

"Fighting Jack Cresley!" by GILBERT L. JESSOP— IN THIS ISSUE!

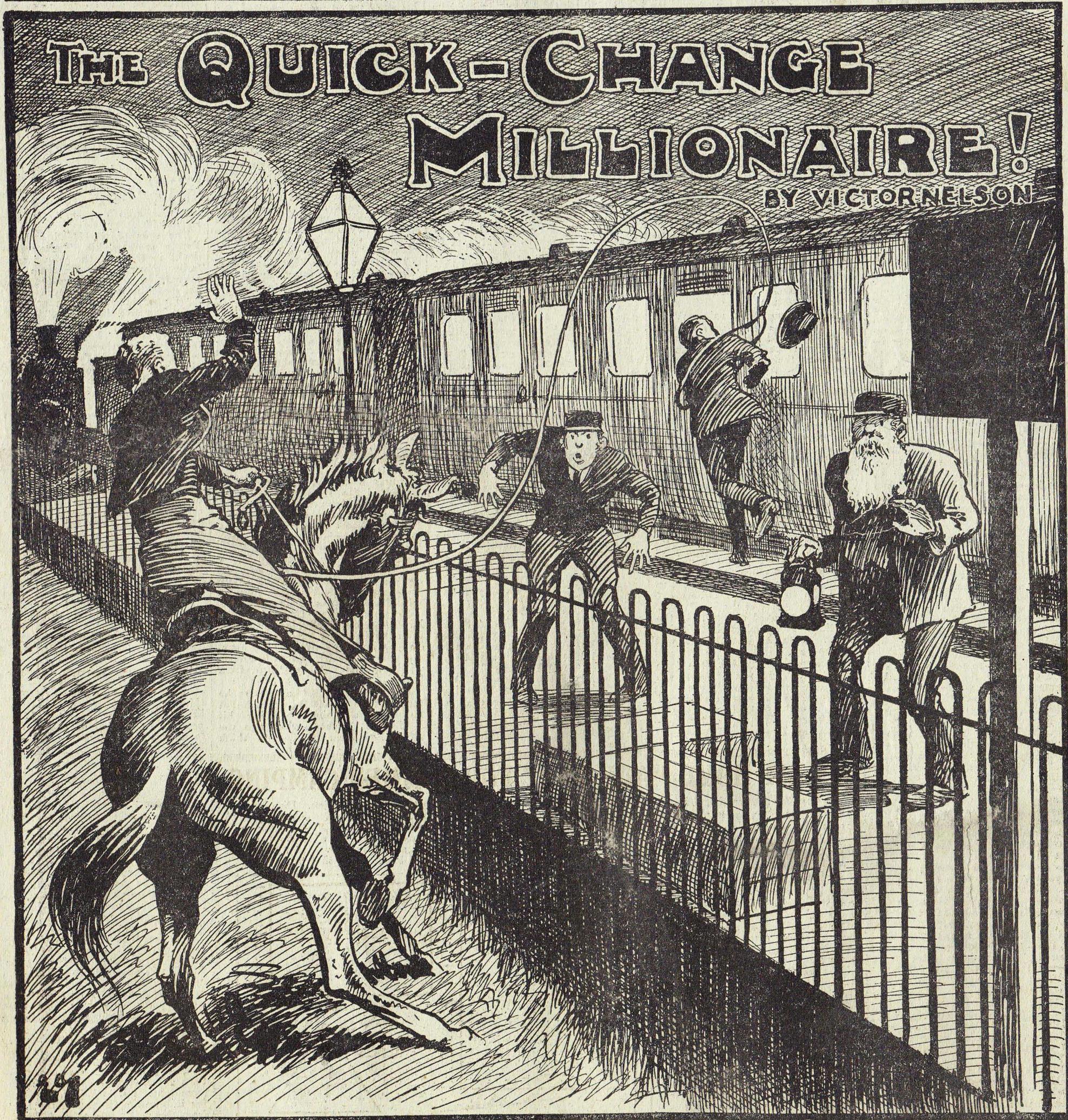
The BOYS' FRIEND 1^{1d}/₂

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THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending July 30th, 1921.



THE QUICK-CHANGE MILLIONAIRE!

BY VICTOR NELSON

DON DARREL EFFECTS A LAST-MINUTE CAPTURE!

The bogus Form-master grabbed at the handle of a first class compartment of the moving train and jumped swiftly on to the footboard. The Boy with Fifty Millions hastily caught up his lasso. Once, twice, it circled over his head, and then the noose went hissing straight at the thief and encircled his shoulders. "Roped!" cried Don Darrel triumphantly.

A Complete Tale of Rookwood School by OWEN CONQUEST!

Exit
Gentleman
George!The 1st Chapter.
Goby is Wanted!

"You fellows playin' cricket?" Peele of the Fourth asked the question, as Jimmy Silver & Co. came out of the School House at Rookwood in the sunny afternoon.

As the Fistical Four were in flannels, and Jimmy and Lovell had bats under their arms, and Raby had a ball in his hand, it was pretty obvious that they were going to play cricket. But Cyril Peele wanted to know for certain. He had his reasons.

Jimmy Silver glanced at him. Half a dozen other fellows were with Peele, all members of the Classical Fourth. And they were all grinning. Jimmy Silver did not need telling that there was "something on."

"Yes; we're going down to the nets now," said Jimmy. "You fellows coming along? A little practice will do you good."

Peele shook his head, with a laugh. "No, we're not urg'in' the giddy flyin' ball just now," he answered. "All serene, Silver. Just wanted to know, you know."

The Fistical Four hurried on, and for the present, at least, dismissed Peele & Co. from their minds.

Peele & Co., for their part, watched the departure of Jimmy Silver with great satisfaction. Never had they been so pleased to see Jimmy Silver's back.

"Those rotters are safe out of the way now," said Peele. "Now for young Goby! Silver would be bound to interfere. He don't like Montmorency any more than we do; but he would chip in and stop us from screwin' the giddy facts out of young Goby."

"He would!" agreed Gower. "He's safe now," said Lattrey. "Let's be goin'."

"What's the programme?" asked Higgs and Jones minor and Flynn and one or two other juniors together.

"Simple as A B C," answered Peele. "I drop in at Mr. Manders' House, and ask young Goby over here to tea. I walk him into the Common-room. You fellows will all be there, and you'll see that the giddy fly doesn't get out of the spider's parlour once he's inside."

"Good!" "Then we ask him for the whole story about Montmorency," said Peele. "If he doesn't spin the yarn, we put him through it till he does. It will be all serene, with those cricketin' cads safe off the scene."

"Go it, Peele!"

Cyril Peele sauntered away across the quadrangle. He headed for Mr. Manders' House, on the Modern side.

He entered Mr. Manders' House, and made his way to the study of Goby of the Modern Fourth, the new boy at Rookwood. Most of the Modern fellows were out of doors, but the new boy was found in his quarters. Peele tapped at his study door, and opened it, and Goby looked up from his table, with a pen in his hand and a frown on his brow.

"Lines?" asked Peele sympathetically.

"Fifty!" grunted Goby. "Mr. Dalton gave them to me this morning for being late in class."

"Rotten, and you a new kid, too!" said Peele. "I've just looked in to see if you'd care to come over to tea."

Goby brightened up a little. He had been only a couple of days at Rookwood, and he had not yet found his feet, so to speak. Tommy Dodd of the Modern Fourth had

taken him under his wing; but Tommy had many occupations. At the present moment he was at cricket.

"We're makin' up a little party, and we'd like you to come," said Peele smoothly. "Leave your lines till after tea. Mr. Dalton's a good sort. He won't mind so long as you take them in before bed-time."

"I'll come with pleasure," said Goby, rising from the table, and throwing down his pen.

"Good man!" Peele linked his arm in Goby's almost affectionately, as he walked him out of Mr. Manders' house.

They passed Montmorency as they headed for the Classical side.

"You know that chap, I think?" remarked Peele, with a grin, nodding towards the dandy of Rookwood.

Goby coloured, but did not reply. Evidently, if he knew Montmorency or anything about him, he did not intend to confide the circumstances to Peele.

But Cyril Peele only smiled. Goby was going to be made to talk soon—as soon as he was safe in the hands of the Classics in the School House! Montmorency stared after them, with

Peele. "We're not goin' to rag you—if you behave. It's not a Classical rag—honour bright."

"What's the game, then?" asked Goby suspiciously.

"We just want to hear you talk."

"Merely the delight of your conversation, old scout!" chortled Gower.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Goby cast a longing glance at the door. But three or four Classical fellows had their backs to it now, and there was no escape for the Modern junior.

"Sit down, old fellow," said Peele, pushing Goby into a chair. "Don't be alarmed. We're not goin' to hurt you."

"Not if you behave!" grinned Higgs.

"Of course, if you don't do as you're told, we shall boil you in oil, or somethin' of the kind!" said Peele.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Montmorency ought to be here!"

said Gower. "Only fair to let him hear the interestin' yarn."

"Yes, rather!" chortled Tubby Muffin.

"He won't come!" said Peele.

"Make him!" suggested Higgs.

"Ahem!"

Peele & Co. did not seem to "catch on" to that suggestion. Cecil Cuthbert Montmorency was so "hefty" a

was really a painful position for the Knuts of the Fourth.

"After all, it's only fair for Montmorency to be present," said Townsend, after a pause. "I—I'll fetch him!"

"We'll ask him to come," said Topham.

"Do!" grinned Peele. "We'll wait for you, but don't be long. We've got to get it over before that crew come in from the cricket."

"Right-ho!" said Towny.

Townsend and Topham left the Common-room together. They looked round the quadrangle for Cecil Cuthbert Montmorency. From the cricket field came a loud shout.

"Well bowled, Silver! Oh, well bowled!"

Towny and Topy did not even look towards the cricket. It was a thing that did not interest their Knutty minds.

"There he is!" said Topham. And the Knuts of the Fourth bore down upon Montmorency under the beeches.

Montmorency glanced at them coolly. His heart was beating a little. Ever since Goby had arrived at Rookwood, Towny and Topy, in their painful state of doubt, had rather avoided their wealthy chum. Montmorency, clinging, as it were, to the wreck of his pretences, was glad to see them approaching him again. He wondered whether he was going to weather this storm, as he had weathered others. Goby's arrival had been the heaviest blow that had fallen upon the upstart; but hope had not died in his breast. Goby, at least, had been silent—and if he continued silent, the clouds might yet roll by.

"You fellows comin' out?" asked Montmorency, with easy calm, as if nothing had occurred to cloud his friendship with his study-mates.

"The fact is—" began Topham;

"We—we want you to come in," said Townsend, taking the plunge, as it were. "We're goin' to stand by you, Monty."

"What's on?" asked Montmor-

Montmorency nodded.

He understood that if he did not face the test, Townsend and Topham would feel all their doubts resolved, and that it would be the end. After all, Goby had said that he would say nothing if he could help it—and Cecil Cuthbert's presence, too, might help to keep him silent. It was better to face the music than to let the case go against him by default, as it were. And Montmorency did not lack nerve.

"If you fellows think I'd better come, I'll come," he said. "I don't see how Goby can have anythin' to say against me, as I don't know the fellow."

"Come on, then," said Towny.

Montmorency walked to the School House between his two nutty chums, who glanced at him occasionally, and read nothing but a lofty boredom in his handsome face. They felt their doubts dissipate, and they were full of cordiality towards Monty by the time they reached the Common-room. Surely a fellow who was about to be exposed as a common cheat and impostor would not walk to his doom with so much calmness and indifference! Little did they guess the anxiety and gnawing trouble hidden under the calm exterior of the hapless upstart.

"Here's Monty!"

"Come in, Huggins!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Cecil Cuthbert Montmorency strolled calmly into the Common-room. Peele quickly shut the door behind him.

Montmorency glanced round at the grinning faces.

The laughter died away under his look.

There was hardly a fellow in the room who did not believe Cecil Cuthbert to be an impostor, a daw in peacock's feathers; but his calm glance, his aristocratic demeanour, had its effect. Even Peele & Co. wondered a little uneasily whether, after all, some strange mistake had been made.

Montmorency did not look at Goby.

That youth, exceedingly uncomfortable in aspect, blinked at him uncertainly.

"Towny tells me that I am wanted here," said Montmorency quietly. "It seems that you're playin' some of your tricky games again, Peele!"

Peele's eyes glittered. Montmorency's disdainful manner was very hard to bear—it had made him many enemies at Rookwood, as well as Peele & Co. Even Jimmy Silver & Co., who did not care twopence what Montmorency's antecedents were, had been provoked and exasperated by his assumption of snobbish superiority. Even before his secret was suspected, Montmorency had been hated by a good many fellows, and it was natural enough that they should seize upon the suspicion with great avidity.

"Swank" was not a popular quality at Rookwood, and it was Montmorency's irritating swank that made so many fellows, who would otherwise have been indifferent to him, eager for his downfall.

"Wait and see!" said Peele, between his teeth. "We've got Goby here—your old master's son—and he's goin' to tell us all about you."

Montmorency shrugged his shoulders.

"Nobody can tell the fellows anythin' that I shouldn't care for them to hear!" he answered.

Goby stared at him blankly, so evidently astonished by this remark that his expression could not escape attention on all sides. Peele felt his confidence revive as he caught Goby's startled look.

"We'll see!" he exclaimed.

"You're goin' to face the music now, Goby, we want to know all about Montmorency—before he came to Rookwood. Go ahead!"

Goby set his lips.

"You hear me?" snapped Peele.

"I've got nothing to say!" answered Goby firmly.

"You fool, you've got to answer!"

"Go and eat coke!" retorted Goby.

He jumped up from the chair. "I'm goin' out of this."

And he made a rush for the door.

"Collar him!" roared Peele.

The next moment Goby, of the Modern Fourth, was struggling frantically in the grasp of half a dozen juniors.

The 3rd Chapter.
Light at Last!

"Collar him!"

"Yank him back!"

"You chump! Goby—"

"Ow!" gasped Goby. "Leggo!"

Oh! Ah! Goooooop!"

He struggled to reach the door, but he struggled in vain. Half a dozen



THE ROOKWOOD INQUISITION! While the other fellows held Goby down Higgs began to twist his arm. Peele & Co. were determined to find out, once and for all, all they could about Montmorency. Would Goby be able to keep his promise to the dandy under these new conditions?

a gloomy brow, as they disappeared in at the big doorway.

The 2nd Chapter.
Facing the Music!

"Here he is!"

"Collar him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Goby of the Modern Fourth jumped.

Peele had walked him, with linked arms, into the junior Common-room, where ten or a dozen fellows were collected. As soon as they were inside, Peele dropped the new junior's arm, and turned quickly, and closed the door.

The crowd of Classics gathered round, laughing and grinning.

"Got him!" chuckled Tubby Muffin. "He, he, he!"

Goby looked alarmed. New as he was to Rookwood, he was aware of the rivalry between the Classics and Moderns, and it dawned upon him that he had been led into a trap.

"Here, fair play!" he exclaimed.

"Peele asked me over here to tea. No rags, you know!"

"All serene, old top!" chuckled

youth with his hands, that the idea of "making" him come did not appeal to the ragers at all.

"You go an' fetch him, Towny," said Flynn. "You're pally with him."

Townsend hesitated. He glanced at Topham, who hesitated, too. The two Knuts of the Fourth had been very pally with Montmorency; but there was a rift in the lute of their friendship now. The wealthy Montmorency, nephew and heir of the millionaire of Montmorency Court, they were delighted to honour—but George Huggins, the one-time servant at Goby Hall, the washer of plates and answerer of bells, they shrank from touching. And it was growing more and more clear that the dandy of Rookwood was not what he pretended to be—that he was, in point of fact, a jackdaw masquerading in borrowed peacock's plumes.

There still existed a doubt—which was very painful for Towny and Topy. If Montmorency was genuine, they wanted to keep on the right side of him—if he wasn't, they wanted to keep as far away from him as the limits of Rookwood allowed. It

ency, in an easy draw, though his heart was beating painfully.

He remembered that he had seen Goby taken into the School House by Cyril Peele.

"They've got the new Modern kid, Goby, in the Common-room," said Townsend. "Peele's goin' to ask him questions. It will be better for you to come in and face it out, Monty! If Goby's got anythin' to say against you, you can answer him."

Montmorency breathed hard.

"Peele's rotten games are rather beneath my notice," he remarked.

Townsend and Topham exchanged a quick glance.

"Look here, Monty," said Townsend abruptly. "You know what the yarn is—you're accused of takin' us all in, and puttin' up a spoof on the lot of us. If you don't see it through the fellows will think you've got nothin' to say—and you'll be set down as an impostor and an upstart. You don't want that!"

"Better face the music!" urged Topham. "You've got nothin' to fear if you've spun us a straight yarn, Monty."

Classicals had a grasp on him, and he was whirled back to the chair.

Montmorency made a movement as if to go to his aid. He would have given a great deal to see Goby safe out of the Common-room just then; though it would only have been postponing the inevitable.

But Towny and Topsy caught their chum and held him back.

"Don't you interfere, Monty!" whispered Townsend. "Dash it all, what would it make the fellows think?"

"Oh, I'm not goin' to chip in!" said Montmorency airily. "Let the Modern cad be ragged, for all I care!"

"Yaroooh! Leggo!" roared Goby. "Sit the fool down!" snapped Peele.

Bump!

Goby was landed in his chair again, and three or four fellows held him there, panting and wriggling.

"Now, you chump, you've got to spin us the yarn," said Peele. "We want to know the whole giddy story."

"You won't get a word out of me!" gasped Goby.

"We'll see about that!" said Peele grimly. "We'll give you the giddy thumbscrew if you don't talk."

"Go and eat coke!"

"Give him the screw, Higgs!"

"You bet!" grinned the bully of the Fourth.

Goby looked apprehensive, and not without reason. While the other fellows held him, Higgs seized his wrist, and began to twist it. Goby struggled furiously.

"Ow! Ow! Ow! You rotten cad, let go!" he yelled.

"Going to talk, old bean?" grinned Higgs.

"Ow! Ow! Ow!"

"Give him another twist," said Peele impatiently.

Goby made a desperate effort to break loose. But the ragers held him firmly, and Higgs continued to twist his wrist. The pain was too much for the hapless Goby. Beads of perspiration rolled down his face, which had suddenly turned quite pale.

"Stop it!" he gasped, as last. "I—I'll tell you anything you like! Ow! Oh! Stop it!"

"Loose off, Higgs!"

The bully of the Fourth unwillingly released his victim. Goby sat and panted.

"Now go ahead!" snapped Peele.

"You won't get off so easy again, if you try any more cheek, I can tell you!"

"What do you want me to say?" muttered Goby feebly.

"Answer my questions," said Peele, with a grin. "I'm the giddy cross-examinin' lawyer. You knew that chap who calls himself Montmorency before you came to Rookwood?"

"Yes," gasped Goby.

"Was he called Montmorency when you knew him?"

No answer.

"Give him a twist, Higgs."

"Yooooop!"

"Was he called Montmorency when you knew him?" repeated Peele.

"No!" gasped Goby.

"Was he called Huggins?"

"Yes."

"Was he a servant in your father's place, Goby Hall?"

"Yes," stammered Goby.

"Was he a boy in buttons, answering the bells, and washing the plates in the kitchen, and all that?"

"Yes!" muttered Goby.

He cast an almost appealing glance at the calm, stony face of Montmorency.

"You see that I can't help it," he muttered. "I told you I'd keep it dark if I could—I wouldn't promise. You can see I can't help letting it out. I'm sorry, George. But you've only got yourself to thank. You shouldn't have told lies."

Montmorency did not speak.

There was black despair in the upstart's heart, but still his handsome face was calm.

Townsend and Topham had drawn away from him.

It was evident that Goby was speaking the truth; his very reluctance to speak was all the more evidence of that. The true story of Cecil Cuthbert Montmorency, alias George Huggins, was known at last, beyond the shadow of a doubt.

"We're gettin' on!" grinned Peele, with great satisfaction. "Just a few more questions, Goby."

"I'll lick you for this!" muttered Goby.

"Speak up, you duffer! The fellow's name is George Huggins?"

"Yes."

"He hasn't any claim to the name of Montmorency?"

"Yes, he has—his name was legally changed, I believe, along with his uncle's."

"Who was his uncle?"

No answer.

"Another twist, Higgs!"

"Stop it!" yelled Goby. "His uncle was a man named Huggins, who kept the Goby Arms public-house."

"Oh, my hat! How did he get his money?"

"He had a lucky speculation on the Stock Exchange, and became rich," said Goby. "Huggins left my father's service after that, and I never saw him again till I met him in Latham the day I came to Rookwood."

"Oh, you met him in Latham, did you?" exclaimed Peele. "He caught you on your way here, and asked you to keep it dark, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"I fancy we've about squeezed the giddy orange dry," chuckled Peele.

"Now have you got anything to say, Montmorency-Huggins?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Montmorency opened his lips to speak. In the last few minutes he had gone through an ordeal as bitter as death. But still he bore up against his fate.

"There's not a word of truth in it," he said. "The fellow's lyin' from beginnin' to end."

"Oh gad!"

Goby started.

"Lying!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, you rotter!" said Montmorency, between his teeth.

"Why, you cheeky cad!" exclaimed Goby indignantly. "You know it's the truth! Any servant at Goby Hall would recognise you. They won't have forgotten Gentleman George. I know you used to make them wild by the airs you put on below stairs."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What do you think, Towny?"

grinned Peele.

"It's the truth, of course," said Townsend shortly. "We've been taken in by a dashed impostor. The Head oughtn't to have let him come to Rookwood, by Jove!"

"Oh, that's rot!" said Jones minor.

"Why shouldn't he come to Rookwood? He oughtn't to have told lies and made out he was Montmorency and—"

Townsend turned up his nose disdainfully. He signed to Topham, and the two knuts walked to the door.

Those two superb youths, of the knuts knutty, knew now that they had chummed with a washer of dishes, the nephew of a publican, and they shuddered at the thought. It was an awful thought—for Townsend and Topham.

The door opened as they reached it. Four sturdy youths in cricketing flannels appeared there.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver.

"I thought there was something on! What's this little game? Let that chap go!"

"Mind your own business!" snorted Higgs.

"You're too late!" chuckled Peele.

"We've had the whole story out of Goby, and dear old Monty is fairly shown up!"

Jimmy Silver's brow darkened. He understood now why Peele & Co. had been so anxious to see him off to the cricket-field.

"You ought to have held your tongue, Goby," he said curtly. "It was no bizney of yours to give the fellow away."

"They twisted my wrist!" stammered Goby. "I—I couldn't stand it—"

"Oh, that was the game, was it?" said Jimmy. "Well, you've called the tune, Peele, and now you are going to pay the piper. Collar him, my infants!"

The Fistical Four rushed on.

Townsend and Topham dodged out of the doorway in time, and Tubby Muffin dodged under the table. But Peele & Co. were not so lucky.

The rush of the Fistical Four fairly swept them off their feet, and they were knocked right and left.

For a few minutes, something like pandemonium reigned in the Common-room.

Peele and Lattrey and Gower and four or five other ragers were sprawling on the floor, yelling, when Jimmy Silver & Co. paused to take breath. Goby had scuttled out, and Montmorency had disappeared. Peele sat up dazedly.

"Ow, ow, ow! I— Oh!—ow!" he spluttered.

"Bump them!" roared Lovell.

There was a rush to escape. But the Fistical Four collared Cyril Peele before he could flee.

Bump, bump, bump, bump!

"Ow, ow, ow, ow! Leggo!"

"Now kick him out!"

Cyril Peele departed from the Common-room headlong, after his fleeing friends. And Jimmy Silver & Co., feeling that a strenuous duty had been well done, walked off cheerfully to the tuck-shop to refresh themselves with ginger-beer after their exertions.

The 4th Chapter.

Montmorency's Farewell!

Jimmy Silver paused.

It was a couple of days after the scene in the Common-room; and Jimmy was crossing the Rookwood quad, when he spotted Montmorency.

The dandy of Rookwood was lounging along by the beeches, with his hands in his pockets, and a dark and dejected look on his face.

Even Montmorency's pride and nerve had not proved equal to the strain put upon them by Goby's revelation.

All Rookwood now knew him as he was.

The edifice of pretence had fallen into the dust; the armour of snob-bisness had been pierced. And the ridicule that had fallen upon him had destroyed even Gentleman George's effrontery.

All Rookwood had chortled over it.

The story spread from the Lower School into the upper forms; the Fifth and the Sixth chuckled over it, and grinned when they sighted Montmorency.

Juniors in the Fourth Form passage would yell out to him to come and wash the plates, or to black the boots.

Even Montmorency's fighting powers were useless to him in this emergency. He could punch a fellow's head—he could tick even Higgs in a fair fight—but he could not stop the ridicule that his exposed pretentiousness had heaped upon him.

He scarcely dared to look the other fellows in the face—class was an ordeal to him, and he was always glad when he could get away, out of sight of mocking eyes.

Towny and Topsy cut him dead, though they shared his study. Smythe of the Shell eyed him with cold contempt when they met. His fate was sealed, so far as the knuts were concerned.

But the rest of the fellows were content with chipping him, and making endless references to the noble name of Montmorency, and the humble occupation of George Huggins at Goby Hall.

The snob who had wounded the feelings of so many, was himself wounded to the quick now. Stripped of his borrowed plumage, he was covered with humiliation as with a garment.

There were plenty of fellows who were quite willing to pal with him, on account of his wealth—fellows like Peele & Co. They cared nothing for what he was, so long as they had a share of the horn of plenty. Peele, having revenged himself for many bitter slights, was quite prepared to accept the fallen snob into his own select circle. But Montmorency did not avail himself of the advances of the cads of the Fourth.

He withdrew into himself, and avoided all the other fellows as much as he could—hiding his shame, as it were, from the public eye.

Jimmy Silver paused and looked at the lonely figure by the beeches, and finally crossed over to him. In the days of his pretence, Montmorency had been so hopeless a snob, that Jimmy had disliked him cordially enough. But the hapless upstart had been punished for that—and his punishment had been the severest that could have fallen upon him. Jimmy Silver could not help feeling sorry for him now. Gentleman George had deserved it all, and had, in fact, fairly asked for it; but Jimmy always had a soft corner of his heart for a fellow who was down.

"Hallo!" said Jimmy cheerily, dropping into stride beside Montmorency.

Montmorency gave him a hard, sullen look.

"You now?" he said bitterly. "Rub it in! The game's up for me here, and I know it! Rub it in."

"That's not what was in my mind," said Jimmy quietly. "You've played the goat, Montmorency, and I fancy you know it by this time. Nobody in his senses would despise you for having started life in a kitchen. Lots of jolly decent people have done that. The fellows mock you because you pretended to look down on chaps as good as yourself, or better—because you put on airs that would have been snobbish and caddish in a born duke—and were more so in you, considering the facts. No harm in changing your name if you didn't like it—that was only silly. But you asked for trouble by putting on swank by the ton."

"Do you think I don't know that?" muttered Montmorency. "I know the game's up. Hang you, Silver, and hang them all!"

"It's not too late," said Jimmy encouragingly. "Your silly rot must be dropped, of course—I fancy even you have sense enough to see how absurd it would be for you to turn up your silly nose again. But if you drop your nonsense, and play the game straight, the fellows will soon forget all this. It's no good mooching about mourning for what you've lost—which never really belonged to you. Put your snobbery right out of your head, and make the best of what's left."

Montmorency's lip curled.

"Is that your advice?" he asked.

"That's it."

"Thank you for nothin'. I'm goin' to leave Rookwood," said Montmorency.

"I can begin again somewhere else, and have better luck. But as for puttin' myself down to your level, Jimmy Silver, it's not in me."

He walked away.

Jimmy Silver stared after him.

"My only sainted Sam!" he murmured.

Jimmy walked away thoughtfully.

The snob of Rookwood was still the hopeless snob he had always been—either as Gentleman George of the servants' hall, or Cecil Cuthbert Montmorency of the Fourth Form at Rookwood. That insolent nature could not, or would not, change—and all the wretched upstart was thinking of was to begin again where he was not known, and pile up a fresh mountain of snobbish pretence, and glut to the full his desire to snub others less fortunate than himself. It was a kind of nature that Jimmy Silver found difficult to understand—and Jimmy wisely decided to bother his head with the unfortunate junior no more.

Gentleman George had his lesson to learn yet; and if he learned it in bitterness and humiliation, it was his own fault.

It was the following day that a big Rolls-Royce buzzed in at the gates of Rookwood, and stopped before the School House. A fat, red-faced, puffy gentleman descended from it. It was Mr. Montmorency, of Montmorency Court—once Mr. Huggins of the Goby Arms. A good many curious glances were turned on the puffy gentleman as he came in.

Precisely ten minutes later, Cecil Cuthbert Montmorency was seated by the side of the puffy gentleman in the big car, his extensive luggage was piled on top, and the Rolls-Royce bore him out of the gates of Rookwood.

As he departed, the fat voice of Tubby Muffin squeaked:

"Good-bye, Huggins!"

And there was a laugh. Jimmy Silver took Tubby Muffin by one fat arm, and Tubby squeaked again, in quite a different tone.

The 5th Chapter.

The Last of Gentleman George!

Cecil Cuthbert Montmorency had finished his career at Rookwood School—and shaken the dust of that historic foundation from his noble feet. It was some weeks afterwards

that Jimmy Silver & Co. heard of him again. A cousin of Jones minor came along to Rookwood to see Jones. Jones' cousin belonged to High Coombe School, in Devonshire, a sufficiently extensive distance from Rookwood. And Jones' cousin told of a new fellow at High Coombe—a fellow whose name was Montmorency, who was no end wealthy, no end of a swell, and put on no end of side—who was chummy with the knuttiest set in the school, and thoroughly hated by all the rest for his uppish and disdainful airs.

"Of course," said Jones' cousin, to a circle of astounded Rookwooders, "a chap expects a Montmorency to think no small beer of himself. But this chap—well, my hat! Talk of a snob! I jolly well wish you had him at Rookwood!"

And then there was a yell.

"We've had him at Rookwood!"

"Good old Huggins!"

And Jones' cousin returned to High Coombe with an amazing story to tell the fellows there!

Some time after that Jones minor received a letter from his cousin, which informed him that the new fellow, Montmorency, had left High Coombe. Jones minor read the letter out in the Common-room with many chuckles.

"No rest for the wicked!" grinned Arthur Edward Lovell.

"Poor blighter!" was Jimmy Silver's comment.

"A leopard can't change his spots," chuckled Lovell; "and Gentleman George will be Gentleman George to the finish."

After that, there was no news of the former dandy of Rookwood, till one day the name of Montmorency caught Jimmy Silver's eyes in the newspaper.

He glanced at it, and jumped.

"My only hat! Look at this, you fellows."

The Fistical Four read the paragraph together. It stated that Mr. Montmorency, of Montmorency Court, was still being looked for by the police—his recent bankruptcy having disclosed the fact that he had been using other people's money as well as his own!

"His recent bankruptcy!" murmured Jimmy.

"Easy come, easy go!" said Arthur Edward Lovell, oracularly. "He made a fortune by a lucky spec on the Stock Exchange—he's lost it again by another spec—unlucky this time! What a facer for Gentleman George, though. If the money's gone, there won't be left much of Montmorency! Might as well have stuck to Huggins."

"Can't help feeling sorry for the chap!" said Jimmy Silver thoughtfully. "But I shouldn't wonder if it was all for the best, so far as Montmorency is concerned. Wealth didn't improve him, that's certain. I—I wonder what the chap will do?"

Jimmy Silver did not expect to hear any more of Montmorency, or to learn anything of what he "did." But there was a surprise in store for him—he was not quite done with Montmorency yet.

It happened in the vacation. Jimmy Silver's father had taken him to London, and they dined at a West End hotel, where Jimmy found great entertainment in watching the fashionable crowd, and the smart waiters who ran gracefully about. A very youthful, but very handsome and exceedingly neatly attired waiter came to Mr. Silver's table. His manners were graceful, and there was a touch of superb haughtiness in his manner—to simple folk he would have been almost terrifying.

Jimmy Silver blinked at him.

He could scarcely believe his eyes.

The aristocratic waiter's eyes fell on Jimmy Silver, and he started. His colour changed, and the hauteur dropped from his manner, and he seemed to crumple up.

He was gone before Jimmy could recover his breath.

"Montmorency!" Jimmy breathed to himself.

"Dear me!" said Mr. Silver, looking round perplexed. "Where has our waiter gone, just as I was about to give him the order? Where can that waiter have gone? Waiter!"

But the superb youth did not reappear. Another waiter came to take Mr. Silver's order, and Jimmy did not see Montmorency again.

It was the last time he set eyes upon "Gentleman George."

THE END.

("Jimmy Silver's Holidays" is the title of the long, complete Rookwood School yarn in next Monday's issue. Has your newsagent received a standing order from YOU yet?)

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