh, give us a rest!" exclaimed Mornington.

"Smythe, old man, you use your chin too much. Go and bleat in your own quarters, if you must keep on bleatin'!"

"He agreed to play us in the next school match, if he got in as skipper!" roared Smythe.



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from
the
previous
page.

MORNINGTON'S BAD START!

"Oh!" ejaculated Jimmy Silver. Mornington coloured a little, and did not meet the eyes of the late junior captain. Erroll stared out of the window.

Jimmy drew a deep breath. "Dash it all, Morny—" he began. "Oh, don't give me an Uncle James' sermon!" exclaimed Mornington irritably. "It was just an electioneering dodge—I was makin' a bid for the support of the Shell, and most of the Shell follow that idiot Smythe's lead. I don't see any harm in it."

Jimmy compressed his lips a little. He liked Morny for his good qualities, but Morny had other qualities that were not so good, and he was not so scrupulous in all matters as his friends would have liked to see him. He had made a bid for the junior captaincy, and "bagged" it from Jimmy Silver, and Jimmy was prepared to accept the new situation good-temperedly, and give his skipper loyal support. But this discovery of Morny's electioneering methods was rather a shock.

"No harm in it, if you keep your word!" sniffed Adolphus Smythe. "Plenty of harm in it, I think," exclaimed Jimmy Silver warmly. "You've promised to play three hopeless duds in junior matches. Whether you keep your word, or break it, you're acting badly."

"Nothin' of the kind! I'm playin' Smythe & Co. in a match where they can't do any harm," said Mornington coolly. "I had that in my mind when I made the agreement with the silly asses. They may have fancied they'd figure in a match with St. Jim's. That's their look-out. I promised them a show in the next cricket-match. I've fixed one up for Wednesday—on purpose. See?"

"And I call it a swindle!" howled Smythe. "We understood that it was to be the next regular match on the list."

"I can't help what you understood, old top. Nothin' was said about the next regular match on the list. The next match was what I said; and the next match takes place on Wednesday, with the Second Form!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "Smythe won't do any harm, in a match with Second Form fags!" said Morny. "Even Smythe can keep his end up against young 'Erbert, and Grant, and those kids. At least, I hope so!"

That remark seemed to deprive Adolphus of the power of speech. He expressed his feelings by shaking his fist at Morny's mocking face. Erroll, with his back to the fellows in the study, stared silently from the window. He did not speak; but his silence was a clue to his thoughts. He certainly shared Jimmy Silver's opinion of Morny's methods, though he did not care to say so. As a matter of fact, Morny's little game was perilously near the verge of sharp practice, and it was not surprising that Smythe & Co. were furious.

"So that's how the matter stands!" yawned Morny, apparently unconscious of the fist Adolphus was shaking at him. "And if you've done waggin' your chin, Smythe, you may as well amble along. You're not entertainin', old fellow."

"You've spoofed us!" snorted Tracy. "Yes, perhaps it amounts to that!" assented Mornington thoughtfully. "At least, I was pullin' your leg. But you were really born to have your leg pulled, Tracy! That's your vocation in life, old scout!"

"Oh, you rotter!" gasped Smythe at last. Morny glanced at Jimmy Silver. "Did you come along for something?" he asked. "Yes; I want to show you this letter—from Wharton at Greyfriars." "Right-ho! Good-bye, Smythe!" "You're a swindlin' cad, Mornington!" howled Smythe. "Thanks! Good-bye!" "Yah!"

That was not an elegant rejoinder,

but it was all that Adolphus could think of at the moment. He tramped out of the study with his friends, and Mornington shrugged his shoulders.

"By gad, I began to think they were never goin'!" he yawned. "Smythe's under the impression that his conversation is worth listenin' to—quite a mistaken impression. What's the letter about, Silver?"

"Better read it!" said Jimmy, rather drily. He handed Harry Wharton's letter to Mornington, who glanced over it carelessly. But the carelessness left him the next moment, and his brows knitted as he ejaculated:

"Oh, gad!"

The 2nd Chapter. Morny's Difficulty.

"Gad!" Mornington's tone was full of surprise and dismay. Kit Erroll turned quickly from the window.

"Anything wrong, Morny?" he exclaimed.

"Yes; thumpin' wrong!" growled Mornington.

"It's a letter from Greyfriars," explained Jimmy Silver. "Wharton's written to me. We're rather friendly, you know, and he doesn't know that I'm not junior skipper now. You remember how our match at Greyfriars was mucked up, Smythe sending us off in his dashed motor-car and taking a team of nutty duds to Greyfriars to play the match at the Rookwood eleven. Wharton's lot walked over them with an innings to spare. And now they know the facts the Greyfriars fellows are not satisfied with the matter. And the long and the short of it is that Wharton's consulted the others, and they've come to the conclusion to offer us to scratch that silly match off and play it over again with a real Rookwood team."

"That's sporting of them!" said Erroll, with a nod of approval. "I rather expected something of the sort from Wharton."

"Well, he says that they've got a date open on Wednesday, and if we care to accept the offer they'll fix it up for that day," said Jimmy Silver. "I should accept, of course, but it rests with Morny now, and that's why I've brought the letter along to him."

"Why, of course, the offer must be accepted," said Erroll, as Mornington did not speak. "It's sporting of Wharton to make it. The match wasn't a real match, as it was played by a spoof team, without any right to represent Rookwood at all!"

"That's so!" Mornington was crumpling the letter in his hand, a dark expression on his handsome face. Jimmy Silver regarded him rather curiously.

Wharton's offer was a sporting one, for the Greyfriars fellows had played the match in good faith, and were entitled to count it as a win. They were not responsible for the trick Adolphus Smythe had played in sending the Rookwood junior eleven on a wild-goose chase, while he took their place on the cricket-ground with his nutty followers.

The offer to replay the match was eminently acceptable from Jimmy Silver's point of view, and from that of his chums, Lovell and Raby and Newcome. Erroll evidently concurred. But Morny's face was developing a dark and obstinate expression.

"It can't be done!" said Mornington, breaking the silence at last. "Morny!" exclaimed Erroll. "Can't be helped! If Wednesday is their only day, it can't be done!"

"Wharton says Wednesday is open, and doesn't mention any other day," said Jimmy Silver drily. "It's a case of take it or leave it, I should say!"

"We shall have to leave it, then," Jimmy set his lips. "The fellows will want an explanation, Morny, if you refuse an offer like that," he said quietly. "Wednesday's booked up already," answered Mornington.

"There's no fixture for Wednesday!"

"I've fixed one up—a match with the Second Form."

Jimmy uttered an angry exclamation.

"What the thump does that matter? A fag match can be fixed up for any half-holiday. There's half a dozen dates open for playing the Second Form—if you want to play the Second Form at all! Bother the Second!"

"It's fixed now."

"It can be unfixed, then."

"It can't!"

"Morny!" murmured Erroll. Mornington looked obstinate.

"I've fixed it with the Second," he said. "I'm not goin' to let them down. Wharton's offer will have to be declined, with thanks!"

"I think I see the point," said Jimmy Silver. "You've fixed up this match with the fags to dish Smythe & Co., and squeeze out of the pledge you gave them for their votes. If we play Greyfriars instead on Wednesday, they'll claim to play in that match. It will be 'next match,' and they'll pin you down on it."

"Are you advisin' me to break my word?" sneered Mornington. "You'd no right to give such a promise! It was a mean trick to catch votes!" exclaimed Jimmy hotly.

"I've given the silly fools my word, and my word is my bond!" said Mornington. "I'm bound to play them in the next match, and there's no half-holiday before Wednesday. If we play Greyfriars on Wednesday I've got to play Smythe an' Tracy an' Howard there. That's chuckin' the game away, and I'm not goin' to do it!"

"You can settle with Smythe & Co. the best way you can; but you ought to accept Wharton's offer, and you know it. Every member of the club will expect it."

"You seem to forget that you're not skipper now, Jimmy Silver!"

"It doesn't wholly rest with the skipper. The club and the committee will have something to say about it."

Mornington's eyes gleamed. "So you're goin' to begin opposition in the committee?" he asked. "That's your answer to my gettin' hold of the captaincy, is it?"

"You know it isn't!" exclaimed Jimmy angrily. "I know what it looks like!" said Mornington, with a shrug. "I never really expected you to take it smilin'. You're goin' to take the first chance that offers of upsettin' my apple-cart. I see the game!"

"You know that's not true!"

"You're goin' to work up the committee, and put it to me to accept Wharton's offer or resign—I see!" exclaimed Mornington savagely. "Well, go ahead! I shall make a fight for it! You won't get the captaincy back so easily as all that, Jimmy Silver!"

Jimmy drew a deep breath. Before he could reply there were footsteps in the passage, and Lovell and Raby and Newcome looked in.

"Told Morny?" asked Lovell. "Yes," muttered Jimmy. "How many of us are you playin' against Greyfriars, Morny?" asked Arthur Edward Lovell, with a grin. "I don't want to shove good advice on a skipper at the beginning of his merry career, but I really think I ought to mention that you can't afford to leave the end study out. You'll want Jimmy to bowl against Greyfriars, and you'll want me to bat—what?"

"And little me!" said Raby. "Don't forget yours truly!" said Newcome.

"We're not goin' to replay the match with Greyfriars!" snapped Mornington.

"Eh?"

"What?"

"My hat!"

The Co. blinked at Mornington. "And why not?" demanded Lovell warmly.

"I've decided not!"

"You've decided not!" gasped Lovell. "Well, you're skipper, but you're not quite everybody and everything rolled together. Junior skipper doesn't mean that you're Tsar of the Lower School, Morny! You can't run Rookwood off your own bat—not quite!"

"I've decided!" said Mornington arrogantly.

"Then we'll see what the other fellows have to say about it! If that's the way you're beginning as skipper it won't last long, I can promise you."

"I knew I should have you fellows up against me, and I'm ready for you!" said Mornington disdainfully. "Go ahead and do your worst! I've said all I'm goin' to say!"

Jimmy Silver opened his lips, but closed them again. It was not much use arguing with Mornington. The Fistical Four quitted the study with knitted brows.

The 3rd Chapter. Trouble.

"Rot!" That was the general opinion—very candidly expressed—when the Rookwood juniors learned that Valentine Mornington had determined not to accept the offer from Wharton of Greyfriars.

The offer was a good one, and every fellow who took an interest in junior cricket concluded that, as a matter of course, it would be jumped at.

So far from jumping at it, Morny intended to refuse it; and his decision had an exasperating effect on the juniors.

It soon became pretty clear that the new junior captain was not going to have it all his own way.

When Jimmy Silver had filled the place his decisions had been criticised sometimes, but seldom or never seriously questioned; but then Jimmy had displayed plenty of tact and common-sense.

Mornington, apparently, was beginning his reign by setting himself obstinately and inexplicably against every other fellow connected with the summer game at Rookwood.

It was not to be stood, as a dozen fellows declared wrathfully.

Certainly, it did not seem quite the thing to ask a skipper to resign a few days after electing him; but fellows were soon speaking of it.

Morny's motive was not generally known. Had it been known, the juniors would have been angrier still.

But Smythe & Co. kept their own counsel, and Jimmy Silver did not feel at liberty to mention what he had heard in Morny's study. If Mornington chose to explain he could; but he did not choose, and naturally Erroll said nothing.

Smythe & Co. were quite prepared to talk, at the top of their voices for that matter, if Morny broke faith with them; but otherwise they realised that the less said the better. Their compact with Morny over the voting at the election did not reflect much credit upon either party.

"It will be all right for us, dear boys," Adolphus Smythe told his nutty pals, with great satisfaction. "Morny will have to replay Greyfriars. He can't get out of it. And that's our match. No Second Form fag-match for us! We shall play Greyfriars!"

"We played 'em the other day!" murmured Tracy. "The result wasn't what you would call glorious!"

"We had bad luck."

"We did, an' no mistake!" concurred Howard.

"Besides, I took a rather feeble team to Greyfriars," said Adolphus fatuously. "Under the cires, I had to make it up from my own pals, and they're not all cricketin' chaps. But I'm all right, personally, on the cricket-field—"

"Oh!"

"So are you two."

"Oh, yaas!"

"And, with the usual junior team to back us up, we shall do well—very well. Anyway, I'm goin' to hold Morny to his word, an' make him play us, if only to worry Jimmy Silver!"

To which Smythe's pals replied heartily:

"Hear, hear!"

"And he can't get out of the match," said Adolphus confidently. "You'll see. The fellows are all wild about his refusin' Wharton's offer. They'll make him accept it. And as it's the next match he can't get out of his pledge to us."

"Good egg!"

Smythe & Co. felt that they had cause to be satisfied.

Adolphus was not at all discouraged by the inglorious show he had made at Greyfriars, on the occasion when he had "bagged" the junior match by trickery. He was quite prepared to entertain the Greyfriars fellows with another exhibition.

Jimmy Silver was not feeling satisfied, however. He was in a worried and troubled mood.

He had taken Wharton's letter along to Morny, in great spirits, prepared to back up the new skipper in a great game, to retrieve the disgrace Smythe & Co. had brought upon the Rookwood colours.

Owing to Morny's miserable trick over the electioneering, and the pledge to Smythe & Co., that attempt was not to be made.

Jimmy felt that it was his duty, as a patriotic Rookwooder, to oppose Morny tooth and nail in committee, and make him agree either to play Greyfriars or to get out of the captaincy.

But that course was extremely distasteful. It would look, as it already looked to Morny, as if the former captain

was seizing the first opportunity of "rounding" on the new skipper, and "downing" him.

Jimmy Silver naturally shrank from that.

He had determined to support Mornington in his new position, and had, in fact, told him that he would do so, never foreseeing such a state of affairs as the present. What to do now was a puzzle to him.

His chums had no doubts about the matter. Over tea in the end study that evening they tackled Jimmy.

"Morny's got to be made to see sense, or to drop a job he ought never to have taken up!" announced Lovell. "You see that, Jimmy?"

"Um!" said Jimmy. "Why doesn't he want to play Greyfriars, I'd like to know!" exclaimed Raby.

"There's a fag match fixed for Wednesday, I hear," Newcome remarked. "But that could be scratched easily enough."

"Of course it could."

"The silly ass seems to have made up his mind to refuse Wharton's offer, without consulting a soul, and for no reason whatever!" exclaimed Arthur Edward Lovell. "He'll jolly soon find that the club won't stand it. Blessed cheek!"

"Swank!" said Raby. "Nerve!" growled Newcome. "Do you know, Jimmy, why he doesn't want to replay the match on Wednesday?" demanded Lovell.

"Well, ye-e-es," said Jimmy Silver slowly. "And what's the reason?"

"I heard it by accident in his study, and I don't think I ought to say," answered Jimmy. "You can ask Morny."

"Is there a blessed secret about it?" asked Lovell, with a stare. Jimmy shifted uneasily in his seat. He could not very well explain, and, moreover, he did not want to bring upon Morny's head the burst of wrath which would inevitably have followed if Morny's real reason was known.

"Not exactly a secret, I suppose," he said. "Then why can't you tell us?"

"I'd rather you ask Morny!" Lovell started from his seat. "I'll jolly soon ask him, if he has a reason at all!" he exclaimed.

Arthur Edward Lovell strode out of the end study. Jimmy waited rather uneasily for his return.

Lovell came back in a few minutes, his face crimson with anger. "Well?" asked Newcome and Raby together. Jimmy Silver looked at Lovell's angry face in silence.

"The cheeky cad!" breathed Lovell. "He told me he's got a reason, but he doesn't choose to tell me. He says Jimmy knows, but he's heard it in confidence."

"It amounts to that!" said Jimmy. "Besides, it wouldn't do any good if I told you."

"Rot!" snorted Lovell. "Does the cheeky, swanky cad think we're going to be treated like this? I've told him I won't play in his team next match or any other match!"

"What did he say to that?" asked Raby.

"He said I could stand out, and it would be all the better for the team!" roared Lovell.

"Oh, my hat!"

"Well, we're backing up Lovell!" said Newcome. "I'm not a regular member of the eleven, certainly, but I sha'n't play at all if Lovell doesn't."

"Same here!" said Raby. Arthur Edward Lovell fixed his eyes upon Jimmy Silver. Mornington's action was so high-handed that Arthur Edward felt that he did well to be angry, and he expected support in his own study.

Jimmy Silver hesitated. "Well, Jimmy?" said Lovell grimly. "Are you going to play for that cheeky cad, when he's turned your pal down?"

"We want Rookwood to win matches," said Jimmy.

"Let Morny resign, then, and let's have our own captain back. You were a fool to stand aside for him, as I told you."

"Perhaps I was!" admitted Jimmy. "No perhaps about it—you were! He's starting as a tinpot Tsar, monarch of all he surveys. Oughtn't we to replay Greyfriars?"

"We certainly ought."

"And he won't, and he won't even give a reason. I'm on the committee, and I shall go for him bald-headed, and I fancy I shall get backed up, too. But you can't support him, Jimmy. I know what you're thinking. It will look like jealousy if you round on him. But you've got to."

Jimmy Silver was silent and troubled.

"Well, if you play for him after the way he's treated your pals—" began Lovell hotly.

"I can't!" said Jimmy. "He's not doing his duty as skipper, and I can't back him up. But I can't oppose him. It would look too rotten, and—and I want to give him a chance. Let him go ahead his own way, and do his best. After all, if he does play Greyfriars, he mayn't want us. There will be other claimants. I shall stand out, I suppose."

"The whole study stands out!" said Lovell. "That's settled!"

And it was settled. But it was not a settlement that could bring any satisfaction to Jimmy Silver.

**The 4th Chapter.
Mornny Gives In.**

There was a meeting of the junior cricket committee that evening. It was clear, before the meeting was held, that there was a stormy time before the new skipper. Unless he could give an adequate explanation of his decision not to accept Wharton's offer, trouble was certain; and assuredly he could not give the explanation. Jimmy Silver knew that.

His real reason, if it had been known, would have been enough to get him hooted out of the captaincy; the fact that he had promised to play three hopeless duffers in the first match after the election, in return for their support against the other candidates.

Mornny might declare that it was only an electioneering "dodge," but he knew very well what the Rookwooders would think of it, and he certainly would never dare to give such an explanation.

If he agreed to play Greyfriars, he had to play Smythe & Co. or break his pledged word; and Mornny, unscrupulous in some matters, was a slave of his word. The penalty of breaking it, too, was to be considered, for Smythe & Co. would certainly publish the matter to all Rookwood if he failed to keep the compact.

The end study did not attend the meeting. Conroy called for Jimmy Silver, but Jimmy simply said he was staying out.

"I think I catch on," assented Conroy. "You don't approve of Mornny's remarkable attitude, I suppose?"

"Naturally."

"And you don't want to oppose the new skipper at the very beginning?" asked Conroy. "But I'm not going to oppose him, if he can't give in, he won't be captain long, I think."

And Conroy went his way.

The Fistical Four sat down to their prep.

About half an hour later they were interrupted by a tap at the door, and the cool, smiling face of Mornnington looked in.

Grim looks greeted him.

"You fellows busy?" asked Mornnington cheerily.

"Yes."

"Sorry! I'm makin' up my list for the Greyfriars match, and I want to know what merry recruits I'm gettin' from this study."

The four juniors jumped.

"Greyfriars match!" repeated Jimmy Silver.

"Yaas."

"Then you're replaying the match on Wednesday, after all!" exclaimed Lovell.

"Yaas."

"Good!" said Jimmy.

"There was quite a shindy kicked up at the committee meetin'," drawled Mornnington. "You really ought to have been there, Silver. You'd have found it quite entertainin'."

Conroy and Tommy Dodd were the most eloquent. Yieldin' to the majority, I agreed to replay Greyfriars on Wednesday. There was really nothin' else to be done."

"I thought you'd be made to see reason!" grunted Lovell.

"Your thoughts on the subject, dear boy, display your usual perspicacity," said Mornnington imperturbably. "I shall have to scratch the match with the Second Form on Wednesday, much to my regret."

"Blow the Second Form!"

"Certainly! Blow 'em if you like."

Jimmy Silver looked very curiously at the dandy of the Fourth.

Mornnington had astutely bowed before the storm, finding that he could not have his own unreasonable way. But now he was "landed" with Smythe & Co. as recruits for Wednesday's match.

There was likely to be another storm when that fact was known. On this point, however, Mornny could claim to be acting within his rights, though he could hardly declare that he had selected the nuts of the Shell on their merits as cricketers.

He would probably be judged by the result of the match. But the

result was not much in doubt, with a team loaded down by three helpless passengers, against a keen set of cricketers like Wharton's eleven.

"I'm puttin' your name down, Silver," went on Mornnington.

"Hold on!" said Jimmy. "I suppose you've got some names on your list already."

"Certainly!"

"May we know what they are?"

"What-ho! I'll read out the merry list, as far as I've got." Mornnington took a paper from his pocket. "My honourable self at the head of the list, and then Erroll—"

"Good!"

"Tommy Dodd, Cook, and Doyle from the Modern side; must give the Moderns a show, an' they're all good men."

"That's all right!"

"Conroy—" continued Mornny.

"He's a good man."

"Smythe, Tracy, and Howard—"

"What!" yelled Lovell.

"That's three of the Shell," said Mornnington calmly.

"Those three fumbling chumps!" howled Lovell. "You've got the nerve to play those three dashed fools against Greyfriars!"

"Is it a joke?" asked Raby, in wonder.

"Not at all; I'm playin' them. That makes nine," said Mornnington calmly. "I want two from this study—Silver and Lovell, say."

"I told you I wouldn't play for you," said Lovell.

"That was only your little joke, dear boy. You'll play, of course?"

"I'll play, as you've agreed to do the right thing," said Lovell—"that is, if you make up a real team to

licking. We simply couldn't win against a team like Wharton's, playin' those three fools. What's Mornny's object in doing it?"

"They must have got a hold over him somehow," said Raby sagely.

"Anyway, this study is well out of it. What are you scowling about, Jimmy?"

"It's not a pleasant prospect for Rookwood," answered Jimmy.

"Well, it isn't our fault."

"Not a pleasant prospect, all the same."

And Jimmy Silver bent over his work again, with a wrinkled brow.

**The 5th Chapter.
Not To Be Stood!**

"Smythe!"

"My hat!"

"And Tracy—and Howard!"

"Is it a joke?"

Surprise and wrath were the chief feelings with which Mornny's first cricket-list was greeted when it was posted up on Tuesday.

Mornny's surrender on the subject of the match had given satisfaction; and the Rookwood juniors had taken it for granted that he would play a good team. They could see no reason for playing a bad one, when there were plenty of good cricketers to choose from.

The inclusion of Smythe & Co. astonished them. It was Smythe who had "mucked up" the Greyfriars match and rendered the replay necessary. Smythe was the very last fellow whose name it was expected to see in the list, especially as he was well known as a "swanking" and rotten cricketer. If he could keep

couldn't play Smythe's head off, I'd swallow my cricket-bat!"

"Which is as good as anythin' else you could do with it," observed Townsend.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Let's go and see Mornny!" exclaimed Conroy. "We'd better have this out at once, as the match is to-morrow."

"Come on, all of you!" said Van Ryn.

Quite an army of amazed and indignant juniors marched off to see Mornnington. Erroll was met at the foot of the staircase.

"Where's Mornny?" demanded Conroy.

"In the quad, I think," said Erroll. "Anything wrong?"

"Yes, lots! Smythe's name is in the list!"

"Oh!" said Erroll.

"Do you know why?"

Erroll coloured a little. He knew why well enough; but it was not for him to expose the tortuous ways of his chum.

"Better ask Mornny!" he said.

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**The 6th Chapter.
Blow for Blow!**

Jimmy Silver wore a worried look. Had he been jealous of the new skipper, as some of the fellows expected him to be, and had he desired to see difficulties crop up round the feet of his successful rival, certainly Jimmy would have felt "on velvet" now.

But nothing of the kind was the case. Jimmy was not pleased at being supplanted, as was only natural. But he was honestly desirous of giving Mornny a chance to show what he could do; and loyally prepared to back him up to any reasonable extent. To support him in risking defeat on the cricket-field, as a reward to corrupt voters for their votes, was asking a little too much. Jimmy could scarcely be expected to go that length.

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meet Greyfriars. I'm not going over there asking for a licking. You can't be in earnest about playing Smythe?"

"Oh, quite!"

"Then you can leave me out!"

"All serene! I'll ask Van Ryn; he's quite as good a man as you are, old bean. Can I count on you, Silver?"

"Don't play the goat, Mornny!" said Jimmy Silver. "You know you won't have a look-in at Greyfriars with those three rotters in the team. You can't expect a chap to back you up in such foolery."

"I'm not askin' you to pick the team; only to play in it," said Mornnington blandly. "Besides, you know how I'm fixed, and these fellows don't."

"You've no right to be so fixed." "Possibly, but the fact remains. Will you play?"

Jimmy Silver shook his head.

"No," he answered; "I'd play willingly if you selected a team according to your judgment, even if I thought it a bad one. But I won't go over to Greyfriars and ask for a licking for nothing! Leave me out!"

Mornnington shrugged his shoulders. "Plenty more!" he said.

"Then you won't miss me!" said Jimmy Silver drily.

"Not at all!"

Mornnington quitted the study.

"Well, we're out of it," said Lovell. "No great loss in being out of a match that will be a thumping

his end up in a match with the Third Form fags, it was about all that Adolphus Smythe could do.

"And Jimmy Silver's not in it!" said Conroy. "What the thump does Mornny mean by it? That's what I want to know."

"Lovell's out of it, too," remarked Oswald, "not to speak of myself. My hat, I ask you fellows whether I can't play better cricket than Smythe."

"You couldn't play worse, anyhow."

"There isn't any worse cricket than Smythe's," observed Van Ryn, the South African, "unless it's Tracy's."

"Or Howard's," remarked Pons.

"It must be a joke!" exclaimed Conroy. "We'd better see Mornny about it. This really isn't a subject for his funny jokes."

"Let's find him and see."

"And if he means it, we'll jolly well talk plainly to him," said Rawson. "I don't push my claims; but leaving me out, and putting Smythe in, is a little too thick."

"They used to be pals," remarked Oswald. "Mornny was in Smythe's set at one time. That was before Erroll came, though. Mornny hasn't had much to do with Smythe this term. I don't see his object in playing the goat like this."

"Might as well play Tubby Muffin as Smythe!" growled Conroy.

"Much better, I think," said Reginald Muffin warmly. "If I

couldn't play Smythe's head off, I'd swallow my cricket-bat!"

"Which is as good as anythin' else you could do with it," observed Townsend.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Let's go and see Mornny!" exclaimed Conroy. "We'd better have this out at once, as the match is to-morrow."

"Come on, all of you!" said Van Ryn.

Quite an army of amazed and indignant juniors marched off to see Mornnington. Erroll was met at the foot of the staircase.

"Where's Mornny?" demanded Conroy.

"In the quad, I think," said Erroll. "Anything wrong?"

"Yes, lots! Smythe's name is in the list!"

"Oh!" said Erroll.

"Do you know why?"

Erroll coloured a little. He knew why well enough; but it was not for him to expose the tortuous ways of his chum.

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"We'll ask him fast enough!" said the Australian junior. "Come on, you fellows!"

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CUTTING THEM OUT! "Play Smythe if you like!" said Conroy. "But you won't play me in the same team! You can out me out!" Mornnington took a list from his pocket and drew his pencil through Conroy's name. "Done!" he answered.

But he was worried. Rookwood's reputation on the playing-fields was a great thing to Jimmy, who had often led the junior team to victory. Junior matches loomed as large in his eyes as did the first eleven fixtures in those of Bulkeley and the great men of the Sixth.

There was a chance, on Wharton's offer, of retrieving the ignominious defeat Smythe & Co. had brought upon Rookwood, in their fatuous conceit. And that chance was being thrown away hopelessly. All the good cricketers in the Lower School, excepting Erroll, had either resigned from Morny's eleven, or refused to accept a place in it. That did not make much difference to the prospects of the match, for victory seemed impossible with Smythe & Co. playing for Rookwood. Three wickets down for nothing meant defeat. But if Mornington had had any chance of a win, with such passengers aboard, it had vanished now.

And so Jimmy was worried. He found it difficult to put his thoughts into his prep that evening. But prep had to be done; Mr. Bootles, in the Form-room, was not likely to make allowances for cricket worries. Lovell and Raby and Newcome interrupted prep every few minutes with emphatic remarks on the subject of the new junior skipper. Work was still going on in the end study in a rather desultory fashion,

when the door opened without a knock, and Mornington strode in. Jimmy Silver rose to his feet at once. Mornington's glittering eyes showed that he had come to the end study looking for trouble. Jimmy was far from desirous of a quarrel with the new skipper. He was, in fact, very anxious to avoid it. He resolved to keep his temper, if he could.

But Morny's temper was evidently gone. His eyes fairly flamed at Jimmy Silver, and he breathed hard and fast.

"You've done this!" he burst out. "What have I done?" asked Jimmy Silver quietly.

Mornington clenched his hand, trembling with anger.

"You've dished me over my first match! You've put the fellows up to resigning from the team! It's your work, from beginning to end!"

"Not in the least!" "I knew you'd never let me have the captaincy in peace," said Mornington bitterly. "I knew you'd be up against me, and looking for chances of dishing me. You've done it at the very start."

Jimmy shook his head. "I've done nothing," he said. "I refused to play in the team, certainly! You know you ought not to play three dashed fools—especially for such

(Continued on page 264.)



THIS WEEK:

FREAK BOWLING.

By LEONARD C. BRAUND.

There can be very little doubt that it was a tremendous eye-opener for the cricketers of the period when the overarm delivery was first legalised by the M.C.C. For some time I believe there was a great outcry against the new style of bowling, for the reason, I suppose, that quite one half of the players could not master it as easily as they had the underhand delivery; but as years went on so the overarm seemed to get more simple, and such tricks as changing the pace, putting on break, and arranging traps in the field eventually became necessary to ensure the downfall of any batsman who had claims to be regarded as really first-class.

And now, to-day, batting against ordinary bowling, with all its break and traps in the field, has reached such a high point of excellence that reformers have found fault with the artificially-prepared plumb wicket, which spells heavy scoring. They have suggested an increase in the height and width of the stumps; in fact, all sorts of alterations have been proposed to limit the powers of the batsman. The ordinary bowler is played with an amount of ease and confidence which almost borders on contempt. This is because a batsman can nearly always tell which way a ball will break by watching the bowler's hand at the moment of delivery.

Comparing the bowling of ten or fifteen years ago with that of the old top-hatted cricketers, the progress is extraordinary; but we find that even that progress has not been sufficient to cope with the rapid strides made by the batsmen, and now we have come to the age when the bowler must of necessity do something more. He must not only deceive in the matter of pace, but he must bowl a ball in such a manner that, no matter how keen the sight of the batsman, he is absolutely unable to tell which way the ball will break.

I think the greatest asset of a bowler is the ability to make a ball leave his hand so that those who are carefully watching him will feel sure of the ball breaking one way, yet it will come from the pitch at a directly opposite angle. I am not going to attempt to teach anybody how to acquire this very useful knack, because if bowling could be properly learned from a book we would have some thousands of players all running up to the wickets and delivering the ball with precisely the same mannerism, the same swing of the arm, and so on.

Many years ago, when very fast bowling came to the fore, it was considered absolutely impossible for a player to combine great strength and pace with spin and break, yet who will ever forget Tom Richardson or Lockwood, who frequently sent down balls which, from the spectators' portion of the ground, could scarcely be followed, so great was the velocity, and which came back from the off at times with such startling suddenness that many batsmen never attempted to play them?

Now, we have what one might call three kinds of break bowling, such as the "googlie," the "swerver," and the "lob," although I am afraid the last-named is not used in county cricket since Mr. Simpson Haywood retired from the Worcestershire team.

For some unaccountable reason "lob" bowling is seldom regarded with any degree of seriousness by the cricket-loving public. When the underhand bowler is put on at most grounds his efforts are generally greeted with some good-humoured chaff, or, just as likely, a great amount of derisive laughter. Personally, I must confess that I do not see anything particularly humorous in "lob" bowling. It is a department of the game which has been allowed to fall into disuse simply because the individual who takes up bowling prefers the more dignified methods of overarm delivery.

It is quite a common thing to get all kinds of gratuitous advice from the onlookers, especially when the batsman hits the ball to the boundary. There is an "I told you so" air lingering about for a little while; and if by any chance the "lob" bowler secures a wicket, it is regarded as a piece of phenomenal luck on the part of the fielding side; and even then, most of the spectators, if asked for advice, would say: "Be thankful he has taken a wicket; but for Heaven's sake put somebody else on before they start knocking him all over the field!"

Now, although this ultra-superior attitude has no effect on the "lob" bowler who has been at it for a season or two, it has done more in the way of dissuading a youth from taking up "lobs" than anything I can think of. The old and practical hand can afford to smile at the banter which comes from the ropes, and the supercilious manner in which he is regarded by the great batsman, who, while looking upon "lobs" with open disdain, is extremely careful about the way in which he plays them; but one can scarcely expect the young man who is eager to make his mark in cricket to begin by amusing that

LEONARD C. BRAUND,



the famous Somerset and All-England batsman, who has written this article especially for "THE BOYS' FRIEND."

part of the crowd renowned for its want of intellect and its tremendous lung-power.

Let me assure the young player that there is room for a "lob" bowler in every county side, and there is not the slightest reason for him to imagine the "underhand" trundler to be the unpaid comedian of the team. If "lobs" are to be taken up seriously they must be adopted for what they are worth.

Personally, I do not know which would be considered the easier ball, in the ordinary course of things, to play—a "lob" or a slow overarm; although I suppose underhand delivery must be rather easier, because, owing to the low delivery, the ball does not rise from the pitch at any awkward height; but what is wanting in delivery is easily made up for in the break which one is able to impart, and the extra command a "lob" bowler gets over the ball. Thorough command over the ball is the first essential, so that it is possible to make the ball pitch within an inch or two of any particular spot. W. G. Grace told us that Clarke, the finest "lob" bowler we ever had, "could pitch a ball half a dozen times in succession on a spot not more than three inches in diameter"; but it isn't necessary to be quite so clever to make a successful "lob" bowler to-day.

In bowling underhand one naturally

has a better command over length. Consequently, it is possible to devote more time to the matter of break, and after considerable practice a young player should be able to make balls break from both leg and off. Of course, the more spin he can get on the better, but on no account must his length suffer through eagerness to make the ball "do" a yard. What can be easier for a batsman to hit than an underpitched or overpitched slow ball? It doesn't matter how much break may be on it, if it is underpitched it can be hit almost to any part of the field, and if overpitched it is immediately despatched to the boundary before the break has time to come off.

One of the greatest mistakes a "lob" bowler can make is to bowl too high. There may be some batsman who will get under such a ball and "spoon" it up, but a really quick-footed batsman will jump out and hit the high ball before it pitches, much in the same way as he does the ball which is bowled too slow. Consequently, it will be advisable for young would-be "lob" bowlers to remember that the elevation must not be too high, and the pace must not be too slow.

A great deal of the success of a "lob" bowler, too, depends on the field, for while he will now and again get a wicket by "hitting the sticks," for every wicket so obtained he will get a half a dozen by catches and stumpings. After playing in one or two matches against a man you soon get to know his peculiarities and pet strokes, so it must be a matter of your judgment in placing the ten men you have at your disposal. A good wicket-keeper makes all the difference between success and failure; in fact, it is not of much use bowling "lobs" if the wicket-keeper is a man who bungles his chances, and otherwise upsets the proper end of strategy.

Regarding the "googlie," there is little doubt that at one time it looked likely to occupy a very important place in first-class cricket.

If anything could have proved the worth of the "googlie" ball to the captains of county teams, it was the manner in which some of the best English batsmen were dismissed during one of the South African team tours in England; and I believe many first-class county bowlers were so misled by this peculiar style of bowling that in the near future the "back in a" have been bowled by a "googlie" man on every side.

The best "googlie" is one which has a decided leg-break action, and yet immediately it pitches comes from the off, or vice versa. Then there is the delivery which apparently has a tremendous amount of break, but which really has no break whatever, and directly it touches Mother Earth goes straight through, whipping off the pitch with a little extra pace.

So deceptive are the finger manipulations that, although you may have been bowling the same class of ball to a man for weeks on end, he will continually say to himself, "Now this is really a leg-break coming," and he will play it accordingly, only to find it has come just the opposite way. When you come to think of the wonderful defence of some of the greatest batsmen, who would apparently never get out with the ordinary old-fashioned, straightforward ball, I cannot help thinking that the discovery of the "googlie" ought to have been of more than ordinary importance.

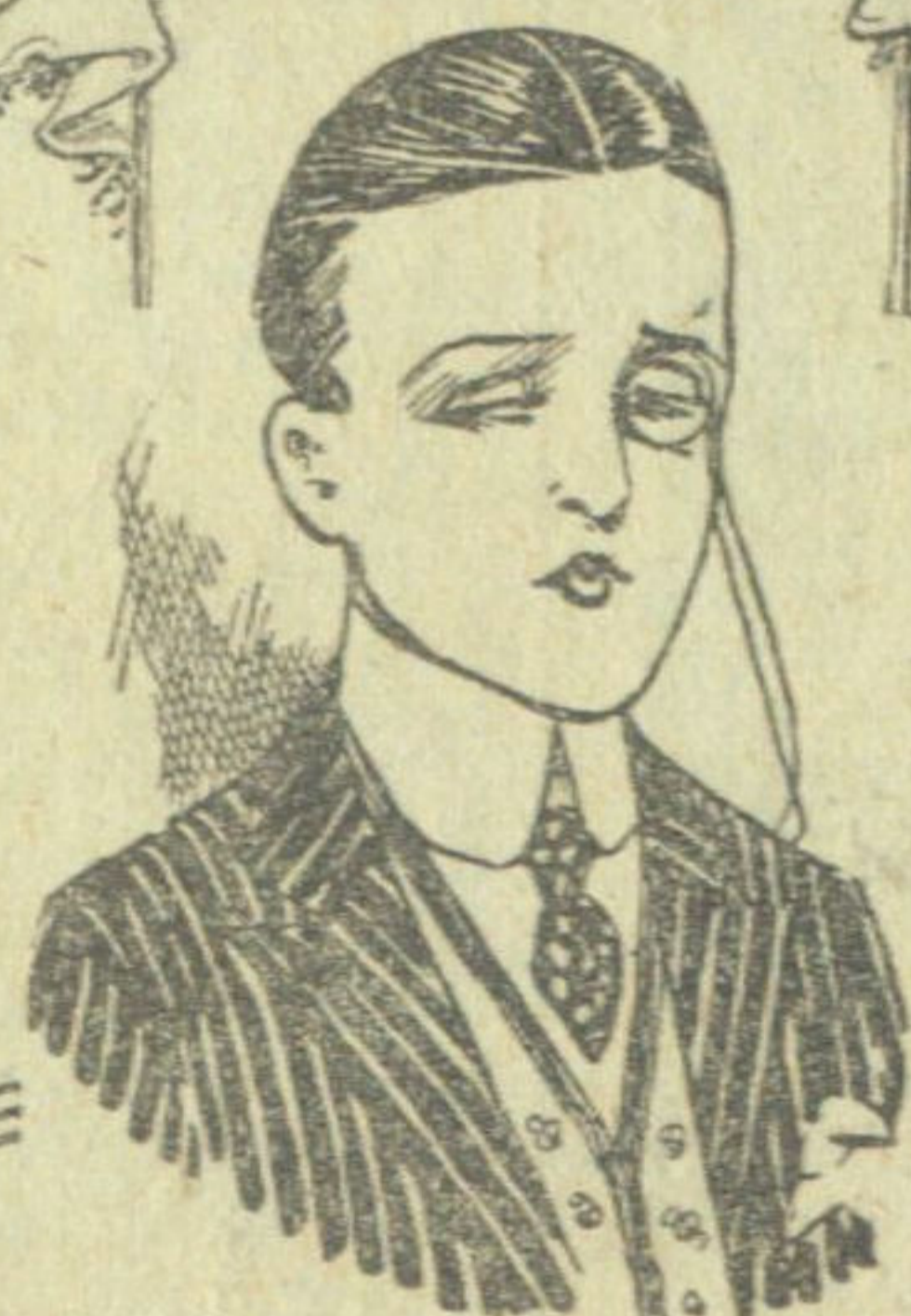
In writing the foregoing I have not the slightest wish to induce any bowler to alter his style of delivery. Every bowler has his own natural style or knack, and this fact dominates everything. Whatever advice is tendered to him must first be brought to this test—will it endanger the knock?—and must be rejected or acted upon accordingly. In many ways this consideration limits a bowler's freedom. A hundred tempting bypaths that others may take are closed to him. He must confine himself to one mode of delivery. He may not even vary his run. The old cricketers in the pavilion suggest a less exhaustive method, a shorter run, a freer movement of the arm, much in the same way as I suggest "lobs." These, they say, would enable the young bowler in the match to last longer. To last well is splendid, we all know; but supposing, on account of the alteration, one is not asked to go on at all!

Leonard C. Braund



No. 6.

Adolphus Smythe.



Special Feature!

THE Classic Shell at Rookwood School
Contains a mixed collection;
Some play the game, some play the fool,
Some take the wrong direction.
The swanky Smythe's a boy of whom
The dandies make no small fuss;
These words will one day grace his tomb:
"Here lies the nut, Adolphus!"

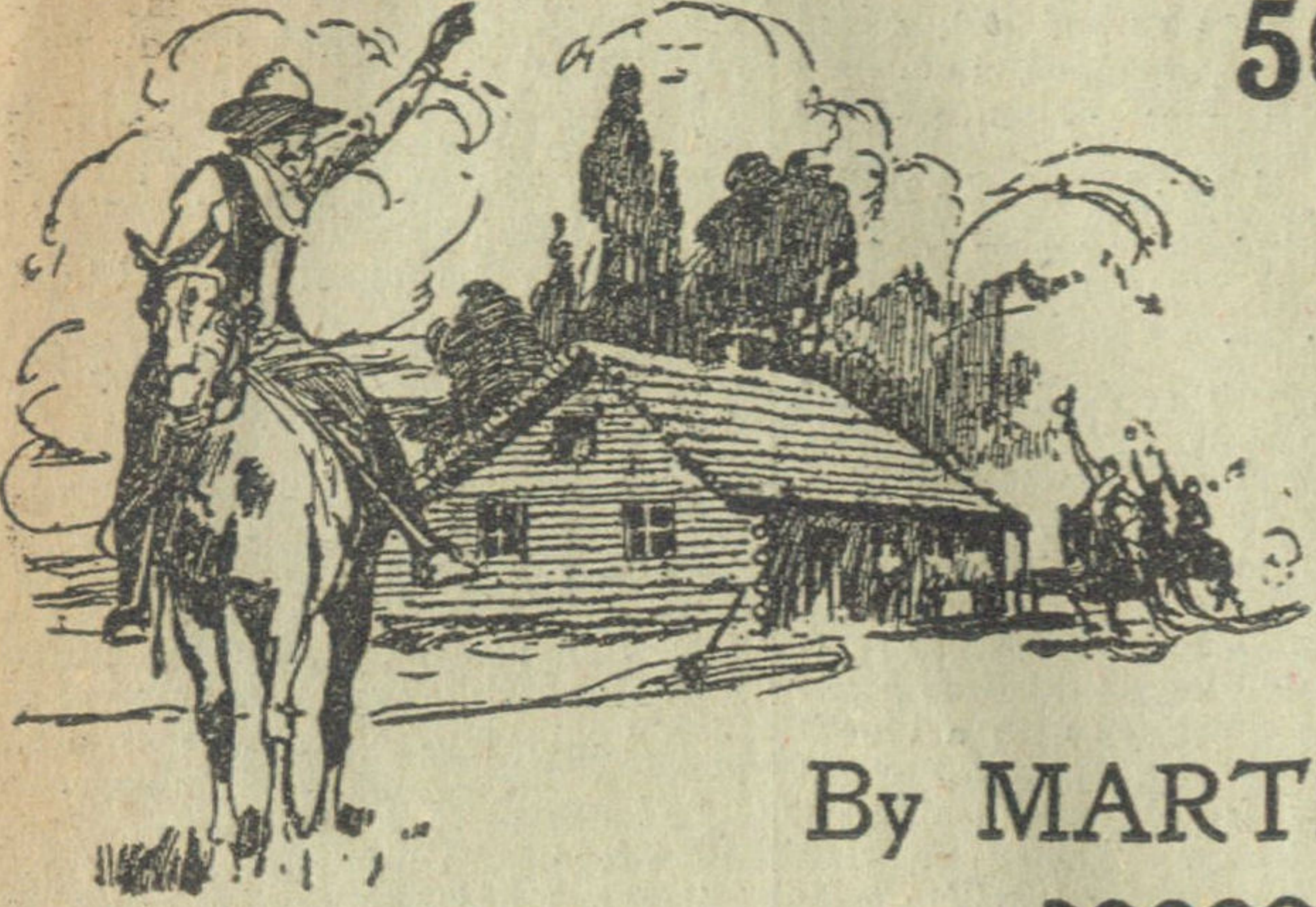
His ties are dazzling to behold,
His socks of brilliant pattern;
His wrist-watch, too, is solid gold,
His eyeglass shines like Saturn.
The very smartest Bond Street togs
He lavishes his cash on;
He is the gayest of gay dogs—
The very Prince of Fashion!

One might forgive his swanky whims
And prim and perfect figure,
If he, like D'Arcy, of St. Jim's,
Would play the game with vigour.
But Smythe is shady in his ways,
Race-meetings he will visit;
And when to this extent he strays
It's hardly proper, is it?

Adolphus often comes to grips
With Jimmy Silver's army:
Remarks like this escape his lips:
"Why WILL they always bar me?"
He does not understand why chaps
Continually despise him,
And give him gentle little taps
Which nearly pulverise him!

A weedy, shallow, spiteful sort,
We cannot recommend him;
No decent fellow, fond of sport,
Could possibly befriend him.
His ways are not the ways of those
Who make old Rookwood famous;
For boys who solemnly worship clothes
Do nothing more than shame us!

—THE ROOKWOOD RHYMESTER.



500 DOLLARS REWARD!

A Splendid Long, Complete Story of
FRANK RICHARDS & CO.,
the Chums of the School in the
Backwoods.

By **MARTIN CLIFFORD.**

The 1st Chapter.

Great News!

"Five hundred dollars!"
"Eh?"
"Five hundred dollars!" said
Chunky Todgers impressively.
Frank Richards & Co. regarded
Chunky curiously.
They had discovered the fat youth
in a corner of the playground at
Cedar Creek School, poring over the
latest number of the "Thompson
Press," the only newspaper in the
Thompson Valley.
Chunky seemed deeply immersed in
the pages of Mr. Penrose's little
paper.

That was rather remarkable in
itself, for the "Thompson Press" was
not a journal of much interest to
schoolboys. It consisted largely of
advertisements in sprawling type.
There were only four pages to the
paper; but Mr. Penrose, who was
printer, publisher, leader-writer,
editor, and general contributor, all
rolled in one, sometimes found it a
little difficult to cover them.

On such occasions "GUNTEN'S
DRY GOODS," or "SNAGGS'
MORNING NIPS," would have an
extra inch or two to themselves,
without extra charge. On such occa-
sions, too, the amateur poets of the
Thompson Valley had a look in, with
their "poetic" verses on "Sunrise on
the Rockies," and "Sunset in the
Autumn."

What news the paper contained
was really not very interesting to
Cedar Creek as a rule. They did not
want to know that Four Kings had
been "fired" out of the Red Dog,
and taken charge by the sheriff,
or that Dry Bay Bowers had been
juggled in the calaboose for breaking
the windows at the Occidental while
on a "bender."

So it was rather surprising to see
Chunky Todgers deep in the pages of
the "Thompson Press," his round
eyes fairly glued on the printed
lines.

"Five hundred dollars!" Chunky
was murmuring to himself when
Frank Richards and Bob Lawless and
Vere Beauclerc bore down on him.
"Five hundred which?" asked
Frank.

"Dollars!"
"Where?" inquired Bob Lawless.
Chunky tapped the Thompson
newspaper.
"Here!" he answered.
"In the paper?" ejaculated Beau-
clerc.

"Yep."
"Wandering in your mind,
Chunky?" asked Frank Richards, in
astonishment.

"Five hundred dollars!" repeated
Todgers, unheeding. "A galoot
could do a lot with a little sum like
that. I never get as much maple
sugar as I want—"

"Well, you could roll in it, with
five hundred dollars," said Frank,
laughing. "But where are the
dollars coming from?"

"You fellows, I want you to back
me up," said Chunky.

"Eh?"
"Mind, it's my stunt; that's got
to be understood. You follow my
lead, and when we rope in the
durocks, you galoots shall divvy up
a hundred, leaving four hundred to
me."

"My hat!"
"As leader I should be entitled to
the biggest whack, you know," said
Chunky anxiously. "You admit
that?"

"What are you driving at?"
"We four could tackle him."

"Him! Who's him?"
"Under my direction, of course.
It will want brains and strategy.
That's me all over—brains and
strategy," said Chunky. "All you
fellows will have to do is to follow
my lead and obey my orders, and
back me up generally, you know. Is
it a cinch?"

"We're likely to follow your lead,"

grinned Bob Lawless. "You could
lead the way into a grub store, I
reckon. Nowhere else."
"Look here, Bob—"

"But what are you burbling about,
anyway?" asked Frank Richards. "Is
it an advertisement?"
"Correct!"

"And whom are we to tackle?"
"That awful bulldozer, you know."
"What bulldozer?" yelled Bob.
"Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones!"
said Chunky, very impressively.

The chums of Cedar Creek blinked
at Chunky Todgers.
"Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones?"
repeated Frank.
"Sure!"

"What is it—a name?"
"Haven't you ever heard of Five-
Hundred-Dollar Jones?" demanded
Chunky Todgers disdainfully.

"Blessed if I have!"
"Well, I hadn't heard of him till
I read it in the paper," admitted
Todgers. "But he's a well-known

"FIVE-HUNDRED-DOLLAR
JONES!"

OUR NEW NEIGHBOUR IN THE
THOMPSON VALLEY!

WILD WEST DESPERADO
LOOSE IN CANADA!

Lock Your Doors! Bolt Your Barns!
Pull Up Your Socks, and Keep Your
Eyes Peeled!

DON'T FORGET YOUR GUN!

KEEP IT LOADED!

FIVE - HUNDRED - DOLLAR
JONES, the fire-bug from California,
is reported to have located in the
Thompson Valley. After perforating
the Sheriff of Hoggsville, Wash., the
famous bulldozer skipped over the
Line to save his neck. He has been
spotted near the Can. Pac. line, and
was nearly nailed by the N.W.M.P.
near Kamloops.



SHOOTING UP THE TOWN! Down the street a horseman was riding at a reckless gallop, with a six-shooter in either hand, blazing away recklessly on all sides. Thompson folk were running and scurrying for cover. "Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones!" The name of the desperado was shouted on all sides.

character. Shoots on sight, you
know; lets daylight through you as
soon as look at you. That's the kind
of antelope he is."

"Nice man to meet, then!" said
Beauclerc. "I'd rather give him a
miss, I think, Chunky."

"But there's five hundred dollars
for ropin' him in!" exclaimed
Chunky eagerly. "That's where we
come in, you know—under my
guidance, of course. I should have
to take the lead. He's called Five-
Hundred-Dollar Jones because the
reward's been out for him so long—
see? And he's a regular sockdolager.
His latest was shooting the sheriff
at Hoggsville, over in Washington—
over the Line, you know. He's a tin
terror on wheels, and no mistake.
And now he's skipped over the Line,
and he's in Canada."

"Oh!" said Bob, with some in-
terest. "Let's see the paper."
"Here it is," said Chunky, indicat-
ing the place with a fat forefinger.

Frank Richards & Co. bent their
heads together over the news.

It was quite an exciting item for
the valley newspaper, and Mr. Pen-
rose had made the most of it.

The paragraphs were written in
Mr. Penrose's well-known descriptive
style, modelled on that of the Chicago
newspapers.

The chums grinned as they read it.
It ran:

"And farther down you see about
the reward," said Chunky Todgers.
"Five hundred dollars for roping him
in. It's offered in the States, but a
Canadian would get it, of course, if
he nailed the fire-bug. And there's
his description in the next column."

"Read it out, Bob!"
Bob Lawless read it out.

"Medium height, dressed in buck-
skin, red whiskers and beard, with a
big scar across the right cheek."

"My hat! A chap like that ought
to be spotted easily enough," said
Frank.

"Spotted more easily than collared,
I should say!" remarked Beauclerc.

"I'm after him!" announced
Chunky.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
The chums of Cedar Creek roared.

The idea of the fat and fatuous
Chunky "after" that grim desperado
tickled them.

"You can gurgle!" said Chunky
loftily.

"Thanks, we will!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm after him, I guess. But I
shall want some backing. Alone, I
mayn't be able to tackle that bul-
dozer—"

"I think that's very likely!"
grinned Frank Richards.

"Think of the reward!" said
Chunky eagerly. "Five hundred dol-
lars don't grow on every sassafras
bush, does it?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You follow my lead, and we'll
have him sooner or later," said
Chunky Todgers. "You fellows take
a hundred dollars of the reward, and
I take four hundred, as leader. That's
fair. Is it a cinch?"

"Not quite!" chuckled Bob Law-
less. "I guess we'll leave Mr. Jones
to the Mounted Police, Chunky. If

"FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS
REWARD!"

The above reward will be paid to
any person giving information leading
to the arrest of Charles Jones, known
as Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones.

H. HENDERSON, Sheriff."

The three chums reined in their
horses to stare at the notice on the
wall of the store.

"My hat! That looks like busi-
ness!" remarked Frank Richards.

"Serious enough, if the sheriff's
taken it up," said Beauclerc. "The
rascal won't have much of a run in
this section, I should think. This
isn't the States."

Bob Lawless nodded.
"He was a jay to come up here,"
he said. "The M.P.'s will have him
sooner or later!"

"Or Chunky Todgers!" chuckled
Frank.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
The three chums rode on to Mr.
Penrose's.

The proprietor, editor, and printer
of the "Thompson Press" dwelt in a
mansion that was not imposing to the
view, consisting of two rooms and a
shed.

The front room was large—it was
Mr. Penrose's editorial department
and printing works. The back room
was smaller, as it was used only as a
bed-room, and sometimes as a dining-
room. Mr. Penrose generally had
his meals at the Occidental Hotel, as
a good many of the citizens of Thomp-
son did.

Mr. Penrose's door was wide open
in the warm summer evening. He
was to be seen in his shirtsleeves
setting up type.

He nodded to the three schoolboys
without ceasing his occupation.

"Busy?" asked Bob Lawless, as the
chums of Cedar Creek came in, leav-
ing their horses tethered to a post.

"Yep!"

"Any more news of Jones?"
Then Mr. Penrose paused for a
moment in his labours. Five-
Hundred-Dollar Jones was evidently
an interesting topic to him. It was
but seldom that such an item of news
came his way.

"Sure!" he answered. "I guess
I'm just setting up the account of that
fire-bug's latest. Extra number of
the 'Press' out to-morrow—special
edition."

"Extra special Jones' number!"
grinned Frank Richards.

"You've got it!"
"And what has the only Jones been
doing?" asked Bob.

"It's confirmed that he shot up the
town at Silver Creek," said Mr. Pen-
rose impressively.

"Straight goods?" asked Bob.

"Sure!"
"Well, that's a nerve! All very
well at Deadwood or Denver; but in
Canada—" Bob Lawless whistled
expressively.

"That man Jones is a genuine tin
terror!" said Mr. Penrose. "Worth
whole shocks of dollars to a hard-
workin' journalist. He rode through
Silver Creek, my lad, firing at every
window he saw. There was some
dodging, you bet—just a few!"

"What a mad freak!" said
Beauclerc.

"It's bravado, of course!" said Mr.
Penrose. "Sheer recklessness—and
to terrorise this section worth a cent, sir
—not worth a Continental red cent!
That man Jones will be hanging on a
tree before he sees his next birthday."

"I guess so," said Bob Lawless.
"Shooting up the town—in Canada!
My word!"

"It's straight goods. It's just come
through," said Mr. Penrose.

The chums of Cedar Creek smiled.
Mr. Penrose stated that the news
had just come through as if he had a
tape machine clicking away in his
office.

As a matter of fact, he could only
have received the news from some
pilgrim who had ridden up the valley,
and he had probably heard the story
related in the bar-room at the
Occidental.

It was probable, however, that
when the thrilling narrative appeared
in the extra special number of the
"Press," it would be headed "From
Our Special Correspondent." A close
regard for the facts is not journalistic
virtue in the Far West any more than
in more settled regions.

Mr. Penrose was setting type again
with busy fingers. There was only
one new column to set up for the
special number; the rest of the paper
was unchanged. The "Thompson
Press" did not hand out too much
value for twenty-five cents.

"And the bulldozer's not been seen
near Thompson yet?" asked Bob
Lawless.

"Not that I know of—yet. But
I—"

they can't settle his hash, I don't
reckon that we can. You'd better
stick to maple sugar, and leave Cali-
fornian bulldozers alone."

"I tell you I'm after him!" snorted
Todgers. "It's a regular cinch. Five
hundred dollars, and a service to the
country through in!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, you'll see!" said Todgers
darkly.

And he crumpled up his newspaper
in a fat hand and walked away, leaving
the chums of Cedar Creek chortling.
It was probable that Mr. Five-
Hundred-Dollar Jones was booked for
a warm time, now that he had had the
impudence to make British Columbia
his scene of operations; but the Co.
did not think he was in much danger
from Chunky Todgers.

The 2nd Chapter.

"Shooting up" the Town.

After school that day Frank
Richards & Co. rode home by way of
Thompson Town.

They were rather interested in the
story of the Californian bulldozer who
had apparently "located" in the
valley, and were curious to hear any
late news of him and his proceedings.

The first thing that met the view of
the Cedar Creek fellows as they rode
into the town, was a placard on the
wall of Gunten's Store.

Mr. JONES has already started
business in Canada. Mr. JONES
does not allow the prairie flowers to
grow under his bluchers. Mr.
JONES is on the war-path. He has
held up the valley mail to the tune
of a thousand dollars. He is reported
to have shot up Silver Creek. He
was last seen by a Chinaman coming
north.

KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED!

MR. JONES MEANS BUSINESS!

LOCK YOUR DOORS, AND
DON'T FORGET THAT GUN!

There was some more of it in Mr.
Penrose's eloquent style.

"What does all that mean in Eng-
lish?" inquired Frank Richards.

Frank was not yet equal to the
flowery language of the Western re-
porting style.

Bob Lawless laughed.

"It means that a desperado named
Jones has cleared out of the States
because he's found his native heath
too hot for him," he said. "He's
been seen near the Canadian Pacific
Railway, and the Mounted Police got
after him near Kamloops. He's
robbed the mail of a thousand dollars,
and he's said to have ridden through
Silver Creek, shooting up the town.
And now he's coming north—that is,
he's near Thompson by this time."



500 DOLLARS REWARD!

(Continued from the previous page.)

Mr. Penrose looked round his office in dismay.

His window was in fragments, and the fragments were liberally distributed over the office and the bench.

"And the glass will have to come up from Kamloops to mend it!" murmured Mr. Penrose.

"And the price—oh, Jerusalem!" But Mr. Penrose's dismay was brief.

A smile lit up his face in a moment or two. The journalistic instinct had the upper hand.

He rushed to his bench, seized a pencil, and began to scribble.

He muttered aloud as he scrawled: "Latest news of Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones! Desperate bulldozer shoots up Thompson Town! Many casualties reported! Rumoured severe wounding of the Sheriff of Thompson! Two dead men in Gunten's Store! Chinaman shot at the wash-tub! Great excitement in Thompson—"

News was "coming through" already to the "Thompson Press," apparently coming through Mr. Penrose's brilliant imagination.

Leaving the enterprising journalist to his task, Frank Richards & Co. quitted the newspaper office.

The horses outside, scared by the firing, were jerking at their trail-ropes; fortunately, they had not been touched by the ruffian's reckless bullets.

Thompson Town was seething with excitement.

That part of Mr. Penrose's "news," at least, was well-founded.

As soon as the desperado was gone, doors opened on all sides, and the citizens of Thompson poured into the street, discussing the amazing happening breathlessly.

There were growls of deep anger on all sides.

Frank Richards & Co. threw their reins over their arms and walked their horses up the street.

On all sides they heard loud and angry comments upon the freak of the Californian "bulldozer."

Half a dozen men, with the Sheriff of Thompson at their head, came riding down the street, and disappeared towards the Cedar Camp trail. Mr. Henderson was already up and doing, and on the trail of the red-bearded ruffian.

The schoolboys passed Gunten's Store, which was crowded with excited citizens.

Two windows in the store had been smashed, and a dead dog lay outside. The dog was the only "casualty" they could discover.

Outside the Red Dog Saloon was a crowd of the habitués of that delectable resort, and Four Kings was holding forth on the subject of Mr. Jones' outbreak. Four Kings seemed to admire the exploit. Probably the bully of Thompson had a fellow-feeling for Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones.

"I guess Jonesy will wake up this section!" Four Kings was announcing, as the Cedar Creek fellows came by. "I guess so! There ain't no flies on Jones! They won't rope in Jones in a hurry—don't you make any mistake! Jonesy had his eye-teeth out in Californy, Jonesy did! He's a regular sockdolager, is Jonesy!"

Frank Richards & Co. mounted their horses in the trail at the end of Main Street to ride home. As they trotted off they came on Chunky Todgers, ambling home from school on his fat little pony. Bob Lawless grinned and drew rein.

"Now's your chance, Chunky!" he called out.

"Hallo, Bob! Been to Thompson? You got ahead of me."

"You're late," said Bob. "You've just missed Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones."

Chunky started.

"Is he there?"

"He's been there!" grinned Bob.

"Shooting up the town, in Western style. If you'd been there, Chunky, you'd have roped in the five hundred dollars."

"I wish I had been!" said Todgers.

"Well, there's still a chance; he went out on the south side, and the sheriff is after him. Ride like thunder, Chunky, and you may come up with him."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Chunky Todgers blinked at the chums of Cedar Creek and ambled on his way. But he did not ride "like thunder." He slowed down.

Apparently the warlike Chunky was not over-anxious to get on the trail of the formidable Jones, after all.

"You'll lose the reward, Chunky!" roared Bob Lawless, after him.

But Chunky Todgers seemed deaf. With the red-bearded ruffian actually at hand, the five-hundred-dollars reward seemed to have lost some of its attraction.

The Co. chortled as they rode on their way.

But they did not ride far. Bob Lawless wheeled his horse in the trail.

"Come on!" he said.

"Where?"

"After Chunky."

"But what for?" asked Frank.

"Only to pull his podgy leg."

Bob Lawless galloped back, his chums following him. In a few minutes they sighted Chunky Todgers again—proceeding at a walking pace. He looked back at the sound of hoof-beats behind him.

"Ride for your life!" roared Bob.

"Eh?"

"Jones!"

"Wha-a-at?" stuttered Chunky.

"Ride for it!"

The three schoolboys rode on past Chunky in hot haste. Chunky Todgers seemed petrified for a moment. Then he urged on his fat pony to the top of its speed.

"Stop, you fellows!" he shrieked.

"I can't keep up with you! Don't leave me alone with him! Help!"

Bob Lawless glanced over his shoulder.

"Stop for him, Chunky, and bag the reward!" he shouted.

"Yow-ow! Help!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Frank Richards & Co. slackened rein. Chunky Todgers passed them at top speed for home. He did not even observe that they were laughing, in his hurry. The fat youth on his pony vanished up the trail, leaving the Cedar Creek fellows yelling.

The 4th Chapter.

Mr. Jones Looks In.

Cedar Creek School was buzzing with excitement the following day, on the subject of Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones.

The "shooting up" of Thompson was an unending topic.

Rough and unsettled as the section was, such a happening was almost unprecedented in the Thompson Valley.

Even in the roughest regions of the Canadian West, law and order held sway; and they seldom or never saw the lawless outbreaks which were frequent enough southward, over the "Line."

The general opinion was that the North-West Mounted Police would soon succeed in tracking down the ruffian, and convincing him that he had chosen an unhealthy district for his activities. But while Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones was at large, the excitement was likely to last. And so far he was still at large.

The Cedar Creek fellows agreed that something ought to be done about it, and probably would be done. But upon that subject Chunky Todgers was the most eloquent.

Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones being nowhere near the school, Chunky was as brave as a lion once more, and was smitten again with his hankering after the reward, which represented, to his fat mind, maple-sugar in undreamed-of quantities.

After morning lessons, Frank Richards & Co. found Chunky in the playground, expatiating on the all-absorbing topic.

"If only I'd been there!" said Chunky, with a sigh.

"Where?" demanded Bob.

Chunky gave him a lofty blink.

"In Thompson, when that rustler was there!" he said. "Fancy losing a chance like that!"

"Why, you fat jay," exclaimed Bob indignantly, "you rode like thunder when I fooled you that he was after us on the trail last evening!"

"Oh, I knew that was only a joke!" said Chunky coolly.

"You rode fast enough."

"I was entering into the joke, you know—making out that I believed you. I'll bet you thought I was scared."

"We did!" said Frank Richards.

"And so you jolly well were, you fat fraud!"

"Not a bit of it—simply pulling your leg," said Todgers coolly. "The fact is, you fellows haven't so much pluck as I have—"

"What!"

"Look what a chance you had!" said Chunky. "You were in old Penrose's office when the bulldozer came by, according to your yarn. You could have rushed out—"

"Rushed out! Would you have rushed out?" roared Bob.

"Sure!"

"Oh, Jerusalem!"

"If I'd been there," said Chunky

firmly, "I'd have rushed out, seized his bride, and stopped him. I'd have knocked him flying off his horse—"

"Knocked Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones flying!" howled Tom Lawrence.

"Yep!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"At least, you could have potted him from the window," said Todgers.

"I'd have drawn a bead on him—there must have been a gun somewhere about. With my presence of mind I'd have got it, quick, and drawn a bead on him. I'd have scattered his blessed brains all over Main Street!" said Chunky, with a blood-thirsty look.

"You fat fraud!" said Frank Richards. "You'd have crawled under the table, you mean!"

"I don't mean anything of the kind," said Chunky disdainfully. "I dare say you crawled under the table. I'd have shot him dead from the window. Fancy you chaps having a chance like that, and missing it because you haven't got my grit."

"Your grit! Oh, my hat!"

Chunky Todgers nodded.

"I don't blame you exactly," he said kindly. "Some fellows have grit and some haven't. I happen to have that's all."

"Why, you—you—you—"

Words failed the indignant Co. Chunky Todgers gave them a lofty look, and rolled away.

Bob Lawless drew a deep breath.

"The fat, cheeky jay!" he exclaimed. "I've a jolly good mind to mop up the playground with him, for his cheek! If he heard that Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones was within a mile of him, he'd crawl on his hands and knees over the Rockies to get away!"

"Of course he would!" said Beauclerc, laughing. "Never mind Chunky—let him blow off gas."

"Yes; but making out that we—"

"I've got an idea," said Frank Richards. "What you'd call a stunt, Bob. If Chunky's so keen on getting at Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones, we'll give him a chance."

"How?" asked Bob, with a stare.

Frank Richards smiled.

"We've got most of the props of the Cedar Creek Thespians here, in my locker," he said, "as we usually rehearse at school. That man Jones is about as easy to imitate as a man could be—nothing but buckskin clothes, with red hair all over his face. We can borrow Black Sam's suit of buckskins, and with a red beard and whiskers—"

Bob Lawless started and grinned.

"Good man!" he exclaimed. "It will be good enough for Chunky, anyhow."

The chums of Cedar Creek were smiling at dinner. Some of the other fellows were smiling, too. Frank Richards' stunt had been confided to them. Chunky Todgers was not in the secret, however, and did not know what a surprise was in store for him.

After dinner Frank Richards took some of the theatrical "props" from his locker; there was all that he needed among the properties of the Cedar Creek Thespians.

With the "props" in a bundle, Frank and his comrades paid a visit to the stable, where they interviewed Black Sam. That ebony-complexioned gentleman willingly loaned his suit of buckskins for the moderate hire of twenty-five cents.

Frank Richards was very busy in the stable for some time, with the help of his chums.

When Bob Lawless and Vere Beauclerc returned to the playground, they found Chunky Todgers still on his topic.

Chunky was blessed with a very vivid imagination, and really would have been useful on the staff of the "Thompson Press." By this time, Chunky was quite convinced that, had he been in the place of Frank Richards & Co. on that exciting occasion, he would have tackled the ruffian who was shooting up Thompson, and "roped" him in.

He sadly declared that his luck was out. He had the grit, but he hadn't the opportunity. Five hundred dollars had slipped through his fingers!

"It's too bad!" said Bob Lawless, as he joined the grinning group round Chunky Todgers. "But if you get a chance—"

"You watch out!" said Chunky impressively. "I don't want to run you down, Bob Lawless. But you'll own up that you had cold feet. You couldn't help it, of course. You're not like me. But—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You galoots can cackle!" said Chunky disdainfully. "You watch out, that's all!"

"Chunky may get a chance yet," remarked Tom Lawrence. "Five-

Hundred-Dollar Jones might mosey along this way—"

"I wish he would!" sighed Chunky.

"Might happen in here, to rob the school!" said Eben Hacke. "And if he does, Chunky—"

"If only he does!" said Chunky fervently.

Then there was a sudden yell from Bob Lawless.

"Look out!"

"Oh, Jerusalem!"

"Jones!"

From the direction of the stables a startling figure appeared in sight—a ruffian clad in old buckskin, with red beard and whiskers, almost hiding his face from view. He came at a run towards the group of schoolboys.

"Hands up!" he shouted.

He levelled a revolver.

"Hands up! Don't monkey around with Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones!" he roared.

"Yaroooh!"

Chunky Todgers made a wild bound towards the school-house. But Bob Lawless and Vere Beauclerc seized his fat arms at the same moment.

"Help, Chunky!" gasped Bob.

"Stand by us, Chunky!"

"Yaroooh! Leggo!"

"Help!"

Bob Lawless, apparently in great terror, clung on to Chunky, cutting off his retreat. And now the red-bearded ruffian was upon them.

"Hands up! I guess I'm looking for a galoot named Todgers, what is after the reward offered for me! Where is he? I calculate I'm going to let daylight through him! Where is he?"

"Yaroooh! Help!"

The 5th Chapter.

Quite a Show-up!

"Where's Todgers?" roared Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones ferociously.

"Yow-ow-ow!"

All the schoolboys had their hands up. Chunky Todgers had put his fat hands over his head. His fat knees were knocking together, and but for Bob Lawless' grasp he would have sat down in the playground. Chunky was no longer warlike.

"Where's Todgers?"

"Here he is, Mr. Jones!" stammered Bob. "Here's the galoot you want! Don't shoot!"

"I reckon I'm after Todgers! I'm shooting Todgers, I guess! Now, then, you fat clag—"

"Bem!"

"You're in danger?" demanded the red-bearded ruffian, with a ferocious glare at the unhappy Chunky.

"Yow! No!"

"Is your name Todgers?"

"Nunno!"

"What's your name, then?"

"S-s-smith!" gasped Chunky.

"P'r'aps you're Todgers!" growled the ruffian, with a glare at Bob Lawless.

"Not guilty, your honour!" answered Bob. "This is Todgers! His name hasn't been Smith more than a minute."

Chunky gasped.

"Tain't true!" he howled. "Oh dear! I'm Smith—William Smith! I—I don't know Todgers! I—I never heard of him! Honest Injun! Oh dear!"

"I guess you're Todgers right enough!" growled the ruffian, with his revolver six inches from Chunky's fat little nose. "Now, have you got anything to say before I drill you?"

"Yaroooh!"

"You started out to rope in that reward what is offered for me—hey?" roared Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones.

"No! Nunno! Nope! I—I never even heard of the reward!" wailed Chunky. "I wouldn't touch it if it was offered to me."

The hapless Chunky fell on his knees.

"Help!" he moaned.

"You're the galoot what was going to pot me from a winder, when I was shooting up Thomson—hey?"

"No!" wailed Chunky. "I—I wouldn't, you know! I wouldn't hurt a hair of your head, Mr. Jones! I wouldn't really! I—I like you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The spectators of that peculiar scene could restrain their feelings no longer. There was a roar of laughter that awoke all the echoes of Cedar Creek.

Chunky blinked dazedly at his schoolfellows. He simply could not understand how they could laugh when he was covered by the revolver of a murderous desperado.

"You ain't arter the reward now, then?" demanded Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones.

"Nope! Never!"

"You've guv up that idee?"

"Yes!" groaned Chunky. "I—I—I guess I'm sorry I ever thought of it!"

500 DOLLARS REWARD!

(Continued from previous page.)

"I—I say, turn that shooter away! Oh dear!"

"Then you was only bragging—is that it?" growled the ruffian.

"Yes!" gasped Chunky. "I—I didn't mean it! I swear I didn't mean it, Mr. Jones! Just shooting off my mouth, you know! Oh dear! Only

chewing the rag, Mr. Jones! I—I—I never meant it!"

Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones' reply to that was unexpected.

"Then I may as well take these whiskers off!" he remarked, in quite a different voice.

"Wha-a-at?"

Chunky Todgers wondered whether he was dreaming as the ruffian put up his hand to his beard and jerked. Whiskers and beard and moustaches came off, and Chunky's eyes bulged as he recognised the disclosed face as that of Frank Richards.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Cedar Creek fellows shrieked. The expression on Chunky's fat face at that moment was extraordinary.

"Fuf-fuf-Frank Richards!" stut-tered Chunky.

"Yes, old chap!" said Frank cheerily. "No relation to the Jones' family—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And there's nothing in the revolver—and it wouldn't go off if there was!" continued Frank. "It's only our stage revolver, dear old boy!"

"Oh!" gasped Chunky.

The fat youth got off his knees. He blinked round very uncertainly at the

yelling schoolboys. It dawned upon the hapless Chunky now that the whole crowd had been in the joke.

"I—I say—" he gasped.

"Ha, ha, ha! You've lost the reward again, Chunky!" howled Bob Lawless.

"I—I knew it was Frank all the time—"

"Oh crumbs!"

"I—I was only pretending to be scared, you know!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

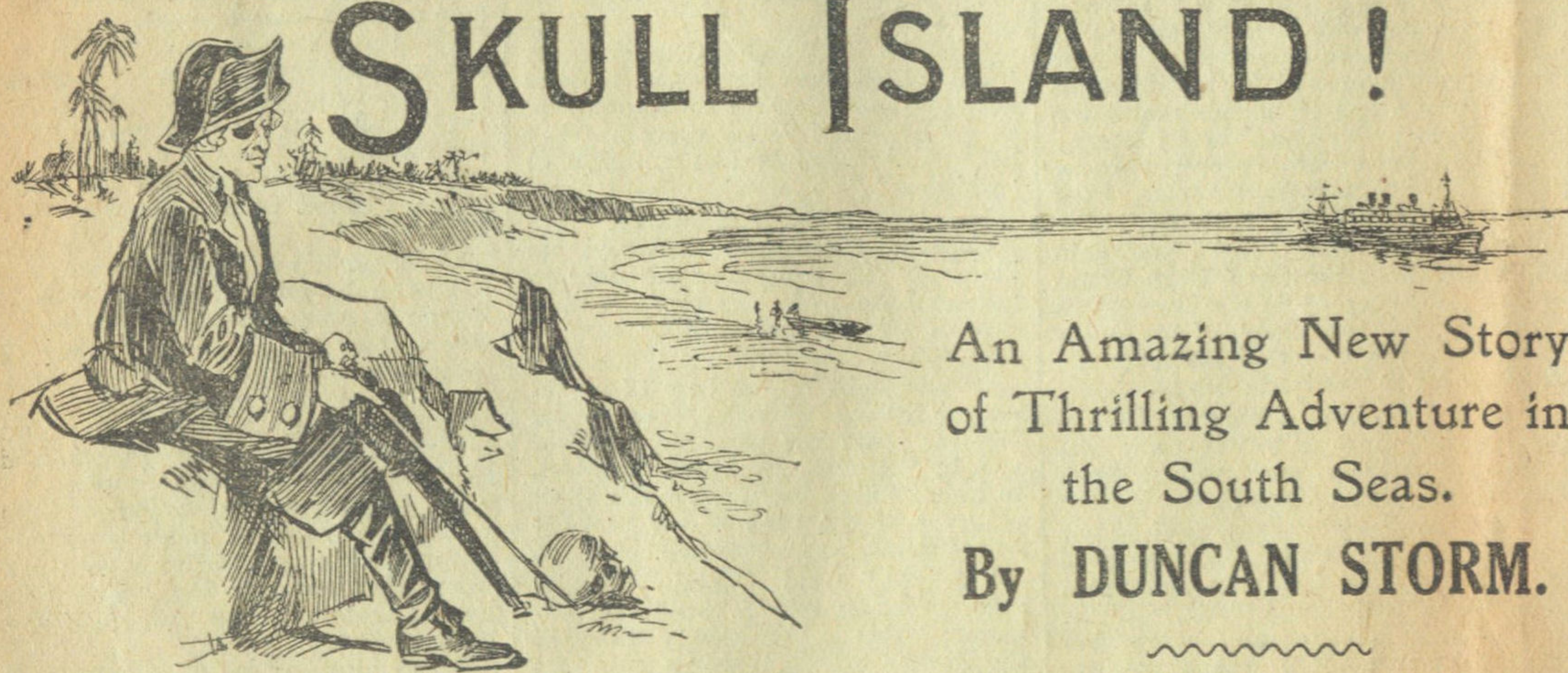
"I—I say—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Chunky Todgers protested in vain.

THE END.

(Another grand, long, complete story of Frank Richards & Co., entitled "At Close Quarters," dealing with "Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones," in next week's issue of the Boys' FRIEND. Order in advance.)



SKULL ISLAND!

An Amazing New Story
of Thrilling Adventure in
the South Seas.

By **DUNCAN STORM.**

NEW READERS COMMENCE HERE!

The famous school-ship, the Bombay Castle, is on her way to the South Seas on an educational voyage, with a mixed crowd of schoolboys drawn from many of the most famous schools in England. Our old friends, Dick Dorrington, Chip, Skeleton, Porkis, Chu, and Pongo Walker, with their famous pet animals, are of the number. Captain Handyman is in command of the liner, Dr. Crabhunter is the Head of the floating school, and "Scorcher" Wilkinson is responsible for the boys' discipline.

At the last moment Dick, Chip, Porkis, and Pongo manage to smuggle on board a quaint old riverside character, calling himself Captain Bones. Captain Bones is a little blind man of great age who sailed the South Seas in the bad old days, and is more than suspected of being a retired pirate himself.

In Captain Handyman's younger days he and MacStaggers, the chief engineer, had been very badly treated by the Sultan of Bashee, and his with the intention of paying off an old score that the Bombay Castle sets sail for the Island of Bashee. The look-out signals "Land-ho!" and the boys, with eager anticipation, watch the shores of that island emerge into view.

(Read on from here.)

Prince Chulungtoon's Visit.

This was Bashee, the principal island of the Bashee Archipelago, which imports gramophones and exports spices and ruffians of all shades of yellowness.

In these happy islands Polynesians, Filipinos, Micronesians, Chinks, Burmese, Hindus, Japs, Formosans, and Malays all mix up in one yellow mob—the hottest population of potential pirates in the world.

And, according to Captain Handyman, Abdullah XXV., Sultan of Bashee, was the hottest pirate of the lot.

Captain Handyman approached the island carefully.

And it was with some reason, for, as the Bombay Castle drew up to the land, the dark sapphire sea took on all shades of dark purple and green and topaz, which showed that the sea was studded with reefs of coral which ran miles out from the shore.

Now and then, on either side of the ship, the water would break in, a white swirl of creaming foam, showing where a hidden reef with a jagged edge like a rip-saw lay concealed close under the surface.

And presently, under the dark, tree-crowned hills, showed a string of white buildings that looked like a chunk of Earl's Court Exhibition gone adrift.

This was the official residence and palace of the sultan.

Farther along the beach, at a respectful distance from the palace, was a rough-and-tumble-looking village of flat-topped, white houses, with here and there a white dome shaped like a beehive.

This was the town or city of Bashee, the capital of the Bashee Archipelago, and one of the last places on earth.

It was all glittering and flickering in the white sunshine as the ship, travelling at "slow," traversed the passages of the outer reefs and came to a standstill outside a barrier reef that enclosed a great lagoon.

Sticking up, a mile or two along

this reef was an object which made Captain Handyman give a muttered execration under his breath.

It looked something like a rusty tin can sticking up out of the sea. As a matter of fact, it was all that was left, after a quarter of a century, of his old ship, the Chinese steamer Li-Ha—the old "Liar," as she was called in her day.

And Captain Handyman mumbled threats of vengeance as he saw her.

He and Mac had had a thousand pounds apiece in that ship—the only thousand pounds they could scrape together in those days.

It had represented their little all, and the pirate who lived in that white, gingerbread palace ashore had done them down for it. And they had been too poor to obtain any legal redress.

In those days there had been a weak, washy Government in power in England—a Government so weak in its handling of things that it had given Germany her first foothold in the Pacific. And Captain Handyman had known well that he would never get any satisfaction by appealing to the protection of his own Government.

In those days, down in the distant Solomons, the Germans were busy looking after their people—so busy that the Britisher had lost his place with the natives. If a Britisher wished to trade, he had to let on that he was a German, a Frenchman, a Portuguese—anything but an Englishman, for the natives used to think that the British Government was "no good."

Of course, the British Government was only asleep for a few years. It woke up a few years later and showed the flag in the Pacific, and everything in the garden was lovely.

But the thousand pounds belonging to Captain Handyman and Mr. MacStaggers had gone irretrievably up the spout with the old "Liar."

Down went the great anchor with a crash in the coral trash of the channel outside the lagoon of Bashee.

They were about two miles from the shore and a quarter of a mile from the fringing reef.

They were no buoys or sea-marks whereby a big, deep-draught ship like the Bombay Castle might have found her way into the lagoon. The Sultan of Bashee did not believe in pilot marks. Inside that lagoon was the chief source of his wealth—to wit, pearl-beds of enormous value and yield. And he did not want the ships of all nations anchoring over his pearl-beds.

Presently a yellow man, wearing a sarong, or kilt, of white silk round his naked body, came sailing out to the ship in a tiny little outrigger canoe with a triangular sail.

The boys looked on in wonderment as he approached the ship, for it seemed a miracle that he did not capsize in the fresh breeze that was blowing.

But he came dashing along in fine style and shot his canoe up alongside the ship.

It was the chief pilot and medical officer of health for the Port of Bashee.

"What do you want, Jack?" demanded Captain Handyman, looking

down over the end of his bridge on to the smiling yellow man, whose face would have got him gaoled in any other part of the world than Bashee.

"Me pilot, captain!" replied the man. "S'pose you give me four dollar, Chinese, I pilot your ship in good place in lagoon!"

Captain Handyman knew perfectly well the good place to which the port pilot of Bashee would pilot him.

This was a deep hole, or anchorage, in the lagoon where there were no pearl-beds, and where his ship was under the fire of four very ancient German breech-loading cannon of Krupp make, which were the pride of the Sultan of Bashee.

"I don't want a pilot, Jack!" replied the captain.

"S'pose you want to buy some nice-ashicken!" replied the smiling ruffian, holding up a bunch of miserable-looking fowls tied together by their legs.

"Chicken no want!" replied the captain promptly.

"Then s'pose me look at papers!" replied the pilot and captain of the port. "An' you give me some whisky for the sultan?" he added.

A rope ladder was rolled down to him, and to this he deftly made fast the painter of his fragile canoe.

Then he climbed up as nimbly as a monkey, whilst the boys crowded round to see him come aboard.

Cecil, the orang, was standing with the boys to see the stranger arrive, very neatly dressed in his school blazer, white flannels, and a straw hat.

The smiling yellow man, assured of getting a bottle of whisky for the sultan, and perhaps another bottle of whisky for himself, swung himself in over the rail.

But, at sight of Cecil, his jaw fell and his eyes stared till they seemed to be bulging out of their long slits.

Then he fell on his face before Cecil, and rubbed his turban on the deck before Cecil's neat, patent-leather shoes.

"Ho! Tuan! Ho! Master!" said he.

"What's the matter with that chap?" asked Dick.

"Very strange and interesting circumstance," said Lal, looking on. "Cecil is orang-outang—man of the woods, in this fellow's language. There is no orang-outang in Bashee, but this fellow had heard of orang-outang, and regards him as a mythical personage. He has seen pictures of orang. All these fellows think that they are descended from orang-outang. He is their ancestor; therefore they do poo-ja to him—make worship to him. This fellow now worships Cecil."

Cecil chattered. He was rather frightened. He did not like the smell of this fellow, and he could not understand why he kneeled at his feet. The boys never kneeled at his feet.

"This is a most curious combination of beliefs in wild wood creature of the Malays, and of ancestor-worship of the Chinese. This fellow thinks that Cecil is his venerated great-grandfather!"

"I should think that there is something in it, if you come to look at their dials," replied Pongo. "But

I don't think this yellow rooster is much improvement on Cecil. Give me Cecil all the time!"

"If they are all taken like this on Bashee," said Porkis, "we shall have to watch out that Cecil doesn't get pinched. They'll bag him and stow him away in their temple!"

The yellow man ran down to his canoe again and brought up his bunch of chickens and a basket of fruits, which he laid as an offering at Cecil's feet.

Cecil didn't worry about the chickens, but to the great gratification of the man, he greedily accepted the fruit, grabbing some out of the basket for himself, and politely handing it round to Skeleton and Pongo and others of his pals amongst the boys.

And the face of the pilot, when he saw that Cecil had condescended to accept his offering, was a picture. He beamed and looked as happy as a dog with two tails. Then he went off to the bridge to see the captain and to look over the ship's papers.

The ship's papers were shown to him as captain of the port, medical officer of health, and every other officer of the Port of Bashee. But he was none the wiser for this mass of routine documents of the maritime world, since he could not read.

The bottle of whisky was the main thing, and he got that. He also got another bottle for himself, and with these he went off to explain to the Sultan of Bashee that a great ship was outside the lagoon full up with princes and the sons of princes, and that it humbly craved the permission of his august Highness to enter the lagoon.

The Port of Bashee had not yet reached that stage of civilisation where port dues are charged. The port dues were represented by the bottle of whisky.

And the yellow-faced ambassador, after bowing low to Cecil, who was apparently greatly astonished at all the attention he was getting, slid down the ladder into his canoe again, and sailed off to the port.

The port was close by the sultan's palace. Here, behind a small inner breakwater of coral, lay many junks, Chinese and Malay, prahus, sampans, and other oriental craft. In short, the whole place looked as near like a nest of pirates as if it were painted on the scene of a theatre as such.

The boys waited anxiously for some message to arrive from the august ruler of Bashee. And all eyes were fixed on the port.

Presently a huge barge came rowing out from the port, a great gilded craft with dragons carved all over it and upperworks of sandal-wood.

It was a swell boat, and there were fifty rowers on each side, whilst up in the stern was perched a diminutive little figure with a rich sarong of cloth of gold wrapped round his waist, and a tortoiseshell comb studded with diamonds shoved in his topknot.

This was Prince Chulungtoon, nephew of the sultan and heir-apparent to the throne of Bashee.

If nobody poisoned Chulungtoon with powdered glass in a rice-pudding, or shoved a kriss into him, he would, in due course of time, become the lawful ruler of the Archipelago of Bashee.

Chulungtoon was dying to see this great British school-ship. Such a ship had never shown up in the lagoon of Bashee before, and, as the captain of the port had reported that every boy on board was a prince, or the son of a prince, Chulungtoon was naturally anxious to meet such a bunch of fellow nobles.

Poor little Chulungtoon! He had a rather lonely time of it in that long white palace, for he was very closely guarded lest he should be got at and poisoned or knifed by some other aspirant to the throne.

He came alongside, shaded under a great umbrella of pink silk and gold bullion, which was the state umbrella of Bashee.

"Crikey!" exclaimed Dick, as the boys strung upon the rail looked down on their distinguished visitor.

"Crikey! What a swell brolley!

Look, it's got a gold handle, and it takes a couple of chaps to hold it up!"

Little Ikey Cohen, of the Lower School, was glaring at that gorgeous umbrella. It was just the sort of umbrella that Ikey would have liked for himself. And little did anyone on board dream what was passing in the brain of the insignificant Ikey Cohen, secretary and president of the Secret Association of the Brothers of the Red Dagger. If the Sultan of Bashee could stand his heir-apparent such an umbrella, what would not the sultan cough up for his own ransom?

This was the daring thought that was passing through the brain of this young buccaneer of the Lower School.

The long companion ladder was rigged and lowered for the young Prince Chulungtoon.

He was a rabbit-faced youth of about sixteen years of age, and it was plain that he was afraid of the "great junk," as he called the Bombay Castle. He did not know what to make of the queer puffs of steam that issued from her tall steel sides, or the long rows of shining ports, or her towering upperworks.

Never had such a ship come into Bashee Roads before.

He came, pussy-footed, up the gangway, attended by his umbrella-bearers, who folded up the great umbrella and carried it behind him in token of his state.

Captain Handyman, in his best gilt-strapped, white duck uniform, was standing at the gangway to receive him, with Dr. Crabhunter, Scorcher Wilkinson, and Mr. Lal Tata.

They were all wearing their best mortar-boards and the coloured silk hoods of their universities, and they looked very fine.

Captain Handyman saluted the heir-apparent of Bashee.

Dr. Crabhunter did worse. He made him a speech in which he talked of the great friendship which had always existed between the British Empire and the Sultanate of Bashee, and he referred in moving terms to the enlightened rule of the great Sultan Abdullah XXV., the reigning potentate.

This was all fine talk. The bored little prince did not understand a word of it, and it made Captain Handyman turn purple in the face.

He thought of the enlightened rule of the old hooligan up at the palace who had clapped him into gaol with the cockroaches which had eaten the sea boots off his feet. He thought of the stinking fish which had been fed to him as though he were a mouldy sea-lion in a third-class menagerie, and he thought of the damaged rice which had been served up to him in the gaol of Bashee.

And, most of all, he thought of the good thousand apiece that he and his old friend and shipmate MacStaggers had left behind them in this rat-hole. Two thousand beautiful golden quids wrung by years of hard toil from the sea!

Little wonder that Captain Handyman came near choking as he listened to Dr. Crabhunter lading out the treacle to this snuff-and-butter pirate kid, who stood there with his hands covered under his lawn sleeves, wearing half a king's ransom swinging from his neck in blazing ropes of diamonds and pearls!

There were other eyes on those ropes of wonderful jewels.

Ikey Cohen was gazing rapt at the stuff.

Ikey's father was a rich diamond dealer, and Ikey had been brought up from his childhood to know a Brazilian from a Cape stone, and to price a diamond when he saw one. Little Ikey, though he was only a Lower School kid, knew more about diamonds than many a jeweller who gets his living by selling engagement-rings. And he priced up the diamonds and rubies and pearls that were slung like glass beads in ropes round the neck of Prince Chulungtoon at £37,560.

Ikey's mouth watered. This was the stuff. He waited only till the prince had been ushered up to the chart-room to be fed on cakes and sherbet, before he called an imme-

MORNINGTON'S BAD START!

(Continued from page 256.)

a reason as yours! If you make a dishonourable compact—

"What?"
"A dishonourable compact!" exclaimed Jimmy, his eyes flashing as his temper rose. "What else do you call it? Well, if you do it, you must take the consequences!"

"So there was a compact with Smythe, was there?" exclaimed Lovell. "What about, I'd like to know?"

"That's Morny's bizney," answered Jimmy. "I can't give him away."

Mornington sneered. "Do you think I'm afraid of the judgment of this dashed study?" he broke out. "Tell them, if you choose! If you don't, I will!"

"Tell us, Jimmy!" said Raby quietly.

"Very well!" said Jimmy Silver, between his set lips. "Morny promised those three cads places in the first match played after the election, as a reward for voting for him, and getting other Shell fellows to vote."

"My hat!"
"You swindling cad, Morny!" shouted Lovell. "So that was how you bagged votes at the election, was it?"

"And you're chucking a school match away, to reward those cads for what amounts to a swindle!" exclaimed Newcome. "That's the kind of skipper the fellows have changed Jimmy Silver for!"

"You can put it in your pipe and smoke it!" jeered Mornington. "I expected this study to be up against me, after Jimmy Silver was kicked out of the captaincy. I could win against Greyfriars, with three passengers in the team!"

"You dummy, you couldn't!"

"Not a dog's chance!"
"You want me to lose the match to spoil my chances; that's why you're standing out, Jimmy Silver. I've just

asked Flynn to play, and he's told me he'd ask your advice. I know what that means."

"If Flynn asks my advice, I shall advise him to stand out," answered Jimmy Silver. "The match is a goner, anyhow. And no fellow is called upon to have a hand in it. It isn't as if there was a ghost of a chance of beating Greyfriars, playing eight against eleven. There isn't!"

"I think there is!"
"You try to fancy that you think so, I suppose," said Jimmy contemptuously. "But you know as well as I do that you're throwing the match away. Well, throw it away by yourself."

"You've planned all this," said Mornington, in a choking voice. "You want me to have to take a dud crew over to Greyfriars, and get licked like Smythe & Co. last week. After that, you reckon the fellows will be fed up with me as skipper, and will want to change back."

"Nothing of the kind. If the fellows asked me to take the captaincy again I should refuse—for this term, at least."

"Liar!"

Jimmy Silver's face crimsoned.

"You'd better go, Morny," he said, in a low voice.

"Are you going to let him call you a liar?" roared Lovell, in indignant wrath. "Knock the cheeky cad over!"

Smack!

A back-hander from the infuriated Mornington sent Arthur Edward Lovell spinning with a loud yell. He crashed against the table, and the inkpot danced.

"That for you!" hissed Mornington.

"Why, I—I—I'll—" gasped Lovell.

Jimmy Silver came quickly round the table. He pushed the furious Lovell back, his eyes glinting.

"Leave him to me!" he said, between his teeth. "Leave him to me, old chap! Now, Mornington, you utter cad—"

"Come on, if you've screwed your courage up to the sticking-point!" jeered Mornington.

Jimmy Silver did not need a second invitation. He was as angry as Mornington now, and he came on fast enough.

Morny's hands went up to meet him. Raby pulled the table back out of the way and Newcome kicked the chairs aside, to give the combatants room.

"Go it, Jimmy!" muttered Lovell. "I wish you'd left the cad to me! But go it, old scout!"

Tramp, tramp, tramp!

Mornington, his face aflame, was fighting furiously, and Jimmy Silver was putting his "beef" into it. The tramping and crashing in the study soon drew attention. Fellows from the other studies came crowding along the passage, to stare into the end study.

"This way, you chaps!" yelled Tubby Muffin. "Jimmy Silver and Morny—A fight—a fight!"

"Go it, Jimmy!"

"Pile in!"

"Hallo, here's Erroll!"

Kit Erroll came racing along the passage. The Classical juniors made way for him as he ran to the end study.

"Morny!" he shouted.

But Mornington did not heed his chum's anxious voice—he could not, at that moment. The new captain and the old were going it, hammer and tongs. Mornington's nose was streaming red, and there was a thin trickle from the corner of Jimmy Silver's mouth. Both faces were flushed and angry, and both getting damaged.

"Morny!" exclaimed Erroll, in great distress.

"Go it, Jimmy! Lick the cad!" roared Lovell. "Don't you shove your oar in, Erroll, old top! Morny's been asking for this!"

"Jimmy!" exclaimed Erroll, appealing to the other combatant, as Mornington did not heed. "Morny's playing cricket to-morrow! Stop it!"

"Morny should have thought of that before!" growled Lovell. "He came in here and started it!"

"Separate them!"

"Rats! Let them fight it out!" said Raby.

It was not surprising that the end study were wrathful with Mornington; but Morny's chum, naturally, did not share their feelings. Erroll ran to interfere, at last, and shoved himself forcibly between the two antagonists.

He received two or three blows from either party, without heeding them.

"Stop it!" he exclaimed, pushing Mornington back. "Jimmy Silver, stop it!"

Jimmy dropped his hands, panting.

"I don't care, either way," he said. "I never asked for trouble with Morny. He came here hunting for it!"

"Stand aside, Erroll!" said Mornington, in a choking voice.

"Morny—"

"Stand aside, you fool!"

Erroll did not heed the epithet, and he did not stand aside. His strong grasp held the dandy of the Fourth back from renewing the conflict.

"Will you let go?" panted Mornington.

"No, I won't, Morny! You're playing cricket to-morrow. What state will you be in for the game, at this rate?"

"Hang cricket!"

"A lot he cares about cricket, from the way he makes up his team!" growled Lovell. "He's come here to pick a row with Jimmy, because the fellows won't stand his thundering nerve! Offering places in the eleven to fellows as a bribe for votes! My word!"

"Let me get at him!" roared Mornington.

"Let him!" said Lovell. "I'm ready!"

"Come away, Morny!"
"You fool, let go!"
"Nice pal!" giggled Erroll.

"I'd like to pal with you, but think! Isn't he nice?"

Erroll was forcing his way through the door. He had a deal stronger than Morny's dandy of the Fourth had. He had his clenched hand on Morny's shoulder, full at Erroll's pale, dandy eyes met his.

Morny's hand dropped to the ground.

"Will you let me go?"

"Come away!" was Erroll's cry.

And he drew Mornington to the study.

"Well, this is a pretty fish!" remarked Jones minor whistle. "I fancy Morny was a long run as junior skipper, better put up again, Jimmy. You'll get votes of about ten to I should say."

"Only I sha'n't put up!" answered Jimmy Silver quietly, as he dabbed his mouth with his handkerchief.

"Morny's no good!" said several voices from the passage.

"You elected him!" answered Jimmy.

"Give him a chance! He made a bad beginning; but give him a chance! Anyway, I'm not up against him, and that's settled!"

And Jimmy Silver sat down to the table again, to resume his work.

In Study No. 4, Mornington was pacing to and fro, a good deal like a wild animal in a cage, his eyes glittering, his hands clenched. Erroll watched him in silence. There was no doubt that Mornington had made a bad beginning, and it looked as if he had nothing left but the faithful friendship of his one loyal chum. But that, at least, was not likely to fail him.

THE END.

(Another grand school story next Monday, entitled "Jimmy Silver's Way." By Owen Conquest. Order in advance.)



Write to me whenever you are in doubt or difficulty. Tell me about yourself; let me know what you think of the BOYS' FRIEND. All readers who write to me, and enclose a stamped envelope or postcard, may be sure of receiving a prompt and kindly reply by post. All letters should be addressed: "The Editor, the BOYS' FRIEND, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4."



Readers of the BOYS' FRIEND are invited to contribute short original paragraphs of general interest for publication on this page. Cash prizes of five shillings and half a crown, according to merit, will be awarded to the senders of all paragraphs published.

Next Monday's Full Programme.

Next week's Rookwood story, entitled

"JIMMY SILVER'S WAY."

By Owen Conquest,
is a charming tale of school life, in which the late captain of the Fourth Form at Rookwood shows his sporting qualities by backing up the new captain in the interests of the school, regardless of self.

In the next tale of Frank Richards & Co., entitled

"AT CLOSE QUARTERS!"

By Martin Clifford,
the most exciting happenings take place at the Lumber School, in which Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones, the notorious desperado, plays a prominent part.

The next instalment of

"THE SPORTS OF ST. CLIVE'S!"

By Arthur S. Hardy,
contains many exciting incidents, and the moving story of an unequal "scrap," in which plucky little Bobby Tate gives a good account of himself against his burly opponent.

In that popular serial

"SKULL ISLAND!"

By Duncan Storm,
many adventures of an exciting and unusual sort fall to the lot of the boys of the Bombay Castle in next week's instalment. No one could help enjoying the story.

There will be another splendid cricket article, and Lovell of the Fourth Form will next week form the subject of No. 7 of "Rookwood Personalities."

A DAY FLAX PICKING.

"The last notes of reveille have died away. A few of the more energetic spirits throw off the three Army blankets with which we are supplied and begin to dress. We are not in the Army, though, but at a flax-picking camp in Yorkshire. Parties of schoolboys from all over the country were engaged in flax-picking, the linen thread being used for the wings of aeroplanes. We complete our toilet in the field next to the camp, where there is water. The lime in the water makes ablutions rather longer than would otherwise be the case. We fall into line for breakfast—porridge rather salty, bacon or fish, bread ad lib. After breakfast, bed-making half an hour. Camp orderly work follows on, then letters to read, also tuck parcels to open. 'Fall-in!' sounds. We march to the charabancs for the flax fields. Here each worker is given a strip of land two yards wide to clear. Bending apart, the work is not hard. You pull the flax, shake off the soil, tie in bundles, and stack. Lunch of bread and cheese comes in handily. Work goes on until 3.30, then back to camp and a shower-bath, after which our time is our own until 9.30 call-over. Cricket and football fill in the time. Our commandant is a disabled Mons hero."

I have awarded 5s. to R. T. Dubychin, 371, Hulton Lane, Daubhill, Bolton, who sent in the above paragraph.

A VERY FAT BOY.

"I went to Southend, and spent most of my time and money in the Kursaal, where I saw

a very fat boy, only fourteen, but turning the scale at 28st. He came from Leicestershire, and his name is Lenny Mason. I heard of a young man who spent 37s. in the Kursaal, and I thought I would not spend so much, but I found I could easily have spent 50s. I have been to Felixstowe and Ipswich. In my opinion the BOYS' FRIEND is the best paper going."

The above is an extract from the holiday experiences of Douglas Cocksedge, 182, Milton Road, Swanscombe, Kent, to whom I am sending half-a-crown.

THE COUNTY OF NORFOLK.

"For five years I have been delighted with the Companion Papers, but am sorry not to have seen my county—Norfolk—mentioned. I think I could write verses about Norfolk. There does not seem to be a boy from the county either at Greyfriars or St. Jim's. I know that Norfolk is not considered such a sporting county as some of the others—say, as Kent, Surrey, and Yorkshire—but there are some jolly good sportsmen there, and I shall always feel proud of the fact that England's greatest national hero—Lord Nelson—and England's greatest national heroine—Nurse Cavell—were born in Norfolk. The Norwich Grammar School, where Nelson was educated, is close to the spot where Nurse Cavell lies."

Sent in by R. Fuller, High Street, Tooting, S.W. 17. I am awarding half-a-crown to this champion of the County of Norfolk. I confess to being a great lover of Norfolk myself. To

my mind it contains some of the most charming places in England.

TO-MORROW!

About this business of making one's way, for instance, there is a rare lot to be said. I think many of us are far too much in the mood of the Spaniard who bows, smiles, and says "Manana," which is Iberian—when you want to use another name for Sunny Spain, you call the land which is tucked up cosily behind the Pyrenees, Iberia, though the name isn't half as good—for to-morrow. Alas! with heaps of us this really means the day after to-morrow—sometimes not even then. In other words, we are dreary, weary, fearful procrastinators. It is in the blood of myriads of folks. They won't see that life is there actually knocking at the door, and that it wants them to dash in at once, right into the scrum, and take what is going.

DO IT NOW!

There is nothing to equal this advice. I saw it written up in flaming letters over the desk of a wealthy merchant on whom I was calling. It had been his motto through life, and it had stood him in good stead, for he was at the top of the tree, and he had started with less than a shilling. The world was all against him, so it had seemed. He did not go to college. He worried through at night schools. He worked in shops, and was often given the bird. He met jealous fellow-workers. One rival would not let him in one night when he had been to a theatre, and my friend lost his job. That was

playing it low down, but there it was. It takes all sorts to make a world, and the mean fellow is in the crowd. It is to be hoped he finds out the error of his ways.

THE KING OF SPAIN.

Spain was one of the fortunate countries which stood out of the Great War, but its King managed to do a great number of kindly things on behalf of prisoners during the four and a half years. King Alphonso XIII. started early at the king business, for he was born a king! He is still a young man, being only thirty-three, and ever since he took up the duties of his great position he has been working to serve Spain. Spain is rather a backward old country, with dirty inns in the out-of-the-way parts, and shocking roads; but the King is one of the most go-ahead men of his time. He is watching every new improvement in the air services, and he has great ideas, which he will carry out—not a doubt of it!—for the advancement of his romantic country. I think a number of my friends would be vastly interested to read about Spain. The great French writer, Le Sage, has written many splendid stories of the land which lies far away behind the Pyrenees. That was many years since, but the stories are pretty true of the place now.

Your Editor